



WHITE DWARF

ISSUE
464

INDEX
**HERETICUS:
THE FALLEN**

**GOLDEN DEMON
WINNERS
CHALLENGE**

**UNDEAD VERSUS
LUMINETH
BATTLE REPORT**

**NEW UNDEAD
CHARACTER
CREATION RULES**

**REALMS OF
CHAOS: THE
HORNED RAT**

**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. (s21)

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.

May 2021

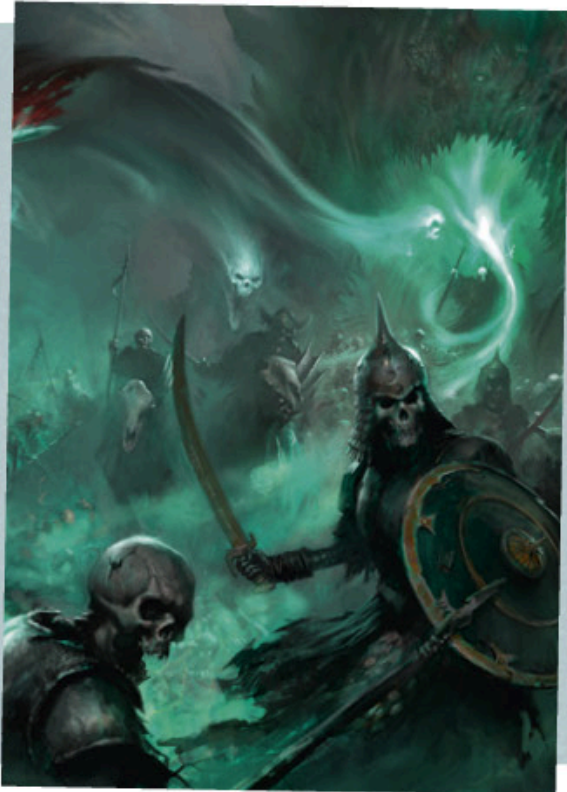


ISSN: 0265-8712 / Product code: 60249999606

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 issue's cover features a horde of newly raised Deathrattle Skeletons by Mark Holmes.

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

Lyle's current painting project is all the bats, rats, cats andimps from the Warhammer Quest: Cursed City box set. He's hoping to host some kind of remote gaming adventure using the figures we've been painting from the set.



DAN HARDEN
Staff Writer

Dan finished his Armies on Parade board during the making of this issue. He started work on a new skaven hero but got distracted by the Deathrattle Skeletons from Cursed City. Don't mention the Arkanauts he promised he'd paint ...



SOPHIE BOSTOCK
Designer

Sophie has turned most of her attention to painting a strike force of Tome Keepers. She is also working on a few models from the Cursed City set, namely the Witch Hunter and a trio of Vyrkos Blood-born Vampires.



MATTHEW HUTSON
Senior Designer

Matt has started work on a new Sisters of Battle force from the Order of the Bloody Rose. He's also painted two models from Cursed City – the monstrous Vargskyr and Cleona Zeitengale as his adventuring character.



JONATHAN STAPLETON
Photographer

Jonathan's hobby time this month has been slightly curtailed by a new arrival to the family. However, he has continued to storm along with his Necrons and has now completed all the models from the starter set.



BEN HUMBER
Designer

Ben has finished his Invictor Warsuit and has also turned his attention to Warhammer Quest. He's been working on the big man of the group – the ogor Brutogg Corpse-eater. Despite the name, he's apparently one of the 'good' guys.

THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS

James Ashbey, John Bell, Luke Blick, John Bracken, Martyn Cashmore, Aidan Daly, Callum Davis, Eddie Eccles, Max Faleij, Ben Gathercole, Simon Godwin, Lydia Grant, Jordan Green, David Guymer, Arthur Higham, Sam Jeffery, Jervis Johnson, Phil Kelly, Dean Lettice, Martyn Lyon, Joel Martin, Peter McMullin, Martin Morrin, Dom Murray, Erik Niemz, Andrew Palies, Maxime Pastourel, Sam Person, Neil Roberts, Dave Sanders, Simon Skellon, Dimitrios Tampakoudis, Krystal Tooker, Duncan Waugh, Tom Winstone.



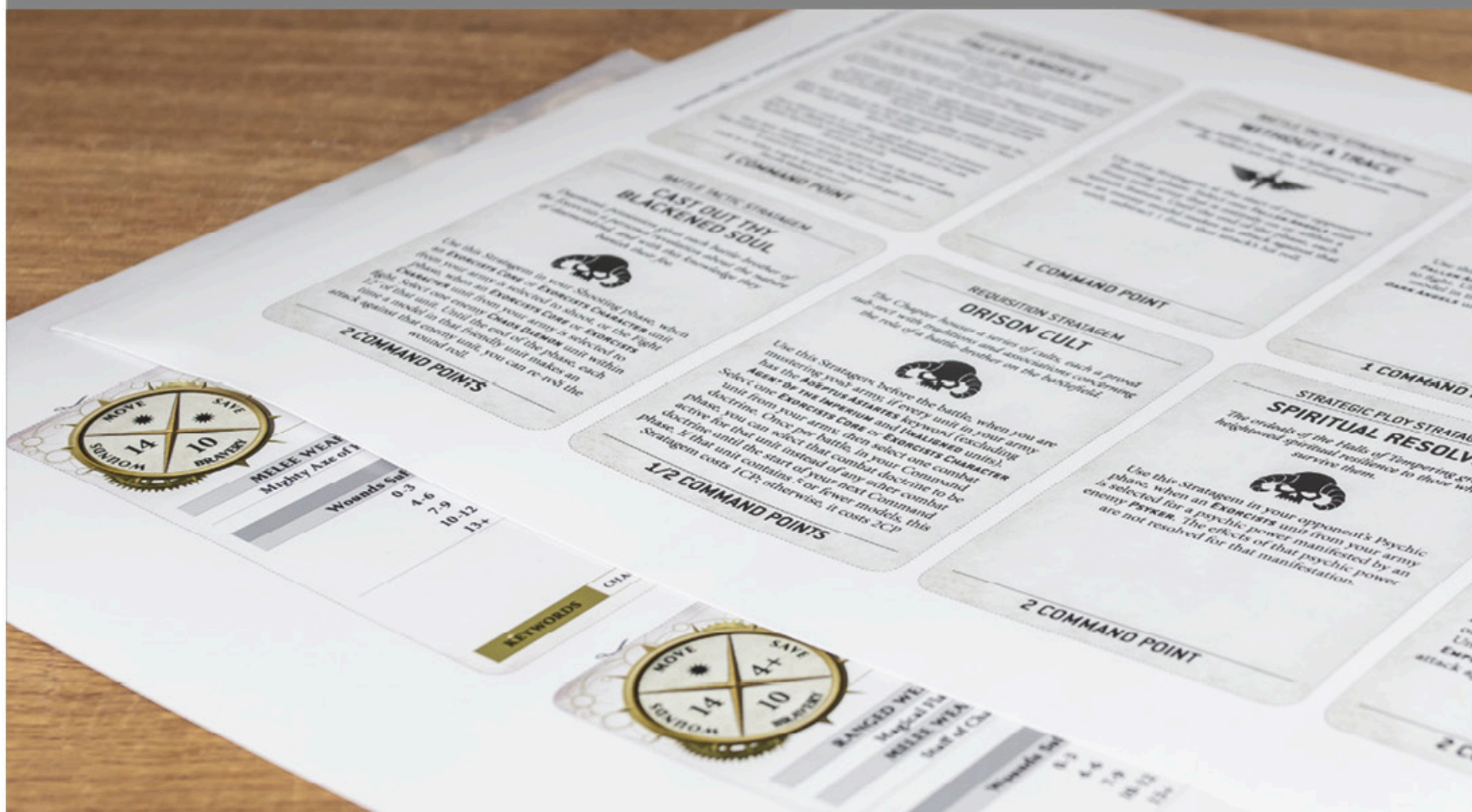
The home of Warhammer on the web, the Warhammer Community website brings you the latest news on Warhammer 40,000, Warhammer Age of Sigmar, the Horus Heresy, Forge World, Black Library, and more!

www.warhammer-community.com

WHITE DWARF

ISSUE 464

INSERT FUN STUFF HERE



If you picked up the previous issue of *White Dwarf*, you may have noticed it included a tear-out insert nestled between its pages. On that insert is a pair of warscroll cards of a couple of greater daemon characters generated from that issue's Anvil of Chaos article and based on the daemons appearing in the Tome Celestial and its battleplans. You can cut these cards out and use them in your games of Age of Sigmar wherever you'd normally use heroes generated from the Anvil of Apotheosis!

We quietly snuck that tear-out insert in at the eleventh hour because, well, we thought it would be cool. And we think it would be pretty cool if we put in such inserts frequently! So you can find another such insert in this issue, loaded with Stratagem cards from the last three Index Astartes (or Hereticus) articles we've published in *White Dwarf*. You can cut these cards out, sleeve them up if you like and use them in your games of Warhammer 40,000. These cards are easier to reference

than flipping to the right page in *White Dwarf*, and they're more fun as well.

You'll see these inserts pretty frequently in future issues of *White Dwarf*. We'll often use them for game aids and references like Stratagem and warscroll cards, quick reference sheets, and missions or battleplans. Sometimes we might just put some really cool art on them for you to display around your paint desk or game room. It'll always be something awesome!

I'm excited about these tear-out sheets. They mean we will be able to include useful game aids you can't find anywhere else, or we can include cut-out components for some of the scenarios, mini-games and play variants we print in the magazine. We've got some great ideas for these tear-out sheets, but we'd love to hear yours as well. If you have any suggestions, email them to team@whitedwarf.co.uk!

WHITE DWARF CONTENTS

4 CONTACT!

Letters, painting advice and beautifully painted miniatures. Plus, a Tome Keeper, colourful conversions and penguins.

10 WORLDS OF WARHAMMER

Join Phil as he travels back in time to take a look at the history of global campaigns. It's Armageddon all over again!

WARHAMMER 40,000

16 A TALE OF FOUR WARLORDS

Angry Necrons, camouflaged Space Marines, war-weary Battle Sisters and a bunch of Nobz in this month's instalment.

WARHAMMER 40,000 FLASHPOINT: CHARADON WAR ZONE



26 THE METALICAN SYSTEM

The Adeptus Mechanicus feel the wrath of Typhus' invasion as the Host of the Destroyer Hive reaches Metalica.

32 THE REPLICATOR'S CANYON

Guardsmen fight heretics amidst the wreckage of a thousand tanks in this grim short story.

36 WAR COMES TO METALICA

New rules for fighting over the factory worlds of the Metalica sub-sector. We hope you've had your tetanus jabs!

WARHAMMER 40,000

42 INDEX HERETICUS: THE FALLEN

Did they betray the Dark Angels? Yes, they totally did. A new Index Hereticus for the Fallen, complete with new rules.

WARHAMMER 40,000

52 GALLERY OF THE FALLEN

We show you how to convert Fallen out of existing plastic kits. Plus, a gallery of Fallen painted by studio hobbyists and an Interrogator-Chaplain to hunt them down!

WARHAMMER 40,000

58 PAINT SPLATTER: THE FALLEN

Two stage-by-stage guides for painting the Fallen. Classic and Contrast style for these black-clad heretics!

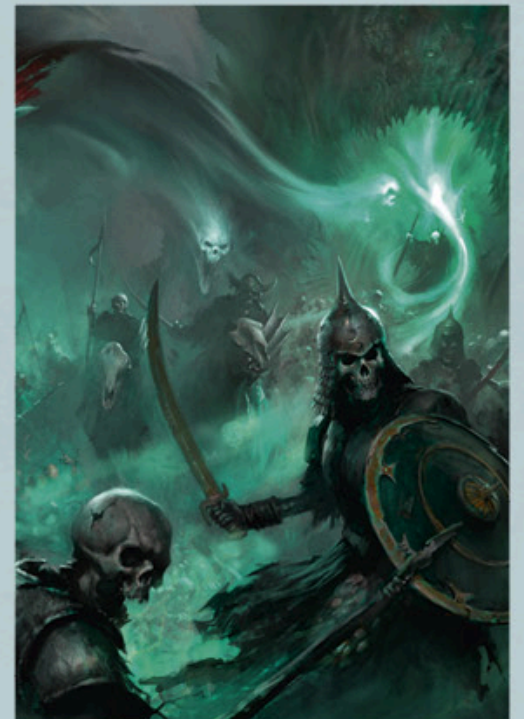
WARHAMMER 40,000

62 GOLDEN DEMON WINNERS CHALLENGE: FAITH UNDER FIRE

Part two of our Golden Demon article, Faith under Fire, which features eight more incredible entries and this year's challenge winner!



Cover art by Diana Martinez



Subscription cover art by Mark Holmes



THE FIFTH PART IN THE CHARADON FLASHPOINT SERIES. INSIDE, YOU WILL FIND NEW RULES AND BACKGROUND, ENABLING YOU TO PLAY YOUR GAMES IN THIS EXPANDING WAR ZONE.

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

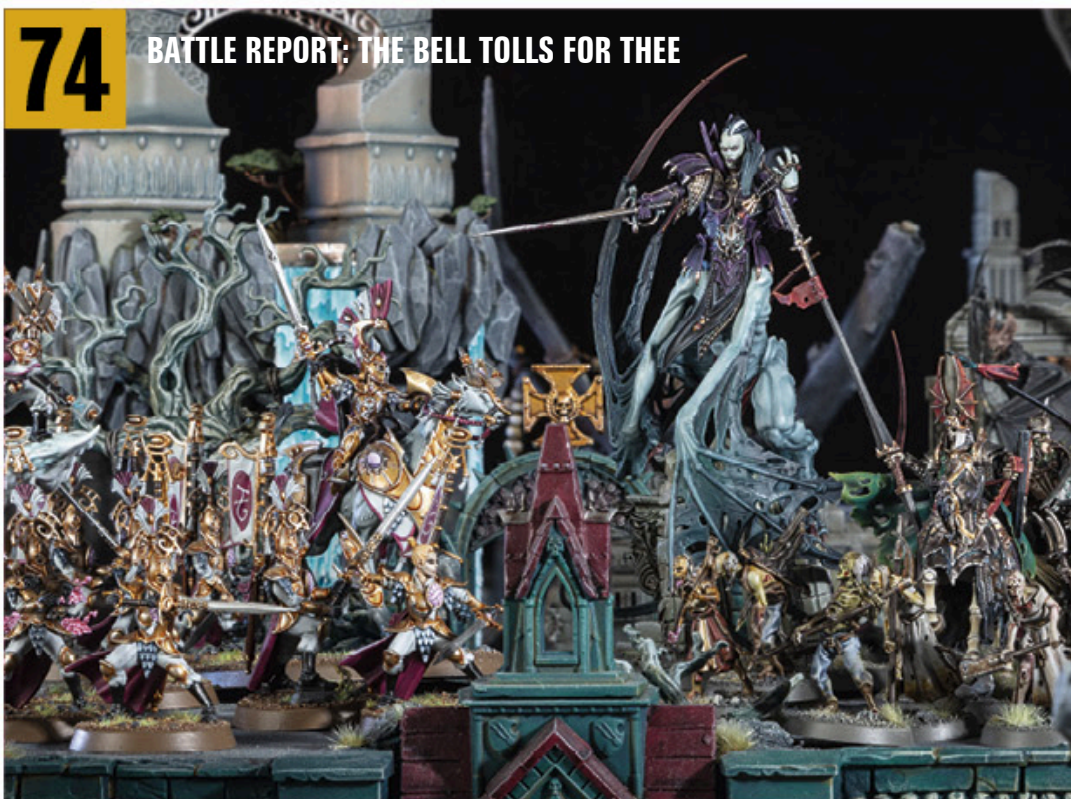
42

INDEX HERETICUS: THE FALLEN



74

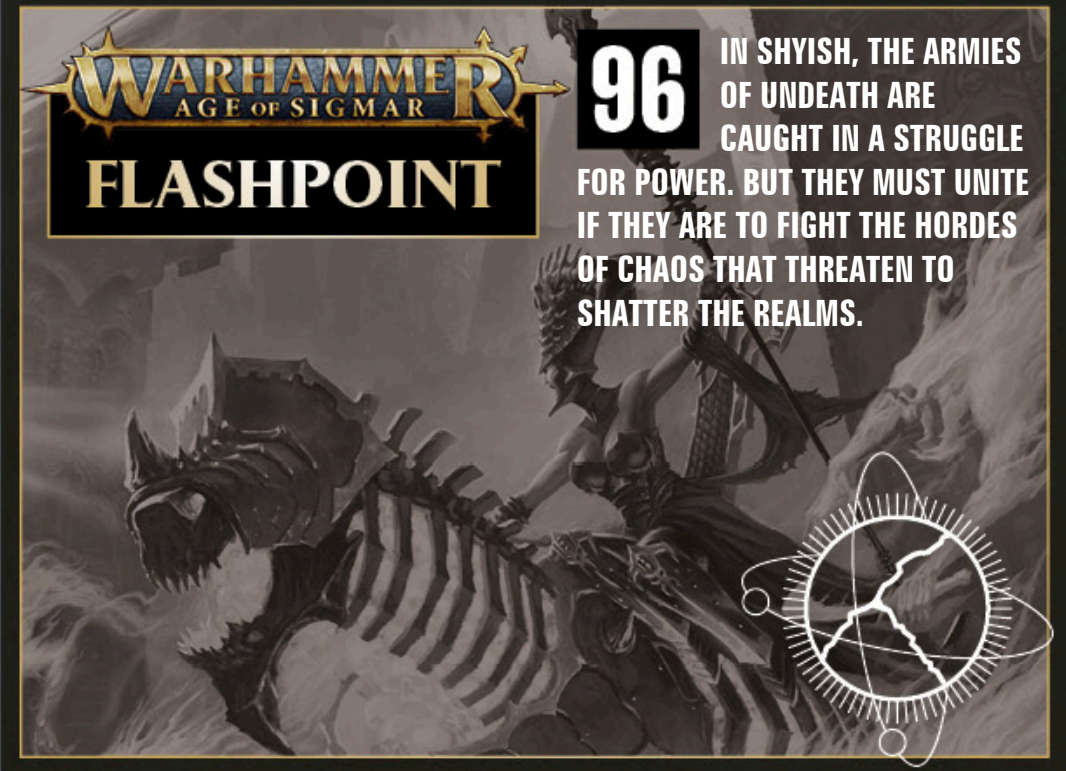
BATTLE REPORT: THE BELL TOLLS FOR THEE



**WARHAMMER
AGE OF SIGMAR
FLASHPOINT**

96

IN SHYISH, THE ARMIES OF UNDEATH ARE CAUGHT IN A STRUGGLE FOR POWER. BUT THEY MUST UNITE IF THEY ARE TO FIGHT THE HORDES OF CHAOS THAT THREATEN TO SHATTER THE REALMS.



WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR

74 BATTLE REPORT: THE BELL TOLLS FOR THEE

The Lumineth find themselves in a battle for survival against the Undead legions of Lauka Vai, the Mother of Nightmares.

WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR

92 RULES OF ENGAGEMENT

Jervis updates a classic battleplan: the Battle for Gore Pass from the 1985 supplement Blood Bath at Orc's Drift.

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



96 ANVIL OF BLOOD

New hero-creation charts for Wights, Necromancers and Vampires! You can even turn a Vampire into a Fell Bat!

104 A QUEEN'S AUDIENCE

The Queen of the Vampires seeks to uncover the Dark Master's plans in this short story.

WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR

108 REALMS OF CHAOS: THE HORNFED RAT

Much-much modelling and painting advice for the ever-scheming skaven. Read-scry this useful article quick-quick.

WARHAMMER UNDERWORLDS

118 GLORY POINTS

In this month's Glory Points, Dave Sanders talks about Grand Avatars and creating an all-star cast of warriors.

WARHAMMER QUEST: CURSED CITY

122 HEROES OF THE CURSED CITY

Games developer John Bracken introduces the eight heroes of *Warhammer Quest: Cursed City*.

THE MIDDLE-EARTH STRATEGY BATTLE GAME

128 WAR ON ALL SIDES

Introducing new rules for three-player games in the depths of Middle-earth. Includes a new scenario to play.

BLACK LIBRARY

132 CHRONICLES OF THE WANDERER: GRAVEYARD OF LEGENDS

A wizard, an aelf and an extremely grumpy duardin are joined on their quest by a mysterious white-bearded stranger.

142 INSIDE THE STUDIO

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

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.

Adeptus Custodes Allarus Custodians
by Gerald Bray



PAINTING QUESTION: THE RAVAGED LANDS!

Dear *White Dwarf* team,

The Ravaged Lands terrain sets for Warcry contain double-sided gaming boards. One side is specific to the set, while the other is painted like the Shattered Dominion boards but with a more brownish colour. How can I create bases for my Age of Sigmar armies so that they match these game boards?

Steffen Seitter (Chaos Lord of Tzeentch)
Esslingen am Neckar, Germany

A Chaos Lord, eh? We dwarfers don't tend to converse with the servants of the Dark Gods, but fortunately, studio painter James Littler has no such qualms! James painted the original boards before they were photographed to make into game boards. He started by basecoating the entire board with Mournfang Brown, then drybrushing it with the colours shown below to add texture. The ruddy tones come from a wash of Gryph-hound Orange mixed with Lahmium Medium to make it more translucent. The floor tiles were painted using the same colours but with a heavier drybrush.



BROWN EARTH

Basecoat: Mournfang Brown

Drybrush: Zamesi Desert

Drybrush: Screaming Skull

Wash: Gryph-hound Orange
& Lahmian Medium 1:2

Drybrush: Screaming Skull

TILING

Basecoat: Mournfang Brown

Drybrush: Zamesi Desert

Drybrush: Screaming Skull



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

Eyes of the Nine
by Gavin Miles



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.

Zarbag's Gitz
by Jackson Glenn



ALIEN INTERLOPERS

My friend Emyr-Gwynne Williams has started painting models and has become obsessed with all things Warhammer. I know it's not all about money, but the first thing he does when he gets paid is buy more models, more paints and more equipment. And I'm not exaggerating when I say he goes online just after midnight to place his order for the latest releases. He lives and breathes these models!

I really want to try and get one of his models shown somewhere to give him encouragement as he doesn't really believe in his own painting abilities. Here are a few that he's working on. If there's any chance these can be shown, that would be amazing!

Remmie O'brien
Holyhead, Wales



Ah, Hive Fleet Kraken. Your friend has picked a classic colour scheme for his Tyranids, Remmie! And they're looking great, too. You can't beat a striking red-and-bone colour scheme on the battlefield. Emyr-Gwynne, we think your Tyranids are looking awesome. Keep up the great work, and we look forward to seeing more of your models one day!



MY ENTRY FOR THE TOME KEEPERS CHAPTER

Hey there, guys and gals – loving what you all do for the community every month. As a long-time fan, I look forward to each new issue. These latest issues have really gotten my hobby mojo going, particularly the ones about creating a Space Marine Chapter to represent the magazine. The inspiration behind it all and seeing it shine forth in an easily digestible format has been really cool to watch evolve and take shape. After issue 455, where you created and kitbashed a named character for the Tome Keepers, I knew I had to throw in my hat into the ring as well.

Attached are some pictures of a Lieutenant I just finished kitbashing and painting as a tribute to the magazine and all of the effort you all put into it each month. This is Sargon Belshazzar, first Lieutenant of the Tome Keepers 3rd Company! The background I came up with for him is that he was one of the Greyshields sent along with the Torchbearer fleet to help reinforce the Chapter. He then aided Nasiem bal Tergu, the Captain you created last month, in forming a strong bond with the newly arrived Primaris Marines.

You all inspire us every day with the amazing articles you put out each month. As I said above, you all put an insane amount of effort into making this magazine an incredible experience. So I wanted to push myself in the same way. This project really allowed me to break into some new techniques and ways of approaching certain aspects of painting a character. Blending was always

tricky for me to wrap my brain around, so you can imagine my excitement when I finished off that power sword. I even got to be snazzy with a bit of freehand!

Chris Box
Libertyville, USA

Thanks for honouring us with your excellent Tome Keepers Lieutenant, Chris! He looks utterly stunning, and you've nailed the Chapter symbol. We love that you've come up with some cool background for him, too. Now you just need to paint a strike force to fight alongside him! As for future Tome Keepers articles, we've got a few coming up, with ideas for plenty more. Lyle's planning to feature his Tome Keepers Crusade force in a Battle Report in the near future, too.



Squig Herd
by Scott Hall



MORE QUESTS, PLEASE!

Recently I've really gotten into Warhammer Age of Sigmar, and I'm really happy with the quality of the minis and the ongoing story. It's so deep now I will probably lose myself! I've also played many hours of Silver Tower and Shadows over Hammerhal with my friends, and we played all the additional adventures in *White Dwarf*, but we wanted to know if there will be any more Warhammer Quest updates. Blackstone Fortress got nice support and updates, and we would love to have the same in Age of Sigmar.

Jocelyn Siouville
Nantes, France

It seems like you've got a lot of Warhammer gaming going on, Jocelyn – nice work! Warhammer Age of Sigmar really has taken shape over the last six years (yes, it really has been six years!), but there is still so much more to come!

As for Warhammer Quest, we're guessing you've probably seen (maybe even played) Cursed City, the latest edition of Warhammer Quest. It's a truly superb game that we will be supporting with loads of additional content in the pages of *White Dwarf* over the coming months. In fact, there's an article about the new heroes in this very issue! Bon appétit!

Mortarion, Primarch of the Death Guard
by Caleb Wissenback



ASK GROMBRINDAL

Oh Mighty Sage, by your lustrous beard, I beg of you to answer this humble petitioner's question. In the Mortal Realms, what do people drink now that Bugman's is a legendary memory? Has a new brewer arisen? Has Sigmar shoved Josef into a golden suit just so he can quaff in the halls of Azyr?



Paul Page
Tring, UK

Finally, a decent question about a proper subject. But shame on you for believing the Bugman's line to be dead! Did you not hear about Brewmaster-General Jakkob Bugmansson XI? He's been perfecting some new brews that are arguably the best in the Mortal Realms. I say arguably, because there was a little tavern in the Spiral Crux that brewed a particularly fine ale called the Bearded Special. I've heard that tavern is sadly no longer there, but the proprietress is planning on setting up somewhere less ... hostile. I look forward to seeing what she brews up!

Grombrindal

CONVERSION CORNER: JUNK FORCE

This month's conversion corner has been taken over by Mike Wilkin's Astra Militarum. Introducing the Junk Force penal troopers!

The story behind Mike's force is that they were once workers on a food-processing world who found an STC for old Terran junk food. As punishment for not handing over the STC, they were sentenced to a lifetime of service in a penal force. Their leader – the well-titled Maxwell Vonn Nuggets – is the chap below converted from Janus Draik. Mike paints his models using a Corax White undercoat. The fatigues are a mix of Abaddon Black and Stegadon Scale Green, while the orange armour is Troll Slayer Orange highlighted with Fire Dragon Bright and white.



Gotrek Gurnisson
by Jean Victor Routy



The Light of Eltharion
by Thibaut Frederic



Dark Angels Primaris Captain
by Ben Chatterton



Royal Warden
by Michał Gmitrasiuk



Fungoid Cave-Shaman Snazzgar Stinkmullet & Madcap Shaman
by Jon Webb



WHAT'S BLACK AND WHITE AND READ ALL OVER?

Hello *White Dwarf* team,

My name is Chris from Neuenhagen, near Berlin, Germany. Last year I went on vacation to Boulders Beach in Cape Town, South Africa to show the penguins the latest issue of German *White Dwarf*. I bought it with me to read on my 10,000-kilometre journey and thought they would also be interested in it.

Chris Salomon
Neuenhagen, Germany

Ah, those halcyon days when we could just hop on a plane and travel the world without the Inquisition coming after us! Good times! We're slightly suspicious about the lack of snow for those penguins, though, Chris. And is that a palm tree in the background? There's something fishy about this, and we're not talking about the trout. Did you chat to Dave while you were there? He's the one in the black-and-white suit, seventh from the right. Got a lovely Black Templars army ...



MODEL OF THE MONTH: LEGIO CUSTODES CONTEMPTOR-GALATUS DREADNOUGHT

Our model of the month is this stunning Legio Custodes Contemptor-Galatus Dreadnought painted in non-metallic gold by Keerakit Sapvisut. We asked him how he painted it.

Keerakit: I have a few techniques that can really help when painting non-metallic metals. First, imagine where the light is coming from. I always imagine that the light is coming from the top right-hand side of the model. This helps you identify the bright and dark sides of the model. Then, identify the reflective spot for each surface. Short surfaces should have one reflective spot while a larger surface may have two or three. For example, the sword has two reflective spots. Reflection spots usually form a straight line and form from the same direction.

I then start painting from the darkest colour up to the lightest colour because I find that easiest. For the gold, I started off with a 1:1 mix of Abaddon Black and Rhinox Hide as the base colour. I then mixed Abaddon Black, Skrag Brown and Averland Sunset to create a golden-brown tone. I slowly added this golden-brown mixture to Rhinox Hide to achieve a smooth transition between the dark basecoat and the main colour. I then highlighted this by adding in Flash Gitz Yellow and Dorn Yellow.

For the steel of the blade, I mixed Abaddon Black with a hint of Thunderhawk Blue (8:2 ratio) and then added Dawnstone and Fenrisian Grey.



Putrid Blightkings
by Malte Graffelmann



WORLDS OF WARHAMMER



PHIL KELLY

As the Age of Sigmar Studio's creative lead, Phil is almost permanently (some might say eternally) immersed in the lore of the Mortal Realms as well as the 41st Millennium. He was recently seen writing an anonymous letter to Jervis claiming over a hundred victories for Hive Fleet Jormungandr on Ichar IV. Might be a bit late, Phil ...

There is such a thing in this excellent hobby of ours known as a global campaign. This rather grand-sounding event brings together hobbyists from across the world to play games in a linked series of battles. Then, in one place, it tallies the results to determine which faction carries the day – or perhaps I should say carries the season, for these usually take place over a few months.¹

It just wasn't feasible in 2020 and 2021 to hold such campaigns, due to the slight inconvenience of a certain real-life global event. So, taking a leaf out of the television-programming playbook, I thought it would be a good idea to do a clip show of sorts² and do a retrospective of the epic campaigns we've run thus far in Games Workshop's history.

These events have had a lasting impact on our hobby, after all. Each worldwide gaming event was not just a flash in the pan but an event that has informed and irrevocably changed the lore of our fictional Warhammer worlds ever since.

ICHAR IV – WHERE IT ALL BEGAN

Back in the mists of history, Games Workshop's first global campaign was known as Ichar IV, unleashed upon an unsuspecting world in 1995. I consulted my colleague and friend, the legendary games developer Jervis Johnson, for the lowdown. After all, it was he who ran the whole thing in person. Amazingly, he did so not via the medium of the internet but via strange papery things known as letters.

'It was just an idea at first,' says Jervis. 'It started out as a *White Dwarf* article a little like a Standard Bearer or Rules of Engagement, about how we could possibly run a campaign for everybody. But it became hugely successful. I thought, well basically, if everyone fights for the same reason, we could all work on the same story. So I told

people to post in the results of their games, along with the armies they were using, and I just counted them up. It gave us the results of the story.

'I set it on a planet we made up that I called Ichar IV,' continues Jervis, 'during a Tyranid invasion. If the Tyranids won, the planet would be eaten. If not, then the planet was saved and the Tyranids were driven back. The idea really caught on, and I received hundreds of letters, some of which had stories, pictures, army lists, you name it. People really got behind it, as did the retail chain. It went on for six weeks!'



Clearly something in the idea of a massive, global celebration of gaming had resonated with our hobbyists, and it became a snowball of momentum as more and more people caught on to the idea. Poor old Ichar IV was riven by hundreds of battles across that period. It lives on as a foundational part of the Warhammer 40,000 universe's history, the story of the planet's uprising being the exemplar of what happens when the Tyranids' vanguard get their claws into an otherwise loyal planetary population. It has been featured in *Codex: Ultramarines*, *Codex: Tyranids*, *Codex: Genestealer Cults* and a score of other books since then.

The stage was set, the precedent for such events laid down. So successful was this bold experiment in global gaming that it was the first of a dozen such campaigns across the years, each a celebration of the hobby in all its splendour, with its own setting, narrative and conclusion.³

ARMAGEDDON 3 – THIS TIME IT'S PERSONAL

The studio campaign that sounds the most like a blockbuster movie has to be the world-famous Armageddon campaign of 2000. It was centred around Ghazghkull Thraka's return to the eponymous planet (my, how he's grown) in search of his nemesis, Commissar Yarrick.

¹ Note that I'm not saying 'usually over the course of a summer holiday' here, despite that being the case for us Brits. Our summer is Australia's winter, and we're a global operation. There's a good reason we called the first Age of Sigmar campaign 'Season of War'.

² Those episodes largely assembled from choice clips of older episodes, done in order to showcase the best bits but also to allow the cast a bit of breathing room. If you're not convinced, at least be thankful this is not the 'musical episode'.

³ The good guys managed to save the day on Ichar IV, but the planet took a beating and has gone down as a salutary example of what happens if you let a Genestealer Cult fester in the shadows for too long.

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 issue, Phil Kelly discusses global campaigns and how they have shaped the Warhammer universes.

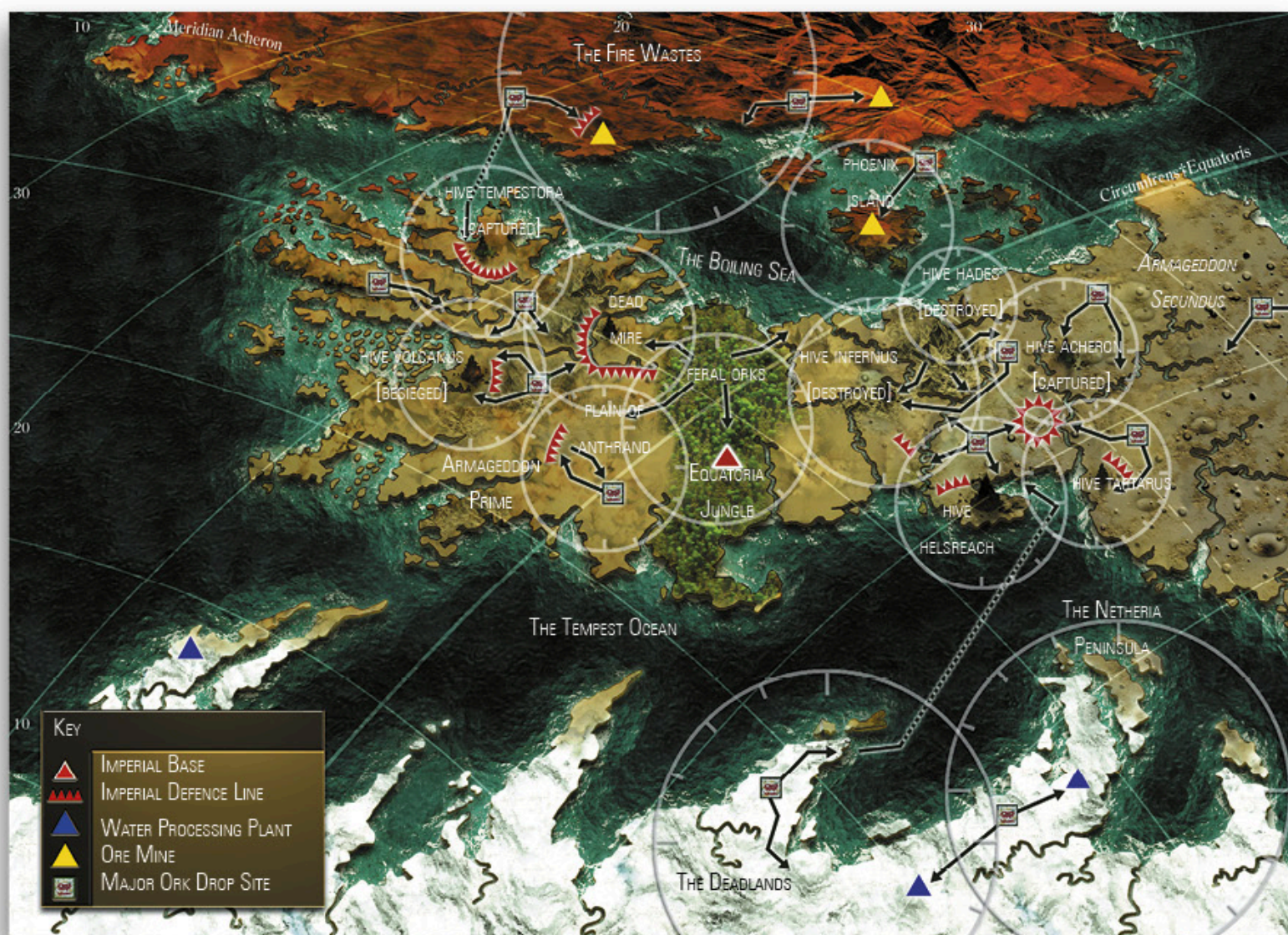
Armageddon 3 was a far cry from the humble pen-and-paper beginnings of the worldwide gaming extravaganza. The campaign was carefully planned to tie in not only with a spangly website but also with *Codex: Armageddon*, a shiny new book with not one but four new army lists. Step forward the Speed Freeks of the Ork hordes and their opposite numbers, the mechanised infantry forces of the Armageddon Steel Legion, supported by the Salamanders and the Black Templars. As for the Steel Legion, we released a suite of miniatures with which to represent them – and Ghazghkull himself had a jaw-dropping new model⁴ with some chunky metal Meganobz to fight alongside him.

More unusually still, the campaign used digital results. The aforementioned website was jam-packed with artwork and fiction – a triumph of planning at the time, given how much there was to explore and how relatively new the internet was then. There was a mouse-over campaign map of Armageddon Prime and Secundus, with each region divided and allocated to a certain part of the gaming world – should Australia's loyalist gamers win more games than their xenos or traitor counterparts, for instance, the Fire Wastes would belong to the Imperium rather than its rivals.

There were detailed histories and war stories for dozens of factions and sub-factions on that website, including the first introduction of some stone-cold classics. For the Astra Militarum, we saw the first appearances of the Savlar Chem-Dogs, the Elysian Drop Troops, the Armageddon Ork Hunters and the Death Korps of Krieg. For the Space Marines, the Flesh Tearers and Mortifactors took their place alongside the Black Templars as some of the coolest successor Chapters ever seen. It was during this campaign that Captain Erasmus Tycho of the Blood Angels succumbed to the Black Rage and was slain over a mountain of Ork corpses, and iconic baddies such as the egg-headed incompetent Herman von Strab, the Overfiend of Octarius and the genius Mekaniak Orkimeses took their place in the 40K rogues' gallery. With the Imperial players eking out a narrow victory, Ghazghkull left the planet with Yarrick and the Black Templars in hot pursuit.

A tremendous upswell of 40K enthusiasm swept the globe, with the campaign map changing every week as one faction or another rose to prominence. We had quad-linked Battle Reports in *White Dwarf* spanning two issues (numbers 248 and 249 if memory serves – the scars of photographing such immense gaming boards still feel fresh to this day) alongside a raft of fiction.

⁴ Back then, character models were usually made from metal, and even before his modern plastic incarnation, Ghazghkull was big and heavy enough to be used as an offensive weapon if needed. Very Orky.



Even Titan battles and spaceship carnage had a part to play via the medium of the Specialist Games classics Epic and Battlefleet Gothic. All results counted towards the greater war effort, and with the tireless efforts of our web team servitors, they were dutifully tallied and published to the wider world.

The Armageddon campaign totally revolutionised not only global campaigns but also the way we presented and developed our lore. It was the first time we had ever put a massive swathe of background material and artwork on to the internet, all organised into war zones, time stamps and maps. It even had 3D renders of some of the key locations.⁵ All together, it went down a storm and revolutionised the whole idea of a global event. Not only that, but it fully established the world of Armageddon as one of the (tarnished, shattered) crown jewels of the Warhammer 40,000 universe. Here was a world with a deep history and not one but three world wars to its name, the last of which cemented a deadly rivalry between Ghazghkull and his best enemy Yarrick that came to symbolise an entire era.

ALBION – A GREEN AND UNPLEASANT LAND

It was not long before Warhammer Fantasy players wanted their day in the sun. That came in the form of the Dark Shadows campaign set in the wan, mist-wreathed light of Albion, an island nation eternally beset by bad weather.⁶ Albion was a neutral battleground off the coast of the Old World with a rich druidic tradition, revealed to all comers as the shrouding fog banks rolled away from its high white cliffs.

Players were encouraged to invade and carve out territory for themselves, taking either a Truthsayer (good-guy druid type) or a Dark Emissary (bad-guy opposite number) to bolster their forces. Players could also field the dreaded Fenbeast – a new monster available to either side – and the gangling giants Bologs and Cachtor alongside their druidic master Hengist. One look at these and it's easy to see where the Cygor and Mega-Gargant models had their roots.

The campaign had an island map to explore, a list of new spells and a weather table to represent conditions that ranged from drizzle (the fair-weather result on Albion's shores) to gunline-crippling thunderstorms. Results were sent in via the Dark Shadows website, email or letter, and together they helped to work out which of the Winds of Magic blew the strongest and hence which spell lores would enjoy a bonus or suffer a penalty from week to week. I was lucky enough to play through an entire studio-centric Dark Shadows campaign in which my old-school skaven took on all comers in the hissing rain, serialised over a number of issues of *White Dwarf* and ending in a grand siege using the old Mighty Fortress set to its fullest extent. The end of the campaign saw some secrets unlocked: those who conquered the mysterious henges known as Ogham stones learned of a shadowy figure called the Dark Master, an epithet that will be very familiar to those who have followed the exploits of Be'lakor before it was cool. That same daemon has gone from his humble beginnings – dating back to his presence in the Specialist Games release Mordheim, even before the Dark

⁵ I know, because I made them. They were, how can I put this, 'of their time'.

⁶ This may sound familiar to those who live in the United Kingdom.





Shadows campaign – to being a major player in the Age of Sigmar storyline of today.

INTO THE EYE OF TERROR

Set during Abaddon the Despoiler's 13th Black Crusade,⁷ the Eye of Terror campaign was a tremendously exciting event. It explored not just one planet, nor even one system, but a massive region of the Segmentum Obscurus – and one centred around the largest warp storm known to the Imperium.

Much like the Armageddon campaign, but on a larger scale, the Eye of Terror event was bolstered by a custom-made codex featuring four new army lists for enterprising hobbyists to exploit. These centred around forces specific to the region of space in and around the Cadian Gate. There was the gold standard of the Imperial Guard that are the Cadian Shock Troopers, of course, but also the Wulfen-cursed 13th Company of the Space Wolves, the webway-striking Ulthwé Strike Force⁸ and the Lost and the Damned – the chattel, monstrous shock troops and general weirdos of Chaos that spilled from the cursed worlds within the Eye itself.

Again the campaign revolved around a giant map, this time an interactive mouse-over microsite, each section of which had war zones made of star systems within which the customers who were taking part could record their victories and defeats. The Cadian Gate was obviously of paramount importance, with its fortified worlds holding back the tide of doom emanating from within the Eye – though when the forces of Chaos caused the

planetary destruction of St. Josmane's Hope, that region of space changed forever. The battle spilled into the Eye itself, as well; the Aeldari crone world of Belial IV got its day in the daemoniac sun and has been revisited since in the Gathering Storm plot line of yesteryear. It was around this time that the notion of noctilith was introduced into 40K in the form of the blackstone pylons of Cadia, originally featured in Dan Abnett's excellent *Malleus* and enshrined in the Eye of Terror codex to become a pivotal part of the Warhammer 40,000 setting⁹ when it became known exactly why Abaddon was so hell-bent on destroying Cadia.

The precedent had been firmly established: worldwide campaigns are tremendous fun. They are a great way to get people rolling dice, painting miniatures and gathering with their gaming community for a full-on, high-octane summer blockbuster of an event. As Jervis said in his closing comments when I interviewed him about Ichar IV, 'We realised we were on to a winner, despite it being rather whimsical. It gave people a reason for playing.'

And that's the kernel of it, really. Most of us enjoy playing a game, but we really benefit from a catalyst to get it started, and a campaign can be just that. I'll be returning to this subject next issue to finish the epic saga of Games Workshop's global campaigns, going from the famous Storm of Chaos campaign all the way up to Dread Solstice. Until then, why not give some thought to putting together a gaming campaign of your very own?

⁷ Unlucky for some, including Abaddon himself – the new Cadian super-general Ursarkar E. Creed got to claim victory in the end. Didn't work out so well for Creed in the rematch, or for Cadia itself, come to that.

⁸ This was the first faction for which I wrote the rules in their entirety. Despite it being defined by a very low amount of Aspect Warriors – in Ulthwé the Guardians and Seers do the bulk of the work – I put my heart, soul and pointy ears into its 'glass cannon' play style. Eldrad Ulthran has been up to all sorts of mischief since thwarting Abaddon's plans all those years ago.

⁹ Hey, just ask Cawl, or come to that, Szarekh and the Necrons.

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! In this issue, the Fallen come under scrutiny. Plus, Golden Demon, A Tale of Four Warlords and part five in the Charadon Flashpoints series.





A TALE OF FOUR WARLORDS
In the third part of our current series, our four challengers reach the 50 Power mark. Turn the page to see what they've added to their armies.



INDEX HERETICUS
The Fallen are the subject of investigation in this month's article. New rules, background, painting guides and model galleries begin on page 42.



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? In the third part of this series, our warlords' forces reach the 50 Power mark.



SPACE MARINES



NECRONS



SISTERS OF BATTLE



ORKS

A TALE OF FOUR WARLORDS

Four warlords, all alike in dignity,
In fair Nottingham, where we lay our scene,
From ancient xenos to new Sisters,
Where Orkish blood makes Imperial
blades unclean.

Yeah, we know, we ruined the iambic pentameter.
You get what you pay for with cheap gags ...

More importantly, our quartet of warlords from the far future have returned to our pages, bringing offerings of painted models. Their forces now stand at a mighty 50 Power, though once again, several of the warlords have wilfully exceeded their Power limits and painted more models than we were expecting. It seems long commutes to work are being replaced with extended excursions to the painting table. At least something positive came out of 2020 ...

First of the warlords is Joel Martin, who has been painting more bright-green Sons of Medusa

Space Marines. Or has he? Because we've heard a rumour that Joel's been painting a whole lot of camouflage recently. What could he be up to?

Xenos overlord and *White Dwarf* representative Jonathan Stapleton has recently become a dad! But that hasn't stopped him painting more models for his Thokt Dynasty Necrons. He says lack of sleep is good for his productivity.

Meanwhile, Drew Palies has added another contingent of Sisters to his Order of the Argent Shroud force, covering them in all manner of warding sigils, purity seals, candles and burning braziers. These Sisters mean serious business!

Last but not least (certainly not least in terms of models painted), Lydia Grant has continued her never-ending Waaagh! Before, she was painting weedy little grots. Now, she's painting big mean Orks! It seems da ladz have finally arrived to show the other warlords 'ooz in charge!'

BECOME A WARLORD

As with previous years, we encourage you at home 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: Da Legion of Boom use kunnin' Ork tellyporta devices to appear right on top of one of their objectives. They then ran off to hit something ...
Bottom: A trio of Meganobz stand defiant against a platoon of Imperial Guardsmen. Many brave troopers lost their lives that day, but they eventually eliminated the alien menace.

THE ONGOING CRUSADES

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 give them plenty of options for picking and choosing which units and heroes they added to their force, while providing an exciting visual feast for everyone reading the article.

While gaming has been a little tricky this series, Jonathan's reign of conquest against the studio photographers continued with more games against Calum and Martyn. Joel and Drew have both struggled to play games so far, though both are trying to figure out ways to get to the battlefield somehow. Remote gaming has even been suggested! Lydia is the undisputed queen of the battlefield, though, having managed to fight several more Crusade battles with her grots (and attending Orks) against James Gallagher's Astra Militarum force. As it turns out, her new Ork reinforcements are far more deadly than her grots (who'd have thought it?). Apparently, ten Ork Nobz being teleported into battle can chop their way through pretty much anything. Hot knives and butter were mentioned ...

SPACE MARINES

THE SONS OF MEDUSA



JOEL MARTIN

As a graphic designer, Joel has a keen eye for colour and design. And, it seems, for camouflage patterns. When he dropped off his Infiltrators for photography, it took us almost a week to find them! This had nothing to do with the state of our desks.

The Sons of Medusa receive reinforcements this month in the form of plasma-toting Hellblasters and a reconnaissance force of Infiltrators. Joel explains the unusual camouflage scheme he picked for them.

Joel: With lots of Space Marine units to choose from to expand my army, I decided to add a couple of Vanguard elements to my force this month. I also painted a unit of Hellblasters to add in some much-needed fire support.

THE KILL TEAMS

I picked an Infiltrator and Eliminator squad for my Vanguard units, the idea being that they can focus on taking objectives and eliminating characters and key targets from the enemy force. After I had built the units, I decided to take a look at a few different painting options for them. It didn't quite work in my head that a stealthy infiltration unit would wear bright-green armour! After a little digging around, I found the 'desert support squad' scheme that was presented in Index Astartes: The Badab War in *White Dwarf* 101 from May 1988 (see opposite). I liked the idea of drawing on some really old reference material and bringing it into the modern day, so I used that as my inspiration.

I tried a few test camo schemes on some spare bases I had lying around, trying out different colours and patterns. I settled on one that I liked the look of most and that would be the simplest to replicate across a whole unit – an important consideration when you're painting more than one model in camouflage! I used the same scheme for the Eliminators' camo cloaks.

I really enjoyed painting the camouflage scheme on my models. It made a nice change to green (my brushes agree!). I'm now thinking about painting a Phobos-armoured character to lead my Vanguard troops, but seeing as I already have a Captain and two Lieutenants, it's likely to be a Librarian. I think he'll look great in desert camo.

BIG GUNS

I also added some regular green guys to the army in the shape of five Hellblasters. I know how powerful they are on the battlefield, and they make the perfect addition to my primarily infantry-based force so far. I am hoping to turn the army into more of a mechanised force over time, and I'm already working on a Repulsor to help convey my troops into battle.

On the subject of battles, the last twelve months have been a bit strange for playing games, and I have yet to field my Crusade force against any opponents. However, this has allowed me time to focus on painting, building and planning the next stages of my army in more detail. Working as a graphic designer in the 40K studio means I have access to our codex build assets, graphics and artwork, so I'm planning on making some bespoke Crusade cards for all my units. Hopefully when I do finally get to play some games, I will be able to utilise these in some way and really immerse myself in the background of my force.



THE 50 POWER MARK

And that's the 50 Power mark spot on! At the moment, my force still only has two Troops choices, but I can easily split the Infiltrator squad in half to create a third, thereby giving me enough units to field a Battalion Detachment. I'm hoping that I'll actually have another unit of Intercessors painted for the next part of the challenge, though, so I can keep them as a larger unit. The plan for the next 50 Power is to add more mechanised units (lots of tanks) and turn the Sons of Medusa into an aggressive, rapid strike force, just like in their background.

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:	Squad Ghorrean: 10 Infiltrators	12	
UNIT 5:	Squad Skorrgek: 5 Hellblasters	8	
UNIT 6:	Squad Draak: 3 Eliminators	5	
UNIT 7:	Xeriis the Unrelenting: Redeptor Dreadnought	9	
UNIT 8:			
UNIT 9:			
UNIT			

A TALE OF FOUR WARLORDS



Hellblaster Squad Skorrgok wear the traditional green armour of the Sons of Medusa, while squads Ghorrean and Draak wear desert camouflage.

INSPIRATION FROM THE PAST

The camo scheme for the Infiltrators begins with a basecoat of Zandri Dust Spray. I then apply thin, wavy lines of Mournfang Brown in a random diagonal pattern, followed by dots of Morghast Bone to break up the pattern. I then add a line of Abaddon Black to some of the Morghast Bone dots to break them up even further. The armour is finished with a wash and an edge highlight.



CAMO SCHEME

Basecoat: Zandri Dust

Layer: Mournfang Brown

Layer: Morghast Bone

Layer: Abaddon Black

Wash: Agrax Earthshade (recesses)

Layer: Morghast Bone



SONS OF MEDUSA
(Desert World Support Squad)

NEXT TIME ...

I've actually already started one of my models for next month: a Repulsor tank. Like my Dreadnought, it will be mostly black with green heraldry on the hull to link it both to the Sons of Medusa and their parent Chapter, the Iron Hands. I'm also hoping to paint a Primaris Ancient and a unit of ten Assault Intercessors to give my force some extra punch in close combat. And to add some more green to army!

NECRONS

THE THOKT DYNASTY



JONATHAN STAPLETON

Despite being a first-time father, Jonathan has managed to paint a fair number of Necrons for this challenge so far. Apparently, the paint station he set up next to his daughter's cot has enabled him to paint a lot of models at unusual hours.

With the Silent King returned, Jonathan has awoken his metallic minions in a bid to reconquer the western fringe of the galaxy. This month he introduces us to Phaeron Onryx of the Thokt Dynasty, commander of the armies of Meghoshta.

Jonathan: For this month's 25 Power, I made a very simple decision: to paint up the remaining models from the Indomitux box set. With all those models painted (plus a fancy weapon for my Plasmancer), I would be sitting on exactly 50 Power. Perfect!

DYNASTIC REINFORCEMENTS

I've had a few revelations about my army since the last episode. The first occurred on the battlefield when I played against Calum McPherson's Nightlords last month. I found that my existing force needed some support and reinforcement and that most of my Necrons just got shot to bits without having a chance to enact their reanimation protocols. That's what encouraged me to convert an Overlord wielding a resurrection orb and also to paint the Canoptek Reanimator. I'm hoping I can make the whole army more survivable, particularly the Warriors. I also equipped my new unit of Warriors with gauss reapers. It'll be interesting to see how they compare on the battlefield to the traditional gauss flayers. There are definitely some situations from my previous games where they would have been much more efficient.

I feel like this is now a great core to my army. It would also have been a shame not to paint up all the models in the Indomitux box. Having said that, I now have a little more freedom with my

future choices. Firstly, I really need some big guns, as I haven't got anything that can deal with big targets from a distance (maybe taking the tachyon arrow off the Overlord was a mistake ...). I like the idea of developing the army in reaction to the games I play, seeing where I struggle and then reawakening that part of the Thokt Dynasty for my next battle.

INTRODUCING PHAERON ONRYX

This leads into the background of my force. The Thokt Dynasty has been awakening for several centuries, but I imagine the return of the Silent King has pushed their protocols into overdrive, including the awakening of Phaeron Onryx. I definitely see him as a thrall of the Silent King, hence why I gave him that Warlord Trait. It felt fitting in terms of their relationship. It would be cool for Illuminor Szeras to turn up at some point, perhaps on a secret mission for the Silent King.

PHASE BLADES

I've had a few people ask how I paint the blades for my Necrons. Over a black undercoat, I apply a watered-down layer of Thousand Sons Blue across three quarters of the section I'm working on, working towards the edge. I then repeat the process with Ahriman Blue on half of the section, then Temple Guard Blue in the last quarter. The last stage is highlighting the edge with a mix of Temple Guard Blue and White Scar.



THE 50 POWER MARK

My army is now at exactly 50 Power and includes all the models from the Indomitux box set. I'm currently not quite able to field a Battalion Detachment (I need more Troops), but I should be able to next month. In the meantime, I've been playing a few games with my latest recruits. Overlord Onryx has the Stratagem Hand of the Phaeron, which marks him out as the army's true commander. He also has the Warlord Trait Thrall of the Silent King. I equipped my new Plasmancer with the cortical subjugator scarabs from the Cryptek Arkana list.

CRUSADE CARDS		POWER RATING	CRUSADE POINTS
UNIT 1:	Overlord Onryx	6	3
UNIT 2:	Skorpekh Lord Anaurus	7	2
UNIT 3:	Royal Warden Accipitek	4	
UNIT 4:	Plasmancer Khaphtex	5	
UNIT 5:	Slave Unit Khaphtex: 2 Cryptothralls	2	
UNIT 6:	Warrior Phalanx Safhat: 10 Necron Warriors	6	
UNIT 7:	Warrior Phalanx Manat: 10 Necron Warriors	6	
UNIT 8:	Canoptek Reanimator	6	
UNIT 9:	Skorpekh Host Oberet: 3 Skorpekh Destroyers & Plasmacyte	6	
UNIT	3 Scarab Swarms	2	



The latest additions to my force are the remaining models from the Indomitus box set, including Phaeron Onryx. They make for a pretty formidable army.

OVERLORD ONRYX

All the new models are amazing, but I saw an opportunity with the Overlord for a conversion. I took the voidscythe and resurrection orb from the existing Overlord model and replaced the tachyon arrow and hyperphase glaive. It meant swapping sides for the melee weapon, but this worked really well, as I could flex the existing cabling around the model's back to reach the new weapon.



NEXT TIME ...

I want to paint a Canoptek Doomstalker for the army next. It will add some pretty fearsome firepower to my force, and it will look great as a centrepiece for my growing collection. I'd also like to paint a third unit of Necron Warriors (plus attendant Scarabs) so that I can fulfil the Troops requirement for a Battalion Detachment. If I get time, maybe I'll paint some Ophydian Destroyers, too.

ADEPTA SORORITAS

ORDER OF THE ARGENT SHROUD



DREW PALIES

When he's not painting Sisters of Battle for the pages of *White Dwarf*, Drew's busy painting new models for the Specialist Games Studio. The expression 'looks like an explosion in a paint factory' is a pretty accurate description of his desk right now.

The righteous crusade of the Order of the Argent Shroud has grown once more, its ranks bolstered by a task force of Battle Sisters thought lost to the Emperor's light. Drew tells us more about the latest additions to his army.

Drew: This month, I concentrated on bolstering the core of my army by adding a second contingent of Sisters of Battle, complete with a large unit of Sisters and their Rhino, a unit of Celestians and an Immolator, as well as a new character in the form of an Imagifier. These are the first Elites choices I added to my force.

THE NEW OLD RECRUITS

The story behind the new additions to my force is that they are the survivors of a task force fighting near the Great Rift when it split the galaxy. Though most of them died in the ensuing battles, a few Battle Sisters survived to reunite with the scattered forces of the Order. The Palatine of the task force was killed in action, so command fell to Celestian Superior Erhynica, who managed to lead her Sisters to safety. Her Celestians now form the bodyguard for Canoness Eleanor. Like the first part of the army, all the models can be mounted in transport vehicles.

IT'S ALL IN THE DETAIL

As I've mentioned before in this series, I want to try to use each Sisters of Battle bare head just once so that no two Sisters in my force look the same. I think that's key for making them look individual and to give them their own personalities. I also want to carry that idea across to the vehicles and units, too, so that they are all easy to identify on the battlefield. With the new

squad of Battle Sisters, I converted the Sister Superior, the Incensor Cherub and the Simulacrum Imperialis so they look different to the ones in my first squad. Once again, I dived into my bitz box and found the icon carried by the Servitor in the old Death Korps of Krieg Quartermaster set; it was perfect for a simulacrum. I continued the conversions with their Rhino transport, adding a little shrine to the back of the vehicle and surrounding it with candles from Amalia Novena and the base of the Battle Sanctum kit.

The Celestians received an even more impressive banner – the Simulacrum of the Argent Shroud taken from the representative of Saint Silvana on the Triumph of Saint Katherine (don't worry, a friend gave it to me!) I painted it in bone white, just like the very first representation of the banner in the original *Codex: Sisters of Battle* from 1997 (*in those days it was a paper banner that you had to photocopy or *gasp* cut out of your codex – Ed*). I also added the word 'Sacrificium' to the scroll as shown on the original.

I also added another hero to the force: Imagifier Beatrice. The Imagifier is one of my favourite miniatures in the range because of the model's pose and composition, so I didn't convert her at all. However, I did paint her as a Celestian to show her rank, giving her a golden fleur-de-lys and a red trim at the bottom of her loincloth.



THE 50 POWER MARK

My latest five units takes my force to exactly 50 Power, which I'm really happy about. That's easily enough for some decent-sized battles. The only thing I need to do soon is add a second HQ choice so that I can field the army as a Battalion Detachment. As yet I've been unable to play any games due to the UK lockdown, but my housemate Owen Patten has an army, and we've got some Necromunda terrain in the house, so we might set up a small battle using just the infantry portions of our army. Perhaps we could recreate the moment when my two task forces reunited.

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:	Squad Cordelia: 10 Sisters of Battle	7	
UNIT 5:	Squad Erhynica: 5 Celestians	4	
UNIT 6:	Dialogus Weldina	2	
UNIT 7:	Imagifier Beatrice	3	
UNIT 8:	Sororitas Rhino Clarice	4	
UNIT 9:	Sororitas Rhino Sariah	4	
UNIT	Immolator Iona	6	
UNIT	Immolator Lellia	6	

A TALE OF FOUR WARLORDS



Celestian Superior Erhynica leads the newest additions to my army, a war-weary task force that only just survived the horrors of the Noctis Aeterna.

CONVERSION CORNER

The Celestians are my most converted unit to date. I built the Sister holding the simulacrum from the model that's normally throwing a grenade, as I wanted her to look significantly different to the other banner bearers. Celestian Superior Erhynica is converted from Amalia Novena but with a new head and backpack ornamentation. I think she's got the look of a veteran about her.



NEXT TIME ...

I'm planning on adding a large unit of Sisters Repentia to my force, plus a Repentia Superior to whip them into battle. I also want to paint a unit of ten Zephyrim as a Elites choice for the army. My last goal for the next instalment is a conversion of Saint Celestine. I have an image in my head of her wreathed in fire and flames and generally looking pretty angry. I might use Ephrael Stern's head for the conversion ...

ORKS

WAAAGH! DA GOFFS



LYDIA GRANT

Last month, ninety Gretchin. This month, just one (though he is carrying a squig, which counts for something, right?). Lydia may have put the grots on the back burna for the time being, but she's painted plenty of Ork Nobz instead to make up for it.

The time of the Gretchin has come to an end (for the most part). The time of the Ork is now at hand! This month, Lydia introduces us to the Nobz that make up the ruling elite of her ever-growing horde of Goff Orks from the Crooked Hand Waaagh!

Lydia: So after some consistently disastrous results for the little ones on the field of battle, it's time to break out the big gunz. The Boyz are back from their 'diskussions' with the larger contingent of the Crooked Hand Waaagh!, and that means they are ready to join the battle. I say Boyz, but when what you're lacking in a force is strength (not necessarily strength in numbers), you cut out the middle man (or in this case Boy) and go straight in with the Nobz. And some Meganobz. Also a Mekboy.

BRING IN DA BIGGUNS

True to my roots of never doing anything by halves, I decided to paint as big a unit of Nobz as I could muster. I was only slowed down in my desire for a mahoosive (*that's Ork for 'big' – Ed*) unit of Meganobz by Power Level constraints! I've also painted a Big Mek with Shokk Attack Gun and his trusty Grot Oiler (I had to paint at least one this month). I've mentioned before that this army is a real hat tip to a departed friend and Orky mentor, and my Grot Oiler features a nod to one of his more memorable figures. It is always the tiniest details that bring an army and a figure to life, and I spent quite a bit of time (perhaps more than the *White Dwarf* team would have liked) applying tiny red polka dots to the oven glove of the little chap. A lesson learned from another grot: if you don't get da goo on yer handz, you don't drop fings. Den you don't get krumped! Wise words.

RUSTY STUFF

My Waaagh! is based on a scrap world, so I've been experimenting a lot with rust and weathering over the last few months. To make mega-grungy, grimy weapons, I've been applying Typhus Corrosion first so that when I add Nihilakh Oxide or Ryza Rust, there is some texture for it to cling to. I've decided that neat Nihilakh Oxide is a bit too strong for what I'm going for, so I use one wet brush to apply the paint, then a dry brush to dab off the really heavy areas and diffuse the edges to give it a more aged-looking rusty creep.

WOTS GOING ON IN DA KROOSADE?

Despite my grots being mostly useless, a few of them have earned some notoriety. Smolwyrd Skrappaking can now use two psychic powers after completing the Lord of the Warp agenda, while Nuggz's unit of grots are now Battle-tested after surviving two games, so no more attrition tests for these guys if they are near an objective! They almost got wiped out a couple of times, but thankfully, Nuggz always made it to safety. Then there are the new Boyz. The ten Nobz teleported into battle and killed a Hellhound, three Heavy Weapon Teams, a Chimera and an Armoured Sentinel in their first round of combat (some stuff exploding helped)! As a result, they have now been named Da Legion of Boom. The bubblechukka has still failed to kill anything. Ah well ...



THE 50 POWER MARK

Since the arrival of the Orks, leadership of the gang has been handed over to Da Orkkanik Mekaniak – the Big Mek with the Shokk Attack Gun (we all know that Skrappaking is still da propa boss, though). I gave him the Kunnin' but Brutal Warlord Trait, reasoning that he probably does some thinking every now and again. My army now stands at 55 Power, but I've already increased my supply limit so I'm able to field them all. With the addition of a second HQ, I can also fulfil the minimum criteria for a Battalion Detachment, giving me extra Command points to use.

CRUSADE CARDS		POWER RATING	CRUSADE POINTS
UNIT 1:	Da Orkkanik Mekaniak: Big Mek with Shokk Attack Gun	7	1
UNIT 2:	Weirdgrot Skrappaking Smolwyrd	4	2
UNIT 3:	Da Legion of Boom: 10 Nobz	12	
UNIT 4:	3 Meganobz	6	
UNIT 5:	30 Gretchin (led by Nuggz)	6	
UNIT 6:	30 Gretchin	6	
UNIT 7:	30 Gretchin	6	
UNIT 8:	Bubblechukka	3	
UNIT 9:	Mekboy Workshop	5	
UNIT			



Da Legion of Boom are arguably the hardest hitters in my Ork force, though my trio of Meganobz are more than happy to prove them wrong!

DA PALE LADZ

Like my grots, I wanted my Orks to look much paler and sicklier than usual to represent the horrible world they live on. I basecoated their skin with Elysian Green, then highlighted up with a mix of Elysian Green and Ionrach Skin, adding more Ionrach Skin to the mix for each highlight. I then washed the skin with a 1:1 mix of Biel-Tan Green and Athonian Camoshade to make it look grotty.



NEXT TIME ...

Now my Big Mek is on the scene, I imagine he has started building big killy war machines to back up his ladz. Over the next couple of months, I'm aiming to paint a trio of Killa Kans, a Deff Dread, a second Mek Gun (it might be another bubblechukka but more likely a smasha gun) and, if I have time, a second Big Mek. This one will be wearing mega armour, most likely with a kustom force field.



THE METALICAN SYSTEM



The galaxy is being torn asunder, new war zones exploding into life with ever-increasing frequency. In the fifth part of this Flashpoints series, the worlds of the Metalican system come under attack from Typhus' plague fleet.

The forge world of Metalica was Typhus' true target in his Charadon Sector campaign. The Metalicans believed deeply in the purity of the machine and its ability to overcome all empyric contagions. Typhus wanted to disavow them of this notion by delivering a grotesque malady known as the Nemesis Wurm into the very heart of Metalica's defences. If he could do that, he would seed the world's slow and painful death. Metalica was but one world in a system, however, and though it was Typhus' true target, every planet that shared Metalica's star felt the fury of the Traveller's wrath.

For months after the invasion began, covens of heretical sorcerers had been conducting a ritual on the world of St. Bartolph's Throne in the Alumax System within a colossal plague fane. Originally it had been Typhus' plan to use the dark ritual's outcome as the hammer blow that crushed the systems defending Metalica once and for all. When a punishing Imperial counter-attack drove Typhus' forces into retreat to the Alumax System, he decided to use it for another purpose. During twenty-one days in psychic communion with the emissaries of Nurgle, the Traveller gleaned new arcane lore – a blessing from Nurgle – with which to alter the ritual and take the Imperium by surprise.

Despite desperate efforts by Imperial forces to defeat Typhus on St. Bartolph's Throne, the ritual was successfully completed. A hurricane of rot and ruin roiled from within the forge fane. By the power of pestilential magicks, St. Bartolph's Throne imploded. From its destruction came black tendrils that spread into realspace, while at its core a festering pit bored deeper until it tore through the fabric of reality. The ritual had gouged a tunnel through the warp, from St.

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*.





Bartolph's Throne to the Metalica System itself. Typhus' fleets, packed full of his finest warriors, plunged into it. The hideous anomaly that Typhus had created became known to the Imperium as the Sore.

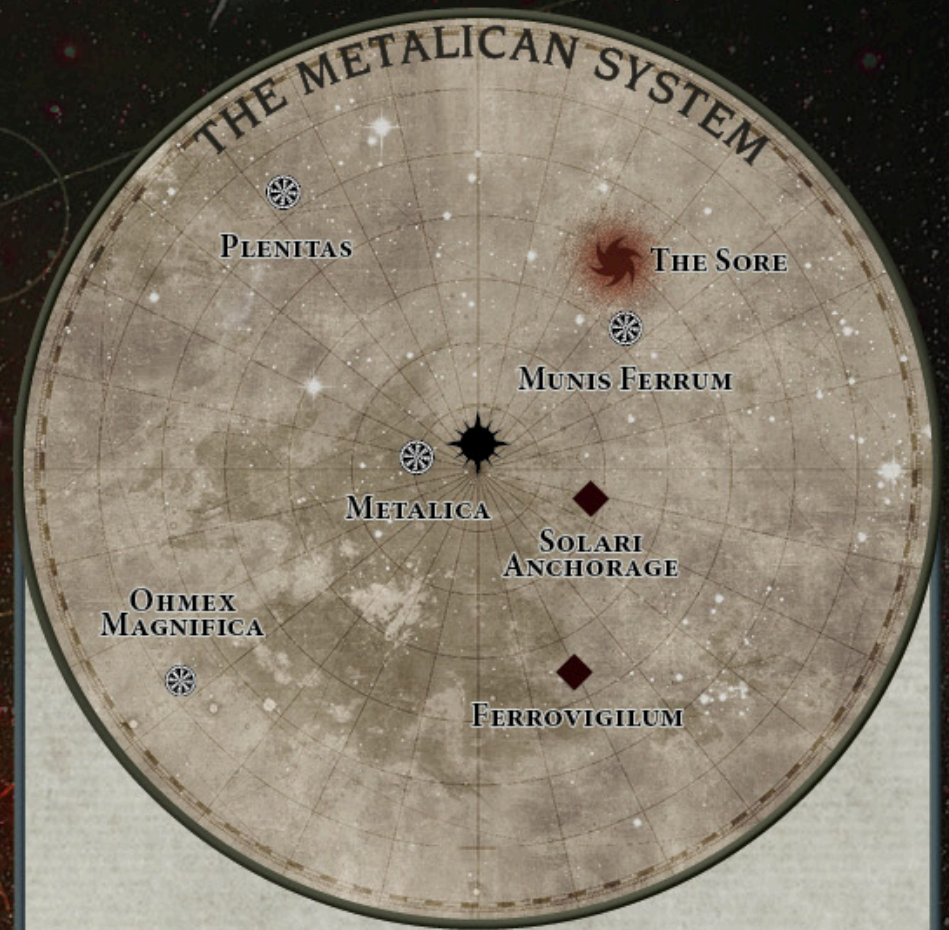
The worlds of the Metalica System were all under the purview of Metalica itself, and each provided a function the forge world required. They supplied raw materials, manpower, energy and defences. They were protected in turn by Metalica's formidable military might and prodigious wealth. When the system came under attack, they were all united in their desire to drive the forces of Typhus back, and they were well defended by forces withdrawn from the Charadon Sector's outer systems earlier in the campaign. Even with this great strength, the battles to come were costly in the extreme.

MUNIS FERRUM

Munis Ferrum had the great misfortune of being the closest planet to the Sore. The hive world, which had once provided billions of labour-serfs and servitors to Metalica, was bombarded with plague flares. It was assailed by daemoniac bacteria, plague flies, metalophagic rust plagues and data-daemons that turned millions of servitors into rampaging, flesh-eating monsters. The planet's interlocking cities erupted with empyric plagues and daemon infestations. The city of Mykarta was corrupted in its entirety. Its metal buildings were rusted, warped and even gained a kind of predatory sentience. It consumed tens of thousands of its inhabitants. The well fortified bastion-city of Helighun was flooded with daemons who broke out of reality in two dozen places, slaughtering countless defenders before they even knew what was happening. Many Skitarii control ships in orbit were possessed by scrapcodes that corrupted cohort upon cohort of Mechanicus troops on the surface. When Dark Mechanicus troops landed on Munis Ferrum, it was already consumed by warfare.

Countless were the battles in the swirling conflict that mired Munis Ferrum. Many units were cut off from Imperial command by hordes of bloodthirsty servitors. Others found themselves under attack from Skitarii cohorts that only minutes before they were ready to stand shoulder to shoulder with. Skitarii maniples not affected by the Sore were attacked by Imperial forces who had barely survived unexpected treachery from Adeptus Mechanicus forces they had seen as allies.

In Hive Betus, an Archmagos was attacked by hundreds of his personal Skitarii. Sealing himself within private chambers behind several layers of blast doors, he called for aid. An allied Magos dispatched his own Skitarii, which remained loyal, in a column of Skorpius tanks and transports. They navigated narrow streets, smashed through throngs of bloodthirsty servitors and fought a ferocious battle against corrupted Skitarii. Some of the vehicles were reduced to molten slag by the servitors' melta fire. Some were jumped upon and ripped apart by others with servo-arms. Once the Skitarii arrived, they had to fight through scores of their former comrades in brutal corridor-by-corridor combat. By the time the Skitarii



+++ SYSTEM PLANET CATEGORISATION — CHARADON SECTOR +++

- > Planetary classifications correct as of 997.M41. More recent data unavailable.
- > Metalica — Forge World
- > Munis Ferrum — Hive World
- > Plenitas — Quarry World
- > Ohmex Magnifica — Battery World
- > Solari Anchorage — Naval Base of Operations
- > Ferrovigilum — Armoured Asteroid Fortress
- > The Sore — Warp Rupture

reached the Archmagos' sanctum, the final set of blast doors had almost been broken through, and the Magos was seconds away from triggering his sanctum's auto-destruct.

In the bowels of Hive Muvos, Sisters of the Order of the Sacred Rose fought against corrupted Skitarii. Many Hospitallers affiliated with their Order had set up hospitals in the hive and refused to abandon them. Whilst hundreds of Battle Sisters succumbed to wounds and horrific radiation poisoning, one Hospitaller, Ereutha, miraculously did not. She was shot several times by traitor Skitarii with rad-carbines whilst saving wounded Sisters or citizens caught in the crossfire, yet miraculously she lived on. Many claimed the Emperor himself must be shielding her. Ereutha was finally killed only after many months, and she was declared a saint. Soon, relics of Saint Ereutha were being traded and sold throughout the Charadon Sector with the promise that they would keep away plague and contagion. Among them were three skulls, five femurs and bones that could make thirty-seven fingers.

Several Astra Militarum companies were garrisoning a redoubt in Hive Thetos with a Mission from the Order of Our Martyred Lady when thousands of crazed servitors besieged them. They suffered dozens of casualties putting down those that had served them in the keep

before they could see to the outer defences. Such was the number arrayed against them that even if they killed one servitor with every shot they fired, they might not have had enough ammunition to kill them all. The beleaguered defenders were saved by maniples of Skitarii Serberys riders, who baited groups of the rotting servitors away from the horde in hit and run attacks, helping to destroy the horde piecemeal.

FERROVIGILUM

The armoured asteroid fortress of Ferrovigilum housed the Metalica System's astropathic relay. It was strategically vital for the system's communications with the Charadon Sector and beyond. Ferrovigilum's topography was

characterised by dust oceans, domesprawns and industrial canyons marked with heavily armoured bastions and redoubts. When Typhus' armies surged into the Metalican System, Ferrovigilum was targeted by the Titans of Legio Morbidus and a multitude of Chaos Knights. They expected an easy victory but were met by the macroclades of Skitarii Marshal Decitor Septrax-Tertian, the Titans of the Iron Skulls Legio and Freeblade Knights of the Forgotten Company.

With the Forgotten Company and Iron Skulls heavily outnumbered by their Chaos Knight and Legio Morbidus equivalent, Skitarii Marshal Septrax-Tertian set about evening the odds. Knowing that Imperial Knights were

THE COURAGOS IMPERATUS MARTYRS



The grand viziers of Munis Ferrum had kept a great secret from their Metalican overlords for millennia. At the base of Hive Alphas, they kept the remains of a long-destroyed Emperor Titan – the Couragos Imperatus. Centuries of decay had exacerbated the vast war engine's already considerable damage, and it was impossible for any on Munis Ferrum to repair it. Nonetheless, the remaining pieces of god-engine were such holy artefacts that the leaders of the hive world had never relinquished it to the Metalicans. They had gone to enormous lengths to protect the secret of its existence, and for those few who knew of it, it had become a holy site.

During the fighting on Munis Ferrum, the grand viziers deployed numerous Astra Militarum forces to protect the site, even though its location on low ground was strategically worthless. Hundreds of troops were sacrificed for it, and soon Imperial commanders and Dark Mechanicum tech-magi alike observed the grand viziers' fixation with the location. The heretical Tech-Priests launched larger attacks against it, and soon the grand viziers realised they could not hold the Titan's location without aid. When they requested the support of Canoness Gertra Swinnlan and her Sisters of the Bloody Rose, the Canoness demanded to know what was so important about this site when a hundred others were on the verge of falling to the enemy. So desperate were the grand viziers for her help, they told her. Without a further word, Swinnlan mobilised her forces.

By the time the Sisters of Battle arrived, Dark Mechanicum forces had already

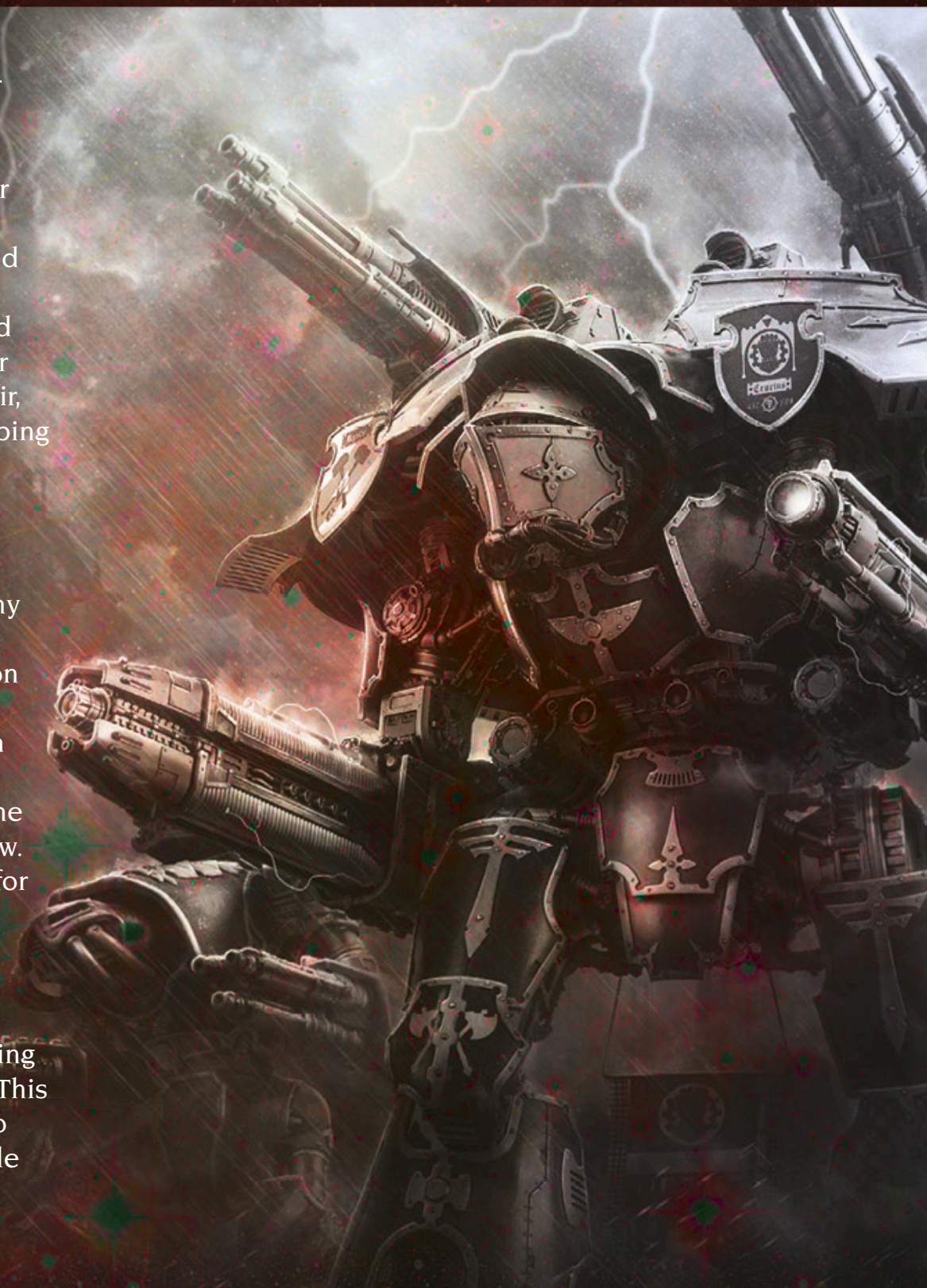
breached the sanctum within which the wrecked Titan lay. The corpses of hundreds of Munis Ferrum defence militia were strewn around it, with pockets of Imperial resistance desperately holding out against their more numerous enemies. The Adepta Sororitas surged into the fray with prayers and hymns on their lips, determined to prevent the heretics from laying a single rotten digit upon the ancient wreck. They cleaved Electro-Priests in two with chainsword sweeps and purged squads of rust-coated Skitarii with righteous bursts of flame. Their fury roused the remaining Imperial defenders, who rose up from their barricades and threw themselves into battle.

The fighting raged for many more hours. The Sisters fell one by one to rag rounds, plasma bursts or powered mauls. But they were winning. They seized ground and pushed the heretics back. The situation grew so desperate for the Dark Mechanicum that the dark priest who led them joined the battle himself, meeting Gertra Swinnlan in the field. Though severely wounded, she met strikes of his mechadendrites with parries of her power sword. The plague-ridden Tech-Priest became desperate, and in his fury-driven attacks, Swinnlan found an opening. She drove her blade through his mechanical torso and what little remained of his organic innards. The dead Tech-Priest's forces, linked to him by tethers of tainted scrapcode, became all but useless, and they were struck down swiftly by the surviving Imperial troops. When battle was declared over, however, not one of Swinnlan's Sisters remained alive.

FLASHPOINT: CHARADON WAR ZONE

often accompanied by the Sacristan orders, he determined that the Chaos Knights would have similar support. Tertian dispatched clades of Sicarians and patrols of Skitarii Rangers on hunter-killer missions to slaughter these units or identify their locations for later attack. Approaching the heretic positions to do this entailed immense risk, and scores of Skitarii were killed coming up against throngs of heretics or the Chaos Knights. Nonetheless, many were successful and culled several hundred Idolators. In doing so, they made it far more difficult for damaged traitor Knights to seek repair, or for pilots to be recovered from their fallen suits, tipping the odds in the Imperium's favour.

In the early stages of the defence of Ferrovigilum, the forces of Legio Morbidus and their allies seriously underestimated the capabilities of the defenders. Many heretic Titans operated without support, believing themselves largely invulnerable. It was a hubris the Iron Skulls took great advantage of. When the rot-infused Reaver Titan *Horribilis* strode into Domesprawl 06AXδ, a pair of Iron Skulls Warhound Titans lay in wait. They ambushed the Reaver, using ursus claws to drag it to the ground. Rather than destroying the Titan, they withdrew. As they expected, the downed Titan's *Principes* called for support, and companies of traitor *Secutarii* rushed to secure the Reaver wreck and save the crew. Cohorts of loyalist Skitarii had already secured the domesprawl, ready for the *Secutarii*. When the Titan recovery teams arrived, the vengeful loyalists caught them in a punishing ambush in a brutal battle that saw many Skitarii slain. This kind of action was repeated several times before Legio Morbidus learned their lesson. They lost a considerable portion of their vital support elements, as well as a number of god-engines.



TITANDOOM CANYON

The Battle of Titandoom Canyon was one of the Forgotten Company's many daring exploits and remarkable victories on Ferrovigilum. There they destroyed an entire maniple of Legio Morbidus Titans.

Industrial Canyon 87-ZLξ had been abandoned for decades. Lady Halenna, the leader of the Freeblades, saw it as the perfect location to hit Legio Morbidus hard. She instructed the Knights Shortsword, Firespike and Fury to lure a maniple of Traitor Titans into the canyon. They were successful, and three Warhounds followed them into the narrow confines of the man-made pass, which they could only advance through in single file. Fury was destroyed in the attempt, shredded by a hail of vulcan mega-bolter rounds. After the last Warhound entered the canyon, factorum-stacks at either side of the entrance were demolished by Ferrovigilum militia sappers. Hundreds of tons of ferrocrete and hardened steel crashed down, blocking the Titans' line of retreat.

The moment the Titans were trapped, the rest of the Forgotten Company struck. Close-ranged Knights Errant and Gallant flanked the Titans from hidden positions within the

decayed industrial structures. They raced to get so close the other Titans could not fire on them without seriously endangering one of their own. The Knights tore at leg and weapon cables with reaper chainswords and opened fire at point-blank range with thermal cannons. At the head of the canyon stood the Knight Castellan Foebreaker, who kept up a constant barrage of fire against the first Titan, weakening its void shields. The Knight Valiant Titanfeller was the final component of the ambush. It advanced directly to the first Titan, knocked out the god-engine's void shield with its conflagration cannon and fired its thundercoil harpoon through the Titan's knee joint. As the god-engine manoeuvred in an attempt to target its multiple assailants, it crashed to the ground. From there it was easy prey for the Knights.

After the first Titan fell, it was only a matter of time for the other two, who were completely trapped. Though more Knights of the Forgotten Company would fall by the actions of these cornered beast-engines, nonetheless it was a great victory and a testament to Lady Halenna's martial genius. Legio Morbidus would never underestimate the Forgotten Company again.



OHMEX MAGNIFICA

On the battery world of Ohmex Magnifica, ferocious windstorms were a daily occurrence. The planet spun on its axis at a high speed, generating massive Coriolis force, and also had violently fluctuating pressure systems. The world's surface was dotted with huge wind farms, the turbines reaching many hundreds of metres into the sky. A considerable portion of it was also given over to vast generatoria, where promethium from vast subterranean reserves was burned to produce power. The magisters of Ohmex Magnifica stored the power generated in cells that they then exported all over the system. Metalica's insatiable hunger for energy was such that some eighty percent of Ohmex Magnifica's output went to the forge world, though the magisters ensured their own world had everything it needed.

The war for Ohmex Magnifica was largely a war for its critical infrastructure. The forces of Chaos did not seek it for themselves, instead looking to destroy it, knowing that doing so would weaken the system considerably. The defenders fought to prevent that from happening at any cost. The skies above Generatorum Rho-Omicron-Beta-XVII became the theatre for an enormous air war. An armada of Archaeopters and Aeronautica Imperialis craft met flocks of airborne Daemon Engines and renegade fighters in a devastating battle to the death. The night sky was lit by an endless series of explosions as the two air forces destroyed one another in their attempts to ruin or save the generatorum.

Jump troops from renegade Heretic Astartes warbands including the Punishers and Unhallowed assaulted the kilometre-high wind turbines of Cyclone-harvester Unit 8-17-LD-φ. In response, entire cohorts of Pteraxii were sent

against them. They assailed the Heretic Astartes with hails of flechette fire and torrents from their phosphor torches. Skitarii and heretic both were reduced to mist when the turbines' rotor blades slammed into them at speeds of hundreds of kilometres per hour. Skitarii were cleaved in two with vicious chainsword swings, and traitors were savaged by spur-like talons. The Skitarii's numbers and unwavering tenacity won through, and they drove off the few surviving Chaos Space Marines, though scores of turbines were rendered completely inoperable and hundreds more reduced to less than fifty percent efficiency.

The Nurgle-worshipping warband known as the Poisoned Chalice secretly infiltrated and attacked a corpse-starch processing centre, eager to taint the facilities and the food they produced with gifts of the Plague God. The Heretic Astartes found many of the corpse-starch workers were blood-crazed fanatics, worshippers of a being they called the Lord of Bone and Tendon. A huge battle erupted as Chaos Space Marines and cultists slaughtered each other. The intensity and duration of the fighting affected the processing centre's production output enough for local Enforcers to be alerted. After several teams of Enforcers were wiped out on investigative actions, their command called for reinforcements. Tempestus Scions of the 2nd Grammic Mastodons as well as maniples of Skitarii raced to help restore order. After a ferocious battle in which hundreds of Imperial and Adeptus Mechanicus troops were blown apart by bolt rounds or cut apart with gore-coated cleavers, the heretics were finally destroyed. The corpse-starch facility was devastated in the fighting, its machinery wrecked and most of its workers killed. Harsh rationing was applied to hundreds of thousands of labourers as a result, which only fomented fresh rebellion.

FLASHPOINT: CHARADON WAR ZONE

SLAUGHTER AT THE IOTEX CITADEL

The Iotex Citadel guarded the Hellespyne Pass, which led to hab-blocks where hundreds of thousands of vital workers lived. Bristling with turrets, automated guns and cannon batteries, it was a formidable defence network. Three regiments of Ohmex Magnifica Surgers made up its garrison, alongside Skitarii macroclades and companies of Ogryn auxilia, who were the only troops strong enough to heft many of the defensive cannons' shells.

When an enormous horde of Khornate Daemonkin and other renegade forces slaughtered their way towards the citadel, the worlds' magisters deliberately pulled away troops in their path and baited the heretics towards the fortress with Sentinel squadrons and Armoured Fist squads. They believed that the citadel would be the anvil against which the renegades would be crushed.

When the traitors attacked the Iotex Citadel, they surged against it in a great tide. Though thousands were slain in the opening charges by relentless salvos of fire, they gained ground. Sorcerers corrupted or destroyed automated turrets. Khorne-worshipping Beastmen surged over

battlements and slaughtered defending troops. Lords of Skulls smashed open gates and ripped apart battle tanks. Artillery barrages smashed towers and walls to rubble. The defenders were gradually pushed back, but they kept order. The battle raged for days like this; Ohmex Magnifica's magisters wanted to be sure the horde was fully committed to the bloodshed. Then they closed their trap.

The military units they had withdrawn were mobilised. Regiment after regiment of infantry, tanks and artillery advanced to positions surrounding the hordes. As one, Basilisks and Wyverns launched volleys of explosive shells. Thousands of their enemies were killed in the opening salvos. When the renegades turned upon the Imperial reinforcements and charged at them, battle tanks of every stripe as well as infantry poured fire on them. Armies of servitors constantly supplied the troops with ammunition and water as they needed it, and fresh troops rotated into the lines after set periods of time. Though it took the Imperial forces several days to do it, they exterminated the Daemonkin and renegades in one of the most glorious victories in the entire Ohmex Magnifica campaign.



THE REPLICATOR'S CANYON

Nowhere is safe in the vehicular graveyard known as the Replicator's Canyon. In this short story by Callum Davis, patrols of Guardsmen hunt for heretics and, more importantly, a way through the burned-out hulks of thousands of ruined battle tanks.



The traitor had him by the throat.

Handen grabbed the heretic's fingers. He desperately tried to relinquish their grip. He couldn't.

Let go let go let go!

Handen didn't have the presence of mind to pray.

The traitor's skin was a sickly grey. His eyes had completely dilated, and the whites were a milky green. His face had no particular expression; it had none of the hatred Handen expected.

Handen gritted his teeth and pulled harder at the heretic's wrists. The harder he resisted, the harder his enemy fought. He felt the traitor crushing his windpipe. His vision was swimming.

The heretic's grip was so strong that when he was yanked back suddenly, Handen was dragged with him. Handen fell to the floor with a rough bump. He coughed violently, struggling for air through his worn rebreather. Every shallow breath – all he could manage – stung deeply.

A pair of hands sat Handen up roughly. In his state of pain and confusion, he thought they were the traitor's.

Handen lashed out, kicking wildly. Another pair of hands held him down. The suddenness of his own movement made Handen want to vomit. He forced the acidic liquid back down before it filled his rebreather. It burned his throat raw.

'Calm down,' said a voice.

He recognised it, even though his ears were ringing. *Leda*.

The room was spinning, and Handen could hardly see. He almost vomited again. He stopped thrashing.

'Better,' said Leda, her hard voice muffled by her rebreather.

'There's a heretic!' Handen shouted. He could hear how hoarse his voice was. The irritation caused by his speaking sent him into an agonising coughing fit.

'Don't fret Handen, we killed him,' Leda said. She gestured behind her. 'Look.'



Handen looked past her and saw a body on the floor with an enormous bloodstain in its side. A man was crouched next to it, wiping a bayonet on the traitor's mouldering uniform. Handen recognised him – Starn.

The three of them were inside the wreck of a Baneblade super-heavy tank, about fifty metres up, and a similar distance inside, what the Astra Militarum troops fighting here called the Death Stack. Half a mile deep and at least as long, the Death Stack was made up of thousands of vehicle wrecks and hundreds of thousands of corpses. It stretched across the entire breadth of Saint Facsimilus the Replicator's Datacanyon. The canyon had once been a strategically vital bottleneck for Imperial and traitor forces fighting on the forge world of Metalica. The Death Stack was impassable to all but infantry forces now, and soldiers conducted patrols navigating the labyrinth of rotting corpses and wrecks. Handen, Leda and Starn were on a routine mission to locate survivors, kill enemies and find a path through to the other side of the Death Stack that could be used to take the fight back to the heretics.

So far, all they'd found was the dead traitor, whose rotting uniform was that of a Cadian super-heavy tank crewman.

This might have been his vehicle, thought Handen.

'We need to get moving,' said Starn. 'We're two hours in. Time to find our way back. Besides,' he gestured to the corpse, 'he might wake up again.' Such an event was not unheard of in the Death Stack.

Handen raised himself to a crouch, about as high as he could manage in the vehicle wreck. The hold of the tank spun in his vision. His breaths were weak, pained and shallow from the strangulation.

Throne, get me through this, just let me through, he prayed.

'You alright to do this?' asked Leda.

'I have to be,' said Handen.

'Yes, you do,' said Starn. 'I'll go out first.' He sheathed his bayonet and drew his laspistol. None of them carried any bigger weapons; there was no space to wield them around the tank-corpses. Starn peered over the rim of the tank's top hatch slowly. He pulled himself out of the vehicle; that in itself signalled to the others it was safe.

'You next,' said Leda. 'I can shove you out if you struggle.'

Handen felt sick. He might well need her help, but he didn't want to voice the weakness. Leda and Starn had been fighting in the Death Stack for weeks. He'd only arrived a few hours before this mission started, when their respective companies of the 201st Mordant Acid Dogs were merged to keep them at full strength. Patrols were rarely more than a few soldiers; there wasn't space in the Stack for full squads to manoeuvre. Units that had tried larger formations quickly got broken up, and the ensuing confusion more often than not resulted in casualties.



Handen pulled himself out of the hatch. Starn helped him up. The space above the tank was big enough to stand upright in. Looking up, Handen saw the burned and warped wreck of a Heretic Astartes Predator that must have been flipped on its back in an enormous explosion. The only light to be seen was flickering lumens still functioning in some of the vehicles and the soldiers' own stick-luxes.

'Can you remember the way back?' Starn asked Handen. 'I can't remember.'

Handen shook his head. He had a pounding headache. Thinking made it worse.

'It'll be the strangulation,' said Leda, as she pulled herself out of the heretic Baneblade. 'You have no excuse, Starn. We need to go past that mash of wrecked Sentinels, through the upside-down Chimera and out the other side, by the crush of dead Beastmen. I can't remember more, but I'll know it when I see it.'

They had been forbidden to mark their progress in case heretics found their route and followed it back to Imperial lines or set up an ambush. They had also been forbidden to write down anything to help them, in case the traitors captured their notes. Many patrols had to find their way back to Imperial lines through memory or by finding a new route. Some never made it, getting completely lost in the maze of wrecks and corpses.

'Right you are,' said Starn. 'I'll lead.'

Starn advanced slowly, laspistol drawn and stick-lux raised. There were no front lines in the Stack. Even an area a patrol had just advanced through could be thick with heretics and mutants when the unit returned to it.

Handen followed behind Starn. He strained his ears, listening for any sound of an enemy – footsteps, voices, the scrape of a weapon against a metal hull. In this environment, echoes could travel for hundreds of metres, and the source of the sound could be in any direction. Handen's heart beat rapidly with the tension. Around every corner there could be another enemy waiting to crush his throat, drive a knife into his stomach or shoot him in the head.

Every step they took was careful and deliberate. They passed the destroyed Sentinels, their wreckage tangled together. Handen saw the remains of the pilots. Their charred flesh was fused to their controls. Starn paused every few steps to listen. All Handen heard was the groan of straining metal, and even the occasional release of gas from decaying corpses. It was Militarum policy to leave the dead, because bodies were too difficult to move through the Death Stack and because high command did not want reanimating corpses in Imperial territory. It meant there was a constant supply of fresh bodies in the Stack, as well as the real possibility of finding the living dead on every mission.

Next they came to the Chimera. Starn found the enormous hole in its flank. The metal had been blown outwards by whatever killed the tank; this hole was the exit wound. Starn peered inside from every angle, aiming his laspistol at the vehicle interior. Anything could be in there. After a short while, he stepped in.

Handen approached the hole. As he did so, Starn poked his head out, waving Handen and Leda in. As Handen got closer, Starn was suddenly yanked back inside the vehicle.

Handen rushed over, laspistol at the ready.

Through the hole he could see Starn wrestling, rolling and crashing around with an emaciated heretic who was wearing old Astra Militarum fatigues. The traitor was stabbing Starn repeatedly.

Handen couldn't get a clear shot at the traitor, and he would easily get stabbed in the struggle if he got involved. Starn and the traitor thrashed around in the crew compartment of the Chimera, banging against debris and the seats in the troop compartment. Eventually, Starn rolled the cultist over, exposing the heretic's back to Handen. He fired three times. The struggle was over.

Handen climbed into the vehicle, Leda following close behind.

Starn was lying face down in a pool of his own blood. Handen and Leda rolled him over. His breath was weak and laboured. Miraculously his rebreather was still intact. The man tried to speak, but the only sound he made was a wet gargle.

He died.

'Throne!' shouted Leda as she banged her fist against the Chimera interior. She drew her bayonet and made her way to the dead heretic. She knelt beside her and started stabbing her corpse over and over.

'You. Foul. Disgusting. Monsters,' she muttered, enunciating a word for every stab.

Handen knelt down next to Leda slowly.

'We have to go,' he said.

'I hate them,' she said, tears running down her cheeks. 'How many more of us will they take?'

'I hate them too,' said Handen, meaning it. 'But they will kill us as well if we don't keep moving. We've made too much noise.'

Leda rose to a crouch, as high as either of them could get in the cramped wreck. Handen rose also.

They carried on together, climbing out of the hole in the other side of the Chimera. They passed a pile of dead Beastmen whose rotting corpses stank so thickly that Handen barely suppressed the vomit that threatened to surge from his stomach. They saw a Skorpius tank of the Metalican Mechanicus standing on its front end. A dead Skitarius hung over the vehicle's exit hatch, apparently having died before it could make its escape. There were wrecks of every Imperial vehicle imaginable. Some looked like they had been destroyed within hours of rolling off





the production line. Others appeared to have been fighting constantly on the front lines for many cycles, sporting all kinds of scratches, dents and scrapes. There were traitor vehicles, too. Their crew had scrawled blasphemous names and runes onto their flanks and defaced any Imperial symbols.

Hateful creatures, Handen thought of the heretics.

Besides the wrecks, there were bodies. Some had decayed to the point of being little more than skeletons. Others were barely days old. Traitors and loyalists alike were scattered everywhere. Many were missing limbs. Others had been torn in half. Some had been burned to a crisp.

Handen and Leda squeezed between Leman Russ battle tanks and Rhino transports. They piled through holes and crawled on their backs beneath the rusting treads of super-heavy tanks. All the while, they had to pause regularly to listen out for potential enemies and scour every space for signs of an ambush. Handen sweated profusely, and his body shook with the adrenaline that shot through his body at the sound of every clang. The Guardsman's tongue was dry, his leg muscles burned, and his body was bruised. His throat still stung from the strangulation, and while at times the exertion of their constant movement made him want to take the deepest breaths, the desire to be undetected forced him to take weak, shallow – and thus quieter – ones.

'We are so close now,' Leda whispered as they crawled towards a bend around a kind of heretic machine with clawed legs and an enormous cannon pointing out of its torso. The cannon had been blown out, and two of the thing's legs were pulverised.

The moment Leda peered her head around the corner, her neck snapped back, and Handen heard the crack of lasfire impact. He stared at her lifeless body. Her forehead sported a wound right in its centre. Her eyes were wide open.

Oh no no no.

Handen could hear harsh voices.

You murdering scum.

He drew his laspistol, ready to fight them. There were many voices. They were getting louder.

Too many.

His heart pounding in his chest, Handen crawled backwards as quickly and quietly as possible.

He moved too quickly.

In his haste, his foot knocked a piece of loose armour from the heretic walker. It clanged loudly as it struck the 'ground', which was itself the top armour of a battle tank. The whole space echoed with the loud noise.

Handen's heart sank.

You idiot! Absolute idiot!

There was no point in being careful now. Handen just fled as fast as he could. He crawled, squeezed and ran past all the places he and Leda had been. The excited voices and the clambering pursuit of the heretics told him that they were not far behind.

Handen had the advantage of knowing where he was going. He threw debris into tunnels and down shafts, hoping the racket would throw off his pursuers.

Finally, his pursuers sounded quieter, further away. He kept moving.

He paused for rest in a wrecked Baneblade and crawled into a corner facing the hatch. He drew his laspistol and bayonet. His throat was dry with thirst, and his limbs were weak with fatigue. He fought to keep his eyes open and stay awake. He strained his ears to hear any sign of his pursuers.

He noticed bloodstains on the floor in the weak light.

I've been here before, he realised. It was where he had been strangled.

Then he realised something else.

Where's the heretic?

They had left the corpse right here in the wreck.

Then he heard the moans of the living dead.



WAR COMES TO METALICA

The Charadon Sector has come under attack by Heretic Astartes, plunging many worlds into anarchy and disorder. As the war intensifies, the cluster of worlds around the forge world of Metalica come under attack by Typhus' plague fleets.



Over the following pages, you will find several Theatres of War that are set in areas of the Metalica System 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 2: The Book of Fire*, 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.





METALICA 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. You and your opponent can either select one of the following Theatres of War to use for the battle, or you can randomly select one from those available.

BATTERY WORLD OHMEX MAGNIFICA



The battery world of Ohmex Magnifica stores countless energy cells that armies can use to aid them in battle. The planet is also buffeted by enormously strong winds that are hazardous for flying units.

Flashpoints: Metalica 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 Structure and Fuel Pipe terrain features to represent the infrastructure on Ohmex Magnifica, such as those found in the Battlezone: Manufacturum - Vertigus set.*

When fighting a battle on the **Battery World Ohmex Magnifica**, the following rules apply:

Energy Cells

Full energy cells can be used to make weapons even more powerful, but they can be temperamental. If troops are careless, the cells can explode.

Each objective marker on the battlefield is one of the energy cells produced on this planet. Each objective marker can be in one of two states:

- **Fuelled:** This objective marker has not yet been depleted, the effect of which is described below.
- **Empty:** This objective marker has been depleted.

At the start of the battle, all objective markers are in the Fuelled state.

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

Harvest Energy Reserves

By harvesting the vast power reserves of Ohmex Magnifica, armies can give themselves a significant edge in combat.

Units from your army can attempt the following action:

'Harvest Energy Reserves (Action): At the start of your Command phase, any number of units from your army can start to perform this action (excluding **BEAST** and **SWARM** units). Each unit must be in range of a different Fuelled objective marker. When this action is started, you must choose if you want to overload that objective marker. This action is completed at the start of your Shooting phase. When this action is completed:

- Until the end of the phase, each time a model in that unit makes an attack, add 1 to the Strength characteristic of that attack. If you overloaded that objective marker, also improve the Armour Penetration characteristic of that attack by 1.
- At the end of the phase, roll one D6, adding 2 if you overloaded that objective marker: on a 4+, that objective marker has been depleted, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds and that objective marker moves to the Empty state.





Harrowing Crosswinds

The winds of Ohmex Magnifica are so strong that pilots navigating them have little chance to operate their weapons effectively. Their main focus is simply maintaining control of their aircraft.

Before the battle, after determining who the Attacker and Defender will be, the Attacker rolls one D3 and consults the table below to determine the current wind level. At the start of each battle round, the Attacker rolls one D3, adding 1 if the current wind level is Buffeting Winds and subtracting 1 if the current wind level is Gale Force: on a 1, subtract 1 from the current wind level; on a 2, the current wind level remains the same; on a 3+, add 1 to the current wind level.

WIND LEVEL	EFFECT
1	Buffeting Winds: Subtract 1 from Advance rolls made for units that can FLY .
2	Stiff Crosswinds: In the Movement phase: <ul style="list-style-type: none">Subtract 1 from Advance rolls made for units that can FLY.If a model that can FLY moves more than 9", until the end of the turn, each time that model makes a ranged attack, subtract 1 from that attack's hit roll.If a unit that can FLY is selected to Advance, until the end of the turn, models in that unit cannot make ranged attacks with Assault weapons.
3	Gale Force: <ul style="list-style-type: none">Units that can FLY cannot Advance.If a model that can FLY moves more than 6", until the end of the turn, each time that model makes a ranged attack, subtract 1 from that attack's hit roll.



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

Take Possession

Controlling the critical infrastructure of the planet will give both sides a greater chance of victory in the Metalica System.

Units from your army can attempt the following action:

‘Take Possession: 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 unit must be in range of a different objective marker. This action is completed at the end of the turn. When this action is completed, you take possession of that objective marker and your opponent loses possession of it. While a player has possession of an objective marker, they control that objective marker until their opponent successfully performs this action on that objective marker.’



SORE-AFFLICTED MUNIS FERRUM



The Sore unleashed barrages of plague flares on the unfortunate world of Munis Ferrum. Servitors, Skitarii and citizens alike were all turned against their Imperial and Mechanicus masters.

Flashpoints: Metalica System, Charadon War Zone

Designer’s Note: *If playing using this Theatre of War, we recommend that the battlefield features a large number of Ruins and Armoured Container terrain features to represent the besieged city, such as those found in the Sector Imperialis Administratum and Battlezone: Manufactorum - Munitorum Armoured Containers sets.*

When fighting a battle on the **Sore-afflicted Munis Ferrum**, the following rules apply:

Plague Flares

The plague flares emanating from the Sore wreaked havoc on Munis Ferrum.

At the start of each battle round, the Attacker rolls one D6 and consults the table below to see if there is a plague flare emanating from the Sore:

D6	PLAGUE FLARE
1-2	No Flare: No effect.
3	Infectious Rust: Until the end of the battle round, each time a model makes a melee attack, improve the Armour Penetration characteristic of that attack by 1.
4	Creeping Malignancy: Until the end of the battle round, each time a model makes a ranged attack, on an unmodified wound roll of 6, improve the Armour Penetration characteristic of that attack by 1.
5	Poisoning of the Mind: Until the end of the battle round, subtract 3" from the range of aura abilities (to a minimum of 3").
6	Viscous Death Throes: Until the end of the battle round, each time a Combat Attrition test is taken for a unit, that unit counts as being at below Half-strength.

City District

Munis Ferrum’s cities were heavily affected by the Sore. Citizens and the buildings they dwelled in were all mutated and warped by the plague flares.

Before the battle, after determining who the Attacker and Defender will be, the Attacker rolls one D3 and consults the table below to determine the effect of the district in which you’re fighting.

D3	DISTRICT EFFECT
1	Radiation Leaks: While a unit is within an Area Terrain feature, subtract 1 from the Toughness characteristic of models in that unit. This is not cumulative with any other rules that subtract from a model’s Toughness characteristic.
2	Barricaded: <ul style="list-style-type: none">Area Terrain features gain the Light Cover, Heavy Cover and Defensible terrain traits (see the <i>Warhammer 40,000 Core Book</i>).Units within Defensible Area Terrain features can choose to both Hold Steady and Set to Defend.
3	Holy Sites: Area Terrain features gain the Inspiring terrain trait.

Turn On Their Own

The minds of servitors and citizens alike were all turned by phages and data-daemons, resulting in them attacking their fellows in a flesh-craving frenzy.

Each time you select a unit from your army when using a Stratagem, and each time you use a Stratagem when a unit from your army is selected to fight or shoot, roll one D6: on a 5, that unit suffers 1 mortal wound; on a 6, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.



FERROVIGILUM ASTROPATHIC RELAY

The Ferrovigilum astropathic relay possesses powerful psychic infrastructure to enable its Astropaths to send messages across the galaxy. The relay is surrounded by a roiling nexus of psychic energy that combatants can tap into if they have the skills to do so.

Flashpoints: Metalica System, Charadon War Zone

Designer's Note: *If playing using this Theatre of War, we recommend that the battlefield is populated largely with Ruin and Industrial Structure terrain features to represent the astropathic relay, such as those found in the Sector Imperialis Manufactorum and Sector Imperialis Administratum sets.*

When fighting a battle in the **Ferrovigilum Astropathic Relay**, the following rules apply:

Communications Nexus

Vast quantities of communications technology give armies enhanced abilities to coordinate and plan more complicated strategies.

Before the battle, after determining who the Attacker and Defender will be, the Attacker rolls one D3 and consults the table below to determine the effect of the communications nexus:

D3	NEXUS EFFECT
1	Infused Influence: Add 3" to the range of aura abilities (to a maximum of 12").
2	Co-ordinated Strategy: Once per player per battle round, when that player uses a Core Stratagem, they can choose to reduce the CP cost of that Stratagem by 1CP. Note that the CP cost is only reduced by 1CP for that use of the Stratagem, any future usages of it cost the normal amount of CPs.
3	Miraculous Portents: Players can use the Command Re-roll Stratagem twice per phase (see the <i>Warhammer 40,000 Core Book</i>).

Psychic Conduits

Psychic conduits dot Ferrovigilum's surface. Battling armies can tap into the energies flowing around them to boost their psychic output and projection.

Before the battle, after determining who the Attacker and Defender will be, the Attacker rolls one D3 and consults the table below to determine the effect of the psychic conduits:

D3	PSYCHIC CONDUITS
1	Psychic Choir: Objective markers gain the following ability: ' Psychic Choir (Aura): While a PSYKER unit is within range of this objective marker, each time that unit would suffer Perils of the Warp, roll one D6: on a 4+, that unit does not suffer Perils of the Warp.'
2	Psychic Damping: Objective markers gain the following ability: ' Psychic Damping (Aura): While a unit is within range of this objective marker, each time a model in that unit would lose a wound in the Psychic phase as the result of a psychic power, roll one D6: on a 4+, that wound is not lost.'
3	Psychic Battery: Objective markers gain the following ability: ' Psychic Battery (Aura): While a PSYKER unit is within range of this objective marker, each time that unit manifests the <i>Smite</i> psychic power, add 1 to the number of mortal wounds the enemy unit suffers.'





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

Psychic Interception

By intercepting the Astropaths' messages, a psyker can gain a great understanding of the battlefield situation.

Units from your army can attempt the following action:

'Psychic Interception (Psychic Action – Warp Charge 7): One **PSYKER** unit from your army can attempt to perform this psychic action during your Psychic phase. If successful, you gain 1CP.

METALICA BATTLE TRAITS

When a unit from your army gains a Battle Trait, if you have just won a battle on one of the Metalica System 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.

Battery World Ohmex Magnifica: Unyielding

Those who endured the Chaos onslaught on Ohmex Magnifica emerged tougher for their experience.

Each time an attack with an Armour Penetration characteristic of -1 is allocated to a model in this unit, that attack has an Armour Penetration characteristic of 0 instead.

Sore-afflicted Munis Ferrum: Hardened Resolve

The horrifying warfare on Munis Ferrum, against flesh-craving servitors and traitor Skitarii, has spared only the most mentally robust troops.

Add 1 to Combat Attrition tests taken for this unit.

Ferrovigilum Astropathic Relay: Touched By Fate

Constantly being in the presence of powerful psychic energies has a strange effect.

Once per battle, you can use the Command Re-roll Stratagem (see *Warhammer 40,000 Core Book*) to re-roll a roll or test made for this unit or a model it contains without spending any Command points.





INDEX HERETICUS

Consumed by bitterness and driven by millennia of hatred, the Fallen wage war against the Imperium of Mankind. Once loyal warriors of the Dark Angels Legion, these Heretic Astartes are a dark stain on the honour of their parent Chapter - one that cannot be easily erased.



THE FALLEN

The Betrayers, the Unrepentant

By James Ashbey & Duncan Waugh

Of all the ancient traitors at large in the galaxy, few are as mysterious and multifarious as those known as the Fallen. Once loyal warriors of the Dark Angels, their betrayal became the secret shame of that Chapter and their successors – a shame so great that its very existence is withheld from all but the most trusted sons of the Lion. To these initiated few, the hunt for the Fallen is a mission of paramount importance, and they will never rest until every one of their hated quarry meets their doom, whether on the battlefield or in the dungeons of the Interrogator-Chaplains.

The story of the Fallen Angels began on Caliban, the now lost home world of the Dark Angels. At the outset of the Great Crusade – the Emperor's grand campaign for dominance of the galaxy – Lion El'Jonson led his Dark Angels Legion into the void, accompanied by his second-in-command and close friend, Luther. After the initial campaigning, however, Luther was sent back to Caliban to supervise the induction of new recruits to the Legion, some Chapter legends attributing this to a breakdown in relations with the Lion. Critical though this mission was, it was ill-suited to Luther's ambitious personality. To him, his homecoming felt like a dismissal, and as the years wore on, the whispers of the Dark Gods stirred the growing resentment within him. Then came the tragic events of the Horus Heresy, and after the Dark Angels reached Terra too late to combat the Warmaster's last cataclysmic assault, El'Jonson turned his Legion homeward.

On Caliban a final, shattering treachery awaited the embattled Dark Angels. As the Lion's fleet entered orbit, a devastating laser barrage erupted from the planet's surface. Luther's hatred had festered and spread, poisoning the minds of veterans and new recruits alike. With a heavy heart, El'Jonson realised that he had been betrayed, and he ordered a massive bombardment of the great fortresses he had once thought loyal. While apocalyptic fires raged and Caliban's ancient keeps cracked and crumbled, the Primarch led a surface assault that brought him face to face with Luther. Infused with the dark might of Chaos, Luther was more than a match for his former friend, and when the Lion hesitated in his chance to deliver a death blow, Luther struck back with a furious psychic attack that mortally wounded the Primarch. Only with the Lion kneeling broken before him, with Caliban itself nearing annihilation, did Luther realise the magnitude of his deeds. Tumbling into madness, he let out a psychic cry so anguished that a warp storm erupted around the Dark Angels' already weakened home world, sealing the planet's destruction and hurling the 'Fallen' Dark Angels who had served Luther into the warp, scattering them across time and space.

Amidst the ruins, the surviving loyalist Dark Angels found no trace of their gene-father. Instead they found only the traitor Luther, who gibbered of 'Watchers in the Dark' and the forgiveness the Lion would one day return to bestow upon him. So began Luther's secret imprisonment and the Dark Angels' long road to renewal and retribution.

To survive and rebuild in the aftermath of the Horus Heresy, the Masters of the Dark Angels swore their already insular brotherhood to complete secrecy and formed a still more impenetrable conclave – the Inner Circle – tasked with safeguarding the most dangerous fragments of their history. None outside the Legion could learn of the events on Caliban, of Luther's betrayal or of the fratricide that resulted. As generations passed and these secrets fell from living memory, they became guarded by a far smaller cadre of initiated elites. Most Dark Angels warriors now fight with no real understanding of the Chapter's stained past, and only when made Deathwing veterans are they granted their first encounters with details resembling fact rather than fable.



Perhaps the bitterest of these revelations to accept is that many of the Fallen survived the death of Caliban. Since this fact first came to the knowledge of the Dark Angels – who initially believed the Fallen had perished with their home world – it has evoked both horror and hope. Horror, because any one of the Fallen could speak to outsiders of the treachery that ripped the First Legion apart. Hope, because with the hunting down and slaying of the last Fallen Angel, the sons of the Lion might finally know absolution. Until that day, those privy to the Fallen's existence will refer to themselves and their brethren as the Unforgiven.

The hunt for the Fallen is a monumental task, however, not only due to the martial prowess and guile of those hunted but also because of the wide variety of trajectories they have taken. While some have succumbed to the Ruinous Powers



Luther was once a hero of Caliban and second in command of the Dark Angels Legion before his great betrayal.

utterly, becoming Heretic Astartes and waging pitiless war upon the Imperium they once served, others look upon their past with disgust. Whether these forlorn individuals seek atonement by reintegrating with Imperial societies or roam the void as masterless pirates, their true identity can evade the Unforgiven for centuries. Most dreaded of all are those the Dark Gods cruelly cast adrift in time, some of whom are only now returning to realspace, their sanity in tatters. These lost souls are a terrible blight wherever they appear, and they are a threat to expose at any moment the secrets guarded so fiercely by the Inner Circle.

Whatever guises they now take, the Fallen are united in their determination to avoid capture. Though some may seek redemption, it is only on their own terms, and to fall into the hands of the Interrogator-Chaplains of the Unforgiven is an unthinkable fate they will fight desperately to avoid.

SERVANTS OF CHAOS

After the fall of Caliban and Luther's capture, many of the Fallen swore themselves outright to Chaos. For some this was a natural step, cementing beliefs already fomented by Luther's dark oratory. Indeed, there were those who felt their liege had not aligned himself boldly enough with the Dark Gods and had paid with his sanity. For others it was an act of desperation; seeing no

chance for salvation in the fractured remnants of their Legion and home world, they turned to the only powers that could shepherd them through the warp and give them renewed purpose. In any case, the corrupting influence of Chaos could not be escaped. Over the millennia, these Fallen have become as twisted and malicious as any other Heretic Astartes, consumed by hatred of the Imperium and enraged by the events that cast them into damnation.

From the moment these warriors chose to forsake their Primarch and look to other masters, the Chaos Gods vied with one another to claim them as servants. While the Blood God Khorne was quick to shackle the most ruthless and warlike of El'Jonson's lost sons, the other powers made more subtle advances. Nurgle's flyblown emissaries sought out those driven to despair by the loss of Caliban, promising them a forested realm of a far more resilient kind – the Garden of Nurgle – in which to plot their revenge. Tzeentch spoke to the most scrupulous and brooding of the Fallen, weaving Luther's claims into a far larger tapestry of betrayal and deceit, while promising them all the intellect they would need to unravel it. And to those who had already opened their souls to depravity in the halls of Caliban's keeps, the Dark Prince Slaanesh whispered of indulgences beyond imagining.



Though some Fallen have been swayed by one of these sets of promises, others venerate Chaos as a pantheon. Thinking themselves above servitude to a single power, they draw strength from the arcane currents of the warp as need dictates, blind to the many manipulations worked upon them in return. To these heretics the gods' greatest glories are denied, however; only those who pledge their souls fully to one infernal patron can hope to ascend to daemonhood, and those Fallen who have become Daemon Princes are amongst the mightiest and most feared of all Chaos champions.

Many of the Fallen operate in isolation, furthering their personal ambitions without contact with any of their heretical kin. Often they rise to positions of considerable power, mustering their own armies and laying claim to multiple planets or systems while keeping their true identities hidden. In the Imperium Nihilus, a number of beleaguered Imperial worlds have been lost in this fashion, seized by Fallen warlords eager to add to their growing empires. Conversely, other lone Fallen Angels choose to work entirely from the shadows, infiltrating Imperial power structures as unseen puppetmasters and saboteurs. Passing undetected for years or even centuries, these agents of Chaos spread fear and discord until their host societies are on the brink of collapse. Only then do they spring the trap, calling in surprise attacks from the warp or attaching themselves to larger Heretic Astartes forces to play a personal role in the destruction.

When several Fallen gather into warbands or even army-sized formations, the threat they pose is exponentially greater. Veiling their actions in at least as much secrecy as the Unforgiven who hunt them, these warriors draw on millennia of experience to wage deadly campaigns through realspace, tormenting Imperial fleets and claiming already stricken planets as their own. Whenever a Chapter of the Unforgiven learn of the actions of such forces, they divert all possible resources to their destruction or capture, even at the expense of other strategic goals. This is especially true of the Angels of Redemption successor Chapter, who are so dedicated to their secret agenda that they will forsake all other missions if a Fallen warband becomes known to them.

Not all of the Fallen who now live are those same warriors corrupted by Luther. To the grave concern of the Unforgiven aware of it, some of those who escaped Caliban took with them the skills and knowledge required to engineer new Space Marines, and a handful have acquired the means to do so. Thus some Fallen groups have been able to expand their fighting strength and replace their losses, crafting new heretics in an ultimate betrayal of the Emperor's vision. Those responsible are

ETERNAL VIGILANCE

The myriad guises adopted by the Fallen have forced the Unforgiven into highly complex hunting methods. One of these is a network of tens of thousands of human agents scattered throughout the galaxy, tasked with detecting the slightest clues that might betray the whereabouts of one or more Fallen Angels. Almost all of these individuals are oblivious to the fact that they serve the Master of the Watchers – a powerful member of the Dark Angels' Inner Circle – having been psycho-indoctrinated to live inconspicuous lives. Only a tiny number will ever encounter information of value, at which point pre-programmed protocols will compel them to alert the Dark Angels using cryptic, seemingly banal signals.

Other Unforgiven Chapters have devised their own means of entrapment. The mysterious Consecrators have made use of their inheritance of precious First Legion heirlooms to lure a number of Fallen Angels into their hands, planting the artefacts in closely monitored locations and waiting for their presence to become known. Whether driven by vanity, spite or a longing for things lost, some Fallen renegades have tried to claim these treasures against their better judgement and have paid the ultimate price for their indiscretion.

particularly reviled by the Inner Circles, as each newly made warrior pushes the Unforgiven's day of absolution further away and heightens the risk that the Dark Angels' secrets will be revealed.

RESTLESS SOULS

Not all of those hunted by the Dark Angels and their gene-brothers profess fealty to the Ruinous Powers. Many are gripped by great remorse over the events that condemned them to oblivion, and they have spent thousands of years attempting to make peace with their grief and guilt. These vagrant figures drift from planet to planet, knowing no true solace but finding a measure of redemption in causes they consider to be noble. Hiding all traces of their origins, they embed themselves back into Imperial society, sometimes even rising to positions of great influence and achieving laudable goals, from shrewd diplomatic victories to successful resistance to planetary invasion. Even so, they know that their deeds on Caliban remain unforgotten, and more than once a Fallen Angel posing as a planetary governor has fled his post and vanished into the void upon learning that loyalist sons of the Lion are in his vicinity. They are wise to do so, as no Interrogator-Chaplain has ever been moved to mercy on account of their captive's praiseworthy later life.

Though they may privately renounce their treachery and shun the advances of the Chaos Gods, Fallen Angels who masquerade in positions of power can prove just as dangerous as true Heretic Astartes when threatened with discovery. Those who cannot slip quietly into the night will do whatever it takes to shake off their

pursuers, destabilising entire planets and engineering vast and bloody distractions if doing so will veil their escape. Such actions only add to the tragedy of their existence and outweigh any reparations they feel they had made, but ending their long lives in chains is a fate even the most penitent Fallen dread.

Occasionally, the new personas these reintegrated Fallen adopt are so convincing that they fool even themselves. Lulled into a sense of safety, they all but forget the name of Luther and the scent of Caliban's forests burning. Such individuals react with more horror than any if they are somehow found by the Unforgiven. The anguish of millennia floods back into their minds, mingling with disbelief at their unmasking. Even as they hit the cold floor of their interrogation cell they babble their innocence, and some meet their wretched end still believing a terrible mistake has occurred.

Other restless souls spare no thought for salvation but instead seek glory and material gain as pirates or mercenaries. Killing and looting to survive, these Fallen have become callous marauders who recognise no master and pose a grave threat to any travellers unfortunate enough to cross their path. Whether these disgraced sons of Caliban band together with others of the same heritage or lead unsuspecting gangs of cut-throats and criminals, all have become master corsairs capable of evading capture at the slightest hint of danger. If cornered, however, these warriors lash

out at their would-be captors with the formidable wargear they have accrued over centuries of plundering, from ancient relic weapons of the Legiones Astartes to esoteric xenos devices undocumented by the Inquisition.

VICTIMS OF TIME

The warp storm that tore apart Caliban scattered Luther's followers across time as well as space. For some this effect was mild, and they found themselves thrust back into a galaxy still embroiled in the vengeful battles of the Scouring. All the same, the tainting influence of the warp had imbued many of them with unnatural longevity, and for ten millennia these wayward sons have eluded their former brethren, prowling the galaxy by whatever covert means they choose.

Others stepped back into a reality thousands of years removed from the tragedy of the Horus Heresy, though to their minds only moments had passed. Upon realising this they tumbled further towards insanity; much of what had been familiar to them was lost, and the Imperium they had known now wrestled with many other existential threats. Events they recalled on a scale of days and weeks were now ancient, near mythical rumours, if they were remembered at all. Even what they learned of their own post-human kind was disorientating; no longer did the Legiones Astartes ply the stars at their Primarchs' personal command, and the Chapters who had inherited their gene-seed had each accrued centuries of history and tradition.



Trapped in this new reality and robbed of their erstwhile leader, Luther, these sundered Fallen confront their allotted fate in different ways. While some turn their backs on the causes that once drove them and seek to rebuild their lives, many others enter a downward spiral of hatred and rage, consumed by the events that almost doomed the First Legion. These crazed individuals rant and curse to all who will listen, putting the Unforgiven's deepest secrets at dire risk of being exposed.

THE FALLEN IN BATTLE

Fallen Angels possess all of the martial skill for which the Space Marine Legions were once famed, enhanced in many cases by millennia of combat experience and the favour of the Dark Gods. As a result, they are exceptionally fearsome warriors to face in battle, and on the rare occasions when they gather in large cohesive forces, they sow a trail of ruin that leaves few alive. Those who have survived such attacks speak of sinister robed assailants who appear like spirits from another age. Indeed, much of the armour and weaponry they bear dates from an archaic era long since faded from memory. Though accounts of their battlefield communications are very scant and unreliable, some claim that the Fallen talk in an obscure dialect. Whether this harks back to a lost lexicon of Caliban or incorporates darker tongues learnt in the warp, none can say.

While the Fallen Angels are all widely accomplished warriors, each has a preferred method of fighting, honed on countless battlefields. Some seek out enemy champions to slay face to face, clearing a path to their target with pistol fire before swinging their ancient power swords or lightning claws into action with lethal effect. Ranged firepower is the preference of other Fallen Angels, who think of every thunderous salvo of their heavy weapons as a roar of defiance against an uncaring galaxy. There are even those amongst the Fallen who once served the Dark Angels as powerful psykers but who now travel the void as pariahs, ever denied the honour granted to loyalist Librarians. This life of exile has made Fallen Librarians highly volatile figures, their human anger made far more dangerous by years of exposure to the warp. Often these twisted psykers are looked to as commanders by their Fallen brethren, and some become formidable warlords. One such figure is the Fallen Librarian Osandus, whose warband held guardianship over the apocalyptic weapon known as the Voidclaw on the planet Vigilus, leading none other than Abaddon the Despoiler to seek out the Librarian and secure his fealty.

Fallen Daemon Princes also make natural leaders whose authority often extends over legions of

CYPHER

The enigmatic Fallen Angel known as Cypher is hated and feared more than any other quarry of the Dark Angels. Through the millennia he has appeared seemingly at random on battlefields across the galaxy, his ancient armour draped with flowing robes and his blazing pistols rarely missing their mark. Deadly in battle though he is, Cypher's arrival brings far greater dangers than his tally of kills; though none can say why or how, his continued presence in one place seems to attract others of the Fallen. Some postulate that he is the lord of a huge cabal assembled over centuries, whose agents are so widely embedded that he is always able to stay a step ahead of the Unforgiven. Others whisper that his appearances are not random at all, but that he is acting out a shadowy master plan – perhaps one destined for Terra itself – that will finally redeem the Fallen in ways impossible to guess.

Whether guided by some higher providence or his own unfailing instincts, Cypher's ability to escape the consequences of his disruptive deeds is legendary. Before the smoke and mayhem subsides he always mysteriously disappears, leaving his enemies with no clues as to his objectives or where he will strike again.



daemons and lesser human followers in addition to the Fallen Angels who fight alongside them. In the wake of the Noctis Aeterna, the Fallen Daemon Prince Marbas led his daemoniac legions in an invasion of the Rock itself – the vast space station of the Dark Angels – somehow defying its mighty defences to inflict a terrible slaughter before disappearing for reasons known only to Supreme Grand Master Azrael.

The iconography used by the Fallen varies widely depending on the motives and temperament of the warrior in question. Those who still consider themselves repentant loyalists often preserve symbology and numerals used by the First Legion at the time of the Horus Heresy, commonly depicted in red and white on a field of sable armour. Others choose to obfuscate their former identity out of shame or in the interests of deception, while some even revel in the display of motifs of a proto-Chaotic nature. These heraldic preferences aside, Fallen Angels have been known to assume all manner of garb when necessity strikes, using their appearance as much as their behaviour to confuse and misdirect those who hunt them.

INTERROGATION

Whenever possible, the Unforgiven attempt to capture Fallen Angels alive. To merely rid the galaxy of their presence with the swift retribution

of bolt or blade is not enough. The traitors must instead confront their crimes and be compelled to repent them.

Fallen Angels captured by the Dark Angels can expect to be taken to interrogation cells in the depths of the Rock. This is a homecoming of a cruel sort, as the Rock is the sole physical remnant of the planet Caliban, preserved by mighty force fields and propelled by warp engines that were the work of centuries. Other Unforgiven Chapters maintain equivalent dungeons of their own in a variety of highly defensible locations. For the fleet-based Disciples of Caliban, these reside within the heavily shielded vessel known as the *Ward of Kazael*, while the Cowled Wardens consign their Fallen prisoners to icy catacombs they have carved within a nameless asteroid of the Sirikoid Belt.

Those Fallen who do repent are quickly put to death, but the impenitent can expect a drawn out and agonising end at the hands of the Interrogator-Chaplains. These sombre individuals are masters of coercion who have studied their renegade kin to the point of obsession, and they have access to a wide range of arcane torture devices. Most interrogations are also attended by a Librarian tasked with weakening the prisoner's mental defences and sifting fragments of truth from their inevitable torrent of lies. Nonetheless, even this full gamut of methods secures





confessions only rarely, and most captured Fallen Angels breathe their last in a broken but defiant state. For each prisoner made to repent, Interrogator-Chaplains may add a single black pearl to their rosarius, and the fact that the most gifted accrue only a handful of these honours in their lifetime is a sign of how hard won each confession is. Indeed, so vast is the galaxy and so scattered are the Fallen that even to track down and imprison one of their kind is an achievement unreached by many Interrogator-Chaplains.

BROKEN CHAINS

For ten thousand years, a secret prisoner resided within a heavily shielded cell at the very heart of the Rock, his existence known only to the Supreme Grand Master of the Dark Angels and the enigmatic beings known as the Watchers in the Dark. This wretched creature was the man once known as Luther. Despite his deranged state, Luther's mental ties with the warp had endured, leading successive generations of Supreme Grand Masters to attempt to use him as an oracle. Much of what they managed to extract was nonsensical or deliberately deceptive, but in rare moments of lucidity, Luther spoke revealingly of the past and the future, or of the likely whereabouts of lost relics or fugitives who once followed him.

Each Supreme Grand Master had also tried to prise a confession from Luther, but none succeeded in penetrating the arch-heretic's mad ravings. Instead, he claimed over and over again that he had no need of repentance, as one day Lion El'Jonson would return to absolve him in person.

But when the Fallen Daemon Prince Marbas led an invasion of the Rock and then suddenly withdrew, Azrael alone learnt the true cost of the attack: Luther had vanished from his cell. How the prisoner's warded chains had been broken, and whether he had willingly escaped or been abducted, the Supreme Grand Master did not know. Keeping the potential catastrophe to himself, Azrael convened an emergency gathering of the Unforgiven. This was also attended by Roboute Guilliman, whose unveiling of the Primaris Space Marines sent shock waves throughout the Unforgiven Chapters.

Though Luther's survival and escape remain unknown to all but Azrael, rumours grow of a dire threat mounting. Reports from the Somnium Stars suggest that the Fallen are amassing there in unprecedented numbers. Whether or not the corrupting words of Luther are once again at work amongst the renegade sons of the Lion, this mustering is a grave threat that the Unforgiven will not ignore.

Specialist Detachment: FALLEN ANGELS

The Fallen hail from the time when a vast swathe of the First Legion went renegade, and they have been a deadly threat to the Imperium ever since. The Dark Angels consider them the worst of all possible foes, for not only do they conceal an empire-shattering secret, they are also next to impossible to catch.

Fallen Angels is a Specialist Detachment.

SPECIALIST DETACHMENTS

If your army is Battle-forged, you have access to Specialist Detachment Stratagems. A Specialist Detachment Stratagem is a unique type of Stratagem used when choosing your army. This Stratagem will assign a **<SPECIALIST DETACHMENT>** keyword to certain units in that Detachment and will unlock any relevant Warlord Traits, Relics, Stratagems and psychic powers that those units can take. Each Specialist Detachment Stratagem can only be used once per battle.

Any Detachment from your army (except for Auxiliary Support Detachments) can be upgraded to a Specialist Detachment by using an appropriate Specialist Detachment Stratagem. A Detachment from your army can only be upgraded to a Specialist Detachment once, and thus cannot have multiple Specialist Detachment Stratagems applied to it, even if they affect different units in the Detachment.



SPECIALIST DETACHMENT STRATAGEM

FALLEN ANGELS

1CP

Specialist Detachment - Requisition Stratagem

When the Fallen gather in numbers, the machinations of Cypher gain incredible momentum.

Use this Stratagem before the battle, when you are mustering your army. You can include one Fallen Angels Specialist Detachment in your army.

A Fallen Angels Specialist Detachment is a Vanguard Detachment that contains only:

- **FALLEN** units
- Sorcerer units
- Chaos Rhino units

Sorcerer units in a Fallen Angels Specialist Detachment:

- Have their **<MARK OF CHAOS>**, **HERETIC ASTARTES** and **<LEGION>** Faction keywords replaced with the **IMPERIUM** and **FALLEN** Faction keywords.
- Have their Death to the False Emperor ability replaced with the Fallen Angels ability (see the Fallen datasheet in *Codex: Chaos Space Marines*).

Chaos Rhino units in a Fallen Angels Specialist Detachment:

- Have their **<MARK OF CHAOS>**, **HERETIC ASTARTES** and **<LEGION>** Faction keywords replaced with the **IMPERIUM** and **FALLEN** Faction keywords.
- Have their Transport section replaced with the following:
- 'This model has a transport capacity of 10 **FALLEN INFANTRY** models. It cannot transport **JUMP PACK** models.'

Units in a Fallen Angels Specialist Detachment gain the **FALLEN ANGELS** keyword.

CYPHER

If **CYPHER** is included in a Fallen Angels Specialist Detachment, he gains the following ability:

AGENT OF DISCORD (AURA)

Cypher's disruptive influence and unpredictable actions are the bane of any sane commander, amplified by the presence of large numbers of his fellow Fallen.

While an enemy unit is within discord range of this model, that unit and any models it contains cannot make use of any abilities, Warlord Traits or Relics that allow your opponent to receive or be refunded Command points.

While this model is within 12" of:

- Less than 10 other **FALLEN ANGELS** models, this ability has a discord range of 12".
- 10-19 other **FALLEN ANGELS** models, this ability has a discord range of 18".
- 20 or more other **FALLEN ANGELS** models, this ability has a discord range of 24".



FALLEN ANGELS STRATAGEMS

If your army includes a **FALLEN ANGELS** Specialist Detachment, you have access to these Stratagems and can spend CPs to use them.

WITHOUT A TRACE1CP

Fallen Angels – Battle Tactic Stratagem

Having hidden from the Unforgiven for millennia, the Fallen are adept at passing unseen.

Use this Stratagem at the start of your opponent's Shooting phase. Select one **FALLEN ANGELS** unit from your army that is entirely on or within a terrain feature. Until the end of the phase, each time an enemy model makes an attack against that unit, subtract 1 from that attack's hit roll.

ANCIENT ENMITY1CP

Fallen Angels – Battle Tactic Stratagem

Many Fallen have never forgiven the betrayal they perceive themselves to have suffered at the hands of the sons of the Lion.

Use this Stratagem in the Fight phase, when a **FALLEN ANGELS** unit from your army is selected to fight. Until the end of the phase, each time a model in that unit makes an attack against a **DARK ANGELS** unit, you can re-roll the wound roll.

RELICS

If your army includes a Fallen Angels Specialist Detachment, you can, when mustering your army, give the following Relic to a **FALLEN ANGELS** model from your army, instead of one from another source.

CALIBAN STEEL BLADE

This ancient blade was forged on lost Caliban and exemplifies that world's cruelty and beauty in equal measure.

Model equipped with a force sword only. This Relic replaces a force sword and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Caliban steel blade	Melee	Melee	User	-3	D3
Abilities: Each time an attack is made with this weapon, on a wound roll of 6+, that attack has a Damage characteristic of D6.					



GALLERY OF THE FALLEN

No two Fallen ever appear alike, making them a great project for both modellers and painters. Over the next few pages, we show how to kitbash Fallen from existing plastic kits and showcase some of the very best Fallen conversions from around our head office.

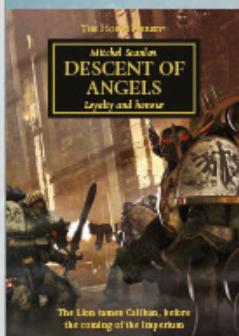


The Fallen take on many guises. Some still wear the black power armour of the Dark Angels Legion, while others fight in the dark green of their loyalist counterparts. The most wayward display their fall from grace openly, their armour adorned with heretical sigils and icons. Those who wish to conceal their treachery hide their shame beneath heavy robes and dark cowls.

In the following article, we take a look at some of the many ways you can convert Fallen Dark Angels, from simple kitbashes to in-depth (some might say utterly insane) conversions. These could be allies to a Chaos Space Marines force, a small kill team or even a full-blown army in their own right (as you will see over the page). First up, assembly guide designer Pete McMullin explains how he would go about kitbashing various plastic kits together to make a unique unit of Fallen.

EXTRA INSPIRATION

For more inspiration, take a look at the Dark Angels story arc in the Horus Heresy novel series. *Descent of Angels* is a great place to start and *Lion El'Jonson, Lord of the First* provides a great insight into the Primarch and his Legion.



KITBASH MADNESS

Pete: With my Fallen, I wanted to bridge the gap between the Heresy-era Dark Angels and the Chaos/Renegade Space Marines of the current era. For me, the logical choice was to combine Space Marines in older Mark III armour with some of the Chaos Space Marine parts.

I also wanted to keep the feel of the Dark Angels. There are loads of great sources that would allow me to capture that feeling. The immediate kits that come to mind are the Dark Angels Veterans kit and any of the Dark Angels character miniatures. Black Templars kits are also a great source for robes and relic-like components. In the end, the kits I decided to use were the Ravenwing Command Squad and a few bits from the Deathwing Terminators kit. I also used a Dark Angels Upgrade kit just for the shoulder pads, though transfers would also work just fine.

CONVERTING THE FALLEN

Through the power of digital technology (and some colouring pens), Pete shows us how to combine the kits he has chosen into Fallen Dark Angels.

The Fallen conversions I've made are fairly simple and mostly involve kitbashing with very little chopping or cutting of the components. Fallen are not necessarily worshippers of Chaos, and using the arms and heads from the loyalist kits gives them a purer (or at least more neutral) look. Where possible, I avoided using parts with overt Chaos iconography entirely, but where it did feature,

I used a small file or modelling knife to remove them. Fortunately, a carefully placed limb, bolter or Dark Angels accessory can also be used to cover up Chaos stars, as are packs, pouches and holsters around the waist. Below are five examples of how the kits can be combined, plus two in-depth builds of my favourites, including part numbers from the kits I used.



1 a

1 b

1 c

1 d

Fallen 1 uses a Chaos Space Marine's torso and legs that feature relatively few Chaos icons. Pete then added on the parts shown. The banding on the Mark III arms matches the trim on the greaves perfectly.

Fallen 2 uses the torso and legs of a Mark III Space Marine. Again, the banding on the arms (this time from a Chaos Space Marine) helps tie the model together, while the winged helm is a clear link to the Dark Angels.

2 a

2 b

2 c

Using the five kits below enables you to build at least twenty Fallen brothers – the perfect start to an army or kill team. You could also build Fallen bikers by adding parts from the Chaos or Mark III kits to the Ravenwing bikers. You could then take things one step further and expand your force by combining the parts from the Deathwing Terminators with Tartarus or Chaos Terminators. None of the parts in these kits need ever go to waste!

Key:

Chaos Space Marines

Mark III Space Marines

Ravenwing Command Squad

Dark Angels Upgrade Pack

Deathwing Terminator Squad

INTERROGATOR-CHAPLAIN BY DOM MURRAY

Not one of the Fallen himself, this Interrogator-Chaplain spends his life hunting the Fallen. Dom converted him using a Primaris Chaplain with an Interrogator-Chaplain's crozius and backpack. The plasma pistol comes from the Dark Angels Upgrade frame, while the head is from a Primaris Reiver, the skull mask fitting the sinister aesthetic of a Chaplain perfectly.



CYPHER BY NEIL ROBERTS

Neil's Cypher has a dusty, wind-blown appearance inspired by spaghetti western gunslingers, and several of his armour panels appear to be bare metal, showing that he has scavenged them. Neil painted Cypher's robes using many glazes of very thin paint applied using cross-hatched brush strokes before unifying the multiple layers with washes.



THE SCOURGE OF WORLDS BY DIMITRIOS TAMPAKOUDIS

This Fallen commander uses Cypher as the base model, with arms taken from the Legion MKIV Power Weapons set from Forge World. His reliquary comes from the Ravenwing Accessory Pack, while his sword is from the Ravenwing Command Squad. His head was taken from the Dark Angels Legion Praetor model.



DEIMOS PATTERN RHINO BY DIMITRIOS TAMPAKOUDIS

Dimi built this Rhino using the MKIC Deimos Pattern Rhino kit from Forge World – perfect for an ancient war machine. The black armour is achieved with a Chaos Black undercoat followed by a watered-down highlight of Eshin Grey. Subsequent highlights of Dawnstone and Administratum Grey finish the effect. The metal areas are Leadbelcher shaded with Nuln Oil Gloss and highlighted with Stormhost Silver.



CATAPHRACTII TERMINATORS BY DIMITRIOS TAMPAKOUDIS

Dimi's Terminators use parts from loads of different Space Marine kits. Their robed torsos are based on Deathwing Knights, while their legs come from the Death Guard Grave Warden Terminators kit from Forge World. Their arms are regular Cataphractii arms and combi-weapons, while most of their heads come from the Dark Angels Legion Heads Upgrade Set. Their chainswords (Dimi uses them as chainfists) are from the MKIII Power Weapons Set, while the unit's banner comes from the old MKII Command Set.



VENERABLE DREADNOUGHT BY DIMITRIOS TAMPAKOUDIS

All of Dimi's models shown here play a dual roll in his games. Sometimes they are Heresy-era Dark Angels. At other times, they fulfil the roll of Fallen in games of Warhammer 40,000. His Dreadnought is the Forge World kit upgraded with a Dark Angels icon, and it is painted using the same colours as the Rhino opposite. The gold areas use Retributor Armour as a basecoat, which Dimi then shaded with Seraphim Sepia. A layer of Liberator Gold and a highlight of Stormhost Silver finish off the gold.



THE ASHEN LION BY DIMITRIOS TAMPAKOUDIS

This conversion uses plastic Mark III arms and legs, the front torso from the Land Speeder Vengeance and the rear torso with cape from the Deathwatch Veterans kit. His sword and hammer come from the Ravenwing Black Knights kit, while his helmet is from a Forge World upgrade set. The lion shoulder pad is from a Stormcast Eternals Liberator Prime.



EDDIE ECCLES'S FALLEN ANGELS

Warhammer Community and social media manager Eddie Eccles has been collecting a Fallen army for years. In that time, his force has grown from a collection of one-off conversions into a pretty substantial force.

Eddie: My favourite bits of Warhammer 40,000 lore have always been the mysterious corners, and they don't come much more mysterious than the Fallen. I also have a soft spot for tragic heroes whose good intentions have led them down dark paths (of which 40K has many). The Fallen also manage to scratch that itch of an army of crusading space knights that typify the Space Marines so well. Even more so as they originate from Caliban – a feudal death world with a quasi-Arthurian feel to it. Basically, what I'm saying is that the tragic (but still heroic) story of the Fallen ticks all my boxes. I love 'em!

The models in my army are a grab-bag mix of all sorts of kits, from plastic multi-part sets and Forge World upgrades to spare bits from a range of factions. I like that the Fallen have become pretty eclectic in their appearance over the past 10,000 years. Some of my Fallen are pretty much 'pure' and could pass as loyalists to the untrained eye, while others have gone all-in for Chaos. In my army I have Helbrutes marching alongside Dreadnoughts, and hellish Daemon Engines fighting alongside noble Contempts. All are Fallen, but to varying degrees.

The colour pallet I picked was inspired by some older Horus Heresy art, which had less red and more green and bone than the modern Fallen pallet used by the studios. I like the red-and-black look, though, so I might have to add a new wing to the force at some point.

LIBRARIAN

I like to think that there are some Fallen who still hold to their oaths to the Lion or the Emperor and are untainted after 10,000 years in the warp. Of course, that's unlikely with a Librarian, but you never know! This model is based on the Dark Vengeance Librarian with the addition of a backpack icon.



FALLEN BATTLE-BROTHERS

My Fallen army started a few years back as part of a Lutherite Horus Heresy force. Most of the troopers in the army are made of Mark III and Mark IV armour mixed with parts from the Dark Angels Veteran Squad. I like the idea that those Legionaries that take to the battlefields of the Age of Darkness are the same ones who find themselves the quarry of the hunt 10,000 years later.



FALLEN BREACHER TEAM

The Mark III Breacher Siege Squad from Forge World are such cool models, I just had to include some in my Fallen army. Like many of my other models, I painted them with green and white chequerboards on their armour and shields, representing the heraldry of the Order. The leader has been converted with upgrade pieces from Forge World and the Ravenwing Accessories Pack.



CONTEMPTOR DREADNOUGHT

My Contemtor Dreadnought is clearly one of the purer Fallen, as he sports no mutations or signs of Chaos at all. He is built around the classic Venerable Contemtor Dreadnought from Forge World, but with the addition of loads of extra Dark Angels iconography, such as the tilting shield, hanging censers and wings. The sword is from a Grey Knights Dreadknight, the banner comes from the Flagellants set and many of the lion motifs are from old Warhammer elf kits.



FALLEN CHAMPION

This hero (or villain) was once a champion of the Order of Caliban. He is converted from a Chaos Lord, his regular spear swapped out for a halberd of Caliban from the Deathwing Command Squad. He also has a cowed head from the Ravenwing Accessory Pack. A Chaos Space Marine backpack has been attached to his back and augmented with the addition of a pair of Ravenwing wings.



CYPHER

Cypher is my favourite character in the entire Warhammer 40,000 setting, and his model is everything I could have hoped for. I painted him wearing black armour but edge-highlighted it in green, so there is some uncertainty about whether it is the tone of a Calibanite winter forest or if is a strange trick of the light.



THE FALLEN

If you've made it this far through the Index Hereticus, then you must either be a fan of the Fallen or an Interrogator-Chaplain looking for his next victim. However you see these heretics, studio painter Arthur Higham has created two guides to help you paint them.

Arthur: Before tackling the painting side of things, I thought it would be worth mentioning the conversion work on these Fallen models. For the two models shown in this article, I combined Dark Angels Veterans, Mark III Space Marines and a few Chaos Space Marine parts (avoiding the spiky bits). The models

are simple kitbashes that involve swapping arms, head and backpacks; no cutting or remodelling was involved.

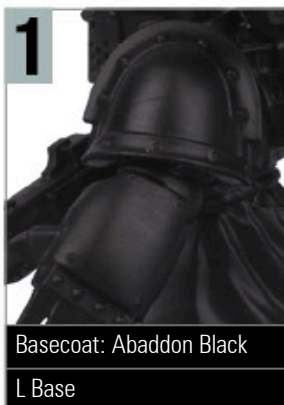
For the model painted in the Classic method (shown below), I undercoated it with Chaos Black Spray, as black is the main colour of the model's power armour.

BATTLE READY

Using the stages to the right, Arthur painted this Fallen battle-brother so that he is ready for the battlefield. You could easily field an army painted to this standard.



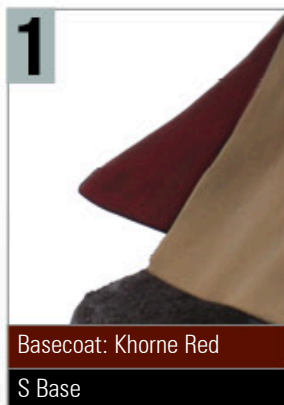
BLACK ARMOUR



ROBES

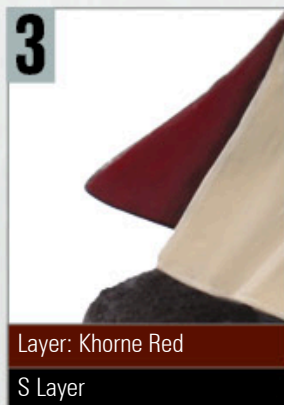
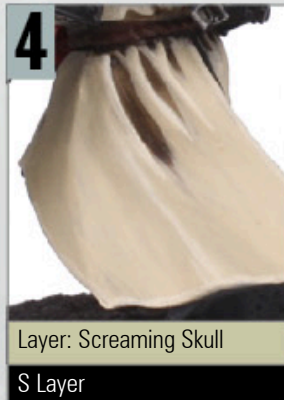
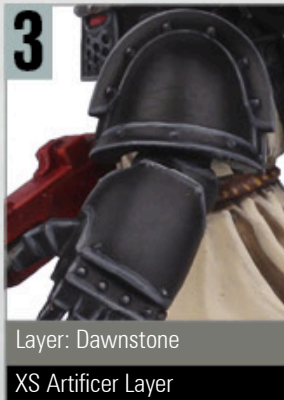
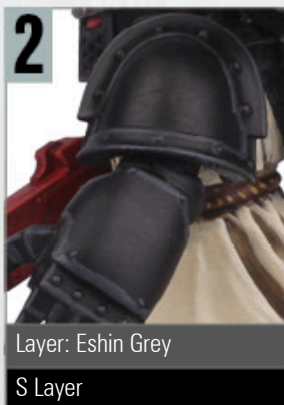


INNER ROBES



PARADE READY

With a few extra highlights to each area of the model, Arthur took the Battle Ready Fallen and made it Parade Ready. The Ravenwing have been informed ...



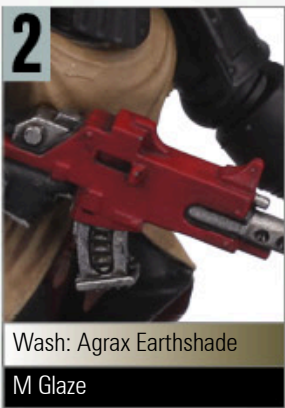
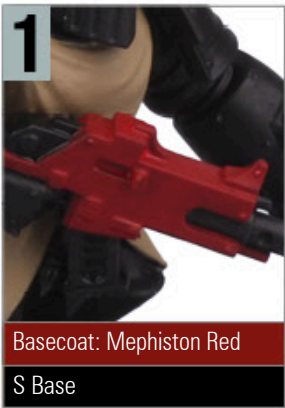
To make the black armour and cream robes really stand out, I highlighted the armour with cool greys and the robes with warmer tones. This helps visually separate the two and provide more of a contrast between the two colours. I used sharper highlights on the black and slightly thicker ones on the cream to show they are different textures. Using red as a spot colour on the bolter, robes and eye lenses also injects that much-needed splash of colour into the model.

TOP HERETICAL TIP

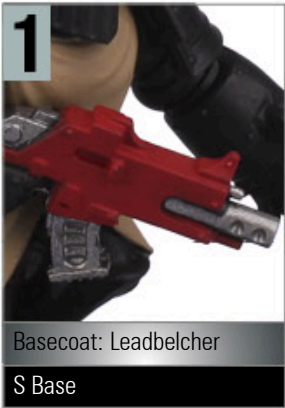
I used Agrax Earthshade to shade a lot of the areas on this model, including the iconography and the red robes. I would often use Nuln Oil for this job, but this model is already quite dark, and Agrax Earthshade has a warmer tone that contrasts well with the cool black.



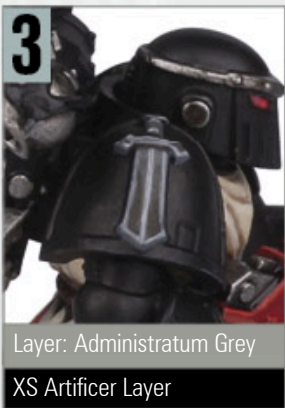
BOLTER CASING



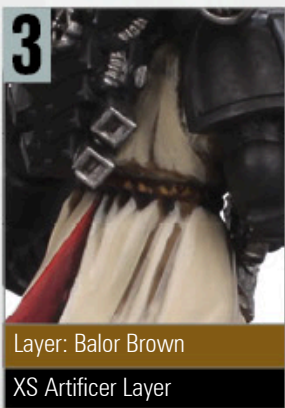
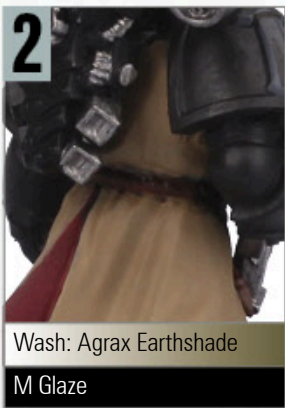
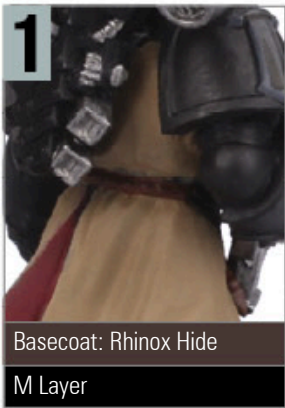
METALWORK



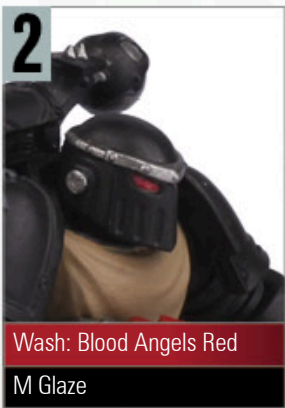
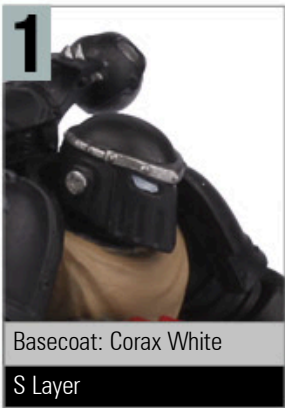
ICONOGRAPHY



ROPE



EYE LENSES



CONTRAST STYLE

Painting a black-armoured warrior from a whitish basecoat may seem like madness, but it does make painting the lighter coloured robes much easier. There are two approaches you can take with this method.

You can paint the armour with Contrast paint first, being careful not to get any black on the robes. Then paint the robes, which you can be a bit messier with because the colour won't show up on the black.

Or you can paint the robes first, but don't worry about being too neat. Then paint the Black Templar over the top, being really careful not to get any on the robes.

Whichever order you choose, you will need a couple of coats of Black Templar to get the armour nice and dark. Don't be tempted to apply one thick coat – thin ones

neatly and carefully applied will give a much better result, with natural shading created by the Contrast paint.

The same logic applies with the robes. If you apply the paint really heavily, it will sink into the recesses (good!) and then pool at the bottom of the robes (bad!). You can fix this by making sure there isn't too much Contrast or Shade paint on your brush, guiding the paint into the folds where you want the shading to be. Alternatively, you can thin the paint with Contrast Medium and apply multiple layers, slowly building up the colour.

TOP HERETICAL TIP

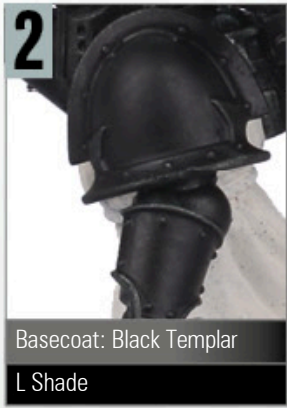
I painted the three red areas on both models differently to help differentiate between the materials they're made of. The red robes have a darker, bluer tone with thicker highlights, while the red on the bolter is brighter and more yellow with sharper contrasts between the shading

BATTLE READY

Using the stages shown to the right, Arthur used Contrast paints to paint this Fallen Space Marine. He already looks ready for battle!



BLACK ARMOUR



ROBES

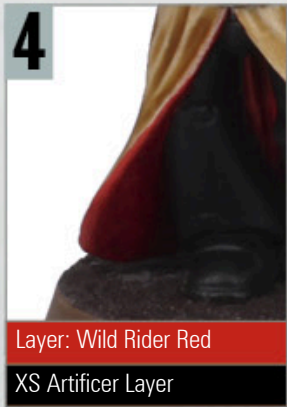
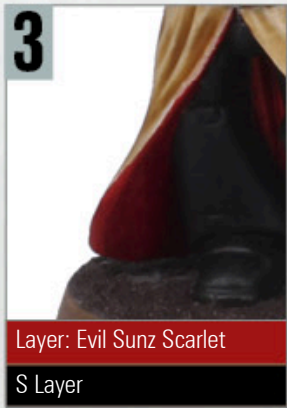


INNER ROBES



PARADE READY

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



and the edge highlights. The eye lenses are a simple wash over white to make them look reflective. I used the same technique to distinguish between the black power armour and the chainsword casing.

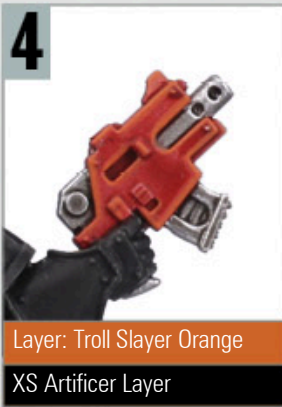
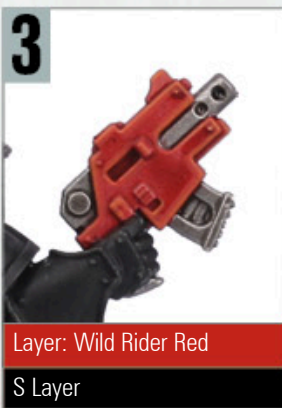
TOP HERETICAL TIP 2

These painting stages may be great for the Fallen, but you could also use them to paint their arch-nemeses, the Ravenwing! The heretic-hunters of the Dark Angels Chapter also wear black power armour and bone-coloured robes, so why not put this guide to good use elsewhere? Other uses include Space Marine Chaplains, Anvils of the Heldenhammer Stormcast Eternals, Black Templars, Chaos Varanguard and plenty more besides. Black and bone are handy colour stages to know!

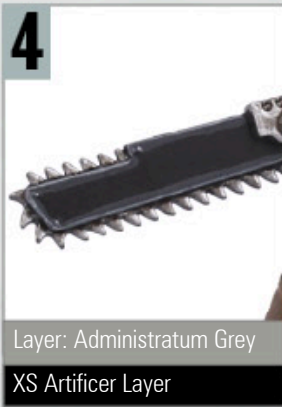
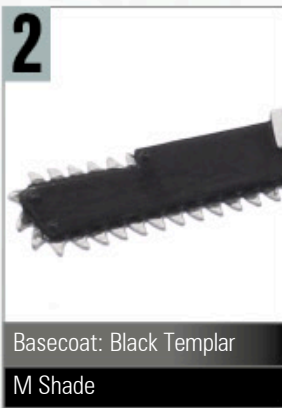
I SEE A MODEL AND I WANT IT PAINTED BLACK
Fancy painting your Fallen so they look a little more weather-worn? Then look no further than the Warhammer TV YouTube channel, which features a quick and easy painting guide for weathered black power armour.



BOLT PISTOL CASING



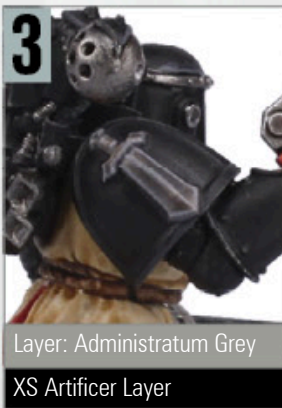
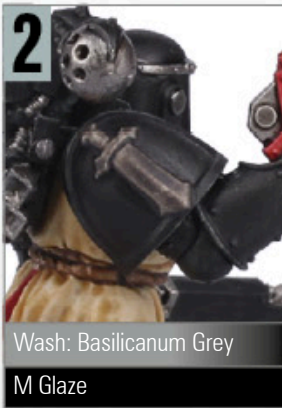
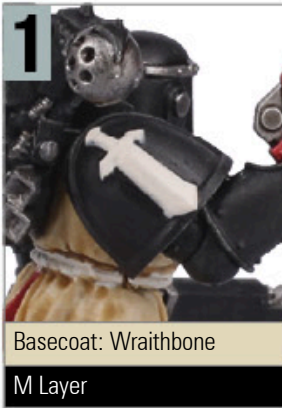
CHAINSWORD



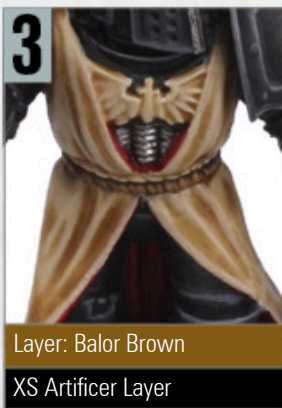
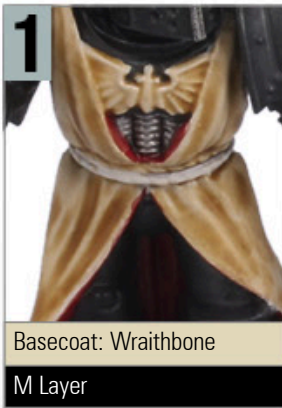
METALWORK



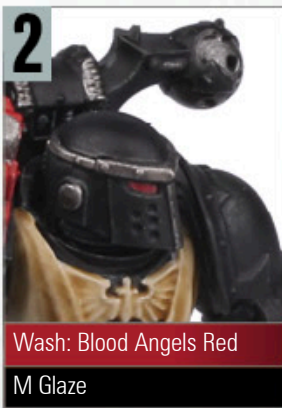
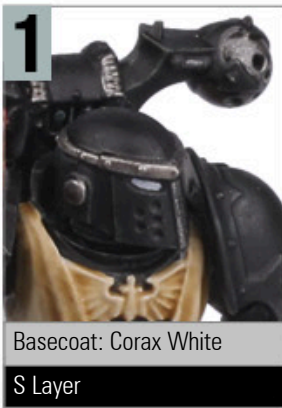
ICONOGRAPHY



ROPE



EYE LENSES



FAITH UNDER FIRE

For more than thirty years, Golden Demon has been the ultimate challenge for the very best painters of Warhammer miniatures from around the globe. But what if all the winners were invited to take part in a unique painting challenge? This is Faith under Fire (part II).

When it comes to painting Warhammer miniatures, Golden Demon winners are surely up there with the best of them, impressing hobbyists around the world with their awe-inspiring creations. Last year, we gave the 2019 Golden Demon winners a special challenge: to paint a unique entry around the theme of 'Faith under Fire' for Warhammer 40,000. We provided a

frame of Sisters of Battle models and challenged our contestants to incorporate it in some way into their entry. In the second part of Faith under Fire, we take a look at eight more entries and find out which of our challengers conquered all before them with faith and/or fire to wow the 'Eavy Metal judging panel and win overall victory in the challenge.

THE PRICE OF VICTORY BY TOM BARMBY

Tom: I began this project by diving into the wealth of new Adepta Sororitas artwork. One of the standout pieces for me was the Hospitaller by Lewis Jones. I didn't think I could pull off the grit and atmosphere of his work, but the idea of a Battle Sister defending a dying Sister stuck. I chose the Order of Our Martyred Lady for my colour scheme; I just couldn't pass up the opportunity to paint them in such a classic scheme. I did make a few tweaks by

adding more blue to the armour and adding some extra freehand to the inside of the robes. I wanted to keep the base quite simple, so I went with some broken flagstones and then added some skulls and smaller bones. On each new project, I like to try to do something I haven't done before, to try to push myself and learn new skills, so I added some pools of water to the base. Adding resin to an almost finished competition piece was pretty stressful, but it came out okay, and I learned a lot from the process.



When it came to the build, I was worried that all the re-posing I would need to do would involve some substantial resculpting. Fortunately, the new Battle Sisters box is a great kit to work with, and I was able to achieve the poses I wanted with minimal sculpting work.

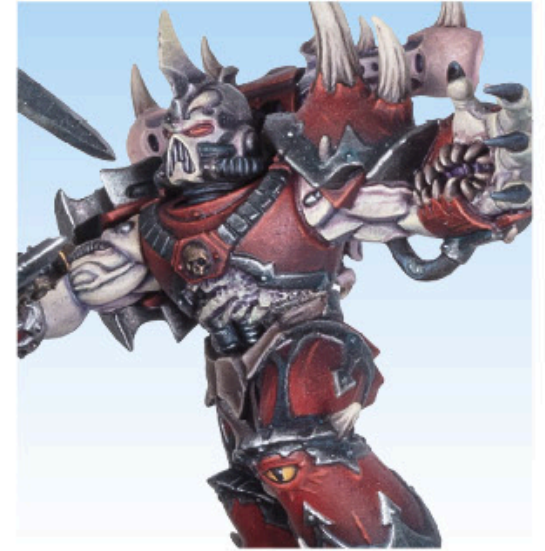
The wounded Sister is made using parts from the dying Sister that comes on the Hospitaller's base (1). Reposing her proved to be pretty straightforward. Her robes and backpack come from a regular Sister of Battle (2).



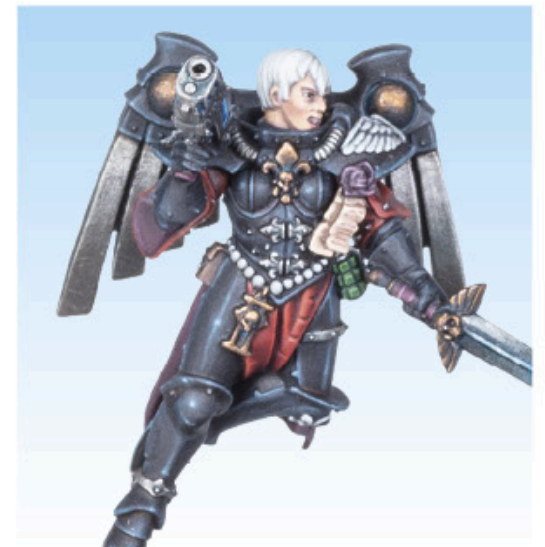
FAITH BY CRAIG PICKUP

Craig: It's all a question of faith in the 40K universe – faith in the God Emperor of Mankind versus devotion offered to the Dark Gods. My diorama depicts followers of both creeds: a lone Seraphim facing off against a Greater Possessed of the Word Bearers Legion. The Sister was made straight off the sprue; I love the pose of this model. The Chaos Space Marine was converted to carry an evil-looking chainsword that's almost the same size as the

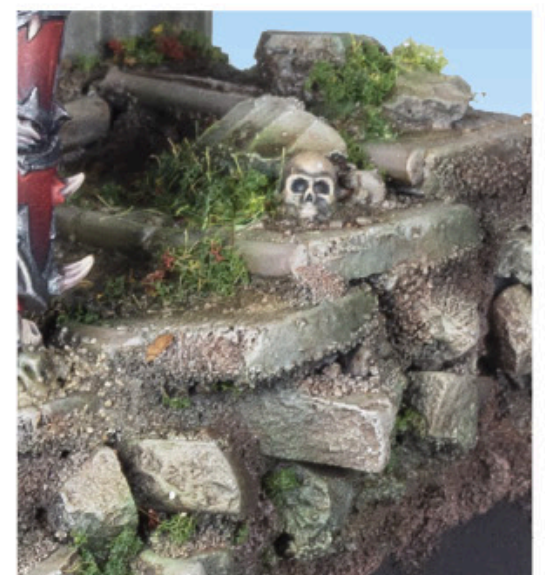
Sister! The head and chest were swapped out for parts from the Chaos Space Marines kit. Painting the models was a real challenge. I've painted armies before but never anything like this, and I really wanted to push out of my comfort zone. Darren Latham's painting video for black armour was a big help and inspiration for me. Lots of thin glazes helped me to achieve what I feel is a nice attempt at reflective black armour. When it was done, it helped set the tone for the whole piece.



1



2



3

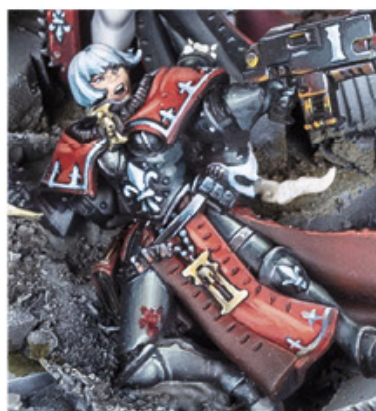
The Word Bearers are the ultimate heretics, so what better adversary for the Adepta Sororitas? Plus, the crimson armour and black details work nicely opposite the black armour and crimson details of the Order of Our Martyred Lady. The flesh is pale in contrast to make it stand out (1).

I used regular metallic paints for all the metal areas across both models. One of the hardest parts was painting the Sister's skin. I needed to use a lot softer tones than I normally would to keep it looking feminine (2). The display base represents a ruined Imperial church with holy relics and bones scattered about it (3).



DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPEROR BY DAMIEN TOMASINA

Damien: My last-stand scene takes place on Hagia, where the Ruinous Powers tried to conquer the world during the Sabbat Worlds Crusade. The Adepta Sororitas have the strongest and purest faith in the whole universe, and here I imagine them defending the holy remains of Saint Sabbat, standing and fighting until death finally claims them. The bullet impacts all over the walls and the ruined state of the cathedral where the Sisters have gathered testify to the destruction taking place around them. While planning my diorama, I struggled to decide which Order to paint. So I decided to create this last stand with six Sisters, one from each of the major Convents, each one of them converted, posed and painted to reflect their demeanour, attitude and battlefield capabilities. Will they save the relic, or will their story be forgotten, blown away like a candle's light by the storm of war?



1



2



3



4

The Martyred Lady is hurt but continues to fight on (1). Her pain is nothing compared to the faith she has in her Sisters and in the Emperor to whom she vowed her life. The Order of the Valorous Heart carries the holy flamer (2). She stands on the severed head of a Heretic Astartes, showing her power over the heretic.

The standard reflects the firelight from the burning braziers of the Sister of the Order of the Ebon Chalice (3).

The holy relic that the Sisters fight for, illuminated by the Emperor's light (4).



THE LAST CHARGE OF SISTER MELYSSA BY SEYNI N'DIAYE

Seyni: My piece was inspired by the art in *The Sabbat Worlds Crusade* book. I liked the idea of creating a diorama based on allegory – a scene that I could imagine being painted by a remembrancer to honour the crusaders. It represents the brave Sister Melyssa as she charges an unseen enemy, illuminated by the fire of knowledge (held by the Adeptus Mechanicus) and the purging flames of the Emperor's wrath (wielded by the Ecclesiarchy devout).

For the painting, I focused on two complementary colours: yellow and purple. The base features mainly yellow hues, helping the purple elements on the characters stand out. I also used Zandri Dust mixed with grey to highlight the characters' black armour. Adding blues glazes to the white areas and in the purple shadows help emphasise the warm/cold contrast between those elements.



1



2



3

For this diorama, I used a plastic Sister from the Sisters of Battle squad plus an old Forge World Tech-Priest that I scavenged from my bitz box (1) and Pious Vorne from Blackstone Fortress (2). I used the incredible scenic base that comes with Forge World's Roboute Guilliman to make the display base (along with a load of slate) and one of the burning skulls from Lorgar's base as the so-called fire of knowledge held by the Tech-Priest.

I added the dove holding the streamer (3) to bring a touch of lyricism.

THE RELIC BY SIMON ELSÉN

Simon: I wanted to tell a story about the classic struggle between light and darkness. But in the far future of the 41st Millennium, there is not that much light to speak of!

The line between good and evil is pretty slim, so I decided to depict the faithful Sister of Battle as equally dark as the evil powers she is fighting. The diorama tells the story of young Sister Amalia on her quest to investigate the truth

behind the strange happenings on a desolate mountain range known as the Kadath Spires. There she discovers the root of all evil – a daemonic relic changing the mountain into a dark and sinister version of its former self.

The relic takes the form of an axe, the daemonic essence within emerging to confront Amalia as she seeks to destroy it. Other daemons – converted from Spirit Hosts – move to encircle the brave warrior.

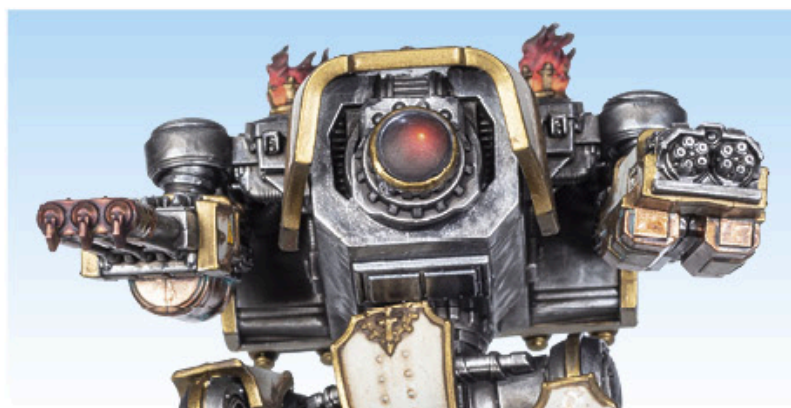


I had a lot of fun painting the daemons (1-3) so they looked brooding, dark and sinister. I primed them white, undercoated them with the brightest red I could find and heavily drybrushed them black. Then I applied a fluorescent red paint to the recesses, followed by thin highlights with white and a final touch with the fluorescent red again. I added loads of Mordant Earth to get the charred effect. The Sister was an experiment using both Contrast and classic paints to achieve various effects. The wings, for example, were primed white and then hit with a 1:1 mix of Skeleton Horde and Contrast Medium. I used brown weathering powder to dirty up her armour.



THE LONE RANGER BY PATRIC SAND

Patric: While looking over the sprue we were given, I started to come up with ideas for some kind of Adeptus Mechanicus robot based around the Penitent Engine. My idea was to make a walking shrine, using most of the body and legs from the Penitent Engine, but strip off all its symbols and paraphernalia. As I started work on it, another idea then sprang to mind: it could still be mechanical but perhaps more of a functioning war engine. One of my favourite miniatures is the Warhound Titan, so when the plastic kit came out for Adeptus Titanicus, I thought this would be the perfect opportunity to do something with it. So I combined the legs of the Penitent Engine with the Warhound's torso and arms to make a unique war machine. I painted its armour a cold beige/grey to bring out all the weathering effects such as the accumulated dust and the oil streaks.



1



2

The 'head' of my robot is actually the hip joint from an Adeptus Titanicus Warlord Titan, which I painted to look like some kind of all-seeing sensor array (1).

I used a few extra parts from the Sisters of Battle frame, including the burning braziers and flamer nozzles from the Penitent Engine to make the exhaust stacks (2).

YOUNGBLOOD



LAST STAND BY ARRAN JOHNSON

Arran: My piece depicts a heroic Sister Superior preparing to take her last breath in the Emperor's name against the onslaught of a Harlequin Troupe. Of all the new Sisters of Battle miniatures, this one in particular spoke to me. It conveyed to me the feel of a last stand even by itself, and it was the inspiration for my entire piece. I picked Harlequins as her adversaries because I think their fast, dynamic poses contrast really nicely with the steadfast nature of the Imperium that the Sister embodies.

I really enjoyed painting two forces that are very much opposed in terms of colours and heraldry. Each model was refreshing to paint, and I particularly like the contrast between the crazy Harlequin diamond patterns and the menacing industrial hazard stripes on the Sister Superior's chainsword.



1

As the Sisters of Battle are often shown fighting the forces of Chaos and their mortal cultists, the Harlequins serve as a reminder that the threats to the basilicas of the Adepta Sororitas are many in number and don't always take the form of Mankind's Archenemy.

The ruined basilica is made from Sector Imperialis terrain kits (1). It is scattered with barrels and ammo crates to show this is an active war zone. The Sister Superior can be seen from every angle through the windows of the buildings.

THE MOST HOLY JUDGING

Max Faleij, Aidan Daly and Tom Winstone – a triad of Inquisitors representing the Ordo Painticus (more commonly known as 'Eavy Metal') – join us for the judging of these incredible entries.

Max: This is the third Golden Demon Winners Challenge we've run in *White Dwarf*, and every year the quality keeps getting better. Everyone really engaged with the challenge, and we can clearly see where people have stepped up their game and pushed their skills to the limit. What's interesting is that we gave everyone a sprue of Sisters to work with, but no one entered a single model. They all opted for duels, vignettes and dioramas, which speaks volumes of their creativity. Below we've included a few thoughts on our favourite entries, and over the page you'll see the challenge winner. However, we'd be remiss not to mention the efforts of Arran Johnson (see opposite), who was the only Youngblood to enter the challenge this year. It's awesome to see a full diorama from a younger painter, and Arran's composition and freehand and the narrative of his piece are all very impressive. This young man will go far!



THE PRICE OF VICTORY BY TOM BARMBY

Max: The conversion work on Tom's entry is very subtle, but all the changes reinforce the impression that you're looking at a snapshot in time. The kneeling Sister and the bolter falling from her hand are spot on. The painting is utterly sublime. The armour is beautifully blended and highlighted, the Sisters stand out from their surroundings and the freehand on their robes is a perfect in-world touch that's not overpowering.



LAST HOPE BY JONATHAN DE VOS

Tom: This is such an eye-catching diorama. You can view it from several different angles and it always feels coherent, which is a key consideration with a piece this involved. The use of colour is superb, with the forces of good and evil clearly defined, and then they're underlined with the natural greens of the setting. You can clearly see there's a balance between the two forces, but the Sisters are undoubtedly the focal point.



MASSACRE AT SANCTUARY 101 BY ANGELO DI CHELLO

Aidan: When you close your eyes and think of the Sisters of Battle, this is the image most of us will have of them. Angelo's piece really captures their visual identity. The composition of his diorama is perfect, and his choice of colour palette is exceptional. The sombre tones are complemented by the warm reds and the flashes of cool blue and verdigris, while the pale skin and white hair draws your eye to the Sisters' faces.



DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPEROR BY DAMIEN TOMASINA

Max: Damien's piece has such an incredible impact. It captures your attention even from a few metres away and holds it right the way in to the tiny details. It's like looking at a piece of artwork. Each Sister is so well painted, and he has made excellent use of the Sisters of Battle kits to give each of them their own personality and help define them. You get a real feel what the Adepta Sororitas 'are' from this piece.

THE WINNER



I painted the two Adepta Sororitas models on my diorama (1-2) in the colours of the Order of the Last Candle as described in the novel *Requiem Infernal*.

I picked the colour scheme not just because I love the story but due to the cool tones being a subtle contrast to the warm-red armour worn by the Dark Apostle. It allows the two Sisters to stand out from the base (one in flesh tones, the other in cool-grey power armour) but not so much that they steal attention from the Dark Apostle standing in the centre of the diorama.



1



2

A TEST OF FAITHS BY DEAN LECOQ

Dean: When I first heard the theme for the challenge, I immediately thought of the Dark Apostle miniature and knew I had to create a vignette focused around him. The idea was straightforward: to have an iconically faithful representative of Chaos facing off against some of the most iconically faithful warriors of the Imperium. At the time of working on the piece, I was heavily inspired by the Word Bearers and Cultists that Martin Peterson entered

into Golden Demon in 2019. His models drove the colour choice for the base, so I like to think our models coexist during a concurrent battle within the 41st Millennium. I was also lucky enough to get some great advice regarding the composition of my vignette from him, which I'm very grateful for. I opted for a really strong colour palette on the Dark Apostle that helped to reinforce the fiery theme of the challenge and keep him as the focal point between the more darkly clad Sisters.



When it came to composing the piece, I used sections of the Noctilith Crown kit to create a staircase that would represent the altar of Khorne that the Dark Apostle is defending (3). The Noctilith Crown is engraved with loads of obscure and occult Chaos runes, which fit the theme of an altar perfectly. I also added around fifty skulls to the display base, each daubed with a bloody rune or number.

I wanted to build my diorama so that, whatever angle you view it from, the Dark Apostle is always looming over his opponents. The idea is that the inherent faith of the Sisters is literally under the fires of the Word Bearer, tying it directly to the theme of the challenge.

WHAT THE JUDGES THOUGHT

Max: The quality of Dean's work on this piece is incredibly high. He has not only created an eye-catching and involved diorama, but he has combined it with extremely tight and careful painting. It is the best of both worlds. It's hard to compose a duel where the protagonists interact in such a way that they also make a great display piece, but Dean has achieved it with not two fighters but three.

Aidan: The shape of the base is extremely clever. The edges direct your eye up towards the Dark Apostle, with the steps doing the same on the vertical plane. The positioning and posing of the two Sisters reinforce those directional lines; you can follow the line of the boltgun right up to the target.

Max: The piece shows a great knowledge and understanding of our worlds. Dean created his own

iconography for the Order of the Last Candle and executed it superbly on the Sister's robes. He also recognised that because the Sister is facing away from the viewer, the icon needed to go on the back of her robes. It's a small touch, but it's significant. It's similar with the runes on the skulls; they all add to the atmosphere and believability of the piece.

Tom: It's worth noting that the tone on those skulls is incredible, too! Dean's painting across the whole piece is flawless, but even the skulls on the base – a detail that could be overlooked or painted with less care – are perfect. Nothing has been overlooked. The reflections on the Sister's armour, the weathering on her robes, the angry scars on the Repentia's skin, the object source lighting on the candle flames, the runes on the Dark Apostle's stole – everything is painted with the very finest attention to colour, texture and detail.

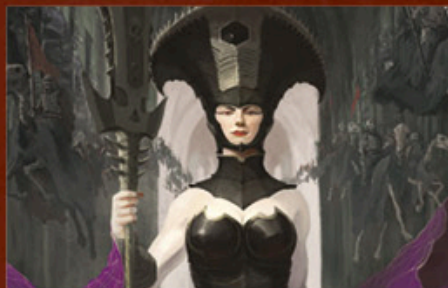


From the maelstrom of a sundered world, the Eight Realms were born. And with their birth began a war to claim them. This time: a deathly battle, loads of new rules, a short story and a skaven hobby guide.





THE BELL TOLLS FOR THEE
This month's Battle Report pits the Lumineth against the Soulblight Gravelords. Who will prevail in this fight to the death? Find out on page 74.



FLASHPOINT: BROKEN REALMS
New rules for creating Soulblight Gravelords heroes in this issue's Flashpoint, plus a short story featuring Neferata. It all begins on page 96.



THE BELL TOLLS FOR THEE

An aelven army from the Great Nation of Zaitrec has been caught infiltrating the Realm of Death. Though the Lumineth established a beachhead, part of their force is now cut off. Can they survive the horrors of the night, or will they soon join the ranks of the undead?



The Flashpoint: Broken Realms series has seen some interesting developments over the last few months, not least the beginnings of a war between the undead and the Lumineth Realm-lords. Arkhan's invasion of Ymetrica provoked a response from the aelves that has seen them strike back against Nagash's armies across the realms, and this month's short story, 'A Queen's Audience', takes that tale another step further. This ongoing narrative seemed like the perfect story upon which to base a Battle Report – an idea that was furthered by the release of loads of new miniatures for both the Lumineth and the Soulblight Gravelords. It seemed that fate had decided our path!

This month's Battle Report pits the Soulblight Gravelords of the Avengorii Dynasty against the Lumineth Realm-lords from the Great Nation of Zaitrec. Commanding the forces of undeath is the

NEW RULES!

Dan and Erik are both using new units in this battle. The new Lumineth Realm-lords units can be found in *Broken Realms: Teclis*, while the undead have a shiny new book, *Battletome: Soulblight Gravelords*. Both are available in stores and online.



truly awesome and always humble *White Dwarf* writer, Dan Harden (who may or may not be writing this introduction). Leading the aelves is former *White Dwarf* photographer, now Age of Sigmar photographer, Erik Niemz. Both players know their armies well, but with new units under their command and new faction abilities to learn, it will be a test of their skills to see who can adapt their tactics the quickest to secure victory.

To continue the theme of ongoing hostilities between the aelves and the undead, Dan and Erik are fighting The Bell Tolls for Thee battleplan from page 86 of *Battletome: Soulblight Gravelords*. In this scenario, the forces of undeath have to destroy more than half of the enemy army before the end of the game – a tough task when aelves are legendarily fast and the shambling dead notoriously slow. Turn the page to find out how our two players got on.



Celmaris shivered despite himself. It was not cold in Shyish – at least not in the traditional sense – but there was a magical chill in the air that bypassed flesh and sinew to strike right at the bones. He could feel it now, caressing his arms and legs, wrapping around his skull. It was disconcerting. Haunting. The amethyst haze that hung like mist around his forces seemed only to deepen the sensation.

The Lord Regent surveyed his surviving warriors and grimaced behind his ornate helm. They had fought hard to get back to the Shrine Luminor, but the Zaitreci were now too few in number to make any further headway. Over the past few days, the undead legions had whittled away at his expeditionary force until only a fraction of it remained. He had to make a choice: die retreating, or make a final stand amidst the graveyards of the long-departed and hope for salvation.

A polite cough nearby alerted Celmaris to the presence of Iavale, the expedition's Calligrave.

'The enemy approach, Lord Regent,' he said, bowing low. The Calligrave's quill floated in the air close by, its nib glowing with magical light as it illustrated a map of the land around the Shrine Luminor. The enemy forces appeared as a purple haze that dominated the northern horizon. The Zaitreci aelves were bright white dots to the south. There were not many of them.

'They appear to be encircling us, Lord Regent. Cavalry to the west, fell monsters to the east.' There was a pause as the Calligrave tapped into the magical winds. 'Their queen has joined them. An abomination.'

Celmaris nodded as the Calligrave returned to his post. The chill wind had begun to gnaw at his bones.

THE NIGHTMARE LEGION



DAN HARDEN

Dan has been a fan of the undead for years and started a force of them back in Warhammer Fantasy. When Warhammer Age of Sigmar came along, he painted an army of over one hundred skeletons led by Nagash. Now, he's testing the water with the Soulblight Gravelords.

Dan: I've always enjoyed fielding an army of undead. There's something very satisfying about flinging mindless automatons into battle, seeing them cut down by your opponent's warriors, then bringing them back to unlife again a turn later to exact revenge. I find the army very forgiving to my 'battle of attrition' style of playing Warhammer!

The Soulblight Gravelords offer up a lot of opportunities when it comes to creating an army. First, you've got the five Cursed Bloodlines to pick from, which may well influence your choice of units. It was a tough choice, I can tell you. The Kastelai Dynasty are perfect for Blood Knights, while the Vyrkos Dynasty give you access to all those amazing new wolf-vampires. In the end, though, I picked the Avengorii Dynasty, simply because Lauka Vai is an incredible model, and I desperately wanted to field her in battle.

My army is made up of two components: the fast stuff and the not-fast stuff. My plan for using them is pretty simple. The not-fast stuff – skeletons, zombies and the like – will advance up the centre like an impenetrable wall of undead, pushing the aelves back and cordoning off the battlefield. Meanwhile, the fast stuff will move round the flanks and encircle Erik's army. I'm expecting the Lumineth Realm-lords to be fast, so I've picked units with high movement values to keep up with them. This should also give me more options when it comes to charging.

Seasoned undead players will also notice that I've only got two heroes. This, I know, is a bit of a gamble. Neither are great spellcasters, but I reckon that Erik will dominate that side of things anyway, so I went for all-out attack. My hope is that more units will cause more damage than a couple of Necromancers lurking in the shadows.



THE NIGHTMARE LEGION

Allegiance: Death – Soulbright Gravelords
Cursed Bloodline: Avengorii Dynasty

Leaders		Battleline Units		Behemoths
1	Lauka Vai, Mother of Nightmares - Spell: Amethystine Pinions - Spell: Invigorating Aura - Spell: Death's Downpour	285 Points	3 20 Deadwalker Zombies	115 Points
2	Morven Kraic, Wight King on Skeletal Steed - General - Command Trait: Torment-driven Throes - Artefact: The Furious Crown	130 Points	4 20 Deadwalker Zombies	115 Points
			5 20 Deathrattle Skeletons	170 Points
			6 10 Dire Wolves	135 Points
			7 10 Grave Guard	140 Points
			Other Units	
			8 10 Black Knights	240 Points
			9 3 Vargheists	155 Points
			10 6 Fell Bats	150 Points
				11 Terrorgheist - Cursed Mutation: Maddening Hunger
				305 Points
				Additional Command Point: 50 Points
				Total Points: 1990

THE NUMINOUS HOST



ERIK NIEMZ

As a photographer in the Age of Sigmar team, Erik loves everything to do with the Mortal Realms and the armies that fight in them. He recently started a Lumineth Realm-lords army of his own but didn't have quite enough units painted to field them in this battle. Maybe next time!

Erik: I've been working on a Lumineth Realm-lords army for a little while now and played a good few games with them, so I've got a good idea how the core of the force works. I normally field Teclis in my army, but I want to try out something a bit different in this game. First, I want to have a play around with the new Hurakan units. The Spirit of the Wind is an awesome model, and the Windchargers look like they are great fun on the battlefield. Second, I want to try out one of the other Great Nations. The studio has two painted armies – one from Ymetrica, the other from Zaitrec – and Zaitrec has some really interesting spellcasting bonuses that I'm keen to try out.

The core of my army is based around a solid block of Vanari, including Sentinels, Wardens, Bladelords, Dawnriders and a Lord Regent. My plan is to keep the Wardens in front of the

Sentinels in a classic aelf formation and use their Protection of Hysh spell to keep both units very much alive for as long as possible. The Bladelords will be on monster-hunting duty, but if I can keep them nearby, too, all the better!

The next element of my force are the new units I really want to try out: the Hurakan. The Windmage, Spirit of the Wind and Windchargers are formed into one warscroll battalion that should make it very hard for Dan to catch them, thanks to their Whirling Tornadoes ability (which enables them to pile in up to 6" out of combat).

The last element is the Alarith. They're tough but not very fast, so I'm deploying them front and centre in my force, ready to take on all comers. I'm hoping Dan will take the bait and charge the Spirit of the Mountain with Lauka. It could be an interesting showdown!



THE NUMINOUS HOST

Allegiance: Order – Lumineth Realm-lords
Great Nation: Zaitrec

Leaders			Battleline Units					
1	Celmaris, Vanari Lord Regent	150 Points	4	10 Vanari Auralan Wardens	120 Points	9	Hurakan Spirit of the Wind	250 Points
	- General			- Spell: Protection of Hysh				
	- Command Trait: Fast Learner							
2	Iavale, Scinari Calligrave	100 Points	5	10 Vanari Bladelords	240 Points	10	5 Alarith Stoneguard	100 Points
	- Artefact: Gift of Celennar							
	- Spell: Speed of Hysh							
3	Baedala, Hurakan Windmage	120 Points	6	10 Vanari Auralan Sentinels	140 Points	Behemoths		
	- Spell: Erasure			- Spell: Lambent Light		11	Alarith Spirit of the Mountain	340 Points
	- Spell: Ethereal Blessing							
Other Units								
Warscroll Battalions								
3	Baedala, Hurakan Windmage	120 Points	7	5 Hurakan Windchargers	130 Points	Hurakan Temple		180 Points
	- Artefact: Windblast Fan							
	- Spell: Guiding Flurries							
3	Baedala, Hurakan Windmage	120 Points	8	5 Vanari Dawnriders	130 Points			
	- Spell: Windblast Vortex			-Spell: Speed of Hysh				
Total Points: 2000								

DEPLOYMENT – THE LINES OF BATTLE ARE DRAWN

Amidst the graveyards and haunted shrines of the underworlds, the Lumineth prepare to make their last stand against the shambling horde of Lauka Vai, the Mother of Nightmares.

THE BELL TOLLS FOR THEE

In this scenario, there are several special rules. The Soulblight Gravelords player does not get to place their gravesites as normal, but instead places three across the centre of the battlefield (as represented here by mausoleums). The defenders (in this case the Lumineth) are immune to battleshock tests and benefit from the Cut Them Down! command ability.

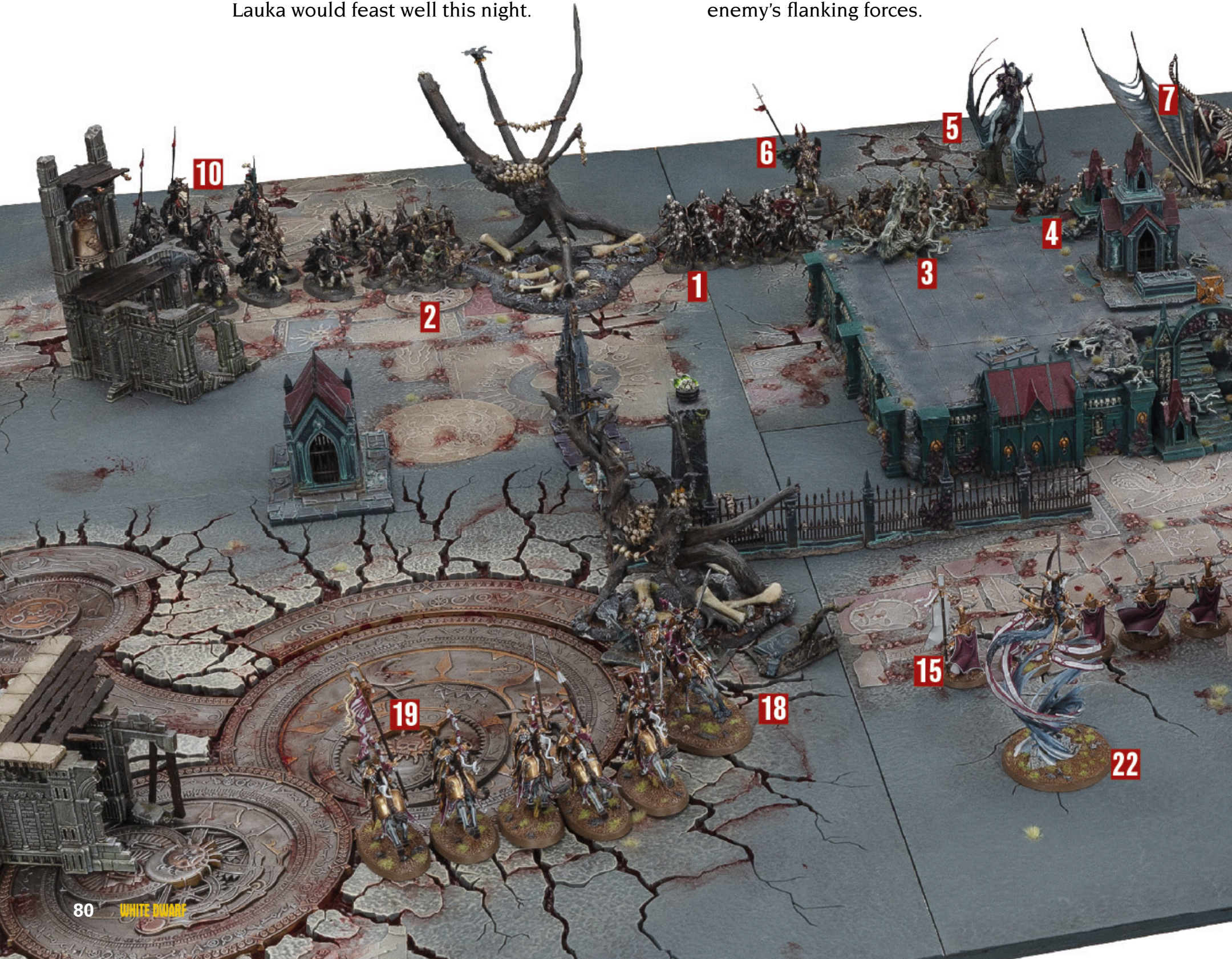
The scent of fresh, pure blood was in the air, and it took all of Lauka Vai's restraint to stop her racing across the battlefield and into the aelven ranks. Though the aelves were at her mercy, they were still deadly.

With a flick of her rapier blade, she commanded her Black Knights to move west, ready to flank the enemy army. They obeyed wordlessly, their ancient armour clattering as they rode off into the mist. The Mother of Nightmares flicked her blade to the east. Packs of undead wolves and huge Fell Bats detached themselves from the darkness and formed up on her other flank. A mighty Terrorgheist held together with necromantic magic lumbered along behind them, its tattered wings unfurled, ready to leap skyward.

Lauka shifted restlessly behind her wall of skeletons and zombies. They stood silently, their backs to her, awaiting her command. Total annihilation awaited her foes; she could taste it. Lauka would feast well this night.

Lord Regent Celmaris watched the undead shambling through the graveyard with professional detachment. There were a lot of them, but he took heart in the fact that most of them were shambling foot troops. They would be persistent, but if the Zaitreci could keep out of their reach, they would pose little threat. The cavalry and the Terrorgheist, however, could prove troublesome.

Celmaris ordered the core of his force to form up around the Shrine Luminor. If they could cast enough spells of warding and protection, they should be reasonably safe from harm. The Alarith would protect them should the enemy try a frontal assault. He sent the Bladelords to deal with the Terrorgheist, backed up by the Windchargers under the command of the Windmage Baedala. Settling into his saddle, he beckoned for the Dawnriders to follow him west. It would be their task to tackle the enemy cavalry and, if possible, charge round behind the enemy's flanking forces.





The Soulblight Vampires deploy first in this scenario. Dan places his slow-moving units as far forward as possible in the centre of his battleline, including a unit of Deathrattle Skeletons **(1)**, two units of Deadwalker Zombies **(2-3)** and ten Grave Guard **(4)**. He deploys Lauka Vai **(5)** and the Wight King **(6)** behind them, ready to redeploy where required.

Dan deploys his Terrorgheist **(7)**, Fell Bats **(8)** and Dire Wolves **(9)** to the east and his Black Knights to the west **(10)**. Lastly, he places his unit of Vargheists in reserve.

Erik responds by deploying the Lumineth to the south. He starts by placing the Shrine Luminor **(11)** in the centre of his side of the battlefield, where the majority of his units can benefit from its proximity.

Next, Erik places his Vanari infantry. The Wardens **(12)**, Sentinels **(13)** and Bladelords **(14)** deploy to the east of the shrine, while the Stoneguard **(15)** and the Spirit of the Mountain **(16)** form up in front of it like an impenetrable wall. The Scinari Calligrave deploys on the shrine **(17)**.

Erik place his Lord Regent **(18)** and Dawnriders **(19)** to the west to counter the Black Knights, while the Hurakan Windmage **(20)** and Windchargers **(21)** deploy to the east, ready to take on the bats and wolves.

He places the Spirit of the Wind last, ready to deploy it wherever it is needed **(22)**.



BATTLE ROUND ONE – REIGN OF MAGIC, RAIN OF ARROWS

The undead shamle forward in a bid to surround the aelven army, but the Zaitreci respond with an aggressive defence, advancing upon their foes with deadly intent.

Taking the first turn, Dan runs most of his infantry units forwards in a bid to get to grips with the enemy as quickly as possible. Most of them run a measly 1" (1-4).

Wary of the aelven cavalry, the Black Knights (5) remain with the nearby Deadwalker Zombies.

Lauka (6) and Morven Kraic (7) advance slowly, staying out of range of the aelven magic for as long as possible. Neither use any command abilities.

The Dire Wolves (8) and Fell Bats (9) advance, supported by the Terrorgeist (10).

Erik moves Celmaris (11) and the Dawnriders (12) towards the centre of his battleline to back up the Spirit of the Mountain (13) and Stoneguard (14) in case Lauka Vai decides to charge them.

lavale (15) casts Ethereal Blessing on the Bladelords (16), who advance towards the Terrorgeist. The Wardens (17) cast Protection of Hysh on themselves, benefitting most of Erik's nearby units.

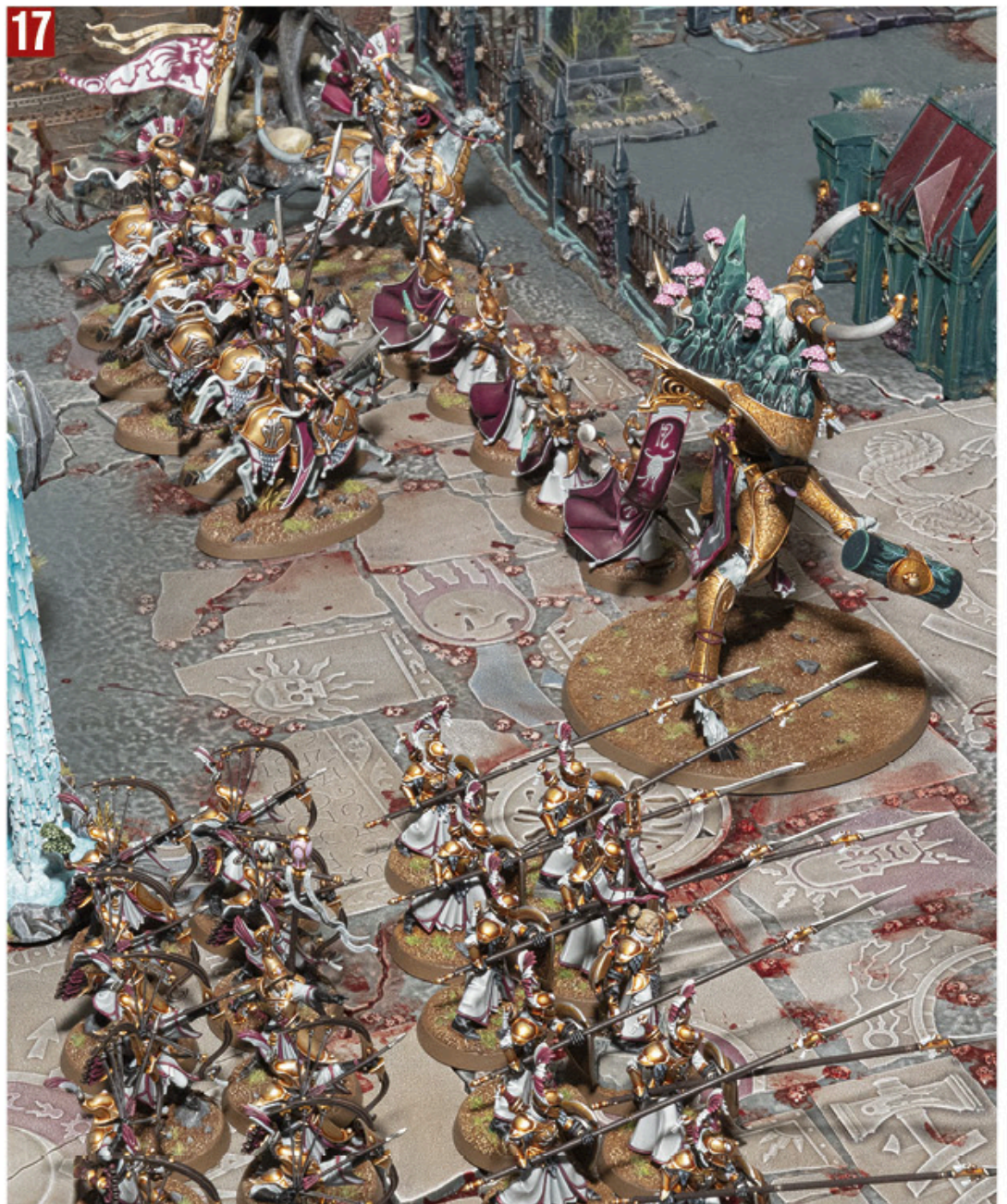
The Spirit of the Wind (18) flies 24" (it is made of wind ...) across the battlefield to intercept the Terrorgeist. The combined firepower of the Spirit of the Wind, Spirit of the Mountain, Sentinels (19) and Windchargers (20), takes the undead beast down to just four wounds.





The Mother of Nightmares ordered her undead servants onwards, watching intently as they scrambled over the gravesites and mausoleums to reach the enemy. Her foot troops were no match for the aelves in a fair fight, but she had the advantage of numbers, with the potential to raise more followers should the need arise. The graveyard was teeming with bodies to be wrought into new soldiers. The ragged Terrorgheist – her favourite pet – bounded ahead of her flanking force. She knew it was a gamble throwing it headlong into the enemy ranks, but undead constructs were nothing if not expendable. Besides, she had a devious plan ...

The Zaitreci tapped into the winds of magic and found them to be blowing strong, a flurry of spells erupting across the Lumineth army. Wards of protection surrounded the Auralan Wardens as the nearby Sentinels became infused with the Power of Hysh. As they drew back their many-stringed bows, the Spirit of the Wind joined them, and a volley of arrows launched with deadly accuracy into the looming Terrorgheist. Many went straight through its rotten bulk, but many more found their mark, the enchanted barbs causing mystical harm to the resurrected beast. The damage was telling, but the Terrorgheist refused to fall. The aelves readied their blades.



LUMINETH UNITS SLAIN

0

Slay 6 units to win

BATTLE ROUND TWO – THE HUNGER TAKES OVER

As undead beasts assail the aelves from the east, an unexpected foe appears to the south. Lord Regent Celmaris must tackle this new threat quickly or risk his carefully laid plans falling apart.

It was time, thought Lauka Vai, to launch her attack. With a screech, she directed the Terrorgheist to attack the Bladelords that stood so defiantly before it. The undead beast, imbued with the dark magic of the Avengorii and guided by her hand, tore through the aelves with impunity as the Dire Wolves and Fell Bats that accompanied it forced those nearby to flee. To the south, her Vargheist retainers also joined the fray, though they refused to engage the Lumineth in combat. No matter, thought the Mother of Nightmares. The aelves were trapped. There was nowhere for them to run now!

Celmaris would have been inclined to agree. From atop his steed, he ordered the Dawnriders to hold back the Vargheists while he fought the Black Knights alone. These were desperate tactics, but they might buy his troops more time. The Alarith and Hurakan elements of his force were dealing with the Terrorgheist and its accompanying creatures, though the loss of so many Bladelords grieved him. A wailing caught his attention as he fought; the vampire queen had been wounded by the Spirit of the Wind! But she was not dead yet, and, if anything, she was now even angrier than before.



Dan takes the first turn and plays Lauka Vai's (1) A Queen Amongst Monsters command ability on the Bladelords (2).

The Black Knights (3) race towards the aelfen cavalry as the Vargheists arrive behind them (4). Both units fail their charges.

The Terrorgheist (5) charges the Bladelords. Dan uses Unstoppable Nightmares to ensure it fights to its full potential. The Terrorgheist kills six Bladelords and survives their return attacks.

The Fell Bats (6) and Dire Wolves (7) charge the Windmage (8) and Windchargers (9), both of which fall back out of combat to avoid taking damage.





LUMINETH UNITS SLAIN

0

Slay 6 units to win

Erik retaliates by casting Erasure on Lauka with the Calligrave (10), while most of his other units cast Power of Hysh on themselves.

The Windmage and Spirit of the Wind (11) surround the easternmost gravesite to prevent new units appearing from it. The Spirit of the Wind then shoots Lauka, causing five wounds on her.

The Sentinels (12) and Windchargers kill six Dire Wolves in the shooting phase. The Windchargers then wipe out the Dire Wolves in combat.

The Spirit of the Mountain (13) obliterates the Terrorgeist with a geomantic blast.

The Dawnriders (14) charge the Vargheists but lose three of their number in the fight. Nearby, the Lord Regent (15) charges the Black Knights but fails to kill any of them.

Erik takes the first turn in the third battle round. Once again, he casts Power of Hysh on most of his units. The Calligrave's (1) Erasure spell also causes two wounds on Lauka (2).

The Dawnriders (3) and Lord Regent (4) flee back towards the Shine Luminor as the Stoneguard (5) form up, ready to fight the Black Knights (6).

The Sentinels (7) almost wipe out the Grave Guard. The Spirit of the Wind (8) finishes them off in combat after causing two more wounds on Lauka in the shooting phase. The nearby Windchargers (9) kill just one Fell Bat.

Lauka plays A Queen Amongst Monsters on the Spirit of the Wind, while Morven Kraic (10) uses his Lord of Bones ability to boost the fighting potential of the Black Knights.

The Zombies (11) and Wight King charge the Spirit of the Mountain (12), causing three wounds but suffering none in return.

The Black Knights charge the Stoneguard, slaying three (13). Nearby, the Vargheists (14) attack Lord Regent Celmaris, killing him outright! The Dawnriders exact revenge by killing a Vargheist in return.

The Fell Bats (15) attack the Sentinels but fail to cause any damage.

Lauka Vai attacks the Spirit of the Wind. She destroys it utterly and feasts on its cloudy essence, regaining three wounds (16). She raises a new unit of five Grave Guard to celebrate.



BATTLE ROUND THREE – THE MISFORTUNES OF WAR

The lines of battle are redrawn as the Lumineth gain one flank but lose another. Both generals come under attack as the fighting intensifies.

Seizing the initiative, Celmaris ordered the Dawnriders to retreat back to the Shrine Luminor, the nearby Stoneguard taking their place in the aelven defensive line. While the undead army was pressing them hard to the west and encroaching with grim inevitability in the centre, the Lord Regent could see that the Lumineth of the Hurakan Temple had not only defeated most of the undead units to the east but swept round to threaten the enemy's flank. Even as he watched, Celmaris saw Baedala, the Hurakan Windmage, urge the Spirit of the Wind on. Supported by the ever-accurate Vanari Sentinels, the elemental being scored another telling hit on the vampire queen with the Bow of the Wind's Vengeance before tearing through a unit of Grave Guard like a tornado through a field of wheat. The battle was certainly not won, but the aelves were holding their ground. Just a little longer, thought Celmaris as he prepared to fight once more.

Lauka Vai roared with pain; the Lumineth's Hyshian arrows burned with the energy of a thousand stars. Unable to control her fury any longer, she ordered her forces into an all-out attack. As Morven Kraic charged into the Spirit of the Mountain supported by a horde of Deadwalkers, the Black Knights crashed into the Stoneguard. Swooping forward on ragged wings, the Vargheists plunged into combat with the aelven general, overwhelming him and devouring him alive. Across the battlefield, the Fell Bats screeched as they dived into the Sentinels.

Her forces committed, Lauka turned her attention to the Spirit of the Wind that hovered over the remains of her Grave Guard. With blinding speed, the Mother of Nightmares raced forwards and slashed her rapier through the elemental's torso. Again and again she struck, until she'd reduced the numinous being to a glowing mist. She found its departing soul-essence most invigorating.

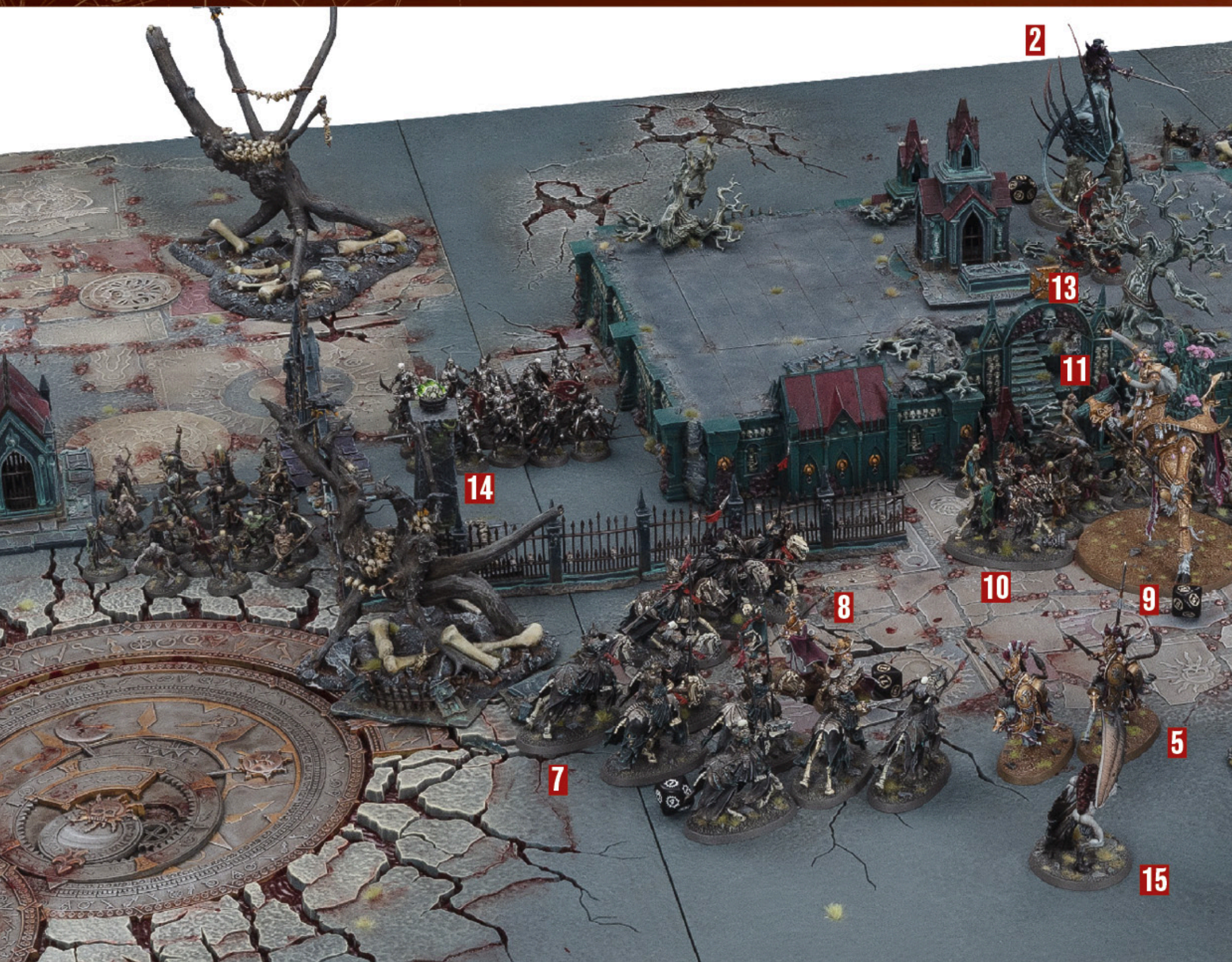


LUMINETH UNITS SLAIN

2

Slay 6 units to win





BATTLE ROUND FOUR – AT DEATH’S DOOR

With their general dead, the Zaitreci begin to retreat back towards the Shrine Luminor once again. But first they have a parting gift for the queen amongst monsters ...

SPELLBOUND

Dan's premonition about spellcasting proved to be pretty accurate in this battle. Erik failed just one casting roll in the entire game, and only two of his spells cast on less than a score of 9! With so many wizards roaming the battlefield (and with the bonuses the Great Nation of Zaitrec offers to spellcasting and unbinding), perhaps Dan was wise to ignore magic in this game!

From his vantage point atop the Shrine Luminor, the Scinari Calligrave Iavale could see the aelven defences beginning to fall apart. With Celmaris now very much deceased, the western flank of the aelven army was crumbling. With a flourish of his quill, he ordered the Auralan Wardens to relieve the Dawnriders and Stoneguard. Then, he sent a second message for the Windchargers to slay the enemy general. Even from here, he could see that Lauka Vai was badly wounded. Perhaps her demise would cripple the enemy attack.

Iavale's tactics proved to be prudent. The Wardens caused grievous damage to the undead cavalry, while the Windchargers finally slew the vampire queen. Their bravery came at the cost of their own lives.

Morven Kraic felt a disturbance in the winds of Shyish as Lauka Vai fell, but this was of little consequence to him. The dead did not stay dead for long here; she would return. In the meantime, he would do his duty.

To his left, the newly risen Grave Guard began their slow and solemn advance towards the last surviving Bladelords. To his right, the Black Knights trampled the Auralan Wardens into the dust of the graveyard as the Vargheists feasted on aelven cavalry. Around him, Deadwalker Zombies flailed at the looming Spirit of the Mountain as Deathrattle Skeletons lashed out with rusty blades at its rocky body. The Wight King knew victory was within his grasp. In that moment, a colossal stone hammer descended upon him with bone-shattering force ...



LUMINETH UNITS SLAIN

5

Slay 6 units to win

Erik takes the first turn in the fourth battle round. Once again, his wizards successfully cast all their spells, including the Calligrave (1), who causes a further wound on Lauka (2) with Erasure.

The Sentinels (3) turn their bows on the Fell Bats (4) and, guided by the Power of Hysh, wipe out the unit.

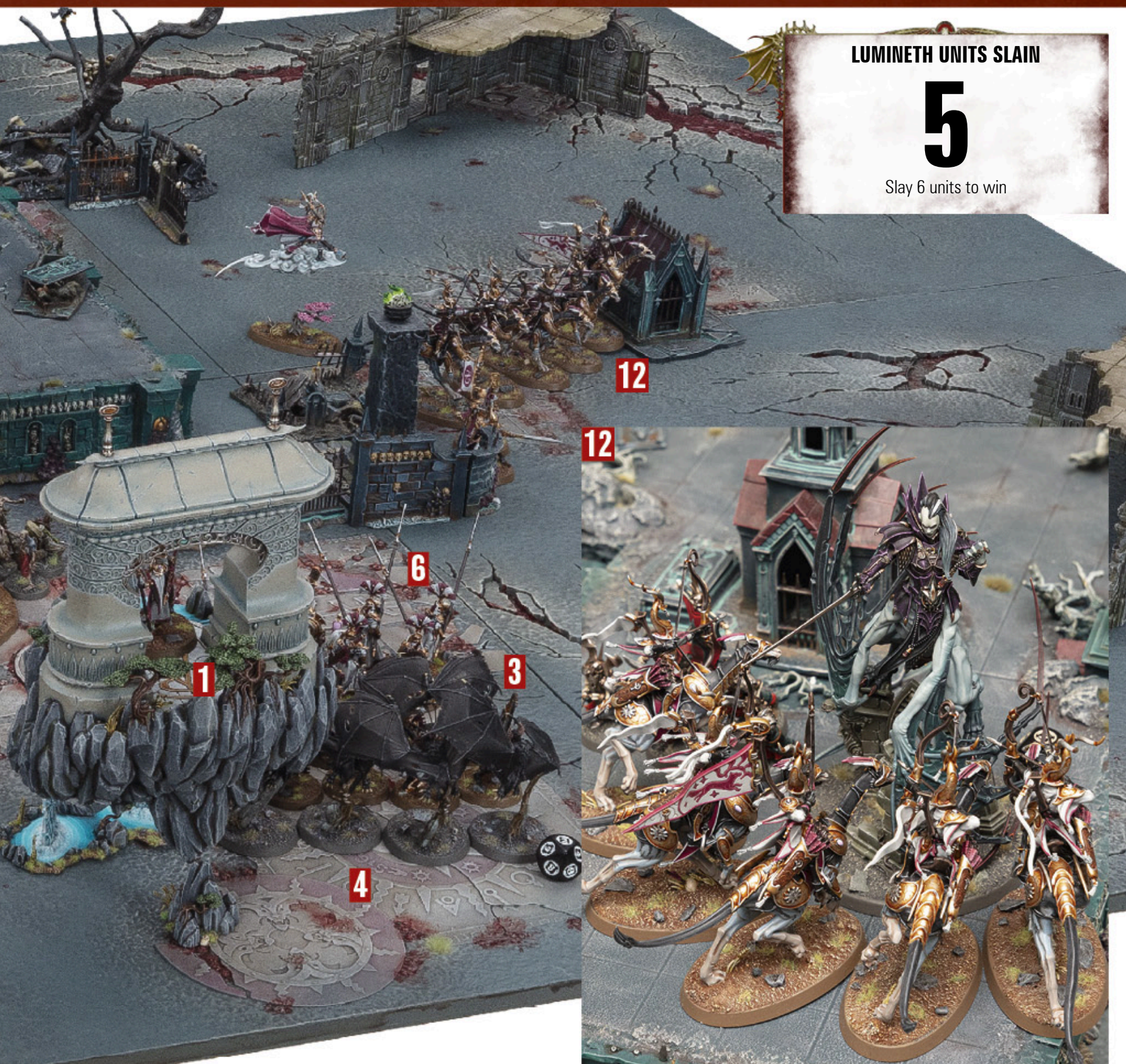
The Dawnriders (5) retreat as the Auralan Wardens (6) move past them to engage the Black Knights (7). They cause eight mortal wounds with their sunmetal pikes, destroying four Black Knights. In return, the undead cavalry wipe out the Stoneguard (8) and kill three Wardens.

The Spirit of the Mountain (9) tries to crush the Wight King (10), but he survives every attack thanks to being dead already. The Wight King and Deadwalkers (11) continue to chip away at their foe.

The Windchargers (12) shoot Lauka, then slay the vampire in combat. Their victory is short-lived when the newly raised Grave Guard (13) pile in and kill all five of them!

Dan uses the Wight King to resurrect a Black Knight then launches attacks on everything he can. The Deathrattle Skeletons (14) make an 11" charge into the Spirit of the Mountain just as it flattens the Wight King.

The Black Knights finish off the Wardens, taking Dan's total number of units killed to five. Frustratingly, the Vargheists (15) fail to kill both Dawnriders.



BATTLE ROUND FIVE – THE WINDS DIE OUT AS MOUNTAINS FALL

With their backs pressed up against the Shrine Luminor, the Zaitreci expeditionary force prepare to sell their lives dearly. The undead are only too happy to oblige them.

The last surviving Bladelords are harassed by a pack of Dire Wolves, freshly risen from the nearby gravesite (1). Stubborn to the last, the Bladelords slay the Dire Wolves with the help of the Windmage and survive the battle.

The last Vargheist fights the last Dawnrider. The aelf is slain not by the blood-frenzied monster but by the trampling hooves of the undead cavalry as they charge into combat (2). To their left, the Alarith Spirit of the Mountain takes out its anger on the tide of undead infantry lapping around its feet. Though it pulverises several skeletons, it is finally worn down by the undead horde and trampled to dust.

In the background, the Vanari Auralan Sentinels ponder their fate.

With no one left to lead them, the undead forces shambled forward like mindless automatons. Some semblance of duty still animated their ancient bones, and they continued to advance upon the aelves that opposed them, knocking them to the ground and hacking at them until their life force expired. Many of the undead were smashed apart by the Spirit of the Mountain, but still they fought on, immune to the fear of a violent demise. Only the last remaining Vargheist knew true awareness, but his vision of the battlefield was tainted red as he thrashed around in a blood-crazed rage. More packs of Dire Wolves returned to the fray, drawn by the scent of spilt blood.

Iavale knew that all was lost. The undead still numbered over a hundred corpses, and still more were rising from the ground. Several wore the magenta-and-white robes of the Zaitreci, now bloodied and torn. It sickened him to see his kin's bodies used in such a way, but he fought down his emotions. As the Spirit of the Mountain finally collapsed beneath the weight of undead bodies clinging to its legs, Iavale ordered the Hurakan Windmage to retreat. Only Baedala had the speed to reach the Zaitreci army unscathed; perhaps he could bring salvation. Or at least tell the story of their heroic stand. Beneath him, the Auralan Sentinels strung their bows and prepared to meet their fate. It was a dark day for Zaitrec.





NEW RECRUITS FOR THE LEGIONS OF UNDEATH

As the dust settles and the bodies cool, the magic of Shyish worms its way into the corpses of the Zaitreci aelves. They will fight again one day, but not for the forces of Order.

'I picked my army based on what I would like to field but didn't really cater it to the scenario.' - Dan

'Being able to pick and choose what combats you fight is a huge deal and a massive bonus to the Lumineth.' - Erik



Erik: Well, that was a pretty intense game! I was holding on so well for the first two rounds, and then I secured the double turn and thought I was in with a chance. But the forces of Death are relentless, and in the end, it was just weight of numbers that dragged me down.

Dan: It certainly wasn't a fast demise! I picked my army based on what I would like to field but didn't really cater it to the scenario. If I'd been wise, I would have picked faster units. Then again, if this was the army I decided to collect, I think it did pretty well considering. I had great fun slowly (very slowly) corralling your army. Until the Hurakan escaped, that is.

Erik: I was so impressed with the Hurakan units. Their warscroll battalion is expensive but really worth it. Without it, I could have lost the Windmage and Windchargers quite easily, but I just raced them out of combat and away from harm. Being able to pick and choose what combats you fight is a huge deal and a massive bonus to the Lumineth. I get to fight with two fights for every one my opponent fights, so it was easy for me to prioritise which units would fight and which ones would flee.

Dan: Their shooting was nasty, too. I drastically underestimated it! The Spirit of the Wind caused a lot of damage to Lauka, and the Windchargers were a constant menace. Truthfully, though, the Sentinels are monstrous. Their ability to cause mortal wounds on a 5+ is really worrying. That's what made me hang back with Lauka in the second battle round. I almost charged the Spirit of the Mountain with her (I rolled high enough on the charge dice) but decided to hold back for fear of them shooting her.

Erik: It's a fair point. They would have! And for two turns, too. She wouldn't have survived. The Mountain might have died earlier, but the Spirit of the Wind would have been left alive. It's a tough call, knowing when to commit units. I would say I was really impressed with your use of the Terrorgheist at the start, though. That Avengorii trait, Unstoppable Nightmares, caught me totally off guard. Add in the Monstrous Might rule and the A Queen Amongst Monsters command ability, and that Terrorgheist became a proper nightmare.

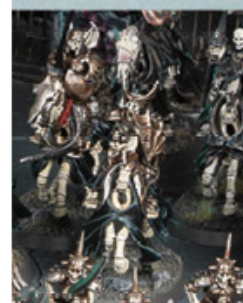
Dan: In truth, the Terrorgheist was meant to be a distraction from Lauka, but when you deployed your Bladelords, I knew where I was going to aim it. I was pleased with how much damage it did but annoyed that the survivors escaped. And right up to the end of the game, too!

Erik: The Bladeguard did well. They helped me win that flank and surround the gravesite so you couldn't easily bring on new units. The other flank was a bit messy, though. I knew the Dawnriders would struggle if you charged them, so I had to do it first. Even at the time, I remember saying I'd made a mistake. Then I made an even bigger blunder charging the Lord Regent into the Black Knights on his own. I think we were both amazed that neither unit hurt each other.

Dan: Amazed and so frustrated! Black Knights can be really good, but they need to get the charge, and putting the Lord of Bones ability on them is always beneficial. They had neither. I had to fall back on my traditional tactics of wearing you down turn by turn. The Deadwalkers were the perfect example of that. It took them (with the help of the skeletons and the Wight King) five turns, but they finally eroded that mountain into pebbles!

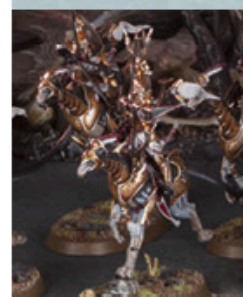
SKELLIEBOBS OF THE MATCH

Dan: I had several units perform well in the game, but I think I was most surprised by the Black Knights, as they managed to take down the Stoneguard and the Wardens. I think a large unit of ten of them was essential to their survival, though.



LITTLE RAYS OF HOPE

Erik: The Hurakan Windchargers were a real surprise to me. They caused a lot of damage from shooting, sneakily avoided risky fights and yet excelled in combat against Lauka Vai. I want to play more games with them. Lots of them!



RULES OF ENGAGEMENT



JERVIS JOHNSON

Jervis Johnson has worked for Games Workshop for many years. He is currently the lead rules writer for Warhammer Age of Sigmar, but he has worked on just about every game in the Games Workshop catalogue at one time or another. It's rumoured that he recently completed work on his Magnum Opus. Turns out it was just a magnificent octopus ...

DID YOU KNOW?

Blood Bath at Orc's Drift was an expansion set for the second edition of Warhammer. It included a map and scenarios for playing through the campaign, which pitted men, elves and dwarfs against (if you hadn't guessed) Orcs. The set even included card buildings. The locals really hated the 'heavy rain' weather condition.

I recently came across a battleplan I had written in 2014, when we were developing the first edition of the Warhammer Age of Sigmar rules. At the time, I had just finished re-fighting a Warhammer campaign using one of the very first Warhammer campaign packs, which was called *Blood Bath at Orc's Drift*. The campaign had proved a lot of fun, and I was interested to see if the scenarios from *Blood Bath at Orc's Drift* would work with the Age of Sigmar rules I was working on. I am happy to say that they did.

I had not thought about *Blood Bath at Orc's Drift* or the Age of Sigmar battleplans I'd written based

on it since then, until a search through my bookshelves unearthed the battleplans I had written. Looking at them again, I was struck by how much they reminded me of the types of games I was talking about in my last Rules of Engagement article, regarding using narrative gaming techniques to fight solo battles (see *White Dwarf* 462 – Ed). 'Hmm,' I thought. 'I could just update one of these battleplans. It would act as a great example of the type of games I was talking about in my last Rules of Engagement article. And it would work as a great two-player battleplan, too!' So that is what I did.

On the following pages, you will find the latest version of a battleplan that first appeared in *Blood Bath at Orc's Drift* way back in 1985. You'll find that this makes for a great little Warhammer Age of Sigmar battle, fought either 'solo', with you taking command of both sides and carrying out the actions you think most appropriate for each side based on the story, or more traditionally as a two-player contest. It is also a great illustration of just how little has really changed about the fundamentals of the Warhammer hobby over the last thirty or so years.

THE BATTLE FOR CORE PASS

Can an embattled garrison survive the bloody onslaught of Skreet Verminkin's skaven warband?



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 travels back in time to 1985 (Great Scott!) to recreate a classic battleplan.

The skaven warlord Skreet Verminkin is determined to capture the Phoenix Stone, a magical artefact that is rumoured to be hidden on a remote island near the Phoenicium.

In order to reach the secret hiding place of the Phoenix Stone, the skaven must travel through Gore Pass, a narrow and little-used ravine that cuts through the mountain range separating the two halves of the island. Gore Pass is watched over by a small garrison of warriors from the Phoenicium, based in an outpost at some ancient ruins that stand at the junction of three major in-roads. Also at the outpost is a skaven spy, captured a few hours earlier whilst trying to slip back into the mountains under cover of darkness.

THE ARMIES

One side takes command of the skaven invaders, and the other side takes command of the Phoenicium garrison. In addition to the two armies, there is a captured skaven spy who is not controlled directly by either player.

The Skaven Army & Objectives

You are the skaven champion known as Qretch Toothsnapper. You have been ordered to destroy the garrison at Gore Pass. This objective must be achieved with as few losses as possible, for this is only a preliminary action to a major battle. Your own personal objective is to kill the spy who is at present being held by the aelven garrison. The spy knows that you opted out from the battle of Fendal Plain last year, preferring to carry on looting the burning ruins of a nearby settlement. If word of this should get out, your life will be forfeit.

- 1 Clawlord (Qretch Toothsnapper)
- 1 Packmaster (Greel)
- 1 unit consisting of 2 Rat Ogors
- 1 unit consisting of 20 Clanrats

The Clanrats may be split up into smaller units if desired. If you do so, each unit is treated as a separate unit for the duration of the battle.

The Phoenicium Army & Objectives

You are Erath Stormbrow, commander of a small garrison on guard for any intruders that try to reach the hiding place of an ancient artefact called the Phoenix Stone. Also at the outpost is a filthy skaven spy. He has vital information and must be protected at all costs, detestable though such an idea may be. Last night, you sent a patrol through Gore Pass to see if they could find the spy's brethren. They should be returning soon.

- 1 Anointed on Frostheart Phoenix or Flamespyre Phoenix (Erath Stormbrow)
- 1 unit consisting of 10 Phoenix Guard
- 1 unit consisting of 5 Freeguild Outriders or Freeguild Pistoliers

Skweek Trembleclaw – Skaven Spy

Skweek Trembleclaw is a skaven Clanrat that has been skulking around the thick forests that cover the island, spying on the Phoenicium outposts and noting the locations of troops and garrisons. He was cornered and captured a day ago and is now being kept under lock and key. Even more unfortunately, Skweek happens to know that Qretch Toothsnapper avoided taking part in a recent battle – a fact that Qretch would prefer remained a secret. Skweek's only hope of survival is to escape from the tower and then get away before either Qretch or the garrison can recapture him!

Skweek is not controlled by either player, and his actions are determined by the 'On The Run' rules that follow.

- 1 Gutter Runner (Skweek Trembleclaw)



THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up the scenery as shown on the map. Replace any scenery you do not have in your collection with alternative models that you do have, or leave the area that they occupy as open ground.

The game is designed to be played on a table 6' by 4', with a Shattered Plaza roughly at the centre just over 24" from Gore Pass, and a Shattered Temple within 12" of the northern table edge and just over 18" to the north-east of the plaza. The woods shown on the map can be represented by Awakened Wyldwoods.

The eponymous Gore Pass is a ravine that emerges on the northern edge of the table. The entrance to Gore Pass is assumed to be in the position shown on the edge of the table. If you wish, you can mark the position of the rock walls on either side of it using suitable pieces of scenery from your collection.

SET-UP

Set up the garrison and sentries first. The garrison consists of Erath Stormbrow and 8 of the Phoenix Guard, who start within 1" of the Shattered Plaza. Two Phoenix Guard are on sentry duty. One must start within 2D6" of the Shattered Plaza, and the other must start within 2D6" of the Shattered Temple. The Freeguild Outriders or Pistoliers are

out on patrol and may arrive during the battle (see 'The Patrol' opposite).

The skaven army sets up after the garrison, within 6" of the northern edge of the battlefield and within 9" of Gore Pass.

Skweek starts the battle confined in the Shattered Plaza (see 'On The Run' below).

First Turn Surprise

The skaven take the first turn in the first battle round.

On The Run

Skweek Trembleclaw is not fully controlled by either player: instead, Skweek moves at the start of each turn as described below. Move Skweek before rolling the dice to determine who gets the first turn.

Skweek starts the battle confined in the Shattered Plaza. Roll a dice at the start of each battle round to see if Skweek manages to escape. On a roll of 1-3, he remains trapped, and you must roll again next turn. On a roll of 4+, he escapes; set up his model within 1" of the Shattered Plaza, and then make a move for him as described next. Thereafter, he moves at the start of each battle round.

THE BATTLE OF GORE PASS



When Skweek moves, he will always run if he can, and he always moves towards the northern table edge if he can. He will never voluntarily move within 3" of a model belonging to either army, moving round them instead. If he starts within 3" of another model, then he will retreat and attempt to get more than 3" from all models by the shortest route possible, and he will then start heading for the northern table edge once more. If Skweek cannot make a move that will get him more than 3" from all models, then he will remain stationary.

Skweek is treated as an enemy model by both armies. If attacked, he will fight back, attacking immediately after the unit that first attacks him in the combat phase.

Designer's Note: *If a third player is available, they can take command of Skweek. In this case, the restrictions on what he can do are lifted. Instead, the player in charge of him decides what Skweek will do (including charging the other players' models, if desired) and will be considered to have scored a minor victory if Skweek escapes.*

The Patrol

The garrison is at reduced strength at the start of play, as the unit of Freeguild Pistoliers or Outriders is out on night patrol. Unknown to the garrison, the patrol has been ambushed by a skaven war party. Roll a dice in the hero phase of the third Phoenicium turn to see if any members of the patrol have survived:

D6	Result
1	Wiped out! None of the patrol return.
2-5	Decimated. D3 models return.
6	Heroic Escape. All of the patrol make it back.



Set up any members of the patrol that return as a single unit, within 3" of the northern edge of the battlefield and within 24" of the eastern edge of the battlefield.

Escaping

Models from the garrison can escape by moving off the battlefield at any point on the southern edge. Skweek Trembleclaw can exit the battlefield anywhere on the northern table edge. Models that escape are removed from play and cannot return.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

At the end of the battle, each side scores victory points as listed below, and the side that scores highest wins a **minor victory**.

* Do not include models lost by the patrol before it returned to the battlefield.

Skaven Victory Points	
+3	Erath Stormbrow slain
+1	For each garrison model slain besides Erath Stormbrow*
+3	Skaven spy slain by skaven models
-3	Skaven spy escaped
+20	Shattered Plaza captured

Aelf Victory Points	
+5	Qretch slain
+1	For each Clanrat slain
+10	For each Rat Ogor slain
+1	Skaven spy slain by either side
-1	Skaven spy escaped
+3	For each garrison model that escapes

ANVIL OF BLOOD

As Nagash strikes back at those who would defy him, new undead heroes (or villains, depending on your point of view) rise from their graves to do his bidding. Some are skeletal wights, while others are deadly vampires or sinister Necromancers.

This month, we delve into the darkest crypts and forgotten mausoleums of Shyish, unearthing rules that enable you to bring your own Soulblight Gravelords to life (or at least some semblance of life). This article is the latest in a series that expands upon the hero creator rules of the Anvil of Apotheosis found in the *General's Handbook 2020*. This expansion includes a host

of ghoulish and gruesome options to create either a Vampire Lord, Wight King or Necromancer of your own design. Among our favourites of the new options are the 'Curse of Lycan' and the 'Curse of Midnight', which allow your Vampire Lord to transform into either a Dire Wolf or a Fell Bat during the battle (how cool does that sound?). Read on, puny mortals, if you dare ...

The rules in this section enable you to create a unique hero of your own design for a Soulblight Gravelords army. A blank warscroll to record your hero upon can be printed out from www.warhammer-community.com.

There are 5 steps to follow to create your own hero. As you follow the steps, you will have a host of options to choose from, including cursed weapons and undead mounts. After completing all of the steps, you will be able to field your hero in your games of Age of Sigmar.

The 5 steps are as follows:

1. Set a destiny point limit for your hero.
2. Choose your hero's archetype.
3. Equip your hero with weapons from the cursed armoury.
4. Choose a bestial companion (if any) for your hero.
5. Spend your remaining destiny points on any characteristic enhancements or abilities for your hero.

CHARACTERISTIC ENHANCEMENTS AND ABILITIES

Many of the steps include **options** to give your hero a [Characteristic Enhancement] or an [Ability]. If the option gives a [Characteristic Enhancement], modify the characteristic as noted. If it gives an [Ability], write the ability in the 'Abilities' section of your hero's warscroll. The same characteristic enhancement can be chosen up to 3 times for your hero; however, the same ability cannot be chosen more than once. Lastly, some options will have **restrictions** that limit which keywords can or cannot take a certain option.

STEP 1 - THE DESTINY POINT LIMIT

When creating your hero, the first step is to pick 1 of the following destiny point limits for your hero:

Champion

Limit: 20 destiny points

Conqueror

Limit: 40 destiny points

As you complete the rest of the steps, each option you pick for your hero will cost a certain number of **destiny points**. This will often be abbreviated as **DP**. Keep a running tally of the number of destiny points you have spent. The tally cannot exceed the limit you have set.

STEP 2 - ARCHETYPES

The second step is to pick the archetype for your hero. There are 4 to choose from in total: **Necromancer**, **Wight King**, **Martial Vampire Lord** (one whose prowess in hand-to-hand combat is peerless) and **Arcane Vampire Lord** (one who has mastered the dark magics). The archetype you pick will cost a number of destiny points (as indicated in the upper-right corner of the archetype) and will populate your hero's Move, Wounds, Bravery and Save characteristics. The archetype will also give them a set of keywords and any starting abilities, and there may be an optional rule you can choose for them. Write all of these down on your hero's warscroll after making your choice.



3

MOVE

5"

WOUNDS

5

6+

SAVE

7

BRAVERY

NECROMANCER

[Ability]	<p>(Add the following to the warscroll):</p> <p>MAGIC</p> <p>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.</p>
Optional Rule:	<p>You can pick 1 spell from the table over the page and add it to the warscroll.</p>
Keywords:	<p>DEATH, SOULBLIGHT GRAVELORDS, DEATHMAGES, HERO, WIZARD, NECROMANCER</p>

3

MOVE

4"

WOUNDS

5

6+

SAVE

10

BRAVERY

WIGHT KING

Optional Rule:	<p>You can pick 1 command ability from the table over the page and add it to the warscroll.</p>
Keywords:	<p>DEATH, SOULBLIGHT GRAVELORDS, DEATHRATTLE, HERO, WIGHT KING</p>

5

MOVE

6"

WOUNDS

5

5+

SAVE

10

BRAVERY

MARTIAL VAMPIRE LORD

[Ability]	<p>(Add the following to the warscroll):</p> <p>The Hunger: <i>Soulblight creatures crave the taste of blood and are empowered when they drink deep from the veins of defeated foes.</i></p> <p>At the end of the combat phase, if any enemy models were slain by wounds inflicted by this model's attacks in that phase, you can heal up to D3 wounds allocated to this model.</p>
Optional Rule:	<p>You can pick 1 command ability from the table over the page and add it to the warscroll.</p>
Keywords:	<p>DEATH, VAMPIRE, SOULBLIGHT GRAVELORDS, HERO, WIZARD, VAMPIRE LORD</p>

5

MOVE

6"

WOUNDS

5

5+

SAVE

10

BRAVERY

ARCANE VAMPIRE LORD

[Ability]	<p>(Add the following to the warscroll):</p> <p>The Hunger: <i>Soulblight creatures crave the taste of blood and are empowered when they drink deep from the veins of defeated foes.</i></p> <p>At the end of the combat phase, if any enemy models were slain by wounds inflicted by this model's attacks in that phase, you can heal up to D3 wounds allocated to this model.</p> <p>MAGIC</p> <p>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.</p>
Optional Rule:	<p>You can pick 1 spell from the table over the page and add it to the warscroll.</p>
Keywords:	<p>DEATH, VAMPIRE, SOULBLIGHT GRAVELORDS, HERO, WIZARD, VAMPIRE LORD</p>

USING YOUR HERO IN BATTLE

Once you have created your hero, you are ready to field them in battle. Below are a number of ideas of how to incorporate your hero into your games of Age of Sigmar.

Narrative Play Games: Your hero is perfect to use in narrative battles of Age of Sigmar. If you do so, your opponent could also create a hero using the Anvil of Apotheosis from the *General's Handbook 2020* or one of the other articles in the series we have published in *White Dwarf*. If you and your opponent have both created heroes, another idea is to play through a campaign. After each battle, both you and your opponent gain D3 destiny points, with the winner of the battle receiving 1 additional destiny point. You can each spend these destiny points on new abilities and characteristic enhancements for your heroes. Over the course of the campaign, you will see your heroes grow into mighty champions!

Open Play Games: With your opponent's permission, if you are using the Open War army generator from the *General's Handbook 2020*, your hero can be picked to be a Champion or Conqueror in your army depending on the destiny point limit for that hero.

Matched Play Games: Using these heroes in matched play is strictly a house rule and requires your opponent's permission. If you do so, count the number of destiny points you have spent on your hero and multiply the total by 10. This is the Pitched Battle points cost of that hero. In addition, your hero has the Leader battlefield role, unless it has the **MONSTER** keyword, in which case it has the Leader and Behemoth battlefield roles.

COMMAND ABILITIES

My Legion, I Summon Thee: *This leader's dominion over their followers is so absolute in battle that they can call upon these warriors to manifest in their presence.*

You can use this command ability at the end of the movement phase. If you do so, pick a friendly model with this command ability and 1 friendly unit currently set up in the grave as a reserve unit. You can set up that reserve unit on the battlefield wholly within 12" of the model picked and more than 3" from all enemy units.

Dark Paragon: *This champion of Death stands at the forefront of battle and is the first to plunge into the enemy lines, their fellow warriors following in their wake.*

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick a friendly model with this command ability that made a charge move in the same turn and 1 other friendly unit wholly within 12" of this model. Both this model and the unit picked fight at the start of that combat phase.

Bring Me Their Head!: *Arrogant beyond measure and driven by an all-consuming malice and hatred for the living, this warrior orders their legions to enact swift and total revenge upon any who dare defy them.*

You can use this command ability once per battle when a friendly unit is destroyed by an attack made by an enemy **HERO**. If you do so, pick a friendly model with this command ability. Add 1 to wound rolls for attacks made with melee weapons that target that enemy **HERO** while this friendly model is not slain.

SPELLS

All is Dust: *Dark tendrils of Shyishan magic coil around the foe, turning gleaming steel into timeworn rust in a matter of seconds.*

All is Dust has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within 18" of the caster that is visible to them. Worsen the Save characteristic of that unit by D3 (to a minimum of 6+) until the start of your next hero phase.

Abyssal Strength: *The caster draws upon the morbid power of the Shyish Nadir, infusing and sustaining a creature of the grave with a dark necromantic energy that allows it to shrug off damage and unleash its full fury upon the enemy.*

Abyssal Strength has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick 1 friendly **SOULBLIGHT GRAVELORDS MONSTER** wholly within 12" of the caster that is visible to them. Until the start of your next hero phase, add 1 to rolls for the Deathless Minions battle trait for that **MONSTER**. In addition, until the start of your next hero phase, use the top row of that **MONSTER'S** damage table (if it has one), regardless of how many wounds it has suffered.

Crimson Ward: *Drawing upon the scant dark blood that still resides within them, the caster creates a barrier of crimson gore that protects them from harm.*

Crimson Ward has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, the caster suffers 1 mortal wound that cannot be negated. In addition, until the start of your next hero phase, roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to the caster. On a 2+, that wound or mortal wound is negated. However, on a 1, the barrier fails and the spell ends.

STEP 3 - THE CURSED ARMOURY

The next step is to arm your hero with weapons from the cursed armoury. A hero can be armed with 1 of the following weapon options:

- 1 one-handed melee weapon.
- 2 different one-handed melee weapons.
- 2 of the same one-handed melee weapon (+1 DP).
- 1 one-handed melee weapon and a shield.
- 1 two-handed melee weapon.

The weapons and their profiles are listed in the table below, and each weapon costs a number of destiny points as noted in the rightmost column of the table.

For each weapon chosen, add the profile to your hero’s warscroll and write the name of the weapon in the description section.

If your hero is armed with 2 of the same one-handed melee weapon, only add the weapon profile once to the warscroll but double its Attacks characteristic. This costs 1 additional destiny point on top of the destiny points cost for each weapon. For example, if your hero was armed with 2 Soulbound Rapiers, the Attacks characteristic would be 6 and it would cost 3 destiny points in total.

In step 5, you will be presented with options to improve your hero’s weapons.

ONE-HANDED WEAPONS							
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage	DP
Stiletto Dagger	1"	1	4+	3+	-3	2	1
Soulbound Rapier	1"	3	3+	4+	-	1	1
Cursed Mace	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	2	2
Deathlance	2"	3	4+	4+	-	1	1
Bestial Talons	1"	4	4+	4+	-	1	1

TWO-HANDED WEAPONS							
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage	DP
Black Axe	1"	3	3+	3+	-2	2	3
Honed Bludgeon	2"	3	4+	3+	-1	3	3
Cursed Halberd	2"	3	4+	3+	-1	2	2
Ancient Greatsword	1"	3	3+	3+	-1	2	2
Crypt Scythe	2"	4	4+	4+	-1	1	1
Mortis Staff	1"	3	4+	3+	-1	D3	1

SHIELDS		
Ancient Shield	[Ability] Ancient Shield: If the weapon used for an attack that targets this model has a Rend characteristic of -1, change the Rend characteristic for that attack to ‘-’.	DP 1
Crypt Shield	[Characteristic Enhancement] Improve your hero’s Save characteristic by 1	DP 2
Enchanted Shield	[Characteristic Enhancement] Improve your hero’s Save characteristic by 1. In addition, once per turn, you can re-roll the first failed save roll for this model.	DP 3

STEP 4 - BESTIAL COMPANION

In this step, you need to decide whether or not your hero will have a bestial companion. There are 3 types of bestial companion: **Minor Beast**, **Mounted Beast** and **Gargantuan Beast**. A hero can only ever have 1 bestial companion picked for them. A Minor Beast follows or guards your hero, such as a swarm of bats or a constructed throne of bones. A Mounted Beast can be anything from an undead stallion to an ethereal steed.

A Gargantuan Beast is a truly colossal mount, such as a Zombie Dragon, Terrorgeist or Dread Abyssal. If you do not want to choose a bestial companion for your hero, you can skip this step.

You can pick 1 of the following bestial companions. Each costs a number of destiny points as listed in the table.

MINOR BEAST						
[Characteristic Enhancement] Add 1 to your hero's Wounds characteristic						DP 4
Melee Weapons	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Claws	1"	2	5+	5+	-	1
Maw	1"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3
Add the following text to your hero's description:						
MINOR BEAST: This model's Minor Beast attacks with its Claws and Maw. For rules purposes, it is treated the same as a mount.						

MOUNTED BEAST						
[Characteristic Enhancement] Add 2 to your hero's Wounds characteristic Change your hero's Move characteristic to 8"						DP 6
Melee Weapons	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Claws	1"	2	5+	5+	-	1
Maw	1"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3
Add the following text to your hero's description:						
MOUNT: This model's Mounted Beast attacks with its Claws and Maw.						

GARGANTUAN BEAST						
[Characteristic Enhancement] Add 8 to your hero's Wounds characteristic Change your hero's Move characteristic to ❸						DP 15
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Claws	2"	❸	4+	3+	-1	2
Maw	2"	2	3+	3+	-2	❸
Add the following text to your hero's description:			DAMAGE TABLE			
			Wounds Suffered	Move	Claws	Maw
MOUNT: This model's Gargantuan Beast attacks with its Claws and Maw.			0-3	10"	6	4
			4-6	8"	5	3
Add the following keywords to your hero's warscroll: MONSTER			7-9	6"	4	2
			10-11	4"	3	1
Add the damage table on the right to your hero's warscroll.			12+	2"	2	1





If you have picked a bestial companion for your hero, you can pick any of the following options for them. Each option costs a number of destiny points as listed in the table.

BESTIAL COMPANION OPTIONS		
Winged Beast	<p>[Ability] Add the following text to your hero's description:</p> <p>FLY: This model can fly.</p> <p>Restrictions: No Minor Beast</p>	DP 4
Breath Attack	<p>[Ability] Breath Attack: In your shooting phase, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 6" of this model. Roll a number of dice equal to the number of models from that enemy unit that are within 6" of this model. For each 6, that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.</p> <p>Restrictions: Gargantuan Beast only</p>	DP 4
Vicious Charge	<p>[Ability] Vicious Charge: After this model makes a charge move, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 1" of this model and roll a dice. On a 2+, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.</p>	DP 1
Razor-sharp Claws	<p>[Characteristic Enhancement] Improve the Rend characteristic of the bestial companion's Claws by 1 (to a maximum of -3).</p>	DP 2
Nightmare's Miasma	<p>[Ability] Nightmare's Miasma: While an enemy unit is within 3" of any friendly models with this ability, worsen the Rend characteristic of that unit's melee weapons by 1 (to a minimum of '-').</p>	DP 3
Gobble Attack	<p>[Ability] Gobble Attack: Each time this model attacks, after all of this model's attacks have been resolved, you can pick 1 enemy model within 1" of this model and roll a dice. If the roll is equal to or greater than that enemy model's Wounds characteristic, it is slain.</p> <p>Restrictions: Gargantuan Beast only</p>	DP 3
Terror	<p>[Ability] Terror: Subtract 1 from the Bravery characteristic of enemy units while they are within 3" of any friendly units with this ability.</p> <p>Restrictions: Gargantuan Beast only</p>	DP 1
Savage Frenzy	<p>[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick either the bestial companion's Claws or Maw. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that weapon. For Gargantuan Beasts, add 1 to each row of the appropriate column in the damage table.</p>	DP 1
Lashing Tail	<p>[Ability] Lashing Tail: At the end of the combat phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3" of this model. If the roll is less than the number of models in that unit, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.</p> <p>Restrictions: Gargantuan Beast only</p>	DP 3
Savage Ferocity	<p>[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick either the bestial companion's Claws or Maw. Improve the To Hit characteristic of that weapon by 1.</p>	DP 1
Savage Strength	<p>[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick either the bestial companion's Claws or Maw. Improve the To Wound characteristic of that weapon by 1.</p>	DP 1
Stomp	<p>[Ability] Stomp: At the end of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 1" of this unit and roll a dice. On a 2+, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.</p> <p>Restrictions: Gargantuan Beast only</p>	DP 2

STEP 5 - CHARACTERISTIC ENHANCEMENTS AND ABILITIES

The final step is to pick any other options for your hero. Each costs a number of destiny points as listed in the tables. In this step, you can also choose for your hero to be accompanied by a Spirit Host. If you do so, this can be in addition to any other bestial companion they already have.

CHARACTERISTIC ENHANCEMENTS		
Unnatural Speed	[Characteristic Enhancement] Add 1" to your hero's Move characteristic.	DP 2
Dark Fortitude	[Characteristic Enhancement] Add 1 to your hero's Wounds characteristic.	DP 1
Extra Armour	[Characteristic Enhancement] Improve your hero's Save characteristic by 1 (to a maximum of 3+).	DP 2
Ferocity	[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick 1 of your hero's weapons (not including mount weapons). Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that weapon.	DP 2
Weapon Master	[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick 1 of your hero's weapons (not including mount weapons). Improve the To Hit characteristic of that weapon by 1.	DP 2
Unholy Strength	[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick 1 of your hero's weapons (not including mount weapons). Improve the To Wound characteristic of that weapon by 1.	DP 2
Mighty Weapon	[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick 1 of your hero's weapons (not including mount weapons). Add 1 to the Damage characteristic of that weapon. Weapons that have a random Damage characteristic cannot be picked.	DP 2
Honed Edge	[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick 1 of your hero's weapons (not including mount weapons). Improve the Rend characteristic of that weapon by 1 (to a maximum of -3).	DP 2
Master of Dark Magics	[Characteristic Enhancement] Increase the number of spells this hero can attempt to cast and unbind by 1. Restrictions: WIZARD only	DP 3

ABILITIES		
Curse of Lycan	<p>[Ability] Curse of Lycan: Once per battle, at the end of your hero phase, you can say that this model will shapeshift into a Dire Wolf. If you do so, set up a new unit of 1 DIRE WOLF within 1" of this HERO and add it to your army, then remove this HERO from the battlefield. At the start of one of your subsequent hero phases, you can say that this model will shapeshift back into a vampire. If you do so, set up this HERO on the battlefield within 1" of the DIRE WOLF and then remove the DIRE WOLF from the battlefield.</p> <p>If the DIRE WOLF is slain, before removing it from the battlefield, set up this HERO on the battlefield within 1" of the DIRE WOLF, then remove the DIRE WOLF from the battlefield.</p> <p>Restrictions: VAMPIRE only. Cannot be taken by those with a bestial companion (including a Spirit Host).</p>	DP 3
Curse of Midnight	<p>[Ability] Curse of Midnight: Once per battle, at the end of your hero phase, you can say that this model will shapeshift into a Fell Bat. If you do so, set up a new unit of 1 FELL BAT within 1" of this HERO and add it to your army, then remove this HERO from the battlefield. At the start of one of your subsequent hero phases, you can say that this model will shapeshift back into a vampire. If you do so, set up this HERO on the battlefield within 1" of the FELL BAT and then remove the FELL BAT from the battlefield.</p> <p>If the FELL BAT is slain, before removing it from the battlefield, set up this HERO on the battlefield within 1" of the FELL BAT, then remove the FELL BAT from the battlefield.</p> <p>Restrictions: VAMPIRE only. Cannot be taken by those with a bestial companion (including a Spirit Host).</p>	DP 4
Dark Acolyte	<p>[Ability] Dark Acolyte: Add 1 to casting and unbinding rolls for this model.</p> <p>Restrictions: WIZARD only</p>	DP 3
Immortal Champion	[Ability] Immortal Champion: Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this model's melee weapons if it is within 3" of 10 or more enemy models when you pick the target unit(s) for its attacks.	DP 3
Descent From Upon High	<p>[Ability] Descent From Upon High: Instead of setting up this unit on the battlefield, you can place it to one side and say that it is circling high above as a reserve unit. If you do so, at the end of your movement phase, you can set up this unit on the battlefield more than 9" from all enemy units. At the start of the fourth battle round, any models that are still in reserve are slain.</p> <p>Restrictions: HERO that can fly or HERO with the Curse of Midnight ability only.</p>	DP 2



ABILITIES		
Loyal Adjutant	[Ability] Loyal Adjutant: This model can be given a command trait in addition to the model picked to be your general.	DP 5
Feed on Necromancy	[Ability] Feed on Necromancy: Each time a spell is successfully cast by a DEATH WIZARD within 12" of this model, you can heal 1 wound allocated to this model after the spell has been resolved.	DP 3
Lead the Bloodshed	[Ability] Lead the Bloodshed: In the combat phase, after this unit has fought in that combat phase for the first time, you can pick 1 friendly unit wholly within 12" of this model that is within 3" of an enemy unit and has not yet fought in that combat phase. That unit must fight immediately, instead of being picked to fight later in that combat phase. Restrictions: Cannot be taken by a HERO on Gargantuan Beast	DP 2
Decapitating Strike	[Ability] Decapitating Strike: If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with this model's melee weapons (not including mount weapons) is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target in addition to any normal damage.	DP 4
Ride Them Down	[Ability] Ride Them Down: Add 1 to the Damage characteristic of melee weapons (not including mount weapons) with a Range characteristic of 2" if this model made a charge move in the same turn. Restrictions: HERO on Mounted Beast only	DP 1
Blood Retinue	[Ability] Blood Retinue: At the start of the first battle round, before determining who has the first turn, you can pick 1 friendly BLOOD KNIGHTS , BLACK KNIGHTS OR GRAVE GUARD unit in your army to be this model's retinue. Roll a dice before you allocate a wound or mortal wound to this model while it is within 3" of its retinue. On a 1-2, that wound or mortal wound is allocated to this model as normal. On a 3+, that wound or mortal wound is allocated to the retinue instead of this model. Restrictions: Cannot be taken by a HERO on Gargantuan Beast	DP 3
Ethereal Nature	[Ability] Ethereal Nature: Ignore modifiers (positive and negative) when making save rolls for attacks that target this model. Restrictions: Cannot be taken by a HERO with a Save characteristic of 3+ or 2+.	DP 4
Shyishan Ward	[Ability] Shyishan Ward: Roll a dice each time a wound or mortal wound is allocated to this model. On a 6, that wound or mortal wound is negated.	DP 3
Bat Wings	[Ability] Add the following text to your hero's description: FLY: This model can fly.	DP 4
Blood Frenzy	[Ability] Blood Frenzy: If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with this model's melee weapons (not including mount weapons) is 6, that attack scores 2 hits on the target instead of 1. Make a wound and save roll for each hit.	DP 3
Deathly Vigour	[Ability] Deathly Vigour: In your hero phase, you can roll a dice for this model. If you do so, on a 4+, heal up to D3 wounds allocated to this model.	DP 3

SPIRIT HOST						
Add the following melee weapon to your warscroll:						DP 4
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Spectral Claws and Daggers	1"	2	5+	5+	-	1
Add the following text to your hero's description: COMPANION: This hero is accompanied by a host of spirits that attack with their Spectral Claws and Daggers. For rules purposes, they are treated in the same manner as a mount.						
[Ability]	(Add the following to the warscroll): Frightful Touch: If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with this model's Spectral Claws and Daggers is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target and the attack sequence ends (do not make a wound or save roll).					
Optional Rule:	You can spend an additional 2 destiny points to add 2 to the Attacks characteristic of this model's Spectral Claws and Daggers, or you can spend an additional 4 destiny points to add 4 to the Attacks characteristic instead.					

A QUEEN'S AUDIENCE

With the armies of undeath in disarray and their masters squabbling amongst themselves, the forces of Chaos plan once more to retake the Mortal Realms. The Dark Master plots and schemes, yet Neferata is ever watchful in this short story by Jordan Green.

Hengar Gorkava opened his eyes to darkness. Sense and recollection slowly, agonisingly, extended from the hollows of unconsciousness. Blinking his aching eyes, the tribal sorcerer attempted to take stock of his surroundings. There was not much to tell. He was sitting up, evidently in some stone oubliette based on the draught running between its pillars. His wrists were bound with freezing metal against a seat. Closing his eyes and reaching down to the dark furnace that blazed within, Hengar attempted to call on the unholy fire of the gods. The result was nothing save a sudden burst of white-hot agony that saw him thrash and roar where he sat. Someone had taken nullifying precautions, then.

How had he got here? That memory was far hazier, coming only in snapshot visions. Hengar remembered leading his Cabalists into the grim lands of Neferatia. He remembered being shook from slumber by the bellowing of his huscarls, and stumbling through the shifting twilit mist that smothered their encampment. He remembered pale maidens with scarlet eyes murdering with shrill laughter. He remembered the tide of skeletal dead men dragging him down into darkness.

Hengar could not help but feel slightly cheated. Such was not the glorious fate he had envisioned, but neither was it the worst of ends. Still, the gods did nothing without purpose. If he could survive, he could earn his freedom. Then, whoever had thought to bind Hengar Gorkava would find the tables most brutally turned.

Sudden illumination intruded upon the shaman's deliberation. Snarling through the thick tangle of his beard, Hengar was forced to squint. The light that now stemmed from candelabras set against the flanks of stone pillars – enchanted, clearly, but still candle light of a typical sort. The only exception stood immediately before him, set upon a wooden table with a similar chair to his own behind it. Again, the archaic style of the thing did not elude him. Hengar had little time to consider that as a noise from the other end of the dungeon hall echoed out: sharp, rhythmic steps descending a staircase, utterly unhurried. With a muttered prayer to the ruinous ones, Hengar worked to calm himself.

Then the source of the noise rounded a corner, and all notions of calm evaporated.



'You're staring.'

Neferata – legendary vampire queen of Nulahmia, first of the living dead – had an unusual laugh. It was not the girlish titter Hengar had expected, given the vampire's apparent youth, but a deeper, mellifluous sound he could





almost have described as weary despite its clear amusement.

Then again, perhaps the reason he found it so strange was that he was hearing it at all. He had to squint for a time, just to convince himself that it really was the monarch of legend facing him. Even Hengar, speaker to gods and daemons, had to fight not to obey her command. Swallowing, the shaman gritted his teeth and forced himself to maintain his glare, calming his thudding heart.

‘If you intend me to plead, creature—’

‘Stop,’ Neferata’s insistence was sudden and earnest, her porcelain features curling in disdain. ‘Stop, please, by the blood of dead Ptrā. You have no idea of the endless pleas for favour and mercy that a queen endures each dismal night. Dealing with you is my reprieve from all that. Pray, do not spoil it.’

Blinking in mild surprise, Hengar found himself giving a nod of acknowledgement. The vampire in turn offered a cool, poised smile, lifting a crystalline goblet to her lips and sipping at something that Hengar did not believe was wine. Upon her arrival Neferata had set down a silvered tray between them, a second goblet stood upon it. The shaman, of course, could hardly reach for it in his bound state. Despite everything, Hengar smirked. It was the sort of thing he himself might have done.

‘By “deal with me”, I assume you mean interrogation.’

‘If you like,’ the vampire shrugged, her voice never wavering in its sense of urbane command. Even so, Neferata seemed in no hurry. Hengar watched as she swirled the drink in her glass, gaze distant. ‘I find that there is value in flexing one’s old skills now and then.’ As she shrugged, the shaman forced out another small growl to spite his own dread, though his smirk remained.

‘I suppose I ought to be honoured, “Majesty”. Still, I’d have thought you had greater concerns than our little expedition.’

‘Oh?’ Neferata’s tone was dismissive, but the predatory flicker that flashed in her eyes was undeniable. For a moment Hengar thought of the mutant hounds that loped alongside his warband. No matter how many squabbled for scraps beside the firelight, tearing at one another with hooked claws and mighty flashing fangs, there was always one beast that hung back – watching, waiting, taking stock of which rivals would be weakened and could be preyed on in turn. Profiteers and plotters, of the most savage kind. Hengar had always felt something of a connection with such creatures. Currently, he found himself revising that notion. The shaman’s sneer flickered as Neferata chuckled again, an elegant nail tapping her glass. ‘Humour me, stripling. What is it you think you know?’

‘There are armies of corpses marching across your land,’ Hengar said in a gruff drawl. His eyes flicked to his restraints binding his wrists. Upon the faded metal links

were sigils of nullification, old signs that nevertheless pulsed with potential. That, at least, explained his failed attempt at spellcraft.

‘We *are* in Shyish,’ Neferata’s eyebrow arched as she chortled. ‘That is not exactly out of the ordinary.’

‘But they don’t bear your colours, creature,’ for all the bravado in his voice, Hengar could not meet Neferata’s crimson gaze for long. He fought to steady himself, to drag his soul back from where it threatened to become enthralled in those bottomless eyes. ‘I’ve studied the heraldry of your wretched bloodlines. They carry the winged skull of Carstinia, and they are pushing you hard.’ Neferata’s smile had not faded, but her attention was entirely upon him now. Still, Hengar considered, better not to waste this rare opportunity to spite a most persistent enemy of the gods. He lent forwards with a forced grin, flickering candlelight picking out every scar that marked his weather-beaten features.

‘And there’s more. We all felt it, we who wield the aether. Your deathstorm has been snuffed out. Old Bones was shattered under scintillating hammers. You revenants stood on the cusp of victory, and you let it slip away at the last. Now you’re turning on one another like jackals tearing at carrion. It must bother you, “majesty”, to find that your back’s the one against the wall for once.’

Zealous fervour, as good a means as any of repelling the vampire queen’s hypnotic allure, flared within the shaman’s breast. In defiance of all sense he attempted to surge to his feet, wishing at least to meet the end standing. Yet even as his restraints denied him that much, Hengar’s breath caught as he felt a sudden loosening in the right shackle. It was faint, an old weakness born from antique equipment, but it was there. If he could subtly work away at it ...

“My back against the wall”, Neferata’s laughter sliced across any deeper scheming. Rolling her eyes the vampire stood, elegant fabrics trailing behind her as she paced. Hengar’s gaze followed her before his mind had any say in the matter, even as his wrist continued its slow, testing rote.

‘Have we got all that wearisome defiance out of our system, mortal? “My back against the wall”,’ Neferata scoffed, as her pacing ceased. ‘Can you even begin to comprehend how often, over my gruellingly extended span, souls like you have told me that? How this time surely, *surely*, I will take the fall. Yet somehow, no matter what new foe rears their head, venerable me is still here. As for “Old Bones”, as you so eloquently put it ... he always comes back. If one thing has held true over the aeons, it is that he always comes back. But, on the subject of masters ...’

Like coiling vapour, Neferata was suddenly at his side, a talon lashing out to cut away a portion of the furs covering his chest. It was not the sudden chill that saw Hengar tense, but the grin that spread across his captor’s face as she regarded the chain-marked eightfold brand he bore there.



‘And the mystery is revealed. I had my suspicions, but wanted to see for myself if they would really dare so boldly. Let’s say its name, shall we, the thing who gave you this mark and bid you ransack my lands?’ That same predator’s thirst flashed through the vampire’s gaze once more as she leant in closer, voice dropping to a bladed whisper. ‘Be’lakor.’

As the vampire spat each syllable, the candles flickered. Hengar had no vitriol to muster now. The shaman squirmed as phantom claws traced down his back, his mark pulsing with sudden pain. Straightening, Neferata turned and paced away, nodding to herself in apparent thought.

‘So the Dark Master really does intend to set his power against all, does he? And with such ... servants, whom he sends to raise hell amongst us while he plots. But already I sense a change in the air. For all his poisoned skies and

gibbering legions, Be’lakor ought to take caution. Even as our power perhaps recedes, for the moment, others drum a dirge of war that may overmatch even him.’ She fell silent then, staring off into nothing, before glancing over her shoulder with a smirk.

‘Thank you, mortal. You have confirmed a long-held suspicion. You may make your escape attempt, now.’ The remark brought the shaman up short, heart turning to lead in his chest even as the wrist-flex saw the shackle threaten to give.

Neferata’s eyes met those of her prisoner as she savoured his realisation. ‘As I said. One must take their enjoyment where they can get it.’ Despite himself, Hengar could not argue with that. To his own surprise he chuckled, head bowing in something approaching respect.

‘You know I have to try anyway.’

‘Of course you do.’

With a furious roar Hengar stormed to his feet, corded muscles straining as he yanked his wrist free of the weakened restraint. Instantly he felt power fizzing through him, a darkened window opened once more. Though his strength was still restrained, and though this was one of the dread Mortarchs he faced, perhaps if he could just concentrate the gods would—

Hengar detected no more than a prick along his throat before his roar turned to a rasping, thwarted wheeze. Seconds later, agony unlike any he had ever endured, as if every drop of his blood had turned to poison, suffused the shaman. With a howl he collapsed in a spasming heap. Even through the mind-shattering pain, the sorcerer was aware of the vampire crouching by his side, cursed dagger still dripping blood. Licking up some of the gore, Neferata leant in, her voice little more than a murmur.

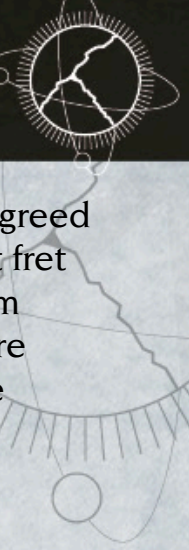
‘Though, there is one last thing I require from you ...’

Another wave of heart-bursting fire shot through Hengar, his sobbing growing more strangled as he felt the vampire’s fangs plunge into his neck.



‘It is as we suspected. The Dark Master is probing us for weaknesses.’

Neferata found herself pacing again, even as she directed her words to the shadeglass mirror mounted on the wall of her opulent chamber. It was an unconscious affectation, of sorts, but one she could allow. Certainly the Mortarch of



the Necropolis did not comment on it. Katakros' unmoving features filled the mirror, eyes glowing softly as the vampire scowled and turned back to him.

'Olynder should never have humoured him. Whatever debt you feel you owe her, surely you consider it null and void now. She must be chastised.'

'By which you mean, you would see her star brought down so yours can rise further.' Katakros responded. There was no jest or mockery in his patrician's voice, a fact that only irritated the vampire further. 'Whatever Be'lakor plans, her deeds struck at the God-King. I have no complaints.'

'Yes, well, you wouldn't. You never did get over that run-in with the Unberogen, did you?' Neferata snapped with a scowl. Katakros did not rise to the bait.

'Mannfred—'

'I will deal with Mannfred. It amuses me to let his armies trek just a little further, before launching the counter-attack.' Neferata murmured with a dismissive hand-gesture. 'Thank you, Hengar dearest,' she added, nodding to the pale thrall-creature that shuffled forth to offer a crimson-filled goblet. 'We never talk any more, Orpheon. You almost make me miss Arkhan's moribund company.'

'Not enough that you will ignore the opportunities that lie in his absence, I am sure. Have Jakartai echelon reinforce before pushing across the Heartwound River,' the other Mortarch dictated to some unseen adjutant without missing a beat. 'We will fortify the Arx. Our enemies will break on our walls.' Before a reply could be mustered, Katakros' face shimmered, fading until only the mirror remained. The vampire gave her head a weary shake, lifting the goblet to her lips.

ARKHAN.

Neferata all but choked on her refreshment as the voice of Nagash – the sound of slamming mausoleum doors and wind howling through dead trees – filled the chamber. She recovered quickly enough, turning to the blazing eyes now staring out from the mirror and dropping into a curtsy.

'It is Neferata, my master. Arkhan fell in Hysh,' she said with utmost patience. Nagash's mind had always had a tendency to wander, at times. Now he was forced to claw back his power, his physical incarnation bound to Shyish once more, that quirk had become all the more exacerbated. Neferata knew better than to rise during the long silence that followed.

NEFERATA.

'Yes, my master?'

**THE DARK POWERS CONSPIRE AGAINST ME.
MANNFRED BELIEVES ME BLINDED AND BROKEN.
OLYNDER OVERSTEPS HER BOUNDS. YET YOU
REMAIN LOYAL.**

'As I have since the earliest days, master,' Neferata agreed with practised sincerity, suppressing a smirk. 'Do not fret over Mannfred. These ... antics are why you keep him around, are they not? My armies will corral him before long.' Stillness stretched out again, until the vampire almost believed Nagash had left.

NEFERATA.

'Great one?'

TECLIS. Such was the malice with which Nagash intoned the name of he who had broken him that even the Mortarch was forced to stagger back. With a pulse of willpower Neferata steadied herself, already feeling the god's mind slip away.

'In time, Lord Nagash. You will have vengeance, in time.' Her eyes fell upon the crimson-stained glass windows of her sanctuary, gazing out to the very edge of her domain where unclean storms roiled in the heavens. Despite herself, Neferata could not help but smile. *The game was afoot.*

'After all ... time is our weapon. And one day, we shall remind all our enemies of that.'



REALM OF THE HORNED RAT

Realms of Chaos is a series exploring how you can build and paint your models to show what realm they come from. This month, we delve deep into Blight City to take a closer look at the domain of the Horned Rat and his devious servants, the insidious skaven.



Deep beneath the realms lies the Under-Empire – the province of the Horned Rat and his vile children, the skaven. His hidden kingdom does not exist in one realm but in all of them and between them, a dark shadow that inhabits the cracks between realities. It is said that the Under-Empire is everywhere and anywhere, stretching from the Realms of Chaos to High Azyr, though in truth, only the Great Ruiner knows the extent of his labyrinthine domain.

The Under-Empire is a place of unimaginable horror where the most disturbing nightmares are brought to life. Gnawed into existence by billions upon billions of skaven over many aeons, it is a sprawling confusion of endless tunnels and vast caverns, every one home to countless ratmen. Stinking burrows lie next to the breeding grounds of the Brood Mothers, who birth thousands of new skaven with every passing year. Chimney

THE RUNE OF THE GREAT HORNED RAT

The triangular claw-marked rune of the Horned Rat is used across skavendom and is featured in virtually every clan's heraldry to some degree. It is commonly featured on shields and banners, though the shape is often wrought into pendants or branded upon flesh.



stacks belch out warpstone-laced fumes, the fires of industry and dark sorcery raging beneath them as arcane weapons are produced for the chittering hordes. Gore-drenched laboratories churn out monstrous abominations as plague pits roil and seethe with the latest vile concoctions.

For the creatures who live in such places, their lives are unimaginably tough and often brutally short. Most skaven are little more than the vermin they resemble, with mangy fur, disease-riddled flesh and filth-encrusted claws. Only the strongest and most cunning survive, while the weak are swiftly devoured by their ravenous kin. Those that can use their physical strength or verminous guile to gain power thrive, their megalomania and paranoia driving them ever onwards as they simultaneously keep a beady red eye on their closest rivals. In the Under-Empire, complacency is a death sentence.

THE VERMINOUS HORDES

So what could an army of the Horned Rat look like? Clanrats and Stormvermin can easily be converted with scavenged weapons, shields and banners taken from the civilisations they have conquered; imagine them wielding fyresteel picks or Deathrattle shields. You could even base them with the rubble of the cities they have conquered. Imagine Clans Skryre war machines converted from Kharadon airships and Ironweld Arsenal artillery pieces. Or perhaps Clans Moulder monsters made from orruk, ogor or even Seraphon beasts. No doubt they've figured out some way to create mutated Bastiladons by now! You could make Clans Eshin Deathmasters and Night Runners out of Bladegheist Revenants, and the entire Nurgle range is just waiting to be corrupted by the Plague Priests of the Clans Pestilens. Put simply, if it can be scavenged, the skaven will use it!

As we all know, there are infinite ways to build and paint your models. We hope this article will provide you with some useful inspiration for how to create an army of the Horned Rat. 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

HERALDS OF DECAY

This Plague Monk of the Clans Pestilens is a great example of what many skaven look like. Standing roughly the height of a duardin, skaven are unsurprisingly ratlike in appearance, with mangy fur, pox-ridden flesh and dirt-encrusted teeth and claws. As emissaries of ruination, their clothing is often little more than rags, soiled wrappings and sackcloth, though they do put some stock in trinkets and personal possessions. Most skaven carry the symbol of the Horned Rat about their person in some form, and bells, skulls, fangs (of defeated rivals) and tiny nuggets of warpstone are commonplace.



THE COLOURS OF SKAVENDOM

The colours of the skaven are typically drab and dark, revolving around brown, grey, beige, weathered bronze and black. However, their lands, lairs and even armies are often bathed in a sickly green glow, a result of the magical warpstone that skaven prize above all else. Their only real concession to colour is clan heraldry, normally picked out in bold hues.



PAINTING THE CLANS VERMINUS

The Clans Verminus are the martial strength of the skaven race, their Clanrats making up the bulk of most skaven incursions. Here we show you how to paint a Stormfiend of the notorious Clan Morskrit.

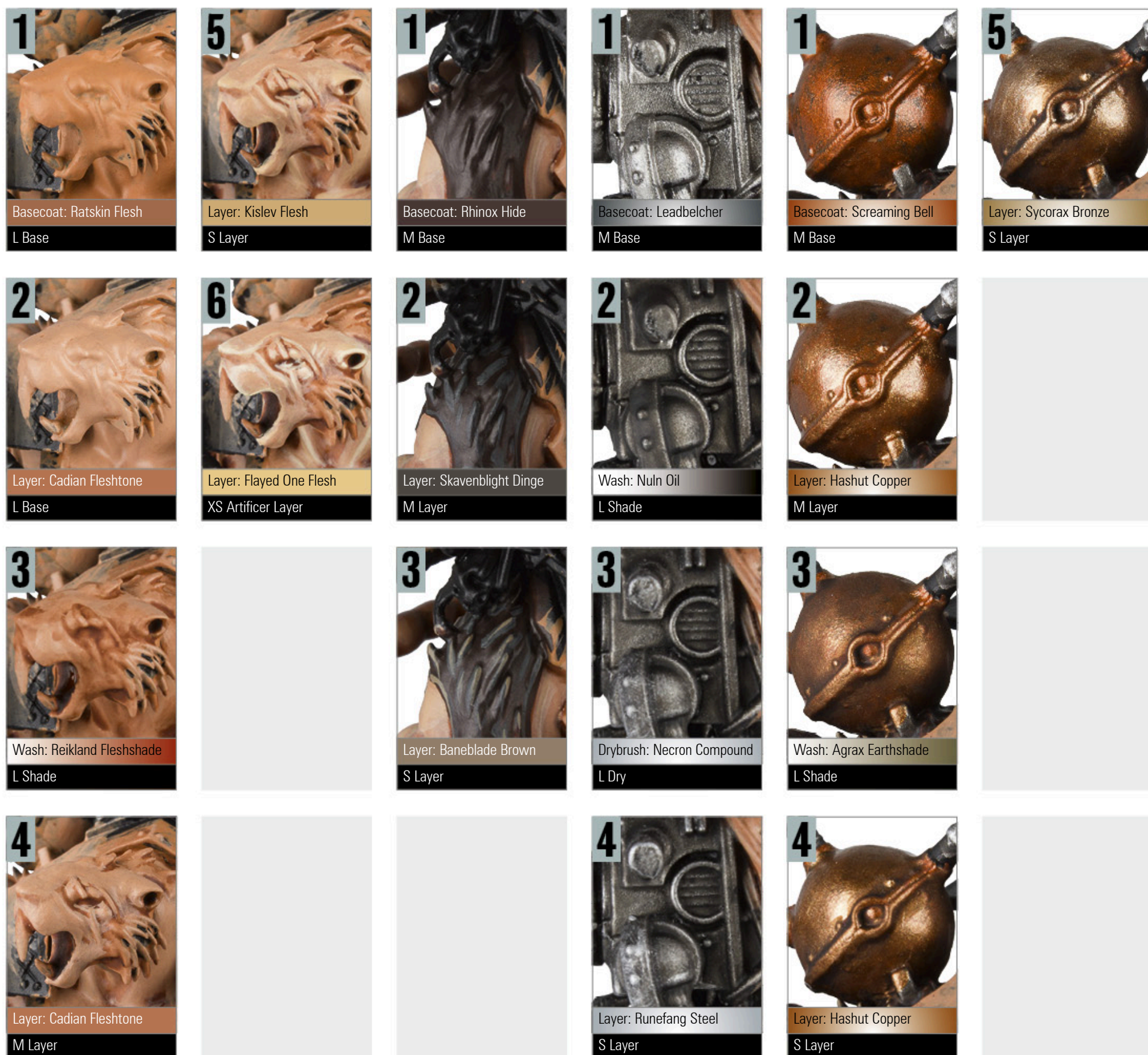
THE SCURRYING HORDES

The Stormfiend below was undercoated with Chaos Black Spray, as the overall colour scheme for the model is quite dark. This also helps set the tone for the model; a black undercoat gives all the colours a darker tone, while a white one makes them all appear lighter. Seeing as skaven are generally quite dingy and dirty-looking, black felt like the more appropriate starting point.

The largest area on this model is the skin, so that was painted first using the stages below. The first colours you apply don't have to be particularly neat, as any areas you accidentally go over (such

CLAN FANG

The studio's skaven army wears the dark blue armour of Clan Fang – one of the Clans Verminus. Blue is a colour rarely associated with skaven, but the colour provides a great contrast to their brown fur and pink skin. The trick is to keep it looking dirty, and this can be achieved by applying a wash of Mournfang Brown to the recesses of the armour. Thin the paint down with Lahmian Medium (2:1 medium to paint) and paint it carefully into the recesses of the armour for a grimy look.

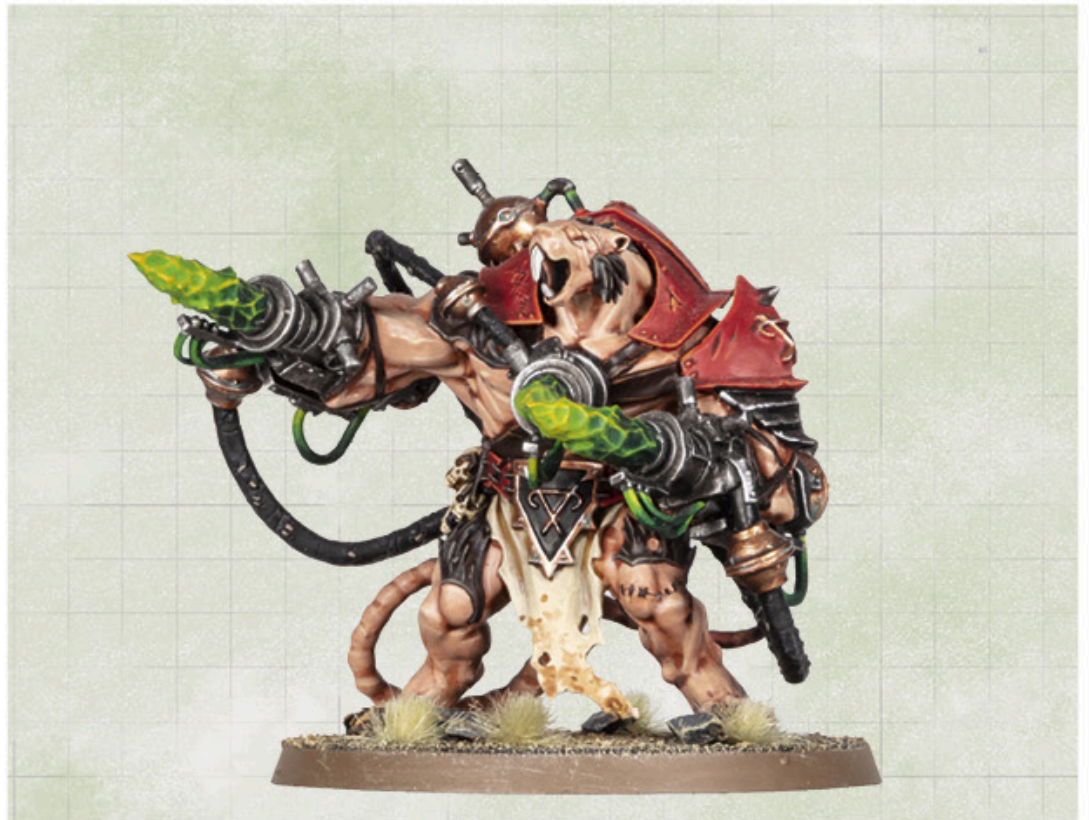


as leather straps or nearby patches of fur) will be painted again in their proper colours soon after.

On this model, the skin, fur and metalwork are all neutral colours, giving you an opportunity to show off the clan colours. In the case of Clan Morskrit, this is blood red. Stormfiends wear a lot of armour, so the clan colours are featured prominently in those areas, but on less-armoured models like Clanrats, you can always feature the clan colours on clothing, banners and shields instead.

TOP TIP

Use different painting techniques to emphasise different textures on your skaven. Drybrushing works perfectly for a soft texture on fur; washes make metal look aged and weathered; and bright edge highlights give warpstone a sharper, harder and more sinister appearance.



1 Basecoat: Mephiston Red L Base	5 Layer: Fire Dragon Bright XS Artificer Layer	1 Basecoat: Abaddon Black M Base	1 Basecoat: Rhinox Hide M Layer	1 Basecoat: Rakarth Flesh M Layer	1 Basecoat: Caliban Green S Base
2 Wash: Agrax Earthshade M Shade		2 Wash: Rhinox Hide M Glaze	2 Layer: Skrag Brown S Layer	2 Wash: Agrax Earthshade M Glaze	2 Layer: Warpstone Glow M Layer
3 Layer: Mephiston Red M Layer		3 Layer: Leadbelcher S Layer	3 Layer: Balor Brown XS Artificer Layer	3 Layer: Pallid Wych Flesh XS Artificer Layer	3 Layer: Moot Green S Layer
4 Layer: Evil Sunz Scarlet S Layer		4 Layer: Runefang Steel XS Artificer Layer			4 Layer: Yriel Yellow XS Artificer Layer

THE SHYISHAN BURROW

This heavily converted and impressively painted skaven army belongs to studio miniatures designer Maxime Pastourel. We asked him to speak-squeak to us all about his unusual collection.



MAXIME PASTOUREL

Maxime has worked on many projects over the years, but did you know he sculpted the Skavenblight Scramblers Blood Bowl team? True-true fact!

Maxime: My skaven army hails from Shyish, the Realm of Death, where they live near the snow-covered tundras of the realm's edge. The land they inhabit is covered in snow and ice, so they have all become pale and white to blend in with their environment. However, they are also part of a much larger Chaos army that includes models from across the Grand Alliance, including a fair number of Blades of Khorne. To tie the two armies together visually, I decided to give my skaven red armour, showing where they have traded with the Bloodbound.

My army doesn't have a clan name as yet, but it offers its allegiance to both the Clans Skryre and

Clans Moulder. I like the techy vibe of the Clans Skryre and the bio-mechanical horror of the Clans Moulder, and as a result, there are quite a few conversions across my force. My Jezzail teams are made from Stormvermin armed with Skitarii galvanic rifles. The guns give them an archeotech feel that I think really fits the Age of Sigmar setting. I'm also really proud of my Ratling Guns, which I converted to be firing a torrent of warpstone bullets, conveying the narrative behind them. On the Moulder side, I converted a lot of my Rat Ogors and Stormfiends with spare Chaos bits. The Master Moulder who leads them (in the centre of the picture) is based on a Drukhari Haemonculus.



PAINTING THE ARMY

I undercoated all my skaven with Corax White and then painted all the areas of skin first. I then tackled the metalwork and the red. I used Khorne Red as a base because it has cooler tones. I then highlighted with high-contrast warm reds and oranges.

PALLID SKIN

Undercoat: Corax White

Wash: Nuln Oil, Talassar Blue & Lahmian Medium 1:1:4

Wash: Carroburg Crimson

Layer: Corax White

METALWORK

Basecoat: Leadbelcher

Layer: Stormhost Silver

Wash: Agrax Earthshade Gloss

RED ARMOUR

Basecoat: Khorne Red

Wash: Abaddon Black & Lahmian Medium

Layer: Evil Sunz Scarlet

Layer: Lugganath Orange



CHAOTIC CONVERSIONS

All the heroes in my warband are converted in some way. My Warlock Engineer has been converted to be firing his warlock pistol, with a tiny ball of warpstone flying out of the barrel. My Grey Seer had the top of his staff replaced with a Chaos star and his scrying orb swapped for a hollowed-out bowl full of blood. This helps link him to the Khorne side of my Chaos force.



CONVERTING AND PAINTING YOUR SKAVEN

The skaven are the most diabolically inventive race in the Mortal Realms. They come in many shapes, sizes and colours, and they wield some truly strange and devastating weaponry.

The skaven are a true painting and converting dream with dozens of excellent kits just waiting to be customised to the clan of your choice. The four most distinctive clans – Pestilens, Moulder, Skryre and Eshin – provide ample inspiration for conversions. Imagine some kind of mist-shrouded Eshin Lightning Cannon or Skryre Stormvermin wielding lightning staves (as you'll see over the page). Perhaps you could make Pestilens Clanrats using

Deadwalker or Poxwalker parts. As for Moulder, if it's a monster, it can be corrupted! Then there's your colour scheme to consider. Will you pick one of the clan colours or invent your own? Will it be a dingy grey-brown or something bold and bright? We've seen red-furred, yellow-robed and orange-armoured skaven (though not all on the same models) in the pages of *White Dwarf* over the years. What unusual colour could you pick for your mousey minions?

CLANS MOULDER WARBAND BY JOHN BELL

John created this small warband after reading about how Clans Moulder capture enemy warriors and drag them away to use in their nightmare surgical experiments. John used Spiteclaw's Swarm as the basis for his conversions, but he cut off their hands and

replaced them with spikes, hooks, scythes and weapons from the Unmade warband that are designed for capturing rather than killing. He cut the weapons at the wrists, using cuffs and manacles to hide the joins between the weapons and their new recipients.



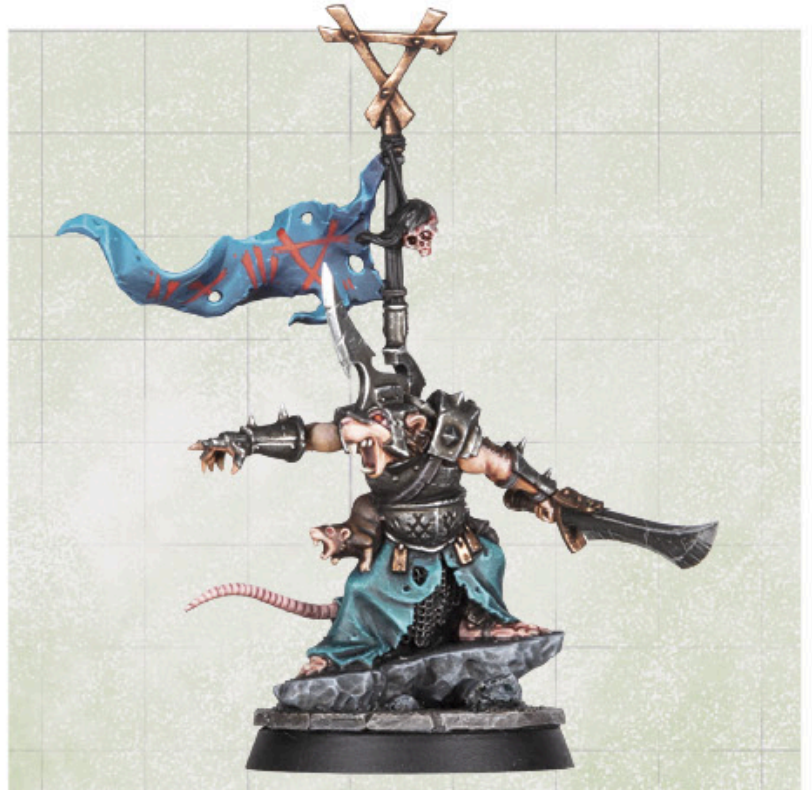
VERMINLORD BY MARTYN CASHMORE

Martyn converted a Verminlord that has become obsessed with warpstone and mutated into something truly horrific. He's now a shambling husk of his former self but still a conduit for the will of the Horned Rat. Martyn used a Hellpit Abomination for the body of his conversion plus parts from Stormfiends, Skaven Endless Spells and modelling putty to build what you see here. He painted the skin using pallid flesh tones followed by sepia, purple and blue washes to give it a dead, bruised appearance. The warpstone is painted Caliban Green, Warpstone Glow and Moot Green, while the warpfire is Warpstone Glow highlighted with Sybarite Green and White Scar.



GREY SEER THANQUOL AND BONERIPPER BY KRYSTAL TOOKER

Krystal's paint scheme was inspired by the vision of a metalically augmented brute roaming the Realm of Metal. She picked blue hues for both models' skin to represent silver poisoning, which could well be a problem in a land where the dust is made of metal! Krystal used blue and purple washes to add tonal depth to the recesses and shadows of Boneripper's skin. She also made good use of the Technical paint range, applying Typhus Corrosion and Ryza Rust to the metalwork to give it an oxidised appearance. Note how Thanquol's staff is immaculately clean, though! No rust-rust!



CLAWLORD BY LUKE BLICK

Luke chose a cool turquoise for his Clawlord's colour scheme, using Incubi Darkness as a base and adding white to the mix for the highlights. The banner was based using Kantor Blue with Lothern Blue mixed in for the highlights. To keep the colour scheme cool, Luke opted for heavy iron armour instead of the traditional copper, using dark washes to make it look old. He then added scratches and highlights to show wear and tear.

GREY SEER BY JOHN BELL

After finishing his skaven warband, John converted a Grey Seer to support them. He used Thanquol for his conversion, replacing three of his limbs with spiky metal prosthetics from the Unmade to enhance his speed and presence on the battlefield. John chose a red-and-brass colour scheme for his skaven, using Flesh Tearers Red and Cygor Brown to mute the colours.



SKRYRE ACOLYTES BY DAN HARDEN

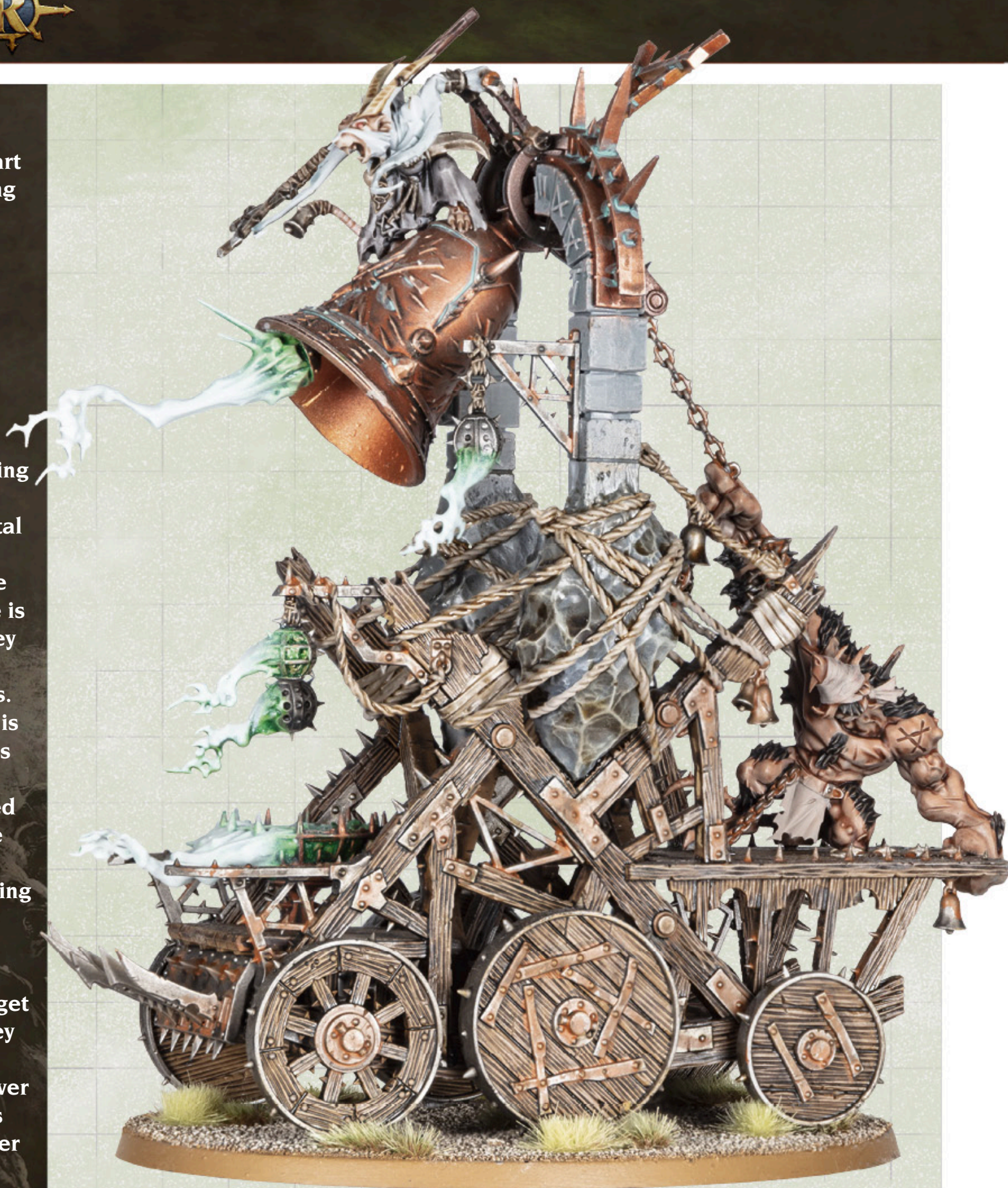
These Skryre Acolytes are the latest addition to Dan's ever-growing skaven army from Clan Ferrik. Because he has a lot of Warp Lightning Cannons, he also has a lot of spare gas-mask heads from the kit's Plagueclaw crew. So rather than chuck them in his bitz box, Dan

cut the heads off some Clanrats and stuck the new heads on. The backpacks are made from spare Catachan backpacks, Kataphron Breacher power units and all manner of other arcane-looking tech. The unit leader is converted from a Stormvermin.



**SCREAMING BELL
BY MARTIN MORRIN**

Martin was inspired to start a skaven army after talking with fellow hobbyist Chris Mason on Twitter. He was impressed with how Chris combined Contrast paints with traditional painting styles, and he decided to start his own force as a result. Martin painted his Screaming Bell in sub-assemblies to make tackling all the different elements easier. The wood and metal are painted just like the Plagueclaw Catapults (see opposite), while the stone is Mechanicus Standard Grey drybrushed with progressively lighter greys. The basecoat for the bell is Screaming Bell, which was then shaded with Agrax Earthshade and weathered with Nihilakh Oxide in the recesses. The warpstone and smoke involved painting Warp Lightning Contrast paint over Grey Seer and then airbrushing Ulthuan Grey and white over it to get the smoke effect. The Grey Seer himself is painted using Apothecary White over a Grey Seer basecoat. His horns are just a single layer of Skeleton Horde.



**WARP LIGHTNING CANNON
BY SIMON SKELLON**

Simon's skaven army from Clan Flynych hails from the realm of Aqshy, where they have been learning to 'control' warpfire with varying degrees of success. He converted his Warp Lightning Cannon using spare parts from a Plagueclaw Catapult, Clanrats, a Doomwheel, a Gnawhole and a load of Stormfiend machine bits thrown in for good measure. His colour scheme is inspired by the Realm of Fire and features lots of fiery orange tones.



PLAGUECLAW CATAPULT BY MARTIN MORRIN

Martin built his Plagueclaw Catapult in sub-assemblies. He sprayed the wood with Zandri Dust Spray, then built up a few layers of Wyldwood to pick out the wood-grain effect. He then drybrushed various lighter browns onto the wood to bring out the detail. The metal areas are painted with Leadbelcher and shaded with Nuln Oil. For the weathering, Martin opened a pot of Agrax Earthshade and a pot of Athonian Camoshade and liberally applied them all over the model, mixing the colours together to get a greenish damp-wood effect. He used Skrag Brown for the rust on the metal. The warpstone counterweight was painted Caliban Green then drybrushed Warpstone Glow and Moot Green. The puke pile was painted light grey, drybrushed white, then covered in Nurgle's Rot.



SKRYRE ACOLYTES BY SIMON SKELLON

Simon also converted these Skryre Acolytes. They are built from Stormvermin with Electro-Priest weapons. Simon considers himself a slow and reluctant painter due to occasional tremors in his hands, so he came up with a way of painting his skaven using only Contrast

and Shade paints. By ordering them from lightest to darkest, he was able to paint without worrying about mistakes. The main orange colour is Gryph-hound Orange, while all-over washes of Agrax Earthshade and Nuln Oil Gloss help tie all the colours together.



GLORY POINTS



DAVE SANDERS

Dave is the senior games developer in the Boxed Games Studio and the lead rules writer for Warhammer Underworlds. Over the last few weeks, he's been recruiting the ultimate team of warriors to join him on an excursion into Beastgrave. Successful applicants need to bring their own weapons. Health insurance is optional but recommended.

At around the time of writing this column, Warhammer Underworlds players around the world are getting stuck into Grand Avatars, a variant of Warhammer Underworlds. In Grand Avatars, each player has control over an avatar of one of the Grand Alliances – Order, Chaos, Death and Destruction – and a warband of fighters chosen from the respective Grand Alliance.

We made this format available to everyone through the Warhammer Community website in late 2020. Included in the rules are the power ratings for each fighter available at the time, presenting a 'points' system so that people can build custom warbands. Letting people pick and choose which fighters are in their warband opens up a unique Warhammer Underworlds experience, and I'm going to use this column to talk a bit about how we decided on the format for Grand Avatars, as well as some examples of what you can do with it.

THE AVATARS AWAKEN

The Grand Avatars are the stars of the show in this variant to Warhammer Underworlds. Each one acts as the glue that binds their mismatched warbands together, and each has a dramatic impact on the battle, despite having no miniature.

A Grand Avatar's card tells you their Wounds characteristic and the three abilities that Grand Avatar lets you use in battle. These were designed to exemplify the characteristics of each of the

Grand Alliances, and they range from an avatar intervening to prevent the death of a fighter to allowing a fighter to make a free Charge action.

The Grand Avatars also change how you win a game of Warhammer Underworlds. A Grand Avatar is disrupted when friendly fighters are taken out of action, when enemy fighters hold objectives in your territory and when an objective in your territory is flipped or removed. Each time a Grand Avatar is disrupted or uses one of their abilities, it is dealt damage. If a Grand Avatar is dealt damage equal to its Wounds characteristic, it is taken out of action. The last Grand Avatar to survive (and its player) wins the battle.

Our first version of Grand Avatars was as simple as that – the rules for choosing Grand Avatars, how to use their cards and how to disrupt and eventually defeat them. However, when we looked again at this Warhammer Underworlds variant, with its focus on the Grand Alliances, we decided that we would take the ambitious step of breaking one of the fundamental rules of the game.

UNEASY ALLIES

Warhammer Underworlds warbands are designed as distinct entities; each is self-contained. A warband's cards refer to 'friendly fighters' safe in the knowledge that those cards will only affect fighters from the correct warband ... until we go and create a variant that lets you mix and match your fighters!

So that we could avoid strange situations like Bjorgen Thundrik promoting Lighaen, or the Sepulchral Warden raising Gristlelweil from the dead, we needed a rule to make sure that a warband's abilities and character remained self-contained. The results of this are possibly the two most important rules in Grand Avatars:

'All power cards with a warband symbol are considered to be restricted to fighters from that warband.'

And:



Glory Points is our column all about Warhammer Underworlds. Curated by the games developers of the Boxed Games Studio, this column delves into the development of the game, plus rules, tactics and gameplay. This month: Grand Avatars!

‘When a card other than a universal card refers to friendly fighters, it only refers to fighters with the same warband symbol displayed on that card. Other fighters in your warband are considered to be allied fighters for the purposes of that card. Allied fighters are neither friendly fighters nor enemy fighters.’

This means that you can absolutely use each warband’s tricks, but only in a characterful way – so no giving Great Strides (1) to a duardin, and no Unnatural Vitality (2) for your Blood Warriors! However, you can use things like Thundrik’s (3) reaction without fear of hurting his erstwhile allies, as it only affects enemy fighters.

This affects your deck construction in a big way. Cards (other than universal cards) that refer to friendly fighters will have narrower uses in Grand Avatars. That doesn’t mean that you can’t use them, just that you may need to weigh them up very carefully against universal cards that can perform a similar role. Of course, the most exciting tricks you can do in Warhammer Underworlds are found in the warband cards, so you’ll certainly want to include some. It’s a bit of a balancing act and a unique deck-building challenge.

BALANCE OF POWER

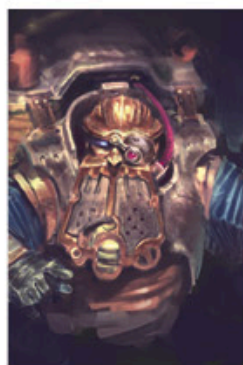
The final set of rules in Grand Avatars defines the boundaries for your warband: you must have 3-7 unique fighters, including one (and only one) leader, all chosen from the same Grand Alliance and with a total power of 9 or less. You must also choose fighters from two or more warbands.

We found these rules make for a very unique experience that nonetheless feels distinctly like Warhammer Underworlds. Warband size is a big part of that – having a warband of one or two fighters doesn’t feel right – as is having a single leader in your warband. The power level was set after a bit of tinkering. It’s high enough to permit players a lot of creativity, while not being so high that the game feels too big or disproportionately favours elite warbands.

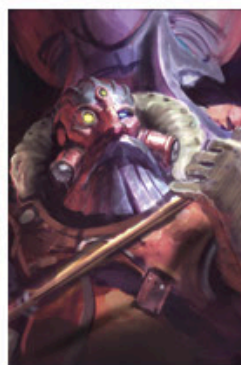
The power ratings for the fighters themselves were set using quite a simple system and then tinkered with as we found fighters that seemed too cheap or too expensive.

And that’s pretty much it for my run through of this Warhammer Underworlds variant. In the rest of this column, I’m going to present a warband for

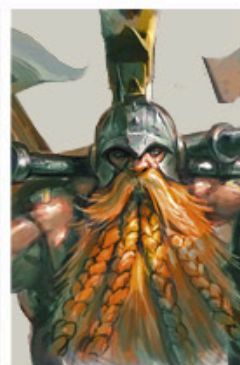
each of the Grand Alliances, with a bit about why I chose the fighters I chose and what the plan is when they take to the field!



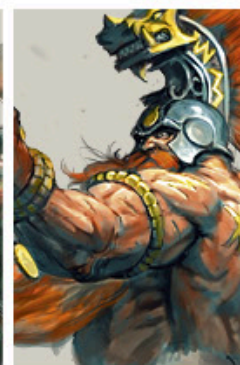
**Bjorgen
Thundrik**



**Khazgan
Drakkskewer**



**Tefk
Flamebearer**



**Vol
Orrukbane**

ORDER – FAST FRIENDS

I loved the idea of a combined warband of doughty duardin, and these four certainly fit the bill. Each is a formidable fighter in their own right, and with their might combined, I think that they’ll give any warband a run for their money.

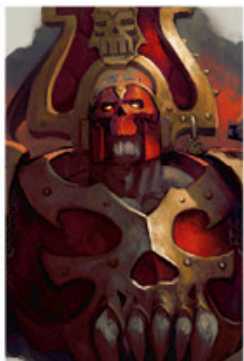
I chose Thundrik over Fjul-Grimnir – the other duardin leader – as otherwise I wouldn’t have a way to Inspire Drakkskewer. Thundrik also brings a powerful ranged weapon to the battlefield, which helps to offset the somewhat lacklustre mobility of most of the duardin.

Drakkskewer is, of course, the exception. I’ve included Drakkskewer for his Move 4 and Range 2 Attack action, which is Damage 3 when he’s Inspired. He can also fly over occupied hexes and lethal hexes with impunity, making sure that when I need to make a big, aggressive move, I’ve got just the duardin for the job.

From the Chosen Axes, I picked Tefk Flamebearer and Vol Orrukbane. I think these fighters offer great bang for your buck, as each of them has a Damage 3 Attack action when Inspired. In addition, as I’m only taking two of the Chosen Axes, I expect to be able to get them Inspired more easily than when taking the whole warband. I’ll just need to hold two objectives.

What this adds up to is a melee-focused flex warband. My fighters can deal ferocious amounts of damage, but they can’t afford to take their eyes off the objectives. Objective-focused cards like Dominant Position (4) and aggressive cards like Savage Exemplar (5) both have their place in this warband’s objective deck. Positioning is extremely important, so ploys like Hungry Advance (6), The Earth Shakes (7) and

Toxic Gases (8) will be vital in the power deck. In addition, all of the fighters apart from Thundrik himself will benefit greatly from upgrades like Savage Speed (9) and Savage Strength (10). For a bit of fun you could also take Aetheric Augmentation (11) and Slaying Blow (12) – who doesn't love an Attack action that deals 6 damage? (Or 4 damage at Range 3, for that matter ...).



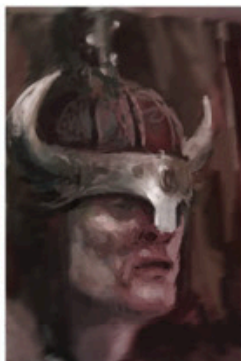
**Magore
Redhand**



**Karsus the
Chained**



Blooded Saek



**Grundann
Blood-eye**

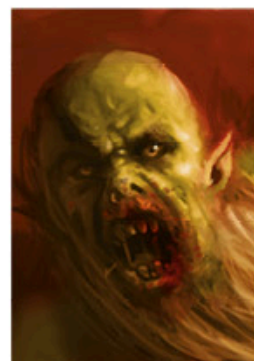
CHAOS – REDHAND'S RABBLE

For this warband, I imagined Magore Redhand separated from his warband. Naturally, he would just continue to slaughter his way indiscriminately through Beastgrave, which would draw the admiration and devotion of Karsus and Saek (should they encounter him and survive long enough). Grundann Blood-eye has always seemed to me on the cusp of devotion to Khorne in any case, so he rounds out the warband nicely.

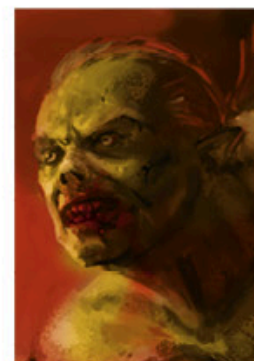
I've picked these four fighters because each brings something different to an aggressive warband. Magore is tough, and when he's Inspired, he's no slouch, with Move 4 and a Damage 3 Attack action. Karsus brings a valuable Range 2 Attack action and high mobility, while Saek brings his Very Big Axe that can hit for 3 damage right from the first activation of the battle. Saek is ideal for an aggressive first move – you might lose him early on, but the damage will already have been done. Finally there's Grundann, who doesn't have the immediate impact that Saek has but can be Inspired early on without great difficulty, at which point he's very much in the same league as Saek and a terrifying prospect for your opponent.

The warband really just wants to get stuck in – Khorne requires nothing less from them and nothing more. Having three warbands' worth of cards to choose from when working out the best way to achieve this is loads of fun, but remember

that there's a risk that a warband's cards become useless when their respective fighters are taken out of action. As I said earlier, it's a balancing act. It Begins will always be a solid choice for an aggressive warband, as will Khorne Calls. Trophy Hunter is worth the risk that you don't get to equip it – it's an upgrade that can win games almost by itself. Do you think Path to Glory is worth the risk for Grundann? It makes him into an incredible fighter, but will he survive long enough for you to give him two upgrades? (I went for it, in case you were wondering, but it's not clear-cut.)



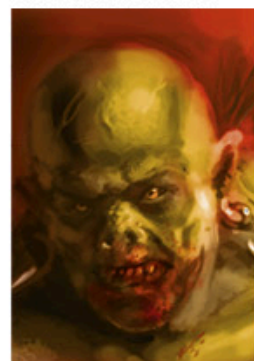
**Duke
Crakmarrow**



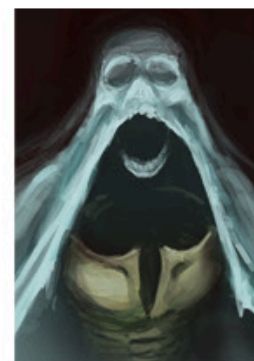
Master Talon



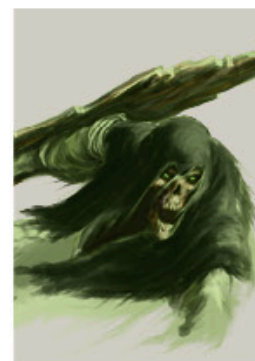
Night's Herald



Royal Butcher



Widow Caitha



Chainrasp X2

DEATH – A REGAL INVITATION

Duke Crakmarrow is absolutely bursting with character, so he was a natural choice to lead my Death warband. In this scenario, the dotty Duke has sent out invitations to all the nobles in the area (Lady Harrow and the Briar Queen) inviting them to a great feast. They've politely declined (perhaps they've seen a Flesh-eater Courts feast before), but they have sent representatives in their places.

This is an example of a seven-fighter warband – the largest that you can have in Grand Avatars. I've chosen the three Crypt Ghouls because Duke Crakmarrow can summon them back to the battlefield should they be taken out of action. Widow Caitha has a Damage 3 Attack action, which is great value, and if she can survive long enough to become Inspired she gets tougher and gains a 'teleport' ability. Finally the Chainrasps



8



9



10



11



12



13

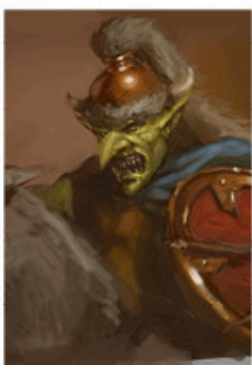


14

from the Thorns of the Briar Queen are here to make up the numbers – they're most likely to be useful holding objectives.

The warband is flexible, using its numerical advantage (which is slightly more pronounced in Grand Avatars) and certain key fighters to pick your battles and control more of the battlefield than your opponent. Duke Crakmarrow and Widow Caitha are your big threats, while the replaceable Crypt Ghouls are perfect for sneaking into enemy territory to steal objectives from under their very noses!

Again, I have three warbands' worth of cards to consider here. Frightful Aspect (13) and Call of the Grave (14) are fantastic for pushing enemy fighters out of position. Getting to include those in my power deck makes Widow Caitha even more of a bargain (even knowing that I have to keep her on the battlefield to be able to use these cards). Drifting Advance (15) is probably worth including as well, given that it will let me push two fighters at once. However, with more than half of the warband coming from the Grymwatch, it's Grymwatch cards that are the safest inclusions in my decks. Upgrades on the Crypt Ghouls are sound investments as long as Duke Crakmarrow is alive, and Well Motivated (16) and Heroic Vision (17) can make them respectable fighters. And then of course there's Seized Weapon (18) ...



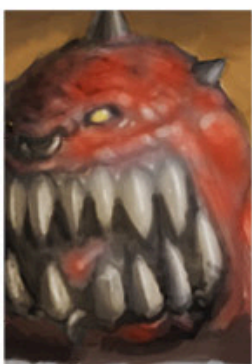
**Rippa
Narkbad**



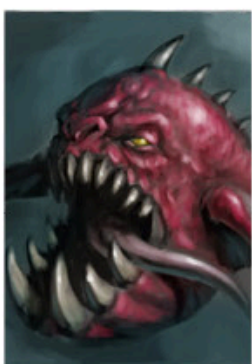
**Drizgit da
Squig Herder**



Bonekrakka



Gobbaluk



Bat Squig



Stalagsquig

DESTRUCTION – LITTLE BOUNDAS

Finally, I wanted to make a warband that contained all the squigs I could get my hands on. That meant Bonekrakka and Gobbaluk from Zarbag's Gitz and Bat Squig and Stalagsquig from Mollog's Mob. Drizgit got an honorary inclusion so that I had some neat options for setting up Bonekrakka and Gobbaluk. Finally, I chose Rippa Narkbad to lead the warband. It'd be just perfect if he were riding a squig instead of a snarlfang, but that's perhaps a conversion opportunity waiting somewhere in my future, and in the meantime my warband will have one(!) reliable fighter as a result.

This warband is all about bouncy, bitey fun. Rippa can charge in and wreak destruction on his snarlfang, making a nice, big target while Drizgit ushers Bonekrakka and Gobbaluk towards their prey. The Bat Squig and Stalagsquig can run interference. Unfortunately, I can't Inspire them as there's no Mollog in my warband, but I can still ensure that they're enough of a nuisance (see There the Whole Time (19)) that my opponent has to do something about them.

With two thirds of the warband unable to use Attack action upgrades or hold objectives, this warband uses tried and tested methods (teeth) to get the job done. Cards like Predatory Growls (20) and Make Some Noise (21) can make it easier for my fighters to get stuck in, but with fighters from three warbands, it makes sense to rely more on universal cards where I can, to ensure I can play the cards whenever I draw them. Cards that increase mobility, accuracy and damage are the order of the day, with upgrades like the already mentioned Savage Speed and Savage Strength being great examples.

END PHASE

I had loads of fun writing this article, and I hope you've enjoyed it. Grand Avatars is a unique way to play Warhammer Underworlds, and I love to see the custom warbands that players come up with. I hope that this article has inspired some more of you to have a go!

As ever, email whunderworlds@gwplc.com if you have any suggestions or something in particular that you'd like to read about. I may not be able to reply directly, but you might see your suggestion or question in a column in a future issue.



15



16



17



18



19



20



21

THE HEROES OF THE CURSED CITY

The Cursed City of Ulfenkarn has been overrun by the undead, its populace cowed by the half-feral Vampire Radukar the Wolf. But fear not, for a band of heroes (some of dubious morals) have entered the city and seek to liberate its people from their undead overlords.



JOHN BRACKEN

John Bracken is one of the games developers for the boxed games team (affectionately known as the flatboarders). As the lead designer for Warhammer Quest: Cursed City, who better to ask for a regular series on how the game runs and what it's all about?

Hello and welcome to the first Tales from the Cursed City, a series of articles focused on Warhammer Quest: Cursed City. In this first article, we will be taking an in-depth look at the eight heroes that come in the set, discussing some of their abilities and the roles they are best equipped for in your games. If you're just beginning your campaigns in Ulfenkarn, this might also help you pick which hero best suits the way you'd like to play.

First, though, we'll briefly talk about the four classes the heroes are grouped into.



CLASSES

Each hero belongs to a certain class. Classes are a new addition to Warhammer Quest. Their class determines what traits a hero gains when their level increases (another new system for the game), so discussing each class gives us a starting point in understanding what each hero is designed to do. This in turn will hopefully give you some ideas about how you can best use them to defeat Radukar the Wolf and save the city of Ulfenkarn from his bloody clutches.

Note that Warhammer Quest: Cursed City is set up so that you can swap what hero you are using at any time between journeys. For the uninitiated, a journey is an expedition into the Cursed City, usually comprising a battle against the minions of Radukar. Two journeys will make up an evening's play. The rules also provide a

'catch-up' mechanic so that if you begin play with a hero that has a lower level than the others in the group, the increased danger will allow your hero to learn – and therefore gain experience – faster. You might need to look after them a little bit more than usual, however.

STALWART

Stopping a Stalwart is like trying to stop rain falling (without using magic, supernatural abilities or godly might). Stalwarts come with reasonable-to-excellent Defence values, so they are more likely to absorb even the most grievous of wounds. Additionally, thanks to their universally excellent Vitality characteristic, they can keep fighting long after other heroes would have lain broken and unmoving on the shattered cobbles of Ulfenkarn. Robust, determined and with enough grit to make your eyes water, Stalwarts are invaluable to any group. As a Stalwart increases their level, their durability and health regeneration increase to the point where they're able to shrug off blows from even mighty hostiles like a Vargskyr.

EXECUTIONER

Need hostiles slain quickly and often? An Executioner has everything you need and more. Typically nimble and armed with a wide array of weapons, Executioners are lethal at any range. Focusing on mobility and accuracy, an Executioner in the right place will harvest a vast tally of hostiles, allowing their group to move quickly through the city and achieve their goals in short order. As Executioners grow in experience, you can expect them to turn into fighters that can strike fear even into blood-drinking undead monsters.

LOREMASTER

Devastating magics and prayers are the hallmark of the Loremaster class. From coruscating amethyst beams of soul-blasting energy to holy comets that descend from a clear sky, Loremasters bring death to their enemies from

afar. In addition, Loremasters know blessings and hexes in equal measure, and they can stupify and confound enemies or bring holy relief to their allies. As a Loremaster gains new levels, they become able to predict future events, manipulate destiny's hand and gain new insight into their own skills, increasing the frequency at which these can be used throughout their journeys in Ulfenkarn.

BLADE

Blades are masters of the battlefield and supreme tacticians. Whether their knowledge was gained on the bloody field of battle or through years of study, Blades bring flexibility and leadership to the streets of Ulfenkarn. These are no armchair generals, however. Each Blade also bears deadly weaponry that they are supremely skilled in the use of. Pity the foe who underestimates a Blade in combat, as they will swiftly find their head sheared off by a brutal sideswing or have a well-placed shot put through one of their eyes. As a Blade's command of the battlefield increases, they become capable of truly unique feats, from displacing comrades out of harm's way to getting the drop on their enemies and slaying them before any can react.

BALANCING YOUR PARTY

To begin with, it is wise to have a mix of classes amongst your group when you venture into the Cursed City, especially if you are brand new to the game and have not played other Warhammer Quest games like Silver Tower, Shadows over Hammerhal or Blackstone Fortress. While Cursed City is perfectly playable with any combination of heroes, we found that for new players, having one of each class made life a little easier and the game more forgiving to begin with. However, do not let these words of warning give you any pause if you have a party of heroes you think looks amazing together or that you just absolutely had to paint and play with first. Just grab the heroes you like the most and get stuck in.



THE HEROES

Now that you have a decent understanding of each of the classes and their broad roles within the game, we will look at each of the heroes and what they bring to the table.



CAPTAIN EMELDA BRASKOV
CLASS: BLADE

When Captain Emelda Braskov speaks, soldiers listen. A natural leader and a former officer in Ulfenkarn's armies, Captain Braskov has returned to her city to find it overrun with undead atrocities. With her blade Dawnlight in hand, she intends to return the city to its former glory.

Emelda Braskov is a soldier first and foremost, and this means she is at her best on the front lines, dealing out the kind of damage a Stormcast Eternal would be envious of. Her Deathblow action (a term that Warhammer Quest players of a certain vintage are sure to recognise) allows her to carve up the ranks of the undead with contemptuous ease. Indeed, her Path to Glory requires it; by slaying three hostiles in a single activation, she gains inspiration points. Keep Captain Braskov on the front lines, and you will be rewarded.



However, this does not mean she is a meathead limited to just swinging her sword – far from it. Indeed she comes with one of the most powerful actions in the game: Battle Instincts. This ability allows Emelda and another hero to swap their initiative cards on the combat track, giving her the chance to spring into action earlier or allow an ally with a vital action to act as soon as possible.

If you can, try to find the Shard of Night treasure card for Emelda. When used in combination with her Deathblow action, it can lead to a turn of outright carnage that few hostiles can hope to stand against.



GLAURIO VEN ALTEN III
CLASS: BLADE

Glaurio ven Alten III is chased by more daemons than Karanak's latest quarry. Having fled in cowardice during Radukar's initial purge of Ulfenkarn (though in truth, who could blame him), he has emerged from hiding armed and armoured with stolen family heirlooms to reclaim the city that he sees as his birthright.

Glaurio is a flexible fighter with a variety of tricks up his well-tailored sleeves. His weapon actions are relatively average, but his unique action, Duellist, allows him to use both his Melee and Ranged attacks in extremely efficient ways. When used, this action enables him to move and attack, in any order. This allows Glaurio to choose when and where he attacks, dodging danger whilst delivering maximum damage output. Where most heroes will need to decide when to deal damage, and risk taking it in return should things go awry, Glaurio can weave in and out of combat with impunity.

The Soulscour treasure card is an excellent choice for Glaurio. With his ability to perfectly position himself in combat, he can make best use of this item without needing to risk his teammates!



DISCOVERY TREASURE

SHARD OF NIGHT

Rumoured to have been plucked from the night sky during the witching hour, this splinter of dark glass gifts great strength when marked with the user's blood.

A hero with this treasure card can use it at any time during their activation.

When this treasure card is used, this hero suffers 1 damage. Increase the Damage values of all Melee type weapon actions made by this hero by +1/+2 until the end of the turn. Then discard this card.



DISCOVERY TREASURE

SOULSCOUR LOCKET

When this trinket is opened, tendrils of darkness lash out around the bearer, before dissipating into nothingness.

A hero with this treasure card can use it at any time during their activation.

When this treasure card is used, each hostile and hero adjacent to this hero suffers 1 damage. Then discard this card.



JELSEN DARROCK
CLASS: EXECUTIONER

Brutal. Ruthless. Feared. Jelsen Darrock defines these terms for those who have met him. He's dripping with weapons of all stripes, and if ever you need to look up what fearless looks like, a human who travels the Realm of Death openly hunting vampires is a good starting point.

Jelsen Darrock has one purpose: to destroy the undead. And he is very good at it! Not only does he wield his zombie-splitting zweihander, the Ardent Blade, he is also equipped with Judgement, a stake-launching rifle loaded with blessed mortsilver bullets that has some serious punch. Then, as if that wasn't quite enough, to top it all off he has more stakes on him than the average farmer's fence. This gives him a fearsome range. He can pick an enemy off or weaken one with Judgement and then rush in to finish them with a vicious blow from the Ardent Blade. Positioning is key to using Darrock effectively. Judgment has the highest Damage characteristic of any Ranged weapon action in the game, but it can't be used if he is swamped in melee, and he can only fire it once per round. This means you need to stay close enough to your foes to be able to engage them after you have fired Judgement but not so close that Darrock is rushed by foes when their activation comes around.



Don't forget that Jelsen Darrock also has a unique weapon: Firewood Stakes. These stakes are fired from Judgement or hammered home by Jelsen himself. When an enemy is injured but not slain, Jelsen can try to finish them off with a stake to the heart (or the head, he isn't fussy).

The Soulshot Reliquary is a perfect treasure card for Darrock. A critical hit from Judgement will see most hostiles sucking dirt, and even if it doesn't, it will do enough damage that they are an easy victim for the follow-up attack.



QULATHIS THE EXILE
CLASS: EXECUTIONER

Qulathis the Exile moves faster than a Gryph-hound that has the scent of its prey. Armed with arrows crafted from a splinter of the Oak of Ages, these shafts explode into great trees once they pierce undead flesh, tearing their victims apart from within. These arrows are both her greatest weapon and the source of her eternal exile.

Qulathis the Exile has no equal in the realm of ranged combat. She is the only hero that can make Ranged weapon actions with every single action dice – regardless of value – using her bow, Winter's Call. This makes her a fearsome foe, able to harvest a multitude of hostiles without risking retaliatory attacks. In addition, she brings a small selection of Oaken Arrows on each journey, which can penetrate the defences of any undead creature she fires them at. No supernatural resilience or fortitude will prevent her from slaying her target with these powerful artefacts in her quiver. In short, she is the perfect assassin, from whom no target is safe. If you can keep your foes at a distance, you'll find Qulathis to be one of the strongest heroes, but if you are forced to mix it up in melee, fear not. Her Aelven Blade has a unique and powerful ability. If it slays an enemy, she gains bonus actions to use in her turn, allowing her to run to safety or even take another shot with her bow.

The Innocenser card is an excellent find for Qulathis. You can either use it to get her into the perfect position, free from retaliation, or unleash a vicious volley and then use this artefact without risking getting attacked back.



DISCOVERY
TREASURE

SOULSHOT RELIQUARY

The blessed round kept within this reliquary has a devastating effect on its target.

A hero with this treasure card can use it at any time during their activation.

When this treasure card is used, if the attack roll for the next Ranged type weapon action that this hero makes is a success, it is instead a critical success. Then discard this card.



DISCOVERY
TREASURE

INNOCENSER

The smouldering ashes of a blood-drained corpse form a cloud of smoke that undead eyes cannot penetrate.

A hero with this treasure card can use it at any time during their activation if they have not made any weapon actions this turn.

When this treasure card is used, this hero cannot make weapon actions and cannot be picked by the leader as the target of a hostile weapon action until the start of their next activation. Then discard this card.



OCTREN GLIMSCREY
CLASS: LOREMASTER

Enigmatic, mysterious and unquestionably blasty, Octren Glimscrey is a magical powerhouse that can suck the soul out of your body with a single glance. Awesome? Absolutely. Terrifying? No doubt, but this scholar of death is a steadfast ally against Radukar and his minions, no matter how creepy he looks...

Octren is primarily a ranged damage-dealer with some support options for heavier targets. The Hollow Stare weapon action is a decent Ranged attack, but the Grave-sand Tincture action is what truly allows Glimscrey to shine. With this action, Octren suffers a point of damage in order to nearly double the Damage value of his Hollow Stare. It can be tempting to use this in every round, and Octren's player must balance how much damage they are willing to take before they start to become a liability to their party. Thankfully Octren, being a scholar of Death magic in Shyish, is very capable of regenerating damage he suffers. He's supernaturally resilient and generally suffused with deathly-energies, making him far tougher than he might otherwise appear. However, his player should try to get him inspired before they go all-in on his Grave-sand Tincture; his Vitality becomes greatly enhanced when inspired, and the accuracy of his Hollow Stare increases immensely. And it's always a shame when Octren suffers harm in return for greater damage, only to then whiff the attack completely ...

Finally, special mention must go to Hexbrand, Octren's oft-overlooked staff. While this weapon action is hardly the most impressive, it has with the Suffused with Death rule, which curses whatever target is hit. A hostile that is cursed suffers much more damage than usual, and you can imagine the results if Octren starts out by cursing his intended victim and then blasts them to dust with his powered-up Hollow Stare ...

The Potion of Coagulated Vitality is quite simply the best treasure Octren can hope to find, as it allows him to imbibe his Gravesand Tinctures with little fear that the damage he suffers will hold him back for long.



CLEONA ZEITENGAL
CLASS: LOREMASTER

Cleona Zeitengale represents oracular might and the power of faith in the Mortal Realms. Few insights escape her visions of the future, and if only the fools of Mournhold had listened to her in the first place, all of this misery could have been avoided. At least that's what she says.

Cleona Zeitengale's role on the battlefield is the outright destruction of packs of grouped-up enemies. By calling on her Staff of Celestial Devastation, she can summon comets of burning Azyrite energy and bring them crashing down on those nearby. This damage, while egregious, is indiscriminate, and you will need to be very careful where you aim it lest you hit a fellow hero. In addition, should a hero be brought low by deadly traps or enemy magics, Cleona's action, Invigorating Touch, can remove the worst effects with but a simple gesture, making her extremely useful in any group. Don't be fooled into thinking that this is the limit of her skills, however. Armed with her Heavensbolt Stiletto, she can stun hostiles from range – a valuable weapon action in nearly any situation.

My favourite treasure card to use in combination with Cleona is Liquid Courage, as her Invigorating Touch ability can remove the Stunned ailment from the card's recipient, effectively making the inspiration point gained 'free'.



DISCOVERY
TREASURE

POTION OF COAGULATED VITALITY

The revitalising efficacy of this draught is matched only by its appalling flavour and consistency.

A hero with this treasure card can use it at any time during their activation.

When this treasure card is used, roll ● for each wound or grievous wound counter on this hero's character card. On a successful roll, remove that wound or grievous wound counter from this hero's character card. Then discard this card.



DISCOVERY
TREASURE

LIQUID COURAGE

The effects of this renowned liquor are temporary but potent, leaving the user with a terrible headache and temporary memory loss.

A hero with this treasure card can use it at any time during their activation.

When this treasure card is used, pick this hero or one hero adjacent to this hero. That hero gains 1 inspiration point and becomes stunned. Then discard this card.



BRUTOGG CORPSE-EATER CLASS: STALWART

Brutogg is the biggest hero of all. To some, that would make him the best. While that wisdom and logic are certainly debatable, what cannot be denied is that Brutogg is a juggernaut of violence, and once he gets going, he doesn't stop for anything ... except for perhaps a nice, tasty snack.

On the surface, Brutogg is a straightforward hero to play – charge in and get swinging. However, at the start of the campaign, you may find that with some ill luck, this approach ends the same way every time – with Brutogg face down in an ever-expanding pool of his own blood. He's tough – insanely so – but he is not invincible, and so a modicum of care is needed before you commit him to a hard fight. His Shoulder Barge action gives you options here. He can use it to stun a nasty hostile before laying into its lesser comrades, thereby preventing any retaliatory strikes. Alternatively, Brutogg can use Shoulder Barge to escape combat instead, making the ability uniquely powerful in that regard. However, if you 'can't be bovvered' with all that tactical gibberish, you can just save your dice for the Tenderiser, one of the greatest damage-dealing weapon actions available to the heroes. After taking 5 damage to the face, most hostiles won't be in any state to fight back.

While the Potion of Coagulated Vitality is a no-brainer for Brutogg (no pun intended), allowing him to absorb more damage for his teammates, I prefer the Vial of Concentrated Potency, in combination with the Tenderiser, to deal 7 damage in one almighty blow. Not even Radukar can walk away from that kind of strike unharmed.



DAGNAI HOLDENSTOCK CLASS: STALWART

You'd think a duardin knee-deep in gambling debt wouldn't be very reliable, but you'd be wrong. Boasting the strong defensive qualities you'd expect from a Stalwart, and bearing the formidable weaponry that typifies the Kharadron Overlords, Dagnai Holdenstock is a hero any party will benefit from including.

Being a duardin, Dagnai isn't exactly fast on his feet, but you'll quickly find that what he lacks in speed he makes up for in hitting power and range. His Belaying Axe, usually used to repel boarders from his ship, the *Adamant*, is a nasty weapon and can do serious damage even if the hit isn't critical. His Harpoon Gun is equally deadly, dealing decent damage in and of itself and has the Reel 'em In ability. This allows Dagnai to haul enemies closer so he can finish them off, or drag hostiles away from more vulnerable members of the party. Dagnai can also use this handy tool to loot mysterious objects from range. This is vital for Dagnai, as gaining treasure cards is how he inspires over the course of a journey. In addition, thanks to his Vault of Mercantile Endeavours, he can carry not one but two treasure cards at the same time, thereby maximising his efficiency – and his profit! – while preventing valuable loot going to waste.

The best part about playing Dagnai is building up a powerhouse combination of treasure cards to drop on an unsuspecting enemy at the right time. Try wading into a fight with two Potions of Coagulated Vitality or a Scoulscour Locket (see earlier) and a Screaming Balefire Cask to drop huge damage on a range of targets in a single go.

So that's it for our hero focus. This is merely skimming the surface, of course. There is a great deal of extra subtlety and nuance to be found in each of these characters during play, even more so when they increase in level and gain new traits. All that remains is to pick your favourite and get stuck into some games to free the city from Radukar's evil grasp.



DISCOVERY TREASURE

VIAL OF CONCENTRATED POTENCY

This thick red liquid may be of suspicious provenance, but its effects are unquestionable.

A hero with this treasure card can use it at any time during their activation.

When this treasure card is used, increase the Damage values of the next Melee type weapon action made by this hero this turn by +1/+2. Then discard this card.



DISCOVERY TREASURE

SCREAMING BALEFIRE CASK

Captured spirits are put to many uses in the Realm of Death, though few appreciate their confinement.

A hero with this treasure card can use it at any time during their activation.

When this treasure card is used, pick one hostile that is adjacent to and visible to this hero. That hostile suffers 2 damage. Then discard this card.

WAR ON ALL SIDES

In this issue, friend of the Middle-earth team and all-round Hobbit fan Sam Jeffery presents a way to play the Middle-earth Strategy Battle Game with three players, including a new three-player scenario! It's Good versus Evil versus Good and/or Evil!



SAM JEFFERY

Sam has collected many forces for the Strategy Battle Game, from the noble and stoic Arnor to the vicious Orcs of Mordor, and even a small collection of Hobbits. Sam is also a worthy opponent on the battlefield – a fact proven by his many fourth-place awards!

The tales of Middle-earth are largely between two opposing forces – Good versus Evil, Light versus Darkness, the Free Peoples versus those who serve the Dark Lord. Naturally, the Strategy Battle Game represents this, and therefore the game is designed to be played between two forces. Whether this is between two players or teams doesn't really matter, the result is still the same: two opposing armies fighting for the fate of Middle-earth.

However, there have been instances in these epic tales where there have been more than two sides during a particular fight; Thorin's Company is pursued by both the Elves of Mirkwood and Azog's Hunters in the Barrels out of Bond scene, for example. This got me thinking about ways in which we could represent a three-player game within the current rules. After all, more people playing the game often means more fun for everybody!

Growing up, my gaming group had an odd number of people who all played the Middle-earth Strategy Battle Game, a common problem in gaming clubs across the globe. This often meant that one of us had to sit out or act as referee for any rules disputes – which there always are when you are growing up!

Having a three-player version of the game would allow for a greater level of inclusivity, getting more people involved in the game. So I got to thinking about a proper way to have a three-player version of the Strategy Battle Game. How would a three-player version of the game work? What would it look like? And what exciting new mechanics could be used to make a different and inclusive experience?

As the Strategy Battle Game is designed to be played between two opposing forces, some of the mechanics don't quite work if you simply throw

three armies onto the battlefield. So, over the next few pages I am going to present some small adjustments to the core rules to make them work properly for three players, as well as a brand new scenario specifically designed for these multiplayer games. Enjoy!

PRIORITY

The first change that is needed has to do with rolling for Priority. All three players should roll for Priority as normal. However, the player who scores the highest will have First Priority, the player who scores the next highest will have Second Priority, and the player who scores lowest will have Final Priority. If there is a tie between two or more players on the first turn, then all players should re-roll. If there is a tie in subsequent turns, then whoever went later in the previous turn will go first on this turn. For example, Rob has rolled a 6, whilst Jay and Adam rolled a 3. Rob will have First Priority, Adam will have Second Priority as he went after Jay in the previous turn, and Jay will have Final Priority. If all three players tie the Priority roll, then the order will simply reverse.

HEROIC ROLL-OFFS

Normally, if both players declare the same Heroic Action in a phase, they will roll off to see whose goes first; on a 1-3 the Evil player goes first, and on a 4+ the Good player goes first. Obviously, this doesn't quite work for three players and needs a slight tweak.

The first thing that needs to happen is to decide whose army is the 'Most Good', whose is the 'Most Evil', and whose is 'Neutral'. The best way (and easily the most fun way) to decide this is to have a quick discussion about everyone's army and how Good/Evil they are. Some Heroes are clearly more Good or Evil than others, and some could be described as ambiguous at best!

For example, Rob has a Mordor army led by the Witch-king of Angmar, Adam has a Minas Tirith army led by Gandalf the White, and Jay has an Isengard army led by Lurtz. As Adam is the only player with a Good force, he

becomes Most Good. As Rob and Jay both have Evil forces, they need to decide which of them is Most Evil. They decide that as the Witch-king is one of Sauron's deadliest servants, Rob's Mordor force has the best claim of being Most Evil, leaving Jay's army as Neutral.

In roll-offs between two players, follow the standard rules, with the Neutral player winning on a 4+ against the Most Evil player, and on a 1-3 against the Most Good player. If a roll-off is required between all three players, then the Most Evil player will win on a 1-2, the Neutral player will win on a 3-4, and the Most Good player will win on a 5+. If after the first Heroic Action is resolved, the two remaining players are both still able to perform their Heroic Action, simply perform a two-player roll-off as normal.

Continuing from our example, Rob, Jay and Adam have all declared a Heroic Move in the same turn with their leaders. A 2 is rolled for the roll-off, allowing Rob's Witch-king to use his Heroic Move first. After Rob has moved, both Jay's and Adam's leaders are not in combat, and both can still use their Heroic Move. They will have to roll-off themselves. This time a 3 is rolled, allowing Jay to use his Heroic Move before Adam.

SHOOTING INTO COMBAT

In a standard two-player game, Good models cannot shoot into combat at all as they would risk hurting their allies, which is not something they are prepared to do (Evil models have no such qualms). However, in a three-player game, there will be combats that will feature models from the other two forces, and so it seems a bit odd that a Good model couldn't shoot into a combat that only contained enemies.

With that in mind, there is a small change to shooting into combat in a three-player game. Good forces may shoot into combat as detailed in the main rules manual, provided that the target combat contains no friendly models and that there are no friendly models, or combats containing friendly models, that would be In The Way of



In the pictured example, Adam's Warrior of Minas Tirith is shooting into combat. Rob and Jay have an Orc Warrior and a Warrior of Rohan in the targeted combat, respectively. Usually, the Warrior of Minas Tirith would not be able to target this combat as it has other Good models in the combat – the Warrior of Rohan in this case. However, as neither of the models are a part of Adam's army, they both count as enemy models. This allows Adam to shoot into the combat with no risk of hurting any friendly models.

the shot. As you may have guessed, there is no change to Evil models when shooting – they are still free to shoot into combat with the same levels of disregard for their allies as they always have!

SPLITTING COMBAT

When it comes to deciding the order in which combats take place, this works in the same way as a standard game in that the player with Priority will decide how combats are split and the order in which they take place. However, there is an important clarification to make for when this occurs in a three-player game. During the Fight phase, the player with First Priority will split the combats and choose the order in which they happen, even if the combat does not involve any of that player's models.

COMBAT

Perhaps the most important thing to explain is how exactly three-way combats work. After all, combat is an essential part of any game, and there will inevitably be fights that involve models from all three sides. When this occurs, there are a few rules that are different from the standard game.

When a combat features models from all three forces, all three players will make a Duel roll in the usual way. The player that wins the Duel roll will win the combat as usual, with both the other two players having to Back Away for losing the fight. However, models from the winning force may only make Strikes against models they were in base contact with during the fight (or models in base contact with a friendly model they were supporting). To make this clearer, below are two examples to show how it works.

Three-player games are a very different way of playing the Strategy Battle Game that adds an extra level of unpredictability and tactics, as well as being a lot of fun. The rules and clarifications you have read here will allow for your own three-player battles to run smoothly without having to debate the finer points of the game that are designed specifically for two forces. But that's not all! Provided here is a specially designed three-way scenario for you to try in your own games. This scenario is designed around the idea of three forces coming across a vast treasure hoard, with each trying to claim as much of it for themselves as they can. Of course, this can be adapted to fit any theme you like. Enjoy!

Example 1: Here Rob, Jay and Adam are all engaged in a combat with each other, with each of their models in base contact with each other. For the Duel roll, Rob's Orc Warrior rolls a 4, Jay's Uruk-hai Scout rolls a 1, and Adam's Warrior of Minas Tirith rolls a 2, meaning that Rob's Orc Warrior wins the fight. As Rob's Orc Warrior is in base contact with both of his enemies, it may choose to make its Strikes against either of them.



Example 2: In this example, Rob's Orc Warrior is in base contact with both Jay's Uruk-hai Scout and Adam's Warrior of Minas Tirith, though they are not in base contact with each other. For the Duel roll, Rob rolls a 2, and Jay and Adam both roll a 5. This means that Jay wins the Fight as his Uruk-hai Scout has the higher Fight value. Although Jay wants to make his Strike against Adam's Warrior of Minas Tirith, his Uruk-hai Scout is only in base contact with the Orc Warrior and so must make its Strike against the Orc – a lucky escape for Adam!



SCENARIO – THE TREASURE HOARD

Three armies have stumbled across a vast hoard of gold, jewels and all manner of treasure, and now they must fight to claim as much of it for themselves as they can.

SCENARIO OUTLINE

Secure as much treasure from the centre as possible, whilst fighting off others that have come to claim it.

THE ARMIES

Players choose their forces, as described on page 130 of the Middle-earth Strategy Battle Game rule manual, to an equal points value before the game.

LAYOUT

Set up terrain as described on page 136 of the Middle-earth Strategy Battle Game rules manual. Place a 60mm base in the centre of the board; this is the Gold Pile and is impassable terrain. Each player then places a 40mm Stash Marker at the edge of their deployment zone as shown on the map.

STARTING POSITIONS

All players roll a D6 – the player with the highest result chooses one of the deployment zones. The player who rolled next highest chooses one of the remaining deployment zones.

Then, starting with the player who chose the first deployment zone and finishing with the player who did not choose a deployment zone, each player selects a warband in their force to deploy within their deployment zone. Models may not be deployed further than 6" from the captain of their warband.

When this has been done, players continue to deploy warbands in this manner in the same order as described above, until all of their warbands have been placed.

INITIAL PRIORITY

All players roll a D6. The player who scores the highest has First Priority in the first turn.

OBJECTIVES

Once two forces have been broken, the game might suddenly end. At the end of each turn, after this condition has been met, roll a D6. On the roll of a 1-2, the game ends. Otherwise, the battle continues for another turn. At the end of the game, the force that has scored the most Victory Points wins the game. If all players have the same number of Victory Points, or two players have tied for the highest number of Victory Points, the game is a draw.

SCORING VICTORY POINTS

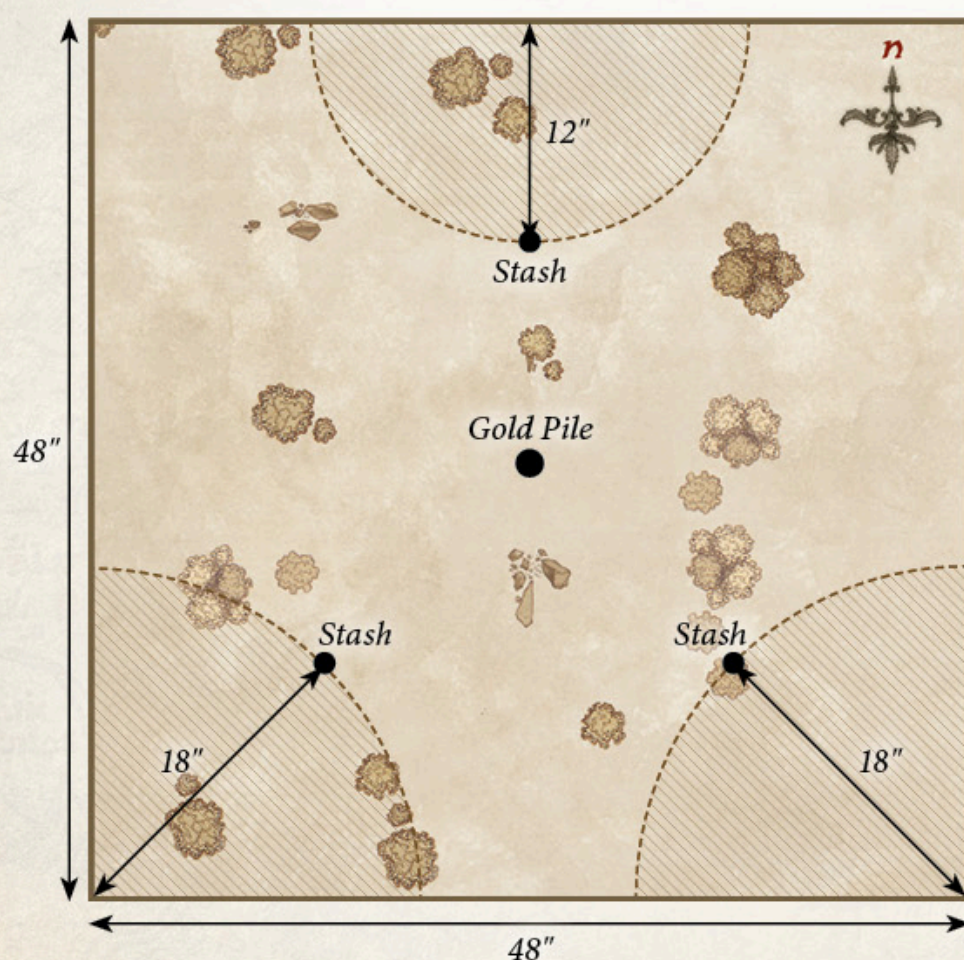
- You score **1 Victory Point** for securing the least number of Gold Tokens but securing at least one. If you have secured the second most Gold Tokens, you instead score **3 Victory Points**. If you have secured the most Gold Tokens, you instead score **5 Victory Points**.
- You score **1 Victory Point** for killing one of the enemy leaders. If you have killed both enemy leaders, you instead score **3 Victory Points**.
- You score **1 Victory Point** if one of the enemy forces is Broken at the end of the game. If both enemy forces are Broken, you instead score **2 Victory Points**.
- You score **2 Victory Points** if you have at least one banner remaining at the end of the game.

SPECIAL RULES

The Gold Pile – If an **Infantry** model moves into base contact with the Gold Pile, and is not engaged in combat, they may collect one Gold Token. A Gold Token counts as a Light Object. Models may only carry one Gold Token at a time, though collecting one from the Gold Pile does not end their movement; they may continue to move after collecting a Gold Token.

Stash Markers – If an **Infantry** model carrying a Gold Token finishes their movement in base contact with their force's Stash Marker, they may secure the Gold Token. The Gold Token is removed from the model; make a note of how many Gold Tokens your force secures throughout the game.

Collapsing Gold – As more treasure is removed from the Gold Pile, it will become unstable and may collapse. If the Priority roll is ever drawn between two or more players, some of the Gold Pile will fall on those nearby. When this happens, models within 1" of the Gold Pile are immediately knocked Prone.



GRAVEYARD OF LEGENDS

By David Guymer

Ahramentia is a land of fire, heat and endless deserts. It is also plagued by unquiet spirits, and the Death Mage Dethyn Marwdwyd is determined to find out why. Accompanied by two unlikely comrades, he soon finds his expedition joined by a third mysterious adventurer.

Amongst the many sagas and tales of the duardin there have been legends beyond number. Many of them walk amongst their descendants still. And some are more legendary than others...

After six weeks in the desert with a Khainite aelf and a Fyreslayer, Dethyn Marwdwyd was ready to concede that he had made some bad choices. He scrunched his eyes tight and backed away from the bladegheist drifting slowly towards him, trying to shut out the clamour of the battle and think. *Think*. He was not accustomed to working under this kind of pressure. It was really not a fair test of his abilities at all.

'Etcannan a Morr...' he tried, eyes still closed, hand weaving semi-consciously across his breast.

Nothing happened.

Think, Dethyn!

It was absurd. He had spent so many hours in the libraries of the Whitefire Court studying the pages of the *Liber Spuria* that he could practically read the words off the inside of his eyelids.

He took another quick step back and repeated the gesture, and with the confidence of a magus of the illustrious Hallowheart Colleges, declared, 'Etcannan a Morr.'

Still nothing.

'Damn it.'

He opened his eyes and cried out. The revenant had drawn much closer than he had been expecting. Yards away. The gleam in its hollow eyes chilled his heart and froze his limbs fast. Its slack features leered, a straggly beard misting out into the amethyst corposant upon which the spirit seemed to fly.

'Etcannan a Morr. Etcannan a Morr. Etcannan a Morr.'

He felt something. A tug on his fingers. Yes. *That was it.*

Retreating until his back was up against the Ahramentian waystone, he cleared his throat, flexed his fingers and went again. His young voice boomed.

'Etcannan a Morr. Tashtara enethral!'

The chill of the endless beyond swept through him. His

outstretched arm became transparent, and infused with the same purplish light as the spirit that stalked him. The pull of the Nadir tugged on it, so strong even from across the aetheric void and the barriers of the realms that he almost fell forward onto his face. He clapped his other hand to the shoulder to keep himself from pitching forward onto the wraith's axe.

'Enethral elestrae!'

The amethyst bolt leapt from his hand and ripped through the advancing spectre. The nighthaunt dispersed like pipe smoke through an open window. Only the very real, rusted metal axe it had been carrying remained behind, clattering to the ground at Dethyn's feet. He stared at it. He couldn't believe it. What started as a relieved gasp became a giddy laugh.

I did it – I used real magic to banish an actual nighthaunt.

His colleagues at the Whitefire Court would be so jealous.

'Very good,' Maleneth shouted, the aelf shadowblade drawing her leg out from under a spirit's axe-stroke, twisting her slender body and then back-flipping over the thrust shield of another. 'If you could just do the same thing about, oh, forty times more, that would be wonderful.'

Dethyn lowered his still-numb hand and gawped at his bought companion. The aelf jinked, darted and rolled through the arid sands like something between a street contortionist and an acrobat. She wore very little: a number of leather straps that appeared to function more as sleeves for blades and poisons than as actual clothing, and a few carefully positioned armour panels that did nothing to hinder her dexterity. While he watched, the aelf reversed the knife in her right hand to block an axe-blow to her neck. She allowed the impact to freely spin her, the eerie blood gem she wore at her collar flying wide on its chain, and delivered a scissor kick to the side of the wraith's helm, which passed right through its bearded face.

'Necromancer!' she screamed, as the weight of insubstantial foes pushed her further towards the crest of the dune and the long drop to the desert floor below.

Dethyn shook his head. His mouth felt very dry all of a sudden, and he did not think it had anything to do with the heat of Aqshy.

'Etcannan a Morr!' he yelled. His hand, already semi-aethereal from his last casting, drew even more easily on the winds from

Shyish this time around. 'Enethral elestrae!' He vaporised a second spectre. 'Elestrae!'

Purple flames wreathed his arm up to the elbow and leapt to engulf a third foe, rendering it down to glowing, ectoplasmic gloop. The dry voice of Shyish whispered in his ear, as though the spell took on a life of its own even as it emerged from his lips and fingers. Unthinking, he repeated its words aloud.

'Tavishan eska ga!' Spectral flames ribboned from his hand in a torrent, frigid to the touch, and turned a dozen nighthaunts instantly to purple smoke. With a pained grunt, he gripped the arm by the bicep and pulled it forcibly from the Realm of Death.

'Better!' Maleneth yelled. 'Definitely better!'

Dethyn felt a prickling warmth of pride, everywhere except for his ghostly hand.

Turning his back on the fighting, he crouched down to check on the arcanoscope, kronuscounter, brightfield and the rest of the arcane apparatus he had set up at the foot of the waystones before the nighthaunts' attack.

He breathed out a sigh of relief. The instruments were undamaged. He brushed the frost of death from the crystal dial covers with his robed sleeve.

'What in the bloody hells of Khaine are you doing now?'

'I...' His voice hitched. The aelf, frankly, terrified him. 'I still need to take a reading of the levels of death magic in this location.'

'I am guessing it will be *high*.'

'The Whitefire Court want to map the aftershocks of the death quake in Ahramentia. I can't just make numbers up – the high magister would kill me.'

'Would he really?'

'He really would.'

'What a charming coincidence. So will I if you don't keep fighting!'

Fiddling with the widgets and sliders on the side of the kronuscounter, Dethyn watched the dials wobble, waiting for the needles to settle. They stilled. He held his breath lest the tiny amount of extant magic in a wizard's mouth upset the reading and counted silently to five.

They held steady. *There it is.* He quickly carried out the mental arithmetic involved in cross-referencing the various aetheric indicators into a single figure and absently drew a monogrammed pocket book from its carry case. Opening it to the proper page, he went to the bottom, drew a pencil from the ring-slot along the ledger's spine, and neatly filled in the latest reading.

'Is my fighting for my life distracting you?'

'No. It's quite all right.'

'I am so glad.'

Dethyn closed the pocket book. 'We may now leave. Just give me half an hour to pack everything away.'

The aelf screamed a word that Dethyn was very glad he did not understand.

He reached out to close the outer doors over the kronuscounter when the needles started to beat like glitterfin tails and then, all of a sudden, each one dropped hard to the left. *Zero.* The air grew hot and still. The taste in his mouth became sulphurous and his eyes stung. He began to sweat.

He had travelled to mystic sites all over Ahramentia and never seen a zero reading. It was theoretically impossible. It was philosophically unthinkable. It was as though, in that one place, the primacy of death had just been violently usurped.

'Die like a real dwarf, you wretched spectre!' Gotrek Gurnisson bellowed at the particularly stubborn wraith that swirled around him.

The gheist glittered like a candle flame with the weakening of the Shyish wind, but some stubborn will of its own kept it from fading completely. Gotrek snorted like a bad-tempered bull being unwisely goaded, and flailed about him with his axe, dousing himself in flame with each swing. He was thigh-deep in the dune but did not seem to mind, so long as the dead continued to oblige his axe by meeting its edge. The weapon's boiling fury lit a haggard scowl. Sweat poured down Gotrek's craggy features, pooling between gargantuan muscles and steaming off as the golden rune of power embedded in his chest throbbed. Faster. Brighter. Its brilliance fractured through the wraith's sullen armour like firelight glimpsed through thick ice.

'Join your ancestors at peace, spirit, and tell them that Gotrek son of Gurni sent you there.'

The strobing of the rune grew in power, the blinks coming so shortly apart that Dethyn could no longer discern the dips in brightness except on an intuitive gut level.

'Rest! Or I will hold you face down until whatever dark force animates your dead limbs stops them from twitching!'

Dethyn raised a hand to shield his eyes from the golden glare. 'Remarkable,' he muttered, just as the Fyreslayer exploded.

Maleneth flew at Dethyn, tackling him at chest height and knocking him to the ground before the first wave of bright magic hit. The aelf's jewellery sizzled against her bare skin. She gritted her teeth and cried out but did not thrash or flinch, and so did not return to the aether in puffs of purple smoke like the gheists who hovered over them both. Even Dethyn's apprentice robes, tailored for him from aqshram wool and designed for the Realm of Fire's worst extremes, smouldered in the outpouring of the Fyreslayer's heat. Around them, stricken nighthaunts shrieked and burned like flies caught in a bright mage's fireball.

The aelf cautiously straightened, glass crunching as the

vitrified sand she had been lying over snapped in the absence of her weight.

‘That duardin will be the death of me, long before the knife of any hag finds my back.’

Dethyn silently worked his mouth. He could not tell if the sudden event of being pinned under the aelf assassin was a pleasurable one or not.

‘What... what just happened?’

‘*Gotrek* just happened. I would like to say that you get used to it.’

‘Gotrek...’ Dethyn sat up and turned to where the Fyreslayer had last been.

Impossible, he thought. *Impossible*.

Gotrek’s broad shoulders were slumped as if the burden of the greataxe in his hands had suddenly become too great. His tattooed chest heaved, the rune that had been beaten into the muscle there dull and flat as regular gold. Even his great crest of hair looked somehow diminished, the golden streaks assuming a more silvery hue.

The wraith lord before him remained defiantly upright. Its spectral outline flickered as though somehow, in some long ago place, its body burned in fire. It raised a shield embossed with the runes of ancient royalty. Strands of hair and beard glimmered in winds unfelt, splitting and fraying into smoke and aether. Gotrek bared his teeth and spat.

‘You think me impressed?’ he growled, tottering forward a step before collapsing to one knee.

The wraith lord brought the butt of his axe to his brow in salute.

Dethyn quickly stood and rolled up his sleeves, wracking his brain for the most powerful spell of banishment or unbinding he could think of. Though what he could accomplish that the Fyreslayer himself could not, he did not know.

Maleneth lowered his hand with hers. ‘Do you not have some equipment to pack?’

‘The wraith will kill him!’

It seemed to Dethyn that the aelf was smiling, but that was surely his misreading of her inhuman nature. ‘How very sad that would be.’

The wraith lord swept up his axe. Gotrek struggled to lift his own, and with his one good eye watched the other weapon rise. He almost seemed to be smiling too.

What is wrong with these two?

Before the blow could land there was a terrific *crack*, as of a rock being cleft in twain, and the wraith lord fumbled his blow and shrieked. Gotrek snarled, as though seeing the would-be deathblow slip wide of his forehead was a source of outrageous

consternation, and brought his own axe sweeping up and through the spirit’s chest. With a last fractured wail, the revenant boiled off and came apart, leaving Gotrek, kneeling and reduced, in the burnt sand of the dune. He huffed and sputtered, plastered in sand and steaming aether, nostrils flaring as he sought his abruptly vanished foe.

‘What did you do?’ he grumbled, addressing someone or something behind Dethyn’s back.

The battlemage turned. His mouth dropped open as the Ahramention waystone listed like a hewn tree and slowly, slowly, with a wearied *creak* crashed in a thud of sand. The duardin who stood over it brushed dust off his hands as though impressed by some particularly fine axe-work. A heavy cloak ruffled about him. He had a pipe in his mouth, a broad grin surrounding it.

‘Saved your life again, by the looks of things,’ he said.

‘Are you expecting a thank you?’ Gotrek carped back.

Dethyn looked up from the shattered column, to the stranger. ‘What *did* you do?’

The duardin shifted his pipe in his mouth and frowned down at him from the lip of the dune. ‘There an echo out here?’

‘This stone has stood here for thousands of years. Six months of my work. Ruined!’

Gotrek glared at him. ‘Is it pity you’re after, manling?’

‘But...’ Dethyn began, remonstrating towards the newcomer, but some evil look in the Fyreslayer’s solitary eye told him to stop talking if he valued his skin.

‘Witromm,’ said Maleneth, clapping her hands silently to the amulet she wore at her throat. ‘I thought we had lost you in the Silver Tower.’

‘Funny,’ said Witromm. ‘I thought I’d lost you.’

Dethyn turned to Maleneth, who smiled daggers.

‘Better to wonder and not ask,’ she said.

‘The Mortal Realms are vast,’ said Gotrek. ‘Or so I’m forever being told. What bad luck brings you to the Parch to darken my beard again?’

‘Ahh,’ said Witromm, his good mood souring. ‘That.’



Dethyn plucked a bent coil from the ground. The kronuscounter was quite ruined. Panelling was strewn all over the dune, alongside blackened ivory and smoked glass. The burnt, acrid smell of copper elements and solder hung in the hot air like a taunt. He stared miserably at the charred wire. *Well*, he thought, *that is that*. There was no way he was going to complete his mission now. Even if he could retrace his steps without his apparatus, and somehow repeat the last half year’s work to account for the destruction of the

waystone on the regional flows of magic. It would be less arduous by far if he were to just resign from the College now. He was probably far enough away to make a go of it, and the mad idea of taking up permanently with Gotrek and Maleneth and slipping off to Anvalor or Edassa carried a certain rugged glamour.

'You want me to take a look at it, manling?'

The muscular Fyreslayer glowered at him. Dethyn did not think he had done anything in particular to offend him. The realms, it seemed, offended him enough. What a berserker like him thought to achieve with a complicated piece of Collegiate arcana in his hands, however, was beyond Dethyn's imagination.

'I'm afraid it is quite broken,' he said, endeavouring to sound polite.

Gotrek shrugged and continued to sharpen his axe, muscles rhythmically bulging and sinking to the movement of stone over blade. He seemed unperturbed by the flames tickling at the ends of his beard.

'It's some strange luck that brings you this far from anywhere,' said Dethyn to Witromm, 'given how and... and where you and my companions were last parted.'

'It is,' Witromm nodded. 'It is at that. But the spheres turn in strange ways, as they say, or once did somewhere, and mayhap it was meant to be.'

Dethyn cast away the useless bit of metal. 'You couldn't have come a little earlier? Before Gotrek destroyed my work.'

'You think you are the only one who now regrets this excursion?' asked Gotrek. 'It is too hot. The sun is too bright. It hurts my eye and gives me a headache. And where are the ruins of civilisation you swore I would see if I followed you into this gods-cursed desert, wizard? A great deal you promised to me, and I've seen naught of the Agloraxi but the odd lump of stone.'

'I am ruined!' countered Dethyn. 'Destitute! Can you get that into your head?'

The Fyreslayer thought a while, regarding him levelly the entire time. The whetstone slowed. 'I have a dire thirst.'

Dethyn threw his hands up in despair.

'I hope you were not looking for sympathy,' said Maleneth. 'Gotrek Gurnisson has none to spare for others.'

'I'll have you know, aelfling, that I've a caring disposition and a soft heart.' He sniffed, tinkling his nose chain. 'Except for when I'm thirsty. And hot.'

'I apologise for the inconvenience on your studies, young wizard,' said Witromm. 'But the only way to send yon wraith king back to his barrow was to break the spells that kept him from being banished.' He gestured to the sundered pillar.

Gotrek grunted something pointed, but was otherwise content to work at his already hellishly sharp blade.

'The waystones have stood over this part of Ahramentia for millennia,' said Dethyn. 'They helped to control the magic and channel it through the lands of the old magocracy. They have nothing to do with binding the dead.'

Witromm drew on his pipe, smoke puffing from the corners of his mouth. 'Well, I never did go to any school or suchlike. You're the expert in it, I'm sure.' He turned to Maleneth. 'The tomb of my ancestors lies in the desert hereabouts. Or is it my descendants?' His brow furrowed in thought. 'The years have come and gone and come again and I fear I've lost track. Whoever they were, it's been too many long years since a duardin passed to pay his proper respects. I might have left it longer yet, rather than sooner, young wizard, but the death quake had me anxious. Rightly so, as it seems to me now.'

'Then the shades that attacked us...' said Dethyn. 'They were... what? Honoured slaves? Artisans of the Agloraxi?'

'Is that all my kin are to you, manling?' said Gotrek, his voice low and rumbling and suddenly more dangerous by far than any of Maleneth's pointed threats. 'Smiths and builders and makers of pretty baubles for human kings? We who built empires before the ancestors of your Sigmar first picked up a sharpened flint? Is this what your man-god would have us be? Is this what he has made of Grungni and his apprentices, having already seen off the liar Grimnir in another age?'

Dethyn wilted before the fury of the Fyreslayer's one-eyed gaze.

'As it happens, the duardin entombed here *was* a builder,' said Witromm softly, with an eye on Gotrek, who grumbled but said nothing more. 'Many fine things he made for the Agloraxi mage lords before succumbing to old age. But a king he was too, and interred with great honour by the magocracy in the tomb he himself had built. Ringol Magemaker was his name, and he was a legend in his own time. That time, sadly, is long past now, and eternal rest was his life's reward.'

'The word of men and wizards is worth as much as it ever was, I see,' commented Gotrek.

'Don't be too harsh on the Agloraxi. Few even are the duardin who can see all futures.'

'The greater revelation to me is that duardin have souls,' said Maleneth.

To Dethyn's surprise, the Fyreslayer merely glared at her. 'You tease, aelfling, and unwisely, but this one time only will I let it pass unanswered. Many times before now have I confronted the shades of my own folk, and every time has it been a source of grief to me. There was the time I followed my father's footsteps to stand upon the cursed moors of Hel Fenn, and again as I ventured with my human companion into the lowest Deepings of the Karak Eight-Peaks, once the great jewel of the lost kingdom of the dwarfs, and not least in your own Realm of Death. There was a kinship there that yet bound them to me in friendship even from beyond the grave, and they yearned for the peace that I could grant them. Not at all like these *things* we just fought.'

‘The Nadir pulls and distorts,’ said Witromm. ‘Even...’ And here he gave a tired smile, ‘Even those of us not yet in our grave who have lived too long past our time.’

The Fyreslayer scowled. ‘My time has been duly past well before the Great Necromancer decided to turn his realm inside out.’ He turned to Maleneth and bared a broken row of browned teeth in what, on a face less horrifyingly savage, might have been a grin. ‘See, aelfling? I know what the death quake is.’

‘Lunatics,’ Dethyn muttered. ‘I’ve surrounded myself with lunatics.’

‘What was that, wizard?’ said Gotrek.

‘Err... nothing.’

‘There’s an evil here that needs putting properly back in its box,’ said Witromm. ‘An affront to the spirit of our children and fathers that needs answering. Since I’ve cost you a doom today I’ll let you come along if you wish to.’

Gotrek frowned long in thought. Maleneth looked away so he would not see her thin smile.

‘No,’ said Dethyn.

‘Who asked you?’ Gotrek snapped.

‘As your employer, I forbid it.’

‘Didn’t you just say you were destitute?’

‘What about your advance?’

‘What advance is this?’ The Fyreslayer turned to Maleneth who was making no further effort to conceal her mirth.

‘I believe that Gotrek is unfamiliar with the concept of Aqua Ghyranis as a universal currency.’

The Fyreslayer looked appalled. ‘You mean to tell me that *that* was my fee? *That* is what I slogged all the way into this blasted sandpit for?’ Grumbling under his breath, he went roughly back to work on his axe. ‘I already drank it.’



Ahramentia was all desert, bounded by the Flamescar Plateau and its great cities to the south-west, Anvilgard and the nation of Golvaria to the north, and the green lands of Hollowheart to the west. It was where hermits went to escape from civilisation and where antiquarians went to seek it. It was where rogue spells and lost armies alike could vanish without trace. It was a graveyard of legends.

It had not always been so.

In the Age of Myth it had been one of the wonders of Aqshy, the winged capital of the Agloraxi Empire casting its benevolent shadow over a verdant domain. Those who studied such times, even mages of the Whitefire Court, felt it wisest to shake their

heads at the magocracy’s excesses, to mutter the expected pieties, but Dethyn could not avoid a sneaking regret at their fall. Their magic, so went the legend, had scoured the Great Parch of Chaos until Khorne himself had risen from his Throne of Skulls to shatter Ahramentia in his rage.

A land did not quickly recover from such blows. If ever. Many things, however, had found a way to live in the rubble of the magocracy’s fall.

Mordants dwelt in old complexes buried beneath the sands, fascinating in their own right for the ancient customs they kept, but challenging subjects of study to say the least. Beastmen, warped by the terrible magicks unleashed by the city in its last great gambit to lay low the God of Blood and Battles, roamed the desolation in hungry packs. Many wore scraps of clothing and the time-forgotten emblems of royal houses, but what they meant no wizard now lecturing at the Amethyst College could say.

And then there were the colossi. The slave-titans of the Agloraxi themselves.

They appeared frequently in the sands, never near, the mirages of giants glimpsed briefly in a sandstorm or a lance of sunlight across the eyes, and all the more terrifying and wondrous for being untouchable. Hundreds set out each year from Hollowheart alone in search of the fabled colossi, for the secret of their manufacture or for the lost treasures to which they might lead if followed. They had not proven terribly difficult to find.

It made him wonder what happened, exactly, to those who sought deliberately to approach them more closely.

Gotrek had watched them keenly from afar, a strange mix of avarice and longing in his one eye, but had thus far shown no inclination to seek them out: not while his word to Dethyn and now Witromm still bound him.

Most of the desert’s feral denizens had learnt by then to avoid the foul-tempered duardin and his fyresteel axe, and so their journey, those first few weeks excluded, had been unexpectedly peaceful. In that at least, he had proved worthy of his keep. The attack by Ringol Magemaker and his nighthaunts had been the exception. In its aftermath, their journey into the deeper desert once again became marked by an absence of trouble. Whether that had as much to do with their new companion, Witromm, as it did to Gotrek, Dethyn did not know.

All he knew was that they were both equally intent on finding where trouble had gone.



The heat dropped by degrees.

It was little more than a breeze at first, faint and bone dry, a ghost touch that parched skin barely noted at all, but after a few hours of it Dethyn was shivering. His skin, even under his bright Aqshian robes, was goosebumped. The hairs on the backs of his hands stood on end and quivered. The recording apparatus he had brought with him may have been ruined beyond repair, but no battlemage of any training at all would have needed a

kronuscounter to sense the saturation of death magic that was building in the air and in the sand.

He could feel it. Quite literally in his bones. His skin was becoming paper, his joints calcifying, every forward step becoming associated with an arthritic twinge and a deeper chill. Before too long he was hunched and hobbling like an old man going barefoot through the ash. *I can turn around any time I like*, he thought. Then he thought about the vast amount of desert between himself and Hollowheart. Or the even vaster distance were he to journey instead to Anvalor or Edassa. He thought of doing it without Gotrek and Maleneth.

He trudged glumly on.

Maleneth did not seem to suffer it at all. Whether it was the rumoured near-immortality of the pure aelven bloodlines or some favour of her Murder God that protected her, he could not say. He conceded it also possible that a trained shadowblade was simply better at not showing her pain than he was. Her skin became progressively paler and bluer as the chill became biting, but she did not once shiver nor show any sign of discomfort, even as Dethyn felt certain his fingers would crack and grey hairs fall from his head. Witromm stomped along beside them like an old comrade, a proud mentor or a commander-turned-friend from some other life, supping stoically on his pipe. On those rare occasions that he did seem to look up and notice the growing chill, he would draw in his cloak a little and smile faintly, as though just stepping out from his favourite tavern.

Gotrek, meanwhile, strode several long paces ahead, determinedly in the lead and determinedly alone. The Fyreslayer already looked as old as it was possible for a living being to look. Even with Witromm just a short way behind him, white-haired and long-bearded, Gotrek somehow looked the elder of the two. The bags under his eyes were heavier, the crags in his face went deeper. Some great weight bore down on his shoulders and on his soul. It was as though Shyish had done its worst to Gotrek already and had no purchase on him now.

Heat, both physical and arcane, hazed off the Fyreslayer so that he appeared to wobble, the brazier at the heart of his greataxe fuming. Dethyn briefly considered running up ahead to walk alongside him and share in some of that warmth. This was still *his* expedition after all. Rather quickly he thought better of it.

Stiff joints, he told himself, not entirely convincingly.

Something funny happened to sand when it was cold. Dethyn had never known that. It became clumpier, almost like a heavy soil. In one sense it was easier to walk over, with none of the sucking and dragging that he had come to expect from the dunes, but it was also deceptively loud, the whisper of hissing grains replaced by the clump of boots. Maleneth would have moved soundlessly over broken glass, while Witromm instinctively lightened his stride. Dethyn did the same without realising it, the death in the air taking twenty years from his life and twenty pounds from his step, or so it seemed to him.

Gotrek, of course, seemed determined to raise as much noise from it as it was mortally possible to make.

'Do you mind?' Dethyn hissed, after it had all become a bit much.

The Fyreslayer turned to glare at him. The mad look in his one eye cowed the battlemage more completely than any raised voice or threat of violence. 'A dwarf can tread as softly as any aelf when he chooses to. As any greenskin who's ever had his throat slit by a dwarf ranger will tell you, if you were to go far enough into the right underworld in Shyish to ask. I choose not to. Shall I tell you why?'

Dethyn nodded dumbly.

'Because if you think a foe without bones or body hears as you or I do then you are more of a fool than I thought you were.' Muttering something disparaging about the state of education in Hollowheart's colleges of magic, Gotrek continued on his way, stomping even more heavily than he had before.



'I see something,' said Maleneth, and though Gotrek was by that point a crested blur in the dust ahead, even he did not gainsay her or argue that his one eye saw better.

An hour of mindless trudging and rising aches later, and Dethyn saw what the aelf had.

Reddish grains blustered through a shallow bowl, revenants of dust and sand conjured by the cold wind and sent swirling across the wide plain. Two square-sided stone pillars, identical to the others that Dethyn had visited in the desert, with the exception that here they came as a pair, flanked a sandy causeway. Runes showed dimly golden in their basaltic faces, their hard edges gnawed by sand and time. The causeway followed a gently rising floor towards a doorway of basalt and gold. Runes that he recognised as Agloraxi engraved both uprights, and the horizontal. There was no physical door to bar passage. The gateway was open. But the sheer potency of death magic emanating from that tomb, for a tomb it surely was, was so great that Dethyn could barely take a willing step towards it, never mind defile its sanctity.

'Smell that?' Witromm withdrew his pipe. 'It's worse than I'd feared. I should have come sooner.'

As Dethyn attempted to read the weathered runes upon the entranceway, a void through which no sand blew drew his eye towards the causeway. It was squat, broad as a barrel, and slowly, to Dethyn's rising horror, the winged outline of a helm and the wide circumference of a shield showed through the dust.

'Go back,' Ringol the wraith king hissed, his voice the drag of quicksand. '*Leave us to our rest. Trespass no longer on the lands that were given us.*'

'We knew not that these lands were yours,' Gotrek shouted in reply. 'You are dead and left behind no kin. Your claim on this desert expired with you.'

'Go back,' the spectre warned again. '*Leave us to our rest.*'

'You are not at rest.' Witromm raised his hands, his lit pipe still

in one of them. 'The Doomseeker speaks falsely, for we are kin, you and I. Let us enter, to pay our proper respects and renew the wards upon your door.'

Gotrek muttered under his breath, loud enough for the orb of Ulgu to hear. 'I'll save you the time and tell you now what I think of this house's wards.'

Witromm prepared to take a step forwards.

A cold breeze rose up, disturbing the hackles at the nape of Dethyn's neck and stinging tears from his eyes.

'Wait!' he cried, but too late.

The duardin's boot pressed into the sand.

A quiet moan rang from the dunes. Dethyn raised his eyes as rank after rank of ghostly warriors emerged from the aether, drawn out, it seemed, by the blowing wind. Their beards blustered as though in a gale from Shyish rather than a breeze, long coats of splinted mail rattling like a chainghast's bonds. They carried handaxes of notched steel, and broken shields. The emblems of the Agloraxi and the Ahramentian duardin tore from tattered banners above their helms. The ghost of Ringol Magemaker surveyed their ranks from his vantage and was pleased.

'Go back. Leave us to our rest.'

Witromm stowed his pipe into a pocket in his cloak. 'I can't do that.'

Dethyn was not sure that he even saw the duardin draw his axe, but all of a sudden there it was in his hand and he was charging across the desert floor towards the causeway. Gotrek, it seemed, was as surprised as he was, for the Fyreslayer gave a furious bellow at being second to the fray and barrelled after him.

Maleneth put a restraining hand on Dethyn's shoulder. 'And so it begins,' she sighed.

The dead swirled down the slope of the dune. Not as an army, but like a floodwater that had been held in check for too long and had now been released. They rushed the two duardin, bearded faces snarling in a foam of ghastly green, and Dethyn fully expected to see Witromm and Gotrek swept away by it, the flood of spirits racing very soon thereafter towards Maleneth and himself.

The wave did indeed crash over Witromm, and Dethyn flinched, barely able to watch as tattered aether sprayed into the air. Then he saw the duardin's horned helmet, his runic axe flashing, nighthaunts perishing by the score with every furious swing.

And then there was Gotrek.

The Fyreslayer hit the undead like something hurled from Azyr.

'You have cheated me out of one worthy scrap already,' he roared, jostling with the other duardin for a footing on the causeway. 'Do you think I would let you get away with another?'

Witromm shoved back against Gotrek's shoulder with his own, the two duardin establishing a sort of equilibrium whereby Gotrek hacked left and Witromm right, both striving against the other and in so doing driving themselves in lockstep up the causeway. It might technically have been described as fighting side by side, but not by anyone who had ever seen it. The two were matched in almost every way. To see them in battle together was astounding. Like being at the Battle of Burning Skies, watching Sigmar and Teclis and Gorkamorka unite to do battle with the Everchosen.

They might almost have been brothers.

Witromm swung his axe and sundered a wooden shield. 'Is it their rest you seek, Gurnisson? Or your own?'

'Are you my mother, longbeard?'

The wraith king blew a direful note on a horn of brass and bone, and a new contingent of dead charged out of thin air to reinforce the rear ranks of those fighting to stymie the champions' ascent. Though lacking in any substance beyond the ancestral wargear they bore, their weight of numbers ground the two duardin to a halt. Denied the room to properly swing his greataxe, Gotrek headbutted a spirit's shield until it broke. A rusty axe blade struck the lion-headed plate he wore over his shoulder. The Fyreslayer simply roared with laughter.

Dethyn watched. He thought again about running away. *Anvalor is supposed to be lovely at this time of year*, he mused.

The wraith king's reinforcements were starting to lap around the two duardin. Unable to properly surround them on account of the twinned obelisks that they appeared unwilling to move through, they were flowing down the dune towards Dethyn.

His mouth dropped open. *Now, how did that spell go again?*

'Errrr...' he said, backing into the aelf.

'Witless fool,' Maleneth hissed as she rushed to intercept the coming warriors.

An axe rose from the insubstantial foam of the front rank, which she caught with her own flashing blade before turning on a coin and stabbing a second knife into the spirit's eye. There was something profoundly supernatural about the aelf's weapons. As with the Fyreslayer's rune, however, Maleneth had always actively discouraged his interest.

The spirit shrieked and perished in messy fashion, ectoplasm frothing from its eye socket as it turned to mist. Maleneth whirled away as the rest came at her, dancing with them almost, like a witch-aelf at the Khainite blood revels that he, like everyone in gods-fearing Hallowheart, had most certainly never attended.

He took another few paces back, just to be safe, and raised a hand. The joints in his fingers cracked and popped as he threw his spell into the host and sent another warrior flying apart. Maleneth parried another blow, her riposte leaving a knife stuck in a revenant's shield. Dethyn blasted it into oblivion.

Then another. And another. His hand was painfully numb, but he was almost starting to enjoy the fight.

Maleneth had retreated all the way back to his side. Still they came. He worked his fingers through a new form. Faster than he could think.

'Tel'ethrin nigarath hala!'

The warriors of the spirit host looked confused. And then, very slowly, like someone who had woken from a bad dream and found themselves with a bloody knife, the nighthaunts put their weapons down.

Dethyn let out a giddy laugh and reached for Maleneth's arm. After that, he was feeling quite faint.

The shadowblade clapped her hands. 'Very good, necromancer. Can you make them do tricks as well? Sending them back against their king would be particularly good fun.'

'Of... of course,' Dethyn managed.

'Go *back!*' hissed the voice of the wraith king. '*Leave us to our rest.*' He brought the horn to his cold, green lips and blew.

The dazed spirits shook their heads and looked again to their weapons.

Dethyn chanted in a panic, but Maleneth interrupted the incantation mid-flow by grabbing him by the wrist and pulling.

'With me,' she said. 'Once again that mad hog of a duardin has himself in the right place at the right time. You cannot beat a host of the dead without eventually having to cut the head off its leader.'

They found Gotrek cackling merrily by the time that Maleneth had fought their way up the causeway through to the two duardin. The desperation of their situation had resulted in an inordinately positive effect on the duardin's temper.

'I thought you had run away or died, aelfling!'

'I considered both,' Maleneth replied.

'Consider your debt to me repaid in full, longbeard. This is as good a fight as the one you cost me, and a worthy cause to die in.'

'I'll not hear of it,' Witromm replied, struggling against a nighthaunt's shield. 'Not when there's work still to be done.'

'The debt is honoured when I damn well say it's honoured.'

'It's my debt to honour, and I say not yet.'

Gotrek snarled as he beat his way through a wooden shield and incinerated the ghost that had been holding it. 'The cheek,' he muttered, then raised his gaze and attempted to wipe ectoplasm from his brow. His brawny hand passed straight through it.

'Let us rest,' cried Ringol.

'Then lie down and rest,' said Gotrek, shaking his greataxe at him.

In answer, the wraith king hefted his axe and shield.

Gotrek grunted in what appeared to be understanding. 'Get me up there, necromancer.'

'I... What?'

'Can your foul wizardry transport me across this rabble to strike at their king, or can't it?'

Dethyn puffed himself up, appalled by the Fyreslayer's casual dismissal of his craft. Not to mention the total lack of contrition for months of research ruined. And the probable imminent death. And just who was paying whom for the privilege of all of this anyway?

'I *might* have once read a spell that--'

'Good! Get on with it then.'

'It's just that I--'

'I'll throw *you* up there to fight him before I ask you twice.'

Dethyn grit his teeth. 'It might sting a little.'

Gotrek set himself as though for a blow in some barbarian headbutting contest. 'I'm r--'

Dethyn made a sharp gesture, and the air around Gotrek greyed and wavered. The Fyreslayer glanced over his shoulder, perhaps sensing the ice breath on his back, as a trio of cloaked wraiths emerged from the tear in the realms and took his shoulders in long-taloned hands. His one eye blazed with the fury of betrayal as the spirits dragged him back with them into their underworld domain. The rent in space healed with a pop and a swirl of returning colour.

'What did you do?' said Maleneth.

Good riddance, Dethyn thought, moments before the Fyreslayer was thrown back out from the oubliette dimension into which he had been briefly cast, looking several years older and a good deal angrier, further up the causeway. After a quick look around to re-establish his bearings, the Fyreslayer whipped his axe up high above his head and hurtled the last few yards towards the Magemaker.

His axe descended like wrath itself. The revenant blocked with his own humble blade and countered with his shield. Gotrek turned his shoulder into it and drove the spectre onto its heels. He roared, his axe already swinging. The wraith flickered, striking the axe to guide its flaming arc overhead and then followed through with a chopped slash through the muscle of Gotrek's chest. Blood trickled from the cooling wound. The Fyreslayer even bled stubbornly. The rune in his chest hissed and sputtered as though enraged, the gold clearly on the brink of some kind of ignition, but the duardin exerted his will and it fizzled down.

It had not been enough to vanquish the wraith king of Ahramentia last time. There was no reason to believe it would be now.

‘Help me, lad,’ Witromm shouted, straining single-handedly against several ranks of nighthaunts and a shield wall, but still somehow managing to grunt and gesture towards the waystones just out of reach ahead. ‘Can you help me as far as yonder pillar? It’s that that needs to be destroyed. Not Ringol Magemaker, may the ancestors forgive him.’

Had it been Gotrek who had asked it of him then he might have argued. He would certainly have questioned why. But coming from Witromm, this stern but companionable longbeard that he had met but days ago in the desert, he simply nodded and said: ‘I’ll try.’

He waved his hand and spoke a word of power and a row of shields clattered to the ground as the spirits holding them vanished into the aether. Witromm barrelled into the breach with a gruff-voiced roar. Maleneth vaulted after him, orbited by flashing knives.

Dethyn hurried after them both, keen not to be left behind.

Coming to the foot of the pillar, Witromm drew back his axe, like a woodsman sizing up a mighty trunk, and hewed at its base. Runic metal chipped away at runic stone. The spirits massing over the causeway halted in their attack and screamed. Dethyn too felt a similar wave of dizziness and nausea as the flows of magic, in particular the amethyst colour to which he was most sensitive, became erratic.

The waystones, he thought. *Of course*. So that was what they had been built to do. *That* was what had gone wrong in Ahramentia.

He turned to the second pillar, just out of reach over the other side of the causeway, while Witromm hacked furiously at the first and Maleneth resumed her efforts in holding back the enraged spirit hosts. For all her qualities, however, the aelf was no Gotrek Gurnisson, and the front line of a melee was not the place to make best use of her skills.

Putting her increasingly curse-laden appeals for aid from his mind he focused on that second pillar, concentrating on the magic that now blew in fits, like a storm about to break. He drew it to him, extinguishing a dozen wraiths in his vicinity and drawing a shrill cry from the faraway figure of Ringol Magemaker. A broiling cloud of amethyst, visible only to his witch-sight, swirled around the foot of the obelisk, stricken by uncanny lightning.

Dethyn clenched his fist.

The pillar cracked. It began to topple. And then, with a crunch, it collided with the other column. Bits of rock exploded from its base, showering them all, and already weakened by Witromm’s axe-work, it fell too.

The spirits wailed and, like tiny flames suddenly covered over by a jar, every one of them was snuffed out.

Gotrek lifted a hunk of masonry that three strong men together would have struggled to move. As he examined it, the glittering fires of his golden rune brought to life the stone’s fragmentary inscriptions, but his own expression was inhuman, unreadable.

‘This is dwarf work, right enough. In any world would I know it. Its protections should have outlasted the age.’

‘In a way they did,’ said Witromm, looking down his large nose from over the Fyreslayer’s shoulder. ‘What happened here was naught to do with those whose hands helped make them.’

‘Then why destroy what they built?’

Witromm stroked his beard as he thought. ‘You were an engineer, I’m told.’

‘Once,’ said Gotrek. ‘Long ago. Though hardly for any time at all in the scheme that my life has become.’

‘Well, think of these waystones as irrigation. As drains, of a sort.’

Dethyn gave an unconscious snort. It was a little more complicated than that. But Witromm continued as though he had heard no interruption.

‘When the winds of magic drop away and blow gently they are naught but pretty monuments, but when the winds blow hard they allow it to be siphoned away, keep the lands here sane and stable. At least in comparison to Golvaria or the Flamescar Plateau. It suited the duardin, and I daresay it suited the Agloraxi too.’

Gotrek nodded, understanding tempering the hostility in his eye. ‘I see. The necroquake.’ He glanced at Maleneth. ‘Is that what we’re calling it?’

The aelf smiled thinly and dipped her head. He turned back to the huge stone in his massive hands.

‘I see,’ he said again.

‘They were never designed for a storm like that one,’ said Witromm. ‘The sluices are flooded and there’s nowhere for all that death magic to go. It’s backed up, spilling over. The waystones are keeping Ahramentia steady, just about, but at the cost of the stones and those who built them. Or...’ He coughed, waved his hand vaguely about as though dismissing a strange odour. ‘Or something like that.’

Gotrek growled, muttering something flinty under his breath.

‘Why do you hate the dead so much?’ Dethyn asked, as gently as he could.

‘Because it’s unnatural,’ Gotrek replied.

‘They’re just... dead.’

Gotrek scowled at the rock in his hands for a moment. Then he let out a rugged sigh. His shoulders seemed to sink an inch. ‘I don’t hate them, wizard. I pity them. And I envy them.’



'Envy?'

'Aye. Is that so odd? I envy them. They have all I ever craved in life and still they come back.'

'It's hardly their own doing.'

'We'll see. One day, we'll see.' Gotrek let the lump fall from his hands. It landed in the cold sand with a *thud*. He looked very tired, more tired even than he had been after his first battle with Ringol Magemaker and the expenditure of his rune's strength. 'Are we done here, longbeard?'

'Not quite,' said Witromm. 'There's one last thing the duardin of Ahramentia need us to do.'



Gotrek was the first into the tomb. The first probably in a thousand years. His axe and his rune and the golden strands of his tall crest crackled like a lit brazier in the darkness, illuminating the runic scripts and reliefs of a low, sloping passage down. Witromm followed, and one could be forgiven for wondering if he, perhaps, had a certain glow as well. It was difficult to be sure, with Gotrek there beside him, the way the constellations of Azyr came out only when the orb of Hysh had passed, but there was a shimmer of power there, well buried, but which a wizard's eye could discern. Maleneth took up the rear. And as confident as Dethyn might have felt about broaching an ancient tomb with duardin of such prowess in front of him, having the shadowblade behind him brought him quite effectively to his proper senses.

Dethyn expected the corridor to descend forever. It was what the imagination demanded when considering the burial complex of the Agloraxi builders. But the walk took less than a minute before opening out into a larger chamber. The reach of Gotrek's firelight extended for twenty yards or more until it glanced off the metal insets of sarcophagus lids and the gemstones of murals. Dethyn stared about him, dumbstruck. Metals and jewels were not prized as currency in Hallowheart, nor possessed of any inherent value, but beauty was beauty, and the tomb of Ringol Magemaker boasted it in abundance.

The Whitefire Court had no idea that this place existed, a physical link back to the magocracy of old. Perhaps this, and Witromm's testimony, would placate them enough to overlook the loss of their equipment and Dethyn's failure.

'What are you still doing here?' asked Gotrek.

Dethyn looked up, assuming the Fyreslayer had read his thoughts and had been addressing him, and received a cold start when he saw the shade of King Ringol hovering an inch off the ground before a particularly ornate tomb. The spirit's appearance looked torn, like a banner hacked by many blades, as though a powerful wind blew on it from some quarter Dethyn could not quite make out. The battlemage looked around, his heart suddenly high in his mouth, and saw hundreds of faded, tattered shapes watching from the murals and icons of the far walls.

'We were promised rest,' said Ringol, in answer. 'I was promised.'

'I was promised things too,' said Gotrek. 'I'd say we're both of us made to look like fools.'

'There is no rest for you here.' Witromm took a step towards the tomb.

Dethyn was not sure if it was possible for a spirit to tense, but that was what Ringol appeared to do, raising axe and shield and drifting to block the duardin's approach.

'My rest...'

Gotrek growled, tightening his grip on his greataxe, but before the Fyreslayer could move or speak Witromm had taken another step forward, his arms spread as though he meant to embrace the wraith king. His kin. Or so he claimed.

'This is not rest,' he said. 'It is time for you to move on.'

'Aye,' Gotrek added. 'Away with you, and leave this realm for the living.'

Ringol paused for an age of thought and then nodded once. A sigh swept through the buried hall and the wraith king swept back, clearing a path which Gotrek stepped into, swinging his axe up like a woodsman set about splitting a log. There was a resounding *crack* that echoed in the deep hall as Gotrek's axe staved in the sculpted effigy of the Magemaker on the tomb's lid, and when Dethyn raised his eyes from the desecration the wraith king was no longer there.

He looked around. There was no sign at all of the Magemaker's kin and subjects. The tomb was as silent and dead as the other monuments of lost Ahramentia, although it occurred to Dethyn that with several of the waystones toppled they may no longer be quite so dead. He wondered if it was a good thing that they had done here, although something about Witromm's contented demeanour made it difficult to believe otherwise.

The old duardin had already drawn a pipe from his breast pocket and was tamping dried leaf into the bowl with a little finger. He leant towards Gotrek, one bushy eyebrow raised in question, and the Fyreslayer grunted and lowered his greataxe in response. Witromm smiled as though the stars had aligned and the realms, after an eternity of waiting, put themselves to rights, and lit up using the sacred forgeflame burning at the axe's head.

Maleneth looked at them both in amazement. She was not the only one.

'Where exactly did they all go?' said Dethyn.

Witromm shrugged, puffing contentedly. 'A better place, I'll warrant. A much better place.'

INSIDE THE STUDIO

For all you hobbyists in the real world, you're probably reading this some time in late May. At time of writing, we're just approaching the shortest day of the year in December, and everywhere is as dark as a Mordian summer, as you can see from the picture to the right. That was taken at midday! Dan has also learned to levitate dice, which is possibly one of the least useful skills known to man.

Elsewhere in the studio, people are still happily painting their latest acquisitions. Our Hobby Bingo challenge is still rolling along nicely, while many members of the studio continue to build upon the Warhammer 40,000 Crusade challenge they started last year. As you'll see from the back page, Peter McMullin has been getting a bit keen with the black paint.



VOX CHATTER

In December, we introduced our White Dwarf Hobby Bingo resolutions. Here's how we're getting on. Let us know how you are doing at team@whitedwarf.co.uk!

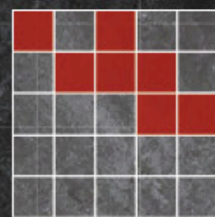
HOBBY BINGO!

HERO OR CHARACTER	ANY MODEL	UNIT OF 2+ MODELS	KITBASHED MODEL	HERO OR CHARACTER
ANY MODEL	FORTIFICATION OR SCENERY	VEHICLE OR MONSTER	UNIT OF 2+ MODELS	UNIT OF 10+ MODELS
UNIT OF 10+ MODELS	KITBASHED MODEL	ANY MODEL	VEHICLE OR MONSTER	FORTIFICATION OR SCENERY
UNIT OF 2+ MODELS	VEHICLE OR MONSTER	HERO OR CHARACTER	UNIT OF 10+ MODELS	ANY MODEL
HERO OR CHARACTER	UNIT OF 10+ MODELS	LORD OF WAR OR BEHEMOTH	ANY MODEL	HERO OR CHARACTER

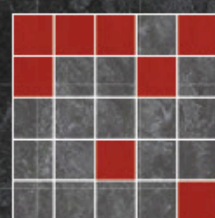
Scoring table
Box: 10
Line: 50
Entire grid: 400



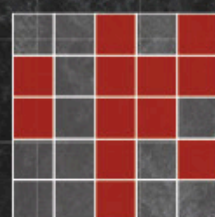
Lyle's painting efforts have stalled a little bit, but he's just started work on some of the models from Cursed City, which will fill up a fair few squares.



Dan filled in three squares after finishing his Armies on Parade board. His latest creations include three Sentinels, a Hydra and more scenery.



Sophie has recently completed a load of heroes for her Space Wolves successor Chapter and is now focusing on painting some units for her collection.



Matt is the first on the team to complete a full row on his Hobby Bingo sheet and is currently in the lead with twelve squares completed.



Jonathan has leapt up in the team bingo rankings after painting another wedge of Necrons for his A Tale of Four Warlords challenge.



Ben recently finished an Invictor Warsuit for his Raven's Watch Chapter and is now painting the Brutogg Corpse-eater, the ogor mercenary from Cursed City.

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, we have a hobby bingo round-up and show off two flavours of Guard – Raven and Hive.



THOSE ROTTERS!
Dean Lettice is back, having painted a Nurgle's Rotters Blood Bowl team for an upcoming tournament. Known as Rottingham Forest, these are the first models Dean painted with Contrast paints. Their skin is painted Wraithbone followed by Plaguebearer Flesh, then a drybrush of Screaming Skull. The sores, wounds and boils were then picked out with Shade and Contrast colours.



THE HUNT BEGINS!
Matt has just finished painting Skaeth's Wild Hunt. The brown areas are painted using Deathclaw Brown (the wooden areas are Zandri Dust), but the majority of the models are painted using Contrast paints. The base colour for their hair is Blood Angels Red (drybrushed with Wild Rider Red and Troll Slayer Orange), while their skin is Guilliman Flesh. The weaved armour is Dark Angels Green.

NEW ADDITION TO THE TEAM

Jonathan's new baby daughter has recently joined the *White Dwarf* team as Chief Shredder, having recently got her hands on a copy of the magazine. According to Jonathan, she took a while to assemble but is good fun to play with. Her favourite pastime is stopping him painting anything.



THE OTHER RED ARMY

Last month, we showed you Martyn Lyon's Blood Angels. Well, he's also been painting Tyranids. These Hive Guard were basecoated with Wraithbone Spray, followed by Mephiston Red and a recess wash of Black Templar on the carapace, which was highlighted with Evil Sunz Scarlet and Squig Orange. The skin is Seraphim Sepia highlighted with Screaming Skull and Corax White.



THE SHADOW CRUSADE CONTINUES

Last December (issue 459), we featured Peter McMullin's Raven Guard army as part of a Crusade armies feature. Since then, Peter has added a lot of new models to his army, including a fair number of the latest kits.

Peter: My Raven Guard force is made up of units from the 7th, 8th and 9th Reserve Companies combined into one strike force. Among my latest projects are a unit of Heavy Intercessors, a Captain in Gravis Armour, a Gladiator tank and a Storm Speeder. I've also converted a Lieutenant

from the Bladeguard kit. Lieutenant Daan (all Lieutenants are called a variation of Dan in my armies) is from the Knights of the Raven Chapter, seconded for training to the Raven Guard. Lastly, I converted an Apothecary using parts from my bitz box to help make my Heavy Intercessors even tougher.

According to Battle Forge, my army now sits at 3,886 points, but unfortunately they have only fought in anger a handful of times. Hopefully 2021 will be their year.



NEXT ISSUE

SELLSWORDS OF EXCELSIS

NEXT ISSUE
ON SALE
18 JUNE

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



USA & CANADA

custserv@gwplc.com
1-800-394-4263

REQUISITION STRATAGEM

FALLEN ANGELS

When the Fallen gather in numbers, the machinations of Cypher gain incredible momentum.

Use this Stratagem before the battle, when you are mustering your army. You can include one Fallen Angels Specialist Detachment in your army.

A Fallen Angels Specialist Detachment is a Vanguard Detachment that contains only: **FALLEN** units, Sorcerer units, Chaos Rhino units

Sorcerer units in a Fallen Angels Specialist Detachment:

Have their <MARK OF CHAOS>, **HERETIC ASTARTES** and <LEGION> Faction keywords replaced with the **IMPERIUM** and **FALLEN** Faction keywords.

Have their Death to the False Emperor ability replaced with the Fallen Angels ability (see the Fallen datasheet in *Codex: Chaos Space Marines*).

Chaos Rhino units in a Fallen Angels Specialist Detachment:

Have their <MARK OF CHAOS>, **HERETIC ASTARTES** and <LEGION> Faction keywords replaced with the **IMPERIUM** and **FALLEN** Faction keywords.

Have their Transport section replaced with the following:

"This model has a transport capacity of 10 **FALLEN INFANTRY** models. It cannot transport **JUMP PACK** models."

Units in a Fallen Angels Specialist Detachment gain the **FALLEN ANGELS** keyword.

BATTLE TACTIC STRATAGEM

CAST OUT THY BLACKENED SOUL

Daemonic possession gives each battle-brother of the Exorcists a personal revelation about the nature of daemankind, 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.

BATTLE TACTIC STRATAGEM

WITHOUT A TRACE

Having hidden from the Unforgiven for millennia, the Fallen are adept at passing unseen.



Use this Stratagem at the start of your opponent's Shooting phase. Select one **FALLEN ANGELS** unit from your army that is entirely on or within a terrain feature. Until the end of the phase, each time an enemy model makes an attack against that unit, subtract 1 from that attack's hit roll.

BATTLE TACTIC STRATAGEM

ANCIENT ENMITY

Many Fallen have never forgiven the betrayal they perceive themselves to have suffered at the hands of the sons of the Lion.



Use this Stratagem in the Fight phase, when a **FALLEN ANGELS** unit from your army is selected to fight. Until the end of the phase, each time a model in that unit makes an attack against a **DARK ANGELS** unit, you can re-roll the wound roll.

BATTLE TACTIC STRATAGEM

SKOVAKAH UHL ZAURN!



The battle cry of the Emperor's Spears is the call that precedes their red work.

Use this Stratagem in the Fight phase, when an **EMPEROR'S SPEARS CORE** or **EMPEROR'S SPEARS CHARACTER** unit from your army that made a charge move, was charged or performed a Heroic Intervention this turn is selected to fight. Until the end of the phase, each time a model in that unit makes a melee attack, add 1 to that attack's wound roll. If that unit contains 5 or fewer models, this Stratagem costs 1CP; otherwise, it costs 2CP.

BATTLE TACTIC STRATAGEM

FIGHT AS BROTHERS

Having spent years relying on their trusted brothers, when Emperor's Spears fight together, little can stay their blows.



Use this Stratagem in the Fight phase, when an **EMPEROR'S SPEARS INFANTRY** unit from your army is selected to fight. Select one enemy unit within Engagement Range of that unit and one or more other friendly **EMPEROR'S SPEARS INFANTRY** units. Until the end of the phase, each time a friendly **EMPEROR'S SPEARS INFANTRY** unit makes a melee attack against that unit, you can re-roll the hit roll.

STRATEGIC PLOY STRATAGEM

SPIRITUAL RESOLVE

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.

REQUISITION STRATAGEM

ORISON CULT

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.