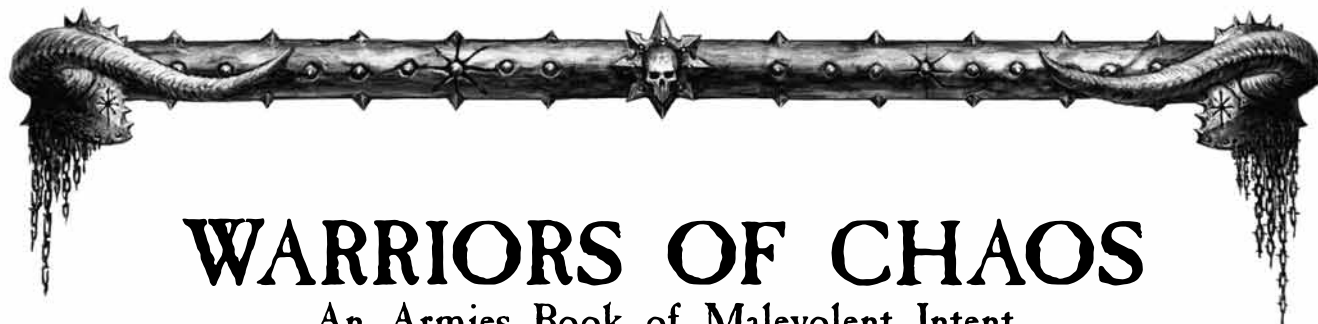




WARRIORS OF CHAOS

An Armies Book of Malevolent Intent



By Phil Kelly

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INTRODUCTION

From the frozen reaches of the north come the Warriors of Chaos, a race of battle-hardened killers hell-bent on slaughter and destruction. Feared above all other foes, they are men of steel and fire, unrelenting in their dark and glorious quest to conquer the world in the name of their blasphemous gods.

Welcome to Warriors of Chaos, the definitive guide to the savage and bloodthirsty men of the north. This book provides all the information you need to create a powerful army of Chaos Warriors with which to crush and despoil all in your path.

Within this twisted tome you will discover the true nature of Chaos and the violent ways of the men that fight in its bleak shadow. You will find evil secrets and ancient weapons, tales of once-great warriors who have become monsters and madmen, and the ultimate fate of the Warhammer world.

Glory upon the field of battle is prized above all by the Warriors of Chaos, for it attracts the gaze of the gods themselves. The Ruinous Powers often reward those who please them with otherworldly abilities. Be warned, gentle reader, for though the path of Chaos can lead to a destiny greater than mortal minds can comprehend, it can also quickly result in insanity and death. After all, the capricious Gods of Chaos are nothing if not fickle, and the only certainty for those who swear allegiance to them is eventual damnation.

THE ARMIES OF THE DARK GODS

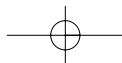
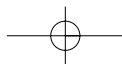
The men of the north are the scourge of the Old World and beyond, for they want nothing more than to tear down order and destroy the civilised realms. At the heart of their armies are the Chaos Warriors, merciless killers who possess brute strength and skill in fearsome measure. Their martial prowess is as well-tempered as the hell-forged suits of Chaos armour they wear to battle. With them come iron-clad Chaos Knights and the mighty Chosen, their baroque armour aflame with the favour of the Dark Gods. These indomitable killers march to war alongside the savage tribes from which they came, great hordes of brutal northmen who reap the fruits of war and offer them up to their ever-thirsting deities. Amongst their ranks are Trolls, Giants and still fouler things from before the dawn of Man, bound by the will of the gods to drown those who oppose them in a tide of blood.

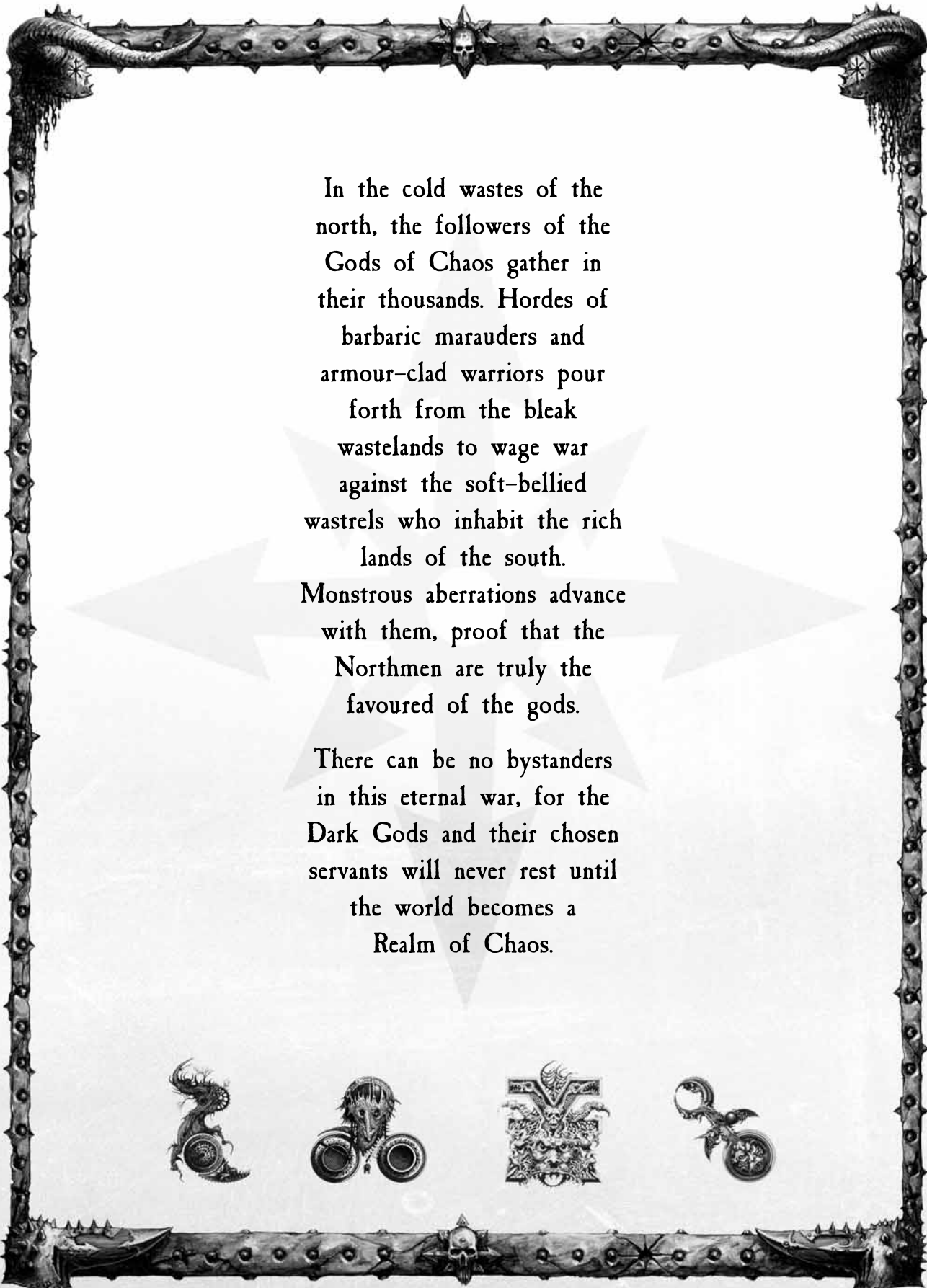
Many are the Champions of Chaos who lead these deadly armies. The spellcasters known as Chaos Sorcerers, having sold their souls in exchange for arcane power, are capable of turning enemy regiments into desiccated husks with a single word of power. But most fearsome of all are the dreaded Lords of Chaos, each a legendary warrior and commander of men who has carved a gory path across the annals of history. To look upon the armies of Chaos is to risk one's sanity; to meet them on the battlefield is to invite a violent death.

THIS BOOK CONTAINS:

- An extensive chapter on the hardy men of the north, the harsh and unforgiving lands in which they live, and the fickle gods they worship.
- The sagas of Chaos, each chronicling a mighty invasion that shaped the history of the Old World with axe, blade and fire.
- Full details of all of the units that the Warriors of Chaos army can muster, the lords of war that lead them to battle, and the strange and twisted monsters that follow in their wake.
- A showcase full of the best miniatures in the world. This section also contains advice on how to set about collecting your own army of Warriors of Chaos with which to assail the lands of lesser mortals.
- A complete army list, along with magic items and gifts of Chaos with which to further bolster the heroes leading your warriors to battle.

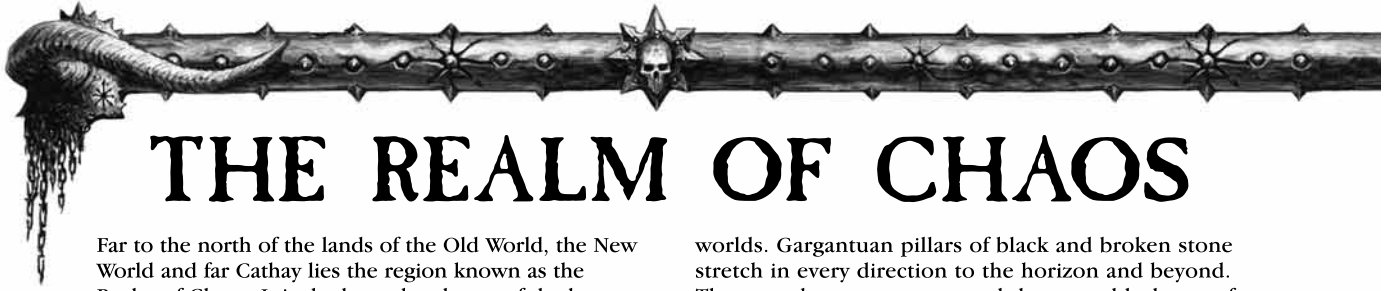






In the cold wastes of the
north, the followers of the
Gods of Chaos gather in
their thousands. Hordes of
barbaric marauders and
armour-clad warriors pour
forth from the bleak
wastelands to wage war
against the soft-bellied
wastrels who inhabit the rich
lands of the south.
Monstrous aberrations advance
with them, proof that the
Northmen are truly the
favoured of the gods.
There can be no bystanders
in this eternal war, for the
Dark Gods and their chosen
servants will never rest until
the world becomes a
Realm of Chaos.





THE REALM OF CHAOS

Far to the north of the lands of the Old World, the New World and far Cathay lies the region known as the Realm of Chaos. It is the legendary home of the lost and the damned and, so it is said, of infinitely worse things: the numberless and nameless monstrosities that inhabit the eternal planes. It is the birthplace of heroes and monsters, the forge from which eternal life or everlasting damnation can be wrought. In reality, the Realm of Chaos is this and incomprehensibly more besides. In terms of mere mortal understanding, the legend alone must suffice, for it is impossible for a man to truly know the nature of Chaos without losing his mind, his body and his soul.

No matter where a traveller starts his journey, if he were to head due north he would eventually find himself in the Chaos Wastes. A desolate and blighted landscape bleeds across the crest of the world in all directions, becoming ever more inhospitable and bizarre the further north the trespasser heads. As our traveller presses further into the Wastes, he would find himself labouring beneath a storm-shaken sky – a turbulent, broiling darkness pierced by lightning and blasted by roaring thunder. Here he would witness the rebellion of nature, where even the elements are said to be torn between the mortal and immortal

worlds. Gargantuan pillars of black and broken stone stretch in every direction to the horizon and beyond. These marker stones surround the angry blackness of Chaos like gigantic teeth ranged about the gaping maw of an impossibly titanic entity.

Were our traveller to step over that boundary, he would not find himself lashed by storm or shrouded by night but swallowed into a region of infinite space altogether removed from the mortal world. Words alone are incapable of describing that which lies beyond oblivion's veil. Thus we must leave our traveller at the Gates of Chaos where we are unable to follow, even in our imagination.

What we do know is that those who have taken that step remain forever haunted by their experiences, constantly driven to acts of bloodshed and war. For surely it was not meant for mortals to wander at will in the company of gods, and no one who dares enter their realm is ever as they once were. The power of Chaos is to change body and mind, as the power of fire is to burn and consume. The winds that blow from that realm are not winds of air but of pure sorcery – the vital and uncaring energy of transmutation. None can bear the touch of Chaos and remain truly sane.



THE COMING OF CHAOS

When the world was young, it was visited by an ancient and almighty star-faring race known only as the Old Ones. The Old Ones travelled the stars by means of inter-dimensional gateways, spanning incredible distances in the blink of an eye. One of these gateways was placed at each of the opposing poles of the world, built millennia before the dawn of Man. Behind these portals lay a realm of pure flux, an unimaginably vast dimension that connects all points in the universe.

This otherworld has no substance other than that called into being by pure thought, for it acts as a dark mirror to the hopes, dreams and emotions of the beings that dwell in the material realm. The strongest of these emotions coalesce and take shape, growing in size until they become roiling seas of passion that attain a sentience of their own. These are the Gods of Chaos, beings of pure energy that fuel the struggles of the young races from beyond the veil.

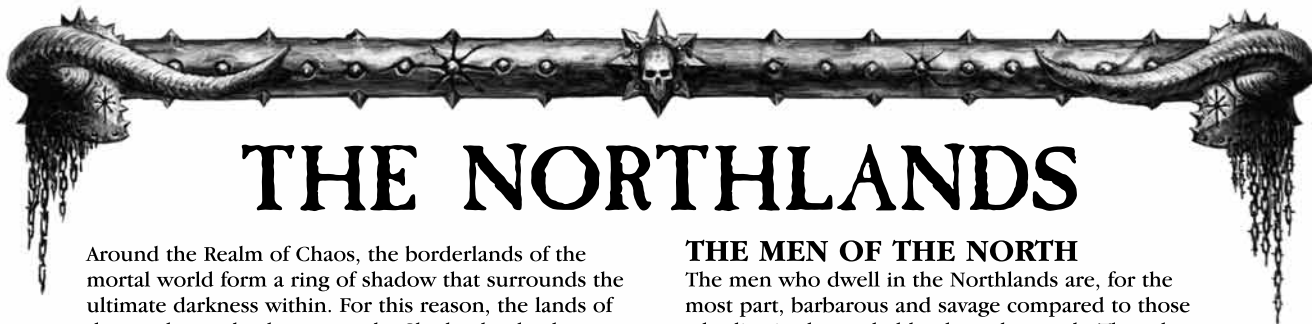
The collapse of the gateway that hung above the northern pole was a cataclysm that brought the inheritance of the Old Ones into ruin. A terrible catastrophe tore apart the eldritch machineries of the polar gate, causing it to crash down to earth in a burning hail of starmetal. Vast chunks of the evil substance known as warpstone coalesced in the material world, one of which was so large that it formed the sickly green moon that men call Morrslieb.

The disaster irrevocably damaged the mortal world. Nature itself was corrupted and the skies were choked by a glittering cloud of particles made from the stuff of change; scintillating warpstone dust that mutated every living thing it touched. Thus were the monsters of the world brought into being.

Where once there was a gate there is now a gaping wound in the fabric of reality, a portal through which the dread masters of Chaos can manipulate the lands of mortals. Rather than fight against these immortal and omniscient essences, the men that live in the shadow of the Realm of Chaos worship them as deities. These fell powers ask for total and complete devotion from their followers, growing strong upon conflict and bloodshed. In exchange they offer their dark blessings, and the faithful grow strong indeed.

Countless bloody sacrifices are made to the Dark Gods each day, and the names by which the northmen know them are screamed upon the field of battle. The banners borne by the Warriors of Chaos bear otherworldly sigils that sear the eye, and their flesh is branded and scarred with the sacred runes of their divine masters. It is through the Warriors of Chaos that the Dark Gods fight their never-ending war against order and reason. They work to bring about the End Times, when it is said the Realm of Chaos will swallow the globe entirely, and the gods will feast for eternity upon the hatred and fear of mortal man.





THE NORTHLANDS

Around the Realm of Chaos, the borderlands of the mortal world form a ring of shadow that surrounds the ultimate darkness within. For this reason, the lands of the north are also known as the Shadowlands, the Umbra Chaotica, or the Chaos Wastes. It is in the Chaos Wastes that the fighting is fiercest amongst those who seek the favour of the Dark Gods. This broad region is part of the material world but it is inevitably tainted by the close proximity of the Realm of Chaos, which radiates an intense and dangerous energy. This is the warping power that wizards regard as the source of all magic. Lying close to the borders of Chaos, the Northlands are unavoidably saturated with these malefic forces. Only as the distance from the pole increases does the influence of Chaos weaken.

The lands of the north are, for the most part, frozen wastelands stalked by all manner of gruesome monsters and wandering madmen. No crops can survive there, for the ground itself is as hard as iron and the howling winds cut like daggers of purest cold. A network of fjords and mist-shrouded islands wreaths the coast, and it is here that the northmen build and tether the longships with which they terrorise the shores of the known world. In the southernmost lands of Norsca, scattered settlements and coastal villages provide some respite from the cruel elements. Further inland, the pack ice gives way to frozen steppes and eventually open plain, where the horse-tribes hunt their prey.



The closer a traveller comes to the gaping wound at the top of the world, however, the more inhospitable and surreal the terrain becomes. Jagged peaks and metallic spikes thrust out of the land like splintered bones, and rivers of lava run backwards through deep fissures in the snow-covered plains. Monoliths raised to the glory of Chaos champions dot the untracked wilderness, their pitted surfaces bearing legends of bloody deeds. Vast skull-topped bastions, wrenched out of the world's crust by the forces of pure change, cast shadows across the snow that dance and flicker as they play out scenes of slaughter and death. Across this impossible and nightmarish landscape stalk those warriors who have given themselves to Chaos, roaming the wastes in search of glory and unending war.

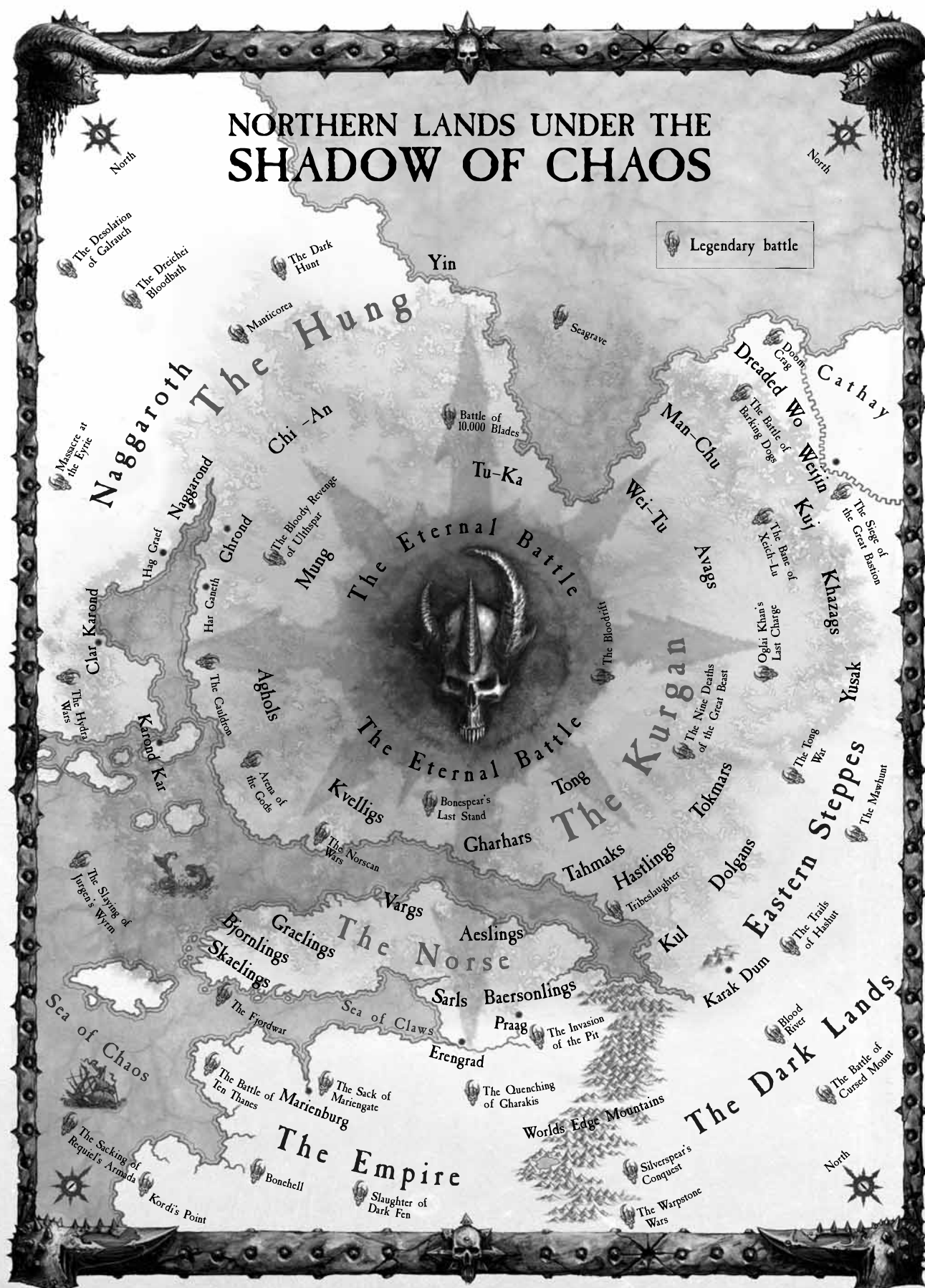
THE MEN OF THE NORTH

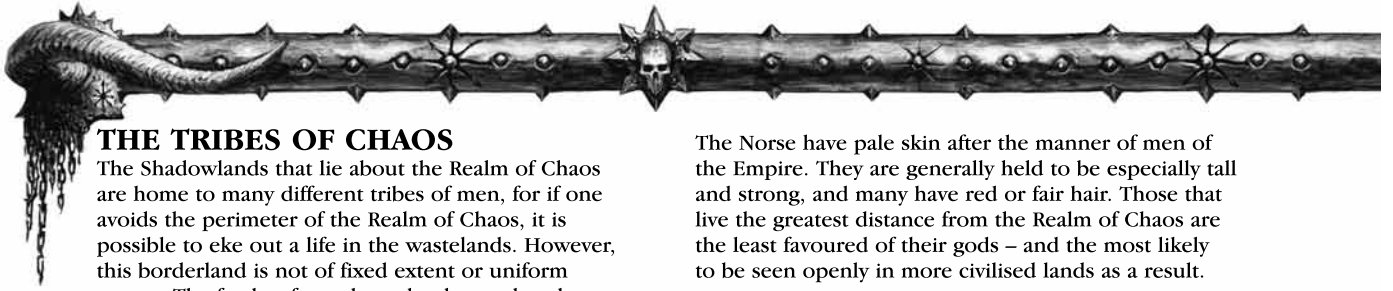
The men who dwell in the Northlands are, for the most part, barbarous and savage compared to those who live in the settled lands to the south. Though typically larger and more physically powerful, they are not unlike other men and, in times of peace, traders from the north can be found hawking their wares in the markets of cosmopolitan cities such as Marienburg in the west and Weijin in the east. Yet in other respects they are a race apart, worshipping outlandish gods and living lives that are altogether harsher and more primitive. Most importantly of all, they live within the shadow of the Realm of Chaos and as such cannot truly escape its power.

Even in the civilised southern lands, mutation and disfigurement are commonplace – in the Empire, mutant offspring are abandoned to die and folk showing even the slightest aberration of form are hunted down and burned at the stake by the dreaded Witch Hunters. In the far north, such mutations are so common as to be almost universal. Though not always apparent at first glance, most bear some trace of Chaos upon their bodies. To the people of the north, these are not curses or disfigurements but blessings bestowed upon them by the gods. Even the most horrific mutations are seen as irrefutable indication that an individual has been marked by a god – though whether for immortality or oblivion, it is impossible to say.

The men of the north tend to wear their hair long and cultivate great masses of facial hair. Their skin is tough as leather and windburnt by the fierce caress of the blizzard. They protect themselves from the fury of the elements with furs cut from the backs of wolves, bears or the nameless beasts that roam the wilderness. Upon their heavily-thewed arms they wear crude jewellery and sport tangled masses of scar tissue. Many Northmen bear grisly tokens and tattoos that they believe will keep them safe from harm or attract the gaze of the gods. They are usually correct, for those who live on the threshold of the Realm of Chaos are right to be superstitious.

The northern tribes are universally bloodthirsty, barbaric and fierce. They are warrior peoples used to battling amongst themselves, against the softer civilised men of the south, and against the older races that have built their empires across the globe. War is their natural state and they wage it with neither prejudice nor malice, rejoicing in battle and strength at arms, honouring the brave of both sides and despising cowards. When Chaos is ascendant, the men of the north are willing to put aside their rivalries and disputes. As word spreads of a coming conflict, the tribes of the Chaos Wastes gather together under the command of a Champion of Chaos, who they will follow to the corners of the world in the name of conquest. To the northmen, there is no greater honour than to fight and perish in the armies of the immortals.





THE TRIBES OF CHAOS

The Shadowlands that lie about the Realm of Chaos are home to many different tribes of men, for if one avoids the perimeter of the Realm of Chaos, it is possible to eke out a life in the wastelands. However, this borderland is not of fixed extent or uniform nature. The further from the pole, the weaker the radiant energy of Chaos – but that energy is constantly waxing and waning, spreading the power of Chaos southwards or temporarily loosening its grip. So it is that many northmen are nomadic, making their camp where they may and moving on whenever the dark energies of the land flow strong.

Northmen have little concept of nationality or allegiance beyond their immediate family and tribe; they recognise no border other than the horizon ahead of them and will fight to the death for the slightest of reasons. Nonetheless, so vast is the wasteland that surrounds the Realm of Chaos that several distinct clans and groups of tribes inhabit it, each with their own customs and beliefs.

To the immediate north of the Old World live the Norscan tribes: fierce barbarians, hard-bitten and warlike. Their mountainous land is haunted by all manner of twisted beasts, notably Trolls, Giants, and pallid things that live under the mountains. They are warriors of the sea as well as the land, journeying far to the south and the west in sturdily-built longships.

The Norse have pale skin after the manner of men of the Empire. They are generally held to be especially tall and strong, and many have red or fair hair. Those that live the greatest distance from the Realm of Chaos are the least favoured of their gods – and the most likely to be seen openly in more civilised lands as a result.

To the east of Norsca lies the southern arm of the Frozen Sea and, east of that, the Northern Wastes, stretching many thousands of miles to the distant ocean. This cold and barren extension of the great northern steppes is home to fierce nomadic peoples, of whom the greatest and most feared are the Kurgan to the west and the horse-nomads of the Hung to the east. These races are themselves divided into many inter-warring tribes, some even more barbarous and bloodthirsty than others.

The Kurgan are a raven haired, dark-skinned and powerfully built race, quite unlike Old Worlders in appearance. The tribes of the Kurgan, several hundred in number, are said to be equally at home on foot or on horseback. When the armies of Chaos gather to invade the Old World, it is the Kurgan that comprise the bulk, for they are a numerous people compared to the other tribes and they feel the call of battle in their blood. Their domain extends far to the east and to the south beyond the shadow of Chaos. It is the warriors of the northernmost Kurgan tribes who are the fiercest and most likely to bear the unnatural gifts of their gods.





OF GODS AND MEN

The men of the north are fundamentally the same as their southern kin, though they may differ in custom and appearance. The differences between northman and southman are laughably slight compared to the differences between Man and Dwarf, or Man and Elf. This similarity does not preclude war and strife between the differing civilisations, of course. After all, though all human societies share a common heritage and belong to the same race, in their secret hearts all men harbour a desire to conquer and control.

In the north every day is a struggle to survive as the gods play their deadly games, using Mankind as their pawns. The desolate harshness of the northern wastes does not encourage the luxury of introspection and study into matters arcane. The gods simply exist, as undeniable as the wind and the night, impossibly powerful entities that mould the clay of human flesh and frozen earth into grotesque new shapes at a whim. To resent this state of affairs would be as futile as resenting the sunset, the moonrise or other forces of nature.

Because of the omnipresence of the Dark Gods in the reaches of the north, the men who carve out their lives there are devout indeed, making human sacrifices and offering up the deaths of those they slay on the battlefield with each passing day. To the northlanders, the favour of their gods is a vital and glorious part of their lives. A northman communes with his deities directly, dedicating body and soul to his gods rather than offering prayers at the behest of sanctimonious priests or narrow-minded patriarchs.



The Dark Gods are mighty forces that stand behind the tribes of Chaos, rewarding the brave, confounding their foes, and destroying the weakling gods of the southlands. They play with the lives and dreams of men much as a wicked child plays with a teeming anthill, for to the gods mortal lives and ambitions are as short-lived and insignificant as insects. They are feared by all the races of man, even those who whisper their names in the dead of night. Barbaric and primal, the Dark Gods stand in stark contrast to the refined, sophisticated, and civilised deities of the south. Many legendary tales exist of wars in the heavens between the gods of men, Dwarfs and Elves.

The gods are made real because they are unwittingly created in the minds of mortals. The idea of gods gives these entities birth and endows them with power for good and ill. From the minds of men are born spirits of multitudinous kinds – all are but the creations of mortal vice and virtue, of mortal strength and frailty, from the greatest to the slightest, and from the most noble to the most base. Such is the pantheon of Chaos a dark reflection of Mankind's own nature.

THE PANTHEON OF CHAOS

Of these gods, the greatest of all are the four that are called the Dark Gods. The unwitting creations of Mankind's most powerful subconscious emotions, they may be summarised (if imperfectly) as rage, hope, despair and pleasure. They are Khorne the Blood God whose bellows of rage echo across the multiverse, Tzeentch the Changer of the Ways and master of the weave of time, Nurgle the Lord of Decay whose rotting carcass oozes corruption, and Slaanesh the Dark Prince, neither male nor female, whose beauty is such that the merest glimpse will bind a mortal to his eternal service.

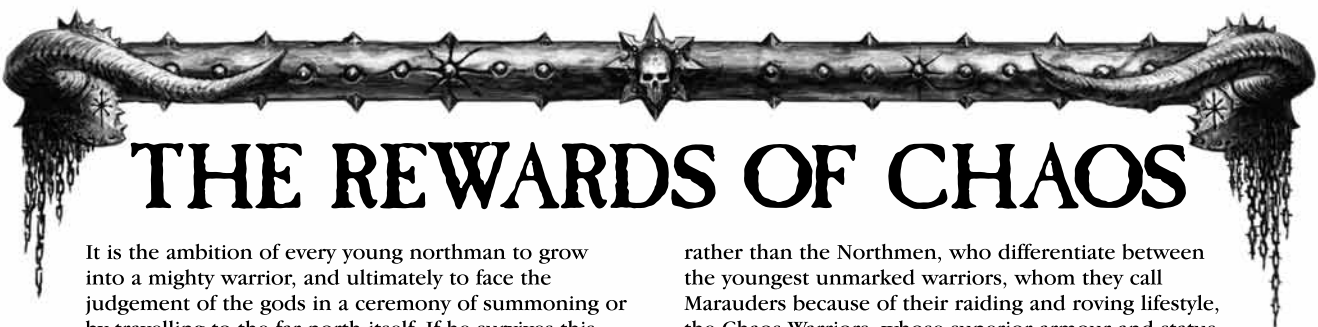


The vast majority of those who live under the thrall of Chaos worship all four of these brothers in darkness. A warrior upon a great quest might make sacrifices to Khorne to guide his blade against the obstacles in his path, pray clemency from Nurgle that his expedition be free from exhaustion or disease, invoke Tzeentch so that the seas and winds are in his favour, and implore Slaanesh to ensure that his victory feast is both glorious and debauched. Every facet of life in the north is the province of one of the four Gods, and it is a brave man or a fool who spurns one in favour of another.

Nonetheless, some adopt one single god as their patron, recognising the other deities but giving themselves completely to one power above all. These are the most outlandish and devout of all Warriors of Chaos, for they enjoy great favour in return for their total dedication. Though mortals such as these may enter into this unholy pact to permanently ally themselves with a god and harness the power such association brings, they inevitably devolve as they progress further upon their dark path. Ultimately they will become little more than an extension of their god's immortal will.

"THEY MAY WORSHIP THE GOD OF BLOOD OR THE FATHER OF PLAGUES, THEY MAY ENACT THEIR PATRONS' PETTY RIVALRIES AND BATTLE AMONGST THEMSELVES FOR SUPREMACY, BUT WHEN THEY MARCH TO WAR, UNITED BY THE WILL OF THE MIGHTIEST OF THEIR KIND, THEY FIGHT AND KILL AS ONE."

SEBASTINE LETRANGE, QUILLKEEPER OF LANGHILLE



THE REWARDS OF CHAOS

It is the ambition of every young northman to grow into a mighty warrior, and ultimately to face the judgement of the gods in a ceremony of summoning or by travelling to the far north itself. If he survives this ordeal, he is judged to have been found worthy of his god's service and of his tribe's respect. He is said to have been chosen by the god. These exalted warriors have the highest status amongst their tribe. They often bear the mark of their patron god in the form of a prominent tattoo, the brand of a heated iron or a pattern cut into their flesh.

Once a warrior has been chosen, his deeds are said to be observed and judged by his patron and sometimes by the other gods if he is especially powerful. He may start to mutate, often becoming bigger and stronger, whilst his skin may grow tough, leathery or even chitinous, forming a natural armour. These qualities are regarded very favourably as gifts of the gods that make a warrior more formidable as well as marking him for future greatness. Those who are especially favoured may return time and again to the Realm of Chaos or to holy places along the borderlands, where they commune with their gods and receive further gifts.

In the eyes of the northmen there is a natural and progressive relationship between the mass of roving warriors, the veterans that form the elite core of their armies, and those whose extraordinary gifts mark them out as the leaders of all their tribe. It is their enemies,

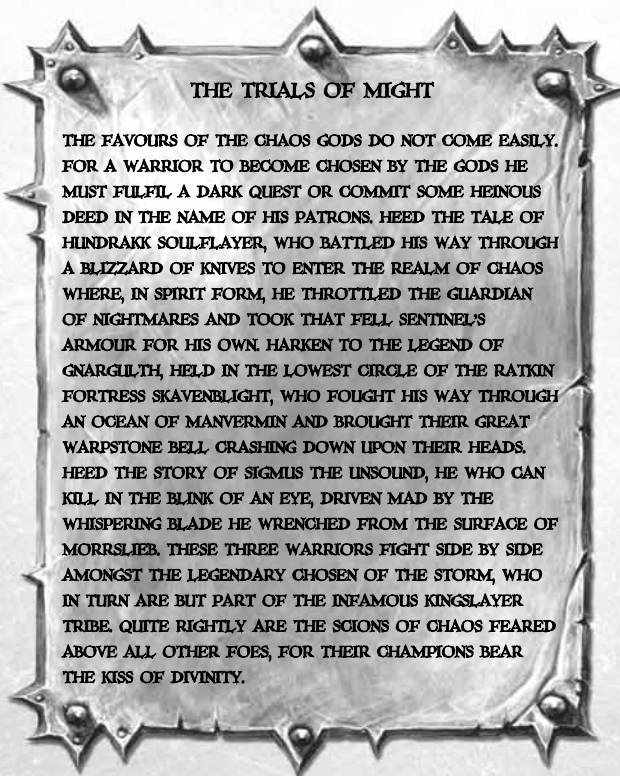
rather than the Northmen, who differentiate between the youngest unmarked warriors, whom they call Marauders because of their raiding and roving lifestyle, the Chaos Warriors, whose superior armour and status make them easily recognisable, and the Champions of Chaos, the leaders and greatest of all.



Should one who has been chosen continue to excel, he may ultimately become a Chaos Lord. The Chaos Lords are the mightiest warriors that walk the surface of the world, and their names blight all of history. Fortunately for the civilised world, perhaps one in several thousand who set foot upon the path of Chaos reach this pinnacle of martial perfection. Rarer still are the Chaos Lords that the Dark Gods elevate to sit at their side as a Daemon Prince. For the less fortunate aspirant, the final reward for selling his soul to Chaos is an unmarked grave upon some corpse-strewn battlefield, his cadaver pecked clean by the crows.

Yet a grisly death is not the worst fate that one who has trod the path of Chaos can suffer. Should a Warrior of Chaos displease his patron, these mutations may be of such severity that he falls from the path of greatness, becoming little more than a frothing maniac that exists only to kill and kill again. These unfortunate beings are known as Forsaken. Even the most vaunted Chaos Lord can find himself hideously transmuted in an instant, consigned to a life of mindless violence merely for the entertainment of the Dark Gods.

Furthermore, should a Warrior of Chaos receive too many of these dubious gifts from the Ruinous Powers, his mortal frame will be unable to contain the arcane energies seething through him. When this point is reached, the warrior's mind and body will run like wax, reshaped by the raw essence of Chaos until he becomes a monstrous mass of flesh and fang whose form defies all reason and whose mind is a maelstrom of rage and pain. These gibbering once-men are called Chaos Spawn, but instead of being reviled by their people they are given succour and allowed to remain in their tribe. Indeed, in some ways the Chaos Spawn are revered by their kin, for the Northmen believe that it is better to live even the briefest and most vile of existences at the behest of the gods than to grow old without drawing their notice.



THE TRIALS OF MIGHT

THE FAVOURS OF THE CHAOS GODS DO NOT COME EASILY. FOR A WARRIOR TO BECOME CHOSEN BY THE GODS HE MUST FULFIL A DARK QUEST OR COMMIT SOME HEINOUS DEED IN THE NAME OF HIS PATRONS. HEED THE TALE OF HINDRAKK SOULFLAYER, WHO BATTLED HIS WAY THROUGH A BLIZZARD OF KNIVES TO ENTER THE REALM OF CHAOS WHERE, IN SPIRIT FORM, HE THROTTLED THE GUARDIAN OF NIGHTMARES AND TOOK THAT FELL SENTINEL'S ARMOUR FOR HIS OWN. HARKEN TO THE LEGEND OF GNARGILTH, HELD IN THE LOWEST CIRCLE OF THE RATKIN FORTRESS SKAVENBLIGHT, WHO FOUGHT HIS WAY THROUGH AN OCEAN OF MANVERMIN AND BROUGHT THEIR GREAT WARPSTONE BELL CRASHING DOWN UPON THEIR HEADS. HEED THE STORY OF SIGMUS THE UNSOUND, HE WHO CAN KILL IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, DRIVEN MAD BY THE WHISPERING BLADE HE WRENCHED FROM THE SURFACE OF MORRSLIEB. THESE THREE WARRIORS FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE AMONGST THE LEGENDARY CHOSEN OF THE STORM, WHO IN TURN ARE BUT PART OF THE INFAMOUS KINGSLAYER TRIBE. QUITE RIGHTLY ARE THE SCIONS OF CHAOS FEARED ABOVE ALL OTHER FOES, FOR THEIR CHAMPIONS BEAR THE KISS OF DIVINITY.

It was both yesterday and centuries ago that Urlf sat at the head of the great table in the hall of Snaegr in the land of Norsca. Yesterday and centuries ago because, in the Realm of Chaos, time does not flow as time flows in the mortal world, but intersects with it in curious and unfathomable ways. Time as Urlf had once known it now seemed a slight and trivial thing. He flexed his wings, feeling ichor run through newly materialised veins.

It had been centuries since he had felt a living pulse within his breast or the sensation of his own lungs working upon the air, or perhaps it had been but yesterday after all. He dismissed this curious notion and looked about him and knew that he was once more in the hall of Snaegr in the land of Norsca – though the hall had decayed and been rebuilt many times over since he was here as a mortal man.

"What cause have you to bring me to the land of Men?" his voice boomed across the hall. Its inhabitants shrank back in terror at the inhuman sound, for his voice was that of a Daemon, not that of a man, and the voice of a Daemon reverberates in dark corners of the mind that might otherwise best remain undisturbed.

Urfl looked about him and saw the ranks of warriors armed for battle, amongst their numbers one or two bearing the favour of the gods. His eyes fell upon the Sorcerer who had made the summonation and he reached out, feeling at once the bonds of magic that both held and sustained him within the runic circle. The Sorcerer's eyes glimmered with ecstasy induced by the raw magic within his body – a body visibly marked by the passage of power and the favour of the gods. It was not the Sorcerer who spoke now but the tall warrior sat at the head of the great table – the chieftain of the tribe.

"It is Grydal, Lord of the Snaegr and Scourge of the South, who calls upon Urfldaemonkin. For tomorrow we ride to war – and under the moon-time of Urfl I ask for Daemon-blessing."

Urfl watched this man make his statement as he had also made his statement so long ago when he too was lord of the Snaegr. Or maybe it was not so very long ago, for this man Grydal had something of the look of Urfl's own son about him. Broad plaits of golden hair lay across his pale cheek as Urfl's own hair had once done. Now Urfl's mane was burning flame and his skin was as black as coal. His eyes were as red as embers and, as he spoke, the words tumbled from between tusks of gleaming iron. Such was the image drawn from the minds of his ancestral kin – and such therefore was the material form of his immortal spirit.

"You understand the bargain, Grydal, Lord of the Snaegr?" asked the Daemon.

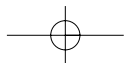
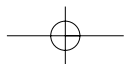
"I understand the bargain, Urfldaemonkin," replied Grydal boldly, though Urfl could taste the terror that oozed from his soul – there is little that a mortal can hide from a Daemon and less still from a Daemon that was once mortal himself.

"Then receive Khorne's blessing," growled Urfl, and the Lord of the Snaegr stepped forward to the edge of the runic circle, so close that the Daemon could hear his heart beating and the warm red blood rushing through his fleshy body. Urfl reached out a massive claw and touched the man upon the brow. It was the slightest of touches, his talon barely caressing the man's skin, but the sudden release of power from within the circle sent Grydal flying through the air as if struck by a bolt of lightning.



Grydal rose from the ground, his head pounding and his muscles aching with an agony a hundred times worse than any axe stroke he had ever suffered. The Daemon was gone and, where it had stood, the ground was blackened and scorched. He was aware of a strong bitter taint to the air that he had never smelled before. Every eye in the tribe was upon him and every mouth silently agape, except for that of the Sorcerer Hama, who gibbered incoherently as he writhed in the dirt. Grydal's own axe lay where it had fallen and he reached out to take it, noticing for the first time the furrow of exposed flesh that ran across his forearm in the crude shape of a skull – the mark of Khorne. His hands closed around the axe – hands, that were his own and yet no longer the strong, broad hands that he had borne. These were black and scaly with long taloned fingers, claws very much like those of Urfldaemonkin. As he grasped the axe, he felt a surge of energy within his breast and his head cleared, all sensation of pain falling from him. He rose to his full height – seemingly greater than before – and looked upon his warriors with a new confidence and, new sense of purpose. He felt strong, he felt powerful, and he knew that he carried the blessing of his god as well as his mark. He raised the axe above his head.

"The bargain has been made!" he roared.



The Saga of Khalac Swordsson

As told to the warriors of the Crow Brethren at Winterpyre

...and in that time of blood and madness, a warrior rode north
A hero born strong in the arm, more cunning than the wolf
Named Khalac Swordsson, blade his claw and jagged axe his bite
He felt the touch of eldritch gods one fell midwinter's night

But only deeds of blood and madness draw the Dark Ones' gaze
His men sought glory in the mountains, lost for many days
And Khalac Swordsson hunts his prey, a-hunted in his turn
By scaled beast whose gullet harbours flames that ever burn

Cold claw sliced and hellfire crackled, vicious beast did leap
Khalac Swordsson swung his blade and cut the monster deep
And wolves did gather all around as Khalac burned alive
But Khalac cut the dire-hounds down as wheat before the scythe

The monster, now in sinew shackled, dragged back to the cave
Khalac offered drake-thing's heart in ceremony grave
A Lord of Change paid heed his prayer and Khalac's wounds did tame
Ever after Khalac burned with bright unholy flame

And from that day did men approach him, putting forth their swords
Khalac led his newfound army 'gainst the greenskin'd hordes
Black blood stained the virgin snow as Khalac's star burned bright
The Skull-God gifted brazen armour 'fore the morning light

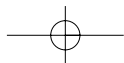
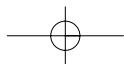
But Khalac, lest the Gods reproach him, suffered not his pride
Humble still though mighty foes lay bleeding in his stride
His warriors grew twice in number every passing moon
A steel-clad horde that marched to war in search of Plaguelord's boon

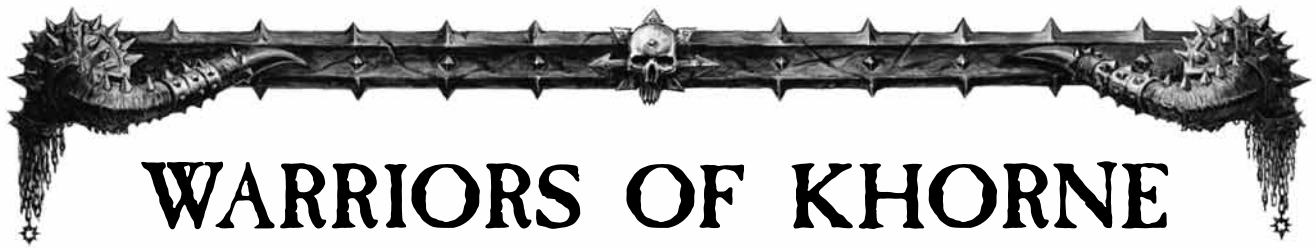
And so it was that Khalac Swordsson came upon Hell Pit
Where vermin-men and twisted mutant through the shadows flit
Khalac brought the kiss of plague unto the Ratkin Lord
And put to death his nightmare legions 'pon a rusted sword

Now numberless his loyal bondsmen, Khalac turned due south
The Lord of Pleasure whispered him with silver-needed mouth
'A palace for a prince,' said he, 'and southmen build them fine
Glut thyself on sweetmeats, flesh and blood-inflected wine'

So Khalac Swordsson smote the weakling 'Emperor' of Man
He took up throne and sceptre gold and soon the feast began
Ten thousand swordsmen roared his name as Khalac stood on high
His seers claimed immortal fate awaiting him was nigh

Lord Khalac, once so young and meekling, lit the night with power
His veins did sing with eldritch humours 'til that darkling hour
When Khalac's frame could hold no more; a mound of living bone
Was all the fickle gods left seated 'pon the southmen's throne





WARRIORS OF KHORNE

Khorne is the mightiest of all the Chaos Gods, for he is rage incarnate. Known as Kharnath, Khorghar, Akhar and a hundred other names, the Blood God is worshipped in almost every northern tribe. Khorne is always perceived as an angry, roaring being of infinite strength and supreme battle prowess who rewards bravery, might at arms and conquest. The gore-maddened followers of Khorne hunt and kill even beyond the borders of the mortal world, delighting in slaughter whether under the baking sun or by the light of a bloodstained moon. Khorne hungrily watches the carnage wrought in his name, and his bellows of bloodlust can be heard echoing across the void between worlds.

Khorne is depicted as an overly-muscled, dog-headed giant in baroque plate mail who sits brooding upon a vast and ornately carved brass throne. The throne, in its turn, sits atop a great mountain of blood-stained bones. These are the skulls of not only his faithful champions but also those that they have slain in the name of Khorne. Their number is beyond counting, for every minute of every day yet more decapitations are offered unto this most violent of gods. Khorne's Flesh Hounds gnaw upon each new offering, ever ready to hunt those cravens who will not fight in open battle. There can never be enough skulls laid at the foot of Khorne's throne, for though they feed his glory, they can never quench his eternal thirst for blood.

But it is not just the fierce men of the north who worship the Blood God. Many civilisations worship aspects of Khorne under a different name; even the Elven god of murder, Khaine, is thought by some to be an aspect of Khorne. There are no temples to Khorne, though, and conflict is his only ceremony, for the God of War is only truly worshipped on the battlefield. The indiscriminate bloodletting practiced by his followers is accompanied by little ritual other than their chilling battle cry – "Blood for the Blood God!"

The warrior code of Khorne is simple: blood and more blood, regardless of the source. Khorne despises spellcasting in general, though magical weapons that aid the business of slaughter are much favoured by his warriors. There are no wizards devoted to Khorne, for his champions epitomise those who live and die by the blade. A common mark worn by his followers is the Collar of Khorne, a massive studded ring with long spikes on both the inside and out. It is said that these collars protect the wearers from hostile magic, and that Khorne's own Flesh Hounds wear similar artefacts.

Champions of Khorne are often unpredictable fighters, for a day that passes without adding to the slaughter in Khorne's name is a day wasted. Furthermore, Khorne looks well upon those who sacrifice their friends or allies in the name of Khorne, and will punish a worshipper who fails in his duty as executioner. After all, Khorne cares not from whence the blood flows. For this reason those high in the favour of Khorne are

feared and hated even by other Chaos worshippers. Khorne's champions are highly competitive, and unless they believe that their god has brought them together for a grander battle to come, when two champions meet, it inevitably ends in bloodshed and murder.

The armies that march to war in the name of Khorne are a terrifying sight. Of all the devotees of the Ruinous Powers, it is the minions of Khorne who prize martial prowess and iron determination most of all. The elite warriors of Khorne march tirelessly, menace in their every step. Their brass-bound banners drip with gore, decorated with disembodied heads and slicked with arterial blood. They keep a grim silence as they march, each busy with waking dreams of carnage. Around them, the air seems to crackle with tension, for the longer each warrior keeps his blade sheathed, the more violent the outburst when he releases his rage. When the armies of Khorne reach the field and battle lines are drawn, the warriors of Khorne transform into a roaring, charging mass of steel and sinew that slams into the enemy line like the fist of the Blood God himself.

THE CRIMSON RIVER

IN LATE 2103 THE GOREHUNT TRIBE RESOLVED TO OFFER SKULLS FROM FAR-OFF LANDS UNTO THE BLOOD GOD, AND TOOK TO THE SEAS IN THEIR LONGSHIPS. HEADING SOUTH, THEY EVENTUALLY CAME ACROSS THE DESERT REALM OF ARABY. THOUGH THE NORTHMEN NUMBERED LESS THAN A HUNDRED AND THE ARMIES OF ARABY WERE MANY THOUSANDS STRONG, THE WARRIORS OF CHAOS CARVED A PATH OF CONQUEST ACROSS THE LAND. THE EMIRS OF THOSE FAR-OFF KINGDOMS SENT SENTIENT WINDS AND FIERY SPIRITS, BUT TO THEIR DESPAIR THE FOLLOWERS OF KHORNE GREW MORE DETERMINED WITH EVERY BATTLE.

THE TRAIL THAT THE INVADERS HACKED THROUGH THE ARMIES SENT TO OPPOSE THEM WAS MARKED WITH SPATTERS AND POOLS OF BLOOD THAT, AS THE DAYS OF BATTLE GREW LONG, RAN TOGETHER BETWEEN THE DUNES AS RIVULETS OF CRIMSON. THE EMIRS SENT THEIR ELITE BODYGUARDS AND CAVALRY REGIMENTS AGAINST THE INDOMITABLE CHAOS WARRIOR FOOTSOLDIERS, BUT TO NO AVAIL. THE WARRIORS OF CHAOS FOUGHT WITH A BERSERK FURY, AND SOON THE RIVULETS BECAME A STREAM.

IN DESPERATION, THE EMIRS SENT GIGANTIC BEASTS OF WAR AND ARMIES THAT HID THE DUNES WITH THEIR NUMBER. IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE THE STREAM HAD BECOME A RIVER. THOUGH EVERY NORTHMAN WAS EVENTUALLY KILLED, THEIR MASTER KHORNE WAS TRULY PLEASED, AND THE CRIMSON RIVER FLOWS THROUGH ARABY TO THIS DAY IN TESTAMENT TO THEIR SACRIFICE.

DEVOTEES OF SLAANESH

Slaanesh, the Dark Prince of Chaos, is the youngest of the four greater Chaos Gods. Known under a multitude of names, including Shornaal and Lanshor, the Lord of Pleasure is the patron of excess in all things. Master of luxury and creative power, his realms of influence include music, art and passion, but also sadism, perversion and cruelty. He is the embodiment of indulgence in all its forms, and can be found wherever discipline bows to temptation and virtue falls to vice.

Divinely beautiful and alluring, Slaanesh exudes a palpable and irresistible charm that can leave a mortal smitten for eternity. Slaanesh most frequently appears as a radiant and slender colossus, male on the left side and female on the right, with a subtly disturbing voice that can bind a man as a spider binds a fly. He teases the souls of his enemies from their bodies as they gaze with adoration and longing into his lustrous eyes.

The tribesmen of the north seek the favour of Slaanesh not purely for pleasure but also for personal gain, for the Dark Prince of Chaos has it within his power to instill his followers with a portion of his radiant glory. The truly devoted of Slaanesh has legions of acolytes prepared to die on his behalf and his pick of adoring

womenfolk to bear his seed. Slaanesh is also honoured throughout the Old World, where his principles of indulgence in every whim and vice enjoy a clandestine following. Slaanesh's allure is highly addictive, and those who follow him are quickly overcome by the lure of pride, arrogance and excess.

No-one is safe from the Dark Prince, for he is not some raw elemental force that can be avoided or met with blade and shield, but the embodiment of the hidden lusts and desires that nestle in every being's soul. Slaanesh hungrily preys upon these mortal weaknesses, watching greedily as his playthings fall from grace. How many have inadvertently slipped into his tender embrace as they succumb to the sins of self-indulgence? How many leaders of men have turned to the Dark Prince of Chaos to secure their position, or to gain the support and respect of their fellows?

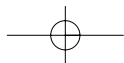
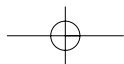
Champions of Slaanesh are majestic, charismatic leaders who are adored by their followers and attract ever more armies to their side. As the Champion becomes more self-absorbed, he begins to lose that which once made him human. The favoured one becomes more distant from his followers, his otherworldly persona only furthering the devotion of his acolytes. Slaaneshi Champions are immensely proud of the gifts given to them by the Dark Prince, bathing in the praise heaped upon them by lesser men. They are imposing individuals, with an allure that goes beyond mere physical beauty, and they fight with effortless grace and exquisite precision. The sheer presence of a Champion of Slaanesh is inspiring; they are surrounded by an aura that delights others and drives them to acts of great loyalty and sacrifice. Pain, fear, honour and loyalty become merely abstract concerns to be examined as a priest of Morr might examine a corpse. As the devoted of Slaanesh slide ever deeper into the depths of depravity, a little more of their humanity drips away with every unnatural act, until they are reborn as beautiful but cruel tyrants entirely focused on their own ambitions. All other creatures become subservient to the will of the Champion, there merely to give adulation or be destroyed.

The glittering warhosts of Slaanesh are marvellous to behold. Long, elegant banners proclaim the glory of the Lord of the Warhost and pledge undying devotion to the Dark Prince. Each warrior is tattooed and pierced with obscene sigils and runes that hurt the naked eye, and fine silks and carefully flayed skins are draped across polished and bladed armour. The Champions of Slaanesh stalk and glide across the battlefield with a languid and unhurried grace, long tongues flickering as they taste the tang of fear in the air. For although the minions of the Dark Prince indulge themselves in every vice known to the worlds of Mankind and beyond, perhaps the favourite excess is to be found on the field of battle, where the devoted can bathe in the hot blood of their victims and rejoice in the screams of the dying.

THE DARK FEAST

IN THE PEASANT COMMUNITIES OF NORDLAND THERE PERSIST TALES OF THE DARK FEAST, THE CULMINATION OF GINTHOLD THE BOLD'S SUCCESSFUL MILITARY CAMPAIGN AGAINST A CHAOS-WORSHIPPING TRIBE IN THE SPRING OF 1666. A SECRET COVEN OF SLAANESH WORSHIPPERS HAD BLOSSOMED WITHIN GINTHOLD'S FORTRESS, AND THEY ENSURED THAT HIS VICTORY FEAST WAS AS LAVISH AS IT WAS PREMATURE. THE ENDLESS SUPPLY OF EXOTIC SWEETMEATS AND POTENT LIQUOR, COMBINED WITH WILD MUSIC AND DISPLAYS OF ABANDON FROM THE DANCING GIRLS, HAD A NARCOTIC EFFECT UPON GINTHOLD'S MEN. AS THE AIR FILLED WITH THE HEADY MUSK OF INDULGENCE, THE CAPTAINS JOINED THE REVELRY IN EVERY WAY THAT THEY COULD. BEFORE LONG ALL OF THE CELEBRANTS WRITHED NAKED UPON THE FEASTHALL FLOOR IN THE MANNER OF BEASTS. OUTSIDE, AT A SIGN FROM ONE OF THE COVEN OF CHAOS WORSHIPPERS, THE CHAOS WARRIORS THAT HAD APPROACHED THE FORTRESS BROKE THROUGH THE LEADERLESS ARMIES THAT SOUGHT TO STOP THEM WITH CONTEMPTUOUS EASE. THEIR TARGET WAS THE FEAST HALL. WHEN THE CHOSEN OF SLAANESH BROKE OPEN THE DOORS AND FELL UPON THE REVELLERS, THE ENSUING ORGY OF BLOODLETTING WAS TRULY EPIC. A SECOND FEAST TOOK PLACE THAT NIGHT, A GHASTLY TABLEAU SO VILE THAT IT WILL LIVE ON FOR ETERNITY AS A CAUTIONARY TALE AGAINST UNDERESTIMATING THE POWER OF SLAANESH.







DREAD HOSTS OF NURGLE

Nurgle is the Lord of Decay. It is he who unleashes famines and pestilence upon the world, and so it is to Nurgle that mortals turn when they wish protection from the ravages of disease and the inevitable decline brought by the passing years. Sooner or later every mortal feels Nurgle's debilitating touch. When the crops are spoilt, when a child falls feverish, and when wounds begin to fester on the field of battle, supplications are offered to Nurgle for him to stay his hand. These supplications are often successful, but Nurgle's favour is bought at a terrible cost.

Known also as Nurglitch, Onogal, Neiglen and many other titles, Nurgle is an ancient and well-established god. He has claim to the title Lord of All Things, for no matter how solid and permanent something seems, it is always liable to physical corruption. The palace of today is tomorrow's ruin, the maiden of the morning is the crone of the night, and the hope of a moment is but the foundation stone of everlasting regret.

A darker counterpart to primitive deities of fertility and nature, Nurgle is portrayed as a kindly, almost jovial god, known as Father or Grandfather Nurgle to his blighted acolytes. Though he is the Lord of Decay, whose body is wracked with disease, he is full of exuberant energy and a desire to enlighten – Nurgle cherishes all life, be it mewling babe or bubonic pox. While non-believers may moan in anguish when crippling plague sweeps the lands, those dedicated to Nurgle laugh and dance to see the great works of their master unfold. They have accepted the futility of defying Nurgle and the inescapable dilapidation that he brings, embracing the fruitful delights of decay, disease and ruin. For what use is it to rail against the onset of entropy, as implacable as the passage of time itself?

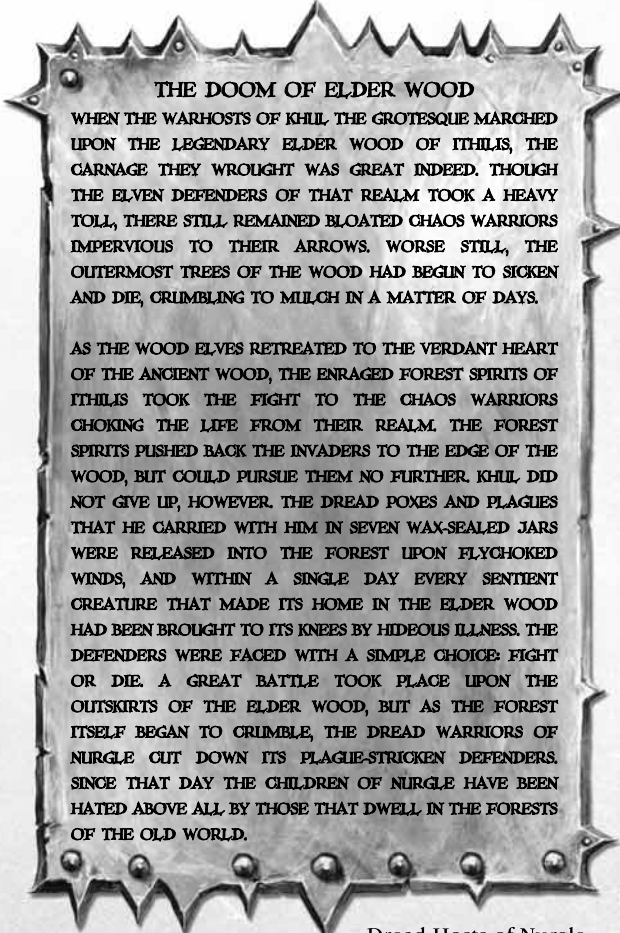
To his followers, Nurgle appears as a gigantic and massively bloated creature, festering with boils, poxes and suppurating sores. He is surrounded by a dark cloud of tiny daemonic insects, each of which carries the symbol of the Plaguelord upon its back. Nurgle's skin is rent and torn, and indescribable organs, rank with decay, spill through the ruptured skin and hang like drapes about his girth. From his exposed guts spill the Nurglings, the spiteful mites of Nurgle, giggling and cackling as they play amidst the filth.

Father Nurgle has a generous spirit. He is never mean or thrifty when bestowing his latest concoctions upon the mortal realms, for within his putrescent cauldron Nurgle has gifts enough for all. The Plaguelord is said to delight in every new pox, every unique rash and blister, and of all the gods he takes the most interest in the plight of his mortal followers.

Nurgle's Champions, although ravaged by disease, are themselves protected from such plagues, for they become immune to pain and discomfort. While their bodies may corrupt and split open, the spirit of Nurgle

sustains them. Thus the Champions of Nurgle can endure wounds and afflictions that would cripple others and still fight on in his name. They are horrific to look upon, more so even than other Champions of Chaos, for their peeling flesh, stomachs bloated with corpse-gas and charnel stench are a reminder of the eventual fate that awaits all creatures.

The armies that march to war in Nurgle's name are repulsive indeed. Clouds of fat-bodied flies surround the favoured of Nurgle, bathing in exposed sores and pustules and clustering into the eyes, nostrils and ears of any who look upon them. A miasma of pestilence hangs around the warriors of Nurgle like a grey-green cloud, all but suffocating any who come within range of their rusted and pock-marked blades. But not all is grimness and squalor amongst the footsoldiers of Nurgle, for the favoured openly rejoice in their deity's approval. So it is that the hosts of the Plaguelord stride to battle with the exuberance of a carnival, their armour painted in the grisly palette of sickness, phlegm-choked laughter echoing across the battlefield as they bring their deadly gifts ever closer to the foe.



THE DOOM OF ELDER WOOD

WHEN THE WARHOSTS OF KHIL, THE GROTESQUE MARCHED UPON THE LEGENDARY ELDER WOOD OF ITHILIS, THE CARNAGE THEY WROUGHT WAS GREAT INDEED. THOUGH THE ELVEN DEFENDERS OF THAT REALM TOOK A HEAVY TOLL, THERE STILL REMAINED BLOATED CHAOS WARRIORS IMPERVIOUS TO THEIR ARROWS. WORSE STILL, THE OUTERMOST TREES OF THE WOOD HAD BEGUN TO SICKEN AND DIE, CRUMBLING TO MULCH IN A MATTER OF DAYS.

AS THE WOOD ELVES RETREATED TO THE VERDANT HEART OF THE ANCIENT WOOD, THE ENRAGED FOREST SPIRITS OF ITHILIS TOOK THE FIGHT TO THE CHAOS WARRIORS CHOKING THE LIFE FROM THEIR REALM. THE FOREST SPIRITS PUSHED BACK THE INVADERS TO THE EDGE OF THE WOOD, BUT COULD PURSUE THEM NO FURTHER. KHIL DID NOT GIVE UP, HOWEVER. THE DREAD POXES AND PLAGUES THAT HE CARRIED WITH HIM IN SEVEN WAX-SEALED JARS WERE RELEASED INTO THE FOREST UPON FLYCHOKED WINDS, AND WITHIN A SINGLE DAY EVERY SENTIENT CREATURE THAT MADE ITS HOME IN THE ELDER WOOD HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO ITS KNEES BY HIDEOUS ILLNESS. THE DEFENDERS WERE FACED WITH A SIMPLE CHOICE: FIGHT OR DIE. A GREAT BATTLE TOOK PLACE UPON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE ELDER WOOD, BUT AS THE FOREST ITSELF BEGAN TO CRUMBLE, THE DREAD WARRIORS OF NURGLE CUT DOWN ITS PLAGUE-STRICKEN DEFENDERS. SINCE THAT DAY THE CHILDREN OF NURGLE HAVE BEEN HATED ABOVE ALL BY THOSE THAT DWELL IN THE FORESTS OF THE OLD WORLD.

DISCIPLES OF TZEENTCH

Tzeentch is the Changer of the Ways, and he is flux embodied. He has a masterly comprehension of magic, but also destiny, intrigue, history and subterfuge. As change is inherent in the essence of Chaos itself, Tzeentch has a strong claim to ultimate power over all who worship Chaos. For without transformation, a warrior cannot ascend to greatness, the gods cannot bestow their gifts, and the living cannot die.

The entity that men worship as Tzeentch has a thousand names and faces. Known as Tchar among the barbarians of the far north, Chen in the exotic east and Shunch in the steaming jungles of the south, the only constant is Tzeentch's inconstancy. Everywhere, though, he is a subtle manipulator with an all-encompassing knowledge. Tzeentch knows each trivial seed of hate in man's heart, just as he knows the ultimate fate of every star in the cosmos. His plans are inevitably convoluted and vast, spanning across untold aeons, inexplicable and contradictory to all mortal minds. He is the puppet master, pulling the strings of fate and controlling the destiny of his followers and enemies alike. He does not manipulate the lives of men towards a specific end, at least not for long; for Tzeentch, the very act of manipulation is an end unto itself.

Tzeentch does not have a single form, often manifesting himself as a cloud of magical light that constantly changes colour. When he does take shape, his skin crawls with changing faces that leer and mock the onlooker. As he speaks, these faces repeat what he says with subtle but important differences. His head sits puckered and frowning in his chest, and his horns seem to spring from his shoulders rather than his brow. The firmament around Tzeentch is heavy with brooding magic that winds like liquid smoke around him, forming bewildering and interweaving patterns.

THE BATTLE OF THE MONOLITH

THE BATTLE OF THE MONOLITH OCCURRED WHEN A TRIBE OF BEASTMEN TOOK THE MONOLITH OF HROTHRAX THE IRESCENT FOR THEIR HERDSTONE, BEFOULING THE GRAVE MARKER'S SHIMMERING SURFACE WITH THEIR DUNG. HROTHRAX'S FOLLOWERS MARCHED UPON THE BEASTMAN TRIBE, ONLY TO FIND COUNTLESS BRAYING MINOTAURS AND BEASTMEN BARRING THEIR PATH. THE SORCERERS THAT HAD FOLLOWED HROTHRAX CALLED DOWN A GREAT STORM OF LIGHT, AND THE BEASTMEN DEVOLVED, THEIR FORMS TWISTING AND FLOWING UNTIL, IN PLACE OF SAVAGE AND PROUD WARRIORS, THERE STOOD LOWLY CATTLE AND GOATS WITH DROOLING HUMAN HEADS. THE DEVOTEES OF TZEENTCH SLAUGHTERED THE HAPLESS MUTANTS AND BURNT THEM ON A GREAT PYRE. THIS WAS THE FINAL CHAPTER OF HROTHRAX'S LEGEND, ONE LAST VICTORY ETCHED UPON THE SURFACE OF HIS MONOLITH.

To look upon him is to offer up one's sanity – mortal minds are not meant to glimpse infinity, and Tzeentch sits at the nexus of all possible futures.

As well as lord of flux, Tzeentch is also master of the ever-mutating energy that is known to mortals as magic. Known as the Great Sorcerer, Tzeentch gifts those who honour him with superior magical powers that they use to bend reality to their will. The slighted, the desperate and the sly pray to him, asking for predominance over their rivals and the favour of fate itself. Ultimately it is they who will receive the gift of mutation far beyond others, for Tzeentch is synonymous with change, and true disciples of the Great Schemer accept the changes wrought upon their frames with ecstatic abandon.

Tzeentch has many sigils and symbols, though the most common is a representation of the writhing fire of change. His Daemons and Champions are frequently gifted with eerie bird-like beaks, claws and multi-coloured feathers. Their skin and armour is in constant flow, changing shape and texture, forming grotesque cackling faces and kaleidoscopes of blazing colour that confuse and disorient those who look upon them. Those few who succeed upon the twisting path of Tzeentch become the most otherworldly of all Chaos Champions. They are blessed with both exceptional warrior skills and the arcane powers of the Lord of Magic. This deadly combination makes them cunning leaders and lethal warriors who command their armies with uncanny prescience.

The legions of Tzeentch are not as numerous as those of wrathful Khorne, and do not possess the unholy resilience of those belonging to his rival Nurgle. Nonetheless, the might of warhosts pledged to the Changer of the Ways cannot be measured with mere numbers. The skies above a Tzeentchian host writhe and blaze with untrammelled power. Their banners are wreathed in bolts of sentient lightning that crackle and scream outward into the eyes of those that look upon them. The blades and armour of the chosen of Tzeentch glow with balefire. When the Great Schemer is in the ascendant, his warriors are gifted with a preternatural ability to perceive and react to a dozen different futures. Warshrines draw yet more arcane power into the ranks of the faithful as the Sorcerers at their head unleash crippling curses and bolts of magical fire that immolate or mutate everything they touch.

The appearance of a host of Tzeentch often heralds some drastic change in the ebb and flow of battle – an all-conquering hero finds himself reduced to a village idiot, a safe haven is transformed into a deathtrap, or a courageous last stand is turned into a rout. Such are the spectacles that amuse and occupy the Great Schemer. If the changes that entertain him can be wrought in flesh and blood then so much the better, for the transformation from life to death is the most profound of all.



INCURSIONS OF CHAOS

When the gods of Chaos will it, the tribes of the north gather. Their call is most keenly heard by the Chosen and by the most revered Champions of Chaos, but even the youngest of warriors cannot fail to heed their summons. The Realm of Chaos itself swells with energy, and from its edges snaking tentacles of power extend southwards. As space is warped by the incursion of the Realm of Chaos into the mortal lands, so the area of surrounding shadow is also pushed southwards. Beneath that shadow the armies of Chaos advance – or, some say, are driven – for as their homelands are swallowed by darkness, so the tribes are inevitably compelled southwards.

As the borders of the Realm of Chaos heave and flux, so the Winds of Magic blow hard and the raw power of magic flows into the world. It is said that the champions of the gods can sense this power as an ordinary man feels the wind or sees the waves upon the sea – even in the far south it is commonly supposed that wizards are able to see sorcerous emanations invisible to others. Upon this wind ride creatures from the Realm of Chaos itself, Daemons and spirits, the lesser gods of the tribes, and even, it is said, the gods of Chaos themselves. It is only upon the most powerful

and enduring gales of energy that the greatest and most dangerous creatures can endure the mortal world and join the great incursions of Chaos that plague the world at large.



Fortunately for mortals, the power of Chaos has always waxed and waned, its tendrils extending and retreating, and for most of the time the shadows lie close against the pole and far distant from the lands to the south. Whether the ebb and flow of Chaos is itself a random and natural phenomenon, in so far as such an unnatural place is subject to natural laws, or whether it happens at the behest of the gods, is impossible to say. The men of the north believe that the will of the gods is not a matter of concern for mere mortals, and perhaps they are right.

TROLL COUNTRY

THE AREA TO THE NORTH OF KISLEV IS A MALIGNANT WILDERNESS KNOWN ONLY AS TROLL COUNTRY. THOUGH THIS LAND ITSELF LIES EVEN FURTHER FROM THE CHAOS WASTES THAN NORSKA, NO TRIBES MAKE THEIR HOMES THERE, FOR THE PREDATORS THAT STALK ITS UNTRAMMELED WASTES ARE LEGION. NO OTHER REALM IN THE WORLD HARBOURS AS MANY TROLLS, FROM THE SLIME-COVERED AND SCALY BEASTS THAT WALLOW IN THE FISH-STINK OF ITS RIVERS TO THE UNBLINKING HORRORS THAT LIE IN WAIT WITHIN ITS MOUNTAIN PASSES. THE FOUL TROLLS ARE NOT THE ONLY DENIZENS OF THAT CRUEL REALM, HOWEVER. WILD PACKS OF ICEWOLVES HUNT DOWN AND POUNCE UPON THOSE WHO STRAY INTO THEIR TERRITORY, THEIR MOURNFUL HOWLS PIERCING THE NIGHT AS THEY SLINK AND PROWL ACROSS THE PLAINS. FROST-WYRMS MAKE THEIR LAIRS BENEATH THE FROZEN TUNDRA, STILL AS DEATH UNTIL THE FOOTFALLS OF THEIR PREY TRIGGER MURDEROUS BURSTS OF ACTIVITY. WORSE STILL, TO THE NORTH OF TROLL COUNTRY LIES THE SCAVEN FORTRESS OF HELL PIT, A REALM OF NIGHTMARES THAT ACTS AS THE STRONGHOLD FOR THE TWISTED BEASTMASTERS OF SCAVEN CLAN MOULDER. THOUGH THE MEN OF KISLEV ABHOR TROLL COUNTRY AS A FROZEN PURGATORY FROM WHICH FEW RETURN, THE WARRIORS OF CHAOS FREQUENTLY BRAVE ITS DANGERS. FOR WHERE BETTER TO SEEK ETERNAL GLORY THAN IN A LAND THAT HARBOURS MORE MONSTERS THAN MEN?

THE INESCAPABLE FATE

With every passing decade, the threat from the powers of Chaos becomes greater. Though the change is too subtle for a single man to perceive during his meagre half-century of life, as the years march past, the long-lived Slann and the scholars of the Elven races watch the doom of the world unfold before them.

Slowly, indisputably, the incursions of Chaos are becoming more common. Though hundreds of minor invasions and raids occur each year, the full-scale wars that permanently scar the memories of mortals are growing in number and frequency. To date, each of these major incursions has been stymied and eventually thrown back by the combined military might of Men, Elves and Dwarfs, but at terrible cost. The men of the north number in the millions, and they breed strong and true. Furthermore, their daemonic allies can never truly die, and return again and again to assail the lands of the living. There will come a day when there are no more armies to oppose them.

In the lands of mortals, the wise and the mad already recognise the dire signs and portents that presage the return of Chaos. The world once more teeters on the brink of ultimate destruction. Those few ancient loremasters familiar with the forbidden volumes dedicated to the incursions of Chaos fear that the day is near when they will occur every generation, then every year, until the world will be awash in one constant, never-ending war.





THE GREAT INVASION

Over the ages, the Old World has known many wars and endured innumerable perils. The fragile kingdoms of Man have met and defeated these threats, yet each new danger emerges greater than the last, and every battle is won at an ever-increasing cost. Of all these wars, one alone is known as the Great Invasion or, as the men of the Old World call it, the Great War against Chaos.

A TIME OF OMENS

Throughout the summer of the Imperial year 2301, portents of disaster blossomed like sick fruit throughout the lands of the Empire. Wells that had previously served towns for generations filled with blood-slicked slime. Pigs rose up onto their hind legs and began to scream with voices that sounded human. Crops shrivelled in the long heat or were devoured by plagues of insects, many of which had leering human faces. Few doubted that the Empire lay under a curse, for who else but the Lord of Plagues, Nurgle himself, could be responsible for such a catalogue of woe?

To the Kurgan warlord Asavar Kul the Anointed, the Empire of man seemed weak and ripe for conquest. Not only was the Empire riven with Father Nurgle's choicest plagues, but also it was riddled with corruption and decadence due to the covert worship of Slaanesh. As the nobles of the Empire indulged their vices and acted out their petty rivalries, the forces of Chaos waxed strong. There was no centralised authority to oppose them, for the line of the Emperors had ended abruptly and the human lands of the Old World were divided between the squabbling Elector Counts. Chaos warbands roamed unchecked through Kislev and Nordland, even reaching as far as Altdorf, the jewel in the crown of the Empire. Asavar Kul gathered his tribespeople to him and made ready for war.

THE GATHERING OF MIGHT

The first of Kul's travails lay to the far north. He could feel in his soul that the gateways that divided the worlds swelled with power, and made haste to witness their glory. For Kul knew that all true children of the Chaos Gods would feel the pull as he did. The dark shadow of Chaos spilled southwards, engulfing the wastelands and absorbing them into the Realm of Chaos. Before this irresistible tide, the minions of Chaos gathered, and Kul drew them to his cause. As the shadow of Chaos moved south, so the forces of Chaos grew. Kul was joined by roving bands of Chaos Warriors from the borders of Troll Country and all manner of monstrous and hellish beasts that followed in their wake, attracted by the unmistakable lure of raw power. Daemoniac hosts crossed the veil from the Realm of Chaos and marched to his side. In the forests of the northernmost provinces of the Empire, Beastmen gathered in unprecedented numbers. Between the High Pass to the north of Praag and the Middle Mountains, there emerged an unholy horde so large that its banners choked the horizon.

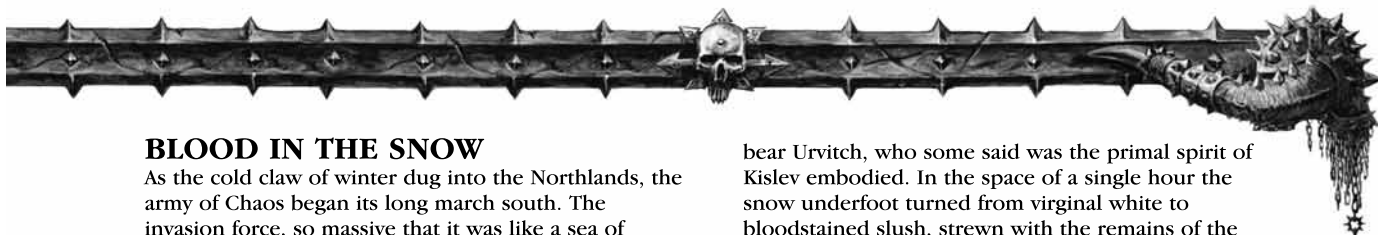
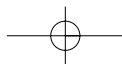
As autumn came, the lands of the Empire fell into anarchy. Many thousands had already died of hunger and plague, and thousands more sought refuge in the crowded cities. Farms, villages and small towns were abandoned to marauding bands of Chaos Warriors. Even in the prosperous regions around the cities of Nuln and Altdorf, things were not well. In the dark and twisted streets of the cities, religious fanatics and prophets of doom preached their strange brand of redemption. Many desperate citizens listened to their dogma and, believing the world to truly be at an end, became flagellants themselves. Witchcraft and covert worship of Slaanesh were blamed for the corruption taking root all across the Empire, and hundreds of innocents were burned at the stake, though doubtless many agents of Chaos were rooted out and slain by the zealots. Witch hunters and preachers rallied the people against the followers of Chaos and there was open warfare in the streets. In Nuln, the young nobleman Magnus drew a great following, and with his mixture of zeal and common sense the city was purged of the worshippers of Chaos.



A DARK HORIZON

The Chaos horde continued to gather from the lands around the Troll Country. With every passing dawn their numbers had grown further. Before long the horde's campfires were as numerous as stars in the night sky, and blood-slicked pyramids of skulls dotted the land as more and more sacrifices were made to the Chaos Gods. Kul truly seemed to bear the favour of each of the brothers in darkness, united in the subjugation of the mortal realms. The army that Asavar Kul had gathered to him was said to be the largest ever to march to war in the Old World.

In Kislev, the most northerly of the human realms and bulwark against the lands of Chaos, Tzar Alexis sent southwards for help, for he had foreseen the day when the fell horde would move upon him. The message reached Wolfenburg, where Count Bavaric of Ostland still held out. The Count's lands had long been ravaged by Beastmen, and he was hence a sworn enemy of all the scions of Chaos, bearing many scars from previous battles against the Dark Powers. Less than a week passed before he led his army north to join the Tzar, grim determination in his heart.



BLOOD IN THE SNOW

As the cold claw of winter dug into the Northlands, the army of Chaos began its long march south. The invasion force, so massive that it was like a sea of blades churning across the steppes, was soon spotted by Kislevite outriders. The Count of Ostland and the entire army of Kislev moved north to intercept them. The two gigantic forces clashed somewhere between the Kislevite towns of Murmagrad and Chazask.

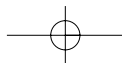
Kul's army not only outnumbered that mustered by the Empire, but the regiments of elite footsoldiers at its heart proved unstoppable. Nonetheless, the Kislevites fought like maddened bears in defence of their homelands. A cavalry charge from Kislev's celebrated Gryphon Legion, their feathered banners resplendent in the winter sun, collapsed one of Kul's flanks, and for a moment hope glimmered in the Tzar's eyes. But as the skies blackened, that hope was soon extinguished.

The rumours were true – fell creatures from before the dawn of Man marched at Kul's side. Wreathed in lightning and with the thunder as his herald, the titanic Shaggoth known as Kholek Suneater stormed into the fray. The Gryphon Legion were scattered before the fury of the ancient and legendary beast. The Chaos forces renewed their assault, this time with Kul himself at their head, wielding his deadly twin battle-axes. His ferocity was terrifying to behold. Kul hacked apart cavalymen and footsoldiers alike, even felling the great

bear Urvitch, who some said was the primal spirit of Kislev embodied. In the space of a single hour the snow underfoot turned from virginal white to bloodstained slush, strewn with the remains of the Kislev and Ostland soldiery.

Few men escaped the battle. The Chaos horde paused only to make mountains of the dead as monuments to their Dark Gods, and to raise pyramids of skulls in the name of the Lord of Battle. The dread host laid waste to the northern part of the Tzar's territory before moving southwards along the foothills of the World's Edge Mountains. The Kislevites thought that the raging River Lynsk, swollen almost to bursting point by the spring thaws, would force the Chaos forces to cross at the bridges. The Tzar's armies prepared to defend them to the last and even collapse them should they be overrun. But Kul's Sorcerers commanded their followers to throw the dead of the previous day's massacre into the river. The raging river ran red, slowed to a crawl, and froze once more.

Kul's vanguard of Chosen crossed the river Lynsk the next day, thousands of armoured feet crunching upon the hard crust of blood-red ice in terrifying unison. The very last of the Kislevite troops, making their final stand upon the bridges that led across the Lynsk, were caught from all sides and swiftly cut down. Beyond the Lynsk lay the heartlands of Kislev and the teeming city of Praag. The worst of the slaughter was yet to come.





THE DOOM OF PRAAG

In Praag the people prepared for attack. Thousands flooded into the city from the surrounding countryside, bringing with them what livestock they could salvage and planting what crops they could within the city walls. It was not enough, for as well as its already overcrowded populace, the city was packed with refugees from Kul's invasion. Soon the brave citizens were starving and, in their weakened condition, they were easy prey for the vile gifts of the Plague God Nurgle. Disease spread through the city like wildfire and, with nowhere to dispose of the plague-stricken corpses, the streets soon filled with the dead.



Outside the city's defences the Chaos horde made camp. A second city formed outside the walls of Praag, a city of tents built of wood, flayed skin and jagged steel. From here the attackers launched occasional forays, usually led by warriors of Khorne who could not wait any longer for the bloodletting to begin. Kul himself, ever the tactician, made no real attempt to seize the city until the pestilence had done its work. The people of Praag survived attack after attack from bands of frenzied northmen, hoping beyond hope that a relief force would be sent. Rumours of a heroic new leader from the south had reached the defenders, a paragon amongst noblemen who was bringing an army north to their salvation.

Indeed, in the south, the flock of Magnus of Nuln grew ever stronger. He gathered unto him a ragtag army of all kinds of men – loyal devotees of Sigmar, mad-eyed zealots, ordinary citizens who harboured a burning hatred for Chaos and professional soldiers from the armies of the provinces. Recognising in Magnus a leader that could unite the troubled factions of the Old World, the Elector Counts of the Empire pledged their support, and as one they led their troops to join him.

In the bustling streets of Nuln, the brightly-dyed regalia of Empire state troops was seen alongside the tattered demalion rags of the Sigmarite host. Soon a vast army of men marched northward, intent on breaking the siege that choked the life from the city of Praag. But their progress was slow, and with every passing day the people of Praag grew weaker. As hope faded in their hearts, the plague claimed yet more of the citizens, for Nurgle's creations have ever thrived on despair.

It was when the plague was at its height that Kul changed his tactics from the iron grip of siege to the majesty of all-out attack. The outer defences of the city, though sufficient to keep out even the strongest of Chaos Warriors, proved little obstacle to Kul's monstrous allies. The Shaggoth Kholek smashed a great wound in the city walls with a hammer older than the race of Man and, roaring in triumph, the Warriors of Chaos poured in.

Eventually, after a bitter battle within the streets of the city, Praag fell in the winter of 2302. The gaze of all four of the Dark Gods was drawn by the orgy of violence taking place in Praag's streets. Asavar Kul commanded his Sorcerers to perform a ritual of awesome magnitude in the ruins of the winter god Ulric's temple, imploring Tzeentch for his aid. Soon the raw power of Chaos swept over the land. Magnus was too late – an advance force of his elite cavalry lay but a day's march from the city, but it was to no avail. Chaos had triumphed.

THE CITY OF THE DAMNED

With the fall of Praag, a great black wind blew in from the Realm of Chaos. Out of the Chaos gateway it roared, boiling over Troll Country and into northern Kislev. Through the streets of Praag it howled and screamed, transforming everything it touched. Men and stone bled together to form horrific gargoyles and

grotesque living sculptures. Living things melted and reformed as nightmarish parodies made from the fabric of the city itself. Souls in imprisoned torment cried out from the twisted stones of the city. Pillars groaned with voices that once belonged to living flesh. Distorted faces peered out from walls. Agonised limbs writhed from the pavements. Praag had become a nightmare incarnate, a taste of what lay ahead for the rest of the Old World under the rule of the Chaos Gods.

A few men managed to escape the hellish prison of Praag, slipping through the siege lines as the Chaos armies prepared to march south once again. They brought the news of Praag's fall to the city of Kislev, where the Tzar was hastily training a ragtag army of those too young, old or infirm to fight on the open plain. When Magnus heard of the defeat at Praag it was said that he wept tears of blood, swearing to Sigmar that he would avenge the horrors done that day.

After the fall of Praag, the Chaos horde moved southwards, passing Magnus's advance force without realising they had done so. The cavalry host soon reached the stricken city of Praag where the warriors, many of them Kislevites themselves, witnessed the horror that had overtaken their people. Grim of aspect and purpose, they moved south after the Chaos horde.

The Empire cavalry soon encountered the rearguard of the Chaos army, an undisciplined horde of the bestial and the forsaken. The human warriors fell upon the evil force with a ferocity born of outrage. It was a minor victory, but a victory nonetheless. Meanwhile, the main body of the Chaos horde continued its advance into the heartlands of Kislev, unaware of the human army that was now behind it. To the west, the warhost of Sven Bloody Hand had reached the port of Erengard, and burned it to the ground after a bloody struggle.



Further south, the main Empire army marched towards Kislev, led by Magnus himself. Magnus arrived at the city of Kislev just in time to see the Chaos forces surround it. The horde arrayed itself around the great walls of the city, its black banners fluttering from the hills all around. The standards of all four of the Chaos Powers could be seen wherever their champions were encamped. Chaos Warriors and Knights stood in serried ranks waiting for the order to advance, every one of them gazing with a mixture of hatred and gloating anticipation at the walls of the human city. Sorcerers stood behind them or rode amongst the troops on beasts of indescribably foul appearance. Monsters, daemons and beasts thronged at the periphery of the horde, bellowing and braying in anticipation of the slaughter to come.

THE BATTLE AT KISLEV'S GATES

Within the city, Tzar Alexis ordered the defences and took command of his new army. Hastily trained and ill-equipped, yet with a courage born of desperation, the Kislevites prepared to repel the Chaos assault. With them were many Dwarfs from the great seat of Everpeak, the Dwarf city of Karaz-a-Karak. Despite continuous unrest in the Dwarf's own mountainous realm, the ancient alliance between Man and Dwarf proved strong, and though comparatively few in number, the Dwarfs that had come to the Tzar's aid were the most battle-hardened of their kind.

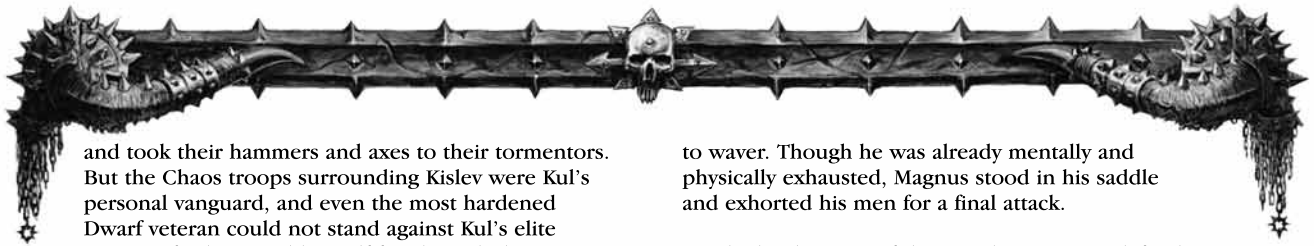
In the first Chaos attack, the Dark Gods committed their monstrous and daemonic allies. Following a furious assault which made up for its lack of discipline with unbridled savagery, the foul creatures drove the Kislevites from their hastily-constructed outer defences. The Kislevite army withdrew behind the city walls. The last to reach the safety of the city were the Dwarfs, whose valiant rearguard action held the monsters at bay long enough for the humans to reach safety.

As Kul prepared to lead his own assault upon the city, Magnus's army reached the outskirts of the Chaos encampment. The Empire troops immediately fell upon the few Chaos followers remaining there, and as the Sigmarites enacted their bloody vengeance, the air filled with inhuman bellows and roars of pain. With great haste Kul called his lords to his side and divided his horde into two, one part continuing to assault the city whilst the other turned to confront the new threat.

Magnus's blow fell like the hammer of Sigmar himself. Before the Chaos army could properly reform he attacked, routing a large contingent of the monsters, Daemons and Beastmen who had only just retired from the front line. Thousands of Chaos troops were slaughtered. The forces of the Dark Gods were hard pressed to halt Magnus's furious advance.

But the hordes of Chaos were still great. Though Magnus may have driven off many thousands of troops, many more thousands remained. A victim of its own massive size, the Chaos army took a long time to redeploy, but eventually its greater numbers began to tell. The advance of the Empire army was halted and Magnus soon found himself surrounded, for his initial advance had taken him deep into the Chaos throng, but the wall of steel that now confronted them proved to be all but impenetrable. The Empire army was left with no choice but to fall back into a defensive circle. All around them the Warriors of Chaos hefted their blades, champions from a hundred tribes stepping from their midst to challenge the leaders of Magnus's army.

The citizens of Kislev looked on in awe from the city walls. At first the hopes of the Kislevites soared, and they sent up a great cheer as they saw the monstrous troops that had driven them back into the city fleeing in all directions. The cheers began to die away as Magnus's army seemed to slow and stumble. Fearing that their saviours would be destroyed before them, the Dwarfs of Karaz-a-Karak marched from the south gate



and took their hammers and axes to their tormentors. But the Chaos troops surrounding Kislev were Kul's personal vanguard, and even the most hardened Dwarf veteran could not stand against Kul's elite warriors for long. Kul himself fought with the rage of Khorne, hewing apart a score Dwarf Longbeards with his axes. The Dwarfs were beaten back with heavy losses, and barely half returned to the city alive.



With the threat from Magnus contained and the Dwarfs repelled, the Chaos forces turned their attention towards Kislev once more. Under Kul's command, the elite of the Chaos armies pushed their way to the front of the horde, and it soon became apparent to those on the battlements that the next assault was intended to take the city. The best of the Chaos troops were arrayed against them – Chaos Warriors, Chosen, and a trio of Sorcerers each mounted upon a terrifying two-headed Chaos Dragon. The Kislevites and Dwarfs prepared to sell their lives dearly, sending silent prayers to their kinsmen to avenge the fall of the second Kislevite city in as many weeks.

Just as the siege towers of Kul's army were about to reach the city walls, the tide of battle took a sudden and dramatic turn. Magnus's advance force of cavalry, the same force that had reached Praag too late to save the city, arrived upon the northern flank of the Chaos army. The cavalry included not only troops from the Empire, but also many Kislevite horsemen from the steppes, the memory of the horrors of Praag fresh in their minds. Out of the foothills they galloped, lances lowered. With tremendous ferocity the cavalry host plunged into the Chaos lines, which began to break apart beneath their righteous fury.

Magnus and his main force had drawn up onto a low hill where it endured the constant attack of Marauders and Chaos Warriors. For every Chaos Warrior that fell, a dozen men's lives were spent. Magnus set his jaw, prepared for a last stand, when from his raised position he saw confusion in the rear ranks of the Chaos horde. He realised with a surge of joy that his own cavalry had returned from the north. The Chaos troops heard the clamour of battle coming from behind them and began

to waver. Though he was already mentally and physically exhausted, Magnus stood in his saddle and exhorted his men for a final attack.

On the battlements of the city, the surviving defenders witnessed the cavalry attack upon the hordes of Chaos, and saw the dark forces begin to turn. Tzar Alexis sensed that victory could yet be claimed, if he acted swiftly and with valour. The city gates were hauled open and every last Kislevite soldier rushed out and attacked their besiegers. The Dwarfs swore a great oath of vengeance and launched themselves once more upon the Chaos army, their great axes taking a mighty toll as they yelled ancient Khazalid battle cries. Kul himself fell in the last assault, a jagged blade punched through the back of his neck. Some say the favour of the gods was withdrawn from him at a critical moment, others that he fell to a sword thrust from one of his own lieutenants. The nature of his death proved irrelevant, as without his force of will to unite them, the Chaos forces began to crumble.

Caught from three sides, the once-disciplined Chaos horde devolved into a howling, screaming mass. Monsters milled hither and yon, impossible to draw into order as a cacophony of shrieks and desperate battle cries made command impossible. Chaos Warriors fought on regardless, but their numbers were now too few to fight on all fronts. Slowly, the Chaos army began to fall apart. By the day's end the Chaos horde was broken and scattered. The end was in sight, and though almost all its menfolk had died, the city of Kislev remained inviolate.

A NEW DAWN

Following the Battle of Kislev's Gates, the taint of Chaos that hung in the air began to ebb away. Darkness withdrew from the land once more. The city of Praag was levelled and rebuilt, though ever afterwards it remained a haunted city where the dead slept uneasily.

Magnus the Pious, as he was ever after known, became Emperor of the realms of Mankind and united the Empire once again. The forests were cleared of Marauders and Beastmen and the last of Ostland and Ostermark was freed from their grip. The forces of Chaos, scattered and without true leadership, were driven back into Troll Country and beyond. The Great War of Chaos was at an end.

The alliance of the Chaos Gods ended too as their rivalries drove them apart once more. Perhaps the Dark Gods were content to test the defences of Mankind, or merely to indulge in a year of bloodshed and butchery, for their true plans are hard to fathom.

For the next two hundred years the forces of Chaos gathered strength. Within the Empire, the worshippers of Chaos began again their work of infiltration and corruption, sowing the seeds for another invasion.

Everywhere, Chaos was preparing for the next attempt to wrest control of the Old World from its mortal lords.





WAR IN THE MOUNTAINS

There is a tale of woe told in the north of the world, a story unknown to all save the minions of the Dark Gods and the elders of the Dwarf race. It is the legend of the Lost Stronghold, Kraka Drak, and Valmir Aesling, Emperor of Chaos.

Valmir was a ruthless and efficient leader of men. Brooding and silent except for occasional and invariably fatal outbursts of temper, Valmir had a reputation as an uncompromising and bloodthirsty general. He punished insubordination with the most grotesque tortures he could devise and hated the other races of the Old World with a fiery passion.

To Valmir, the Dwarfen hold of Kraka Drak was an aberration that needed to be torn down, for it nestled within the mountains that Valmir counted as his territory. When the Dwarfs of Kraka Drak not only weathered Valmir's initial attempts to take their fortress but forced Valmir out of the mountains, he marshalled his hosts and swore bloody revenge.

THE BATTLE OF ICICLE PASS

Valmir launched his assault at the height of the summer months, for he knew that the heavy snows and blizzards of winter would only slow his armies and aid the Dwarfen defenders of that mountainous realm. The first troops to march into Icicle Pass were host upon host of fur-clad northmen, their chieftains swollen with pride by the fact they had been personally chosen to lead the vanguard. They were the first to fall. From each side of the pass, Dwarf marksmen unloaded their crossbows time and time again into the massed ranks of flesh below. Teams of artillerymen revealed their bolt throwers from their snow-clad eyries, and a half-dozen Northmen were transfixed by each stout metal shaft. Soon, the valley was filled with corpses and carrion crows wheeled overhead.

Valmir cared not, for the Dwarf defenders had revealed their position and, crucially, the position of their tunnels into the mountain holds. Several days ago, Valmir had gathered each and every Chaos Warrior who had answered his summons into two great warbands, and sent them on a gruelling climb over the crests of the mountains. As the last of the great throngs of Kraka Drak emerged from their carefully hidden tunnels and marched down into the valley to cut down the surviving Marauders, the Chaos Warriors attacked the Dwarf gate-wardens from above and poured over their bodies into the heart of the mountains.

It was then that Valmir launched the next phase of his ambush. The valley resounded to a great screeching and wailing as a tide of Chaos Spawn, mutant Forsaken and others who had felt the dark kiss of Chaos came thundering down the pass. A more terrifying horde had not been seen by any of the sons of Grungni, and they set themselves fast into a defensive formation. The horde of monstrosities dashed themselves against the

Dwarfen shieldwalls to no avail, and the elite Dwarf infantry began a methodical slaughter that choked the pass with corpses. Valmir could well afford these losses, for his Chaos Warriors were inside the hold and the Dwarfs, including their leader King Silverbeard, were locked in a war of attrition they could not win.

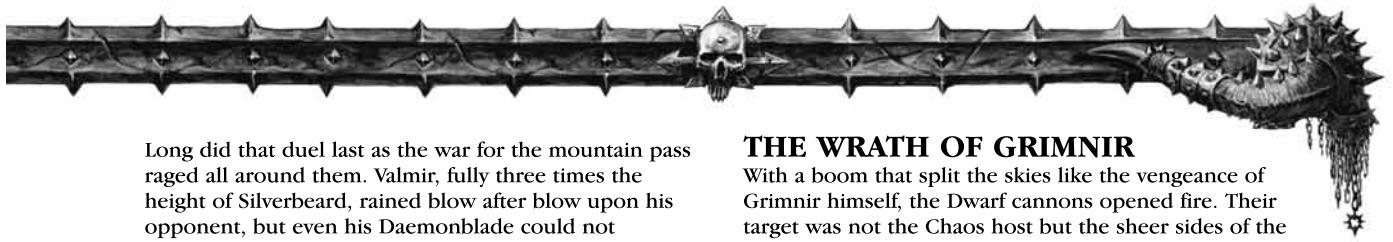
BLADES IN THE DARKNESS

In the guttering light of the labyrinth honeycombing the peaks, the Chosen of Chaos fought the veteran Ironbreakers guarding mining tunnels and ancient corridors. The passageways resonated to the clang of jagged blade against gromril plate and doughty axe against Chaos armour, but eventually even the Ironbreakers were cut down. The host of Chaos Warriors drove deeper into the gloom, and more and more Dwarfs rose from their barracks to meet them. Before long the clang of blade upon blade and axe upon shield grew so loud that the whole Dwarfen underworld was like some nightmarish smithy, a crucible that forged only heroes quenched in blood.

Outside in Icicle Pass the Dwarfen shieldwalls were holding fast. Though the monstrous tide was bolstered now by packs of misshapen Trolls and roaring Ogres, this only seemed to strengthen the Dwarf army's resolve. Under King Silverbeard's instruction hundreds of tattooed and unarmoured Dwarfs took the fight to these monstrous opponents, hewing them apart as woodsmen might fell trees until the ground was awash with a vile gruel of acidic bile and black blood. In the peaks above, Gyrocopters sputtered and whirled, rising into the air as the Dwarfs attempted to get word of the attack to the other Dwarfen holds. A winged, crimson figure swooped through the skies, smashing each of the strange craft asunder – none other than Aghask, Valmir's Daemon Prince ally. Truly Valmir had planned the battle well. Below this aerial duel, King Silverbeard himself had set his oathstone, declaring that he would sooner face death than to flee. His throng took heart and redoubled their efforts against the northmen and their monstrous allies. The battle hung in the balance.

THE DUEL

The loud cracking of a whip announced the presence of Valmir himself, resplendent in a Chaos Chariot pulled by six hideous and skinless bears. Valmir rode up to King Silverbeard and flung a handful of decapitated Dwarf heads at his chest. Silverbeard was enraged at this affront to his people's honour, and roared a challenge. The Chaos Lord stepped down from his chariot to meet the Dwarf King in single combat. All around, warriors of either faction held their breath.



Long did that duel last as the war for the mountain pass raged all around them. Valmir, fully three times the height of Silverbeard, rained blow after blow upon his opponent, but even his Daemonblade could not penetrate King Silverbeard's enchanted gromril. Then, without warning, Valmir stepped back from Silverbeard's oathstone, tilting his head to one side as if listening for something. He fixed Silverbeard with an evil grin as the echo of galloping hooves grew louder.

Suddenly the valley began to fill with the sounds of slaughter and the harsh shouts of dying Dwarfs. Valmir's allies from beyond Troll Country had arrived precisely as bidden, galloping into the rear of the Dwarf army with crushing force. Caught between the bulk of Valmir's infantry and the sledgehammer blow of the charging Chaos Knights at the rear, the Dwarfs were swiftly cut down and trampled into the corpses at their feet. King Silverbeard, his face a crimson mask of hatred and rage, had but one word in answer to Valmir's gloating taunts.

"Cannons!" Silverbeard cried, at the top of his lungs.

The shout was taken up and relayed to the eyries where the Dwarf artillerymen waited. Grim-faced, they rolled out the ancient cannons that were Kraka Drak's last resort. The artillerymen knew full well what Silverbeard's command meant. Sights were aligned, and flame was held to taper and to cannon barrel in turn. A moment passed, an eternity of possibility bound within its fleeting lifespan.

THE WRATH OF GRIMNIR

With a boom that split the skies like the vengeance of Grímnir himself, the Dwarf cannons opened fire. Their target was not the Chaos host but the sheer sides of the valley opposite, and for a few seconds the horde below allowed itself a measure of relief as rune-etched cannonballs smashed into the mountainside. Then, with a series of ear-shattering booms, the mountainside began to crack and fall apart. Great slabs fell away from well-prepared seams and artfully weakened spires of rock, smashing into outcrops that fell in turn. As the thunder of the rockfall grew louder, the snow from the upper peaks tumbled and fell downward, joining the rockfall in a cataclysmic avalanche that shook the mountains themselves. Within a few moments, the avalanche had sealed the pass completely, entombing the tattered remnants of the Dwarf army and several hundred thousand northmen forever.

King Silverbeard's last command, earth-shattering as it was, had saved the warmer lands beyond the mountains from Valmir's deadly attentions. The tribes united under Valmir's banner fell into disorder and eventually disbanded, and a major Chaos incursion was halted before it had even begun.

For the Dwarfs of Kraka Drak, the price was high indeed. In the dark depths of the mountains, the elite of Valmir's army fought on, grimly and methodically slaughtering the Dwarf-folk who thought themselves safe. The hold was wiped from the annals of history. Albeit posthumously, Valmir had fulfilled his oath.





THE COMING OF ARCHAON

Archaon, Lord of the End Times, is the fiercest and most driven of all warlords of the north. As the Everchosen of Chaos, he bears the ultimate favour of each of the Dark Powers. This destiny was not thrust upon Archaon, but hewn from history itself by superhuman feats of skill, ruthlessness and determination.

THE BIRTH OF A LEGEND

Archaon was not born a native of the northlands. Though few of his followers know it, the man who was to become Archaon came from far to the south. Archaon was once a devout Templar Priest of Sigmar, pure in heart and deed, and his every waking thought was given over to the destruction of Chaos. Perhaps if Archaon had not worked so hard towards the downfall of Chaos in his former life, his destiny might have been different. But the Gods of Chaos have ever delighted in the corruption of virtue.

A determined scholar as well as a warrior born, the man who was to become Archaon often studied the ancient scrolls and grimoires that lay sequestered away beneath his temple, hoping to find a way to defeat the vile powers of the north. The texts were locked away for a good reason, and his studies proved worse than futile. The Templar Priest uncovered a set of heretical manuscripts transcribed by one of the acolytes of the infamous Necrodomo the Insane, a mad and ancient prophet who, it is said, tore out his own eyes after having a vision of the destruction of the world at the hands of the Dark Gods.

What Archaon learned from these manuscripts is unknown, but legend has it that he uncovered a terrible truth. He screamed in rage until his voice cracked and broke, cursing the gods of the Empire and denouncing them as liars and frauds. Burning down the majestic old building around him, Archaon raged amongst the flames. He renounced his own name and that of his old gods, swearing a terrible oath that he would not only give himself body and soul to Chaos but also forge a new life as the scourge of the deluded fools who worshipped the false gods of the Empire.

Archaon's first act as a worshipper of the Chaos Gods was to hunt down his own family and destroy them utterly, burning down his humble townhouse so that no trace of his former life remained. Only his service to Chaos held any importance to him from that day forth.

The blasphemous manuscripts had not only contained the evil truths that caused Archaon to turn to Chaos but also Necrodomo's prophecy of the End Times. Archaon had learnt that a great warrior would emerge from the darkness, a warrior who would bear the blessing of each of the Ruinous Powers in equal measure, known as the Everchosen. To become the Everchosen, the warrior would have to prove himself by winning six great artefacts of power that belonged to his predecessors. Archaon vowed that he would take up the mantle or die in the attempt, for since his revelation he had nothing left to live for.

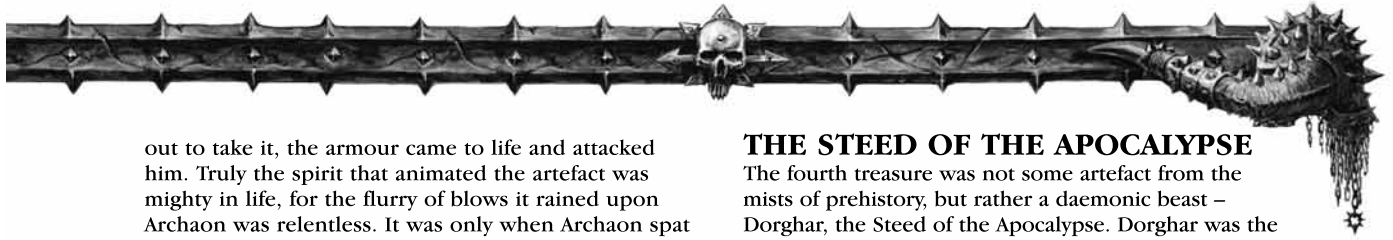
THE FIRST UNHOLY QUEST

The first part of Archaon's journey led him to the Altar of True Darkness in far-off Naggaroth, the land of the sadistic and treacherous Dark Elves. Gathering a small army of roving Chaos Warriors who called themselves the Swords of Chaos, Archaon battled his way to a jagged citadel so tall it seemed to pierce the Chaos moon Morrslieb as a spear pierces a heart. The interior of the citadel was blacker than a Dark Elf's soul, and when his warriors sought to illuminate its gloom with torches it was the light that was snuffed out instead of the darkness. Though his men muttered about curses and black magic, their leader strode in fearlessly, swallowed up by the dark. Such was Archaon's skill that, even in the total absence of light, he overcame hundreds of the misshapen, blood-hungry troglodytes that infested its inner sanctums. Archaon reconsecrated the altar in the name of the Chaos Gods, cutting out the pulsing hearts of the unhallowed things that had crawled in the catacombs. When Archaon emerged into the cool night air he was drenched in sticky gore, but he bore upon his forehead the eternally burning Mark of Chaos. Thus was the first sacred artefact obtained.



THE SPIRIT OF MORKAR

Archaon left that blighted realm upon a stolen ship forged from black metal and pulled through the waters by a serpentine sea-drake. Taking leadership of a flotilla of seafaring warriors, Archaon sailed into an undiscovered realm populated by savage half-humans whose pallid skin had never felt the touch of sun or moon. Archaon and his followers gave battle to these benighted creatures for six days and six nights until their city lay in ruins. In the depths of their necropolis Archaon uncovered the tomb of Morkar, the first of the Everchosen of Chaos, who was bested only by Sigmar Unberogen himself. Within the dusty tomb lay the fabled Armour of Morkar, but as Archaon reached



out to take it, the armour came to life and attacked him. Truly the spirit that animated the artefact was mighty in life, for the flurry of blows it rained upon Archaon was relentless. It was only when Archaon spat a curse in the long-dead language of the Unberogens that the armour's implacable attack ceased for a second, allowing Archaon to smash it asunder with a devastating countercharge. The spirit of Morkar was banished and Archaon took the armour for his own.

THE EYE AND THE DRAGON

The third challenge Archaon faced was to retrieve the Eye of Sheerian from the lair of the three-headed Chaos Dragon Flamefang. Flamefang was a foul-tempered drake so old that he had fought in the war against the Dragon Ogres at the dawn of time. Of all the treasures in Flamefang's hoard, the ancient drake prized the Eye the most. Archaon awoke Flamefang by smashing his axe into the slumbering Dragon's forehead. Long did the man and the Dragon battle amongst the bones of legendary creatures at the base of the Cliff of Beasts. The Dragon breathed searing flame over Archaon and even swallowed him whole, but the Armour of Morkar proved inviolable, and the Chaos Lord fought his way clear of the Dragon's gullet with the ferocity of a maddened Flesh Hound. Exhausted and with its throat cut to ribbons, the great drake eventually collapsed and died. Archaon plucked the Eye of Sheerian from the gems encrusting the Dragon's belly, and hung the artefact around his neck as a trophy.

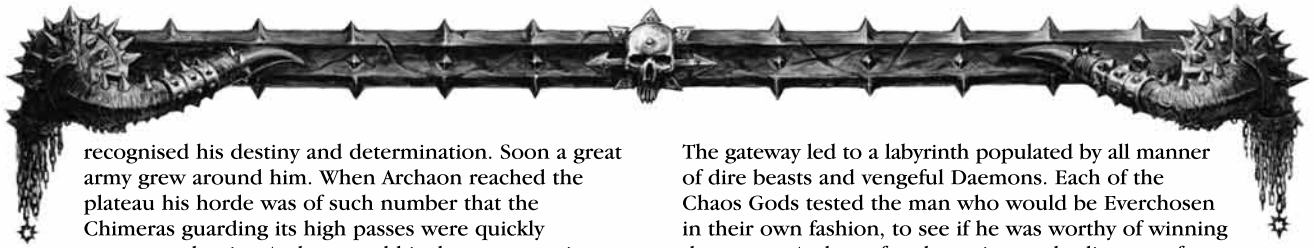
THE STEED OF THE APOCALYPSE

The fourth treasure was not some artefact from the mists of prehistory, but rather a daemonic beast – Dorghar, the Steed of the Apocalypse. Dorghar was the prized possession of the Daemon Lord Agrammon, a slaver who loved to twist his captives into grotesque new shapes. Agrammon's menagerie included every imaginable creature and more besides. With the surviving Swords of Chaos at his side, Archaon battled his way past host upon host of Daemons to Agrammon's impenetrable palace in the heart of the Realm of Chaos. Archaon gained entrance to the palace's stables by clinging to the underside of a Daemon-beast that was a grotesque fusion of man, mammoth and insect as it returned to its pit. Once within the palace, Archaon tracked Dorghar through the foulness of the menagerie by his sulphurous stench. When he found the snorting daemonic destrier in its lair, Archaon vaulted atop it. Dorghar burst into flame and changed shape many times. But Archaon's will was strong, and the Lord of Chaos broke the steed in as a determined stablehand might break a wayward stallion.

THE SLAYER OF KINGS

Riding back through the gateway at the top of the world, Archaon fought through the Chaos Champions duelling there to the Chimera Plateau. It is said that at the top of the plateau rested the Daemonsword known as the Slayer of Kings, the sacred blade of the second Everchosen, Vangel. As Archaon rode onward upon Dorghar, the warriors fighting at the top of the world





recognised his destiny and determination. Soon a great army grew around him. When Archaon reached the plateau his horde was of such number that the Chimeras guarding its high passes were quickly overcome, leaving Archaon and his three companions to make the perilous climb to the top of the plateau undisturbed. There Archaon looked down through the clouds upon the works of man, vowing that he would one day rule all that he saw.

Behind him, what Archaon had initially taken for a mountain turned over in its slumbers, creating a series of earthquakes that in the lands below plunged whole empires into decline. Even Archaon was given pause. There was no way that even he could defeat Krakanrok the Black, the father of the Dragon Ogre race. Instead Archaon and his companions stalked silently past the monster's titanic maw, only to find that the Daemonsword he sought was clasped to its chest. The strongest of Archaon's companions, Prince Ograx the Great, managed to lift one of Krakanrok's talons high enough for Archaon to grasp the Slayer of Kings. Driven mad by aeons of incarceration, the ancient Daemon within began to shriek at deafening volume. As Krakanrok stirred toward wakefulness, the plateau started to crumble around the companions. Thinking quickly, Archaon thrust the sword into Prince Ograx's chest, for he knew that only the taste of royal blood would appease the screaming Daemon inside. Hefting his companion's corpse with the sword safely sheathed, Archaon descended from the plateau to be greeted by the cheers of his men.

THE FINAL TRIALS

The search for the Crown of Domination took longer than all of Archaon's other labours combined. An ancient battle-helm forged before the dawn of man, the Crown had once held the Eye of Sheerian, but had since been lost to history. Decades passed and still Archaon had no clue as to its whereabouts. It was only due to the intervention of the Daemon Prince Be'lakor that Archaon learned of its resting place. Be'lakor planned to let the warlord brave the perils guarding the crown, and later take the artefact for himself.

The crown lay hidden in the World's Edge Mountains. Here, atop an icy peak, lay the First Shrine to Chaos. It was there that the first human bartered his soul to the Dark Gods for power and immortality. What became of the first Champion of Chaos, none can say, though it is said he was one of the kings of men from the times before the ascension of Sigmar.

Leaving his army to fight the Ogres and dour-faced Dwarfs that lived in the valleys, Archaon followed the shadowy form of Be'lakor up the mountain, his daemonic steed carrying him tirelessly over rock slide and snow drift alike. After a day and a half, Archaon stood before the entrance to the First Shrine, concealed by powerful magics within a cliff face inaccessible to any mortal creature. As Archaon moved closer, the illusions disappeared to reveal a massive double gate inscribed with runes that gnawed at his sanity.

The gateway led to a labyrinth populated by all manner of dire beasts and vengeful Daemons. Each of the Chaos Gods tested the man who would be Everchosen in their own fashion, to see if he was worthy of winning the crown. Archaon fought against embodiments of plague as he overcame torrents of wracking disease with sheer force of will. He negotiated multi-dimensional labyrinths of crystal that would have trapped him for eternity had he not blindfolded himself and trusted to instinct alone. Temptation of every sort was paraded before Archaon and still his step did not falter. Still Archaon refused the lures that were put before him, marching stolidly onward to the inner gates of the shrine.

When Archaon passed through the gates it was onto a narrow causeway surrounded by living hellfire that seared his skin and burnt away his hair in a second. From the flames emerged a roaring Bloodthirster, alight with the rage of Khorne. Had he not wielded the Slayer of Kings, Archaon would have been slain by the Greater Daemon, but his sword lent him strength and he refused to yield to the mortal wounds he was dealt. Through sheer strength and determination Archaon wrested the weapons from the Bloodthirster's claws and strangled it to death with its own barbed whip.

Though he should have long since succumbed to the mental and physical wounds he had suffered, Archaon did not give in. He would claim his prize if it took his last breath. All around him the hellfire died away until he stood in a simple shrine once more. At the rear of the shrine was a throne hewn out of the rock, a withered corpse seated within. The Crown of Domination covered its leering skull. Roaring in triumph, Archaon took the crown and held it up to the skies, his wounds knitting closed and his frame swelling with power. It had taken him over a century, but the Lord of the End Times had met his destiny.

A DARK CORONATION

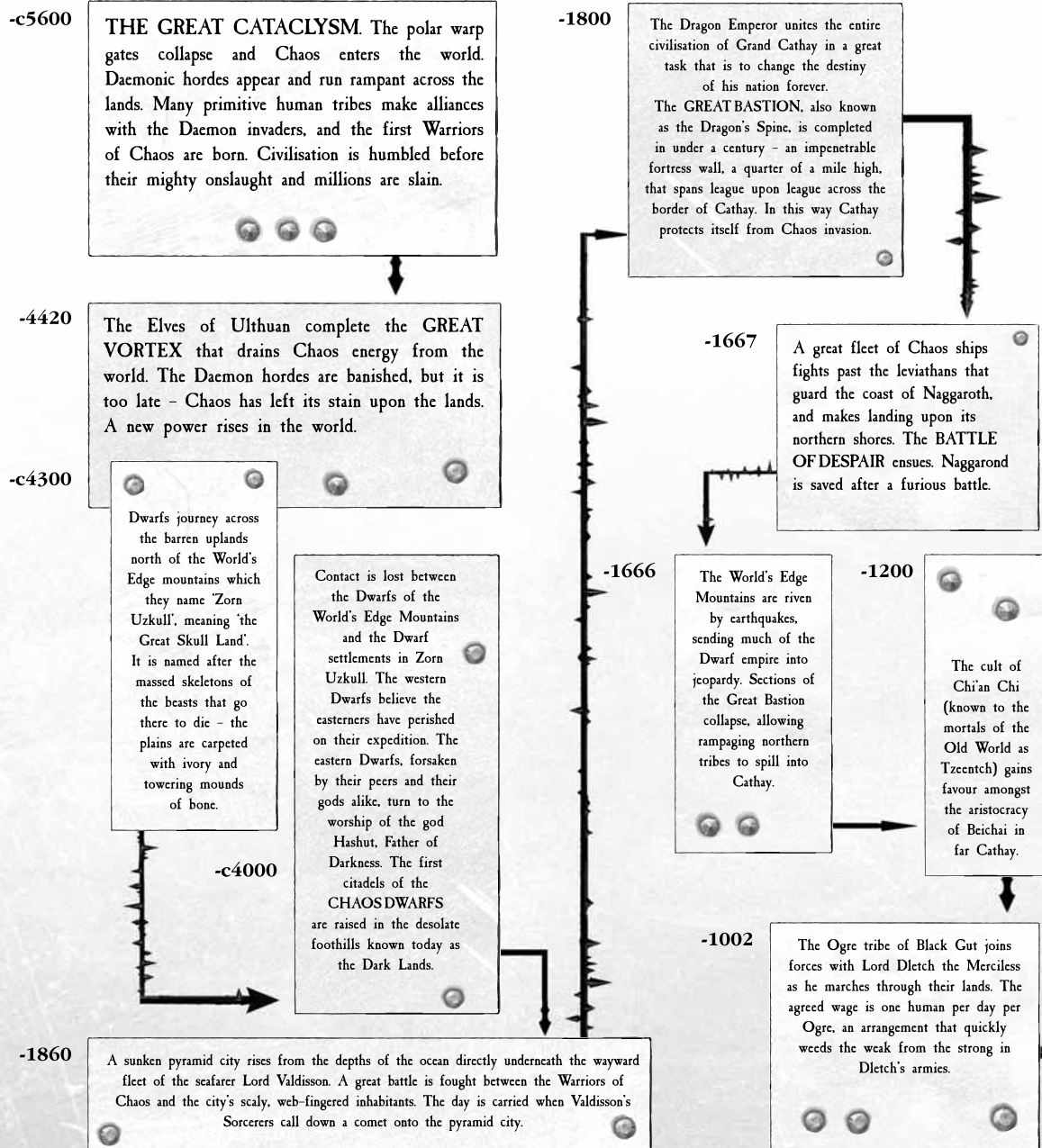
The Chaos Gods were united once more in their blessing of a single mortal man. To crown Archaon as the Everchosen they chose Be'lakor, the first Daemon Prince, though every fibre of the Daemon's essence burned with jealousy and spite at the act. The Daemon Prince descended from the skies on wings of shadow that filled the heavens, and the hordes of Chaos that had flocked to Archaon's side fell to their knees in reverence. The darkly angelic figure of Be'lakor bowed to its knee before Archaon, taking the Eye of Sheerian from around the Chaos Lord's neck and fusing it to the crown with a pulse of eldritch thought. As the crown was lowered onto Archaon's head, a great twin-tailed comet appeared in the sky above. Dark flame flickered from his visor as Archaon turned and surveyed those he was to command. Around him, a thousand times a thousand battle-hardened warriors raised their weapons, chanting their new lord's name over and over at a terrifying volume. Archaon took up the Sword of Kings and mounted the Steed of the Apocalypse, setting off to bring ruination and death to the weaklings of the Old World. The Warriors of Chaos followed in his wake.



THE RISE OF CHAOS

The greater part of the history of Chaos is recorded by Men, Dwarfs and especially the Elves. These records read as a long tale of woe punctuated occasionally by bitter victories won at great cost. It is a story of great wars and the destruction of nations, the slaughter of countless innocents and the corruption of the land, for many times have the forces of Chaos brought the world to the brink of destruction.

Imperial Calendar



-122

Ghular Festerhand ravages Loren Forest, the swarms of flies that precede his advance infesting the eyes of the forest's sharp-shooting defenders.

1

SIGMAR is crowned EMPEROR. The creation of a new Empire of Man opens up a new age for not only the human tribes, but also the Dwarfs who help them on the path to true civilisation.

211

The Northern hordes attack the kingdom of the Witch King. The royal army of Malekith marches against Chaos before it can penetrate too deeply into the heartland of Naggaroth. The Chaos army is eventually driven back.

455

BATTLE of BLACKLAKE
A Dwarf column is attacked on a narrow road along the edge of the freezing Black Lake. The Dwarfs are defeated and their King killed when dozens of Forsaken break out from under the ice floes and tear into the Dwarf centre.

666

Morrslieb's erratic orbit takes it closer to the surface of the world than ever before. Waves of madness and hysteria flow across the lands, and the armies of Chaos march unopposed under the sickly green moonlight.

888

Losteriksson sails across the ocean and makes anchor on the mangrove-lined shores of Lustria.

954

The **WAR in the NEW WORLD**. Champions from the coastal settlement of Skeggi sail back to their homelands, only returning to Lustria when they have gathered a great army of raiders. As the conflict intensifies, more and more Warriors of Chaos set sail, seeking glory as much as gold.

955

The **BATTLE of OSTWALD MOOR**. A Chaos army of unprecedented size is engaged by the combined military might of Ostwald, Nordland and Hochland. Though the invasion was stopped, the death toll was so great that mounds of bone still jut out of the moor, serving as grisly landmarks to this day.

1000

The great Chaos citadels of Infernius and Black Rock are built in the Chaos Wastes.

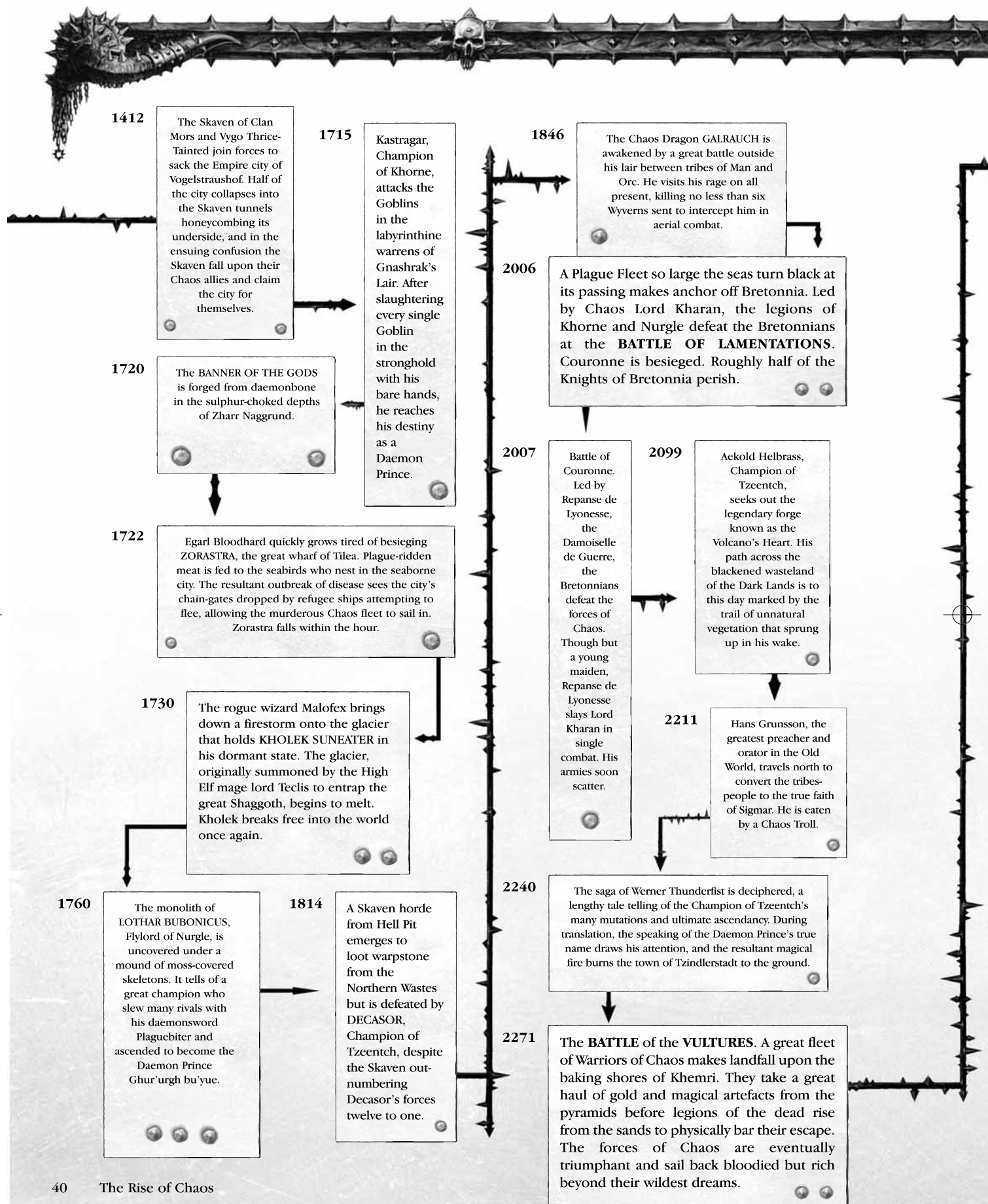
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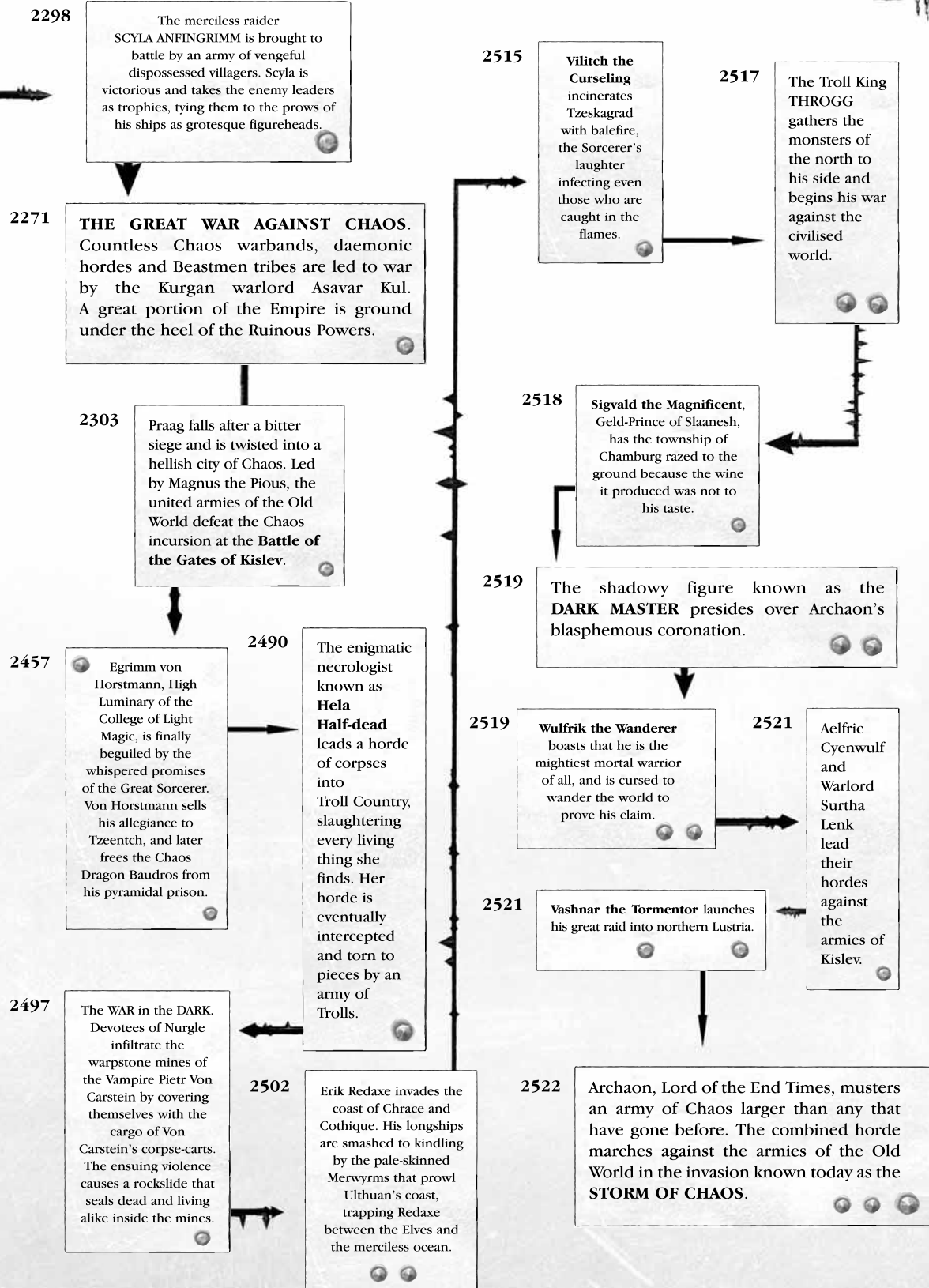
Gharad the Ox duels the hated Elector Count Wulfgang von Greihardt at Maulwurfbad and takes his victim's skull as a drinking vessel. During the duel, Gharad is astounded to be cheered on by the women of the township. Obscurely pleased, he leaves the town intact.

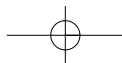
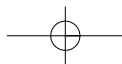
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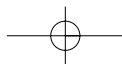
The **WAR for KARAK GHULG** - Valkia the Bloody falls upon the northernmost Dwarf stronghold. One by one the Dwarf positions are overrun by Valkia's army of violent madmen. Valkia orders her men to open the fallen defenders' ribcages in a grotesque practice known as the Bloodraven.

The history of specific Champions of Chaos are usually translations of the exploits engraved on the great monoliths of the north, gravestones their followers erect when their masters die or become Daemon Princes. It is a custom within the Chaos warbands to erect these monoliths, and several brave or foolhardy scholars of the Empire have travelled northward to seek them out, returning with translations of the heretical texts daubed or chiselled upon them.









This section of the book details the forces available to a Warriors of Chaos army. It provides the rules necessary to use all of the elements of the army in your games of Warhammer. Every character and regiment is described, including some of the Northland's greatest heroes, such as Archaon, Lord of the End Times, and the relentless hunter known as Wulfrik the Wanderer. Any special rules that apply to a particular model are given here, including the rules for any Magic Items they may carry into battle.

Special Rules

The Will of Chaos: The Warriors of Chaos come from the most hostile land in the Old World and march to war alongside unimaginable terrors. They do not scare easily! As a result of their hard-bitten nature, units with this special rule always re-roll failed Panic tests.

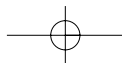
Eye of the Gods: The Warriors of Chaos are the playthings of the gods, whose struggles and triumphs directly affect the power of the gods they worship. It is common for a Warrior of Chaos to manifest a Gift of the Gods when he has excelled in battle.

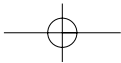
Chaos models that may issue challenges must do so whenever they are able. Furthermore, such is their thirst for glory that Chaos characters may not refuse challenges. Roll on the following table when a character with the Eye of the Gods special rule kills an enemy character in a challenge (note this must be as a direct result of the challenge, so running down characters with a pursuit roll does not count) or kills a model with the Large Target special rule. Once the result of the roll has been determined, make a note on your army roster – your character now has that gift for the rest of the battle! Duplicate gifts must always be re-rolled.

THE EYE OF THE GODS

2D6 ROLL GIFT OF THE GODS

- | | |
|----|--|
| 2 | Insanity: The Chaos Gods gift the favoured one with a glimpse of infinity, driving him out of his mind and one step closer to the dark fate of Spawnhood. He has the Stupidity special rule for the rest of the game. |
| 3 | Unholy Resilience: Bones and flesh harden until they are tough as rock. The favoured one has +1 Toughness. |
| 4 | Slaughterer's Strength: The favoured one's frame swells and bulks out with dark energy. He has +1 Strength. |
| 5 | Razor-sharp Horns: The favoured one's skull twists and grows until he bears a great set of horns, often in the shape of his patron deity's sigil. He has +1 Attack. |
| 6 | Iron-hard Skin: The favoured one's skin gnarls and toughens, becoming living metal with jagged cracks where his eyes and mouth used to be. He now has +1 to his armour save, to a maximum of 0+. |
| 7 | The Eye is Closed: The attention of the Dark Gods is elsewhere, or else the trophies offered up do not please the favoured one's masters. This roll has no effect. |
| 8 | Flames of Chaos: The favoured one is surrounded by a shimmering corona of multi-coloured flames that consume baleful arcane energies. He has Magic Resistance (3). |
| 9 | Command of the Gods: The favoured one speaks with the unearthly voice of the Dark Gods themselves. His Leadership characteristic is raised by 1 to a maximum of 10. |
| 10 | Fearsome Aura: The favoured one's aura crackles with raw power, and his eyes glow with balefire. He now causes Fear. Re-roll if the favoured one already causes Fear or Terror. |
| 11 | Terrifying Appearance: The favoured one is surrounded by a coruscating pillar of raw magical power, and his twisted features split open as he roars his deafening battlecry. He now causes Terror. Re-roll if the favoured one already causes Terror. |
| 12 | Divine Greatness: The favoured one has pleased his patron gods mightily, and they bestow upon him the glory of Chaos. He becomes Stubborn and has a 4+ ward save. |





CHAOS MARAUDERS

The tribes of northmen that flock southwards with any Chaos invasion are known by those in their path as Marauders. When not invading in force, roving bands of these warriors mercilessly plunder villages and pillage coastal settlements from the mangrove-lined shores of Lustria to the distant rice paddies of Cathay.

The men of the north are natural fighters, born into hardship and brought up in a world where surviving each day is a small victory. Only the strong prosper in the tribes of the north, for the weak are weeded out and killed. Every man is expected to be a tough and capable warrior, independent and fierce. They have no time for ploughshare or sickle, for their tools are the axe, the sword and the shield. What their own lands cannot provide they simply take from the lands of lesser men.

Comparing the men of the north to those who dwell in the temperate south is to compare a wolf to a sheep. Where the southerners cower behind the high walls of their cities, the warriors of the north roam the far corners of the world in search of adventure and plunder. Where the soft-bellied denizens of the Empire glut themselves on fine wine and cheese in front of the fireplace, the hardened northmen rip into raw meat

with their bare hands and teeth. The men of the south complain bitterly about going abroad in fog or sleet, where the men of the north brave fierce blizzards clad in little more than scraps of flea-infested fur. Small wonder then that the northmen's raids are feared across the Old World.

Chaos Marauders fight with heavy axe, blade or flail, and their favourite tactic is to charge in great howling mobs towards the foe. They have little fear, for they know that they fight under the scrutiny of their gods, and that cowards are beneath their deities' notice. To further court the favour of their dark masters, some tribes cut their own flesh before the battle and daub patterns upon themselves with hot blood, believing these signs of devotion protect them from death's cold claw. Their shields are hung with the shrunken heads of their previous victims, and they sport necklaces and piercings made from the bones of the dead.

The Chieftains that lead these warriors are a daunting sight, brooding hulks of muscle and hair whose bodies are covered in the scars and trophies of battle. These savage leaders rule over a people so steeped in conflict that, even in times of prosperity, they will fight to the death for the honour of leading the next raid.



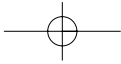
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Marauder	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7
Chieftain	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	7

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos.

TRIBAL SUPERSTITIONS

THE NORTHMEN ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS LOT. THEY BELIEVE IN OMENS, PORTENTS AND SIGNS IN THE SKIES. EVEN THE LOWLIEST OF WARRIORS WILL CARRY A TRINKET OR TWO TO WARD OFF THE EVIL EYE OR BRING THE FAVOUR OF THE GODS. THESE RANGE FROM TRADITIONAL CHARMS, SUCH AS A RABBIT'S FOOT BOUND WITH HAGS HAIR OR RUINE-ETCHED RAVEN'S BEAKS, TO MORE ESOTERIC TALISMANS THAT ARE BEYOND THE REACH OF NORMAL MEN. IT IS THOUGHT THAT THE DRIED TONGUE OF A PLAGUEBEARER GIVES ONE POWER OVER DISEASE, FOR INSTANCE, AND THAT THE EYE OF A COCKATRICE WILL DRAW PRECIOUS GEMSTONES INTO YOUR PATH. SOME TRIBESMEN HAVE THEIR SKIN TATTOOED WITH SYMBOLS OF DARK POWER OR BRANDED WITH RINES OF ABJURATION. WHETHER THESE PROTECTIVE MEASURES WORK OR NOT IS IMMATERIAL, FOR THE NORTHMEN FIND STRENGTH IN THEM, AND WHAT MORE CAN ONE ASK OF FOLKLORE AND TRADITION?





MARAUDER HORSEMEN

The first warriors to blood their blades in the Chaos army are usually the mounted outriders known to their foes as Marauder Horsemen. They range ahead of the main columns, galloping around the enemy battle line and cutting off any chance of escape. When the enemy inevitably flees the onslaught of the main Chaos army, it is these horsemen that ride them down. Expert hunters all, these are the true lords of the steppes, for they are as swift as the wind and as merciless as an ice storm.



Many northern tribes see horses at best as something to be treated with suspicion and at worst a dangerous liability. However, there are those who live a nomadic existence, whose lives are intertwined with those of their steeds. These tribesmen inherit an affinity with the hot-tempered horses of the steppes. Many of their whelps can ride before they have even picked up their first sword. As a rite of passage, a young tribesman must hunt and capture a wild stallion and break it to his will or be trampled to death in the attempt. By the time the aspirant reaches manhood, he and his mount are as one, more akin to the centaurs of the wilderness than their fellow tribespeople.

The horses ridden by these tribes are powerful beasts, foul-tempered and strong of limb. Once a rider has tamed such a steed it will remain loyal to him until death, but they are vicious and unruly should a stranger approach. Fed on a diet of human flesh and watered-down blood, these snorting and high-spirited steeds have a glint of intelligent menace in their eyes, and will trample, kick and bite as if berserk when engaged at close quarters.

In battle, the speed and mobility of the steppe tribes leaves even the most able horsemen of the Old World sorely lacking. The horsemen of the north jink and change direction as one. Able to steer their steeds with the subtlest of movements of the waist and knees, the tribesmen have both hands free to wield wicked blades and hooked axes.

Some of these horse tribes favour heavy javelins and throwing axes that thud into their enemy, the tribesmen twisting around in the saddle to engage yet more victims as they gallop past. Some wield barbed flails, catching the enemy in the ribcage or neck and dragging them behind their horse until they come apart in a welter of blood and bone. There is no escape from the horse-tribes, for they love nothing more than the hunt, and will run a fleeing foe to exhaustion before their gruesome sport really begins.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Marauder	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7
Chieftain	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos, Fast Cavalry.

Horselords: Marauder Horsemen may re-roll the dice to see what distance they move for any pursuit roll.

"THOUGH YOU MAY HAVE WON THIS BATTLE, WE SHALL RETURN, AND ULTIMATELY WE SHALL WIN THE WAR. EVERY HEAD HEWN FROM NECK, EVERY DROP OF BLOOD SPILT, MAKES KHORNE STRONGER REGARDLESS OF WHOM IT IS THAT DIES IN THE DIRT. YOU CANNOT WIN, FOR TO FIGHT US IS TO GIVE US POWER."

KHAGRAS, HORSELORD OF KHORNE



CHAOS WARRIORS

In the desolate wilderness of the savage north, all men worship the Ruinous Powers in one manner or another. Their lives are harsh and bloodshed is rife, but even the most battle-hardened northman can find momentary solace in a flagon of mead by the hearth or in the arms of a woman. But there are those amongst the tribes who feel the pull of Chaos far more than their clansmen, those who leave behind such petty mortal concerns as comfort, warmth and love. They have exchanged their humanity for a life of constant war in the name of their Dark Gods.

A Chaos Warrior needs not food, drink or sleep, for he is nourished by the carnage that he wreaks. His home is under the cold, uncaring skies. His hearth is the baroque armour that covers every inch of his skin. He has no family other than the fellow warriors that walk the land at his side, butchers and madmen all. His bride is his blade, his every kill a consummation of his violent lusts. A Chaos Warrior is no longer truly human – rather he is a living weapon, honed perfectly for the bloody tasks before him.

When a man pledges his soul to Chaos in this manner, he becomes a figure of fear and awe to those he leaves behind. Well might they fear him, too, for his strength

becomes infernal and his body becomes hard as oak. He may bear stigmata to mark the favour of a particular god, his eyes may turn black as coal, horn-buds may press through his skin, or the stench of brimstone may follow in his wake. He stands a head taller than those he used to count as brothers, and has nothing but contempt for the weak or the cowardly. Each Chaos Warrior commands great respect from the tribes of the north, regardless of their provenance, for in battle each Chaos Warrior is equal to a half-dozen battle-hardened mortal men.

A Chaos Warrior is a grim, silent figure, able to trudge for weeks through the thickest blizzard or densest jungle without slowing pace. When he is roused for battle, however, he becomes a roaring, unstoppable force. Arrows and bolts patter from his hell-forged armour like hailstones upon a glacier as he strides into the enemy ranks. The thrusts of spear and halberd are deflected contemptuously, and the lifeblood of his foes spatters his armour as his jagged blades rise and fall in gory arcs. A Chaos Warrior goes about the business of murder with a vengeance, for there is a part of him that rages against that which he has become. His only solace is in slaughter; the fulfilment of his new existence as an instrument of his blasphemous gods' will.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Warrior	4	5	3	4	4	1	5	2	8
Champion	4	5	3	4	4	1	5	3	8

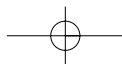
SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos.

Chaos Armour: This confers a 4+ armour save.

CHAOS ARMOUR

THE ORNATE SUITS OF PLATE WORN BY THE FAVOURED OF CHAOS DO NOT HAIL FROM THE SMITHY OF A MORTAL MAN. SOME ARE TWISTED ANTIQUITIES, THEIR BAROQUE PANELS ENCRUSTED WITH AGE-OLD BLOOD. THE MAJORITY, HOWEVER, HAIL FROM THE FORGES OF THE CHAOS DWARFS. MASTER DAEMONSMITHS ALL, IT IS SAID THAT THE SONS OF HASHUT BIND A TINY PORTION OF CHAOS INTO EACH WEAPON OR SUIT OF ARMOUR THEY FORGE. THESE ARTEFACTS OF WAR THEY BARTER AND TRADE WITH THE NORTHERN TRIBES IN EXCHANGE FOR GOLD, SLAVES AND MORE ESOTERIC TREASURES – FOLKLORE HAS IT THAT THE FABLED CRIMSON ARMOUR OF DARGAN WAS TRADED FOR NOTHING MORE THAN A PICKLED BLOODLETTER'S HEAD AND A HEMPEN SACK OF SORCERER'S BONES.



There are those amongst the ranks of the Chaos Warriors who bear the favour of the Dark Gods more so than their fellows. Known amongst their kind as Chosen, they possess supernatural abilities to aid them in their constant war against order and sanity, and are dreaded across the Old World and beyond.

The Chosen are shrouded in legend and rumour: that those who join their ranks have never tasted defeat, that each of them has killed a Champion of a rival god in single combat, that their skin is as tough as rock and their minds aflame with raw power. One thing is certain – each of them has pleased the gods in some way and has been rewarded accordingly.

Chosen bear gifts from their patrons as a reward for the blood they have spilled in their gods' name. These gifts are as varied and unpredictable as any other aspect of Chaos, but usually they help the Chosen in his quest to inflict devastation on the civilised realms of the world. Unlike the unstable half-spawn that less fortunate Chaos worshippers become, the Chosen are beings of steely determination and iron self-control. It is said in the north that the Chosen have only one vice, and that is cruelty to all forms of life.

A Chosen could, at first glance, be mistaken for a normal Chaos Warrior. Should the observer approach a little closer, he would notice that the Chosen stands taller and broader than his fellows. The armour he wears is more elaborate and his horned helm more ornate. The symbols of his patron gods may be worked into the metal and burnished to a shine with the flayed skin of the Chosen's latest victims, and his shield may carry a leering daemonic face that spits sickening curses at any who meet its gaze. Many bear great two-handed blades that have tasted the blood of princes and champions across the length and breadth of the Old World, for a Chosen Chaos Warrior goes where he pleases and cuts down all who stand in his way.

Like other Warriors of Chaos, the Chosen himself may carry an outward mark of his god's favour, but even the most extreme mutations tend to be useful as weapons of war. Even if a Chosen bears no such stigmata, it is clear that he carries the grace of the Dark Gods from his aura of dark menace. The Chosen are truly the nobility of Chaos.

The Chosen lead by example, fighting not as commanders but as elite warriors and champions. In this way the Chosen hope to attract yet more of their master's favour and ascend to the ranks of the truly exalted. They advance unflinchingly through black powder firestorms, hails of arrows and punishing artillery volleys, their purposeful tread never faltering as they march ever closer to their prey. Battlelines have buckled and broken at the mere prospect of a unit of Chosen closing in upon them, blades raised so that the methodical butchery of the foe can begin.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chosen	4	6	3	4	4	1	5	2	8
Champion	4	6	3	4	4	1	5	3	8

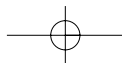
SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos.

Chosen of the Dark Gods: The Chosen are marked by the Dark Gods themselves. Because of the blessings of their patrons, a Chosen unit may roll once on the Eye of the Gods table at the beginning of the battle, re-rolling any 'the Eye is Closed' or 'Insanity!' results until another result is obtained. The result applies to the whole unit. Note that characters joining the Chosen unit will not benefit from this special rule.

"I HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR GREATNESS BY THE DARK GODS THEMSELVES. YOU, PETTY MORTALS, HAVE BEEN CHOSEN ONLY FOR DEATH."

EGLIXUS, THE EXECUTIONER OF TRECHAGRAD



CHAOS KNIGHTS

The grizzled generals of the Old World are constantly called upon to fight unholy and repulsive foes. They battle against hordes of the living dead and rampaging armies of greenskins, meeting invasion after invasion with little more than steel and iron resolve. They fight against twisted mutants psychotically devoted to the overthrow of human civilisation. But one sight strikes the cold chill of dread into the hearts of even the most battle-hardened commander – the sight of a Chaos Knight galloping through the mists.

Chaos Knights are towering brutes clad in thickest plate, each section of armour crafted by a master daemonsmith. They ride to war with great lances, evil-looking polearms designed to impale and tear, and their blades and maces flicker with dark fire. A Chaos Knight's spurs are jagged blades, well suited to slicing through the flesh of the enemy. Even the frightful reputation of the Chaos Knights is a weapon in its own right, crippling those who would stand against them before a single blow is struck.

Each Chaos Knight is a paragon amongst his warrior brethren, for he has trod the path of damnation for many years and holds the favour of the Dark Gods. A Knight's horned helmet may conceal a twisted and

permanent rictus smile of sharp metallic fangs, or a striking and cold beauty that steals the breath away. Few have a chance to find out, for those who behold the Knights of Chaos are but moments away from a grisly end. A full unit of Chaos Knights galloping at speed will hit a battleline like the fist of the gods. The dark stallions they ride are as strong and fierce as their riders; not normal horses but rather coal-black chargers with Daemon blood and the intelligence of men. A Chaos Steed's head and flanks are protected by sculpted plates of thick, metal barding that a normal steed could never bear, and they gore and slash those before them with bladed horns and hooves. It is said that these steeds are gifts from the Dark Gods themselves, and that they are subservient to their master alone.

Chaos Knights consider themselves superior even to other warriors of Chaos. They bow to none save a Chaos Lord or Daemon Prince, and even then they will not dip their banner, for their collective pride is the equal of their martial prowess. After the battle, the Chaos Knights will take the pick of the survivors, hounding them away as slaves. These unfortunates are never seen again, save as grisly trophies upon the armour of the Knights themselves.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Knights	4	5	3	4	4	1	5	2	8
Champion	4	5	3	4	4	1	5	3	8
Chaos Steed	8	3	0	4	3	1	3	1	5

SPECIAL RULES

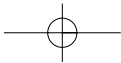
The Will of Chaos.

Ensorcelled Weapons: Chaos Knights often go to war wielding a collection of magical blades, cleavers and war-picks, each weapon bearing a small measure of power. Regardless of their form or the hexes inscribed upon them, they are all enchanted in order to kill. Ensorcelled weapons count as magical weapons and grant +1 Strength to the wielder.

Fear: Chaos Knights are feared throughout the Old World and beyond as merciless butchers capable of turning the course of battle with a single charge. Because of their unholy reputation, Chaos Knights cause Fear.

"ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, CHILD, CHAOS WILL OPEN UP YOUR EYES. THAT I PROMISE YOU"

FREGNUS THE PALLID



CHAOS CHARIOTS

A Chaos Chariot is a massive construction of hell-forged metal, mutant beast and jagged blade, ridden to war by the some of the most powerful mortal warriors in the world. Few can stand before the thunderous charge of one of these ironclad war machines without being cut to pieces or crushed into the dirt beneath its wheels.

There is little subtlety to the machineries of death used by the armies of Chaos, but the chariot is perhaps the most brutal of all. Its sole purpose is to deliver an unstoppable force to a weak point in the enemy battle line, slicing apart those before it and scattering the rest in panic and disarray. Even beasts recognise the bulky shape of a Chaos Chariot as synonymous with death, and each chariot is followed by circling carrion crows and slinking hounds waiting to feast on the war machine's grim harvest.

Favoured by the nomadic tribes of the steppes, Chaos Chariots are symbols of status as well as incredibly powerful weapons. They are often bedecked with trophies and pennants fashioned from the remains of those they have ground beneath their wheels. Unlike the flimsy wooden chariots used by Elf and Orc, their carriages are wrought of pure black iron and quenched in blood. Chaos Chariots weigh so much that when they have gathered pace, nothing short of a castle wall can halt their charge. Worse still, their stout wheels sport great spinning scythes that scream and shriek as they slice into the foe.

No normal beast would have the strength to pull such a massive instrument of war. Chaos Chariots are drawn by huge destriers swollen to unnatural size by the energies of Chaos, each clad in tempered steel plates in the manner of their masters. As these deadly beasts gain momentum, balefire flickers from their eyes and nostrils giving the impression that the chariot has galloped straight from the realm of nightmares into reality.

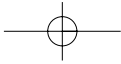


When a Chaos Chariot slams into the enemy lines, the bone-splintering impact is only the start of the carnage it can wreak. As the enemy is hurled in all directions by the sheer force of the chariot's charge, the hellish steeds plough through the enemy ranks, iron-shod hooves trampling bodies and fanged maws snapping at exposed flesh. Spinning scythes slice apart the legs of those who attempt to flank the chariot, and the barbs and spikes that cover its chassis rip and tear at any foolhardy enough to stand their ground. But the chariot's cargo is just as deadly: the Chaos Warriors and Champions who stab and slash from their fighting platform, maiming and decapitating those nearby with their cruel blades and spiked whips.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-
Chaos Warrior	-	5	3	4	-	-	5	2	8
Chaos Steeds	8	3	-	4	-	-	3	1	-

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos, Chariot.



EXALTED HEROES

The frozen north spawns the hardest warriors of all, and those that lead them to battle are called the Champions of Chaos. Each is a paragon of deadly ability and lethal intent. Some ascend to command entire nations, some pursue the esoteric paths of the arcane, but the majority dedicate themselves to little more than the butchery of those in their path. These ruthless killers are known as Exalted Heroes.

An Exalted Hero striding to war in full battle armour is a sight to strike fear into the heart of even the most embittered veteran. A single Exalted Hero is the equal of a score of lesser men upon the field of battle. As with all warriors of Chaos, his has been a lifetime of constant adversity and strife, and an Exalted Hero's natural hardness is increased still further by the rewards he has amassed on his quest for glory.

The history of these Exalted Heroes, recorded in incomplete and scattered records by the free people of the Old World, is a catalogue of evil deeds reaching back to the dawn of the Empire and beyond. Nevertheless, most perish before they can realise their ambitions. Even if they are successful, the chances are that the uncaring gods will pile mutation upon mutation on their loyal servants until their minds and bodies are destroyed under the strain.

Only the most exceptional warriors succeed in carving their name into the folklore of the Old World. Their infamy shines bright as they capture the notice of their inscrutable gods with ever greater feats of slaughter.

Exalted Heroes frequently seek out others of their kind to engage in ritual combat, especially those with rival patrons. When two of these Champions of Chaos clash, they duel to the death in the manner of gladiators using the full force of every weapon at their disposal. Their amphitheatres are the wastelands and mountains of the Old World, and their audiences are the brothers in darkness whom they worship.

When a victor emerges from a duel, bloodied but triumphant, he will cut a grisly trophy from his foe and take his vanquished enemy's followers as his own. If he has truly excelled himself he will often find himself with a more permanent reward for his deeds in the form of a mutation or daemonic gift. The most skilled Exalted Heroes are bedecked in trophies from many such duels, not only against their rivals but also against the warrior elite of other races and lands. Fire is in their gaze and men cower at their passing. With each victory the Exalted Hero grows ever closer to becoming a Chaos Lord, whole armies his to command and Daemonhood within his reach.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Exalted Hero	4	7	3	5	4	2	6	4	8

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos, Eye of the Gods.

THE WARRIOR'S GIFT

IT IS NOT UNCOMMON FOR THE GODS TO GRANT THEIR CHAMPIONS A VILE UNITY WITH THEIR WEAPONS AND ARMOUR. THEIR SWORDS BECOME AS MUCH A PART OF THEIR BODY AS THEIR HANDS, AND THEIR PLATE MAIL, MELTS TO THEIR FLESH AS A SECOND SKIN. TO ONLOOKERS THIS IS A SIGN OF GREAT FAVOUR, FOR THE CHAOS WARRIOR HAS METAMORPHOSED INTO A WARRIOR TRUE, HIS VERY BODY AN INDOMITABLE FUSION OF STEEL AND SINEW. CLAD FOR WAR AND WAR ALONE, THESE WARRIORS ARE AMONGST THE MOST BATTLE-HUNGRY OF ALL. THE SCIONS OF THE NORTH. ONLY THE BEARER OF SUCH A GIFT KNOWS THE PAIN AND ISOLATION THAT SUCH GIFTS ENTAIL, AND THE DESPAIR OF BEING TRAPPED WITHIN A CAGE SO COMPLETE THAT DEATH IS THE ONLY ESCAPE.

CHAOS SORCERERS

Those Champions of Chaos who seek mastery over the magical arts are known as Chaos Sorcerers, and they are madmen and malcontents all. Chaos Sorcerers wield the wild energies of Chaos itself, reshaping reality to better serve the whims of their dark masters. A word and a gesture from a Chaos Sorcerer can strip a man's flesh from his bones, force a lover to murder his beloved, or cause a regiment to burst into flame. They are amongst the most awful and depraved of all servants of Chaos, for they long ago sold their souls in exchange for the heady elixir of pure power.

Where others glean their arcane skill from years of painstaking research, a Chaos Sorcerer's understanding of the Winds of Magic is instant and innate. The spells taught by the Colleges of Magic in Altdorf are mere cantrips next to the grotesque pyrotechnics evoked by a Chaos Sorcerer. He manipulates the undiluted energies of entropy itself, not the weak and trammelled essences sought by those upon a safer path. But these strange gifts are bought at a great price. Eventually every Sorcerer will plunge into the dark whirlpool of insanity, or be claimed by a vile and malevolent being that makes the Sorcerer its plaything for all eternity.

Many are the paths that lead to this dread fate. In the far north, runecasters, witches and shamans cast their bones and practice their ancient craft. They act as prophets and seers, guiding their warlords and chieftains to ever greater conquests. But every time a Sorcerer seeks to harness the occult, he loses a little more of his humanity. Before long the aspirant feels his body and mind twist and alter as he begins an inexorable descent into deformity and madness.

Just as frequent are the tales of those mages who know full well the dangers ahead of them, but who are beguiled by the lure of Chaos nonetheless. It is not unusual for an ambitious wizard, perhaps one who has been found wanting in talent or in patience, to sell his allegiance to a Daemon in exchange for raw magical power. It is rumoured that Egrimm van Horstmann, one of the most feared of all Chaos Sorcerers, was once a luminary of the Light College in Altdorf before his gradual but complete seduction by the Architect of Fate. Though fallen wizards of this kind grow to wield greater magical potency than they could have ever dreamt possible, the essence of Chaos is not theirs to command, but commands them in turn. Eventually their greed transforms them not into lords amongst men, but into the puppets of a mad god. Such is the ultimate fate of all who dabble with Chaos.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Sorcerer	4	5	3	4	4	2	5	2	8
Sorcerer Lord	4	5	3	4	4	3	5	3	8

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos, Eye of the Gods.

"IS NOT THE ONLY CONSTANT IN THE UNIVERSE CHANGE? ONE DAY ALL THIS WILL BE DUST, AND EVEN THE STARS ABOVE US WILL FLICKER AND GROW DIM. YOUR LIFE IS BUT A TINY CANDLE IN THE DARKNESS, AND YOUR DEATH AN AFTERTHOUGHT, SHORN OF MEANING BY ITS INSIGNIFICANCE.

COME, LITTLE ONE, AND LET ME SHOW YOU HOW YOUR FLAME CAN BURN BRIGHT..."

VILITRESKA, LORD OF THE FLUX



CHAOS LORDS

Of all the mortal warriors across the civilisations of the world, the Lords of Chaos are feared most of all, for they are true gods amongst men. Clad in baroque armour and rich furs, they tower above even other Champions of Chaos, and those brave enough to stand against them are but feeble children by comparison. A Chaos Lord's indomitable will is forged in the fires of war, his skills are tempered in the crucible of battle, and his blade is eternally quenched in blood.

Each Chaos Lord has travelled a long and perilous road to pre-eminence, a road paved with the broken corpses of less successful aspirants. Regardless of their individual abilities they are without exception unstoppably powerful warriors, combining the strength of a Troll with the speed of a striking snake. The Lord's abilities are enhanced further by gifts from his patrons, for none save the Daemon Princes themselves enjoy more favour in the eyes of the gods. A Chaos Lord may have skin that ripples with iridescent flame, a forbidding gaze that can turn a man's guts to water, or the wrath of a wounded bear. To stand against one of their number is to invite a sudden and brutal death.

Not for the Lords of Chaos the pampered lifestyle of a general or prince, for these murderous killers lead from the front. Atop a nightmarish stallion, Daemonic Steed

or even a Dragon captured from the mountains of the north, a Chaos Lord will swiftly engage the commanders and captains of the armies arrayed against him. Seeking ever more glory in the eyes of his deities, a Chaos Lord will test his mettle against the most accomplished of the foe's warriors, his forbidding challenge echoing across the field. Those brave enough to meet his summons are briefly saluted before being hacked to pieces where they stand.

A Lord of Chaos is not only an exceptional fighter but also a merciless conqueror. A great leader and strategist, his sheer force of will binds legions of men and monsters alike to his service. Each Chaos Lord's name is spoken in hushed whispers across the lands of men, his violent deeds written in the blood of those that dared bar his path. His is the voice that condemns whole tribes and nations to death. His is the gaze that terrorises man, Spawn, and monster alike into submission and grovelling obedience. A heady aura of power surrounds each Chaos Lord, drawing ever more devotees to his banner as his legend grows.

When a Lord of Chaos marches to war, the world shakes, for in their hearts all fear that one day a Lord will come who will grind the armies of the world under his heel and bring about an age of darkness that will never end.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Lord	4	8	3	5	5	3	7	5	9

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos, Eye of the Gods.

CHAOS MONOLITHS

WHEN A CHAOS LORD ATTAINS DAEMONHOOD HIS FOLLOWERS ERECT A MONUMENT, CALLED A MONOLITH, TO HIS MORTAL GLORY AND ETERNAL POWER. THE USUAL FORM OF THE MONOLITH IS A GREAT SLAB OF CARVED STONE. HOWEVER, MONOLITHS ERECTED TO THE GLORY OF KHORNE ARE OFTEN MADE OUT OF BONE AND BORDERED WITH SKULLS. THOSE ATTRIBUTED TO SLAANESH ARE OFTEN CARVED FROM EXOTIC CRYSTALLINE ROCKS OR FASHIONED FROM WRITHING HUMAN LIMBS. THE MONOLITHS ERECTED TO NURGLE'S FOLLOWERS ALWAYS LOOK CRUMBLING AND ANCIENT REGARDLESS OF HOW RECENT THEY ARE, AND MONOLITHS TO THE LORD OF CHANGE ARE INCONSISTENT BUT SPECTACULAR, FASHIONED FROM PURE FIRE, SMOKE, BLOOD OR THE ESSENCE OF CHANGE ITSELF.

DAEMON PRINCES

There are those mortals who follow Chaos with a deep and fervent faith, pledging themselves body and soul to the service of the Dark Powers. They know that there is a great prize for those who show unflinching devotion. Should a champion survive the endless battles and the ravaging mutations granted by their masters whilst still finding favour in the eyes of his fickle gods, he may attain the ultimate reward. The patron of the champion will elevate him to his side as a Daemon Prince, a being of godlike power, forever bound to darkness.

Despite the fact that they were not born as daemons, those Chaos Champions that attain the status of Daemon Prince gain immortality and become the enemy of all that is true and natural in the world. All who set foot upon the path of Chaos eventually seek this apotheosis, the glorious moment of metamorphosis where they shrug off their mortal shell and become a being of undying darkness. But for every Champion who raises his horned head and roars his triumph to the skies as a newborn Daemon Prince, untold thousands perish on the field of battle or end their lives as mewling Spawn.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Id
Daemon Prince	8	8	0	5	5	4	7	5	8

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos, Terror, Fly, Stubborn, Unit Strength 3.

Scion of Chaos: Daemon Princes are made of the stuff of Chaos itself. To reflect their otherworldly nature, they may not join units, and they have a 5+ Ward Save.

"WITH A MIGHTY SHOUT HE ROSE, BRIGHTER THAN THE SUN AND MORE FIERCE. IN HIS HAND HE HELD A ROD OF TWISTED BONE, CROSSED AND DOUBLE-CROSSED TO FORM THE SIGN OF HIS DARK LORD, A SYMBOL OF HIS POWER AND FRUIT OF MORTAL LONGINGS WELL-FULFILLED. HE ROSE ABOVE THE COMPANY, TALLER FAR THAN THEY, AND LOOKED WITH BLACK PRIDE UPON THESE, HIS FRIGHTENED SLAVES. HE SNARLED AND HEARD THE SOUND OF NOBLE HATRED ECHOING FROM THE SKIES. HE STARED THE SAVAGE STARE OF IMMORTAL FURY AND DEATH WAS IN HIS GAZE. AND ON THAT BLASTED HEATH HIS ASHEN SERVANTS TURNED, GRIPPED BY FEAR AND AWE ALIKE TO SEE THEIR LORD TRANSFIGURED INTO THAT MOST MIGHTY OF CREATURES WHICH MORTALS CALL A DAEMON PRINCE."

LIBER MALEFIC

At the point of a Chaos Champion's transformation, bat-like wings or mighty feathered pinions will sprout from his back, bearing him aloft that he might rule the skies as well as the earth. Other Daemon Princes might soar on crackling pillars of flame, arms outstretched as they cry praise to their blasphemous gods. Some are granted an ethereal beauty or hellish foulness that can freeze a man in place as the Daemon Prince descends from the skies to feed. There are even those with the ability to reshape reality itself, as skilled at manipulating the Winds of Magic as the most puissant of Sorcerers.

Daemon Princes are vast in stature, their gigantic forms twisted into new shapes more pleasing to their masters. They wield unholy weapons and abilities, and are bedecked in chains and jewellery covered with the symbols of their patron. The variations between these masters of misrule are legion. Nonetheless, it is common for these Princes of Chaos to retain their intellect and their memory, the better to recall the humanity they left behind. Some Daemon Princes enter the Realm of Chaos to serve their gods on other worlds and dimensions, but most serve as commanders of the mortal armies of Chaos, waging eternal war in their patron's name. Tirelessly they hunt the enemies of their masters, for their meat is human flesh and their wine mortal souls.



CHAOS MOUNTS

Champions of Chaos are frequently gifted with monstrous steeds to bear them into battle. These steeds are spawned within the Realm of Chaos and sent across unimaginable distances, purely so the favoured one can ride to war in a manner befitting his station. Note that Juggernauts of Khorne, Daemonic Mounts, Palanquins of Nurgle and Discs of Tzeentch are cavalry mounts, even though they are not mounted on a 25x50mm base.

JUGGERNAUTS OF KHORNE

The Juggernauts of Khorne are massive armoured creatures that are part Daemon and part enchanted metal. Mighty beasts of groaning iron and brass, they stand taller than a man, with fire for blood and a beating daemoniac heart. They are forged in dark flames and bound with dire runes, their primordial rage barely held within a shell of metallic muscle and bone. The charge of a Juggernaut causes the ground itself to tremble, and the protection afforded by the armoured bodies of these monsters ensures that the rider can plunge into the thickest of enemy formations without fear. Few can stand before such an unholy union of warrior and unnatural mount.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Juggernaut	7	5	0	5	4	1	2	2	7

SPECIAL RULES

Fear, Magic Resistance (1).

Brass Behemoth: A Juggernaut adds +3 to its rider's armour save, rather than the normal +1.

STEEDS OF SLAANESH

These strange bipedal beasts are sometimes gifted to a particularly successful Champion of Slaanesh. Like all Daemons of Slaanesh, the Steed has a perverse beauty, combining grace and elegance with a wholly unnatural appearance. It has a long, sinuous body that writhes sensuously as it speeds across the field of battle. A whip-like tongue flicks constantly from its mouth, tasting the Winds of Magic and seeking out the souls of mortals as a natural beast senses odours on a drifting breeze. These beasts skitter and bound across the battlefield at astonishing speed, springing on the unwary and cutting them down with lashing cuts from their narcotic-laced tongues. For this reason, they are sometimes referred to as the Whips of Slaanesh, or Tongue-flayers.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7

SPECIAL RULES

Fear, Poisoned Attacks, Fast Cavalry.

DAEMONIC MOUNTS

Known also as Steeds of the Gods, Daemonic Mounts are created from foul magicks and summoned to the world by ceremonies of sacrifice and appeasement. Daemonic Mounts have horns, bony plates and fangs of steel corrupting their immortal bodies, and their eyes burn with the fires of Chaos.

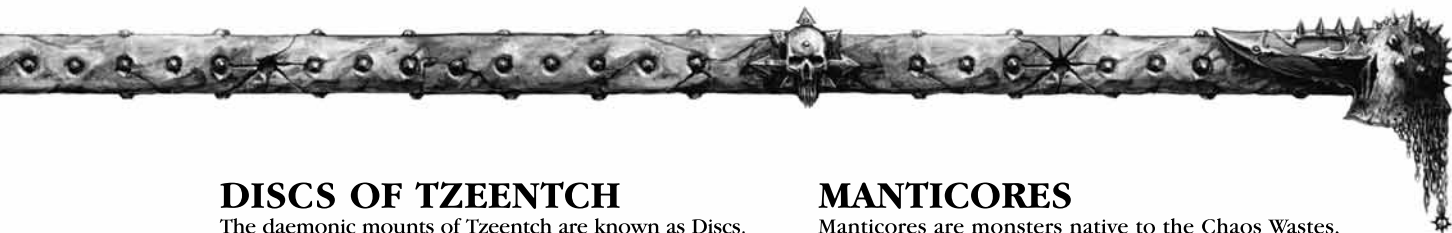
Some are gigantic chargers whose breath is like a pestilent cloud, others are massive, bear-like creatures with claws of iron that can disembowel a man with a single blow, or serpent-bodied aberrations that shimmer and writhe across the battlefield. Still others are wasted, emaciated beasts, their sickly frames belying a deadly strength. The ground itself blazes or weeps at the tread of these Daemon beasts, the air around them shimmers with magical energy, and their roars and wails can send shivers down the spine of the bravest warrior. Only the most trusted and bravest champions may ride a Daemonic Mount, for these creatures are intelligent and malevolent in their own right and do not usually allow mere mortals to ride them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Daemonic Mount	8	4	0	5	5	1	3	2	8

SPECIAL RULES

Fear.





DISCS OF TZEENTCH

The daemonic mounts of Tzeentch are known as Discs. These bizarre creations are neither daemon nor construction, but a nightmarish blend of the two. Coruscating with mystical force, Discs hover above the ground, skimming gently forwards upon the Winds of Magic. While the warriors of Tzeentch march to war, the proud Sorcerers of Tzeentch drift above them on the floating Discs, raining magical fire upon their foes. The Discs of Tzeentch themselves are far from defenceless, lashing out around themselves with bolts of magical fire, or manifesting whirling tentacles or ripping claws to slash at enemies that approach too close.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Disc of Tzeentch	1	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	7

SPECIAL RULES

Fear, Flaming Attacks, Fly.

PALANQUINS OF NURGLE

Those high in the favour of Nurgle are often borne to war upon repulsive palanquins, their diseased bulk squashed into thrones of decaying metal and rotten wood. The palanquins are conveyed not by slaves but by a great mound of Nurglings, diminutive Daemon-mites which hatch from the manifestations of Nurgle's choicest plagues. Other than the virulence of the plagues and poisons it carries, an individual Nurgling has but little power. Nonetheless, the spilling, squabbling masses of Nurglings that bear palanquins to battle are so numerous that they have the strength not only to carry the most corpulent of Nurgle's champions to battle, but also to drag into the dirt any foe foolish enough to assail him.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Palanquin	4	3	0	3	3	1	3	6	7

SPECIAL RULES

Fear, Poisoned Attacks.



MANTICORES

Manticores are monsters native to the Chaos Wastes, huge leonine beasts with the wings of a giant bat and whip-like tails that drip with poison. They are far fiercer than any other beasts, so much so that they are held by the Dark Elves to be one of the incarnations of the God of Murder, Khaine. Manticores are the most powerful of all the predators that make their lairs in the Iron Mountains that border Naggaroth. They are highly prized as mounts by the Champions of Chaos, but even the most iron-willed of warriors cannot enforce his will upon a Manticore for long.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Manticore	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	5

SPECIAL RULES

Fly, Killing Blow, Large Target, Terror.

Uncontrollable: At the start of each friendly turn, a model riding a Manticore must take a Leadership test. If the test is failed, the Manticore and its rider are subject to Frenzy until the start of their next turn. Also, should a Manticore's rider be slain, the Manticore is automatically affected by the 'Raaargh!' Monster Reaction result, with no Leadership test or D6 roll.

CHAOS DRAGONS

Once the proud and noble rulers of the skies, now split, changed and corrupted by the forces of change, the terrible two-headed Dragons of Chaos are nightmarish and malevolent predators. Borne aloft on wings no longer made of mere flesh and bone, a Chaos Dragon's muscles and organs are open to the world. Each Chaos Dragon is a terrifying nemesis of all order and sanity that can break the backs of armies with its steel claws and teeth. They are wicked creatures, as fickle as the god Tzeentch and the Great Drake Galrauch, first of their number. Only the most powerful Lords of Chaos can ride such a monster, and even then it is more an unholy alliance of destruction than a matter of master and servant.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Dragon	6	6	0	6	6	6	3	6	8

SPECIAL RULES

Fly, Large Target, Terror, Scaly Skin (3+).

Breath Weapons: Chaos Dragons have two different breath weapons (see the Warhammer rulebook) and may use both in the same turn. One head can breath fire, which is Strength 4, and the other can breath a cloud of corrosive gas, resolved at Strength 2 with a -3 to armour saves.



FORSAKEN

Chaos Forsaken are frothing maniacs that howl and scream as they sprint pell-mell towards the enemy lines, mutated limbs flailing and distended jaws snapping like those of ravenous beasts. Though they were once proud and mighty Chaos Warriors, because of the severe mutations bestowed upon them they have become something less than human, with no more understanding of battlefield tactics than the hounds that gather around their bone-strewn lairs. These unfortunates have been literally forsaken by the gods, reduced to the level of animals that snarl and growl in a guttural parody of true language. Where they once killed in the name of martial ambition and the glory of the Dark Gods, they now kill because of a savage and unnatural hunger.

Many Warriors of Chaos, often no less valiant in the service of their divine masters than their Chosen counterparts, find that the rewards of the gods turn out to be more of an affliction than a blessing. These Forsaken lose the capacity for rational thought, setting aside sophisticated weaponry in favour of jagged tooth and twisted claw. They have no intelligence glinting in their black eyes, for their minds churn with nothing more than thoughts of killing and devouring everything they can catch. Some Forsaken manifest even more extreme mutations, their twisted forms echoing their bestial minds. These atavistic warriors often bear

writhing tentacles, chitinous claws, extra heads or hairy, grasping limbs that push out from the shattered remains of their once-prized Chaos armour. They appear as nothing more than a vile fusion of nature at its worst melded with the disturbing forms of Chaos. Many Forsaken are but one mutation away from total degeneration into Spawnhood.

Though they seem benighted and hideous to those from warmer climes, men of the north make little distinction between the Forsaken and the other warriors who bear the mark of the gods. For the most part, they are content to leave their unfortunate brethren to their grimy and bloody existence in the caves of the north. In times of war, however, they coax these creatures from their frozen dens with offerings of blood and bone. Somewhere in the Forsaken's feral mind he will recognise the promise of conquest in the air, and as the vague memories of glory swim in his mind, he will lope to battle alongside his former kin.

Other Warriors of Chaos have no issue with the savagery and stench of the Forsaken. In fact, they consider even the most freakishly mutated Forsaken to be blessed after a fashion, for is it not better to attract the attention of the gods and die a glorious death in battle than to live an unremarkable life?



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Forsaken	6	4	0	4	4	1	4	D3+1	8

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos, Frenzy.

Berserk Rage: Forsaken plunge headlong into battle without discipline or caution. They attack without heed for their own defence, mutant appendages lashing and snapping in fury as they seek to tear their foes apart. Forsaken have a random number of Attacks. At the beginning of each Close Combat phase roll a single D3 and add one to the result (this additional attack is granted because of the Forsaken's Frenzy special rule). This is how many Attacks each Forsaken in the unit will have that round. For example, a Forsaken unit charges into combat. At the beginning of the Close Combat phase, the owning player rolls a 6 – which equals a 3 on a D3 – and adds one to the result. Each Forsaken will hence have a mighty 4 Attacks during this Close Combat phase.

**"TENDRIL, PINION, SNAPPING CLAW,
BLADED LIMB AND DROOLING MAW..."**

THE ULFWERECANT

CHAOS SPAWN

Those who follow the path of Chaos are damned. The only question left to one who has put his fate in the hands of the Dark Gods is the nature of his damnation. Will he lose his reason, reduced to a cackling wretch who can do naught but praise the gods who robbed him of his sanity? Perhaps he will lose his humanity, elevated to the ranks of the Daemon Princes to rule in the Realm of Chaos. Many lose their self-control, becoming little more than mad slaughterers that kill and kill until they themselves lie dead in the dirt. But even then there are worse fates than insanity and death. There are those who fall even further from grace, who lose everything and become gibbering mounds of mutated flesh. They are known as Chaos Spawn, and they are the true children of Chaos.

A warrior that is visited by too many gifts of the Dark Gods will eventually succumb to madness and mutation. His altered physique will reach a point where reason can no longer sustain it, and he will wail and scream in anguish as his flesh ripples, sprouts and writhes, undergoing the most profound and final of changes. Some unfortunates burst open like fleshy flowers, bloat like week-old corpses, or find tentacles and hairy arms that end in twisted mockeries of their own faces emerging from every orifice. Some grow into distended caricatures of beasts, with the heads of insects or predators pushing out from their chests and shoulders. Others find their rapidly swelling flesh covered in blisters and buboes that burst open to reveal great bloodshot eyeballs, horror and panic writ large in every one. Truly the beasts known as Chaos Spawn have a thousand faces and forms. The only thing that unites them is the repugnance of their new flesh.

This new life, so casually granted by the Gods of Chaos, is always a short and painful one. It is the fate of the Chaos Spawn to die, either on the field of battle by axe or sword, torn apart in the wilds by a creature even more savage and desperate, or literally ripped asunder by the wild Chaos energies that course through its tortured body.

Spawn are not often exiled from their tribe, but instead allowed to make their lairs nearby. Their relatives usually bring them bloody hunks of meat and even mead to sustain them. In battle the Spawn are released as beasts of war, shambling and lurching towards the enemy lines, sometimes slowly, sometimes with terrifying bursts of speed. They fall upon the enemy with desperate energy, moaning and roaring in a mixture of rage and forlorn hope that a clean blow will put them out of their misery. Retreat is unthinkable to a Spawn, for the sword blows of the enemy are as a blissful release compared to the pain it feels inside.

Those who witness the rampage of a Spawn and survive would do well to heed the message it brings: that worship of the Dark Gods will lead to little more than pain, humiliation and death.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Spawn	2D6	3	0	4	5	3	2	D6+1	10

SPECIAL RULES

Fear, Unbreakable.

Lurching Horror: Spawn are moved in the Compulsory Movement part of the Chaos player's Movement phase, moving 2D6" each turn. The player has no control over the distance moved, but must nominate in which direction the Spawn will move before rolling the dice (this must be in a straight line). He may not subsequently change the Spawn's facing.

If the Spawn's movement is sufficient to take it into an enemy unit then it counts as charging, following all of the normal rules. The target may make a charge reaction as normal, counting the Movement value rolled as the Spawn's maximum charge distance (for the purposes of fleeing, standing and shooting, etc.)

Flailing Appendages: Spawn have a random number of Attacks. At the beginning of each Close Combat phase roll a single D6 and add one to the result. This is how many Attacks that Spawn will have that round.



CHAOS WARSHRINES

The men of the north are ever conscious that their actions could catch the eye of their diabolic masters, and do everything in their power to attract their notice. For this reason many tribes bring icons and religious relics to battle, hoping to draw the gaze of the gods. The most powerful go even further, mounting their shrines and altars upon heavy carriages so that the slaughter they wreak in the names of their gods may be offered up directly to the Ruinous Powers themselves.

The prayers and sacrifices that are offered up from these Warshrines are like sweet nectar to the otherworldly beings of the Realm of Chaos, and the air crackles with power around each shrine when the eye of the gods turns their way. The presence of these mobile altars empowers and emboldens the warriors that fight before them, the blessings of the gods crackling in a perceivable aura around those nearby.

Though they vary wildly in design, Warshrines are usually pulled into battle by snorting Chaos Steeds. No normal creatures these, for most are more Daemon than animal. Were they not securely chained to the Altar's carriage, they would undoubtedly charge off and wreak a trail of carnage before disappearing back into the wilderness. A Chaos Steed is goaded in the

direction of the foe by its handlers, who not only defend the Warshrine from attack but also take those they strike down and sacrifice them upon its altar. As mortal souls are offered unto the gods, the Warshrine's warrior handlers implore the gods for their aid, bestowing their dark blessings on those who fight beside the Warshrine.

Warshrines may be devoted to the whole pantheon of Chaos Gods, or be dedicated to one patron deity in particular. Warshrines of Khorne are great constructs of brass and blade that constantly run with rivulets of blood, their every spike adorned with the rune-etched skull of a powerful enemy warrior. Those dedicated to Slaanesh are gilded carriages of scented silk, wax and human flesh, draped in the still-living skins of those whose organs have been offered to the Dark Prince. Warshrines of Nurgle are fouler still, heaped high with flyblown offal and stinking waste that is host to unimaginable parasites and plagues. The Warshrines consecrated to the Changer of the Ways are the strangest of all, their irregular wheels causing numerous silver bells, caged dragonflies and crystalline bones to tinkle and chime with the music of the spheres as mind-altering incense snakes around it in hypnotic patterns.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warshrine	4	5	3	4	6	4	5	5	8

Designer's Notes: The Warshrine is a strange contraption, not truly a chariot, steed or creature. In game terms, the Warshrine moves and fights as a monster. Its profile combines the attacks of its Chaos Warrior handlers and also the Chaos Steed that pulls it to battle.

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos, 4+ armour save, 4+ ward save.

Giver of Glory: Whilst a Warshrine is on the table, all Chaos unit champions have the Eye of the Gods special rule. This even extends to monstrous infantry such as Ogre and Dragon Ogre Champions. Furthermore, during your Shooting phase you may pick a single friendly unit within 12" of the Warshrine. That unit may immediately roll on the Eye of the Gods table – note the effect generated down on your army roster. In subsequent Shooting phases the Warshrine may choose to roll again to get a more desirable result (you may even target a different target unit within 12" of the Warshrine should you wish). If you choose this option it will negate that Warshrine's previously generated effects. Note that it is possible for a single target to reap several rewards in this manner during a single turn, due to the effects of multiple Warshrines.

CHAOS WARHOUNDS

Brutish and bloodthirsty beasts, the Warhounds of Chaos are tireless hunters built of little more than muscle and fang. Warped in mind as well as body, they prowl the wilderness in ravening packs, running down prey that ranges in size from stray children to young ice mammoths. Such is their hunger for raw meat that they will even charge a spearwall with total abandon. Their only concern is the moment when their slobbering jaws can be sunk into juicy, yielding flesh.



In the southernmost regions of Norsca, wolves and hounds slink and prowl in the flickering shadows of the campfires made by the warriors and barbarian tribespeople of the frozen lands. Fed scraps of meat and afforded warmth from the fire, these loping canines have learnt to coexist with the human population of their lands. This relationship has existed for countless centuries, encoded in the behaviour of man and beast for generation upon generation.

As with all things natural, this relationship has been twisted and perverted by the power of Chaos. The further north the tribe dwells, the more likely it is that the hounds that follow them will be mutants, their bodies grossly twisted by the baleful energies that leak from the Realm of Chaos at the polar crest of the world. Swollen by the energies of Chaos, the Warhounds become ever more fearsome until they are larger and fiercer than the men they follow.

These mockeries of nature may have shark-like mouths with decaying meat stuck between serrated ranks of teeth, or thick fur that barely conceals a quill of poisonous spines. Some have tails that are transmuted into barbed whips much like the scorpion-things of the desert, or hides encrusted with the iron-hard scales of the drake. In the extreme north, Warhounds have even more bizarre mutations: extra heads or manes of flame, nests of writhing serpents instead of fur, or mouths that slaver with hissing acidic ichor. Some are even rumoured to have once come from human stock, their growling half-speech and articulate fingers testament to a terrible degenerative curse.

On the field of battle the Warriors of Chaos release these feral beasts to intercept the forward elements of the enemy army, for their sense of smell is as acute as their instinct to kill. Packs of Chaos Warhounds will hunt down and pounce upon enemy skirmishers and scouts, bearing them to the ground and ripping them to pieces in their desperate desire to kill and consume everything they can catch.

In the aftermath of battle, the Warhounds will prowl through the mist, eating their fill of corpse-flesh, snapping at carrion and scavengers as they gorge themselves on the lion's share of the spoils. Only when their bellies are full do they slink back to their masters, their odious fur slick with the lifeblood of those who would stand against their tribe.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warhound	7	4	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos.



TROLLS

Trolls are malformed and dim-witted monsters with a taste for human flesh. Trolls tower over normal men – it is said that the largest of Trollkind can swallow an ox whole – and when roused their bestial wrath is terrifying to behold. They roam the northern wastes, preying on isolated villages and travellers. Many a Northman has returned home from the hunt to find his settlement torn to pieces and a Troll gorging itself on the remnants of his family. Nonetheless, one who has lost his kin to a Troll attack will often hunt down the beast in its lair, armed only with fire and steel. Such are the ways of the north.

If a traveller were to head due north from Praag, he would soon reach the icebound realm known only as Troll Country. Many are the dangers that roam that land, but the Trolls that make their lairs there hold sway, devouring any living thing they can sniff out with their powerful sense of smell. Travel further north, and the Trolls that loom out of the blizzards become even more hideous. Though their mutations are predominantly physical, some of these Trolls defy reason in form and thought. There are even legends that there is a huge Troll King somewhere in the caves of the north, plotting the downfall of man and the onset of an age of eternal cold.



Trolls are instinctively drawn to those who bear the favour of Chaos, perhaps because the corpses are always thick on the ground in the company of such an individual. The Trolls' presence is welcome indeed, for these repulsive creatures make ferocious beasts of war. Their maws, reeking with decay and the stench of death, are filled with jagged tusks and fangs. Dagger-like talons tip their powerful and rangy arms, and some even have the wit to bear rusted blades or spike-studded clubs to battle. Trolls can vomit forth the steaming contents of their guts in a great spray, dissolving their victims with powerful stomach acids. A Troll from the far north, it is said, can vomit bile, flesh-eating worms, or even the raw stuff of change itself.

The indomitable constitution of these monsters makes them the perfect clay for the mutating energies of Chaos. Like all their kind, Trolls have powerful regenerative abilities. Lost limbs and even heads can be grown back in a short time. However, northern Trolls will not regenerate their flesh in the same form as their previous incarnation, but will instead sprout a new limb, a screaming maw or an even stranger mutation from every new wound. So it is that the oldest Trolls of the north are true monsters whose flesh plays host to dozens of moaning heads and grasping claws.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Troll	6	3	1	5	4	3	1	3	4

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos, Fear, Stupidity.

Mutant Regeneration: Trolls are able to reknit the most crippling of injuries in seconds. They can Regenerate. If a Troll unit Regenerates two or more Wounds in any one phase, it may roll on the Eye of the Gods table at the end of that phase. These must be counted separately from those Wounds suffered by characters that have joined the Troll unit.

Troll Vomit: Instead of attacking normally, the whole unit of Trolls can choose to vomit on the enemy. Each Troll model in base contact with an enemy model inflicts one automatic Strength 5 hit with no armour saves allowed. These attacks are treated as magical.

"CHAOS CARES NOT FOR SELF-PRESERVATION, FOR REASON, OR FOR TRUTH. THE ESSENCE OF CHAOS IS CHANGE, AND ITS WORSHIPPERS BELIEVE THAT IF THAT CHANGE IS A VIOLENT ONE, THEN SO MUCH THE BETTER."

TECLIS, HIGH MAGE OF ULTHIAN

OGRES

Ogres are brutal, muscle-bound thugs to whom only two things really matter – fighting and eating. They roam the world over, picking on anything smaller than them or hiring out their services as mercenaries in exchange for weaponry and food. Though they have the basic form of a man, Ogres are twice as tall and far more savage in appearance. They are often thought rather stupid by other races, who quite rightly assume that all the Ogres care about is filling their guts. Though it is true that Ogres never grasp the finer parts of military strategy, their brute strength and instinctive cunning more than makes up for their lack of wit.



with their prowess in battle, for a group of these towering brutes charging into the enemy like living battering rams and lashing out with gigantic great-axes, clubs and cleavers is an impressive sight.

Khorne is the patron of many of these monstrous warriors, for their constant offerings of skulls – generally picked very clean indeed – are pleasing to the Blood God. Some Ogres even go to battle clad in gigantic suits of Chaos armour, forged by their Chaos Dwarf allies specifically to fit the Ogres' overly muscled frames. A heavily armoured Ogre berserker is a terrifying foe indeed; a whole unit of them is a nigh unstoppable force.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ogre	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7
Mutant Ogre	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos, Fear.

Ogres have their own society, language and customs, stemming from the Mountains of Mourn in the east. They have a natural wanderlust, and whole tribes frequently migrate and roam the Chaos Wastes. There they fight against the northern tribes and the more fantastical denizens of that realm, testing their mettle and expanding their diet to include some truly unusual meals. If a group of Ogres is impressed by the savagery and skill of a northern tribe, they may join them for a time, or even become a permanent part of their army. The alliance between an Ogre and his Chaos masters is one of mutual convenience, for both factions revel in mayhem and destruction.

Although Ogres are naturally resistant to mutation, the baleful energies that spill out of the rift at the top of the world are strong indeed. As a result, the Ogres that stray into the far north are warped and twisted in the manner of all creatures that dwell in the Wastes. Ogres do not see this as a bad thing – far from it in fact, for the mutations usually increase their prowess on the battlefield or in the feast hall. An extra head is an opportunity to devour twice as much food, a growling, snapping maw in the stomach speeds up the whole eating process considerably, and a new arm or tentacle can only help the Ogre catch his prey in the first place.

Promises of eternal conflict are a sore temptation to the Ogre race. Though the Dark Gods prefer the race of Men as their playthings, some Ogres earn their favour



DRAGON OGRES

When forks of lightning sunder the night sky and the roar of thunder booms through the peaks, the elders of the north whisper that the Dragon Ogres are waking. They tell their superstitious kin of enormous scaled monsters that fight each other on the crests of the World's Edge Mountains, their prize an eternity of warfare. The tribespeople believe that were a traveller to take shelter from the storm in some cave or hollow high in the peaks, they would see the battling creatures silhouetted against the raging storm. The more sceptical believe that Dragon Ogres are creatures that live only in the world of legend, a bloodline from a more primeval age that now lies dormant. And dormant they lie, though in the fury of the storm, the Dragon Ogres come to life once more.

Dragon Ogres are said to be amongst the most ancient of all the world's living creatures. According to legend they are the enemies of the great drakes that lived under the volcanic mountains of the world, warrior-beasts with the torso of an Ogre and the lower body of a monstrous reptile. It is said they preyed on Mankind long before the Chaos gateways unleashed their curse upon the world. Known in the Dark Tongue by a multitude of names, including Shartaks, Sharunocks and Garthors, the Dragon Ogres are beings of mystery even to the warriors they fight alongside.

The Dragon Ogre race's incredible longevity, as with almost all things supernatural, is the work of the Gods of Chaos. Aeons ago the elders of their race made a pact with the Ruinous Powers, embracing damnation in order to save themselves from a slow decline into extinction. They were given eternal life, and in return, the entire Dragon Ogre race put themselves at the command of the gods. Since that day the Dragon Ogres have carved their names across the ages as immortals who can only die in battle, living legends that rouse themselves only in the name of destruction.

When the air itself crackles with cold and terrible storms assail the crests of the world, the Dragon Ogres that slumber under the mountains stir and come to life. Their dreaming minds hear, echoed in the thunder, the roar of the Chaos Gods calling them to battle. The louder the thunder and more ferocious the tempest, the more Dragon Ogres rise from their deathly slumber. As lightning spears out of the skies, the Dragon Ogres scale mountain and glacier with their iron-hard claws, hacking at each other with ancient axes and battling to reach the highest eyries and peaks. They do this in order to bathe in lightning, rejoicing in the raw forces of nature as they raise their weapons to the skies, for it is the storm that invigorates them and fills them with deadly energy for the coming battle.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dragon Ogre	7	4	2	5	4	4	2	3	8
Champion	7	4	2	5	4	4	2	4	8

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos, Fear, Scaly Skin (5+).

Storm Rage: Dragon Ogres bathe in lightning to invigorate themselves and extend their lifespan. They are immune to all lightning-based attacks and spells, such as Skaven warp-lightning attacks and certain Lore of Heavens spells such as *Uranon's Thunder Bolt* and *Forked Lightning*. If for whatever reason Dragon Ogres are the target of a lightning-based attack, they become Frenzied.

"WE RULED THIS DOMAIN BEFORE YOUR RACE WAS BORN. WE SHALL STILL RULE IT WHEN YOU ARE BUT A DISTANT MEMORY. LONG HAVE WE FOUGHT FOR THE DARK FORCES YOU CALL YOUR GODS. IT WOULD BE A GRAVE ERROR TO TAKE US FOR SERVANTS SIMPLY BECAUSE WE HAVE COMMON CAUSE IN THEIR NAME."

RAKRANOS THE ANCIENT

DRAGON OGRE SHAGGOths

Truly gigantic and as old as the mountains themselves, the Shaggoths are perhaps the most ancient of monsters to inhabit the world. They are the same creatures that bartered with the Chaos Gods before the dawn of Man; beings that have bargained with divinity, and not only survived, but also been granted immortality in return. For their own inscrutable reasons, the Dark Gods still hold true to their ancient promise – many of the Shaggoths that march to war in the armies of Chaos are over six thousand years old.



A Shaggoth is a towering mountain of muscle and rage. Its quadrupedal lower half is like unto that of a dragon; steel of sinew and sharp of talon, and clad in a shimmering coat of scales harder than any metal. A Shaggoth's rugged torso is broad and muscular, and its heavily-thewed arms are as thick as tree trunks. From its bestial head flows a mane of snow-matted hair so thick that frost-spites clamber and chatter within. Clad in scraps of armour that carry the patina of centuries, a Shaggoth goes to war carrying a vast axe that would take a dozen men to lift. When its wrath is raised, lightning crackles within the Shaggoth's eyes and mouth, and thunder rumbles in its throat. The eldest and most primal Dragon Ogre Shaggoths are truly titanic. As a Dragon Ogre ages it becomes ever larger, and as long as there is lightning to refresh its body and revitalise its mind, there is no limit to its size.

Alive before the Elves had mastered the written word, before the first greenskins crawled out of their caves, perhaps even before the Old Ones visited the world, the oldest Shaggoths tower over forest canopies, temples and even fortresses. Such is the horror of the Shaggoths that the sire of the Dragon Ogre race, Krakanrok the Black, is said to be the size of a mountain. Fortunate it is then that only the most fearsome of tempests can wake the eldest of their kind. Legend has it that when the End Times come, a storm will break of such apocalyptic magnitude that Krakanrok will awake and visit his fury upon the world.

Fiercely independent, a Shaggoth will not swear fealty to a daemonic master, for he is in thrall to the gods themselves and believes that to bind himself to a Daemon will risk what remains of his soul. Still, Shaggoths are intelligent and cunning in their own fashion, and when called they keep their part of the

bargain with the Ruinous Powers by visiting destruction upon the enemies of Chaos. So it is that Shaggoths will leave their mountain realms and head south into the Old World when the forces of disorder are on the march, legends springing up in their wake.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Shaggoth	7	6	3	6	5	6	4	5	9

SPECIAL RULES

Terror, Large Target, Immune to Psychology, Scaly Skin (5+).

Storm Rage: Shaggoths bathe in lightning to invigorate themselves, and even the most powerful bolt of energy will enervate a Shaggoth. Dragon Ogre Shaggoths are immune to all lightning-based attacks and spells (such as Skaven warp-lightning attacks and the Lore of Heavens spells *Storm of Cronos* and *Forked Lightning*). If for whatever reason a Shaggoth is affected by one of these attacks, it becomes Frenzied.



GIANTS

Giants are single-minded engines of destruction, as dedicated to murder and mayhem as the Warriors of Chaos themselves. A swearing, bellowing monstrosity that revels in displays of immense strength, a Giant is only content when it is crushing people beneath its enormous cloven hooves or smashing a battleline apart. It has the intelligence to recognise friend from foe but little else, and has no real concept of obeying the orders of anything smaller than itself. It goes to battle primarily to kill and to feed, for a Giant can eat a dozen humans and still not be sated. When it has ploughed into the enemy ranks, it is as likely to grab a foe and store him somewhere for a later meal as it is to lay about itself with a jagged menhir or blade-studded tree trunk. Regardless of its whim, a Giant's attacks are always devastating.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Giant	6	3	3	6	5	6	3	Special	10



Special Rules

Large Target, Terror, Stubborn, Immune to Psychology.

Longshanks: Giants have long limbs and move over normal obstacles such as walls, ditches and fences without breaking stride. Treat such obstacles as open ground when working out how far the Giant moves. However, when crossing such obstacles the player must test to see if the Giant falls over (see below).

Fall Over: Giants are ungainly and frequently befuddled, as a consequence of which they often fall down. They are especially prone to this if they've been raiding the local brewery. A Giant must test to see whether it falls over if any of the following apply:

1. When it is beaten in close combat. Test once results are established but before taking a Break test.
2. If it is fleeing at the start of the Movement phase.
3. When it crosses an obstacle. Test when the obstacle is reached.
4. If the Giant decides to Jump Up and Down on an enemy. Test immediately beforehand.

To see if the Giant falls over roll a D6. If the dice roll is a 1, the Giant falls over. (A slain Giant falls over automatically.)

To determine in which direction the Giant falls, roll a scatter dice. Place the Fallen Giant template (see page 127) with its feet at the model's base and its head in the direction of the fall. Any models lying completely under the template are automatically hit. Any models partly covered are hit on a 4+.

A model hit by a falling Giant takes a Strength 6 hit causing D3 wounds. If the unit is in combat and the Giant has fallen over whilst attempting to Jump Up and Down, wounds inflicted by a falling Giant count towards the combat result.

A Giant that falls over automatically suffers 1 wound with no armour saves allowed. If the Giant is in combat then this wound counts towards combat resolution.

Once on the ground (you may lie the model down if you wish) a Giant may get up in his following Movement phase, but may not move that turn.

Whilst on the ground a Giant may not attack, but he can still defend himself after a fashion so the enemy must still roll to score hits on him. If forced to flee whilst on the ground, the Giant is slain – the enemy swarm over him and cut him to pieces. If the Giant gets the opportunity to pursue his foes whilst he's on the ground, he stands up instead. A Giant may attack on the turn it stands up.

Giant Special Attacks: Giants do not attack in the same way as other creatures, though they select their victims as normal. To determine what happens, each close combat phase roll a D6 on one of the following tables when it is the Giant's turn to fight. Which table you use depends on the size of the Giant's victim. When fighting characters riding monsters, decide whether to attack the rider or mount, as normal and use the appropriate table for the size of the target.

Giant fighting big things (Ogres, Kroxigors, Minotaurs or similar sized or larger creatures including chariots and war machines):

D6	Result
1	Yell and Bawl
2-4	Thump With Club
5-6	Chomp!

Giant fighting anyone smaller than above:

D6	Result
1	Yell and Bawl
2	Jump Up and Down
3	Pick Up and...
4-6	Swing With Club

Yell and Bawl: The Giant yells and bawls at the enemy. This is not pleasant as Giants are deafeningly loud and tend towards poor oral hygiene. Neither the Giant nor models in contact with him actually fight if they have not already done so this round. The Giant's side automatically wins the combat by 2 points.

Thump with Club: The Giant picks one model as his target and brings down his club with a single mighty strike. The target may attempt to avoid the blow by passing an Initiative test (use the lowest if the model has several different values). If the target is struck, it takes 2D6 wounds with no armour save allowed. If a double is rolled, the Giant's club embeds itself in the ground and the Giant cannot attack at all in the following round whilst he recovers his weapon.

Chomp: The Giant takes a great bite out of his enemy, automatically inflicting D3 wounds on one model in base contact with no armour saves allowed. If the Giant was wounded earlier in the battle, he may immediately recover as many wounds as he inflicted with this attack as his altered metabolism heals up the damage!

Jump Up and Down: The Giant jumps up and down vigorously on top of one enemy unit in base contact. Before he starts, the Giant must test to determine if he falls over (see earlier). If he falls over, work out where he falls and calculate damage as already described. Any wounds caused by the fall (on either side) count towards the combat result. Assuming that he remains on his feet, the Giant bounds up and down on the enemy unit, guffawing madly. The unit sustains 2D6 Strength 6 hits allocated as shooting hits. Work out damage and saves as usual. Giants enjoy jumping up

and down on their enemies so much that a Giant that does so in one combat round will automatically do so in the following round if he is able to, assuming that he did not fall over in the previous round. A Giant that starts to Jump Up and Down will therefore continue to do so until he falls over or until the combat comes to an end.

Pick Up and... : The Giant stoops down and selects a model (Giant player's choice) that is either in base contact or touching a model in base contact (Giants have a long reach). The target may make a single attack to try to fend off the Giant's clumsy hand. If this attack hits and wounds the Giant, the Giant's attack fails, otherwise the Giant grabs the model and the player rolls a D6 to see what happens next:

D6	Result
1	Stuff into Bag. The Giant stuffs the victim into his bag along with sheep, cows and other plunder. The model is effectively a casualty and can do nothing whilst in the bag, but if the Giant should be slain, any enemy trapped in his bag are freed unharmed at the end of the battle. Victory points are not awarded to the enemy for freed models.
2	Throw Back into Combat. The victim is hurled back into his own unit like a living missile. This causes a wound on the victim with no armour saves allowed, and D6 Strength 3 hits (saves as normal) on the unit.
3	Hurl. The victim is hurled into any enemy unit within 12" of the Giant – randomly determine which. This causes a wound on the victim with no armour saves allowed, and D6 Strength 3 hits (saves as normal) on the unit. If no enemy units are in range, treat this as a Throw Back into Combat result instead.
4	Squash. This doesn't really bear thinking about. Suffice to say the model becomes a casualty and is removed from the game.
5	Eat. The Giant gobbles his victim up, swallowing him whole. The model is removed from the game.
6	Pick Another. The Giant hurriedly stuffs the victim into his bag or under his shirt (or down his trousers if they're really unlucky) and attempts to pick up another victim. The second victim makes a single attack (as above) to avoid being picked up. If the Giant rolls a succession of 6s it is possible for him to amass a collection of trapped foes in his pockets and bags (not to mention down his trousers). Trapped models are effectively casualties, exactly as explained in the Stuff into Bag result described above.

Swing with Club: The Giant swings his club across the enemy's ranks, smashing them into a bloody pulp. The Giant inflicts D6 Strength 6 hits on the target unit, allocated as shooting hits.



HELLCANNON

Part Daemon, part war machine, the Hellcannon is a massive construct of iron and brass that growls and shakes with daemonic sentience. In battle these arcane engines heave crackling blasts of raw energy that soar through the air into their targets, transmuting anything they touch into freakish new forms and sending the survivors insane with fear.

These hell-forged beasts are guided rather than crewed by a team of corrupt and sadistic Chaos Dwarfs. The Chaos Dwarfs are the master artificers of the Chaos armies, able to bind daemonic sentience into the tools of war. These malign warsmiths escort the Hellcannons into the fires of battle. Such is the Hellcannon's bloodlust that it must be chained and staked to the ground in order to stop it rampaging towards enemy lines. Even these precautions often prove inadequate, as there is little that can stay a Hellcannon's lust for destruction.

The Chaos Dwarfs load their charge by brutally shovelling the bodies of their victims into the dire-furnace at the Hellcannon's rear. Flesh runs like wax as the fire-daemon inside the cannon's hearth feasts on body and bone. Soon the souls of the enemy are all that is left, harnessed in the Hellcannon's gullet as crackling bolts of energy and then heaved towards the enemy with a powerful spasm.



The Hellcannon has a 4+ armour save. It follows the rules for a monster and handlers (see the Warhammer rulebook), with three Chaos Dwarfs as its handlers. When determining which models are hit by shooting attacks, the Hellcannon is hit on a 1-4 and the Chaos Dwarfs on a 5-6.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Dwarfs	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Hellcannon	6	4	3	5	6	5	1	5	4

SPECIAL RULES

Terror, Large Target, Unbreakable, Unit Strength 5.

Rampage: The Hellcannon constantly strives to break free of its bonds. At the beginning of the turn, if the Hellcannon is not in combat, take a Leadership test for the unit. If it passes the test, the unit may behave as normal. If it fails the test, the unit will not fire and instead must make a compulsory move 3D6" towards the closest enemy unit. If the unit's movement is sufficient to take it into an enemy unit then it counts as charging. The target may make a charge response as normal, counting the Movement value rolled as the Hellcannon's maximum charge distance.

Doomfire: The Hellcannon fires as a stone thrower with a Strength of 5 (10 for the model under the hole). Units hit by the template must take a Panic test at -1 Ld.

Bound Daemon: Whenever the Hellcannon misfires, roll on the following chart:

D6	Result
1	Free at last! The Daemon inside the Hellcannon violently breaks its bonds. Every unit within 3D6" takes D6 Strength 5 hits. Then remove the Hellcannon and its crew from play.
2	Chomp: The Hellcannon sucks its own crew into its furnace and spits them out in a shower of gore and bone. Remove the crew from play.
3	Thzzzz: The Hellcannon fires great pulses of raw magic. All Wizards immediately suffer a Miscast.
4	Grrr: The enraged Daemon inside the Hellcannon goes berserk. Remove D3 crew.
5	Raaargh! The Hellcannon breaks its chains and rushes forwards. Move the Hellcannon unit 3D6" as described in the Rampage rule above.
6	Boom! The Hellcannon fires a spectacularly devastating blast. Resolve the shot as if it were a direct hit, using a Strength of 10 instead of 5. The Hellcannon cannot fire for the rest of the game.





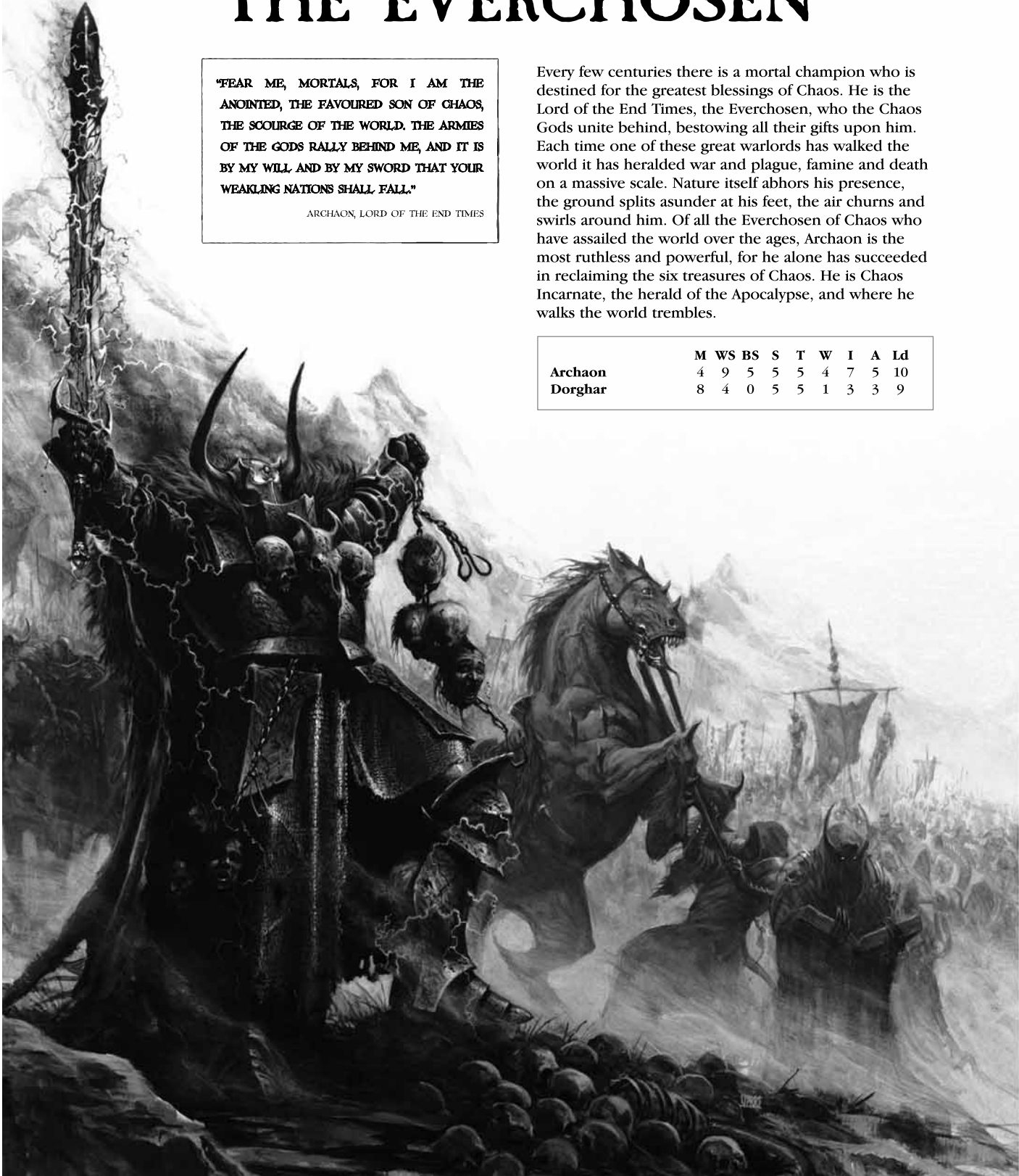
ARCHAON, THE EVERCHOSEN

"FEAR ME, MORTALS, FOR I AM THE ANOINTED, THE FAVOURED SON OF CHAOS, THE SCOURGE OF THE WORLD. THE ARMIES OF THE GODS RALLY BEHIND ME, AND IT IS BY MY WILL, AND BY MY SWORD THAT YOUR WEAKLING NATIONS SHALL FALL."

ARCHAON, LORD OF THE END TIMES

Every few centuries there is a mortal champion who is destined for the greatest blessings of Chaos. He is the Lord of the End Times, the Everchosen, who the Chaos Gods unite behind, bestowing all their gifts upon him. Each time one of these great warlords has walked the world it has heralded war and plague, famine and death on a massive scale. Nature itself abhors his presence, the ground splits asunder at his feet, the air churns and swirls around him. Of all the Everchosen of Chaos who have assailed the world over the ages, Archaon is the most ruthless and powerful, for he alone has succeeded in reclaiming the six treasures of Chaos. He is Chaos Incarnate, the herald of the Apocalypse, and where he walks the world trembles.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Archaon	4	9	5	5	5	4	7	5	10
Dorghar	8	4	0	5	5	1	3	3	9



SPECIAL RULES

Eye of the Gods.

Chosen of the Gods: Archaon is the vessel through which the Dark Gods will unite the hordes of the north and turn the whole world into a Realm of Chaos.

He has the following bonuses:

- Archaon is the chosen of Tzeentch and hence is a Level 2 Tzeentch Sorcerer who benefits from +1 to cast all his spells.
- Archaon is the chosen of Nurgle and hence is immune to Poisoned Attacks – these must roll to wound as normal. Enemies are at a -1 to hit Archaon (and any unit he joins) with shooting attacks, and also at -1 to hit with attacks in close combat.
- Archaon is the chosen of Slaanesh and hence is immune to Fear, Terror and Panic. Furthermore, if Archaon is the army's general, troops within 18" may use his Leadership instead of the normal 12".
- Archaon is the chosen of Khorne and hence has Magic Resistance (2).

The Swords of Chaos: At the heart of Archaon's army is his old warband, the Swords of Chaos. Only the strongest have survived in his long quest, leaving a cadre of hardened troops. Archaon's army must include at least one unit of Knights of Chaos. Archaon is the only character allowed to join this unit (though he does not have to). In addition, if Archaon leads this unit, then it becomes Immune to Psychology.

The Steed of the Apocalypse: Archaon rides to war upon the daemonic beast known variously as Dorghar, Ghurshy'ish'phak, Yrontalie, but most commonly as the Steed of the Apocalypse. Archaon treats difficult terrain as open ground, though any unit he is with suffers the normal penalties.

MAGIC ITEMS

The Armour of Morkar: Once belonging to the Lord Morkar, First Chosen of Chaos, this armour shields Archaon from all but the deadliest of blows. The Armour of Morkar gives Archaon a 1+ armour save (this includes his bonus for being mounted). In addition to this, no attack against him may ever have a better chance to wound him than a 3+ roll. Attacks that wound automatically, always on a 2+, and so on, will still need a 3+ to wound him.

The Slayer of Kings: Inside this blade is trapped the Greater Daemon U'zuhl, bound to the sword by the Second Chosen, Vangel. Aeons of imprisonment inside the blade have driven the Daemon insane with rage. In battle, the blade moans with barely contained fury.

The Slayer of Kings ignores armour saves. In addition, Archaon may unleash the power of U'zuhl in any Close

Combat phase. If he does this, he fights with double his normal number of Attacks (usually 10) but any rolls to hit of a 1 will strike either himself or a friendly model in base contact (Chaos player's choice). He may not re-roll to hit results of a 1 for any reason when unleashing U'zuhl. Once U'zuhl is released, Archaon must use this special ability in every close combat he is subsequently involved in – the Daemon cannot be bound back into the blade during the battle.



The Crown of Domination: An ancient battle-helm dating back to the time of Morkar, the Crown of Domination exudes an aura of raw malice, cowing the unruly servants of Chaos and terrifying the enemy.

Archaon causes Terror, and in addition any friendly unit within 12" of Archaon may re-roll failed Break tests.

The Eye of Sheerian: The Eye of Sheerian, named after the Tzeentchian Sorcerer who first discovered it, dates back to the time of the Old Ones, before even Chaos walked the world. Now that he has its proper setting, the Crown of Domination, Archaon can make full use of the Eye's prophetic powers. The visions granted by the Eye allow Archaon to predict the attacks of the enemy and counter or avoid them.

The Eye grants Archaon a 3+ Ward save.

THE FINAL DAYS

THE DOOMSAYERS OF THE EMPIRE RANT AND PREACH THAT THE INCURSIONS OF CHAOS ARE GROWING EVER MORE FREQUENT. THEY BELIEVE THAT WHEN AN ALL-POWERFUL LORD OF CHAOS RISES UP TO UNITE THE TRIBES AND LEAD A GREAT INVASION INTO THE SOUTH, ONLY ONE MAN CAN STOP THEM, A CHAMPION OF LIGHT WHOSE DESTINY IT IS TO TAKE THE FIGHT TO THE CHAMPION IN DARKNESS KNOWN AS THE EVERCHOSEN. BUT THOUGH THIS HERO MAY THROW BACK THE INCURSION FOR A SHORT TIME, THOUSANDS OF GOOD MEN PERISH WITH EACH BATTLE, SHRINES ARE CAST DOWN AND THE VERY ESSENCE OF THE GODS OF THE SOUTH WEAKENED. EVENTUALLY, THEY SAY, THERE WILL COME A DAY WHEN ALL MEN ARE DEAD OR UNDER THE THRALL OF CHAOS, AND THE CHAMPION OF LIGHT WILL STAND ALONE AGAINST THE HORDES, A SINGLE GUTTERING CANDLE IN A WORLD ENGLTFED BY DARKNESS.



GALRAUCH, THE GREAT DRAKE

In the time of Aenarion, when the Elves fought their great wars against the tides of Chaos, the elder race of Dragons fought at their side. These great wyrms were the nemesis of the armies of the Dark Gods, diving from the skies upon the scions of Chaos and crushing or incinerating them in their thousands. The might of the Dragons could only be matched by the greatest of Daemons that had invaded the Elven lands. The epic clashes between these mighty creatures were events of such magnitude that the mortal warriors could only witness them in awe, later recording them as songs and legends that survive to this day. The most renowned of these epic tales tells of a titanic duel where Lord Aenarion and Indraguir, his Dragon, fought against four Greater Daemons, one sent by each of the Dark Gods.

During that same battle, Galrauch the Gold Drake was leading the left flank of the Elven host against a vast force of Daemons of Tzeentch. A million points of light reflected from his beautiful gold scales, lit red by the searing flame he poured onto the usurpers below. Great was the slaughter on both sides that day. As the skies turned crimson in the twilight, Galrauch came upon Fateclaw, the bird-headed Lord of Change that coordinated the attacks of the Daemons. Galrauch fell upon the Daemon, determined to exact revenge for his fallen kin. As Galrauch descended from the heavens like an avenging golden thunderbolt, the avian Daemon-thing below did nothing more than bare its teeth in a sinister expression of glee. Galrauch's great jaws snapped shut around Fateclaw's head, ripping it clean away in a multicoloured spray of ichor. Within a heartbeat, the broken body of the Greater Daemon had dissolved into a scintillating mist that enveloped the exultant Dragon and sank into his flesh.

Galrauch, resplendent in victory, flew high into the air, and the Elf warriors below him raised cries of triumph. But their cheers died away when the Dragon's body became wracked by violent convulsions. The mighty drake froze in mid-air, and an evil, iridescent light appeared in its eyes. To their horror, the Dragon turned his fiery breath against the astonished Elves below, but instead of burning them alive the flames brought mutation and madness. The skin of the mighty wyrm flowed like water, and within it evil faces formed, cackling maniacally and singing the praise of Tzeentch. Foul tentacles and wicked spikes emerged from the Dragon's flesh, and finally the once-noble head of Galrauch split into two all the way down to his neck. Where there was once one head there were now two. The heads were governed by the same will at first, but soon they started to tear at each other with hatred, a sure sign that the spirit of the great Dragon had not been completely destroyed. The mind of the Lord of

Change managed to wrest control of the powerful body once again, but not before the Elves and Dragons had broken the back of the Daemon armies.

Galrauch withdrew from the lands of mortals and slept for centuries, many times throughout history emerging from his slumber to wreak havoc on the lands of Elves, Dwarfs and Men. Legend has it that he was the first of the Dragons of Chaos, and that many were the dark creatures born of his blood and of his evil sorcery. It was Galrauch who slaughtered King Thurgrim Rockarm and all his kin and sacked their ancient halls. It was he who singlehandedly destroyed the city of Languerre de Lac and plunged its ruins into eternal night. Hundreds of noble heroes have tried to slay him, but they have all failed, and their remains hang high in Galrauch's lair as a testament to the witch-dragon's sorcerous might.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Galrauch	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	9

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos, Terror, Fly, Large Target, Scaly Skin (3+), Mark of Tzeentch.

Dragon Sorcerer: Galrauch is a Level 4 Wizard. He knows all six spells from the Lore of Tzeentch.

Breath Attacks: Galrauch's heads can use either of the normal Chaos Dragon breath attacks (see page 55). Once per battle, one of his heads can use the Breath of Change – the other head cannot use breath weapons at all in that Shooting phase. Models hit by the Breath of Change must pass a Toughness test or be overwhelmed by horrible mutations – remove such models from play.

Spirit of Galrauch: At the beginning of each turn of the controlling player, Galrauch must take a Leadership test. If the test is passed, Galrauch will be controlled as normal, but if the test is failed, the ancient spirit of the original Dragon will surface again for an instant.

Should this occur, Galrauch will not move, cast spells or use his breath weapons. In the Close Combat phase he will direct half of his attacks against himself as the two heads of Galrauch rip into each other. If the Dragon is already engaged in close combat, the remaining half of his attacks are carried out as normal. The wounds caused by the Dragon against himself are added to the enemy's score when working out the combat resolution.





PRINCE SIGVALD

Scion of Slaanesh, the Geld-Prince, Lord of the Decadent Host

Though he appears to be little more than sixteen summers of age, Prince Sigvald has blighted the world for over three hundred years. The personification of beauty on the outside but rot within, Sigvald rides at the head of an army of utterly devoted followers who would give their lives for him without a second thought. His elite bodyguard bear mirrored shields so that Sigvald might bask in his own divine glory, and dozens of exotic females attend to his every desire. His baroque armour remains forever untarnished by age or the tiniest fleck of dirt, and warm perfumed air surrounds him even during the fiercest blizzard. He has defeated warriors twice his size with a contemptuous flick of his rapier, for Sigvald the Magnificent is the chosen son of Slaanesh, his every wish granted in exchange for an eternity of depravity.

Sigvald was once the son of a powerful warlord whose dark desires led him to carnal and unnatural acts. When a child was born from the union of the warlord and his own sister, the bastard infant was handsome indeed. His hair was like spun gold and his skin was unblemished save for a tiny horned birthmark on the back of his neck. At first, Sigvald's every wish was made

manifest. The boy-prince was taught the arts of war by the finest warriors of the tribe. However, the Prince's excesses eventually grew too obscene even for his father and, when his fondness for human flesh was discovered, Sigvald was banished. The boy-prince feigned dismay, but when his father retired for bed, Sigvald slew him with his own blade. The boy-prince left the tribe, reasoning that a man of his calibre would thrive in the Chaos Wastes. And thrive he did, but not through honest toil. Before the next dawn, the young warrior had a new patron in the form of Slaanesh.

Hundreds of years later, Sigvald marches to war at the head of an army of admiring followers. Any who the Prince deems to be ugly, crude or irritating he has put to the blade, sometimes eradicating whole cities on a whim. Slaanesh spoils his adopted son as an indulgent father, and Sigvald's wild excesses only serve to elevate him further in the Dark Prince's favour. Jaded and capricious in the extreme, Sigvald ever strives to plumb new depths of cruelty in his conquests. He inspires fanatical devotion in his followers, for they know that in the aftermath of battle, they may sate their most unholy lusts without restraint.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Prince Sigvald	4	8	3	5	4	3	8	5	10

SPECIAL RULES

Eye of the Gods, Stubborn, Mark of Slaanesh.

Favoured Son: The ground reshapes itself to let Sigvald pass, and his feet float an inch above the world's surface. Sigvald may always march, and treats difficult or very difficult terrain as open ground. These abilities are conferred to any unit he joins.

Supreme Vanity: Such is Sigvald's self-obsession that he will call his retainers to attend him with their mirrors even in the midst of battle, preening and murmuring compliments to himself as men are butchered all around him. To represent this, Sigvald has the Stupidity special rule.

MAGIC ITEMS

Auric Armour: The Auric Armour is a sculpted suit of plate mail forged from ensorcelled gold. It confers a 1+ armour save (this includes Sigvald's mirrored shield) and the Regeneration ability.

Sliverslash: Prince Sigvald's sword is forged from a sliver of Slaanesh's own blade, and it moves like quicksilver. Sliverslash confers +2 Attacks and the Always Strikes First ability upon the wielder.

VALKIA THE BLOODY

Bringer of Glory, the Gorequeen, Swordmaiden of the Blood God

Amongst the people of the north, there is a strange legend of a cruel but beautiful warrior woman who is the consort of Khorne himself. Her violent deeds are watched over by her battle-hungry patron and it is said that those who earn her blessing will fight in the halls of the Blood God for all eternity. Her name is Valkia the Bloody, and she was returned from the dead to further the work of Khorne.

Once the fell queen of a great northern tribe, Valkia quickly rose to infamy by decapitating anyone foolish enough to question her right to reign. This pleased Khorne greatly, for Valkia had dispatched many eminent minions of his brother gods. One such individual was Locephax, an unimaginably perverse Daemon Prince of Slaanesh. Struck by the queen's cold beauty and athletic physique, the leering Daemon Prince suggested that Valkia would be better suited to life as a slave girl than as a monarch. The warrior queen did not take kindly to this. Taking up the mighty spear Slaupnir, she flew into a berserk rage. They duelled for days, but ultimately Queen Valkia was triumphant. The Daemon Prince's horned head has adorned her shield ever since, gazing hypnotically at those who come close.

From that day forwards, Valkia enjoyed great favour in the eyes of Khorne. The Gorequeen meant to slaughter her way to the northernmost point of the world and cross through into the Realm of Chaos, personally placing the head of Locephax at the base of Khorne's throne. She nearly fulfilled her quest, but before a year was out her corpse joined the thousands of others littered across that hellstained realm.

Khorne raged at her passing, for he had great plans for the mortal woman. His fury was so thunderous that it awoke Valkia from death and, taking her in his claws, Khorne reforged the queen into a form pleasing to him. Valkia returned to the mortal world a vision of destructive power. Though she retains her cold beauty, her armour runs red with thick strings of blood, her long legs are more like those of a Bloodletter than a human, and bat-like wings sprout from her shapely back. Every new dawn she descends from the skies, taking ever more skulls for her diabolic paramour and choosing those who will fight on in the Realm of Chaos after their death. The Warriors of Chaos fight all the harder in her presence, for to become one of Khorne's chosen is a prize beyond measure.

Valkia

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	9	3	5	5	3	8	6	9

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos, Eye of the Gods, Fly, Fear.

Consort of Khorne: Valkia bears the brand of Khorne himself, giving her a bonus attack (included above).

Inspiring Presence: Any friendly unit within 12" of Valkia may re-roll failed Break tests.

Gaze of Khorne: The gaze of Khorne himself lingers upon Valkia. As long as she is on the table, any results rolled on the 'Eye of the Gods' table may be re-rolled.

MAGIC ITEMS

Daemonshield: Shield. All enemy models in base contact with Valkia at the beginning of each Close Combat phase lose an Attack (to a minimum of 1).

The Spear Slaupnir: Valkia's barbed spear has slain kings and paupers alike. Slaupnir is Armour Piercing. On any turn in which Valkia charges, Slaupnir confers +2 Strength and Killing Blow.

The Scarlet Armour: The Scarlet Armour confers an armour save of 3+ and reduces the Strength of any attack against Valkia by 1 (to a minimum of 1).





WULFRIK THE WANDERER

Worldwalker, the Eternal Challenger, Inescapable One

Wulfrik the Wanderer is the ultimate seafaring warrior. A hairy giant of a man adorned with the trophies of his many kills, Wulfrik travels the four corners of the world and beyond. He seeks out and challenges the champions of every race and creed, for as punishment for his hubris, Wulfrik is bound to a lifetime of constant duelling and violent death.

A warrior born, Wulfrik was ever known for his hulking frame and tremendous skill at arms. He took the heads of every Chaos Champion who crossed his path, proudly displaying them for all to see. Many sagas were sung to his honour in his tribe, and his reputation spread far and wide. Pride proved to be Wulfrik's downfall, however. At the victory banquet held in his name after he slew King Torgald at the Battle of a Thousand Skulls, Wulfrik drank four full barrels of mead, drunkenly boasting that he was the equal of any other warrior anywhere in this world or the next. The gods have a way of punishing such rash claims.

That night Wulfrik was visited by a strange emissary of the Dark Gods. In his dreams, Wulfrik journeyed to paradises, necropolises and fantastic netherworlds,

and everywhere he passed was drowned in a great tide of blood. When Wulfrik awoke, he was blessed with the gift of tongues – the ability to issue an irrefusable challenge to any warrior or beast in their own language. Simultaneously he was cursed to wander the length and breadth of the world on a never-ending quest to prove himself against the most gifted warriors alive, living or dead, mortal or daemonic.

Since that night, Wulfrik has led a life of exile. His warriors, loyal to the end, sail with him across the seas in the sturdy longship Seafang. The stories have it that Wulfrik's travels have taken him into the Realm of Chaos, where Seafang sailed upon the Winds of Magic themselves, and that the great vessel still retains the memory of flight. It is also said, perhaps because of this remarkable ship, that it is impossible to escape Wulfrik once he has decided upon his next quarry. Wulfrik is one of the most devout worshippers of the Dark Gods ever to walk the world. He has made offerings of lordlings, sea serpents and Dragons to his nefarious masters. To Khorne he gives the skulls of his victims, to Slaanesh their still-beating hearts, to Nurgle the contents of their slit guts, and to Tzeentch their dying breath.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wulfrik	4	8	3	5	4	2	7	4	8

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos, Eye of the Gods.

Gift of Tongues: Wulfrik may issue a summons that overrides the normal challenge rules. He may force an enemy character to automatically accept his challenge, provided the chosen character could legally accept.

Hunter of Men: Wulfrik must nominate a single enemy model at the beginning of the game. When allocating his attacks towards the nominated model, Wulfrik gains +2 Strength and may re-roll all rolls to hit.

MAGIC ITEMS
Seafang: Using his legendary ship Seafang, Wulfrik is adept at attacking from an unexpected quarter. Wulfrik and a single unit of Marauders may choose not to deploy as normal but to enter play from any table edge, exactly as if he and his unit had pursued an enemy off that edge in the previous turn. If this option is chosen, roll to see when Wulfrik and his unit enter play.

Turn	1	2	3	4	5
D6 roll needed	5+	4+	3+	2+	auto

KHOLEK SUNEATER

Bringer of Darkness, Tempest Incarnate, the Mountain God

Every eight generations, when the malevolent moon Morrslieb waxes full in front of its benign cousin Mannslieb, a terrible storm rages through the crevasses and chasms of the World's Edge Mountains. Jagged ridges are silhouetted like the broken teeth of some titanic beast as lightning flashes and thunder roars. Before a great chasm that splits the mountains like a gigantic axe wound, hundreds upon hundreds of northmen kneel in the pelting hail and snow, chanting sonorously as their captives are sacrificed and hurled bodily into a cavernous lair. Then, as the storm reaches its terrible climax, a terror from the prehistory of the world bursts forth with a roar that shakes the roots of the peaks themselves. Kholek Suneater awakes, and all the world trembles at his wrath.

Kholek is a Shaggoth of tremendous age. He is one of the first-born kin of Krakanrok the Black, father of the Dragon Ogres. Kholek was present when the terrible pact with the Dark Gods was forged, pledging their race to an eternity of servitude in exchange for immortality. The sagas tell that Kholek's part in the bargain was such an affront to nature that the sun hid its face behind a bank of stormclouds and has never looked upon Kholek since that fateful day. True enough, Kholek's coming is heralded by roiling black thunderheads. Where the Bringer of Darkness walks, a raging tempest blots out the sun.

Like all Dragon Ogres, Kholek is energised and enlivened by the power of lightning, roaring with triumph as crackling bolts of pure power play across his ancient and scaly body. He wears great plates of brass as his armour, the better to attract the tempest's kiss, encrusted with the patina of age and blackened by soot. In his great taloned claws Kholek bears the gigantic hammer known as Starcrusher, a weapon forged in the heart of a volcano and enchanted to fell monstrous foes. In his shadow march the mountain tribes that worship him as a primal god of destruction.

Kholek was last seen by mortal eyes during the Great War, striding south with his armies under the cover of a ferocious blizzard. The histories of that time describe a raging storm-beast tall enough to look over the ramparts of Praag, a god of winter who smashed his way into the city with pure brute force. The sagas tell of how the monstrosity stalked the Old Quarter of the city, demolishing each and every temple within the city walls before returning to his glacial realm.

If the rumours from the north are true, Kholek is abroad once more. Whenever the sky darkens with cloud and thunder rumbles on the horizon, all who know of the legend of the Mountain God shiver in fear. For how can mortals stand against a being who has waged war in the name of the Dark Gods since the dawn of Man?

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kholek	8	8	3	8	6	8	1	7	9

SPECIAL RULES

Large Target, Immune to Psychology, Scaly Skin (4+), Terror, Storm Rage (see page 63).

Ancient Pride: Kholek may never join units.

Herald of the Tempest: During the Shooting phase, choose an unengaged enemy unit within Kholek's line of sight and roll a dice. On a roll of a 2-6 a bolt of lightning hits the unit, inflicting D6 S6 hits. On the roll of a 1, the lightning hits Kholek (see Storm Rage).

MAGIC ITEMS

Starcrusher: Each unsaved wound Kholek inflicts is multiplied to D3 wounds.

Armour of the Storm: Heavy armour. If any lightning-based spell targets a unit within 12" of Kholek, the spell's effects are redirected toward Kholek instead.





SCYLA ANFINGRIMM

The Bloodbeast, Scourgeborn, the Talon of Khorne

Scyla Anfingrimm was once the bane of the coastlands from frozen Norsca to exotic Ind. A bloodthirsty raider and warrior lord of the Ironpelt tribe, Scyla's name was synonymous with victory and pillage, and all who met him saw the fire of a born leader in his eyes. By the end of Scyla's second decade in the service of the Chaos Gods he had become little more than a mountain of muscle and unquenchable rage, goaded into battle as a beast of war and unleashed to run howling into the ranks of the enemy.

As a young man, Scyla quickly earned the respect of not only his tribe but also the tribes of the neighbouring fjords. He slew the vile Jabberwock that haunted the mists over the River Voltag, and it was Scyla's sword that dealt the death blow to the tentacled beast that plagued the Bay of Blades. Every spring he would set sail with his men further and further afield, raiding the coasts of the Empire, Bretonnia, and even of far-off Khemri. Every autumn his longships came back laden with plunder, their timbers groaning with gold and captives to be sacrificed to Khorne. The womenfolk of his tribe chattered excitedly; surely it would not be long before the gods noticed Scyla and began to reward his prowess.

They were right. After orchestrating the massacre at Black Gulch, which caused the winding chasm to run red with Skaven blood, Scyla was gifted with massive brute strength and hulking, ape-like arms. Thanking Khorne for his blessing, Scyla launched a series of daring raids on the war-dhows of the Plenipotentate Ibn Dhul, personally reducing the flagship of the Dhuli armada to splinters. This time his bravery was rewarded by a serpentine tail ending in a snapping maw. Scyla's merciless slaughter of the Chaos Dwarf delegation sent to trade with his tribe resulted in a profusion of horn-like plates that spread across his body. After Scyla's subjugation of the troglodyte Gorgers that dwelt in Undermountain, Khorne gifted his champion with the mind of a ravenous beast. That night, Scyla's body flowed and spasmed out of control until his transformation into a Chaos Spawn was complete.

From that day on, Scyla's tribe had a new master. Scyla still fights alongside his old comrades at arms, but now they treat him more like a prized warhound than a lord amongst men. Scyla's only desire is to kill and maim in the name of his bloodthirsty god, and his destiny is little more than a violent death.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Scyla	3D6	4	0	5	5	4	3	D6+2	10

SPECIAL RULES

Chaos Spawn: Scyla is a Chaos Spawn, albeit a large and extremely gribbly one. He obeys all the rules for Chaos Spawn on page 57. Note that Scyla's Movement characteristic is 3D6 instead of the usual 2D6, and his Attacks characteristic is one higher than that of a 'normal' Chaos Spawn, if there is such a thing!

Hero's Fate: Though Scyla has become a mindless beast, he is still high in the favour of Khorne. Scyla can issue and receive challenges, and he can roll on the Eye of the Gods table just like a normal Chaos hero whenever he kills an enemy character or Large Target.

MAGIC ITEMS

Brass Collar of Khorne: During his final transformation, a brazen collar of Khorne pushed out from under the corded muscle of Scyla's neck. Scyla has Magic Resistance (3) and a 6+ ward save.

"KILL FOR KHORNE! KILL FOR KHORNE! KILL FOR KHORNE!"

SCYLA ANFINGRIMM

VILITCH THE CURSELING

The Twisted Twin, Doomkindred, Master of Misrule

Once there was born a pair of twins, one healthy and good to look upon, and one wretched and tiny. Though the tribe's leaders expected the wholesome son to become a great warrior, it was the runt Vilitch who was to change their fate forever.

The twins had a difficult birth, and their mother died soon afterward, for it took all her strength to nourish the greedy infants. As they grew up, Thomin – the wholesome twin – excelled in the hunt, and soon rose to lead the tribe's youngest warriors. The runt, Vilitch, on the other hand, was universally despised for his ugliness and frailty. He was forced to perform his dead mother's chores and, humiliatingly, denied the use of a sword. Thomin used to beat Vilitch for the slightest infraction and, despite the runt's pleas, his father would not intervene.

As they grew up, Thomin became well-muscled and athletic, quickly learning the ways of the warrior. Vilitch barely managed to scrape by as an apprentice to the tribe's shaman, where he learnt a few meagre cantrips and a little knowledge about the powers that dwelt beyond the veil. Every night the runtling prayed fervently to Tzeentch to reverse their fates, to make him the strong one and his brother the slave. The Great Sorcerer, who delights in anarchy, eventually agreed to Vilitch's selfish request.

One Geheimisnacht, when the Chaos moon passed close to the world, Vilitch awoke to find that his body and that of his sibling Thomin had melded together. His brother's intellect had been added to his own, and there was nothing left of Thomin's mind save for a drooling automaton under Vilitch's command.

The grotesque fusion of warrior and runtling that staggered out of the twin's tent glowed with the power of baleful magic. Vilitch's budding magical abilities had been enhanced a hundredfold, and the hulking body to which his withered frame had been fused was possessed of diabolic strength. Laughing maniacally at his newfound powers, Vilitch embarked upon a killing spree, sending crackling arcs of pure change into those who had looked down upon him in the past and forcing the body of Thomin to throttle any who tried to stop him. By the time the sun set, the village was consumed by fire and the streets ran with molten flesh.

But Vilitch's story did not end there. The malformed sorcerer-twin hunted down the warrior elite of his tribe and used his dire powers to enslave their minds, making them little more than walking puppets that lived and died according to his whims. Now the Curseling marches at the head of an army of hard-bitten veterans, each of them under the fearful command of the disturbing creature that they know only as the Twisted Twin.

Vilitch	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	5	1	5	4	3	5	3	8

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos, Eye of the Gods, Mark of Tzeentch.

Mighty Sorcerer: Vilitch enjoys the patronage of the Great Sorcerer himself. He is a Level 4 Wizard who knows all six spells from the Lore of Tzeentch.

MAGIC ITEMS

Vessel of Chaos: Vilitch is able to harness and store a great reservoir of unstable magical power. When an enemy Wizard fails to meet the casting value of a spell, the power dice used for that attempt are converted to bonus dispel dice that Vilitch may utilise later that phase. Conversely, should the enemy make a failed dispel attempt to counter one of Vilitch's spells, the dispel dice used for that attempt are immediately converted to bonus power dice that Vilitch may utilise later that phase.



Vilitch the Curseling

FESTUS THE LEECHLORD

Old Sawbones, Dark Apothecary, the Fecundite

If a traveller were to stray onto the twisted roads that lead from the forests into the Chaos Wastes, he might be paid a visit by a most unsavoury individual during the dark of the night. A shuffling, muttering figure stalks these lands, his moth-eaten robes gently clinking with vials containing unimaginable concoctions that he seeks to test out upon those he can catch. A devotee of the plague god Nurgle, this mysterious apothecary is quite, quite mad, though once he bore the respect of physicians and scientists across the length and breadth of the Old World.

Doctor Festus was a once skilled surgeon who founded hospices all across the province of Nordland, as compassionate as he was gifted. Specialising in curative unguents and salves, the good doctor cured hundreds of people every year. With Festus's guidance, Nordland overcame outbreaks of the Screaming Ague, Blacklegge, and even the crippling Ghoulpox.

It was the onset of Gnashing Fever that marked the beginning of the end for Festus. Try as he might, he could not stem the spread of this new and highly contagious disease. Festus locked himself in his laboratory, working ceaselessly to create a healing elixir.

Countless sleepless nights passed and still Festus had no cure. Those plague victims he had managed to sequester in his laboratory were dying and he was powerless to prevent it. As the last of his test subjects shook themselves to death, Festus dropped to his knees, crying out for help. One by one, the slack-jawed corpses in Festus's laboratory turned their heads to look at him. With one voice emanating from a score of parched throats, they promised to give Festus the knowledge necessary to cure not only this plague but all the diseases in the world in return for a lifetime of service. In his desperation, Festus agreed.

In the blink of a bloodshot eye, Festus's mind was filled with every detail of every sickness, ailment and plague known to the great god Nurgle. This drove him entirely mad, washing away his compassion and leaving nothing more than an intimate knowledge of disease and a desire to experiment. Festus became the Leechlord of Nurgle, who goes to war in the name of furthering his revolting studies. Though his curative powers are greater than ever before, woe betide the fool who crosses the Doctor, for he is not above force-feeding his latest concoctions to his victims in his quest to bring ever more repugnant forms of life into the world.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Festus	4	4	2	4	4	2	2	2	8

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos, Eye of the Gods, Regenerate, Mark of Nurgle.

Harbinger of Pestilence: Festus is a Level 2 Wizard who uses the Lore of Nurgle. One of his spells is Curse of the Leper, the other spell is generated as normal.

Dark Experiments: To be caught by Festus is a very horrible fate. When making a pursuit move, Festus and any unit he is with will only pursue 1D6" as they begin to bind their captives. However, enemy units caught by Festus or his unit are worth double victory points.

MAGIC ITEMS

Pestilent Potions: Festus is a walking repository of alembics and beakers full of foul-smelling poisons and restoratives. They have the following effects:

- Any unit joined by Festus gains the Regenerate ability, though Wounds are only regenerated on the roll of a 5+ rather than the usual 4+.
- Any unit joined by Festus gains the Poisoned Attacks ability. This includes Festus's own attacks.

THROGG, KING OF TROLLS

Wintertooth, the Bitter Beast, Lord of the Monstrous Horde

Even the most lackwit child knows that Trolls are grossly stupid beasts. Nonetheless, around the campfires of the north, there persist rumours that in the depths of Troll Country there is an elder beast whose mutations were not just of the body but also the mind – a Troll King possessed of a grim and malevolent cunning who seeks to grind the realms of man under his monstrous rule.

At the heart of an icy labyrinth strewn with the gnawed corpses of once-mighty heroes, the Troll King Throgg sits brooding upon his rocky throne. No fanfare announces his arrival, no vassals pay him tithe, and no courtiers vie for his favour. His subjects are drooling, stinking monsters and his domain is a desolate and wind-whipped waste. A filth-encrusted crown sits askance atop the Troll King's lumpen scalp, a once-priceless heirloom taken from a great warrior whose quest led him only into Throgg's gullet.

There was a time when Throgg was content purely with a life of raiding and killing. He would lead his monstrous kin in ambush and midnight attack, each more successful than the last. Throgg had the knack of using the harsh climate as his ally, for Trolls are quite at home in the cold; to them a blizzard is no more troubling than a summer rain. Before long, the Troll King became infamous, known amongst the warriors of the north and beyond as Wintertooth. Every season, great and lauded heroes rode to his lair to slay him. Every season, Throgg dined upon noble flesh.

One moonless night, as Throgg was picking his yellowed tusks clean with a gem-encrusted blade, he beheld the broken bodies of his prey and began to think. Throgg muttered to himself, his eyes burning with cold fire. If the race of Man was so keen to fight him and his bestial subjects, then fight he would, with all the monsters of Troll Country at his side.

That night, Throgg vowed that he would see the lands of Man despoiled in the name of the Dark Gods. He would gather every monster and madman under his rule and march at the head of a nightmarish horde deep into the lands of the south. On his heels would come the bitter cold of winter, for where the creatures of Chaos tread, the land itself warps and changes. Throgg would bring about an age of ice and darkness and make all of the races of the Old World his slaves.

The Dark Gods were pleased by Throgg's oath, and as the Troll King marches determinedly south, his monstrous entourage grows with every passing day. Whether some property of his battered crown or by the grace of the gods themselves, all things bestial and savage obey Throgg's barked commands without hesitation. The vile creatures of the hinterlands have united, and the race of Man shall fall.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Throgg	6	5	2	6	5	4	2	5	8

SPECIAL RULES

The Will of Chaos, Eye of the Gods, Fear.

Mutant Regeneration: As he is a Troll, Throgg has the Mutant Regeneration rule (see page 60).

Lord of the Monstrous Horde: Trolls count as Core choices in an army that includes Throgg. Furthermore, all Trolls, Ogres, Dragon Ogres, Warhounds, and monsters in the same army as Throgg may use his Leadership as if he were the army General and, if they are within 12" of him, may re-roll failed Break tests.

Copious Vomit: Instead of attacking normally, Throgg can inflict D6 Strength 5 hits with no armour saves allowed. This attack is magical. Furthermore, once per game, Throgg can use his vomit as a breath weapon that inflicts S5 hits with no armour saves allowed.



Throgg, King of Trolls

ARMIES OF THE GODS

The next section includes a showcase of the fantastic Warriors of Chaos miniatures. It will also help guide you as you take your collection from a handful of your favourite models to a full-scale army.

THE FIRST STEPS UPON THE PATH

Any aspiring Chaos general will need to base his force around a solid core of troops. The good news is that your basic infantry, the Chaos Warriors themselves, are as good as – if not better than – the elites fielded by the other Warhammer armies. With a profile that other basic troops could only dream about, a hard core of Chaos Warriors will do you proud in almost any circumstance. They are so tough, disciplined and well-armoured that, even if your enemy's army bristles with missile weaponry, you can be confident in striding through the enemy's firepower and still visiting violent retribution upon them at close quarters. It is worth considering upgrading your units of Chaos Warriors with a Mark of Chaos or magic banner to further cement their advantage over enemy troops. The key to using Chaos Warriors successfully is to deploy them where you know they will get into the combat – dead centre of the table is a good place to start.

Of course, Chaos Warriors are only the tip of the iceberg when it comes to the hard-hitting close combat specialists available to you. Units of Chaos Knights move faster and hit even harder than their footslogging brethren. The legendary Chosen and their less fortunate cousins, the Forsaken, are also excellent shock troops – 'hammer' infantry units that can chew through lesser mortals without breaking a sweat. Chaos Chariots and Warshrines can not only tip the balance of an existing combat but also run down enemy units in their own right, and a well-placed Chaos character can ensure a narrow win is turned into a massacre.

MUSTERING YOUR HORDE

All this excellence comes at a price, however – Chaos Warriors are not cheap in terms of points. Though many players will be tempted by a 'full plate army' where every model has at least a 3+ armour save, these forces tend to be elite in the extreme, and hence are outnumbered very easily. You will need to use all your tactical skill to get the most out of such a small force.

Step forward the Chaos Marauders. Wonderfully cheap but nonetheless skilled in the arts of war, Marauders can give your army some much-needed bulk. If you examine the army list, you will see that you can get three units of Marauders for roughly the same points cost as one unit of Chaos Warriors! Fast-moving units such as Marauder Horsemen and Chaos Hounds are ideal for intercepting enemy units attempting to flank your hard centre, or for making flank charges of their own. Part of the joy of fielding a Warriors of Chaos army is finding the right mix of elite units and support units to best engage and defeat the foe.

The Warriors of Chaos army list makes available all manner of bizarre and powerful monsters: gibbering Chaos Spawn, regenerating Trolls, growling Helcannons, Ogre allies and towering Dragon Ogres. Though every one of these monstrous units packs a hell of a punch, it is best to use them in support of your own Core units – monsters can rarely count on rank bonuses, banners and the like, and have to rely on good old-fashioned carnage instead.



LORDS AMONGST MEN

The true stars of the Chaos army are its characters, heroes so strong of mind that they can bind the anarchic elements of a Chaos army to their will. The most visceral and exciting part of fielding a Warriors of Chaos army is the moment when your heroes go toe-to-toe with those of the enemy in single combat. To enhance such glorious duels we have introduced the Eye of the Gods table, an in-game reward for Champions of Chaos that kill their opponents in a challenge. These conflicts are arguably the most dramatic part of playing Warhammer, so make sure you come out on top. We've included plenty of magic items and Gifts of Chaos to improve your chances of success.

FOLLOW THE LURE OF CHAOS

The best guideline, of course, is personal taste. Some players may find that they naturally gravitate towards fielding units with the mark of a particular Chaos God. Perhaps they prefer the brute force of a Khornate army over fearless Slaaneshi warriors. Maybe you would rather the resilience of Nurgle, or the arcane fireworks of Tzeentch. This is all well and good, for though sticking to a particular patron god might cut down your tactical options, it makes for a gloriously united force on the battlefield.

Some players may prefer using a fast-moving, hard-hitting cavalry army, bristling with Chaos Knights, Marauder Horsemen, Warhounds and Chariots. Others might prefer a monstrous menagerie of weird and wonderful creatures, or a great horde of Marauders led by maniacal sorcerers and hulking war leaders. Whatever your inclination, don't be afraid to let impulse guide you – this is Chaos, after all!

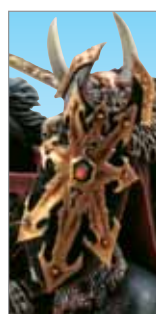
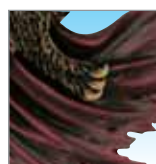
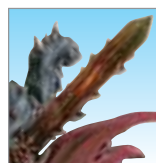
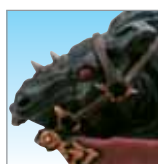
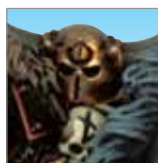


Led by an Exalted Hero on Chaos Steed, this compact starting force allows for plenty of tactical options.



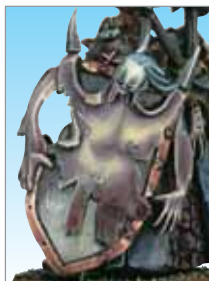
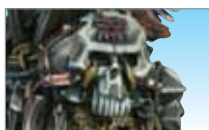
The same force has been expanded into a full 2,000 point army, replete with shock troops and lethal characters.

LORDS OF CHAOS



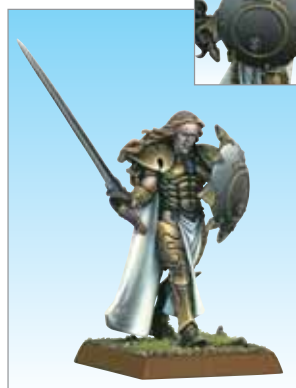
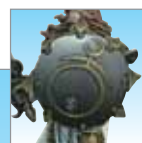
▲ Archagon, Lord of the End Times

Archagon is the Everchosen of the Chaos Gods, he who will one day bring about the doom of man.



▲ Wulfrik the Wanderer

A towering and brutal Champion of Chaos, Wulfrik carries trophies taken from the foes he has killed.

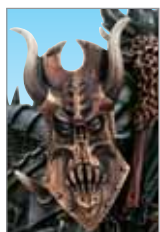


▲ Prince Sigvald the Magnificent

Though outwardly resplendent, Sigvald's soul is as twisted and ugly as the most repulsive Spawn.



▲ Chaos Lord.



Chaos shields are highly individual.



Trophies from the Lord's latest victims.



▲ Chaos Lord with the Mark of Khorne.

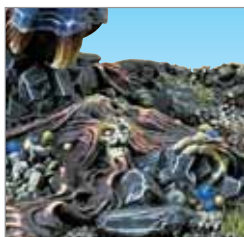


▼ Galrauch, First of the Chaos Dragons

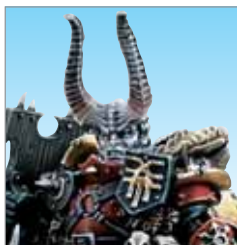
Galrauch was once a noble Star Dragon before the mutating power of Chaos took its horrifying toll.



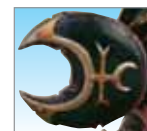
Woe betide those who oppose Galrauch.



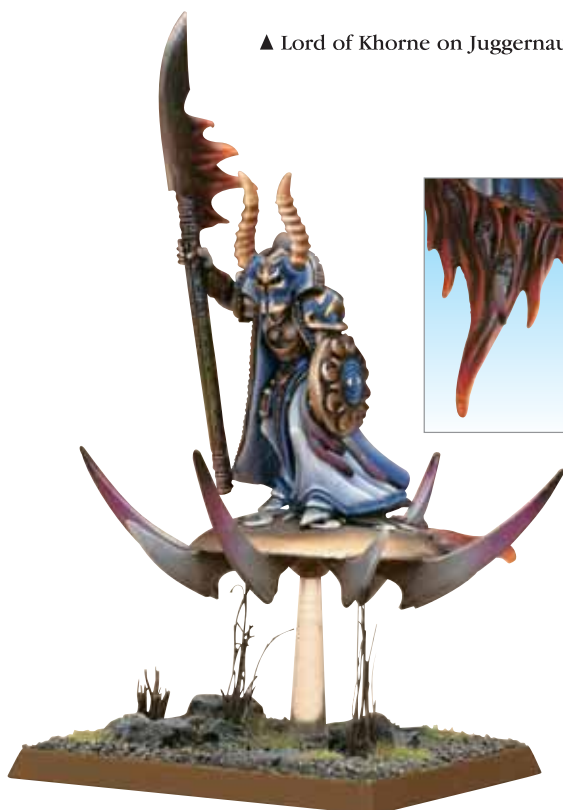
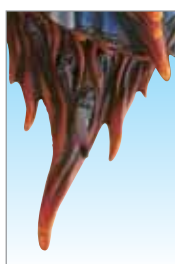
LORDS OF CHAOS



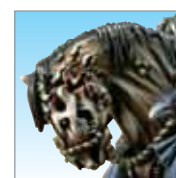
▲ Lord of Khorne on Juggernaut.



▲ Lord of Slaanesh on Daemonic Mount.



▲ Lord of Tzeentch on Disc.



▲ Lord of Nurgle on Daemonic Mount.



▲ Champion of Slaanesh.



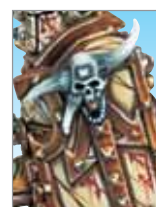
▲ Champions of Slaanesh.



▲ Champion of Tzeentch.



▲ Champion of Nurgle.



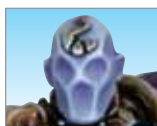
▲ Champions of Chaos.



▲ Champions of Khorne.



CHAOS SORCERERS



▲ Sorcerers of Tzeentch.



▲ Sorcerer on Chaos Steed.



▲ Sorcerer of Nurgle.



▲ Chaos Sorcerer.



▼ Sorcerers are often accompanied by Chaos Familiars.



▲ Sorcerer of Tzeentch.



▲ Sorcerer of Nurgle.

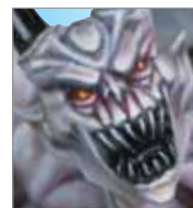
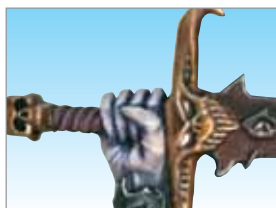


▲ Chaos Familiars.

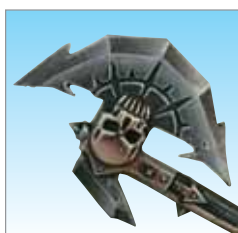
DAEMON PRINCES



▲ Daemon Prince.



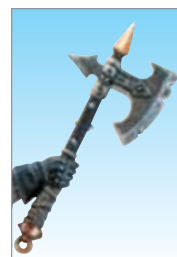
▼ Daemon Princes are mighty Champions who have been granted the ultimate reward – an immortality in which to wage war for Chaos.



◀ The Daemon Prince's ancient and massive war axe.

CHAOS WARRIORS

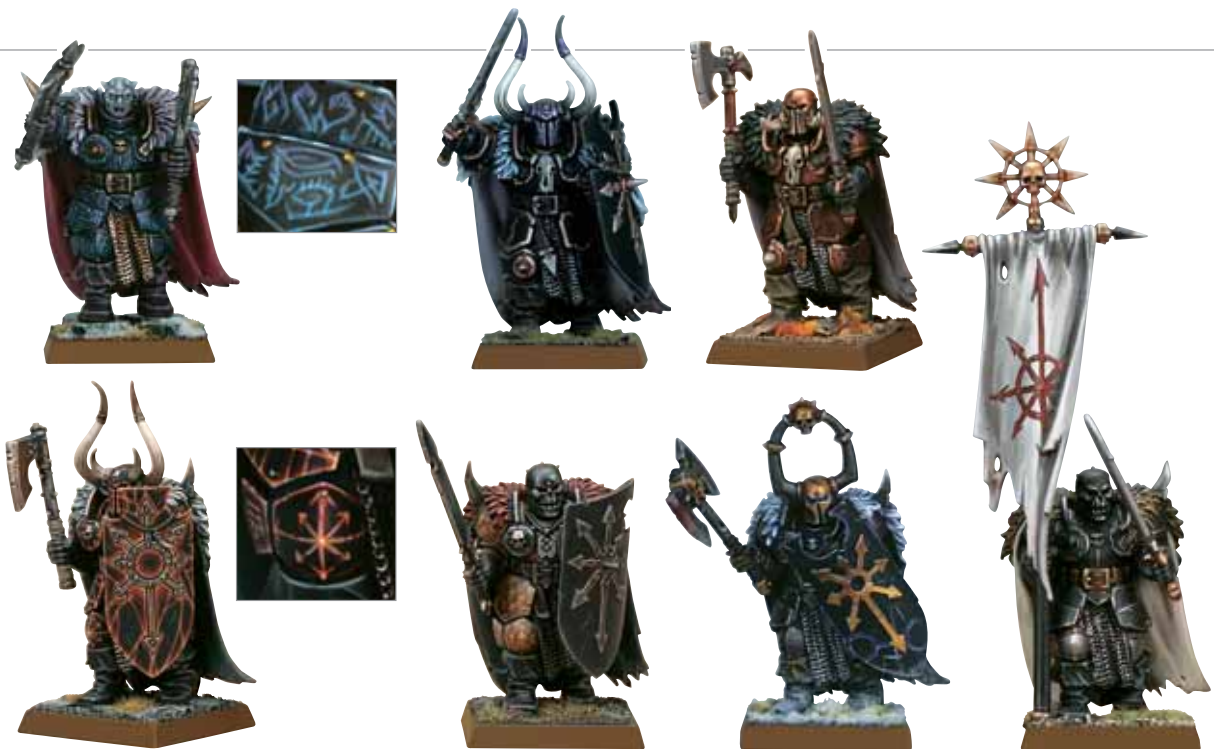
▼ Each Chaos Warrior is a deadly foe in his own right. A whole regiment of Chaos Warriors can be a nigh-unstoppable force, especially if they are high in the favour of their Dark Gods.





The Colours of Chaos





Chaos Warriors devoted to the Blood God march forward under the eye of an Exalted Hero of Chaos.

Nurgle

The legions of Nurgle favour a palette of rotten greens, pallid yellows and rusty browns; all colours that are reminiscent of disease and filth.

Slaanesh

Devotees of Slaanesh love vibrant, gaudy colours such as purple and pink – the colours of opulence, excess and soft human flesh.

Tzeentch

Warriors who worship Tzeentch commonly wear rich blues, golds and yellows upon their armour.

Khorne

The warriors of Khorne favour deep reds and ancient brass – the colour of blood and that of the armour of Khorne himself.

Nurgle



Slaanesh



Tzeentch



Khorne



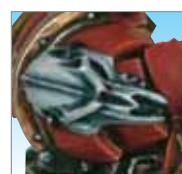
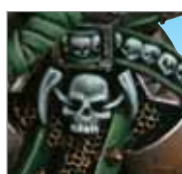
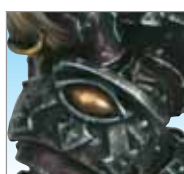
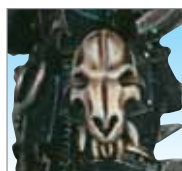
CHOSEN



▲ Chosen armed with great weapons.

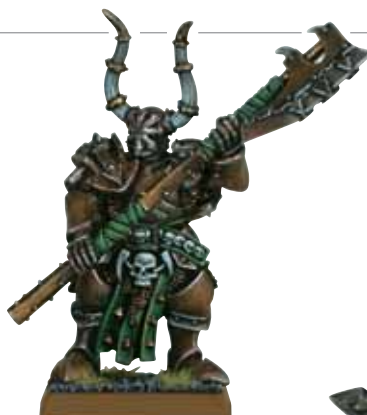


▲ Chosen of Tzeentch.

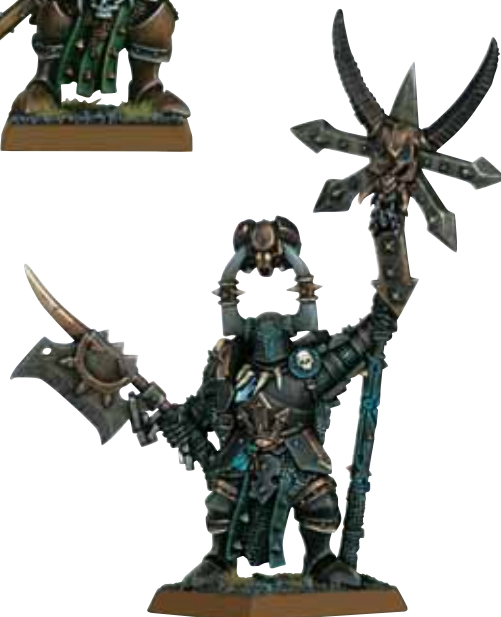




This Chosen champion has been gifted a deadly mutation in the form of a twisted claw.



▲ Chosen musician.



▲ Chosen standard bearer.



MARAUDERS



▲ Marauder standard bearer.

▲ Marauders with hand weapons and shields.



▲ Marauders.



▲ Marauders with flails.

▲ These Marauders have heads taken from other Warhammer plastic kits.



▲ Marauder Horsemen with hand weapons and shields.



▲ Marauder chieftain.



▲ Marauder Horseman musician.



▲ Marauder Horseman with throwing spear.



▲ Marauder Horseman with flail.

CHAOS KNIGHTS



▲ Chaos Knight musician.



▲ Chaos Knight champion.



▲ Chaos Knight standard bearer.



▲ Chaos Knight with lance.

▲ Chaos Knight with ensorcelled weapon.

▲ Chaos Knight with lance.



▲ Chaos Knight with ensorcelled weapon.

◀ Chaos Knights with lances. ▶

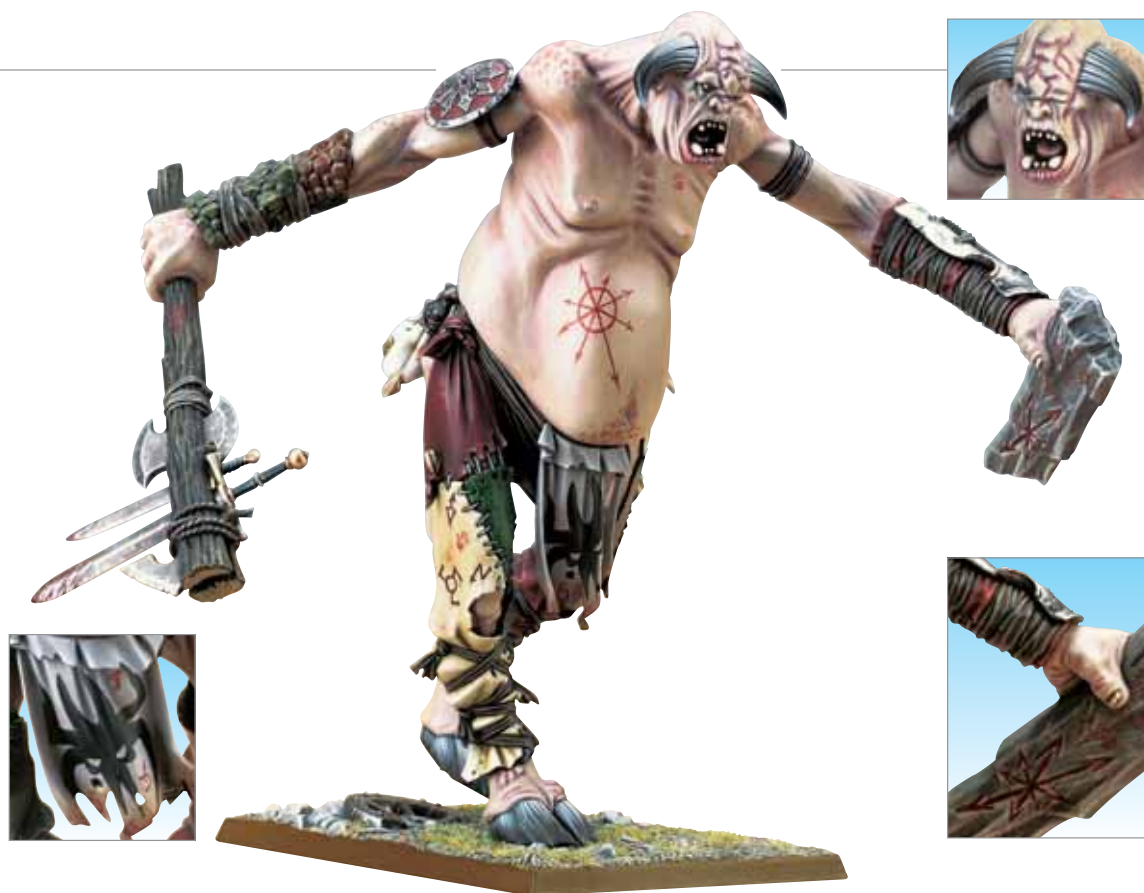
CHAOS MONSTERS



▲ Hellcannon.



▲ Chaos Spawn.



▲ Giant.

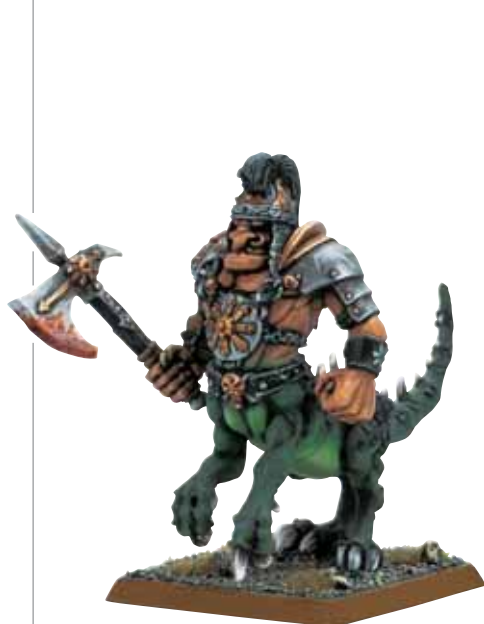
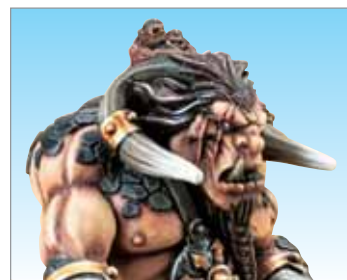


▲ Chaos Warhounds.

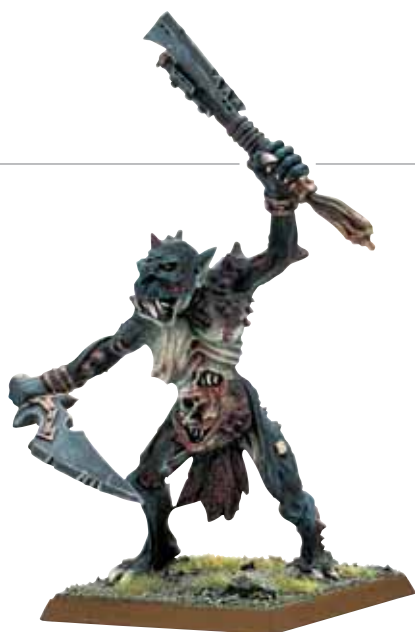
CHAOS MONSTERS



▲ Dragon Ogre Shaggoth.



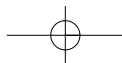
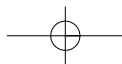
▲ Dragon Ogres.



▲ Trolls.



▲ Ogres.





BANNERS OF THE CHAOS GODS



▲ Tzeentchian war
banners crackle
and flutter when
the Winds of Magic
blow strong.



▲ Slaanesh banners often bear
gold and precious gems.



▲ Chaos pennant.



▲ Banners consecrated to
Nurgle tend to be tattered
and matted with filth.



▲ Banners of Khorne feature the
skull rune of the Blood God.



▲ Wolf pelt banner.



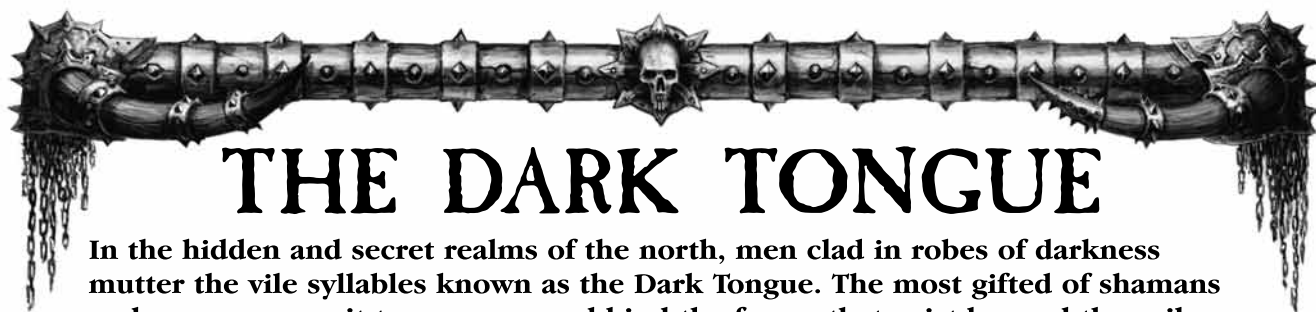
▲ Many Chaos banners are
made from fur, flayed skin
or even burnished metal.



▲ Some Chaos Standards
are living things, deadly
in their own right.



▲ A variant of the
Chaos rune.



THE DARK TONGUE

In the hidden and secret realms of the north, men clad in robes of darkness mutter the vile syllables known as the Dark Tongue. The most gifted of shamans and sorcerers use it to summon and bind the forces that exist beyond the veil.

The Dark Tongue is a ritual language and the only manner in which the mysteries of Chaos can truly be expressed. It is the language of Daemons and Chaos creatures which have the power of speech. Daemon names and the secret daemonic names of the most elevated Chaos Champions can only be spoken in the Dark Tongue, and the servants of Chaos learn to speak and write it for the conjuration of Chaos entities and to bargain with Daemons when they are summoned.

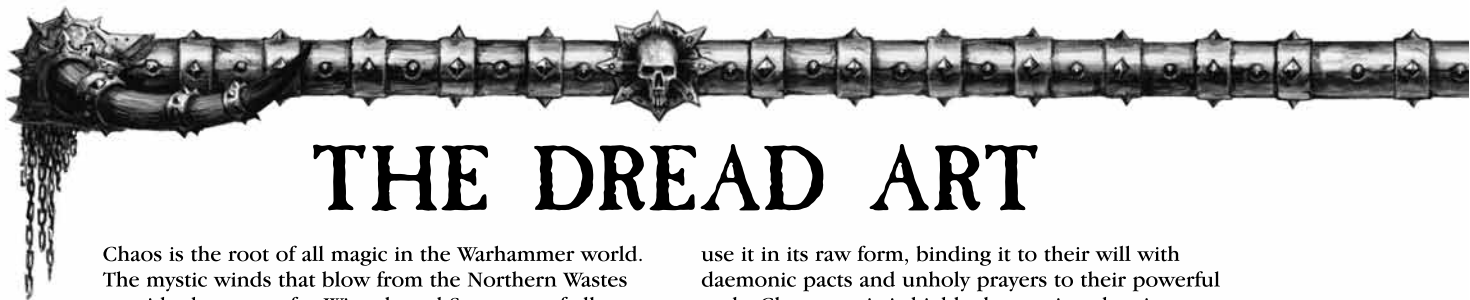
The tribes that live under the shadow of Chaos have their own languages and dialects, just like the nations of the Old World. Many of these languages incorporate elements of the Dark Tongue, particularly in holy rituals and important ceremonies. When bastardised in this fashion, the Dark Tongue loses much of its potency, but still the knowledge that these barbaric peoples have is sufficient to make their sacrifices dangerous affairs.

The core of the Dark Tongue is a collection of root words, heavily endowed with meaning. Few human

cultists will ever learn them all, but as a servant's command of the language increases, so too does his command of the forces of Chaos themselves.

The Dark Tongue in the written form is a series of phonetic runes, each letter form representing a vocalised sound. As a written language, the Dark Tongue has far less powerful properties than when spoken, hence the practise of many magic users writing their spells into tomes and grimoires. It is only when these words are spoken out loud that they take on their full dimension and their power is restored. This also makes translation difficult, because no two wizards will use exactly the same runes to represent the same word sounds – attempting to read another sorcerer's text and mispronouncing a ritual or spell can have hideous and usually fatal consequences. Chaos runes writhe with a power of their own, and to look upon them at length can bring nausea, sickness and madness. It is because of this that many banners of Chaos bear such runes, to dismay and confuse the enemy.

THE RUNES OF CHAOS						
 Slaanesh	Aa	く	Gz	⌚	S	q
	Ar	くー	H	φ	Sh	q̇
	Ak	く̇	I, cc	∴	T, tz	┐
	Bh, b	┐	Kw, qu	┐	U	U
	Ch, kh	←	L	└	Ul	⊕
	Dh	▷	M	⊕	V	∨
	E, ii	•	N	∪	W, uu	∪
	F	┐	O	ㄣ	Y	┐
	Gh	⌚	Ph	⌚	Z, zh	∞
	Gu	⌚	Rh	◇		
 Khorne					 Nurgle	
					 Tzeentch	



THE DREAD ART

Chaos is the root of all magic in the Warhammer world. The mystic winds that blow from the Northern Wastes provide the power for Wizards and Sorcerers of all races to channel into spells. Chaos Sorcerers use this power in its rawest form, drawing it straight from the Realm of Chaos where the Winds of Magic spill into the world. The magic they channel is powerful but dangerous to wield, more so than any other kind, as it irrevocably changes all those who deal with its corrupting essence. Only those with true willpower and strength of purpose can become accomplished with Chaos magic, for such contact brings about not only physical mutation, but also affects the sanity of the wizard, causing hysteria, paranoia, delusions and self-destructive megalomania.

In the time before the coming of the Elves and Dwarfs, the Old Ones ruled the globe. Their powers of magic verged on the godlike, and with it they shaped the continents and created the different races. But when catastrophe struck and the spatial gates at the poles of the world collapsed, the source of their power was rent open and raw Chaos spilled into the world.

All magic users must tap into this source of magical energy for their power, but the Sorcerers of Chaos can

use it in its raw form, binding it to their will with daemonic pacts and unholy prayers to their powerful gods. Chaos magic is highly destructive, drawing upon the Winds of Death and Shadows more than any other. Those truly gifted in the magical arts, those whose patron powers have bestowed gifts of knowledge and strength upon them, can further mould the Winds of Magic in more elaborate fashions.

The Sorcerers of Nurgle use magic to pervert and corrupt nature, inflicting hideous magical diseases which cannot be cured. They can twist the bodies of their opponents and cause delirium in their foes, chuckling as each new pestilence takes hold. More subtle are the practitioners of the Lore of Slaanesh. Suggestion, mind-altering illusions and spells of domination are their weapons, for Slaanesh delights in turning friend against friend in the name of excess. Most powerful and feared of all are the dread Sorcerers of Tzeentch. These warrior-wizards are master spellcasters, for all the knowledge in the world is theirs to be had should they please their master. Tzeentch Sorcerers can channel the raw colours of magic, unleashing mutating flames, moulding body and mind into strange new forms and ripping apart the enemy with blazes of iridescent power.



USING CHAOS MAGIC

In this section, we look at Chaos spellcasters, how they are used in the game, and the spells available to them. The following spell lores are treated exactly the same as those published in the Warhammer rulebook unless otherwise stated, and only Wizards whose rules say they may use these spell lores may generate spells from them.

The term 'Sorcerer' is used to describe Wizards who follow the Chaos Gods. Sorcerers are unusual in that they wear Chaos armour and use magic shields or magic armour just like other Champions of Chaos. This can make them formidable close combat opponents as well as masters of the Magic phase – a combination that is rare indeed in the armies of lesser mortals.

Sorcerers may choose their spells from the Lores noted in their army list entry.

Sorcerers with a Mark of Chaos always generate spells from the Lore appropriate to that mark; for example, a Sorcerer with the Mark of Tzeentch generates spells from the Lore of Tzeentch.

**"OH, FECUND LIFE! OH, BLISSFUL PLAGUE! TO BE A HOST
TO A THOUSAND TINY LIVES! TO BE THE BEARER OF A
THOUSAND HORRID DEATHS!"**

FESTUS THE LEECHLORD

THE LORE OF NURGLE

To randomly generate a spell from the Lore of Nurgle, roll a dice and consult the chart below. If you roll the same spell twice, roll again. Any Sorcerer can swap one spell for Magnificent Buboes if you wish.



D6	Spell	Difficulty
1	Magnificent Buboes	5+
2	Fleshy Abundance	7+
3	Plague Squall	8+
4	Cloying Quagmire	9+
5	Curse of the Leper	10+
6	Rot, Glorious Rot	12+



MAGNIFICENT BUBOES

Cast on 5+

The caster picks one of his enemies and, with a gracious sweep of his hand, bestows upon him one of Nurgle's prettiest afflictions – a clutch of debilitating buboes and boils.

Pick a single enemy model within line of sight of the caster. If that model is within 24", it takes a wound with no armour saves allowed.

FLESHY ABUNDANCE

Cast on 7+

The Sorcerer generously gifts those loyal to him with a growth spurt of the most repulsive kind. From even the smallest wound, great wobbling mounds of grey-green fat spill out to seal the lesion.

Choose a friendly unit, even if close combat. If that unit is within 18" of the caster, it has the Regenerate ability until the beginning of the next friendly Magic phase.



PLAGUE SQUALL

Cast on 8+

Singing a prayer of operatic proportions to Father Nurgle, the Sorcerer causes the skies to split open like the swollen belly of a corpse, raining a glorious shower of boiling filth and rotting blood upon his foes.

Choose a target unit exactly as if you were firing a stone thrower (guessing range from the caster himself) and roll for scatter. Once the location of the hit is determined, place the large template with the central hole over that point. If a Misfire is rolled then instead place the large template over the caster himself! Every unit touched by the template takes 3D6 Strength 1 hits, with no armour save allowed. This can affect friendly units and units in combat. Units with the Mark of Nurgle are unaffected, as they find it rather refreshing!

CLOYING QUAGMIRE

Cast on 9+

The Sorcerer thrusts his hands into the soil, causing the ground to putrefy into a sucking, grasping quagmire.

This spell can be cast upon an enemy unit in line of sight. If that unit is within 24" then every model in the unit must pass an Initiative test, and those that fail the test must then take an armour save. If a model passes its armour save, its weight will drag it down into the rotting slurry – remove that model from play. This spell has no effect on units with the Fly, Amphibious or Ethereal special rules.

CURSE OF THE LEPER

Cast on 10+, Remains in Play

The caster sketches a mocking bow towards his enemies, and they gasp in horror as their fingers and limbs wither and drop off.

Pick an enemy unit. This can be a unit in close combat. If the unit is within 18" of the caster, place a coloured or otherwise distinctive dice next to the unit with the '1' side facing upwards. At the beginning of every friendly Magic phase, turn the dice so that the number is one higher than last turn. The number on the dice is subtracted from the Strength and Toughness of the target unit whilst the spell is in play. If the Strength or Toughness of a model in the afflicted unit reaches zero, then that model collapses into a pile of rotting flesh and is removed from play entirely. This can mean a whole unit is destroyed in a single turn!

ROT, GLORIOUS ROT

Cast on 12+

Virulent plagues erupt across the entire battlefield as the Sorcerer joyfully recounts all of the diseases he has been blessed with since he swore his soul to Nurgle.

Each enemy unit within 18" of the caster takes D6 SD6 hits with no armour saves allowed (roll separately for each unit). This spell can even affect enemy units engaged in close combat.



THE LORE OF TZEENTCH

To randomly generate a spell from the Lore of Tzeentch, roll a dice and consult the chart below. If you roll the same spell twice, roll again. Any Sorcerer can swap one spell for Flickering Fire of Tzeentch if you wish.



D6	Spell	Difficulty
1	Flickering Fire of Tzeentch	4+
2	Baleful Transmogrification	7+
3	Pandaemonium	8+
4	Treason of Tzeentch	9+
5	Call to Glory	12+
6	Infernal Gateway	15+



FLICKERING FIRE OF TZEENTCH

Cast on 4+

The caster twists his hands in the air and the bodies of his enemies are suddenly consumed with coruscating flames that leave them wracked with sickening and uncontrollable mutation.

This is a magic missile with a range of 18", causing D6+1 hits at a Strength of D6+1. Hits from the Flickering Fire of Tzeentch are flaming attacks.

BALEFUL TRANSMOGRIFICATION

Cast on 7+

The affected unit's shouts of surprise turn to barks, snorts and brays as this ancient curse takes hold, transforming the weak into lowly beasts over the space of a few terrifying seconds and rendering even the most powerful opponents into wretched half-men.

Pick an enemy unit. If it is within 24" of the caster, that unit must take a Leadership test. If it fails the test, it suffers a number of wounds equal to the amount by which it failed the test, with no armour saves allowed.



PANDAEMONIUM

Cast on 8+, Remains in Play

The caster inflicts the enemy army with a terrible confusion, and when they speak it is in the unintelligible tongue of Daemons.

Whilst this spell is in play, enemy units may not benefit from the Leadership of their army's characters. This can affect units in combat. Furthermore, all enemy spellcasters will Miscast on any roll of a double, instead of the roll of a double 1.

TREASON OF TZEENTCH

Cast on 9+

A subtle whisper in the minds of the enemy temporarily persuades warriors to change their allegiance and attack their comrades.

Target one unengaged enemy unit that is not Immune to Psychology. If that unit is within 24", all the models in the unit immediately make one attack against the unit itself. Roll to hit, to wound and take saves as normal, counted as an ongoing combat. The caster may choose which of the unit's weapons is used for these attacks, though the hand weapon and shield saving throw bonus does not apply. Note that characters and mounts cannot be affected by this spell. After this treasonous attack has been resolved, the unit may have to take a Panic test due to casualties inflicted – if it flees it will be towards the nearest table edge.

CALL TO GLORY

Cast on 12+, Remains in Play

The caster voices a potent invocation, gesturing with a rod of gilded iron toward a simple warrior and imploring Tzeentch to imbue him with greatness.

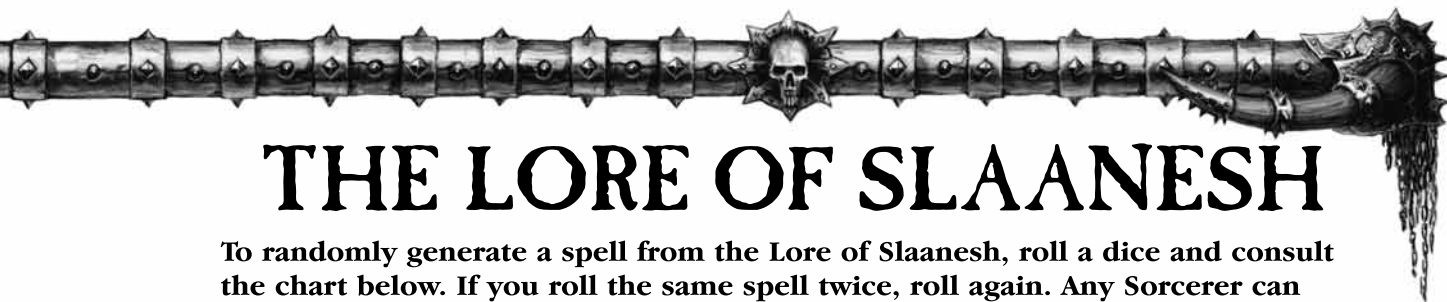
Choose a friendly rank and file infantry model on foot, even if that model is in close combat. If that model is within 18", immediately remove him from the game and replace him with an Exalted Hero model. Whilst this spell is in play that model is an Exalted Hero, armed with Chaos armour, a sword and a shield, who is worth 100 Victory Points if he is killed.

INFERNAL GATEWAY

Cast on 15+

The caster opens a portal into the dread Realm of Chaos in the enemy lines, a whirlpool of destruction that plunges those nearby into the netherworld.

Pick an enemy unit. If that unit is within 24" of the caster, it takes 2D6 hits at a Strength of 2D6. If an 11 or 12 is rolled for determining the spell's Strength value, remove the target unit (and accompanying characters) from play as it is whisked into the Realm of Chaos.



To randomly generate a spell from the Lore of Slaanesh, roll a dice and consult the chart below. If you roll the same spell twice, roll again. Any Sorcerer can swap one spell for Lash of Slaanesh if you wish.



D6	Spell	Difficulty
1	Lash of Slaanesh	5+
2	Hellshriek	7+
3	Hysterical Frenzy	8+
4	Titillating Delusions	8+
5	Aura of Acquiescence	9+
6	Ecstatic Seizures	12+



LASH OF SLAANESH

Cast on 5+

A long tongue-like whip of energy erupts from the caster and slashes into the enemy, leaving them convulsing in its wake.

This is a magic missile with a range of 24" that causes D6 S3 hits. A unit that suffers casualties from this spell may not march move in its next Movement phase.

HELLSHRIEK

Cast on 7+

The Sorcerer summons a chorus of diabolic screams that torture the soul with a symphony of pain.

All enemy units within 18" must take a Panic test.

HYSTERICAL FRENZY

Cast on 8+, Remains in Play

The caster's enemies are engulfed by a wave of unreasoning emotion, clawing at each other in a mixture of excruciating pain and blissful rapture.

Choose a single unit (friend or foe) that is not immune to psychology. This may be a unit in close combat.

If that unit is within 24", the unit becomes subject to Frenzy. In addition, whilst the unit is affected by this spell, it suffers D6 Strength 3 hits at the start of each player turn.

TITILLATING DELUSIONS

Cast on 8+, Remains in Play

The caster creates an illusion of the enemy's deepest desire and dangles it before them like a cheap trinket.

This spell may be cast on an unengaged enemy unit that is not immune to psychology. If that unit is within 24", mark a point on the tabletop and within the unit's line of sight. At the beginning of the 'Remaining Moves' part of their Movement phase, the affected unit must move as directly and quickly as possible towards that point, though it will charge and fight any enemy unit that lies in the path of its line of advance. Once the nominated point is reached, the spell ends.

AURA OF ACQUIESCENCE

Cast on 9+

The spell's targets exude a charismatic presence so strong that enemies are forced into submission, not daring to raise a weapon against them.

Pick a friendly unit, even if in close combat (this can be the caster himself). If that unit is within 18" of the caster, it is treated as causing Fear until the next friendly Magic phase. If any model in the unit already causes Fear, the unit now causes Terror instead.

Furthermore, enemy models in base contact with the target unit must pass a Leadership test to allocate their attacks against it.

ECSTATIC SEIZURES

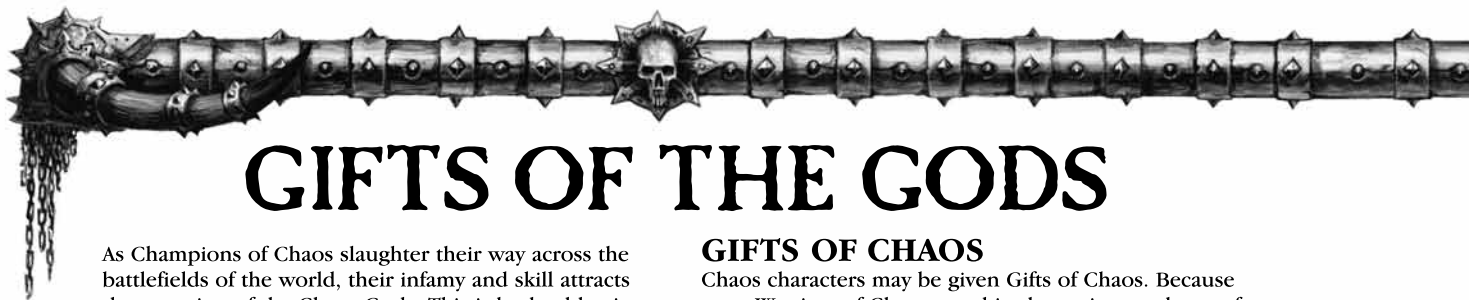
Cast on 12+

The caster drives an enemy unit into such a state of unparalleled ecstasy that they collapse shaking on the ground, never to rise again.

Pick an enemy unit. If the unit is within 24" of the caster, every model in the unit must take a Toughness test. If they fail the Toughness test they take a wound with no saving throws of any kind allowed.

"...REVELLING IN PERVERSITY AND DEBASEMENT, TWISTED IN MIND AND BODY, THESE INSIDIOUS SERVANTS OF THE PLEASURE LORD TAKE DELIGHT IN ALL MANNER OF ABOMINABLE AND UNCLEAN DEEDS. AMASSED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE, THE ELECTRIC COLOURS OF THEIR CONTORTED FORMS OFFEND THE EYE AS THEIR DISEASED LEWDNESS OFFENDS THE MIND. THEY HAVE ABANDONED THE LAST VESTIGE OF TRUE DECENCY, AND SACRIFICED THEIR HUMANITY TO SERVE THE DARK POWER OF THE MASTER OF CARNAL JOYS, SPREADING HIS CORRUPTION AMONG THE INNOCENT."

THE DAMNATORY OF MALIFESNE



GIFTS OF THE GODS

As Champions of Chaos slaughter their way across the battlefields of the world, their infamy and skill attracts the attention of the Chaos Gods. This is both a blessing and a curse. A Champion high in the esteem of his patron Gods may find his limbs filled with daemonic vigour, his skin constantly aflame with magical fire, or a frill of poisonous tendrils pushing out from the skin of his neck. Unfortunately, many mutations pleasing to the Chaos Gods are anathema to those they are thrust upon. A favoured warrior is as likely to have his mind reduced to that of a ravenous beast as he is to glow with an aura of diabolic majesty.

MARKS OF CHAOS

Should a Warrior of Chaos be favoured by a particular patron above all others, he may find the sigil of his god emblazoned prominently upon his body, frequently upon his brow. Some Marks take a form even more extreme, such as horns that curl into the god's mark, or a glowing sigil that hangs like a halo above them. It is common to find whole regiments with the same Mark marching to war under the banner of their patron.

The points costs for each Mark differ depending on the recipient. A model may not have more than one Mark.

The Mark of Tzeentch

Those that bear the ever-burning Mark of Tzeentch have a natural capacity to manipulate magic and a prescience that enables them to alter reality's course. The Mark of Tzeentch has the following effects:

- It bestows a 6+ ward save upon the bearer. If the model has a ward save from another source then that ward save is instead increased by 1. So, for instance, a Daemon Prince of Tzeentch would have his 5+ ward save increased to a 4+ ward save.
- A Wizard with the Mark of Tzeentch has +1 on his attempts to cast spells.

The Mark of Nurgle

The Mark of Nurgle often manifests as a cluster of warts or buboes. Its bearers are accompanied by clouds of flies and a miasma of pestilence. Any enemy unit targeting a model with the Mark of Nurgle is at -1 to hit for shooting attacks and -1 Weapon Skill when in base contact with the bearer.

The Mark of Khorne

The Mark of Khorne constantly drips with the blood of the slain, invigorating its bearer and driving them into a violent rage.

A model with the Mark of Khorne is subject to Frenzy.

The Mark of Slaanesh

The Mark of Slaanesh emboldens its bearers until even the most dreadful sights fill them with glee.

A model with the Mark of Slaanesh is immune to Fear, Terror and Panic.

GIFTS OF CHAOS

Chaos characters may be given Gifts of Chaos. Because most Warriors of Chaos worship the entire pantheon of the Dark Gods, it is not unusual for a warrior to bear the blessings of more than one of his patrons, or even to have taken his power from a defeated foe – for example, a warrior favoured by Slaanesh might find his sinews alive with the blessings of Khorne after a particularly vicious slaughter.

Each gift may only be chosen once per army – the Chaos Gods aren't fond of repeating themselves! Note that Gifts are not magic items, and are therefore unaffected by spells or any other attack that damages or neutralises magic items (the *Law of Gold* spell from the Lore of Metal, for example).

MANTLE OF CHAOS

75 Points

The air around the favoured one boils and seethes with raw magical energy. Arrows, bolts and even cannon balls aimed towards him are slowed drastically or even transmuted at the last second into screaming phantasms crying out in praise of Chaos. Whenever the character is targeted by a ranged shooting attack, roll a D3 and subtract that number from the Strength of the attack – roll once for each firing unit. If the attack's Strength is reduced to 0 or less, the shots are ignored altogether.

TENDRILS OF TZEENTCH

60 Points

A frond of magical tentacles sprouts from the favoured one like seaweed from a drowned corpse, probing and shaping the Winds of Magic to their master's whim. The character may re-roll a single power or dispel dice per player turn. This may potentially prevent a Miscast, cause Irresistible Force, or cause a dispel attempt to pass or fail automatically.

DISTENDABLE MAW

40 Points

The favoured one can dislocate his mouth like that of a snake, stretching it impossibly wide and forming a roiling portal into the Realm of Chaos within his yawning gullet. Woe betide those he catches in his fanged maw, for they face an eternity of torment. Instead of making his usual attacks, the character can choose to make a special attack against a single man-sized infantry model. If the attack hits, the enemy model must pass an Initiative test. If this test is failed, the victim is swallowed whole! He is removed from the game with no saving throws allowed.

WORD OF AGONY

40 Points

Slaanesh has gifted the favoured one with the ability to speak one of the true words of agony. When whispered to a foe, the recipient finds himself wracked with crippling pain.

Once per game, at the beginning of the Close Combat phase, the bearer of the Word of Agony can choose a model in base contact. That model takes D6 S4 hits with no armour saves allowed.

**DIABOLIC SPLENDOUR 35 Points**

An aura of oppression is radiated by the favoured one, a crackling corona of antipathy that can reduce a brave man's will to that of a craven child.

Any Panic, Fear or Terror tests caused by the character (or the unit he is with) suffer an additional -1 modifier.

STREAM OF CORRUPTION 20 Points

The favoured one can spew forth a great torrent of disease and sentient filth.

Once per game, the bearer can make a S3 breath weapon attack with a -1 armour save modifier.

THIRD EYE OF TZEENTCH 25 Points Sorcerers only

A third eye opens in the favoured one's forehead. When its golden gaze falls upon enemy spellcasters, their secrets are laid bare.

In each friendly Magic phase, the bearer may choose an enemy spellcaster within his line of sight. The bearer is counted as knowing all the spells known by that enemy spellcaster for the duration of this phase, provided those spells do not summon additional models or heal wounds suffered earlier in the game. Remains in Play spells are treated as normal. If the Sorcerer uses this ability, he may not cast any of his own spells this turn.

SOPORIFIC MUSK 20 Points

The favoured one exudes a beady and unnatural scent that ensnares the mind and slows the limbs.

When a unit flees from a character with this gift or the unit he is with, the fleeing unit rolls an extra D6 and discards the highest dice roll.

BLOODCURDLING ROAR 20 Points

The favoured one screams the name of his god with such earsplitting volume that those opposing him find their brains bleeding and their thoughts befuddled.

During his Shooting phase, the character may choose an unengaged unit in his line of sight. If it is within 12", that unit takes 2D6 S1 hits (no armour saves allowed).

CONJOINED HOMUNCULUS 20 Points Sorcerers only

The favoured one has a tiny homunculus sprouting from his body, a vile simulacrum that squeals the mind-numbing secrets of Chaos on command.

Once per turn, the character may choose to add D3 to his casting roll after attempting to cast a spell. This extra dice cannot cause a Miscast or Irresistible Force. He must then test for Stupidity next turn.

FURY OF THE BLOOD GOD 20 Points

The favoured one bristles with elemental wrath, and the purity of his anger deadens magic in his vicinity.

The character may not carry any magic items, but has Magic Resistance (2) and a 4+ Ward Save against wounds caused by spells.

ACID ICHOR 15 Points

The favoured one's blood is transformed into boiling acidic ichor. Those who wound him find themselves splashed by hissing, burning liquid.

Whenever the character loses a Wound in close combat (after saves, etc), the model that wounded him takes an automatic S4 hit for each wound inflicted after all other attacks are made.





ARTEFACTS OF THE DARK GODS

On the following pages are additional magic items for Warriors of Chaos armies. A character may also choose items from the Common magic items list as noted in their army list entry. Note that it is perfectly acceptable for a character to have several items or abilities associated with different Chaos Powers.

COMMON MAGIC ITEMS

SWORD OF STRIKING Weapon; +1 to hit	30 Points
SWORD OF BATTLE Weapon; +1 Attack	25 Points
SWORD OF MIGHT Weapon; +1 Strength	20 Points
BITING BLADE Weapon; -1 armour save	5 Points
ENCHANTED SHIELD Armour; 5+ armour save	15 Points
TALISMAN OF PROTECTION Talisman, 6+ Ward save	15 Points
DISPEL SCROLL One use only Arcane; Automatically dispel an enemy spell	25 Points
POWER STONE One use only Arcane; +2 dice to cast a spell	20 Points
STAFF OF SORCERY Arcane; +1 to dispel	35 Points
WAR BANNER Banner; +1 combat resolution	25 Points

MAGIC WEAPONS

CHAOS DAEMONSWORD <i>This most deadly of blades is a prison for the essence of a powerful Daemon. Though this sword is an artefact of utmost power, the Daemon within it is treacherous indeed, and will turn against its jailor in the blink of an eye.</i> A character with the Daemonsword adds D3 to his Strength and has an extra D6 Attacks, to a maximum of 10 (roll separately for these values at the start of each round). However, every roll of a 1 to hit in close combat is resolved against the bearer instead of the enemy. Furthermore, the character can never re-roll a to-hit roll of a '1' in close combat.	75 Points
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HELLFIRE SWORD **75 Points**

This blade was made from a single, searing flame that was hammered into material form and quenched in the blood of a fire-djinn. Its fierce heat is released upon its victims as each blow is struck.

Flaming attacks. Each unsaved wound caused by the Hellfire Sword causes not one but D3+1 wounds.

SWORD OF CHANGE **65 Points**

The Sword of Change has the power to reduce those it pierces into mindless, flailing mounds of flesh.

Confers +1 Strength. Every time an enemy character or monster takes an unsaved wound from the Sword of Change it must take a Toughness test. If the test is failed, the victim becomes a repulsive Spawn-thing. All enemy models in base contact with the victim take a S4 hit as the Spawn-thing flails wildly in its death throes (unsaved wounds will count towards combat resolution). The victim is then removed from play.

CHAOS RUNESWORD **50 Points**

These evil blades were forged from black gromril by the Dwarf Runesmith Grugni Ironheart, a secret worshipper of the Chaos Gods.

The wielder gains +1 Weapon Skill, +1 Strength and +1 Attack.

BERSERKER SWORD **50 Points**

Models on foot only

The Berserker Sword has the essence of a Bloodthirster of Khorne bound within. It fills those who carry it with a fury that is stoked by the fires of adversity.

The Berserker Sword confers a number of extra Attacks equal to the number of enemy models in base contact.

AETHERSWORD **50 Points**

The Aethersword flickers and swirls between a hundred dimensions every second. Be the enemy's faith in steel, itilmar or gromril, there is no shield that can halt this blade's wrath.

The Aethersword ignores Armour saves.

RAPIER OF ECSTASY **45 Points**

This thin, elegant blade is engraved with thousands of whispering red-lipped mouths and edged with the eye-teeth of innocents. It can bestow crippling bliss with the slightest scratch.

Each time the Rapier of Ecstasy inflicts an unsaved wound on a model, that model must pass a Strength test or be removed from the game.



THE FATHER OF BLADES 40 Points

It is rumoured that this ancient and filth-encrusted blade was the first sword ever to be forged. It seems to have an uncanny power over other weapons.

Any 'to hit' rolls directed against the bearer that result in the roll of a '1' instead hit the attacking model.

AXE OF KHORNE 45 Points

This blood-forged axe is a sign of Khorne's favour, and unerringly severs heads so that yet more skulls might be laid at Khorne's feet.

This axe confers +1 Strength and the Killing Blow special rule upon the bearer.

FILTH MACE 35 Points

This heavy-headed mace, oozing with necrotic slime, bears an enchantment that can ensnare souls. The screams of the tortured spirits within are deafening and horrifying in equal measure.

All attacks with the Filth Mace count as Poisoned Attacks. In addition, once the bearer has killed an enemy model in close combat, he causes Terror for the rest of the game.

RENDING SWORD 30 Points

As it is swung, this ever-hungry blade growls and snarls like a beast desperate for the taste of raw flesh.

A character with the Rending Sword may re-roll failed 'to wound' rolls.



WHIP OF SUBVERSION 25 Points

The Whip of Subversion is a snaking strap of spiked leather soaked in the spittle of a hundred she-daemons. It can turn a champion into a traitor or a priestess into a whore with but a single caress.

If an enemy character or monster takes an unsaved wound from the Whip of Subversion and that model has not yet made its attacks for that round, then the Chaos player may force it to allocate its attacks upon other models from its own side. Wounds caused count towards the owning model's combat resolution.

GLAIVE OF PUTREFACTION 25 Points

Heavy with the weight of aeons, this rusted but powerful weapon ages its prey at an incredible rate, granting the kiss of centuries to anything touched by its time-blackened blade.

Any model that suffers an unsaved wound from this weapon has its Strength and Toughness reduced to 2 at the end of that combat phase. This penalty is effective for the rest of the game.

MAGIC ARMOUR

SKINHIDDEN PLATE 60 Points

Over time this armour has sank beneath the skin of the wearer, giving him a terribly distorted appearance but dramatically increased resilience.

Chaos armour. The Skinhidden Plate confers +1 Toughness upon the wearer.



CHAOS RUNESHIELD 50 Points

This shield was created by bitter Chaos Dwarf forgemasters as a defence against the runeweapons of the sons of Grungni.

Shield. Negates the power of any magic or runic weapons carried by models in base contact – treat them as ordinary non-magical weapons of their type.

ARMOUR OF DAMNATION 45 Points

This ornate suit of Chaos armour shimmers with the eldritch energies of the Chaos Wastes, distorting the wearer's outline and clouding its foes' minds.

Chaos armour. Any model striking the wearer in close combat must re-roll successful rolls to hit.

THE CRIMSON ARMOUR OF DARGAN 40 Points

The rich crimson metal of this armour flares into a storm of blood-coloured light when its wearer wills it, dazzling those who would strike him a mortal blow.

Chaos armour. The wearer is immune to Killing Blow. Furthermore, wounds suffered by the character can never be converted into multiple wounds – they do a single wound as normal.

ARMOUR OF MORRSLIEB 35 Points

This artefact was not forged but hewn from rock; rock that was once part of the Chaos moon Morrslieb.

Chaos armour. Confers a 4+ ward save against non-magical attacks.

THE BRONZE ARMOUR OF ZHRACK 15 Points

Zhrakk was the scourge of the Empire in its founding days. When Zhrakk was finally laid low his all-enclosing armour was found to be empty but for an overpowering stench of brimstone.

Chaos armour. The bearer is Immune to Psychology and also immune to Killing Blow and Poisoned Attacks, which must roll to wound as usual. However, the bearer may never confer his Leadership to others.



TALISMANS

THE BEGUILING GEM 50 Points

Each facet of this intricately carved gemstone shows scenes of a different vice. Those who so much as glimpse it become entranced.

All enemy models in base contact with the bearer of the Beguiling Gem must take Leadership tests at the beginning of each close combat round. If it is failed, they may not make any attacks that round, and any attacks directed against that specific model (not the unit that model is in) will hit automatically.

CROWN OF EVERLASTING CONQUEST 50 Points

The warrior's helmet is crafted into a magnificent crown of spikes and horns that radiate invigorating dark power.

The bearer gains the Regenerate ability.

THE BLACK TONGUE 50 Points

Cut from the head of Aekold Helbrass, when coated in the user's blood this withered tongue comes to life, babbling in the tongue of Daemons and disrupting the spellcasting of even the most powerful mage.

One use only. The Black Tongue can be used to automatically convert an unsuccessful spellcasting roll into a Miscast. The owning character then takes a wound that may not be saved by any means.

BLASPHEMOUS AMULET 25 Points

The Blasphemous Amulet surrounds the wearer with a seething nimbus of magic that warps and mutates those close by.

At the start of every friendly Magic phase, any enemy models in base contact with the bearer (including monstrous mounts) must pass a Toughness test or lose one wound with no armour saves allowed.

COLLAR OF KHORNE 25 Points

The Champion has bested a Flesh Hound of Khorne in unarmed combat and won the right to wear the beast's rune-etched collar around his own neck.

The model with the Collar of Khorne has Magic Resistance (2) and a 6+ ward save.

GOLDEN EYE OF TZEENTCH 25 Points

This potent talisman consists of a filigree of witch-hair cradling the fossilised eye of a Lord of Change. It is said to give the bearer a sixth sense that warns him of threats from afar.

The model has a 4+ ward save against all normal and magical missiles. This does not apply to his mount.

NECROTIC PHYLACTERY 10 Points

Originally crafted by Ku'gath Plaguefather himself, the Necrotic Phylactery absorbs all curses and poisons.

The model carrying the phylactery is immune to Poisoned Attacks, which must roll to Wound as normal. He is also immune to the effects of spells from the Lores of Death and Nurgle. Lastly, the bearer automatically passes all characteristic tests (except Leadership tests).

ARCANE ITEMS

SKULL OF KATAM 50 Points

The polished skull of the daemonologist Katam constantly whispers dark words of power into the minds of those nearby.

The bearer and any other Wizards within 3" (friend or foe) add +1 to their casting rolls.

INFERNAL PUPPET 35 Points

Dancing on the Winds of Magic like a marionette upon its strings, this eldritch homunculus draws upon wild magic and channels it to his master's whim.

A Sorcerer with an Infernal Puppet may opt to modify any rolls on the Miscast table made by any Wizard on the battlefield by up to D3. For instance, an enemy Wizard miscasts, and the Puppet's owner rolls a 2 on his D3, allowing the Chaos player to add or subtract up to 2 from the miscast result the enemy Wizard rolled.

BLOOD OF TZEENTCH 30 Points

The Sorcerer holds a phial of liquid balefire, which when tasted lends his skin an iridescent glow and his words the chime of supernatural command.

A model with the Blood of Tzeentch may re-roll one casting dice per turn, provided it was not originally a roll of a 1.

POWER FAMILIAR 25 Points

The Familiar acts as a tiny magnet for the inconstant zephyrs that power its master's spells.

The familiar adds one power dice to its owner's pool during each friendly Magic phase.



WARRIOR FAMILIAR 20 Points

A lightning-fast Warrior Familiar, often taking the form of a diminutive Chaos Warrior or tiny monster, accompanies its master and fights to protect him.

At the beginning of each Close Combat round, before blows are struck, the familiar inflicts one S5 hit on a single model in base contact with the Sorcerer, chosen by the owning player.

SPELL FAMILIAR 15 Points

A spell familiar memorises a spell on its master's behalf, constantly rehearsing for its big moment until it is called upon to share its arcane knowledge.

The familiar's owner knows one more spell than is normal for his level. Note that this does not increase his magic level.



ENCHANTED ITEMS

ROD OF TORMENT 45 Points

This pitted iron rod hums with malefic energy. When pointed at the foe it can cause crippling pain.
Bound Spell, power level 3. The Rod of Torment holds a magic missile that has a range of 18" and causes 2D6 Strength 3 hits.

BLOODSKULL PENDANT 45 Points

Models on foot only.
The bearer wears around his neck a tiny brass skull filled with the blood of a Daemon Prince of Khorne. When the Bloodskull's contents are tasted, the bearer becomes a maelstrom of violence.
Instead of making his normal attacks for that round, the wielder of the Bloodskull Pendant may choose to inflict a S8 hit on every enemy model in base contact. These hits have the Killing Blow special rule.

BOOK OF SECRETS 25 Points

May not be taken by models with the Mark of Khorne.
The Book of Secrets contains many dark truths, but all too often the price of such knowledge is life itself.
The bearer knows a random spell from the Lore of Fire, Shadow or Death (player's choice) and generates a single extra power dice, though he does not generate extra dispel dice. If the bearer ever miscasts, roll 1D6+1 instead of 2D6 on the Miscast table.

HELM OF MANY EYES 25 Points

This ornate full-face helm has no eyeholes, but is covered with magical eyes that, it is said, can see into the souls and minds of men.
The wearer has the Always Strikes First rule. However, due to the random and conflicting images that confront him, the character is subject to Stupidity.

PENDANT OF SLAANESH 20 Points

This pendant burrows deep into the owner's chest and nestles next to his heart, invigorating him with sublime energy whenever he feels pain.
For each unsaved wound the character suffers he gains +1 Attack for the rest of the battle.

DEATH'S HEAD 20 Points

One use only
The champion of Chaos carries a skull filled with Nurgle's most virulent poxes and sealed with blood-laced wax that explodes when thrown at the enemy.
The Death's Head is a thrown weapon with a range of 12". The Death's Head always hits on a 2+. Any unit hit by the Death's Head must take D6 Toughness tests, distributed as for shooting. For each failed test the model(s) that failed that test will take a wound with no armour saves allowed.

FAVOUR OF THE GODS 5 Points

The bearer carries an obsidian pendant that marks him as truly chosen by the Dark Gods.
After rolling on the Eye of the Gods table the bearer may add or subtract one from his roll. This may not affect the roll of a natural 2.

MAGIC BANNERS

BANNER OF THE GODS 125 Points

Forged in the red-lit depths of Zharr Naggrund, the Banner of the Gods induces dread in the enemy and unshakeable courage in the servants of Chaos.
The model bearing the Banner of the Gods causes Terror. All friendly units within 6" of the banner become Stubborn.

DOOM TOTEM 75 Points

A collection of ragged skins strung over a framework of Trollbone, the Doom Totem exudes a potent magic that demoralises and appals all who look upon it.
All enemy units with line of sight to the Doom Totem are at -1 Leadership.

BANNER OF WRATH 45 Points

The Banner of Wrath is surrounded by seething Daemons that lash out at the enemies of Chaos with bolts of dark lightning.
Bound Spell, power level 4. This banner contains a bound magic missile with range 24", causing D6 Strength 4 hits.

BLASTED STANDARD 40 Points

The Blasted Standard burns with coruscating magical flames that explode outward to consume or deflect any missile that comes near it.
The unit with the Blasted Standard has a 5+ ward save against all attacks made in the Shooting phase.

BANNER OF RAGE 35 Points

Sewn from strings of congealed gore, this banner radiates a bloodlust so strong that those beneath it are goaded into a state of permanent rage.
The unit with this banner has the Frenzy special rule. They will never lose their Frenzy, even if beaten in close combat.



FESTERING SHROUD 25 Points

This putrid, rotting standard constantly seeps with a horrendous gruel of pus and mucus, infecting all around with debilitating plagues.
Any model that does not have the Mark of Nurgle and is in contact with the banner bearer at the start of the friendly Magic phase must pass a Toughness test or suffer a wound with no armour saves allowed.

RAPTUROUS STANDARD 20 Points

This banner is fashioned from the flensed skin of a dozen hysterical maniacs. It drives those beneath it into a euphoric state that even the fear of death cannot mar.
Any time a unit with the Rapturous Standard takes a Break test that includes a double or the roll of a 1, that roll is counted as an 'Insane Courage' result.



THE WARRIORS OF CHAOS ARMY LIST

This army list enables you to turn your Warriors of Chaos miniatures collection into an army ready for a tabletop battle. The army list is divided into four sections: Characters (including Lords and Heroes), Core Units, Special Units and Rare Units.

CHOOSING AN ARMY

Every miniature in the Warhammer range has a points cost that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield. For example, a simple Marauder costs just 4 points, while one of the almighty Chaos Lords who lead the Marauders to battle costs 210 points!

Both players choose armies to the same agreed points total. You can spend less and will probably find it impossible to use up every last point. Most 2,000 point armies, for example, will be more like 1,998 or 1,999 points.

To form your miniatures into an army, look up the relevant army list entry for the first troop type. This tells you the points cost to add each unit of models to your army and any options or upgrades the unit may have. Then select your next unit, calculate its points and so on until you reach the agreed points total. In addition to the points value, there are a few other rules that govern which units you can include in your army, as detailed under Choosing Characters and Choosing Troops.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Profiles. The characteristic profiles for the model(s) in each unit are provided as a reminder. Where several profiles are required, these are also given even if they are optional.

Unit Size. Each troop entry specifies the minimum size for each unit, which is the smallest number of models needed to form that unit. In some cases units also have a maximum size.

Weapons and Armour. Each entry lists the standard weapons and armour for that unit type. The cost of these items is included in the basic points value. Additional or optional weapons and armour cost extra and are covered in the Options section of the unit entry.

Magic Items. Some characters in the Chaos army list are armed with specific magic items; these are listed here. They must always be taken and these characters may not pick any additional upgrades unless specifically listed.

Special Rules. Many troops have special rules that are fully described earlier in this book. The names of these rules are listed as a reminder.

Options. Many entries list different weapon, armour and equipment options, along with any additional points cost for giving them to the unit. This includes magic items and other upgrades for characters. It may also include the option to upgrade a unit member to a champion, standard bearer or musician.

Choosing Characters

Characters are divided into two categories: Lords and Heroes. The maximum number of characters an army can include is shown on the chart below. Of these, only a certain number can be Lords.

Army Points Value	Max. Total	Max. Lords	Max. Heroes
Less than 2,000	3	0	3
2,000 or more	4	1	4
3,000 or more	6	2	6
4,000 or more	8	3	8
Each +1,000	+2	+1	+2

An army must always include at least one character to act as the general. If you include more than one character, then the one with the highest Leadership value is the general. When one or more characters have the same (and highest) Leadership, choose one to be the general at the start of the battle, and make sure that your opponent knows which character you choose.

Many Chaos characters can be equipped with magic items from the Artefacts of the Dark Gods section beginning on page 112. These items range from powerful magical weapons to banners and other arcane items. They may also be able to take Marks and Gifts of Chaos, detailed on page 110. Where characters have these options, they are included in their profile.

Choosing Troops

The number of each type of unit allowed depends on the army's points value.

Army Points Value	Core	Special	Rare
Less than 2,000	2+	0-3	0-1
2,000 or more	3+	0-4	0-2
3,000 or more	4+	0-5	0-3
4,000 or more	5+	0-6	0-4
Each +1,000	+1 minimum	+0-1	+0-1

Like many characters, some Chaos units can be equipped with magic items from the Artefacts of the Dark Gods section (normally banners, although some unit champions can carry other items). Where units have this option, it is included in their profile.

LORDS

ARCHAON, THE EVERCHOSEN

685 Points

Page 68

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Archaon	4	9	5	5	5	4	7	5	10
Dorghar	8	4	0	5	5	1	3	3	9

You may only include one Archaon in your army.

Equipment:

- Armour of Morkar
- Slayer of Kings
- Crown of Domination
- Eye of Sheerian

Special Rules:

- The Eye of the Gods
- Chosen of the Gods
- The Swords of Chaos
- The Steed of the Apocalypse

GALRAUCH, THE GREAT DRAKE

616 Points

Page 70

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Galrauch	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	9

You may only include one Galrauch in your army.

Magic:

- Galrauch is a Level 4 Wizard who uses the Lore of Tzeentch.

Special Rules:

- Will of Chaos
- Terror
- Fly
- Large Target
- Scaly Skin (3+)
- Dragon Sorcerer
- Breath Attacks
- Spirit of Galrauch
- Mark of Tzeentch

PRINCE SIGVALD THE MAGNIFICENT

425 Points

Page 72

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sigvald	4	8	3	5	4	3	8	5	10

You may only include one Sigvald in your army.

Equipment:

- Shield
- Auric Armour
- Sliverslash

Special Rules:

- Eye of the Gods
- Stubborn
- Favoured Son
- Supreme Vanity
- Mark of Slaanesh

KHOLEK SUNEATER

605 Points

Page 75

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kholek	8	8	3	8	6	8	1	7	9

You may only include one Kholek in your army.

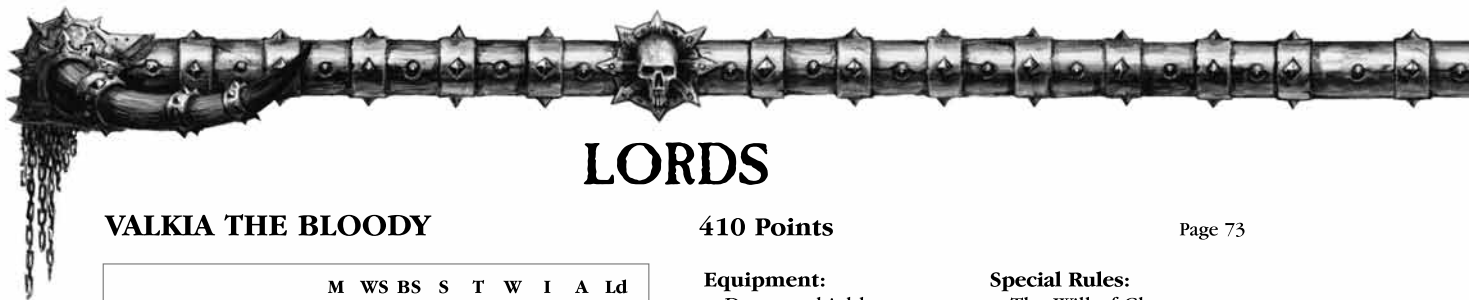
Equipment:

- Starcrusher
- Armour of the Storm

Special Rules:

- Large Target
- Immune to Psychology
- Scaly Skin (4+)
- Terror
- Storm Rage
- Ancient Pride
- Herald of the Tempest





LORDS

VALKIA THE BLOODY

410 Points

Page 73

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Valkia	4	9	3	5	5	3	8	6	9

You may only include one Valkia in your army.

Equipment:

- Daemons shield
- The Spear Slaupnir
- The Scarlet Armour

Special Rules:

- The Will of Chaos
- Eye of the Gods
- Fly
- Fear
- Consort of Khorne
- Inspiring Presence
- Gaze of Khorne

VILITCH THE CURSELING

395 Points

Page 77

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Vilitch	4	5	1	5	4	3	5	3	8

You may only include one Vilitch in your army.

Magic:

- Vilitch is a Level 4 Sorcerer who knows all six spells from the Lore of Tzeentch.

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Chaos Armour
- Vessel of Chaos

Special Rules:

- The Will of Chaos
- Eye of the Gods
- Mighty Sorcerer
- Mark of Tzeentch

CHAOS LORD

210 Points

Page 52

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Lord	4	8	3	5	5	3	7	5	9

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Chaos armour

Special Rules:

- The Will of Chaos
- Eye of the Gods



Options:

Weapons

(one choice only):

Great weapon.....	12pts
Additional	
hand weapon.....	8pts
Flail.....	8pts
Halberd.....	8pts

Armour:

Shield.....	10pts
-------------	-------

Mark of Chaos:

Mark of Khorne.....	15pts
Mark of Nurgle.....	20pts
Mark of Tzeentch.....	10pts
Mark of Slaanesh.....	5pts

Magic Items:

Any, up to a total of.....100pts

Gifts of Chaos:

Any, up to a total of..50pts

Mount:

Chaos Dragon.....	360pts
Chaos Steed	
(barded).....	24pts
Manticore.....	200pts
Daemonic Mount...	50pts
Chariot.....	100pts
Disc of Tzeentch*..	20pts
Juggernaut of Khorne*	
.....	50pts
Palanquin of Nurgle*	
.....	50pts
Steed of Slaanesh*..	25pts

*Must have appropriate Mark of Chaos

LORDS

SORCERER LORD

235 Points

Page 51

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sorcerer Lord	4	5	3	4	4	3	5	3	8

Magic:

A Sorcerer Lord is a Level 3 Wizard. He may choose his spells from the Lores of Death, Fire, Shadow, Heavens or, if he has a Mark of Chaos, must choose from the Lore appropriate to that mark.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Chaos armour

Special Rules:

- The Will of Chaos
- Eye of the Gods

Options:

Upgrade to a
Level 4 Wizard.....*35pts*

Mark of Chaos:

Mark of Nurgle.....*20pts*
Mark of Tzeentch.....*20pts*
Mark of Slaanesh.....*5pts*

Magic Items:

Any, up to a total of *100pts*

Gifts of Chaos:

Any, up to a total of *50pts*

Mount:

Chaos Dragon.....*360pts*
Chaos Steed
(barded).....*24pts*
Manticore.....*200pts*
Daemonic Mount.....*50pts*
Chariot.....*100pts*
Disc of Tzeentch*.....*20pts*
Palanquin of Nurgle*
.....*50pts*
Steed of Slaanesh*.....*25pts*

*Must have appropriate
Mark of Chaos.

DAEMON PRINCE

300 Points

Page 53

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Daemon Prince	8	8	0	5	5	4	7	5	8

Magic:

A Daemon Prince who does not have the Mark of Khorne can be upgraded to be a Wizard, for +40 points per level, to a maximum of 4 levels. He may choose his spells from the Lores of Death, Fire, Shadow, Heavens or, if he has a Mark of Chaos, must choose from the Lore appropriate to that Mark.

Special Rules:

- Terror
- Fly
- Stubborn
- The Will of Chaos
- Unit Strength 3
- Scion of Chaos

Options:

Mark of Chaos:

Mark of Khorne.....*10pts*
Mark of Nurgle.....*30pts*
Mark of Tzeentch.....*15pts*
Mark of Slaanesh.....*5pts*

Gifts of Chaos:

Any, up to a total of.....*100pts*





HEROES

FESTUS THE LEECHLORD

185 Points

Page 78

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Festus	4	4	2	4	4	2	2	2	8

You may only include one Festus in your army.

Magic:

- Festus is a Level 2 Sorcerer who uses the Lore of Nurgle.

Equipment:

- Pestilent Potions

Special Rules:

- The Will of Chaos
- Eye of the Gods
- Regenerate
- Harbinger of Pestilence
- Dark Experiments
- Mark of Nurgle

THE TROLL KING THROGG

175 Points

Page 79

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Throgg	6	5	2	6	5	4	2	5	8

You may only include one Throgg in your army.

Special Rules:

- The Will of Chaos
- Eye of the Gods
- Fear
- Copious Vomit

- Mutant Regeneration
- Lord of the Monstrous Horde

WULFRIK THE WANDERER

185 Points

Page 74

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wulfrik	4	8	3	5	4	2	7	4	8

You may only include one Wulfrik in your army.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Chaos armour
- Shield
- Seafang

Special Rules:

- The Will of Chaos
- Eye of the Gods
- Gift of Tongues
- Hunter of Men

CHAOS SORCERER

85 Points

Page 51

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sorcerer	4	5	3	4	4	2	5	2	8

Magic:

A Sorcerer is a Level 1 Wizard. He may choose his spells from the Lores of Death, Fire or, if he has a Mark of Chaos, must choose from the Lore appropriate to that mark.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Chaos armour

Special Rules:

- The Will of Chaos
- Eye of the Gods

Options:

Upgrade to a Level 2 Wizard35pts

Mark of Chaos:

Mark of Nurgle20pts
Mark of Tzeentch20pts
Mark of Slaanesh5pts

Magic Items:

Any, up to a total of ...50pts

Gifts of Chaos:

Any, up to a total of ..25pts

Mount:

Chaos Steed (barded)16pts
Daemoniac Mount50pts
Chariot100pts
Disc of Tzeentch*20pts
Palanquin of Nurgle*50pts
Steed of Slaanesh*25pts

*Must have appropriate Mark of Chaos

HEROES

EXALTED HERO

110 Points

Page 50

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Exalted Hero	4	7	3	5	4	2	6	4	8

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Chaos armour

Special Rules:

- The Will of Chaos
- Eye of the Gods

Army Battle Standard:

One Exalted Hero in the army may carry a Battle Standard for +25 pts. The Exalted Hero carrying the Battle Standard can have any magic banner (no points limit) but if he carries a magic banner he cannot carry any other magic items.

Options:

Weapons

(one choice only):

Great weapon.....8pts
Additional
hand weapon4pts
Flail4pts
Halberd.....4pts

Armour:

Shield5pts

Mark of Chaos:

Mark of Khorne.....15pts
Mark of Nurgle20pts
Mark of Tzeentch10pts
Mark of Slaanesh.....5pts

Gifts of Chaos:

Any, up to a total of..25pts

Mount:

Chaos Steed
(barded).....16pts
Daemoniac Mount.....50pts
Chariot.....100pts
Disc of Tzeentch*.....20pts
Juggernaut of Khorne*
.....50pts
Palanquin of Nurgle*50pts
Steed of Slaanesh*...25pts

*Must have appropriate
Mark of Chaos

Magic Items:

Any, up to a total of..50pts



CHAOS MOUNTS

Page 54-55

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Special Rules
Chaos Steed	8	3	0	4	3	1	3	1	5	
Daemoniac Mount	8	4	0	5	5	1	3	2	8	Fear.
Disc of Tzeentch	1	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	7	Fear, Flaming Attacks, Fly.
Manticore	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	5	Fly, Killing Blow, Large Target, Terror, Uncontrollable.
Juggernaut	7	5	0	5	4	1	2	2	7	Fear, Magic Resistance (1), Brass Behemoth.
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7	Fear, Poisoned Attacks, Fast Cavalry.
Palanquin	4	3	0	3	3	1	3	6	7	Fear, Poisoned Attacks.
Chaos Dragon*	6	6	0	6	6	6	3	6	8	Fly, Large Target, Terror, Scaly Skin (3+), Breath Weapons.

* A NOTE ON INCLUDING DRAGONS IN YOUR WARRIORS OF CHAOS ARMY

Chaos Dragons are exceptionally rare and horrific creatures, bound to the will of only the most powerful Champions of Chaos. Each Chaos Dragon in your army uses up one of your Hero choices. For example, a 3,000 point army could include a Chaos Lord on Chaos Dragon and up to four more characters (one of which may be a Lord).

CORE

CHAOS WARRIORS

15 Points/model

Page 46

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warrior	4	5	3	4	4	1	5	2	8
Champion	4	5	3	4	4	1	5	3	8

Unit Size:
10+

Special Rules:
• The Will of Chaos

Equipment:
• Hand weapon
• Chaos armour



Options:

The unit may have a Mark of Chaos:

Mark of Khorne	30pts
Mark of Nurgle	30pts
Mark of Tzeentch	20pts
Mark of Slaanesh	10pts

Additional Equipment:

The unit must be equipped with at least one of the following options:

Shields	1pt/model
Additional hand weapons	1pt/model
Great weapons	2pts/model
Halberds	1pt/model
Upgrade one Warrior to a Musician	6pts
Upgrade one Warrior to a Champion	12pts
Upgrade one Warrior to a Standard Bearer	12pts
He may have a magic standard worth up to	50pts

CHAOS MARAUDERS

4 Points/model

Page 44

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Marauder	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7
Chieftain	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	7

Unit Size:
10+

Special Rules:
• The Will of Chaos

Equipment:
• Hand weapon



Options:

The unit may have a Mark of Chaos:

Mark of Khorne	30pts
Mark of Nurgle	30pts
Mark of Tzeentch	20pts
Mark of Slaanesh	10pts

Additional Equipment:

The unit must be equipped with at least one of the following options:

Shields	1pt/model
Flails	1pt/model
Great weapons	1pt/model
Light armour	1pt/model
Upgrade one Marauder to a Musician	4pts
Upgrade one Marauder to a Standard Bearer	8pts
Upgrade one Marauder to a Marauder Chieftain	8pts

CHAOS WARHOUNDS

6 Points/model

Page 59

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warhound	7	4	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Note that Warhound units do not count towards the minimum Core choices of the army.

Unit Size:
5+

Special Rules:
• The Will of Chaos

Options:

Poisoned Attacks	3pts/model
Scaly Skin (6+)	1pt/model

CORE

MARAUDER HORSEMEN

13 Points/model

Page 45

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Marauder	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7
Marauder Chieftain	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Unit Size:

5+

Special Rules:

- The Will of Chaos
- Fast Cavalry
- Horselords

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

**Options:**

The unit may have a Mark of Chaos:

- Mark of Khorne 30pts
- Mark of Nurgle 30pts
- Mark of Tzeentch 20pts
- Mark of Slaanesh 10pts

Additional Equipment:

- Shields 1pt/model
- Light armour* 1pt/model
- Flails 2pts/model
- Spears 1pt/model
- Throwing spears (as javelins) 1pt/model
- Throwing axes 2pts/model
- Upgrade one Marauder to a Musician 6pts
- Upgrade one Marauder to a Marauder Chieftain 12pts
- Upgrade one Marauder to a Standard Bearer 12pts

*Note that if a unit has both light armour and shields then it ceases to be Fast Cavalry.

SPECIAL

CHOSEN

18 Points/model

Page 47

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chosen	4	6	3	4	4	1	5	2	8
Champion	4	6	3	4	4	1	5	3	8

Unit Size:

5+

Special Rules:

- The Will of Chaos
- Chosen of the Dark Gods

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Chaos armour

**Options:**

The unit may have a Mark of Chaos:

- Mark of Khorne 30pts
- Mark of Nurgle 30pts
- Mark of Tzeentch 20pts
- Mark of Slaanesh 10pts

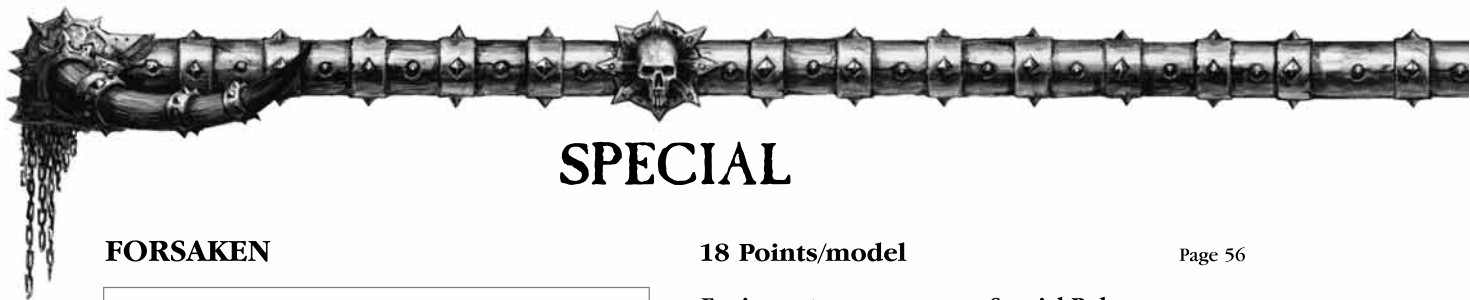
Additional Equipment:

The unit must be equipped with at least one of the following options:

- Shields 1pt/model
- Additional hand weapons 1pt/model
- Great weapons 2pts/model
- Halberds 1pt/model

- Upgrade one Chosen to a Musician 10pts
- Upgrade one Chosen to a Chosen Champion 20pts
- may have a magic item worth up to 25pts

- Upgrade one Chosen to a Standard Bearer 20pts
- may have a magic standard worth up to 50pts



SPECIAL

FORSAKEN

18 Points/model

Page 56

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Forsaken	6	4	0	4	4	1	4	D3+1	8

Unit Size:
5+

Equipment:

- Claws and mutant appendages (hand weapon)
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:

- The Will of Chaos
- Frenzy
- Berserk Rage

CHAOS CHARIOT

120 Points

Page 49

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-
Chaos Warrior	-	5	3	4	-	-	5	2	8
Chaos Steed	8	3	-	4	-	-	3	1	-

Unit Size:
1

Crew:

- Two Chaos Warriors

Equipment:

- Halberds
- Scythes

Drawn by:

- Two barded Chaos Steeds (-1 Movement)

Special Rules:

- The Will of Chaos
- Chariot

Options:

The Chariot may have a Mark of Chaos:

Mark of Khorne.....	30pts
Mark of Nurgle.....	30pts
Mark of Tzeentch.....	20pts
Mark of Slaanesh.....	10pts

- If a character is given a Chariot as a mount, that character displaces one of the crewmen automatically. A Chariot chosen in this manner does not count as a Special choice.
- A character with a Chariot may not have a different Mark from his Chariot.
- The Chariot has a total armour save of 3+.

OGRES

35 Points

Page 61

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ogre	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7
Mutant Ogre	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7

Unit Size:
3+

Special Rules:

- The Will of Chaos
- Fear

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour



Options:

The unit may have a Mark of Chaos:

Mark of Khorne.....	30pts
Mark of Nurgle.....	30pts
Mark of Tzeentch.....	20pts
Mark of Slaanesh.....	10pts

Additional Equipment;

Chaos armour.....	5pts/model
Additional hand weapon.....	5pts/model
Great weapons.....	10pts/model
Upgrade one Ogre to a Musician.....	10pts
Upgrade one Ogre to a Standard Bearer.....	20pts
Upgrade one Ogre to a Mutant Ogre.....	20pts

SPECIAL

DRAGON OGRES

65 Points

Page 62

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dragon Ogre	7	4	2	5	4	4	2	3	8
Champion	7	4	2	5	4	4	2	4	8

Unit Size:

3+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- The Will of Chaos
- Scaly Skin (5+)
- Fear
- Storm Rage

Options:**Additional Equipment:**

- Additional hand weapon8pts/model
Great weapons12pts/model
Upgrade one Dragon Ogre to a Champion20pts

TROLLS

45 Points

Page 60

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Troll	6	3	1	5	4	3	1	3	4

Unit Size:

3+

Equipment:

- Blades, spikes, and very bad breath (hand weapon)

Special Rules:

- The Will of Chaos
- Mutant Regeneration
- Fear
- Stupidity
- Troll Vomit

CHAOS KNIGHTS

40 Points

Page 48

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Knight	4	5	3	4	4	1	5	2	8
Champion	4	5	3	4	4	1	5	3	8
Chaos Steed	8	3	0	4	3	1	3	1	5

Unit Size:

5+

Equipment:

- Ensorcelled weapons
- Chaos armour
- Shield
- Barded Chaos Steed

Special Rules:

- The Will of Chaos
- Fear

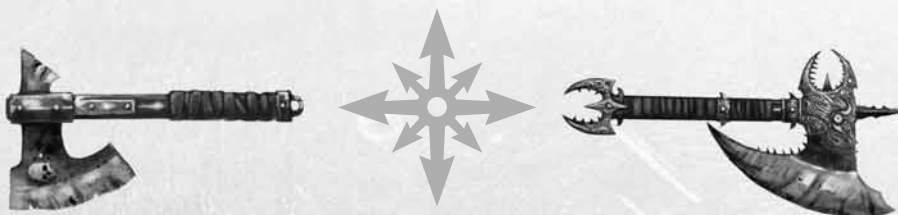
Options:

The unit may have a Mark of Chaos:

- Mark of Khorne30pts
Mark of Nurgle30pts
Mark of Tzeentch20pts
Mark of Slaanesh10pts

Additional Equipment:

- Upgrade ensorcelled weapons to lances5pts/model
Upgrade one Knight to a Musician10pts
Upgrade one Knight to a Knight Champion20pts
Upgrade one Knight to a Standard Bearer20pts
May carry a magic standard worth up to50pts





RARE

CHAOS SPAWN

55 Points

Page 57

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Spawn	2D6	3	0	4	5	3	2	D6+1	10

1-2 Spawn may be taken as a single Rare choice.

Unit Size:

1

Special Rules:

- Fear
- Unbreakable
- Lurching Horror
- Flailing Appendages

Options:

The Spawn may have a Mark of Chaos:

Mark of Khorne (confers +1 Strength)	20pts
Mark of Nurgle	30pts
Mark of Tzeentch	10pts
Mark of Slaanesh (Always strikes first)	20pts

SCYLA ANFINGRIMM

105 Points

Page 76

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Scyla	3D6	4	0	5	5	4	3	D6+2	10

You may only include one Scyla in your army.

Equipment:

- Brass Collar of Khorne

Special Rules:

- Chaos Spawn (see above, but may not have a Mark)
- Hero's Fate

CHAOS WARSHRINE

130 Points

Page 58

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warshrine	4	5	3	4	6	4	5	5	8

Unit Size:

1

Special Rules:

- The Will of Chaos
- 4+ ward save
- Giver of Glory

Equipment:

- Hand weapons

Options:

The Warshrine may have a Mark of Chaos:

Mark of Khorne	30pts
Mark of Nurgle	30pts
Mark of Tzeentch	20pts
Mark of Slaanesh	10pts

Note that a Warshrine has an armour save of 4+.

HELLCANNON

205 Points

Page 66

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Dwarfs	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Hellcannon	6	4	3	5	6	5	1	5	4

Unit Size:

1 Hellcannon and 3 Chaos Dwarfs

Equipment:

(Chaos Dwarfs):

- Hand weapon
 - Heavy armour
- The Hellcannon has a 4+ armour save.

Special Rules

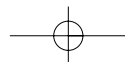
(Chaos Dwarfs):

- Unbreakable (as long as Hellcannon is alive)

Special Rules

(Hellcannon):

- Terror
- Large Target
- Unbreakable
- Rampage
- Doomfire
- Bound Daemon
- Unit Strength 5



RARE

DRAGON OGRE SHAGGOTH

265 Points

Page 63

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Shaggoth	7	6	3	6	5	6	4	5	9

Additional Equipment:

Additional hand weapon10pts
Great weapon20pts

Unit Size:
1

Special Rules:

- Terror
- Large Target
- Immune to Psychology
- Scaly Skin (5+)
- Storm Rage

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour



GIANT

225 Points

Page 64

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Giant	6	3	3	6	5	6	3	special 10	

Unit Size:
1

Special Rules:

- Immune to Psychology
- Large Target
- Terror
- Fall Over
- Longshanks
- Stubborn
- Giant Special Attacks

Equipment:

- Big rock, club or dead animal

Options:

The Giant may have a Mark of Chaos:

Mark of Khorne (Causes S7 instead of S6 hits)30pts
Mark of Nurgle40pts
Mark of Tzeentch20pts
Mark of Slaanesh (confers Always strikes first)40pts

FALLEN GIANT TEMPLATE

To make your Fallen Giant Template;

- First photocopy this page and stick it to a piece of thin card (cereal packets are ideal).
- Then, carefully cut around the dotted line with a sharp pair of scissors or a craft knife.



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By: Phil Kelly.

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