WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR

THE REALMGATE WARS

ALL-GATES







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

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

The Age of Sigmar had begun.



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THE REALMGATE WARS

For almost five hundred years, Chaos had ruled the Mortal Realms. Although the cruel tyranny of the Dark Gods was contested in battles beyond count, no resistance came close to the order of magnitude of Sigmar's vengeful crusade of the Realmgate Wars. And the God-King had only just begun…

The battles known as the Realmgate Wars were but the first campaign in a war long planned. When Sigmar, the God-King, retreated to Azyr and locked the gates behind him, a new age had begun – the Age of Chaos. For five centuries, the Mortal Realms were subjected to the depraved ravages of the Dark Gods.

Sigmar had not shuttered himself in Azyr out of fear, however, but rather to fashion a new army with which he might defeat the forces of Chaos. When the God-King, avenger of mankind, unleashed his newly formed Stormcast Eternals, he revealed his true intentions: to free the Mortal Realms from hellish oppression.

Cast down upon lightning, the Stormcast Eternals attacked, bringing swift and terrible war to the Mortal Realms. Everywhere they struck, Sigmar's armies sought vengeance. They destroyed enemy fortresses, freed enslaved populations and meted out justice to evildoers. Above all, the Stormcast Eternals seized Realmgates. These ancient portals allowed travel between the realms. The Chaos forces had spread their corruption, while isolating or breaking old alliances, by taking control of the Realmgates.

Sigmar sought to shatter the stranglehold that the followers of Chaos had clamped over the realms. To do so required not just the defeat of the Dark Gods' minions, but also the reestablishment of former bonds. There were still kingdoms that fought against the Chaos rulers, or hid from them. Reclaiming the Mortal Realms was not a task that could be done by Stormhosts alone. In every realm they travelled to, the Stormcast Eternals sought Sigmar's allies of old. Beneath volcanoes, the magmaholds of the Fyreslayer lodges had withstood countless invasions. Clinging to the last unspoiled forests, sylvaneth Wargroves maintained a handful of sacred sites in every realm. With Chaos armies sent to retaliate against the Stormcasts, less pressure was applied to the constantly growing rampages of the greenskins. Sensing war, orruks and ogors banded together to form armies so large their like had not been seen for centuries. Meanwhile, shadows stirred in Ulgu.

In capturing Realmgates, Sigmar's armies secured footholds in every realm. Many Gates of Azyr were reopened so that still more retributive strikes could be launched. The Heavens themselves opened up as lightning bolt after lightning bolt brought down more

Nine they numbered, and each had beneath him nine hundred and ninety-nine disciples, divided into distinct orders and ranks that sometimes changed based upon the tides of fate or perhaps even the whim of a mad god. When one Gaunt Summoner was present, it was an occasion of great import; when all nine gathered, doom and calamity on a vast scale was afoot. It was they who created the Whisperfane, the impossible architecture that straddled both the Realm of Chaos and reality, a mind-warping place that simple mortals referred to in legends whispered in fear. A Silver Tower they called it – a simple name for something so complex that its very concept could twist the sanest of minds well beyond madness. By solemn pact and threat of soul destruction, the Gaunt Summoners obeyed the command of Archaon, the Everchosen. Yet they answered also to Tzeentch, the Changer of the Ways. Now they gathered, the Coven of Nine launching forth a daemontide that would haunt the Mortal Realms for centuries. Soon, such would be the fate of the realms for all eternity. But now was not their time. Not yet…



Stormhosts to join the fray. Wherever the Stormcast Eternals landed, they brought hope back with them. It was not as if the darkness had been lifted, but rather that the stars could once more be seen.

With Realmgates secured, the Stormcast Eternals began working on strongholds. They were to be bulwarks against the dark age of barbarism that had descended over the realms. Cities and civilisations must arise from the ruin of Chaos dominion. Yet Sigmar knew that, for all the hard-fought victories his Stormhosts had won, the power of Chaos still ruled the Mortal Realms. Was not the Realm of Life already little more than an offshoot of the Garden of Nurgle? Aqshy was a land of skullpiles and slave pits – a bleak landscape of ruin closer to the kingdoms that stood in the shadow of the Brass Citadel of Khorne than a place fit for mankind. All the Mortal Realms suffered so. The Stormcast Eternals had but slowed the entropy and corruption, but the lands were already saturated with Chaos. Sigmar knew he needed to seize the initiative once and for all. He needed his armies to hit the foe so hard that they might create some breathing space – time to fortify footholds around each captured Realmgate and to reforge more Stormhosts; time to muster the alliances as they once stood, and perhaps create new ones.

Once again, Sigmar's far-seeing gaze looked out upon the Allpoints, the nexus of Realmgates. Many battles had been fought there in the past, and now the Allpoints served as headquarters for the greatest of Chaos Champions, Archaon. The Realmgates that led to the Allpoints were called arcways, and each was protected by a fortress known as an All-gate. Sigmar knew that if he was to usurp the Everchosen, he must first retake those strongholds.

A CALL TO ARMS

The Mortal Realms are replete with tales of mighty heroes, terrible villains, bloodshed and betrayal. If you own a collection of Citadel Miniatures, then you too can create your own stories, bringing your models – and the worlds they inhabit – to life upon the tabletop.

Vast forces are on the march. The din of war can be heard across the Mortal Realms. This volume is the fourth in the Realmgate Wars series and its chapters continue the epic story that will shape the history of a new age.

Though they have long been held in the iron grip of bloody-handed tyrants, the realms are now touched by hope, for Sigmar has unleashed his glittering Stormhosts – and these celestial warriors do not fight alone. Other factions rise too, either joining this new rebellion against the rule of Chaos, or seizing upon the opportunity of the Stormcast assaults to launch their own vengeful crusades and conquests.

Woven into the tale of these climactic times are battleplans and Time of War rules. These sections allow you to lead your own armies through every tense clash and bloody slaughter described in the narrative. The rules and scenarios give you a framework to make this epic warscape your own – each an example that will better enable you to tell thrilling new stories using your collection of Citadel Miniatures, recreate events or fight glorious battles of your own devising.

Some will fight to free the realms from the horror of Chaos rule, others to crush the upstarts who dare challenge the Dark Gods. Whatever your goals, these rules will allow you to live out one exciting tale of battle after another, your exploits through the fantastical landscapes of the realms limited only by your imagination.



BATTLEPLANS

Each battleplan is a set of instructions that tells you how to pick an army and set it on the battlefield, how to play through an exciting battle between Warhammer armies, and what you need to do in order to win. These instructions complement the ones found on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, and offer a variety of different ways to play.

In each case, the battleplans presented in this book can be used to refight key battles of the Realmgate Wars. However, in a broader sense, each battleplan presents an archetypal conflict that can be set wherever you choose, and feature whatever forces you like. For example, a battleplan may present a heroic breakthrough, where one army punches straight through the lines of another to reach a vital objective. You could use this battleplan to recreate the battle in the narrative, or you could stage your own such conflict in whatever realm you like, between whichever forces you have to hand; for example, you might see whether a horde of orruks can smash through the skaven lines amid the beast-haunted forests of Ghur.

The map included with each battleplan reflects the landscape on which that battle was fought during the Realmgate Wars, but, except where specified, you can use any scenery you like. Similarly, the example battlefields are 6 feet by 4 feet unless otherwise stated, but you can use a smaller or larger area if you wish.

The battleplans assume that all of the rules from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet are used, unless it specifically states otherwise. For example, you still use the rules for selecting a general, and for command abilities, unless the battleplan specifically says not to do so.

IN TIMES OF WAR

Alongside the battleplans you will find new Time of War rules. These add another layer of atmospheric excitement to your battles, reflecting either the strange, arcane natures of the realms themselves, or the prevailing conditions of this stage of the Realmgate Wars. However you choose to use them, these rules will instil yet more drama and excitement into the legends forged in your own battles.

MUSTER YOUR ARMIES

At the back of this book you will find a selection of warscrolls. Each of these details a type of unit that sees battle in this chapter of the Realmgate Wars, providing you with all the rules and details to field the models in battle. Finally, all the core rules you need to play games of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* are also included at the end of the book, so you've got everything you need to go to war.





BATTLES OF THE REALMGATE WARS

The Realm of Fire was the first to feel the fury of the Heavens. It was there that the Hammers of Sigmar, the first of the Stormhosts to be forged, were hurled into battle upon the Brimstone Peninsula. Led by Lord-Celestant Vandus Hammerhand, the armies of Sigmar fought the Goretide and their fell leader Korghos Khul. The Igneous Gate was the first Realmgate to fall to the Stormcasts, but it was far from the last. The Igneous Delta blazed with battles, and all across the Mortal Realms the Storm of Sigmar thundered. More Stormcasts poured through captured Realmgates. In Chamon, Sigmar's missing warhammer – the fabled Ghal Maraz – was discovered. The Heldenhammer Crusade was launched, with no less than twelve Stormhosts cleaving a path into the Eldritch Fortress to retrieve the sacred object. At great cost, Ghal Maraz was returned, and with its power restored, Sigmar was able to awaken the living avatar of his will. From that day on, the Celestant-Prime bore Ghal Maraz into battle, smashing all who opposed the God-King's justice.



There were no battles fiercer than those that covered Ghyran. Nurgle had unleashed the full might of his diseases and nearly consumed the Realm of Life. Alarielle, Queen of the Radiant Wood, took refuge in her last sanctuary, the hidden vale of Athelwyrd. The Stormcasts, eager to re-establish ancient bonds with Alarielle and the sylvaneth, unwittingly led Chaos into that sacred place. Escaping doom, a war party of Stormcasts and sylvaneth fled, yet burdened by despair, Alarielle fell into a vulnerable soulpod state. Heroic sacrifice held off the Chaos attacks long enough for that seed to be sown, but what would arise from that planting?

While overthrowing the tyranny of Chaos was the prime mission of the Stormcast Eternals, it was not their only task. This was not a battle Sigmar wished to fight on his own, so in every realm, the Stormcast Eternals searched for former allies who might aid them in their fight against the Dark Gods. In grave-cold Shyish they sought out Nagash, the Great Necromancer. In all realms, but especially Ghur, the Stormhosts hunted for Gorkamorka. While the duardin smith-god Grungni, the Great Maker, could not be found, many lodges of the sons of Grimnir – the duardin warrior god – were discovered. The rulers of the Realms of Light and Shadow could not be reached.



Since the Storm of Sigmar broke, Archaon had not been idle. Of all the Chaos Champions, it was the Everchosen who could best unite the rival Dark Gods. Long had it been Archaon's ambition to lead the charge into Azyr, bringing ruin to the Heavens and setting fire to Sigmar's palace amongst the stars. What better target for Archaon's blade – the Slayer of Kings – than the God-King himself? Knowing that his old rival Sigmar would attempt to re-establish an alliance with Nagash, Archaon first led a campaign to bring ruin to those kingdoms of Shyish not already dominated by Chaos. He could sense Nagash's rise once more, and wished to cripple the Master of Death before his necromantic powers returned in full. Archaon's Gaunt Summoners advised him to seek out and slay the greenskins rising in Ghur, but the Everchosen had other plans. He sought control of Kiathanus – once the most powerful of Tzeentch's Greater Daemons, then cursed to remain a daemon oracle. Upon Mount Kronus, the Stormcast Eternals did battle with Archaon and his Varanguard. Not even Vandus and his vaunted Warrior Chamber could stand before the greatest of Chaos generals. Vandus and all his Hammerhands were slain, their souls sent back to Azyr to be reforged. Yet as Archaon laughed in triumph, the roar of the godbeast Dracothion shook the Heavens – and a thousand of his children roared back. Thus did Dracothion aid the formation of the Stormcast Extremis Chamber, for his children – the Dracoths and Stardrakes – joined the finest



Stormcast warriors to create battalions of shock cavalry. The most devious of Archaon's plots, however, were his campaigns to forcibly enlist godbeasts into his armies. With their titanic power, Archaon could destroy the locked gates and enter Azyr. Argentine, the Silver Wyrm, he had turned from the light long ago, corrupting that serpentine terror with the raw mania of Tzeentch. Now he sought the godbeast's brethren. Some, like Nyxtor, father of the seventeen-headed heptadecagors, could not be found, but in the Land of the Chained Sun, Archaon himself corrupted the mind of Ignax, taking sole control of the Solar Drake. Or so Archaon thought. Elsewhere, sylvaneth and Stormcast troops spoiled the attempts to corrupt Behemat, the zodiacal World Titan.

And then came a strange lull.

For the first time since Sigmar's Storm broke and the Stormcast Eternals brought war upon the forces of Chaos, an eerie pause descended over the realms. All knew it was no more than a false peace – a deep breath before the final plunge. In the Heavens, Dracothion himself descended to give and seek counsel with Sigmar. With a single breath, a meteor shower rained over the God-King's palace. The Great Drake caused Sigendil the High Star to flare bright, its rays speeding the Reforging process, for Sigmar had need of his Stormcast Eternals. Every Stormhost was made ready, prepared in full strength for the greatest battle to yet be fought in this newborn Age of Sigmar.

A STORM OF WAR LIKE NO OTHER

From the forging of armies to the great unleashing of lightning bolts, the War for the All-gates was a vast undertaking that had ramifications across every realm. The events and battles leading up to, and during, the All-gates War were too numerous to list, but many key ones are chronicled here.

THE GOLD OF THE HEAVENS

TO HIRE A FYRESLAYER FYRD TAKES A GREAT AMOUNT OF TREASURE, AND EVEN THEN, THE PRIESTS OF THE ZHARRGRIM PRIESTHOOD ARE NOTORIOUSLY PARTICULAR AS TO WHICH GOLD THEY WILL ACCEPT. TO HIRE HUNDREDS OF FYRDS FROM SCORES OF DIFFERENT LODGES, SIGMAR BADE HIS STORMCASTS EMPTY THE TREASURE VAULTS. AND SO THEY DID.

FETTERED RAGE

Archaon commanded his Gaunt Summoners to bind the Bloodthirster Skarbrand with the Brass Chain and to move him from Bloodkeep to a secret location.

THE LONG MARCH UNDERGROUND

Months before the assaults on the Mercurial Gate began, the first warhost started its journey. Thostos Bladestorm, a Lord-Celestant of the Celestial Vindicators, led three Warrior Chambers and four fyrds of Fyreslayers, who used their magma-channelling to hasten their long underground trek.

THE GREEN HORDE GATHERS

All across the vast Realm of Beasts, word spread of the Fist of Gork – Gordrakk, the boss of bosses. Piling up victories like ogors stack bones at a feast, Gordrakk led his growing Waaagh! to smash Chaos Lord Festerheart's Plague Legions.

THE VERMINTIDE APPROACHES

Readers of signs and those with witchsight grew troubled. An ancient rhyme from the depths of history was recalled by simple tribesfolk: 'When the stars align and the Red Eyes appear, 'tis a sure sign that the Vermintide is near'.

BRINGERS OF DOOM

Upon the warnings of Kiathanus, Archaon's captured Oracle, splinter forces of the Varanguard rode to the Eightpoints, each taking a path which led them out of a different one of the arcways. Each group found their target – a savage but noble tribe of mankind – exactly where Kiathanus had told them. All were slaughtered in turn. Too late did Sigmar gaze down upon those mortals he had planned to reforge into new Stormcast Eternals…

RIVALRY UNENDING

Although portents abounded that war would soon begin, Khorne tired of waiting. One hundred Blood Legions marched upon the Garden of Nurgle, but the slaughter did naught to appease Khorne's anger.

NIGHT OF THE DAEMONS

IN AQSHY, THE BLOODMOON ROSE, WHILE IN GHYRAN FLOCKS OF STABBERBEAKS FLEW SO THICK THEY BLOTTED OUT THE NOONDAY SUN. EVERY REALM WAS BESET BY HOSTS OF OMENS. FEEDING OFF THE RICH MAGICS, THE COVEN OF NINE GAUNT SUMMONERS CONJURED PATHWAYS FROM THE REALM OF CHAOS TO ALL THE MORTAL REALMS, SETTING LOOSE A NIGHT OF TERROR FOR ALL.

LET FLY THE LIGHTNING

The Heavens, visible in night skies of every realm, began to flash with brilliant lights so bright that no daemon could look at them without suffering eye-scalding pain. With great thundering, Sigmar began to hurl down his lightnings. It would take six days before he had sent forth all of his Stormhosts.

THE CRACKING OF HEAVENS' GATES

Sigmar hurled every soldier in his warhosts, emptying the Sigmarabulum for the attacks on the All-gates. The forces of Chaos, however, were beyond number. It was a time of great vulnerability, as the Realmgates leading to Azyr were stripped of their defenders. Many of these came under attack by spells, monsters and besieging armies. The Gryphonne Gate was dented, and many cracks appeared in the Crystalgate.

SUBTERRANEAN WARS

Guided by their Masterclan, the skaven launched a series of wars against Fyreslayer magmaholds. Most were repelled, but with so many fyrds fighting for the Stormcasts, many holds were lost.

FROM THE STARS

AS CHAOS FORCES ATTEMPTED TO BREAK INTO THE UNGUARDED GATES OF AZYR, MANY LOOKED UP TO SEE THE VERY SKY FALLING UPON THEM. WHAT THEY TOOK TO BE METEORS, HOWEVER, TURNED OUT TO BE SLANN STARMASTERS. SUMMONING CONSTELLATION AFTER CONSTELLATION OF FEROCIOUS SERAPHON, THE MYSTERIOUS ENEMIES OF CHAOS SWEPT THEIR FOE AWAY IN TIDES OF REPTILIAN VIOLENCE BEFORE DISAPPEARING IN MOTES OF STARLIGHT.

AZYRHEIM MARCHES TO WAR

The last of the great cities, Azyrheim stood far below Sigendil, the High Star, and Sigmar's Palace in the heart of the Celestial Realm. The Azyrheim gate was the last to be closed by Sigmar, and now it was thrown open so that the thousands of armies of aelves, duardin and men could march forth once more.

CLOUDS OF GOLD

The Chaos horde-tribe of the Skullbringers sought trophies in the high places of Chamon. The few survivors that crawled down the mountains spoke of golden flashes from the clouds themselves.

RISE OF THE SYLVANETH

Upon the commands of Alarielle herself, the Regents of the Glades marched forth with all their mustered Wargroves. Each of the glades was tasked with retaking the sites most sacred to the sylvaneth in throughout the Mortal Realms. Thus, on a hundred fronts did the Great Sylvaneth Wars begin…

THE GREAT GREEN HORDE MARCHES OUT

GORDRAKK, FIST OF GORK, CONTINUED HIS RAMPAGE ACROSS GHUR, DRAWING EVER MORE GREENSKINS TO HIS CAUSE. AFTER DEVASTATING RYGORIA, GORDRAKK CRUSHED LORD FESTERHEART'S PLAGUE LEGIONS BEFORE ANNIHILATING THE DRAGON OGOR ARMY OF KHAGZ MOUNTAINBACK AND FINALLY SMASHING THE SHARDSTONE PEAKS. HEARING RUMOURS OF FANGATHRAK SURFACING WITH THE MAWGATE THAT LED TO THE ALLPOINTS, GORDRAKK MARCHED OUT TO FIND IT.

LOST IN THE SHADOWS

Neither mortal nor god was able to see far into the shadow kingdoms of Ulgu. Even when they could, their vision was so illusion-ridden that what little they saw was suspect. Knowing that Realmgates in every realm would be under attack, Archaon sent a hundred armies into the Realm of Shadow. None returned.

SKYBRIDGES OF GHUR

All twelve of the Stormhosts fighting in the campaign to take the Skybridges were recalled. Within a single day, the forces of Chaos reclaimed the sky-island continent. The rebuilding of the great fortresses began under Chaos Lord Khadron the Blackhearted.

END OF A FEUD?

The Clans Pestilens had long fought for rule over the other skaven powers. Led by the greatest of Grey Seers and Verminlord Sepskrik the Foul, a hellish bargain was struck.

FIRE IN THE SKIES

When godbeasts clashed, the battles could be seen from every realm. Legends were told of the epic duels fought in the Heavens by Dracothion the Great Drake and Argentine the Silver Wyrm.

SAVAGE WARS

IN THE TEEMING JUNGLES OF GHUR, GREENSKINS BEGAN TO AMASS – NOT ONLY IRONJAWZ, BUT ALSO BONESPLITTERZ. INDEED, THERE WAS A NOT-SO-FRIENDLY RIVALRY BETWEEN THE TWO, AND IN SEVERAL PLACES, THE ANIMOSITY BROKE OUT INTO VIOLENCE. RATHER THAN WEAKENING THE BONESPLITTERZ, HOWEVER, THE CONFLICT MADE THEM STRONGER, AND THEY MARCHED IN NUMBERS TO RIVAL GORDRAKK'S.

NAGASH, THE GREAT BETRAYAL AGAIN

Nagash had led the emissaries of the Anvils of the Heldenhammer to believe that he would join them in their assault upon the fortress of Gothizzar, the All-gate that guarded the Endgate. Nagash knew that the arcway leading from the Allpoints to Shyish must be shuttered, but he did not aid the Stormcast Eternals. Such an alliance did not suit the Great Necromancer; after all, Nagash still did not consider his long-standing grudge against Sigmar for the wrongs done to him repaid. From his throne of bones, he watched the Stormcast Eternals die at Gothizzar. When he was ready, Nagash's assault upon that fortress would not fail. He summoned his Mortarchs to council…

THE SHIMMERING RAIN FROM THE HEAVENS

Atop the towering Boralis mountain range in Azyr, the peaks were so high they ascended into the Heavens. There, beneath shimmering sheets of light that danced across the skies, a rain of brilliant azure meteorites filled the sky. Each was a solargem – the reincarnated soul of a Stardrake that was slain in the Mortal Realms and reborn amongst the stars of the high Heavens. Never before had so many fallen in the same year, much less the same hour.

THE SIX CITADELS

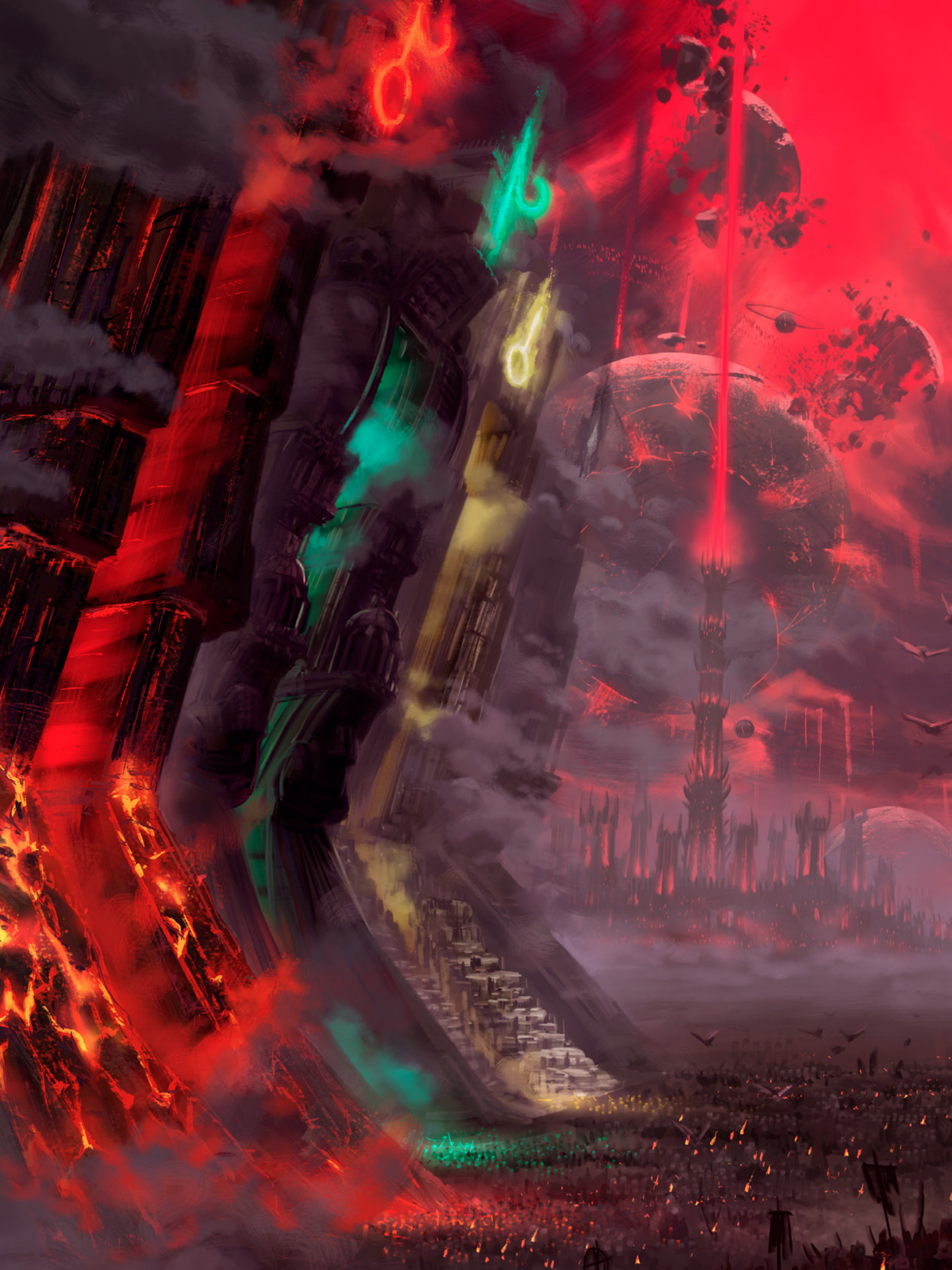
With the attention of Khorne, Tzeentch and Nurgle drawn elsewhere, the greatest champions of Slaanesh met at the lavish Six Citadels. Their rivalry for Slaanesh's mantle was put aside while they conferred with agents of Clans Eshin, buying secrets not known to mortals.

THE GREAT REFORGING BEGINS

The Stormcasts' casualties came into Sigmaron in such great numbers that, for a time, all of Sigmar's Palace was basked in an azure nimbus. Indeed, no matter which of the Mortal Realms a Stormcast was slain in, his spirit rose back to the Heavens, entering Sigmaron through the Lightning Cairns to await the first process of Reforging. Loud clanged the hammers of the Six Smiths…

CHANGE IS COMING…

None could see further into the weave of destiny than Tzeentch, the Architect of Fate. While Khorne smouldered over the least defeat, and Nurgle bemoaned his lost prize, Tzeentch knew his time was close.





THE ALLPOINTS

The nexus of travel, the Allpoints, is the single most coveted strategic location in the Mortal Realms. Its paths have been trod by the gods themselves, and its history is filled with wars and legends. The fall of the Allpoints to Chaos marked the end of an era, but now, Sigmar is the one seeking to conquer…

For most creatures, travel between the Mortal Realms is impossible save by powerful magic or by a Realmgate. Even deities, when they walk amongst mortals, find such routes the easiest to navigate. The arcane passageways come in all shapes and sizes and allow travel across immeasurable distances. There are many of these gateways, and most span from one destination to another, such as the Gryphonne Gate which once bridged the twilight lands of Quillia in Azyr, to the kingdom of Rhodium in Chamon. A rare few Realmgates connect multiple locations, but there is only one that connects them all.

It was a bridge to everywhere – a strange island that existed in no place, yet was connected to all places. Named the Allpoints, it grew during the Age of Myth to become a vital nexus of travel. Grand cities sprang up around the exit arcways in each of the realms, as trade prospered between the kingdoms and races in those days when the likes of Sigmar still walked among mortals. Of all the burgeoning civilisations in all the varied realms, however, no city was more cultured or diverse than the one within the strange in-between zone that was the Allpoints. Long before Azyrheim existed, the population of the Allpoints boasted men, duardin, aelves, and dozens of other races and sentient creatures. There was strife, and occasional trade wars broke out, but they were swiftly ended with few atrocities on any side.

And then came Chaos.

From beyond reality, the Chaos Gods watched the Mortal Realms, their gaze jealously following Sigmar and his growing pantheon. Each of the Chaos powers launched attacks into the realms. Some were bold invasions, such as those led by Ghorgrax, commander of Khorne's Rage Legion, while others, such as the Campaigns of Beguilement



led by Kairos Fateweaver, Oracle of Tzeentch, were far more subtle in nature. Yet whether by bloody battle or insidious corruption, Chaos came.

The Allpoints resisted. Enlisting Sigmar and his pantheon for aid, fortifications were constructed to guard each of the exits. These fortifications became known as the All-gates. The defences were formidable, with each stronghold unique to the realm in which it lay. In Chamon, the Ironholds were built to guard the Mercurial Gate – a great series of fortresses with moving walls of metal that could withstand any assault. As Chaos grew stronger, the Allpoints became more and more important. From a single point, the allied Mortal Realms could shift to help each other, aiding the armies of Sigmar's pantheon to fight back the Chaos invaders. Many battles were fought around the All-gates, but always the Chaos forces were defeated. Too proud and too envious of each other to unite, each of the Dark Gods strove for mastery on their own. Finally, it was Archaon, the Everchosen, Exalted Grand Marshal of the Apocalypse, who united the five banners of Chaos. Armies of Khorne, Tzeentch, Nurgle, Slaanesh, and the Great Horned Rat all marched behind him. Brute force, magical manipulation, plague, temptation and swarming numbers each played a part. One by one, the All-gates fell, save only the gate guarding Azyr. Sigmar, seeing what was coming, locked the entrance to the Heavens.

The Chaos forces' capture of the All-gates led to inevitable invasion of the Allpoints itself, and many bloody battles in which Archaon triumphed. This marked the fracturing of Sigmar's pantheon. Each god felt betrayed and abandoned by the others. With wedges driven between the old alliances, the rise of Chaos was inevitable. Archaon used the quick access to the different realms that the Allpoints afforded to amass his strength, shifting armies where they were needed and snatching the initiative from Sigmar once and for all. And so began a five hundred-year reign of unrelenting terror, which lasted until the Stormcasts were unleashed.

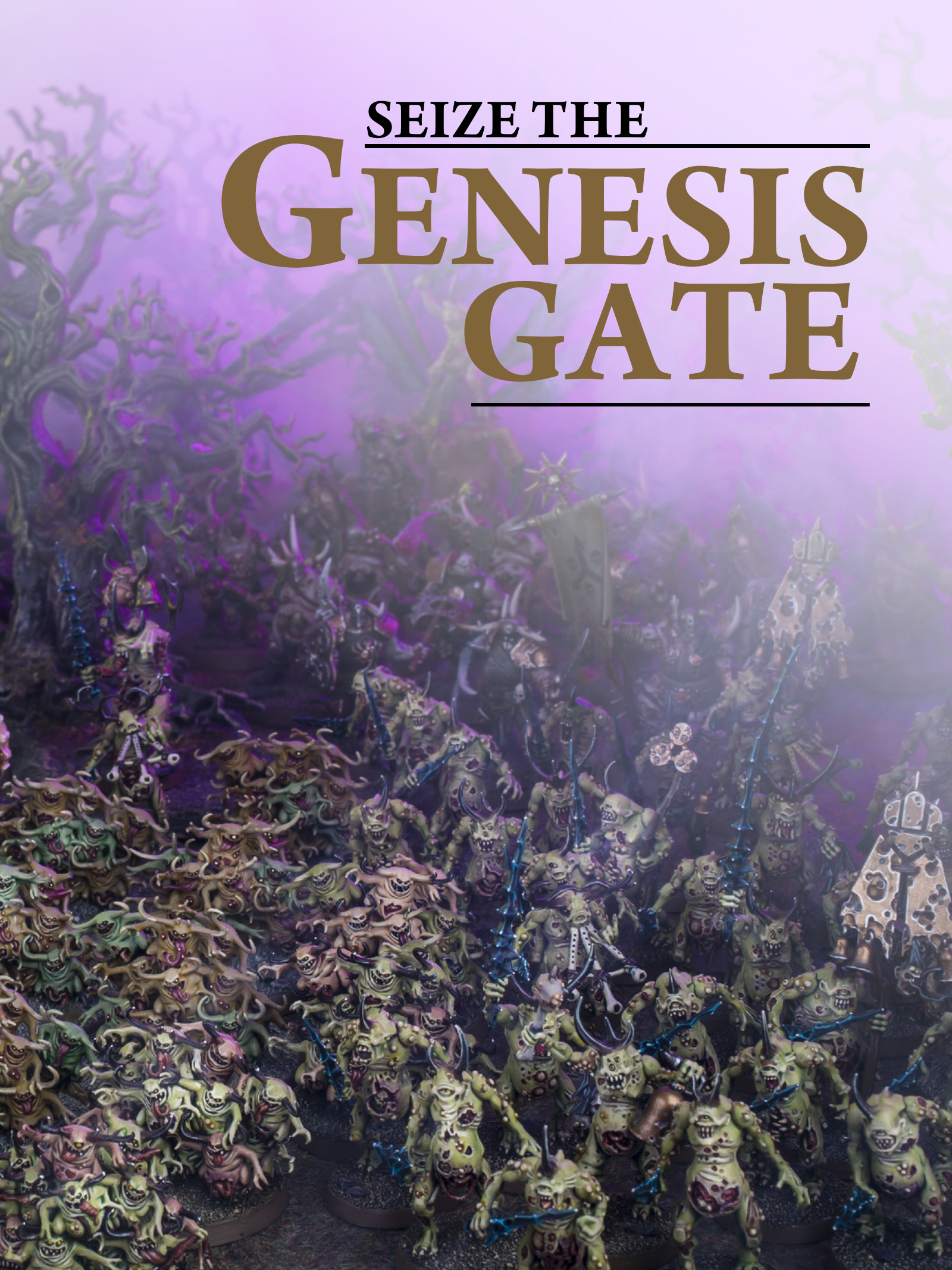
The Allpoints had become known to the servants of Chaos as the Eightpoints – for the corruptive powers saw the vast inter-realm island as an eight-pointed star. There was built the Varanspire, Archaon's fastness and the proving grounds for his vaunted Varanguard. Portals in its highest towers led straight to the Realm of Chaos. So the Allpoints became the chief place from which the anarchic energies and daemon legions of Chaos flowed freely out into the Mortal Realms.

The Bell of Lamentation tolled, marking the continued diminutions of the Broken World. Sigmar paced. He did not need to hear the peal of the bell to know – he felt the world-that-was dying, felt the shudders all the way through his palace. Briefly, with the launch of his Stormcast Eternals, the Broken World had not only stopped diminishing, but had regrown, swelling in size with each victory. Sigmar was proud of his armies, pleased with their initial campaigns, but he knew it was not enough. His was the weight of rule, and it was his place to inspire and remain infallible. But Sigmar knew well that the Chaos powers had grown too strong, he had seen firsthand that their contaminations ran too deep. For every hard-won triumph of lightning and warhammer, a hundred more defeats followed elsewhere in the realms. His Stormcasts, and their allies, were too few. The Dark Gods had their foot upon the very throat of the Mortal Realms and they had little reason to fear… yet. For all their battles, the Stormcast Eternals had but begun. They had lit the first spark.

Sigmar gazed at the artificial ring around the Broken World. There, all of his Stormhosts mustered for battle. Assembling by phalanxes, they were moving into position. Down he would cast his armies, and they would besiege every All-gate. To cut off Archaon, and the greatest influx of Chaos into each realm, Sigmar would risk everything. Heavy was the crown of rule, and not even gods are free from foreboding. Sigmar ascended the highest stair, and in a voice that boomed like thunder, the God-King called for his lightning.



SEIZE THE GENESIS GATE



ILL WIND TURNING

Nurgle knew he was but one step away from corrupting the eternal cycles of Ghyran, mutating them into his own pestilent phases forever. Yet ultimate conquest eluded him, seemingly melting away between his grasping fingers.

Typically ebullient, Nurgle's mood now sagged to match his lumpen form. The god churned his cauldron, but no longer hummed a merry tune, nor did he chortle at the antics of his children. Despite their best frolicking, the mite-like daemons that danced beneath their lord's immensity went unnoticed. Soon, their capers disregarded, they too grew sullen. Morosity spread across the Garden of Nurgle like a pandemic of foul mood.

Gone were the eager bursting days of first invading Ghyran, a time when an infectious daemontide thrust itself into the lands. Ah… glorious incubations. Well did Nurgle recall the headiness of the prodromal stage, a happy time of rampant proliferation. Pustules had swelled, new diseases had oozed, and contagion had spread over the Jade Kingdoms. He had come so close.

Time and again, the last triumph eluded the Chaos God: he could not capture Alarielle. Through illusion and the tireless devotion of her armies, the Queen of the Radiant Wood escaped his every ploy. She was the nature goddess who ruled Ghyran before the coming of Chaos, and only when she was trammelled would Nurgle taste his ultimate victory.

On Nurgle's armies conquered, seeking to claim that last prize. Base betrayals left Alarielle vulnerable. Ambushes closed the goddess off from her trusted allies. Pestilent hurricanes twisted her once bountiful surroundings into a withered landscape. The goddess herself had been infected with plagues a dozen times, each arcane malady burned off by her own life magics. Over all of Ghyran, a wretched gloom hung, a misery nearly as tangible as the noisome fogs that plagued the lands. Yet still, Alarielle eluded Nurgle. How he longed for her, craving the chance to lavish her matchless fecundity with his own diseased charms.



When Nurgle's minions despoiled Alarielle's hidden vale of Athelwyrd, the Plague God drooled rivers of anticipation. Were it not for the Stormcast Eternals – interlopers from that dullard Sigmar – then the goddess would have been captured. Although she escaped, Alarielle was overcome by despair and fell into a dormant state – a soulpod ripe for plucking. With his helpless prey flushed, Nurgle grew overeager. He poured his energies into the closest pursuer: a flawed champion, as it turned out, whose disease-ridden form hid a soul that was not yet wholly corrupted. The symbolism did not escape Nurgle, for he ruled the majority of Ghyran, but complete mastery – that last untainted portion – continued to deny him. Nurgle's armies thwarted, Alarielle was planted – her form dissolving into the lands itself, escaping once more. Across Ghyran, the winds shifted. They boded ill…

Otto watched the spill from the polluted waterfall tumble from on high. Where that water flowed, corruption followed. It was a happy thought, and Otto found himself humming a cheerful tune of black malady. His brother, Ethrac, knelt upon the muddy bank, cupping swollen, sausage-like fingers to taste the infectious waters. The third sibling, the massive Ghurk, was behind them, noisily consuming the creatures he had found and stomped to death in the swampy morass that bordered the river. When Ghurk grunted and looked up from his feast, his siblings reacted with alarm. Typically, Ghurk stopped eating only to acquire new food. Both Otto and Ethrac moved swiftly to their gargantuan brother's side to see the cause of such a disturbance. The vast swamp's lumpen top layer was shifting, tidal waves congealing to form a huge, misshapen face. 'Ah, my Glottkin,' it said, in a voice that rumbled through body and soul. Otto and Ethrac greeted the apparition together. Even Ghurk gave a snuffling grunt, which could have been awed recognition, or perhaps just a final slurp to consume the last string of glistening entrails that had been dangling off his lip. 'My prize has escaped me… again,' said the baritone swamp voice, sounding resigned and strangely tired. 'She will resurface soon, in some new guise. I fear she will return to her alliances of old. No matter. So long as the waters of the Genesis Gate flow, all will still be ours. Safeguard it, my children. Safeguard it.' With that, the face was gone.




THE RUINWOOD
THE GREAT HORN
LANDSHOALS
FILTHFALL
THE BLACK WAKE
LEPROUS HILLS
THE WALKING FOREST


SQUIRMING HEIGHTS
RUINS OF THERDONIA
GUARDIAN STONES
RIVER CONSEPTIK
RIVER CONTAGIOS
RIVER CORRUPTIS
THE QUESTING REEK

SONG OF WAR

Across the rotten landscapes of Ghyran, a breeze blew. It was a slight gust, yet in that contaminated vastness it was noticeable, and not just to well-attuned creatures. Trees shivered, snouts lifted up to the air, and for the briefest of instants, waterfalls paused mid-cascade. Change was coming.

Deep the force delved, roots spreading into all corners of the Jade Kingdoms. Mystic tendrils twisted, always moving away from contamination, always seeking out rich pools of life magics. Alarielle's reforming embryonic divinity sought to tap into wellsprings of vitality so that the slumbering unconsciousness could cleanse herself. Long had she carried the wounds of the world, the grief of watching that which was hale wither in form and spirit. Such poisoned memories blackened the earth so no wholesome thing could grow, but now they were flushed away. In place of painful remembrance came welcome nothingness. For some time – who knew how long – an age, a season, a spin of the stars? – all was bliss.

It happened gradually, like a frond uncurling, as a flower turning to follow the sun's arcing path. What a joyful rhythm was breathing. As life returned, so too did consciousness. She was everywhere, spread across the vast realm, but she was not the lands themselves, she was their queen.

She was Alarielle… and she was angry.

At first, Alarielle was little more than living fury. The ground shivered, shaking at her incomprehensible rage. But she controlled herself, binding her widespread roots back into a single form. Then, Alarielle burst forth in a tidal wave of life energy. She turned her face upwards. Despite the foul airs that clogged the lower atmosphere, the Goddess of Ghyran, the Queen of the Radiant Wood, could feel the warm touch of the waning sun. Spreading her wings wide, Alarielle sang out her new song.

From atop the Starspun Coil, Alarielle called a great muster, a war-gathering not seen for an age. Her spirit-song summoned forth the Wargroves of every glade to her side. The disbanded Sons of Durthu, Alarielle's bodyguard of old also heeded that call, travelling from far distant realms. Free Spirits moved in droves, and from the shadows came Outcasts. As Alarielle cut off her right hand, she knew there were two more she must contact…



THE LADY OF VINES

Grown from the severed right hand of Alarielle, the Branchwraith known as the Lady of Vines died defending her mother's soulpod from the clutches of Torglug the Despised. Yet as Alarielle was reborn, so too was the Lady of Vines. Alarielle could regenerate from the most dire of wounds; her hand always grew back and the pain of that sacrifice was amply rewarded. Over the long ages, the Dryad had served in many roles. Whether seneschal, first maiden, advisor, or lieutenant, the Lady of Vines held authority over even Treelords of ancient lineage, for she had proven loyal to the Queen of the Radiant Wood, even during her most wayward phases. Created while Alarielle was in her war aspect, the heartwood of the Lady of Vines was filled with fiery determination and a martial skill beyond others of her kind. Although she was a new incarnation, she recalled past centuries of conflict and losses untold. There was much for the foe to atone for, and the Lady of Vines was eager to begin the long campaign of reconquest.



It had been many centuries since a Moot was called. They came from across Ghyran, and realms beyond. All gathered to Alarielle – ancient Treelords who bore beneath their bark too many rings to count, lithe sprigfolk, the diminutive sporemakers, and the secretive Spitelords. This was no mere council, but a Royal Moot, and it had been ages since such a meeting had occurred. The Regents of the Glades themselves attended the Royal Moot in person, or at least in part – for several sent a detachable portion of themselves – a soul sprig or rogue trailer – as the bulk of their personage was now too deeply rooted to move in totality. In strode Treelords taller than mountains, none more majestic than the immense oldgrowth that was Rhalaeth, High King of Oakenbrow. Beside him stood the swaying Willowqueen of Harvestboon, and all the others. In another season, Alarielle would have been pleased with the pomp and rituals that accompanied such convocations, but now she hastened through the time-honoured traditions as quickly as possible. These were desperate times, for war had destroyed the Jade Kingdoms. The vast realm of Ghyran as they knew it was gone, covered in glistening disease. This Royal Moot was about taking back their lands. There was no longer time for patience, and Alarielle cared not for old disagreements, even her own. To each of the kings and queens of the glades, the goddess assigned targets – Ghyran's wellsprings of magic, sacred places of power.

'My Children, one and all. One last task remains,' said Alarielle, 'We must call down the God-King.' The goddess had expected the hushed silence that followed.



Lightning struck across the Starspun Coil. In the wake of those blinding flashes stood the Stormcast Eternals. Many Stormhosts were represented, each bowing before Alarielle and the mighty figures arrayed alongside her at the Royal Moot. The Regents of the Glades themselves stared in wonder at the assembled might. There stood rank after rank of heavily armoured infantry, battalions of winged warriors, and cavalry the likes of which many of the sylvaneth had never seen – for the Dracoths and Stardrakes of the Extremis Chambers were exceedingly rare sights in Ghyran.

For a long moment, all the newcomers stood in silence, before the leaders from the heaven-host detached themselves from their formations and made their way up the spiral coils.

Before that war council of allies could begin, however, a final bolt pierced the low-hanging clouds – the largest and most scintillating of them all. From that lightning strike strode forth a massive figure, the stormlight still crackling in arcs about his winged form. At this, a few of the Regents of the Glades lowered their eyes, thinking that Sigmar himself had come down from on high.

Alarielle recognised the Celestant-Prime for what he was – Sigmar's mightiest messenger, his storm made manifest. By the way the Avenging Angel locked eyes upon her, and by the way he hefted his weapon – the God-King's hammer, Ghal Maraz – Alarielle had an epiphany. Sigmar's avatar had a mission in addition to leading the Stormcasts into battle. The Celestant-Prime was first to ascertain if the reborn goddess was free from the taint of Chaos. In a different phase, such a realization might have angered Alarielle, but not now. Her laughter rang over the Starspun Coil. Long had the sylvaneth waited to hear that sound, but it was not the joyful mirth of birdsong and fine weather; it was something harder and more grim. Sigmar was wise to be cautious… it was a lesson the goddess had also learned. But Sigmar was locked away in Azyr, an untouchable realm, from which he could safely send forth his legions or not. Alarielle had lost her realm – she had watched it blacken and rot. What cared she for caution?

It was in just such a fey mood that Alarielle greeted her allies and began their war council. With his eye



ever upon her, the Celestant-Prime explained Sigmar's plan to strike every access of the Allpoints simultaneously, beseeching Alarielle for her aid in besieging the Genesis Gate.

Here, Rhalaeth, the High King of Oakenbrow, was of much assistance. As the first-founded of the many glades of Ghyran, it was upon Oakenbrow's territory that the Genesis Gate was originally discovered, and Rhalaeth knew much of its story. In his booming voice, the Ancient told his tale.

Once, the Genesis Gate had been found in the centre of a glorious series of anchored shimmerfalls, floating islands that issued forth powerful waterfalls rich in the magics of Ghyran. It was the largest of these cascades that formed the portal that led to the Allpoints – the strange land that afforded access to all realms, yet existed in none of them. That had been long ago, in the Age of Myth, before the coming of Chaos.

With the rising power of the Dark Gods, many battles were fought. Each of the Chaos powers attempted to wrest control of the Genesis Gate, but their assaults were thwarted. Aid poured through the Allpoints in relief of Alarielle's armies, but as that support dwindled, so too did the goddess. When Archaon united the myriad powers of Chaos at the Battle of Grindlelobe, the sylvaneth could only retreat. Since then, the corruption of Chaos proliferated, as Nurgle especially turned his rheumy eye towards Ghyran. The shimmerfalls that had once housed the Genesis Gate had morphed into something far more horrible.

Now known as the Landshoals, the floating islands had broken free to drift. As the landmasses pushed outwards, the isles themselves changed, altering to look like immense jellyfish. They trailed foul tentacles beneath their bulbous shapes, and flesh-like domes grew over their surfaces, trapping toxin-filled air within their strange bubbles. It was this threat that King Rhalaeth warned of, for his glade's attempts to reclaim the Genesis Gate had met with disaster.

Upon hearing the counsel of Rhalaeth, the war plan was made. The Stormcasts would begin – sending winged hunt-teams to find which of the corrupted islands held the Genesis Gate, and to penetrate its membranes. They would seek out and destroy the source of the pestilent fug before the main sylvaneth and Stormcast assaults would begin.





ALARIELLE, QUEEN OF THE RADIANT WOOD

The queen and mother of Ghyran, Alarielle is creator and destroyer, sower of seeds and fell-handed reaper. Ever-changing in her cycles, she is nature itself – merciless in its beauty.

Alarielle, Queen of the Radiant Wood, is an ancient and exceptionally powerful being. She is the goddess of life magic, her powers intrinsically intertwined with the flowing energies of Ghyran, the Realm of Life. As with all living things, Alarielle is a creature of cycles. With the passage of time, her aspect changes to match the myriad seasons of the magical lands in which she dwells.

For long ages, Alarielle was trapped in a spiralling melancholic phase by Nurgle's invasion. Now, the goddess has shed her old skin, casting aside sorrow and the hollow husk of waning. Reborn into the season of reaping, she is cloaked in a mantle of war and her thoughts move towards revenge and battle. She obliterates those who stand before her with blasts of sorcerous energy from the ancient Spear of Kurnoth, and drains their very life force with the wicked Talon of the Dwindling.

Alarielle's war aspect is aggressive and bold, but this fierceness only accentuates her beauty. So pure is the goddess that she is as unstoppable as the dawn. Alarielle shatters the hearts of all who look upon her in kindness, and is a source of limitless courage to her children, the sylvaneth. To her enemies, however, she is a vision of purest terror.

The time of hiding and misdirection is over. Now is the season of reconquest, and Alarielle will march at the head of her armies to meet it head on.

Since her most recent rebirth, Alarielle has chosen a steed, companion and bodyguard in one – an immense spite known as a wardroth beetle. If the Queen of the Radiant Wood should take to the air, her lumbering steed shatters into a million glimmering motes that swirl and flow beside her. Upon landing, these glowspites coalesce and solidify once more into a living battering ram.

From the carapace of the wardroth beetle hang soul amphorae. Sealed within these crystalline vessels are magical pollens that bring forth new sylvaneth from the ground, even as they choke the life from the enemy.

TO HUNT THE SWAMP BEAST

Over one hundred Stormcast hunt-teams were hastily assembled after the war council with Alarielle. It was their mission to seek out and destroy the source of the plague-ridden fug that hung heavy over the most corrupted floating isle of the Landshoals, where the Genesis Gate could be found.

Before the hunt-teams flew from the Starspun Coil, they were paid homage. The sylvaneth Wargroves that would follow bowed – even the ancient Treelords creaking to lower their branches. The Stormcast Eternal phalanxes gave the hammer salute, shouting their chambers' war cries. Finally, Alarielle herself raised her spear, blessing the hunt-teams with purest vitality – a ward that would offer protection against the poisoned air they were soon to enter. Their mission was critical, for if they failed, the main assault that followed would likely be doomed as well.



The Hallowed Knights were the most numerous of the mustered hosts.

Through thick clouds and noisome patches of fog the hunt-teams flew. They chased the floating Landshoals until they grew from specks on the horizon to hulking island mountains adrift in the sky. Weaving between the surreal jelly swarm, the hunt-teams found their target – the largest of the isles, which housed the Genesis Gate. Once, the portal into the Allpoints from Ghyran was accessed through a vast, pure waterfall rich in nurturing magics. Now, the corrupt cascade of filth-ridden slop that flowed off the massive floating isle was contaminated beyond sanity.

Each hunt-team was led by a Knight-Venator or a Knight-Azyros, with entire wings of Prosecutors flying in their wake. All struck holes into the fleshy membrane that enclosed the mutated landmass, and forced their way through into the poisoned atmosphere. The floating isle was many hundreds of miles across, the outermost ring covered in foul swampland. It was here High King Rhalaeth had claimed the Stormcasts would find their quarry.

Covered with thick patches of rolling green fog, the swamp was a wetland maze of foetid waters and sucking mud plagued by vicious clouds of mutated insects. The air thick with befoulment, the retinues of Prosecutors swooped low, weapons at the ready. Knights-Venator winged down, arrows notched and the strings pulled taut upon their realmhunter bows. Leading the way through the thickest mists, Knights-Azyros used the light from their celestial beacons to sear through the corrupting murk. Always, however, the green-tinted atmosphere pressed inwards, cloying, fighting to break through the enchanted aura of protection that surrounded each Stormcast. And the diseased air was not the only threat.

Tongues as thick as ship's ropes burst out of the stagnant pools to latch onto low-flying Stormcasts. As the one-eyed daemon toads surfaced, their obscenely strong, slimy tongues pulled Prosecutors out of the sky. Each splash was followed by frenzied ripples, the waters seeming to boil as hungry predators swarmed the victims.

Many times the keen-eyed Knights-Venator were able to distinguish the lumpen forms of foes laying in wait, for even the creatures' moss-ridden hides proved insufficient to camouflage them from the master hunters. With limited time, these hidden threats were simply avoided where possible. When circling around the concealed ambushers would cause too great a delay, however, the hunt-teams ventured their own attacks. Diving low, Prosecutors launched crackling volleys of celestial hammers and stormcall javelins. The lightning-wreathed weapons burst open their pestilent prey, the jolts of energy causing the foul creatures to spasm violently before sinking out of sight. One Prosecutor retinue, thinking they were assailing another pod of daemonic toads, were appalled to witness something far larger and more horrific scrabbling out of the mire – a great bulbous toad drake, its mud-covered wings straining to lift its dripping bulk.

All across the vast swamps, similar battles raged as the Stormcasts were beset by a number of loathsome perils. Yet of the source of the fug, no signs could be found. And as breathing the tainted air became more and more difficult, all realised that their time was running out…

TORNUS THE REDEEMED

Long ago, Tornus was a guardian of the Everdawn tribe, yet was corrupted despite – or perhaps because of – his stubborn heroics. Befouled in mind and body, Tornus was faced with death or embracing Nurgle. Thus was Tornus transformed into Torglug the Despised. Rising through the ranks of the Rotbringers, Torglug received foul blessings from his new patron, growing to lead vast armies in the Plague God's name. He led the invasion that drove Alarielle from her final haven, and he almost captured the goddess before he was bested by the Celestant-Prime. Recognising a buried seed of valour within him, the avatar of Sigmar smote Torglug with Ghal Maraz, killing him, but also redeeming what remained of his long-buried soul. That essence blazed to Sigmaron, where Tornus was reforged as a Knight-Venator. Thus, Tornus returned to Ghyran, seeking vengeance. Tornus slew Bloab Rotspawned during the War for the Sprawl and joined the hunt-teams to search for the source of the poisoned fog that hung over the Genesis Gate.



The longer the hunt-teams sought fruitlessly for the source of the mystic fug, the more the foul vapours began to affect them. Slowly, the aura of resistance afforded the Stormcasts by dint of their magically forged sigmarite armour and Alarielle's blessing began to wear thin. Breathing rasped as lungs were filled with cursed air. The main assault, the massed Stormcast Eternal chambers and sylvaneth Wargroves, would be making their way via a hidden path towards the Landshoals. If the fug could not be neutralised, the assault might well suffocate.

Every one of the Stormcast Eternals felt the building pressure. Tornus the Redeemed flew alone, reciting mantras of cleansing while his eyes scanned the swamp below to calm his mind. The Prosecutors he had begun the mission alongside had found a way to distance themselves. Perhaps it was a manoeuvre to spread the search wider, but it made Tornus realise once again that while he had been accepted as one of the brethren, a member of the Hallowed Knights, he still stood apart. Such feelings only made the Knight-Venator wish to prove himself all the more.

On the horizon, the glorious light of a Knight-Azyros shone as it passed through the thinner fug over a gnarled hillock. Although it was too far to be certain, Tornus thought he saw a ripple on the small island, as if something large had recoiled from the light of the celestial beacon. Veering off his course, Tornus winged towards the island, his searching eyes fixed upon the blackish waters that lapped slowly against the mud-churned banks. Twice Tornus flew over what was known as Gristleback Island, but he saw no further signs of movement in the foul swamp. Yet something told him to continue.

Tornus could not shake the feeling that he had found his quarry. Acting upon some instinct that he could not explain, the Knight-Venator drew forth and loosed an arrow directly into the island. The shot plunked into the mud, which immediately shuddered and reared up. The great hillock of mud, algae and rotted matter congealed, twisted, and at last took on its true form… a hulking Great Unclean One.

Now rising from those foul waters was Pustrol, a monstrosity with the title of Pox Behemoth, who was one of the most trusted captains beneath Nurgle's vast command. Mighty in magics, it was his honour to pollute the air, forming the first line of defence around the captured Genesis Gate. Even now, the creature leaked a putrid greenish mist which rose thick above him. At last, the source of the contamination had been found.

Stretching its jowls, the Great Unclean One sent arcs of vomit upwards. The stench was overwhelming, bringing back nightmarish memories for Tornus. Yet such was no longer his fate. With a twist, the Knight-Venator began a spiralling dive to avoid the incoming spray. All the while, Tornus' hands were a blur, his bow singing. Arrow after arrow sped down, each missile sinking out of sight into the voluminous flesh of the mighty Pustrol. The daemon roared in agony, globs of chunky spittle dribbling from its cavernous maw. More Prosecutors, drawn by the sounds of battle, swooped in, adding their own missiles to the fray. Several were smashed out of the skies or drenched in poisonous sludge. Wishing to end the threat, Tornus lowered himself to eye level with Pustrol, loosing so many arrows that his quiver would have emptied three times were it not magically refilled with each shot. Tornus pitied those mortals entrapped as he had been, led astray into a hideous half-life of befoulment. Pustrol, however, was a corrupter rather than one of the corrupted. As such, Tornus felt no mercy, only a burning desire for justice. Each of his words was punctuated by the glorious hum of bowfire.

'How is it feeling, Defiler of Souls?' Tornus asked.

As Pustrol opened his mouth, whether to reply or invoke some spell, Tornus let loose his star-fated arrow, sending it straight into the Great Unclean One's yawning gullet. So did Pustrol fall, yet as the daemon did so, his body burst asunder, releasing one last contaminating cloud that enveloped all.



TIME OF WAR

You can use the battleplans included in any Realmgate Wars book to fight a campaign. This allows you to fight several games one after the other, recreating a series of battles fought in the Mortal Realms, and see how well you can do compared to the actual events that took place.

REALMGATE WARS CAMPAIGNS

Fighting a campaign is very simple – all you need to do is pick a series of battleplans to use, and then play the games one after the other, in the order they appear. You can either choose to play the battleplans from a single section of a book, all of the battleplans from a single book, or all of the battleplans across several books!

Fight each battleplan using the normal rules. Any casualties suffered by an army in a campaign are assumed to have been replaced in time for its next battle. If your general is slain in a battle, it is assumed that he was merely injured or knocked out, and is back to his full fighting strength for your next game, thirsty for vengeance!

The winner of the campaign is the player who scored the most victories in all of the battles that were fought, counting every major victory as two victories.

GENERAL'S BATTLETRAITS

If you decide to fight a campaign, then before the first game, you are allowed to make a D66 roll on the General's Battle Traits table below. To make a D66 roll, simply roll a dice twice in a row, counting the first roll as 'tens' and the second roll as units. For example, a roll of 2 followed by 3 would be a roll of 23. Look up your roll on the table; the trait you have rolled can be used by your general for the duration of the campaign.

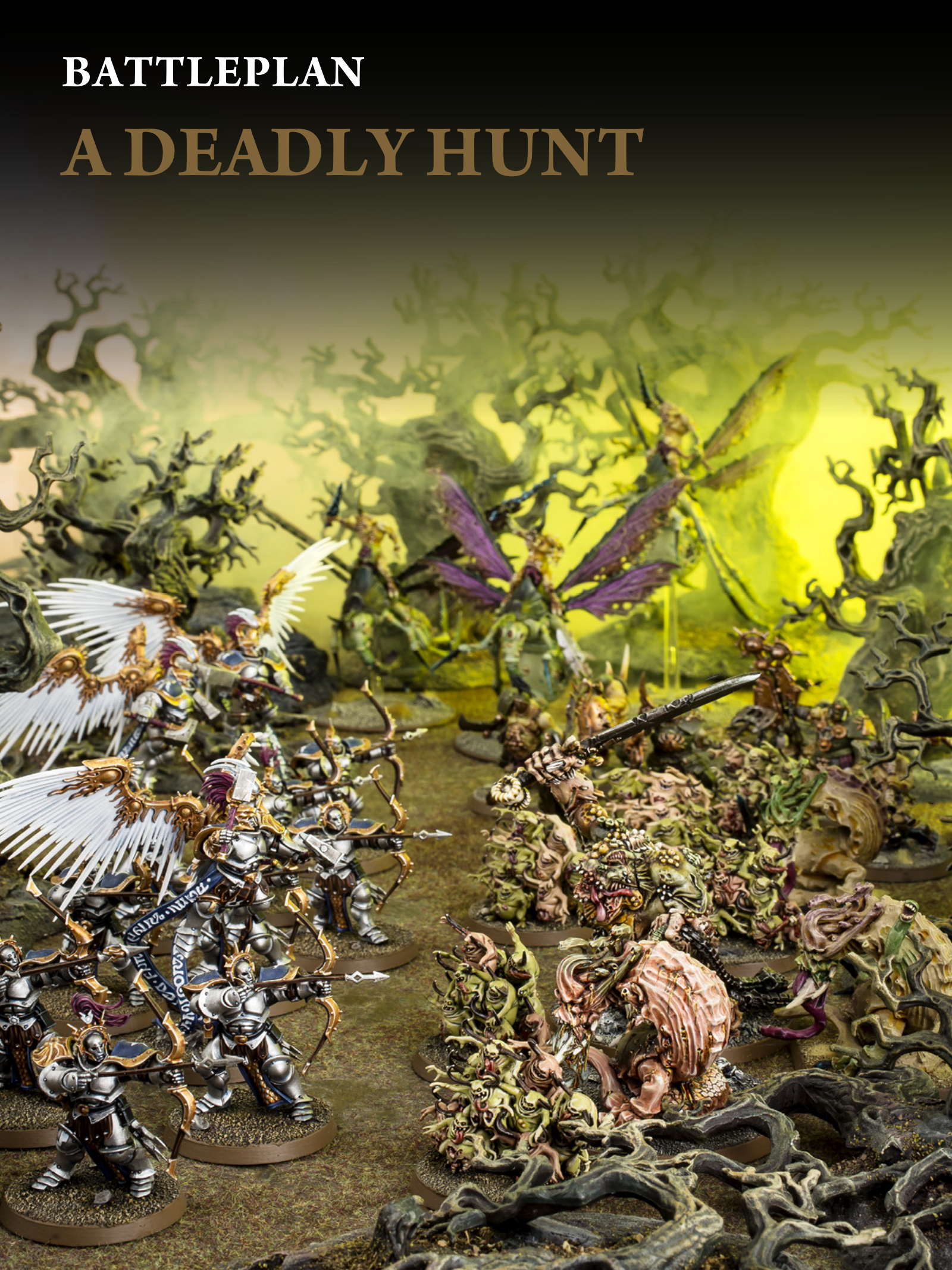
D66	TRAIT
11-12	**Ambush:** After set-up is complete, select one unit in your army. That unit can be set up again anywhere that is outside the enemy's territory.
13-14	**Geomancer:** After set-up is complete, select one scenery piece that is not in either player's territory and which has no models within or on it. Move that model, anywhere outside of either player's territory. If there are no such scenery pieces, re-roll this result.
15-16	**Surprise Attack:** Roll a dice after set-up is complete. On a roll of 3 or more, you can choose which side moves first in the first turn – ignore the instructions in the battleplan. On a roll of 1 or 2, use the instructions in the battleplan as normal.
21-22	**Firestarter:** Once during the game, in your hero phase, you can set a terrain model within 3" of your general on fire. The scenery becomes impassable and cannot be entered or crossed by any models (flyers can cross it but not finish a move upon it). Any models in or on the scenery when it was set on fire must leave it by the end of their next movement phase or be slain.
23-24	**Forced March:** After set-up is complete, your general, and any friendly unit within 3" of him, may make a move as if it were the movement phase.
25-26	**Inspire Hatred:** After set-up is complete, select one unit in the enemy army and one unit in your own army. Add 1 to the hit rolls for models from your unit that attack the enemy unit.
31-32	**Inspiring Speech:** All of the units in your army have +1 Bravery until a model from your army flees.



D66	TRAIT
33-34	**Last Gasp:** If your general is slain, he is not removed until the end of the phase. This may allow him to attack, cast a spell or use an ability.
35-36	**Luck of the Gods:** You can re-roll one dice of your choice each turn.
41-42	**Mighty Charge:** Your general and any friendly units within 3" of him at the start of the charge phase roll three dice to determine how far they can charge, rather than two.
43-44	**Night Attack:** Before set-up starts, you can decide to attack at night. If you do, the maximum range of all attacks and spells is limited to 12" in the first battle round of the battle.
45-46	**Outflank:** Units from your army composed entirely of models with a Move of 10" or more, or that can fly, can enter from any table edge in the hero phase of your second turn. Write down which units are outflanking and which edge they will enter from before set-up starts. Set them up within 6" of the nominated table edge in your hero phase in the second turn, and more than 9" away from any enemy models. This counts as their move for that turn.
51-52	**Master of Assassins:** Roll a dice after set-up is complete. On a roll of 5 or more a **HERO** or **MONSTER** of your choice in the opposing army suffers D3 mortal wounds.
53-54	**Reinforcements:** Once during the battle, in your hero phase, you can return one unit that has been wiped out to the battle. Set up the unit within 6" of a table edge, and more than 9" away from any enemy models. This counts as their move for that turn.
55-56	**Saboteurs:** After set-up is complete, pick one enemy unit and roll a dice. On a roll of 3 or more the unit you picked cannot move or charge in the first turn (though it can pile in), and cannot use any missile weapons.
61	**Heirloom – Magic Standard:** Pick a **TOTEM** or a model from a unit that is a Standard Bearer (or the equivalent). Add 1 to the Bravery of all friendly units within 12" of that model.
62	**Heirloom – Magic Talisman:** Roll a dice each time your general suffers a wound or mortal wound. On a roll of 5 or 6 the wound has been stopped by the talisman's protective powers and has no effect on your general.
63	**Heirloom – Magic Armour:** Ignore the Rend modifiers that apply to any enemy attacks upon your general.
64	**Heirloom – Magic Ring:** Once during the battle, your general can cast an Arcane Bolt spell as if they were a wizard. No casting roll is required, and the spell cannot be unbound. If your general is a wizard, then they can use the ring in addition to any spells they can cast, and can use the ring to cast Arcane Bolt twice during the same hero phase (once normally, and once using the ring).
65	**Heirloom – Magic Weapon:** Pick one of your general's weapons. You can either add 1 to the hit rolls, add 1 to the wound rolls, or increase the Rend value of the weapon by 1 (e.g. from -1 to -2). Note down which of these modifiers you will use – it applies for the duration of the campaign.
66	**Battlemaster:** Pick the result of your choice.

BATTLEPLAN

A DEADLY HUNT



Laying siege to a powerful enemy stronghold is always a bloody affair that will invariably end in one of two ways for any would-be conqueror – a hard-fought victory or ignominious defeat. In order to give their forces the best possible chance of success, a commander will often launch a number of smaller sorties with the aim of weakening the enemy's defences before giving the order for an all-out assault on the fortress' walls. This battleplan represents just such an attack in preparation for the main offensive to come.

Many castles and fortifications in the Mortal Realms were built in locations specifically designed to benefit not only from the local geography, but also from the natural defence offered by any dangerous creatures that may dwell nearby. To avoid such a deadly beast from intervening in the impending siege, a wily commander will often seek to rid themselves of the threat before launching any major attack, lest its intervention spell disaster.

THE ARMIES

This battleplan pits players against each other as rival leaders of a hunting sortie sent forth to slay a dangerous beast. Each player picks an army to represent their hunting party; however, neither player can include any **MONSTERS** – these will be used to represent the deadly creatures that dwell in and around the quarry's lair.

Each player takes on the role of a hunter and will share a common goal. Ideally, both players should field the same number of units to make for a fair contest. As both forces are allied, it is entirely appropriate for the players to field units drawn from the same battletome if they wish.

If you fancy a real challenge of skill, why not try fielding the same units, each including exactly the same number of models?

HUNTERS' OBJECTIVES

You and a rival have been sent forth to track down and slay a terrible creature whose presence poses a grave threat to your commander's siege plans. The muffled growls and lingering roars echoing from within its lair also hint that your quarry is not alone. To make matters worse, the closer you draw to the beast, the more oppressive the sickly fog surrounding you becomes. You must be swift in your search, for the longer you tarry in the beast's lair, the more susceptible your warriors will be to the fog's deadly malaise. Not only that, but you have sworn to beat your rival to the honour of delivering the killing blow; do not let them steal your glory!

POISONOUS FOG

Though the creatures that dwell within the quarry's lair have long since grown accustomed to the sickly miasma that drifts lazily across the ground, the same cannot be said for intruders.

At the start of each battle round after the first, one player must roll a dice. Unless the number rolled is more than the number of battle rounds that have been completed, all units (other than **MONSTERS**) on the battlefield suffer a mortal wound.



THE BATTLEFIELD

The battlefield represents the foetid swamp that serves as the lair of the monstrous quarry.

You can either generate the scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

SQUELCHY QUAGMIRE

Forced to wade waist-deep through the morass, hasty progress is all but impossible for those braving the swamp's cloying embrace. Models cannot run unless they are able to fly.

SET-UP

No models are set up at the start of the game. Instead, players can move their units on from the eastern edge of battlefield (see map) during their first turn.

THE LAIR'S OCCUPANTS

The players should place the **MONSTER** with the highest Wounds characteristic on its warscroll to one side – this will be the quarry. Any remaining **MONSTERS** that are available should then be divided into six groups.

If you wish to re-enact the hunt for Pustrol described in the narrative, feel free to supplement the lair's occupants with any **NURGLE DAEMON** units you have available.

FIRST TURN

Both players roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.





THE MONSTERS ARISE

The battlefield is divided into six sections (see map). In order to discover the quarry's location, each battlefield section must be searched. To do so, a unit must finish its move within 3" of the centre of a section that has not already been searched. The controlling player then rolls a dice, adding the number of sections that have already been searched to the total. If the total is 6 or less, the searching unit has not found the quarry, but has uncovered the lair of some of its minions; the opposing player sets up one group of **MONSTERS** (or equivalent). If the total equals or exceeds 7, the searching unit has found the quarry, as well as all of its fellow creatures; the opposing player sets up the quarry and any remaining **MONSTERS** not already set up. In either case, these models must be set up anywhere in the section that is being searched, but not within 3" of models belonging to either player unless it is otherwise impossible to do so.

A FRIENDLY RIVALRY?

Both players are on the same side in this battleplan, yet there's nothing wrong with a bit of friendly rivalry! Players cannot attack each other's models in any way. During each combat phase, players take it in turns to pick a unit to attack with as normal. However, the target of the attack must be a unit representing the lair's occupants. Alternatively, instead of picking one of their own units, players can pick a unit representing the lair's occupants on battlefield that has not already been picked that turn and attack with it as described below. This continues until all eligible units on both sides and all of the lair's occupants have each attacked once.

When a player picks a unit representing the lair's occupants to make attacks with, the process works differently to normal. In effect, the unit has its own bespoke turn; it can therefore move, make shooting attacks, charge, pile in, then make melee attacks. Note that the lair's occupants are considered to be friendly to each other.

VICTORY

Do not use the victory conditions on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead the battle lasts until the quarry has been slain, or all of the models belonging to both players have been wiped out. If the quarry was slain, the player whose model delivered the killing blow wins a **major victory**. If the models belonging to the players were slain, the player whose units inflicted the greatest number of wounds on the quarry wins a **minor victory**.



LAYERS OF CORRUPTION

Although they did not know that Stormcast Eternal hunt-teams had penetrated the heavily corrupted floating isle and were searching the outer swamps, the defenders of the Genesis Gate could feel that something was coming. Father Nurgle had warned his children, and they prepared their defences…

The Genesis Gate was a waterfall. To reach the Allpoints, all one needed to do was pass through the tumbling water. This was fitting, for of all the secret places of Ghyran where life magic collected, none were so rich in energy as those where water cascaded.

In the early days of the Age of Myth, the Genesis Gate had been Ghyran's most important route, as it opened up all other realms to trade and travel. Alarielle herself had trod that path, passing through its waters to emerge on the other side of that invigorating downfall. From there she stepped onto the Gnarlway – a long bridge across the void that led directly to the Allpoints. That was the route that the Queen of the Radiant Wood and her entourage used to travel to Azyr when she first joined Sigmar's Pantheon. That had been long before Alarielle succumbed to her isolationist cycle, before the coming of Chaos. Now, the goddess would barely recognise the Genesis Gate in its current guise.

The extensive walls and fortifications that had been erected to safeguard the Genesis Gate had fallen to Archaon's assault early in the Age of Chaos. Eager to continue his attacks upon the other All-gates – the fortresses that guarded the entrances to the Allpoints – the Everchosen granted Nurgle's request. He handed the defence of the Genesis Gate to the Dark God that most coveted the Realm of Life. That had been over four hundred years ago. Since then, the Genesis Gate had been ruled over by a series of the Plague God's most worthy generals: Daemon Princes, favoured greater daemons and the most vaunted of mortal champions.



Each had added improvements to the All-gate, now known as the Ring of Corruption, for they surrounded the Genesis Gate. Seven vast strongholds stood over the seven gates that led from the encircling walls. Each of these was different, strengthened by the powers of plague, dismay or infection. The arcane bells that tolled mournfully over Witherhall drove mortals to madness, while the walls of the Bastion of Filth were not only thickest, but possessed regenerative magic that caused new layers to grow over the crustings of the old. A central keep – the Dripping Fortress – floated above the Genesis Gate itself. There, the Glottkin ruled, for they had been placed in charge of the defence of the entire All-gate. That responsibility had become burdensome, for they too had inherited the disquiet that had so afflicted their patron.

From the bloated spires of the Dripping Fortress, the triplets looked over the pestilent landscape. In the distance, the outermost walls of the All-gate could be seen, along with the seven strongholds that loomed over its gates. Ethrac tilted his head, a slurping sniff coming from behind his cowl. 'Change in the air… Pustrol's spellwork fails, or he is dead,' said the mage. 'They will be coming soon, as Grandfather foretold.'

Ethrac's brother, the hulking warrior Otto, was silent for a moment. He could detect no change, but then, Ethrac's nose was more attuned to magic than his own. Otto felt the creeping doubt that had overtaken him of late, but he shook the thought. Instead, he began to hum. It was a dirge from the oldlands, but Otto's rendering was more akin to a merry marching song. 'Hmmm… cheer up brothers,' said Otto. 'I am thinking better the foe comes to us than for us to be searching. What say you, brother Ghurk?'

Upon hearing his name, the last and largest of the Brothers Glott rose up from the feast that had been keeping him occupied and gave a growling chomp. Whether the sound was in answer or simply swallowing was unknown. 'They are gathered below for war council,' said Ethrac, cocking his head, 'We must ensure the ratmen stick to the plan.'



Warned by a series of dire premonitions and disturbing dreams, the Glottkin had spent much energy of late ensuring the defences around the Genesis Gate were adequately manned. While Otto directed Ghurk to test the strength of the All-gate's walls and towers, Ethrac inspected the eldritch protections. Each of the seven strongholds that surrounded the Dripping Fortress was overseen by its own commander, and these had been summoned for a war council. All had been ordered to muster their forces – for Ethrac maintained that an attack was imminent. The enemy must not be allowed to breach the Ring of Corruption.

Rivalry amongst the varied Chaos Lords and Daemon Princes was palpable. Although nowhere near as obvious as amongst the minions of Khorne, the aspirations of each of the commanders led to frequent clashes. The gluttony of the Lord of Grolich Towers knew no bounds, and his Rotguard were known to prey upon the followers of the Plague Master of the Gadcoven, Lord of Castle Flyblown. The skaven Plague Pontifex Skroglitch Twistspine, who ruled the Splintered Spikes, was perhaps the most devious of all. He was held as cunning even before he summoned the aid of the Verminlord Corruptor known as Sepskrik the Foul.

There was one skaven-controlled fortress upon the Ring of Corruption. The ratmen had built atop a living creature that was held in place with warpstone spears that jutted out from the corrupted walls set onto the tormented beast's back. Black tunnels through its innards led to endless warrens below. It was unknown how many skaven had flocked to serve Skroglitch, but it was beyond count. Promising to lead his followers to collect all of the Thirteen Great Plagues – the legendary maladies that would wither the worlds – Skroglitch had done the impossible, he had united many of the feuding Clans Pestilens. At his bidding were dozens of different clans, dominated by Clan Feesik and Clan Rotclaw. The Glottkin knew that Skroglitch had harnessed the frenzied fervour of the Plague Priests, and they were counting upon the backing of many hundreds of thousands of skaven – a teeming mass packed into those steamy, disease-ridden undertunnels.

It was the skaven that Ethrac was particularly leery of, for the mage had always blamed the ratmen for the Glottkin falling out of favour with their beloved patron. Although no

betrayal could be proven, Ethrac was convinced the skaven were behind the mistakes that allowed Alarielle to escape at the Battle of Fellwood. That had been several hundred years ago, and ever since that incident, Ethrac had distrusted the Plague Priests. At least a dozen times he had caught scent of some self-serving act or devious plot, and had grown to suspect their every move. Yet Ethrac could never substantiate his claims, and was reduced to a long campaign of words, constantly pointing out to Otto all of the ratmen's deficiencies and deceitful tendencies.

For his part, Otto good-naturedly shrugged off his pessimistic brother's talk of woes. Otto was a warrior; combat and battle-planning were his expertise. He had seen Sigmar's celestial warriors enough times not to underestimate them again. Although he had never seen the Stormcast Eternals in numbers enough to threaten the Ring of Corruption, Otto suspected Alarielle and her treefolk might attack as well. In such a case, the almost unlimited numbers of ratmen in the underwarrens would prove a much-needed reserve force should any of the seven castles start to crumble. Otto knew his brother was devious, and knew also that Ethrac looked for that quality in others, expecting it even if it was not there.

In this matter, Otto would have been wiser to listen to his brother Ethrac. The skaven of the Clans Pestilens had been eager allies to the followers of Nurgle across Ghyran and beyond. Such offerings as the large chunks of warpstone that jutted out of the Splintered Spikes fortress were greedily accepted by the skaven, for they had slaves and warriors aplenty to trade for such treasures. However, the Verminlord Sepskrik the Foul had long whispered into Plague Pontifex Skroglitch Twistspine's twitching ears, claiming they did not need to prostrate themselves before any Chaos masters.

The Verminlord had learned that the sorcerer who ruled Castle Flyblown had perfected the Oozing Eye incantation, and if they could learn those secrets they would be one step closer to creating the mystic grindwyrm parasite – a key ingredient in creating one of the Great Plagues. Sepskrik had spoken with the leader of the Masterclan, the almighty Grey Seer of the First Seat himself, striking a deal that could see the collected Clans Pestilens rise to ascendency once more in the eyes of the Horned Rat, the skaven deity. Pontifex Skroglitch's schemes to capture the Sorcerer of Castle Flyblown were everything. Their sworn oaths and promises to the Glottkin were easily forgotten as the two schemed. The upcoming attack, if it came as the Glottkin said it would, provided the perfect time to launch their own – one that served Skroglitch's agenda.

SEPSKRIK THE FOUL, VERMINLORD CORRUPTOR

There are major schemes afoot within the skaven empires. The Verminlord Corruptor known as Sepskrik the Foul is in the thick of a plot that extends across every realm. In the past, the Verminlord has been responsible for some of the most horrific plague outbreaks in the history of the Mortal Realms. It was he who introduced the Crimsonweal Curse to the fountains of the Glittering City, and he who set loose the Grey Shrivelling amid the Everwoods of High Sephardia. Sepskrik is known as the Foul for his pestilent stench and for the living carpet of parasites that seethes over his mange-ridden fur. Although the Verminlord's presence leaves greasy trails of corruption on everything he touches, the daemon is a fastidious collector of the very finest plague ingredients. His latest ventures include joining a secret council headed by the Grey Seer in command of the Masterclan, and beguiling six Plague Pontifexes into his nefarious plans – a convoluted plot to raise the pestilent clans to supremacy while overrunning the Mortal Realms.



THE GLOTTKIN

The Glottkin are nigh-inseparable triplets high in Nurgle's favour. Each of these champions bears a different personality and unique dark gifts from their loathsome patron. Individually, each is powerful, yet together they form an unholy triumvirate of terror.

Many tales are told of the Glottkin, but the truth of their past is shrouded in legend. Once, it is said, they were the brothers Glott, rare triplets born under a number of ill omens. It was as if they were marked for Nurgle, fated to serve the Plague God for eternity. If rumours are true, the Glottkin can trace their origins back to the world-that-was. It is certain that, as some of Nurgle's most favoured champions, the Glottkin have been blessed with dark gifts in abundance. Whether they were given the gift of daemonic immortality or are merely unnaturally sustained by their patron is unknown, but the Glottkin's history of causing mayhem and spreading plague across the Mortal Realms is recorded in the annals of many fallen empires.

Otto Glott is the most senior of the triplets – a fact he often points out – by the merest of moments. He is, at least in his own mind, the leader of his siblings. He is a warrior, a Chaos Lord capable of cutting down any mortal hero without so much as breaking stride. In battle, Otto wields a scythe, a weapon who's curved blade he regularly anoints with his own poisonous bile that constantly drips from his plague-swollen body. Seemingly impervious to pain, Otto is a cheerful soul, ever pragmatic and wilfully upbeat. This personality contrasts quite starkly with that of his darker brother.

Ethrac is a sorcerer of Nurgle, blessed with arcane powers and a knowledge of infectious disease. Unlike his straightforward brother Otto, Ethrac is mean-spirited and cunning, with a mind that tends towards devious and elaborate plots. Like the diseases he so loves, Ethrac ebbs and flows – for periods he is manic with energy and prone to fits of fever dreams. At other times, the sorcerer's sinister disposition gets the better of him and he falls into melancholic fits, growing ever more insular and paranoid. During such times, he regularly sees conspiracies working against him.

The last of the brothers, but by no means the least, is Ghurk. As the rumours say, he was once the slightest of the brethren and the fairest of them to look upon. No longer. So swollen has the third brother grown that he could flatten a gargant. A living mountain of rotting flesh, Ghurk was gifted with strength enough to uproot massive trees, lifting a trunk thicker than a man's height in his tentacle arm and swinging it like an enormous club. Ghurk sprouted the most mutations, including horns, and an arm that ends in a lamprey maw full of razor-sharp teeth. Ghurk's huge size allows him to carry his two siblings upon his back, for the horns that grow there act as a kind of howdah. These boons from Nurgle came at a cost, however, for Ghurk is now always hungry for flesh, and his mind has shrivelled, making him little more than a burbling idiot. Ghurk goes where his brothers tell him to, and over the many years, has learned to follow some basic commands.

Although the two intelligent members of the Glottkin argue frequently, and even Ghurk occasionally grows tired of his brethren's orders, the trio are inseparable. Many times, they have risen high in Nurgle's favour, such as during the Great Uncleansing, when the forces of Khorne were thrown out of Nurgle's Garden. Perhaps the pinnacle of the Glottkin's success was when they led the Foultide Invasions. Shortly after the Nexus Wars, the forces of Nurgle swept over those kingdoms in Ghyran held by Oakenbrow, concluding in the near capture of Alarielle at the Battle of Fellwood. After their failure, the trio fell out of Grandfather Nurgle's favour for some time, and there were rumours they had died. Such is the Plague God's jolly personality, however, that he can never remain angry for long, like a doting father who eventually forgives his wayward offspring.

Having spent the better portion of the last century destroying Wargroves and contaminating sacred sites in Ghyran, the Glottkin remain eager to win ever more favour from their beloved patron.





WITH FURY THEY CAME

Borne upon secret roads by the magic of Alarielle, the Stormcast Eternals and sylvaneth swiftly readied their armies. They could wait no longer. To rolling thunder and the sound of a thousand warhorns, the main assault upon the outermost walls guarding the Genesis Gate began.

After the hunt-teams were launched, Alarielle dismissed the Royal Moot. The regents of the sylvaneth returned via spirit-paths to what remained of their kingdoms, for they all had their own campaigns to lead. At Alarielle's command, each left behind many Wargroves. The Queen of the Radiant Wood now led those sylvaneth and the accompanying Stormhosts along hidden branches of the Cascading Path – a magical slipstream that allowed for many days' march to be made in moments. In this way did the armies appear near the Guardian Stones of the ruins of Therdonia, directly in the path of the oncoming Landshoals. The landscape was bleak, but the land behind the floating armada was apocalyptic. The Black Wake it was called, a blighted trail of desolation. Nothing wholesome lived in those lands, only foul, crawling things.

Seeing the devastation, Alarielle looked to its cause. The waters that ran down from the Genesis Gate were once cleansing but now formed the Filthfall, a torrent of effluvia that streamed from the largest of the floating isles. Upon contacting the ground, the contaminating fluids split into three rivers: the Corruptis, the tide that infects, the Contagios, that which spreads, and the Conseptik, that which births new life. This was Nurgle's plan for Ghyran made manifest.

Alarielle shook. Her rage caused plants to spring up, all heavy with thorns. She would not wait for the signal from the hunt-teams, but ordered an immediate assault. Shouting words of power, Alarielle froze the tendrils that trailed beneath the Landshoals, allowing the armies to navigate the poisoned tentacles that had once been the islands' roots. Although they were mutated,

Alarielle could still discern which of the wavy appendages held the wards of passage which transported travellers to the surface of the floating isle above. Soon, the war forces emerged, standing before the outermost walls of the Ring of Corruption.

So the siege began. The outermost walls and all seven of the fortresses were assailed simultaneously. The air was thick with contagion, for the assault was launched while Tornus was still battling Pustrol, whose magics generated the pestilent fug.

At Witherhall, the tolling of the arcane bells shrivelled Branchwraiths in the blink of an eye. The clamour drowned out the harmonic spirit-song that bound the sylvaneth, leaving them at the mercy of the foul airs. There, the Stormcasts fought alone, save for a few bands of Outcasts, as the Spite-Revenants had long forsaken the lifesong. At the Bastion of Filth, many layers of thick walls were blasted by lightning assaults, yet in the polluted air, each regrew more quickly than the attackers could damage them. At Grolich Towers, the hulking Chaos Lord sallied forth, felling Treelords and staving in the Stormcasts' shieldwall.

The miasma was sapping the vitality of the sylvaneth and Stormhosts. The attack may well have ended soon after, were it not for a sudden breeze that wafted across the corrupted isle. Pustrol had been slain, his fug dissipating with his demise. To clear what remained, Alarielle sent forth a mystic pulse, and rays of purity, like a midsummer sun, cleansed the air.



Alarielle's spirit-song – a chorus of war and vengeance – surged through the sylvaneth. So intense was the goddess' burst of magic that new life took root in the swampy ground at her wardroth beetle's feet, solidifying with lushly growing grasses. Yet the Chaos fortifications of the Ring of Corruption remained strong. The skaven of the Splintered Spikes were beyond count, and the daemon-insects summoned by the Plague Master at Castle Flyblown swarmed so thickly they could down Treelords with their soul-stabbing stings. It was in that hour of greatest need that the Celestant-Prime called down the Heavens.

Crackling with celestial power, the Celestant-Prime was everywhere. Using his Cometstrike Sceptre, the avenging angel of Sigmar summoned azure meteors, sending them crashing down in explosive blossoms that burned away the insects at Castle Flyblown. With a two-handed swing of Ghal Maraz, the Celestant-Prime struck down Lord Grolich, before leading the assault that seized the main gates to his fortress. At Witherhall, the Celestant-Prime arrived in time to lead the hunt-teams onto the ramparts. There, amidst fierce fighting, the Stormcast Eternals silenced the hateful bells. The hammer of Sigmar alone cracked asunder half a dozen of the dread carillons, each strike accompanied by a clap of thunder.

The aid of the Celestant-Prime was not needed at Rothall, for there, Lord-Celestant Silus the Untarnished led the Gleaming Host, his Warrior Chamber, to the fore of the assault. The fug had not slowed his attack, for he had already weathered much that this diseased realm had to offer. The Gleaming Host was as resplendent as their name suggested, and the miasma seemed to coil away from their brilliant silver armour as they moved through it, as if trying to escape their radiance. The Warrior Chamber, aided by the Treelords of Ironbark Glade, pressed on to the fortress walls, a phalanx of glittering sigmarite passing like a knife through the dense, cloying air. As they reached the All-gate, Silus led a series of forays, seizing the main gates and then toppling several towers.

At the Splintered Spikes, Plague Pontifex Skroglitch Twistspine sent forth wave after wave of skavenslaves





and lesser clans. This swamped the oncoming assault but inflicted little damage. Upon the orders of the Pontifex himself, the Plague Monk Legions had not yet ventured forth.

It was at the Hornspire, the largest of the Ring of Corruption's fortresses, that the sylvaneth and Stormcasts hurled their greatest might. There, five sylvaneth Wargroves attacked, three Stormcast Eternal Warrior Chambers, and Lord-Celestant Targonaut's Extremis Chamber. The Blightking Legions attempted to hold the ramparts against Drakesworn Templars while the Paladins of several Devastation Brotherhoods combined to assail the outermost towers, battering them down before advancing into the inner keeps. As reinforcements rushed to seal the breaches, the Dracothian Guard charged, the combined lightning blasts of the Dracoths shattering the main gate and portcullis. It was all the Chaos forces could do to slow the assault; they could not hope to defeat it. The tri-horn was sounded, the signal for the Glottkin to release their own reinforcements. The skin gong of the Dripping Fortress was struck in answer, as the Glottkin ordered forth the spawntide. Wave after wave of spawn and Beasts of Nurgle writhed towards the besieged fortress. Slaughterbrute packs followed, and creaking sounds could be heard as the Rust Legion marched forth. But of the skaven – the promised hundred thousand chittering Plague Monks, there was still no sign.

It was at that time that Alarielle lost all patience. The act of unleashing her purifying magics had drained the goddess for a moment, but her warlust was not sated. The plan agreed with the Celestant-Prime had been for Alarielle and her bodyguard, the Sons of Durthu, along with the Lady of Vines and several handpicked Wargroves, to wait in reserve. At first, the goddess had felt this was proper, for she envisioned making the final charge to smash the outer walls. Now, it felt like pandering to another. Upon Alarielle's command, the Treelords advanced, driving their root-like talons into the putrefied walls, tearing at them. Thrusting her spear into the growing gap, Alarielle poured forth her eldritch might in torrential blazes. Amidst greenfire and writhing roots, a fissure was rent in the curtain wall, a gap so large an entire army could march through. And that is what happened. Alarielle would wait for no one. At the head of her bodyguard, she led the assault that surged through the gap and headed towards the Dripping Fortress.

BATTLEPLAN

FRONTAL ASSAULT



There are many strategies and tactics that a commander can execute in an attempt to give his forces an advantage when besieging an enemy stronghold. Yet ultimately, all paths lead to the same place; even the most cunning ruse will rarely enable an army to avoid the grim and thankless task of launching an all-out attack. Only by storming the walls and driving the defenders from their commanding position can any fortress truly be taken.

The Mortal Realms are littered with fortifications beyond count and of every description. Yet all but the most esoteric edifices share one thing in common – the key to their defence lies in holding the bastions along the outer walls. From these places of strength, garrisons can support those fighting atop the crenelated battlements with war machines, bowfire, sorcery and reinforcements as needed. To topple a castle's defences, the besieger must storm and hold these keeps at all costs.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then they must determine who will be the besieger and who will be the defender. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then they must be the besieger. Otherwise, each player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher can pick who is the besieger and who the defender.

BESIEGER'S OBJECTIVES

The towering outer walls of the enemy's fortress rise before you, an intimidating bulwark lined with the finest warriors available to the enemy commander. Not only that, but they have unleashed a toxic fog that hangs heavy in the air and will prove increasingly dangerous to your warriors the longer they are exposed to it. In order to prevail, you must focus your attack on the bastions that line the battlements – taking them will force the enemy to abandon the walls, paving the way for your ultimate victory.

DEFENDER'S OBJECTIVES

Your enemy will undoubtedly seek to wrest the bastions that line the walls from your control. Holding these mighty bulwarks is crucial if you are to succeed, for they serve as the lynchpins of your defence, and will therefore be the primary targets for the attacking forces. Remember that your enemies must not only face the blades of your warriors, but the poisonous miasma that saturates these lands; your hardy soldiery have long learned to cope with its effects, but your foes will have no such luxury. Hold the bastions and make them pay for every assault they launch.

POISONOUS MIASMA

For many years, these lands have been shrouded beneath a toxic cloud that is inimical to life.

At the start of each battle round after the first, the besieger must roll a dice. If the number rolled is equal to or lower than the number of battle rounds that have been completed, all of their units on the battlefield suffer a mortal wound.

ICON OF PURITY

Whether by some divine blessing, powerful enchantment or sheer sorcerous might, the besieger's general acts as a shining beacon of purity amid the choking darkness of the region's noxious fog.

The besieger's general, and any units within 10" of him at the start of the battle round, are unaffected by the poisonous miasma.



THE BATTLEFIELD

A daunting fortress rises to the east, its outer walls stretching from one end of the battlefield to the other. Three towers, the cornerstones of the stronghold's defences, stand above these formidable battlements.

First of all, the defender sets up a line of Fortress Walls anywhere between 18" and 36" of the eastern edge of the battlefield, stretching from the northern to the southern edge of the battlefield. The defender must also include three bastions as part of this wall.

An example of how the fortress might be set up is shown on the map below. We recommend using either Overlord Bastions or Skull Keeps to represent the bastions.

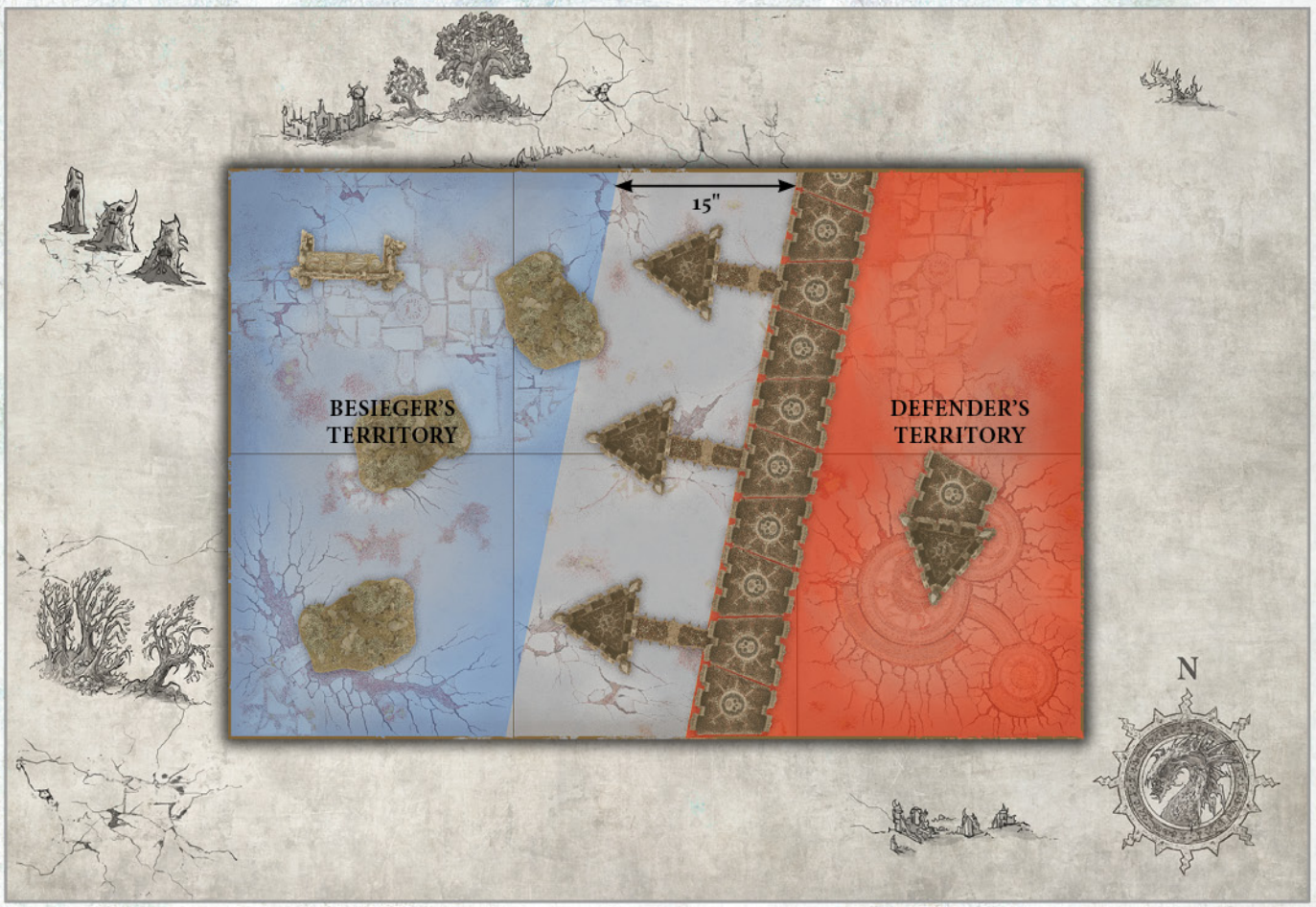
Players can then choose to set up any remaining scenery, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

SET-UP

The defender sets up all their units first, anywhere either on or to the east of the Fortress Walls, an example of which is shown on the map below. The besieger then sets up all of their units, anywhere that is more than 15" to the west of the Fortress Walls.

FIRST TURN

The besieger decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.





DRAWN TO BATTLE

The forces that the besieger can see defending the Fortress Wall are but a fraction of the encamped army's strength, as most of their troops are secreted safely within the forts, ready to burst forth and lend their strength when needed.

Each time one of their units is wiped out, the defender can place it to one side where it will be available to return later in the battle. At the start of each of their turns, the defender can bring on any of their units that have been wiped out earlier in the battle, setting them up anywhere within 6" of the eastern edge of the battlefield and more than 9" from the enemy. This counts as their move for that turn.

VICTORY

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

The game lasts for five battle rounds, or until one side is wiped out. If one player wipes out all of their opponent's models before the end of the game, they win a **major victory**.

If both sides have models remaining at the end of the fifth battle round, victory is determined by control of the fortress' bastions. A bastion is controlled by the player that has the greatest number of their models on or within it when the battle ends.

If the besieger controls all three bastions, they win a **major victory**; if they control any two bastions, they instead win a **minor victory**.

If the besieger only controls a single bastion, the defender wins a **minor victory**. If the defender remains in control all three bastions at the end of the battle, they win a **major victory**.

GHYRAN FOREST PAINTING GUIDE

Silent sentinels to the war and pestilence that rage across their lands, the mysterious forests of the sylvaneth stand defiant. In this painting guide we'll show you how to paint just one example of the almost infinite variety of trees within the Jade Kingdoms.

The landscapes of the realms are as awe-inspiring and diverse as those who dwell within them. Although throughout Ghyran countless lands have been desecrated by Nurgle's contagions, or fallen into the violent grasp of the Chaos hordes, there can still be found verdant dales, woodlands and meadows where Alarielle's enchanted touch fosters beauty beyond wonder.

The Citadel Sylvaneth Wyldwood kit is the perfect subject for recreating the landscapes of the Realm of Life on your own tabletop battlefield, and they provide a great opportunity to create fantastical colour combinations. Of course, the techniques used to paint these trees can be applied to any realm or paint scheme, so feel free to experiment with other combinations covered by the Citadel Paint System if you want to create scenery with a different look and feel. For example, substituting blues and greys for the pink and red leaves would create a colder appearance, perhaps reminiscent of the Realm of Death, while garish greens and yellowy browns would be perfect if you wish to recreate a Nurgle-infested wood!

While they're great for bringing your tabletop to life, trees also have a tactical role in the game of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* itself. When arranged on the battlefield, they can enhance certain models, offer cover to create potential ambush points, and even act as magical gateways that are able to spirit sylvaneth from place to place. The trees of Ghyran are not always benign, however, for they will often suddenly come to vengeful life, luring unsuspecting invaders to their deaths. So, as you'll see, they'll make your battles more dynamic and the backdrop even more spectacular.





Like all of the Mortal Realms, strange ruins from the Age of Myth are dotted across Ghyran's landscapes. Adding details like this really enhance your battlefield scenery.



This eldritch seat of power has been reclaimed by the forests. We used parts from Citadel Woods and a Magewrath Throne to make this striking centrepiece.

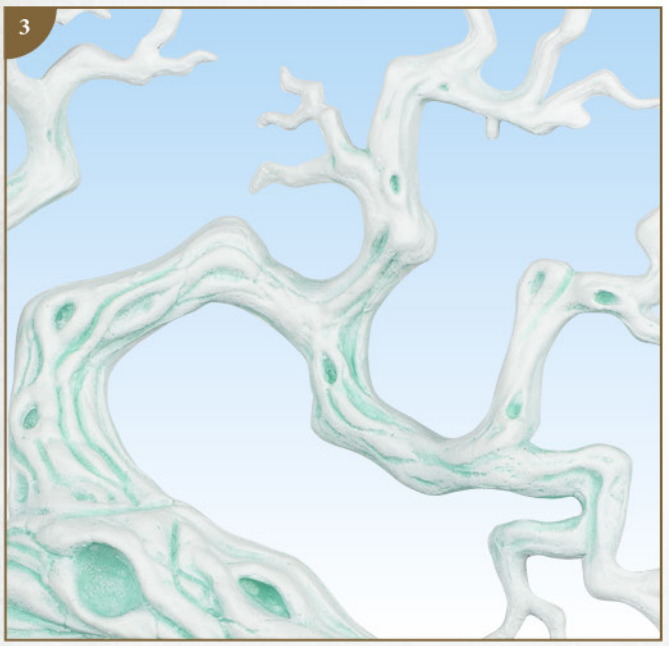




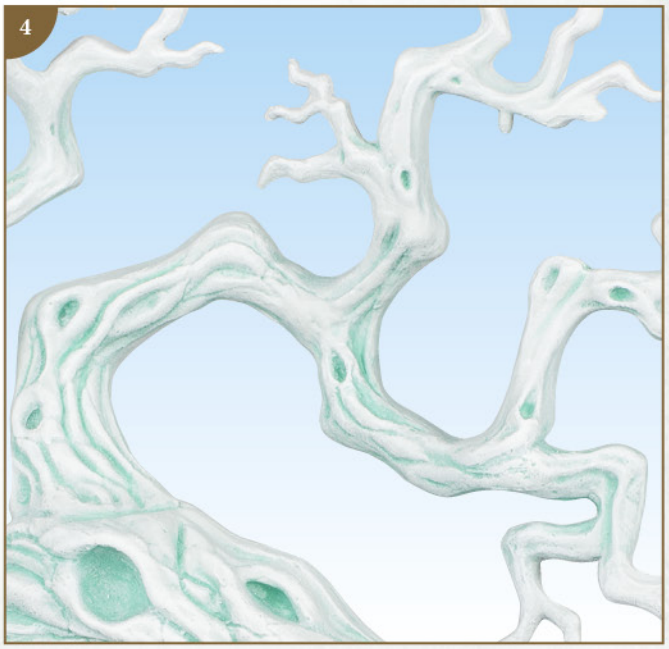
Undercoat the trunk and branches using Corax White Spray. Tilt and turn the model as you apply the paint to ensure even and complete coverage.



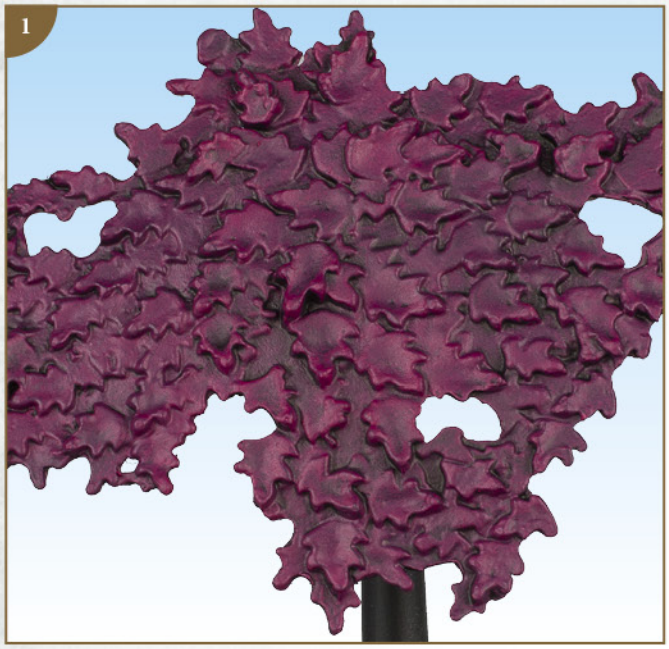
Next, apply a coat of Nihilakh Oxide Technical paint. This gives the tree bark its eerie verdigris hue. Focus on the trunk and lower branches, ensuring the paint reaches the recesses in the bark.



After giving the Nihilakh Oxide several hours' drying time, drybrush the entire area using Ulthuan Grey. Build up the paint until the effect covers the surface of the bark, but leave the green visible within the recesses.



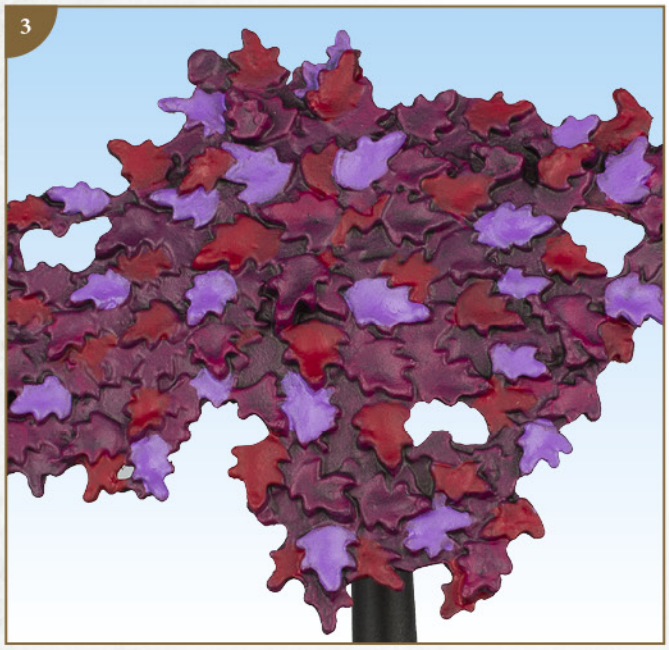
Drybrush the bark once more, this time with Wrack White. Employ the effect more subtly, allowing the paint to catch only the uppermost surfaces.



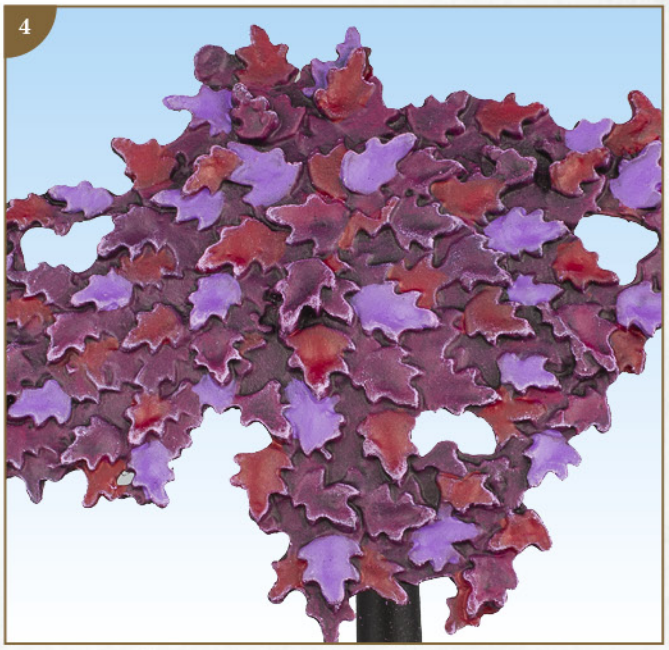
After spraying the foliage with Chaos Black, drybrush it with Screamer Pink Base paint. Apply it heavily to create the appearance of a dense canopy, but leave a little of the black visible in the recesses to simulate shadows.



Paint a number of leaves with Khorne Red Base paint, making sure they are evenly distributed.



Then paint some other leaves with Genestealer Purple Layer paint, again spacing them out evenly to create an attractive pattern. Leave some of the leaves Screamer Pink.



To finish, lightly drybrush the foliage with Changeling Pink. This brings together the underlying colours, softening the transition between the different tones.

OAKENBROW PAINTING GUIDE

Seeded amongst Ghyran's lush meadows from the first of Alarielle's soulpods, the noble warriors of Oakenbrow now flourish throughout the realms. In this guide, we'll share the secrets of painting sylvaneth Tree-Revenant miniatures in the colours of this most regal and powerful glade.



Unlike men and other mortal things, the sylvaneth are truly connected to their landscape. Sinking their roots into the ground, they draw upon the minerals their bodies require for growth and sustenance. As a consequence, each clan assumes the hues of their natural environment, making their colour schemes amongst the most varied of any *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* army.

Hailing from the verdant lands of Ghyran, Oakenbrow take on the rich hues of its fertile soil, while the deep patina of their barkflesh is testament to their maturity and regal demeanour.

The forms of Tree-Revenants, though reminiscent of ancient mortal wood-dwellers, feature many elements of the forest from which they hail. Just as they themselves are of the land, so too are the weapons they bear. One potent branchlimb bears a wicked talon, ready to eviscerate hapless foes, while its more humanoid counterpart grasps an elegant sword, axe or glaive – all potent conduits for the sylvaneth's fury.



The warm red-brown hue of this glade banner's border contrasts strikingly with the blue-green of its central design.



The Tree-Revenant Scion's antlers are painted in the same way as the dark bark shown opposite, while his tabard uses the colours of the red foliage.



Carefully clip your miniature from the sprue and use Citadel Plastic Glue to assemble it. Apply an undercoat of Corax White Spray, making sure of an even and complete coat.



Apply Dryad Bark and Deathworld Forest to the bark, Khorne Red to the leaves, and Caledor Sky and Balthasar Gold to the details shown above. Paint the blade Celestra Grey.



Shade the hair with Casandora Yellow, light bark with Athonian Camoshade, dark bark with Agrax Earthshade, blade with Coelia Greenshade, and leaves with Fuegan Orange.



Next, apply an even coat of Waywatcher Green Glaze paint to the face and torso.



Apply Pallid Wych flesh to skin, Screaming Skull to hair, Wild Rider Red to leaves, Ogryn Camo to green bark, Gorthor Brown to dark bark and White Scar to the blade and sigils.



Glue sand to the base using PVA and apply Rhinox Hide. Drybrush it with Balor Brown, then with Screaming Skull. Attach tufts of Mordheim Turf and paint the rim Steel Legion Drab.





THE WRATH OF THE EVERQUEEN

Alarielle had swiftly grown tired of watching others fight her battle. She had done that before and allowed herself to nearly abdicate the rule of her beloved realm. If Ghyran was going to be made hale once again, the goddess knew that she would have to take matters into her own hands.

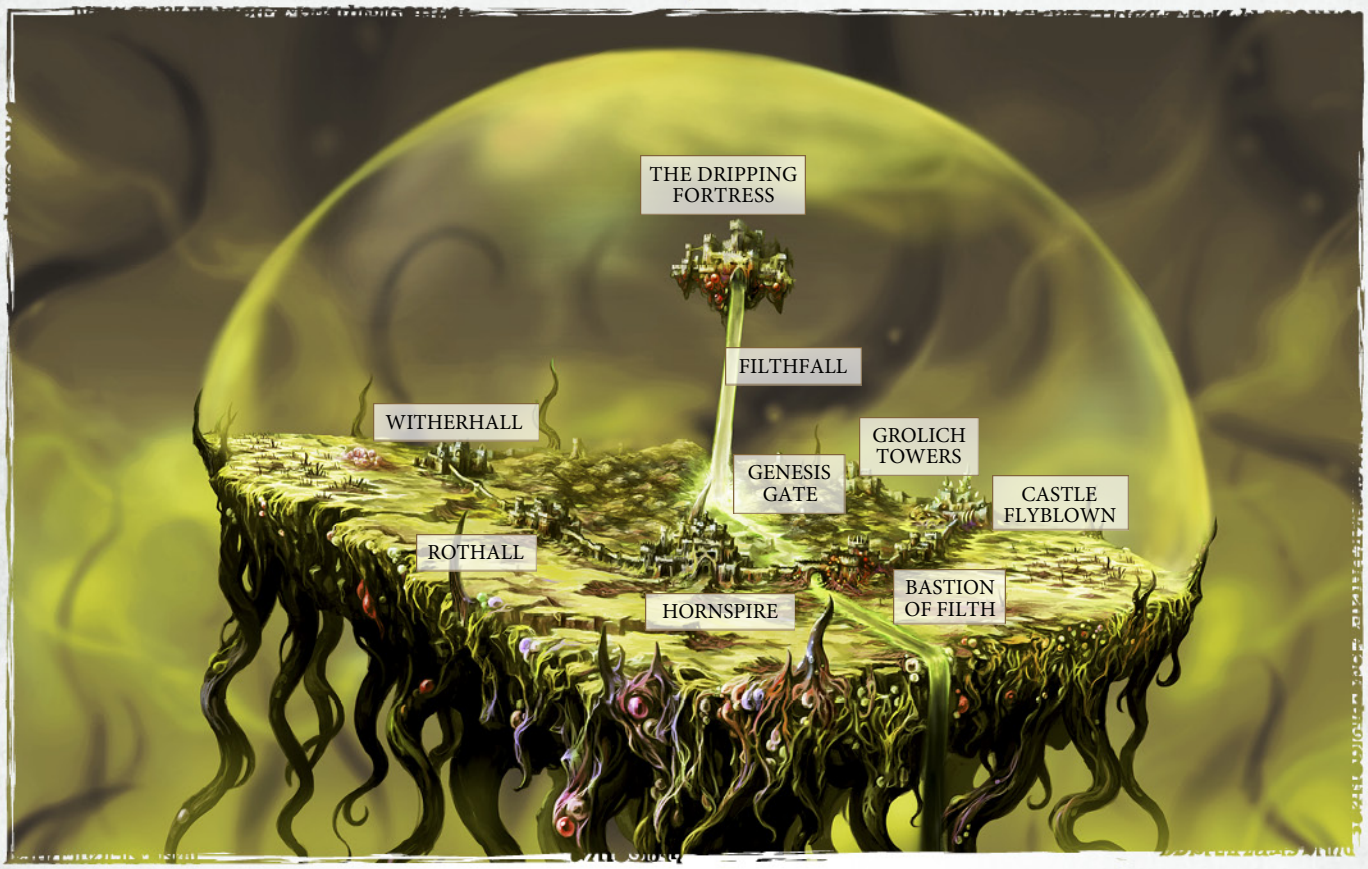
Alarielle advanced, her mount, the enormous wardroth beetle, toppling over all in her path. Following the goddess came an army of sylvaneth. Behind her, the battle for the Horned Gate continued as a Rotbringer counter-attack attempted to wrest back the walls captured by the Stormcast Eternals. Stardrakes could be seen engaging the upper towers, and the roars of Dracoths echoed far over the fields.

That conflict, however, was not Alarielle's foremost concern. Her eyes had been drawn elsewhere. In the distance, visible now in the clearing air, a disturbing image hung suspended in the skies. The massive sprawl of the Dripping Fortress could be seen. From its central arch there gushed a torrent of sludge-filled waters – the corrupted waterfall that was the Genesis Gate.

In ages past, the Genesis Gate waterfall had emptied into a pool, its glorious waters so clear that merdrakes could be seen many fathoms deep. In those days, the waters drained down into a river, which ran through a fair country of rolling green hills and ancient tree groves. The nightmare scene that greeted Alarielle's gaze now, however, was quite different.

The once-fair hills alternated between mounds of piled filth and enormous pustules – as if the ground itself had developed angry buboes. Each of these was stacked upon the next, glistening and ready to burst. The river was little more than liquid excrement, a daemon's brew of contaminants. The waters no longer splashed merrily down that steep course, but rather oozed in sickening fashion. Alongside the river ran a road, once lined with pleasant gardens; it now featured fortified towers, each surrounded by gibbets and festering dead, piled to attract all manner of scavengers, from writhing maggots to greedy Nurglings.





For many centuries, Alarielle had hidden within illusion-shrouded vales. For much of that period, she led a guerrilla war against her oppressors, sending out hit-and-run attacks or even leading the fight to temporarily reclaim places of power. Yet in the end, that defiance had withered as the goddess had fallen into a dream state. No longer.

Now, Alarielle saw what she had allowed to become of her paradise realm. Her anger was not the red rage of mortals, nor was it the fiery heat of daemons. Cold and merciless was Alarielle's fury. She continued her advance towards the Genesis Gate, exuding so much power that new life bloomed furiously in her wake. There would be a reckoning…

From the upper spire of the Dripping Fortress, Otto Glott looked out, all the way to the distant outer walls that ringed the Genesis Gate. Smoke was rising and many towers had fallen. He did not need his brother's witch-sight to know the defence fared poorly. Other movement, far from the walls, caught his eye. An army was marching up the roadway from the Horned Gate, moving alongside the brown, snaking river of filth. Even at that distance, Otto could recognise the cursed tree-folk. He turned to seek his brother, but was startled to find the mage already there.

'Greetings brother, a little slow today?' said Ethrac. 'Too much time conversing with Ghurk, perhaps?' Otto scowled, his habitual cheerfulness disappearing. 'You were coming to tell me of the tree-kin?' asked Ethrac, before his sibling could respond. 'That you feel their leader's presence? She is here, Blubberfool! She is coming to ruin all we have wrought!'

Otto heard the rare panic in his brother and smiled, his ebullience returning. 'Summon Ghurk, oh second favourite brother,' said Otto. 'Together we will fetch Grandfather a mighty prize.'

The way to the Genesis Gate was filled with enemies. Kurnoth Hunters moved off the gibbet-lined road to range ahead of Alarielle and the Wargroves. Led by Huntmasters, they launched ambushes and cleared the path, felling all manner of corrupted men, beasts, and monsters. Knowing their destination was the Genesis Gate, the eldest of Huntmasters, Brachylaena the Gnarled, attempted to lead the war party away from the larger threats, skirting fortified towers and sending out spites to lead foes astray. Alarielle's patience for ruses, however, was long spent. The time for misdirection and illusion was over. Now was the time for reaping. She marched head-on towards her foe by the shortest route possible.

Lowering its head, Alarielle's steed surged forward. The wardroth beetle charged every guard tower in its path, striking them like a living battering ram. The beetle's great pronged horns proved unstoppable. Each edifice shook, teetered and then toppled in a cloud of dust. Enemy spells and projectiles were wasted against the beast, for they bounced off its thickly armoured carapace.

With the sound of shifting rubble, the wardroth beetle piled over the ruins, dust-covered but unharmed. Any creature of Chaos that survived its onset fell prey to Alarielle's vengeful magic, as beast and corrupted human alike sprouted roots and boughs. With every stride of its legs, the wardroth deposited clouds of glittering pollens from the soul amphorae that hung from its carapace. Thus did the gigantic spite sow, even while it reaped.

The ground – once foetid and foul – was healed in the wardroth's wake. Behind it, what had once appeared as a blighted and ruined landscape was now covered in lush grasses and forests. So powerful was the magic in the pollen, enriched further by the glowing presence of Alarielle, that the soulpods grew immediately. New sylvaneth rose out of the broken ground, stretching tall before joining the ranks of the growing Wargroves that marched behind their lifemother goddess.

Alarielle ascended, climbing the festering hills. Here, the sylvaneth encountered the lead elements of the spawntide – a great slithering horde of beslimed beasts. At first, the creatures appeared in ones or twos and were easily picked off by the Kurnoth Hunters' greatbows.



When the enormous slug-like beasts began to appear in waves, however, all the sylvaneth were needed to stem their advance. Tree-Revenants of the Oakenbrow Glade died in droves before the Treelord Ancients arrived. With thumping fists and driving roots, they were able not merely to turn back the tide of the tentacled monstrosities, but to smash them all to pulp.

The Glottkin had descended from their castle and now stood beside the Filthfall, basking in its foul sprays. They had been busy. Otto had emptied the Dripping Fortress, sending all the plague legion reserves down to intercept Alarielle. Ethrac had despatched messengers through the Genesis Gate requesting more troops, before summoning daemons of his own. Ghurk had eaten everything too slow to escape his lumbering gait. As the castle was emptied, however, the monstrous creature was now uncommonly hungry. Just as his brothers had planned.

Standing on high ground beside the Filthfalls, the Glottkin looked out over a wide vista. The sylvaneth force had advanced far and at great speed, leaving verdant forests in their wake. Unless further reinforcements arrived, only the Rust Legion now stood between Alarielle's warhost and the contaminated waterfall that was the Genesis Gate. This would have been the perfect time for the skaven reserves to surface, catching the hated she-god and her army in the flank while they themselves were preparing to engage the enemy to the fore. When a three-eyed dronefly messenger landed upon Ethrac, he delicately popped it



Alarielle wields the ancient and powerful Spear of Kurnoth in battle.

into his mouth, absorbing all it had seen. The news was more terrible than even the gloomy plague sorcerer had imagined. The war was going poorly, with the Ring of Corruption on the verge of collapse. But there was worse news. As it turned out, the skaven reserves had joined the battle, but not against the foe. They had not emerged anywhere near their target, but had instead surged forth in the Flyblown Castle, the Plague Pontifex Skroglitch Twistspine himself leading a seemingly inexhaustible supply of ratmen. Out they came, screeching and chanting plague-verses from the Liber Bubonicus as they scurried forth from newly gnawed tunnels. The ratmen surged over the walls of Castle Flyblown, their attack directed upon the Chaos-controlled castle. They sought the commander of that stronghold, the Plague Master of the Gadcoven – the seventy-seventh, and most powerful, of the maggot-mages.

Although this new skaven horde fought against the sylvaneth and Stormcast Eternals when they got in the way, their attention was on another task. With the aid of the duplicitous Verminlord Sepskrik and the arcane battering force of a trio of Plague Furnaces, the skaven overran the keep, subduing the Chaos Sorcerer. Bound in warpchains, he was carried back to the tunnels. Deep below, a gnawhole had been opened, a passageway between realms chiselled by arcane technology and mutant beasts. When the unconscious Master of the Gadcoven awoke, he would find himself in Blight City, secreted so deeply that even the gods would not see what transpired. There, Pontifex Skroglitch Twistspine knew the corpulent sorcerer would divulge all his secrets.

Many skaven remained – mostly lesser clans that had been unaware of the double-cross, or those rival leaders whose aspirations had grown too dangerous. Those ratmen had no choice but to continue fighting, and they now fought not just the Stormcast Eternals and sylvaneth armies, but also the vengeance-seeking Chaos forces. The Glottkin knew that if victory was to be achieved, they must claim it themselves. As if sensing the coming battle, Ghurk reared up and issued forth a gurgling roar before striding down the steep hillside.

BENEATH THE GENESIS GATE

Alarielle and her sylvaneth forces advanced up the rolling hills, making their way towards the Genesis Gate. Where the goddess trod, the blighted land sprang up green and hearty, while before her, the path remained befouled. Here, the plight of all of Ghyran was made manifest.

As the Glottkin descended the steep path alongside the filthy river, Ethrac could sense the life powers of Alarielle. Although he and his brethren had fought the goddess before, the previous encounters had been during her waning. Then, the she-god had been more concerned with escape than battle. Never before had Ethrac felt such virulent purity. It was burning the lovely plagues out of the atmosphere, destroying the work they had striven so hard to achieve. Alarielle's presence was literally healing the lands beneath her feet. That very notion sickened him. More alarmingly, Ethrac suspected that if Alarielle's newfound spirit could get close enough to the vast reservoir of life magic that welled at the foot of the Filthfalls, she could turn corruption into renewal. Close to panic, he urged his enormous brother Ghurk on.

As they encountered more enemies, Alarielle and her Wargroves slowed their ascent. By the time they were halfway up the loathsome hills, the sylvaneth were less of a marching army and more a collection of dispersed forces – their front broken into a hundred smaller war parties. All still fought around Alarielle, attempting to surround her with a protective guard, but it was of little use. The goddess, defeating one opponent after the next, continually drove forwards atop her wardroth beetle, relentlessly carrying the assault on. Not even her bodyguard could keep pace. The Sons of Durthu – a towering formation of Treelords – used their swords to despatch ranks of Rotguard with every mighty swing, yet they still could not keep up nor match their patroness.

Whether caused by Alarielle's raging life magic or perhaps the disappearance of the fug, what had been an indistinct, watery sky now glowed with the reddish-gold light of a rising dawn. Nothing outshone the goddess herself. The Spear of Kurnoth flashed as it caught the slanting sun, and in rapid succession she felled a Slaughterbrute then cracked asunder the Rust Legion's Warshrine. The most bloated and powerful of the legion's champions were reduced to wilted husks as the Talon of the Dwindling filled the air with hissing sighs, reaping terrible damage. Without hesitation, her wardroth beetle hurtled into the ranks of the Rustcore – a hundred-strong formation of Chaos warriors. In a crush of breaking metal, the colossal beetle gouged or stomped its way through the press. Those foes not pulverized by her steed were morphed by Alarielle's magic, their forms used as fertilizer to spur on the sudden growth of entire new groves of trees.

Despite the onslaught of Alarielle and the sylvaneth, the Rust Legion kept coming. Endless ranks marched on, their myriad banners bearing dripping dedications to the powers of decay. Plaguebearers joined their ranks, the tallymen of Nurgle hoping to count the spoils. The leader of the Rust Legion was Lord Ranslug, a rising favourite of Nurgle. He dared to pit his corroded axe blade against the might of the Queen of the Radiant Wood, for Ranslug had vowed to present the goddess' severed head to the Glottkin.

Ranslug had a secret. The edge of his rusted axe bore a coating of sticky black. The tar-like substance had cost the Chaos Lord dearly, for he had traded his hoarded wealth for the poison. It came from Festus the Leechlord, who had won it on a wager with Kairos Fateweaver, favoured Greater Daemon of Tzeentch himself. Festus swore that one stroke from that poisoned axe would fell anything that lived – even a goddess.

Ranslug sent his Blightking bodyguard alone to combat the Sons of Durthu, so that he could save his poisoned blade for the target it was intended to slay. Fortune was with Ranslug, for he chanced upon Alarielle emerging from another grove of trees that had once been her foemen. The goddess was intent on destroying a Slaughterbrute and turning another armoured phalanx into a twisted copse of trees. She



paid the lone warrior scant attention. Ranslug advanced and was within a few strides when he staggered. Looking down, the Chaos Lord saw a gleaming arrow shaft sprouting from his chest. With rapid thuds, three more arrows joined the first. Looking up, Ranslug saw a Knight-Venator, his armour glinting in the sun's rays, his bow nocked. The last arrow felled the Chaos Lord, his axe clattering harmlessly upon the hillside. Tornus the Redeemed had joined the fray. Having slain Pustrol in the swamps, the Knight-Venator had then raced towards the battle raging amongst the hills. He sensed the power of death on the Chaos Lord's axe and targeted him specifically. Behind Tornus came scattered Prosecutor retinues and a brilliant gleam in the sky that could only be the Celestant-Prime.

Alarielle saw her allies join the battle, but paid them no heed. She could do this herself. They might suppose they had saved her, but in truth, she had sensed the axe's power, choosing to disregard its bearer to seek a more numerous target for her wrath. She had survived the worst contagions Nurgle could conjure, she was life magic embodied, and she feared no poisoned blade. Pulling the embedded Spear of Kurnoth out of another Slaughterbrute, the goddess continued her advance. There was nothing that could stop her.

Just ahead of Alarielle, the Glottkin had destroyed every sylvaneth they encountered. Ghurk's tentacle arm smashed down ancient Treelords, and his gargantuan feet stomped them into kindling. Ethrac sent arcane mucus-bolts to bring down Prosecutors that flew too close, while Otto swung his pitted scythe to lop limbs and heads from entire Tree-Revenant formations. It was Ethrac who first felt the presence of Alarielle approaching, and he steered his enormous brother Ghurk straight for the goddess.

Ghurk trudged forwards with ground-shaking strides, his one beady eye fixed upon the shining figure of the goddess before him. Alarielle paused and regarded the Glottkin with disgust for a moment, before spurring her wardroth beetle on. Despite his swollen physique, Otto was agile enough to strike the first blow. His long scythe swung down to pierce the wardroth's iron-hard exoskeleton, the poisoned blade digging deep into the beetle's vitals. Nothing, however, could slow the creature's momentum. Both Alarielle's spear and the wardroth's massive horns impaled Ghurk before the collision's impact sent him tumbling over and over. The smaller Glottkin were sent spinning off their gargantuan brother's spine-covered back.

The first to rise was Otto, his scythe blurring out to sever one of the wardroth's segmented legs before the beetle could lower its head and charge again. Shuffling forward, the beetle still attempted to gouge Otto before the tentacle-arm of the rising Ghurk came down, stoving in the wardroth's head so that the whole creature crumpled into a pile, legs twitching madly.

Alarielle fluttered clear of the wreckage, wings outspread. Enraged at the death of her companion, her piercing yell was not a shout of dismay, but a war cry, a siren song of death and vengeance. That cry echoed through the realms, stirring the heartwood of every sylvaneth creature. Every regent, king or queen, heard that call to arms and redoubled their own efforts to reclaim the Jade Kingdoms. In the unknowable Realm of Chaos, mighty Nurgle stood alone at his murkpool of seeing. When he heard that clarion call even he covered his ears and was staggered.

With a thrust of her spear, Alarielle skewered Otto, while she raked the Talon of the Dwindling into the enormity that was Ghurk. Twice the largest of the Glottkin brought down his whip-ended tentacle, and twice Alarielle nimbly danced away, each time alighting to drive her talon into Ghurk. The grotesque behemoth roared, for the claws drew out his life essence. He teetered, and then fell, shaking the earth. Ghurk's swollen body shrivelled as he howled in agony.



All this time, Alarielle struggled to wrench her spear out of Otto. While Ghurk writhed, the goddess turned her full attention to the task, using both hands in an attempt to wrest back her weapon. The impalement would have slain any mortal ten times over, but Otto Glott was bloated with unnatural toughness granted by his foul patron. Already, necrotic skin crusted over the wound as he attempted to pull himself up the gore-slicked shaft, hauling hand over hand in order to reach her.

The battle raged on around Alarielle and the Glottkin. The Sons of Durthu finished off the last of the Blightkings before forming a circle around the quick-moving duellists as they fought along the edge of the filth-ridden river.

Grunting and spraying blood, Otto groaned as Alarielle pulled her spear free. 'Not… not bad,' he said, with effort. 'You can dole it out, but can you take it?' Alarielle watched coolly as Otto's wound congealed, the hole no longer gushing but merely dripping a viscous fluid.

'You would challenge a god?' she asked dismissively. Otto replied not in words, but with a retching spew that sent the soul-corroding contents of his guts hurling towards Alarielle. With a wave of her hand, the goddess turned the bile-porridge into a pure mist. Her return smile was short-lived, as Ghurk had regrown to full size once again, and lashed out with his tentacle, smiting her. His lamprey arm reached out to finish the job.

Cackling through phlegm, Ethrac hobbled upright. 'My magics have grown my brother strong again. Strong enough to crush even you,' he mocked. A single drop of brilliant red appeared at the corner of Alarielle's fair lips. She focussed her power, and roots shot up from the ground, driving each of the Glottkin back, even mighty Ghurk. Almost effortlessly, she pushed them over the bank, casting them into the filthy water below.







BATTLEPLAN
THE KEY TO VICTORY



During a siege, it is when the walls are finally breached that the true battle begins. But rather than continue to grind down the fighting strength of the defenders through attrition, a canny commander will seek a means of victory that is swifter and far less costly. The exact nature of this course of action can vary wildly, from an attempt to capture the enemy commander or an important dignitary, to destroying the foundations of the enemy keep or poisoning the life-roots of a sylvaneth briarwall. In any case, such a coup can only be achieved by a determined assault. This battleplan represents just such a bold stratagem.

In the confusion of an ongoing siege, a small company of brave warriors have infiltrated the enemy fortress and now seek to fight their way towards their objective and bring an end to the conflict in one fell swoop. They must strike hard and fast to complete their mission before they are overwhelmed.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then they must decide who will be the gallant and who will be the guardian. Each player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher can pick who is the gallant and who the guardian.

GALLANT'S OBJECTIVES

You have been tasked with fighting your way through the enemy's fortress and reaching the Realmgate at the heart of their defences. In doing so, you can shut off their reinforcements and secure ultimate victory in the bloody siege taking place on the walls below. Your objective is in sight, but enemy patrols are standing guard; evidently rumours of your presence has spread. Your general must reach the Realmgate, for only they have the means to usurp its control from the enemy – shield them at all costs.

GUARDIAN'S OBJECTIVES

The magical scrying of your master's sorcerers has revealed the presence of an enemy host within your fortress walls. Their objective will undoubtedly be to take control of the Realmgate around which this stronghold was built. Your patrols are on high alert, but have yet to encounter the enemy directly. As soon as their location is discovered, bring all available forces to bear to crush the interlopers before they reach their target.

SKIRMISH ORDER

In order to avoid drawing too much attention whilst making their way through the fortress, the gallant army is pressing on towards their goal in limited numbers, having left much of their strength to keep the main enemy host occupied. Similarly, with most of their forces engaged in the fight on the walls, the guardian has few warriors to call upon.

As a result, in this battleplan, players can field no more than 5 units, and must use the minimum size as specified on each unit's warscroll. For example, if a unit's warscroll states that it 'has 10 or more models', the unit cannot include more than 10 models. Furthermore, each player can only include a single **MONSTER** in their army.



THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle takes place in a large courtyard leading up to the Realmgate's location. A few fortifications scatter the square, offering defensive outposts for the guardians and a modicum of cover for the gallant's advance.

First of all, the guardian sets up a single terrain piece so that it is touching the centre of the eastern table edge to represent the Realmgate – if the model is available, we suggest using a Baleful Realmgate. Players can either take it in turns to place a single fortification each, anywhere on the battlefield, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

SET-UP

The guardian sets up all their units first, anywhere in their territory. Each of the guardian's units must be placed at least 9" apart from one another. The gallant then sets up all of their units, anywhere in their territory.

FIRST TURN

The gallant decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

ON PATROL

The guardian's forces are searching for the intruders, but until they become alerted to their presence, they can only act as sentries. Whilst acting as sentries, the guardian's units move as follows:

SEEKING THE INTERLOPERS

At the start of each of the guardian's first two movement phases, both players roll a dice for each unit in the guardian's army. If the result is tied, the unit being rolled for stays put. If one player rolls a higher result than their opponent, that player can move





the unit being rolled for up to the difference in inches. For example, if the gallant rolled a 6 and the guardian a 3, the gallant could move that unit up to 3". Note that whilst they are acting as sentries, the guardian's units cannot run.

After all these moves have been made, the guardian can attempt to search for the enemy with any of their units that are within 6" of an enemy unit by rolling a dice. If the number rolled is equal to or higher than the distance in inches between the unit being rolled for and the enemy unit, the guardian's forces immediately become alerted to their foe's presence.

BECOMING ALERTED

The guardian cannot cast spells, charge or make attacks of any kind until their forces become alerted to the presence of the enemy. As soon as they become alerted, all of the guardian's unit can immediately act as normal from that moment on. The guardian's units will immediately become alerted if their sentries successfully search for the gallant's units (as described earlier), or if the intruders use a command ability, cast a spell, charge or make attacks of any kind. The guardian's forces automatically become alerted to the gallant's forces at the start of the third battle round.

EMPTY THE BARRACKS

Each time one of their units is wiped out the guardian can place it to one side, where it will be available to return later, as follows. At the start of each of their movement phases after becoming alerted to the presence of the gallant's forces, the guardian can bring on one of their units that has been wiped out earlier in the battle, setting them up anywhere within 6" of the eastern edge of the battlefield and more than 9" from an enemy unit. They cannot move in the subsequent movement phase.

VICTORY

The game ends immediately if the gallant's general is within 3" of the Realmgate at the end of a battle round, or has been slain. If the gallant successfully reaches the Realmgate with their general, they win a **major victory**. If one player wipes out all of their opponent's models that are on the battlefield before the end of the game, they win a **major victory**. Any other result is a **major victory** to the guardian.





The cascading waters swept the Glottkin away, battering them upon the rocks. As they were carried out of her sight, Alarielle dropped a single grub upon the ground. Where she stood, luxurious grasses were thickening. The grub grew swiftly, so that soon, a hulking wardroth beetle stood beside her once more. With a bound, Alarielle took flight, her wings a blur. With a tinkling sound like the breaking of glass, her steed shattered into a million swirling firefly motes that hovered near her. When Alarielle alighted at the foot of the Filthfalls, the specks of light solidified once more into her mount. Speaking words of power, she shone so bright that even the Celestant-Prime could not look upon her. Alarielle thrust her hand into the brown sludge. At once, a pulse went through the air, through the water, and through the ground as an influx of vitality surged across the lands. The waters flowed clean once more. With a straining effort, she closed the Genesis Gate, locking the path that led to the Allpoints.

There were many wars still to fight, but at long last, the tide had changed in the War of Life…



TAKE THE MERCURIAL GATE



THE IRONHOLDS

To save the Mortal Realms, all of the Realmgates leading to the Allpoints had to be closed. While each of the arcways presented their own unique dangers, it was Dracothion himself that came to warn Sigmar of the Ironholds. The Great Drake had read the star omens and sensed some lurking evil.

Of all the fortresses built to protect the Allpoints, none were so formidable as those constructed around the Mercurial Gate, the Realmgate that connected it to Chamon. Each of the defences – known collectively as the Ironholds – was huge, self sufficient and protected by nigh-impregnable ferrous walls. Besieging a single segment was difficult enough to achieve. Worse still, the fortresses were built with great cunning, so that they connected with each other to form a series of interlocking defences that could each support neighbouring castles.

According to ancient legends that tell of the Age of Myth, it was Sigmar that bade Grungni, Mastergod of Smiths, to design and construct the strongholds. Should attackers breach the first few lines of defence, they would come across a sea of molten metal that was deadly to all but the armour-plated monsters that thrived in its depths. But that was not all – the fortresses and metal bridges that connected them were mounted upon gears of enormous size. With a great grinding and clanking, they would move periodically like enormous puzzle pieces. Thus were even the best-laid plans foiled, for the pattern of movement was unknowable, the shifting fortresses too unpredictable.

During the Age of Chaos, Archaon led his forces eight times against the Ironholds, all to no avail. By this time, every other arcway had been secured, save only the locked gates of Azyr. On the ninth campaign, aided by Tzeentchian magic and a slew of betrayals, the Chaos forces won. Since then, the Ironholds had been turned into a Chaos stronghold like no other.

Sigmaron rumbled with thunder as it always did when the God-King brooded. Deep in thought was he, unravelling the cryptic warnings of Dracothion. The die was cast – the war against the Allpoints had already begun. There was nothing for it now but to see each battle through to its conclusion. Sigmar rose from his throne, pacing. He was but one. He hoped to reform his pantheon of old, but in the meantime, the God-King knew he must pursue his war against the gods of Chaos: the four Dark Brothers and the Great Horned Rat. In seven realms, his armies moved into position or were already embroiled in battle. The warrior in Sigmar raged, his pent-up fury sending lightning bolts arcing above the artificial ring that encircled the Broken World. Illuminated in flashes were laboratories, the forges of the Six Smiths, armouries and barracks. Strange apparatus pulled and grounded those bolts, harnessing the God-King's anger to fuel non-stop industry. Heedless, Sigmar paced. He longed for battle, to lead his armies from the fore, to feel the surge of power as his warhammer struck home once again. Yet Ghal Maraz was far away, in Ghyran, where the Celestant-Prime was just then approaching the Landshoals. And there were further armies, already assembled in the celestine vaults, waiting only for Sigmar to cast down the lightning that would send them into the fray. Heavy was his crown, but Sigmar knew he could not wage seven battles simultaneously, and that his place was in the Heavens, directing all. Each of his Stormcast Eternals bore within their reforged bodies a portion of Sigmar's own power, the glow of his divine spark. It was they that must lead the fighting. Concentrating, Sigmar stared, his sight penetrating mystic veil, aether, and clouds so that he gazed upon the shifting fortresses of the Ironholds. Summoning lightning, mighty Sigmar cast down his bolts…


DARKPEAK MOUNTAIN RANGE
IRONTRACK ROAD
THE SILVER ARCH
MERCURIAL GATE
CITADEL OF THE IRONHOLDS
BASTION ISLANDS
CRYSTAL SPINES
THE GREAT TOWER OF SUMMONING
THE MOLTEN SEA
THE SILVER BEACON



THAT WHICH CANNOT BE BROKEN

Long had Sigmar sought a way to defeat the seemingly impregnable Ironholds, the interconnected fortresses that surrounded the Mercurial Gate. The matchless defences must be overcome if the Realm of Metal was to be cut off from the Allpoints.

Grungni was missing. Sigmar knew that the great smith-god of the duardin would know how to breach the unbreakable defences of the Ironhold, but he could not be found. The Stormcast Eternals had searched all the realms for any signs of the Great Maker, concentrating especially upon Chamon, for it was richest in the precious metals that all duardin covet. However, the quests were to no avail. Grungni had not been seen since he last helped Sigmar fashion the Anvil of the Apotheosis, and designed the arcane science that enabled the God-King to create his immortal Stormcast armies.

Sigmar knew that the sooner he closed the Mercurial Gate, the sooner he could halt the influx of Chaos into the realm. If easy access to all the realms could be denied to the Dark Gods and Archaon, then the campaigns to restore order would stand a much better chance. As Sigmar could not enlist the aid of Grungni, he next sought the children of another duardin god – the Fyreslayers.

Those duardin that descended from the warrior god Grimnir had always been considered more belligerent and perhaps less wise than their kin descended from his brother Grungni. However, fiery dispositions aside, the Fyreslayers made stern allies. They were fierce warriors, and their oathbonds were their lives. Even if the Fyreslayers could not quite match their cousin's knowledge, they were still duardin, and were gifted in the arts of mechanisms, siegecraft, and rune-magic.

It had proven difficult for the Stormcast Eternals to win the loyalty of the Fyreslayers. During the long centuries of the Age of Chaos, the hot-blooded Fyreslayers had grown more truculent. Each lodge – the patriarchal family groups in which Fyreslayers lived –

fought hard to establish its own magmahold and mining territories. Their armies, or fyrds, travelled far in search of wealth. Although difficult to earn, Fyreslayer loyalty could be bought, for the right price.

Fyreslayers sought gold relentlessly, and if the offer was enticing enough, they would readily swear oathbonds to serve as mercenaries in exchange for the precious metal. This was no small thing, for the Fyreslayers were famed throughout the realms as berserk warriors born for war, and their oaths were not made or broken lightly.

Other races saw the Fyreslayers' constant quest for gold and assumed that they were driven only by greed. However, their motivations were very different. Long ago, in the Age of Myth, Grimnir was slain fighting against Vulcatrix, Mother of Salamanders. In that epic battle, god and godbeast destroyed each other, shattering into a million pieces that rained down like fire upon all the realms. In that blast their remnants merged, and where they landed volcanoes were born. Yet fragments of Grimnir's unquenchable spirit remained, now bonded with a metal the Fyreslayers knew as ur-gold. Only Fyreslayers – and particularly their war priests, the Zharrgrim – can tell the difference between gold and ur-gold. And for the Children of Grimnir, the gathering of ur-gold is nothing less than a religious experience, a holy quest that brings them closer to their deity.

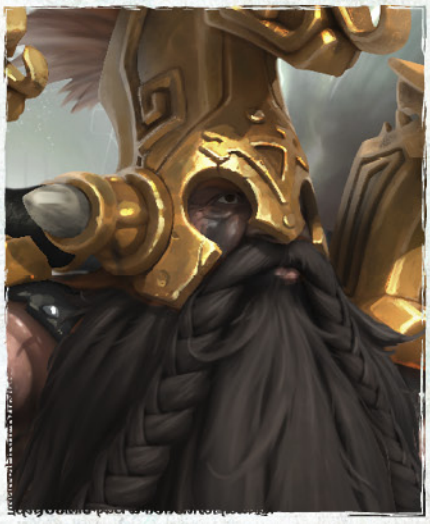


Ur-gold runes are a sacred source of power to the Fyreslayers.

Sigmar bade his Stormcast Eternals establish bonds with any Fyreslayers they could. Should they fail to win trust through reason or acts of valour, the God-King commanded his armies to simply hire them. So the celestial vaults were nearly emptied as the Stormcast Eternals paid vast sums of gold to secure the services of hundreds of Fyreslayer fyrds. The mercenaries could be found in every realm, but were especially prevalent in their homelands of Aqshy. While they mustered, the commanders of each mercenary fyrd were asked how they would defeat the Ironholds. All said the same, that the fortress stronghold could not be defeated. Only one, Runefather Hursgar-Grimnir, said more. His declaration was simple and straightforward: that which cannot be defeated must be bypassed…

RUNEFATHER HURSGAR-GRIMNIR

Runefather Hursgar-Grimnir is the Lord of the Greyfyrd lodge. From the heart of their largest magmahold, Gateswold, the grim patriarch has led his warriors into every one of the Mortal Realms, and claims to have slain every kind of creature that walks, slithers or flies. As the Greyfyrds won great renown as mercenaries, Hursgar prospered, bringing in rivers of ur-gold to smelt within the holy forges of his magmahold. Although already considered long-lived by his sturdy kind, Hursgar remains hot-blooded, as if he were a warrior in the prime of his life. Indeed, the Runefather prefers to lead from the front. The Greyfyrds are hired for a great many mercenary jobs, far too many for Hursgar to attend to them all personally, and so for the lesser tasks Hursgar will send one of his many sons. However, the Runefather insists upon leading all the most important (and highest paying) oathbonds taken by the lodge. In battle, Hursgar rides a Magmadroth, Vulkdar, a beast whose fiery temper is an echo of his own.



To assail the Ironholds, the fortress complex that could not be defeated, Sigmar mustered over forty Stormcast chambers. In this endeavour, Fyreslayer fyrds by the score would aid the warriors from Azyr. Every assault would be launched simultaneously, striking across the myriad interlocking strongholds. Although he did not tell his warrior legions, Sigmar did not doubt that every one of those assaults would fall short of breaching those nigh-impregnable walls. They would, however, prove an invaluable service – drawing all eyes and reinforcements away from the one foray that might crack open the fortress lines.

Long before the lightning strikes split the Heavens and delivered the frontal assault upon the main walls of the Ironholds, a single coalition had already begun the siege. Several Warrior Chambers and fyrds had begun months previously. Massing together a dozen Fyreslayer Runesmiters alongside several Runemasters from different lodges, the underground strike force had begun a massive tunnelling operation.

The idea had come from Runefather Hursgar-Grimnir, patriarch of the Greyfyrd lodge. The black-bearded Fyreslayer had looked from a distance upon the shifting Ironholds and then vehemently refused to make an oathbond to attack them. He felt it was not possible to breach those walls through any siegecraft, not even if they had ten times the number of attacking troops at their command. The only way to defeat such a well-designed deathtrap was to avoid it altogether.

The obvious way to bypass the massive walls, and the puzzling way in which they shifted, was to fly over them. This, however, was to court certain death. Observations revealed strange floating mines, warding spells and tall obelisks that cast webs of black lightning. Together, these defences ensured that not even a sparrow could pass safely overhead. Tunnelling had been previously discounted, for beyond the first layer of defences lay the Molten Sea. The Runesmiters' ability to channel the molten veins of the earth was powerful, but it would take more than that to core deeply enough to burrow beneath the Molten Sea. Only a team of Runesmiters together could generate enough power to do so, and even then they would require the volcanic channelling ability of the Runemasters.

The underground strike force was placed under the command of Thostos Bladestorm, a Lord-Celestant of the Celestial Vindicators. It was his plan to lead his Warrior Chamber, along with a strong contingent of Fyreslayers, under the mechanised fortresses and deep beneath the Molten Sea. The undertunnellers would seek to emerge upon one of the bastion islands and then divide into two forces. One would



THOSTOS BLADESTORM, LORD-CELESTANT

The Celestial Vindicators were forged not from those who implored Sigmar for salvation, but from those who demanded a chance for retribution. All of their number had endured some atrocity in their mortal lives, some horrible incident that drove them to seek an eternity of revenge. None of all that Stormhost could surpass Thostos Bladestorm in the intensity of his rage. Thostos' quest for battle was as relentless as his loathing of the corruptions of Chaos. As Lord-Celestant, Thostos led a Warrior Chamber, and has twice been recognised for his valorous deeds by the God-King Sigmar himself. It was Thostos Bladestorm who discovered Sigmar's missing warhammer, Ghal Maraz, and he and his Warrior Chamber were instrumental in aiding Vandus Hammerhand in returning it. When fighting against the Tzeentchian Sorcerer Ephryx's Mutalith beast, Thostos had fused with his armour – turning for a time into living sigmarite. Although he returned to his form, his skin was unnaturally toughened and his loathing of Chaos only increased.



head back across the fortified bridges, aiming to assist the main assault by opening gates and throwing the defending armies into a panic. Meanwhile, the second group would advance to the main island in the middle of the Molten Sea and attempt to seal the Mercurial Gate, blocking any reinforcements from arriving from the Allpoints.

It was a desperate plan, with many chances for catastrophic failure. It seemed likely that their passageway would collapse under the tremendous pressure of the Molten Sea above, or that they would misjudge the whereabouts of the island and bore upwards to an agonising death in boiling metal. But Runefather Hursgar-Grimnir had faith in the expertise of his Runesmiters, and thus the oathbond was made.

Hursgar spat and watched it sizzle, gauging the heat of the tunnel. 'It won't be long,' he said, 'I can feel surface air, can't you smell it?' Thostos could not, but after months underground, he was more than ready. Patience had never been one of the Lord-Celestant's strong points, and the long, dark journey had done nothing to improve this. It seemed they had been marching endlessly, their only light source the angry red magma summoned by the Runesmiters to melt their path forwards.

On and on they had trudged, the pace wearisome and slow. The Fyreslayers were sturdy, but their requirements of resting, eating, and sleeping far surpassed the meagre needs of the Stormcasts. Upon that underworld trek there was too much time. Even Thostos, not one given to introspection, had recalled memories. Since his Reforging, this had become more difficult – the only thing that remained clear to him now was a burning desire for vengeance. In that regard, Thostos felt he must have glowed as red hot as the stone through which they tunnelled. Runesmiter Augorn turned away from his rock melting, his beard alight with sparks. 'If we ranged correctly, and the isle hasn't moved, we will break the surface shortly,' he yelled.

Thostos drew his runeblade and hefted his warhammer. 'Thank Sigmar,' he said, 'the wait is almost over.'



FIRE FROM BELOW

For over five hundred years, the Mercurial Gate had been in Archaon's hands. All attempts to retake it had met with bitter defeat. Now, the Stormcast Eternals, with Fyreslayer mercenaries, planned a daring strike deep within the moving strongholds, but nothing could prepare them for what lay ahead.

The timing was perfect. The tunnel on the bastion isle opened up only a short time after the main assaults upon the Ironholds had begun. Troops from the interior fortresses had already been called forth, so when the towering geyser of flame burst from out of the ground in the centre of one of the bastion islands, Thostos and his troops met only half of the fortresses' regular garrison.

Each of the bastion islands had a sorcerer in command. It was their task to tend the blue flames that powered the arcane gear-generators, and also to direct the Ironguard – the mindless warriors who performed endless sentry duty. The isle under attack was commanded by Trispherix, a disciple of the Seventh Circle of Tzeentch. In all his days of service, he had never seen a foe reach as far as his island. Indeed, not since Sigmar himself led the first counter-attack to retake the Ironholds had any assault reached so deeply into the maze of fortresses. Although his mind could melt metal, Trispherix stood stunned as he watched the fireball arc skyward. Beneath it, a great hole had been made in the island fortress' courtyard. The gap was surrounded by a broken ring of tilted flagstones and piles of red-hot magma. Shadows moved in the rising smoke. There could be no doubt that the isle was under attack, and the 'For Sigmar!' battle cries confirmed it.

Unlike their sorcerous commander, the Ironguard reacted like clockwork, rushing into position along towers and ramparts and marching out in perfect formation to confront the invaders in the courtyard.



The Stormcast Eternals and Fyreslayers sought to seize the gates and towers as quickly as possible. As per their battle plan, strike teams surged from the tunnel in prearranged directions. The isle itself was square and held many fortifications, the largest of which were situated on each corner.

Thostos Bladestorm was first out of the tunnel, leading the attack the only way he knew how – from the front. The Lord-Celestant's blade and hammer crackled with pent-up energy, and he struck down all who opposed him. For their part, the Fyreslayers proved to be deadly on the attack – Magmadroths spewed flaming bile to burn out bastion defenders, while Runemasters called forth molten rock to topple towers.

It did not take Trispherix long to appreciate how dire the situation was becoming. The roar of Magmadroths, the clash of steel and the thundering of lightning hammers advanced ever closer. Snapping out of his panic, twisted incantations for summoning daemons spilled from his lips. He pulled upon the rich veins of raw magics that leaked through the Mercurial Gate. Soon, all around Trispherix, Horrors cackled. With a hand motion, he sent them bounding towards the encroaching foes. Next, the Tzeentchian sorcerer chanted the sacred words to awaken the iron spirits. Immediately, he felt the black-metal castle fill with energy. Wherever foes neared the walls, the skulls and cruelly beaked faces embedded in those metal edifices belched hellfire at them. Looking over the ramparts, however, Trispherix saw only doom. The turquoise-armoured Stormcasts had broken the Ironguard and were closing. The gates would soon fall, allowing the invaders onto the last fortified bridge to the Mercurial Gate. Trispherix realised failure meant death, but he knew more than that. If the enemy took the Mercurial Gate, not even in death would he be able to hide. Grimacing at such thoughts, he sent forth his winged familiar to deliver a last message, and then he prepared the spell of awakening. He must summon forth that which slept in the Molten Sea. His demise was now assured, but Trispherix smiled wryly. He knew he had avoided a worse fate: the ire of Archaon himself.



With every hammer blow and every sword stroke, Lord-Celestant Thostos Bladestorm sought satisfaction, yet his vengeance could not be sated. A whirling blur of blue, Thostos hacked into the enemy, and the Liberators and Retributors following were unable to match their leader's furious pace.

Even as the last of the Chaos Warriors fell to the Stormcasts' onslaught, the first blue and pink bolts of eldritch energy began to rain down. Ahead, multi-armed daemons chanted in shrill, unnatural voices, their spells manifesting as bolts of magical flame. Bursting in multi-coloured blossoms, the strange missiles struck home, some glancing off sigmarite armour and others melting all they touched. Every time a foe died, and the blue bolt shot back to the Heavens, the Horrors capered and gibbered with what sounded like the laughter of the insane.

Pressing through the otherworldly flames, Thostos charged the Horrors. Although their deadly spells wreaked havoc, the gangly-limbed daemons could not stand long against the wrath of the Celestial Vindicators. Soon enough, the lightning hammers of the Retributors were unleashing their thunder upon the tower gates, the metal splintering with every blow.

In the opposite corner of the bastion isle, Runefather Hursgar-Grimnir led his Auric Hearthguard to similar success. Molten blasts from magmapikes silenced the daemonic skulls upon the walls that belched out hellfire or drooled poisons upon those below. No portcullis could withstand the battering claws of the magmadroths. Tower after tower fell, and it seemed only a matter of time before the bastion isle was captured.

All the Fyreslayers and Stormcasts turned to the last cluster of towers, from which rose a geyser of multi-coloured flame. Expecting some new arcane devilry, they watched the shining light climb high until, at last, it exploded brighter than a sun.

No sooner had this magical flare lit the sky than the Molten Sea began to bubble and writhe ominously. Up rose Argentine, the Silver Wyrm of Anvrok. As the godbeast uncoiled, it absorbed the liquid metal, which hardened over its scales into another layer of silver plating. So enormous was the creature that metallic tidal waves washed over the land as it moved. Rising to blot out the sun, Argentine shook the excess molten silver from its lithe body, sending lake-sized droplets cascading down in a deathly rain.

As Argentine's roar of awakening echoed across the void, Sigmar heard it from his palace high in the Heavens above Azyr. He rose from his throne, his fists clenched, for even the God-King could know fear.

It was known that Argentine, the Silver Wyrm, had been turned to the service of the Dark Gods long ago by none other than Archaon himself. Yet the God-King had not reckoned upon the zodiacal beast's presence near the Mercurial Gate, assuming that the notoriously slumbersome creature had slithered down to sleep within the Great Cauldera. Yet Sigmar himself had been deceived, led astray by the illusions of Tzeentch. Dracothion, however, had looked down from the Heavens and seen that the Molten Sea was not as it seemed.

Stretching down from the skies, Argentine looked upon the Stormcasts and Fyreslayers, mere specks far below. Contemptuously, he breathed out a blast of warpfire, blackening half of the bastion isle. Even as the godbeast drew back, gathering itself to unleash a still-mightier tempest of fire, a bolt from the Heavens struck, sizzling along the entirety of the godbeast's massive length.

To the onlookers below, it seemed as if the sky itself was moving, stars flickering across the Heavens even in the light of day. Dracothion had come, the Great Drake, ruler of the Night Sky, Hunter-King of the Azyrite Cosmos. His roar of challenge shook the air itself. Argentine snaked upwards, rising to the challenge, eager to clash once again with his greatest rival.

Thostos rose first. The Lord-Celestant's sigmarite armour had held against the wash of extreme heat as the isle was flooded, but it had been agonising. Looking around the courtyard, he reckoned only half of his Warrior Chamber remained. Beside him, Hursgar-Grimnir emerged from Vulkdar's protective coils. He looked in wonder upon his mount's scales, which still glowed from being splattered by the surging tide of the Molten Sea. Sparks flew from his black beard and crest. 'Grimnir's Axe!' he exclaimed, looking open-mouthed at the titanic duel in the Heavens. 'That is Argentine, bane of my forefolk. Take the Mercurial Gate was the oath, and I thought it could be done. But nothing was said of godbeasts!' The Fyreslayers were not armoured, and although they were accustomed to forge-heat, the surge of boiling metals and the silver rain that followed had proven too much. Perhaps only a hundred survived.

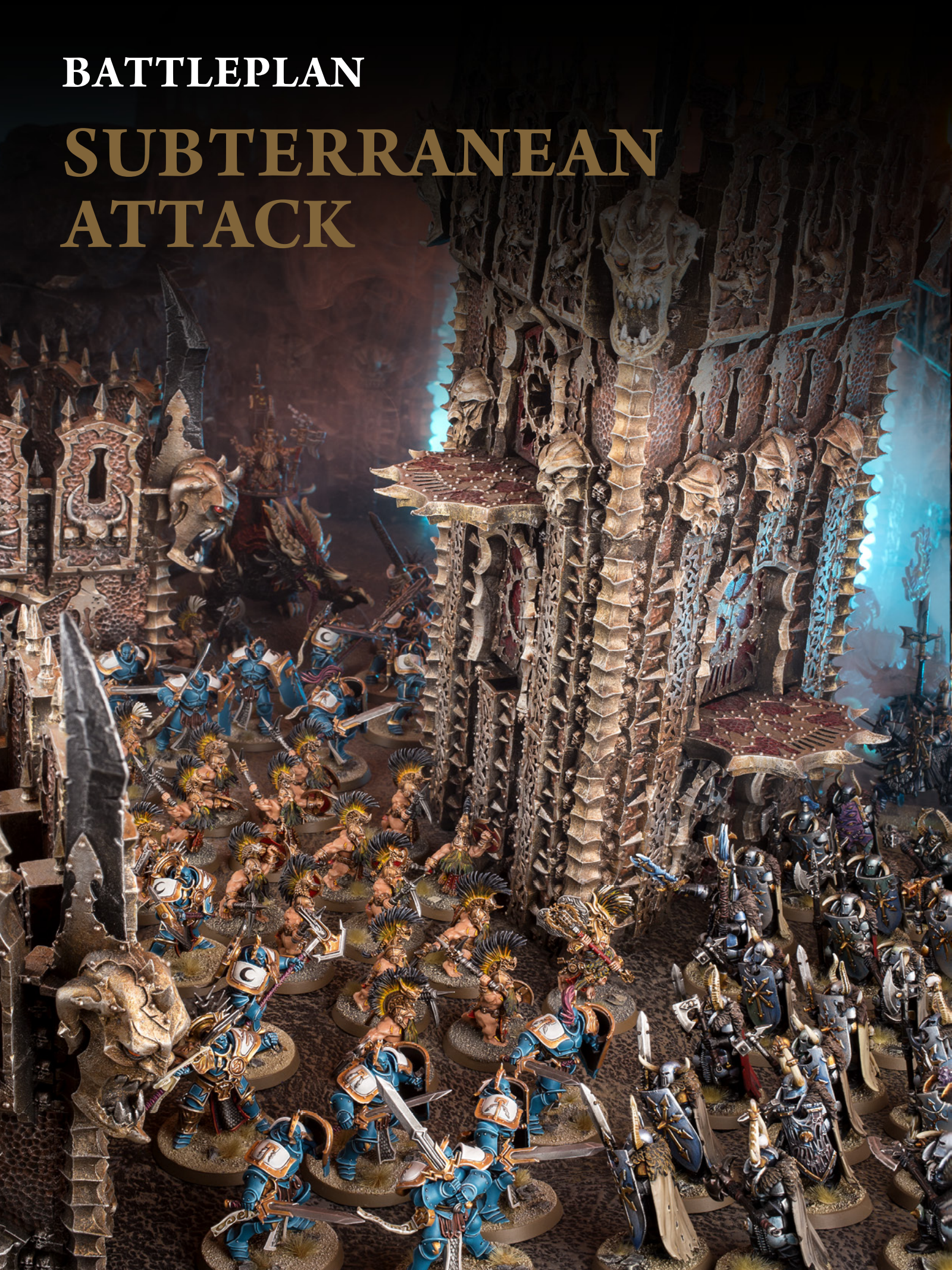
From atop the ruins of a battered wall Thostos gazed out. 'We go on,' said the Lord-Celestant. 'If all of us make for the Mercurial Gate, we can shut it forever. Dracothion will keep the Silver Wyrm at bay – if not, we will die by warpfire. In the meantime, we have a task to complete.' For a tense moment, immortal man and venerable duardin looked upon one another, neither breaking their gaze.

'Ha!' barked Hursgar, revealing a crooked smile that was missing a fair few teeth, the replacements glinting gold. 'Well spoken. Fight 'til the battle is over. S'only right. We will stay – Greyfyrds always keep their oaths.'

Thostos gave the signal, and as one the remaining Stormcasts moved around the puddled courtyard towards the bridge to the Mercurial Gate. Without pausing, Hursgar signalled for his fyrd to follow.

BATTLEPLAN

SUBTERRANEAN ATTACK



A wise commander will consider all available options before resorting to assailing a fortress' walls directly. Indeed, many of the mightiest strongholds in the realms are all but inviolable to a conventional attack. Where this is the case, the attackers must find another way to gain entry; one such way is to tunnel beneath the walls. Whether by marching through the ragged warpstone-drilled holes of the skaven Clans Skryre, the smooth, magma-carved tunnels of the Fyreslayers, or perhaps even by traversing the realmroots of the sylvaneth, attacking in this manner can catch the enemy unprepared.

In order for such a stratagem to work, the tunnellers must aim for an area large enough to accommodate their forces on arrival. Upon breaking through to the surface, the attackers must strive to claim the defensive towers surrounding them lest their attack be swiftly cut short by heavy crossfire and enemy reinforcements once the danger has been realised.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then they must decide who will be the tunneller and who will be the castellan. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then they must be the tunneller. Otherwise, each player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher can pick who is the tunneller and who the castellan.

TUNNELLER'S OBJECTIVES

Through cunning and artifice, you have found a way to tunnel beneath the enemy's nigh-impregnable walls to deliver a host of warriors within their fortifications. You must make the most of the advantage that such a bold move will bring to storm the defensive towers around the courtyard perimeter. With your entry point secure, you will be free to open the main gates from within and assail the enemy's keep directly. But do not tarry – should the enemy recover their wits, they will swiftly drive you from their fortress.

CASTELLAN'S OBJECTIVES

The enemy are behind your walls! They have circumvented your stronghold's most formidable fortifications and forced an underground breach within a lightly defended inner courtyard. Mercifully, that plaza is encircled by four towers that are garrisoned by seasoned warriors. Ensure that they hold these invaluable bastions for as long as possible, to buy enough time for reinforcements to be mustered and sent to aid them. If you lose control of the bastions, your enemies will secure a foothold within your walls, and that cannot be allowed!

CAUGHT IN A CROSSFIRE

The tunnellers may have penetrated the stronghold's outer defences, but the castellan can still catch them in a deadly crossfire.

If one of the castellan's units attacks an enemy unit in the shooting phase, they can add 1 to any hit rolls they make for any of their units that subsequently attack that unit in the same phase.

DEMOLITION CHARGES

The tunnellers are equipped with a number of explosive charges.

Units from the tunneller's army can use demolition charges in their shooting phase, as well as any other missile weapons they have. The target must be within 5" and garrisoning a fortification. Roll a dice; on the roll of a 4 or more, the target unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.



THE BATTLEFIELDS

The large courtyard in which this battle takes place is bereft of cover, with the exception of the four towers that rise above each corner of the square.

The castellan sets up four terrain pieces anywhere within 6" of each corner of the battlefield to represent the towers. If the models are available, we suggest using Skull Keeps, Overlord Bastions, Ironskull Bastions or Direstone Redoubts to represent the towers.

SET-UP

First of all, the castellan sets up four of their units so that each is within or garrisoning one fortification or terrain piece. Then, they place the rest of their units to one side; they will arrive later in the battle as reinforcements.

The tunneller then sets up all of their units anywhere within their territory (see map).

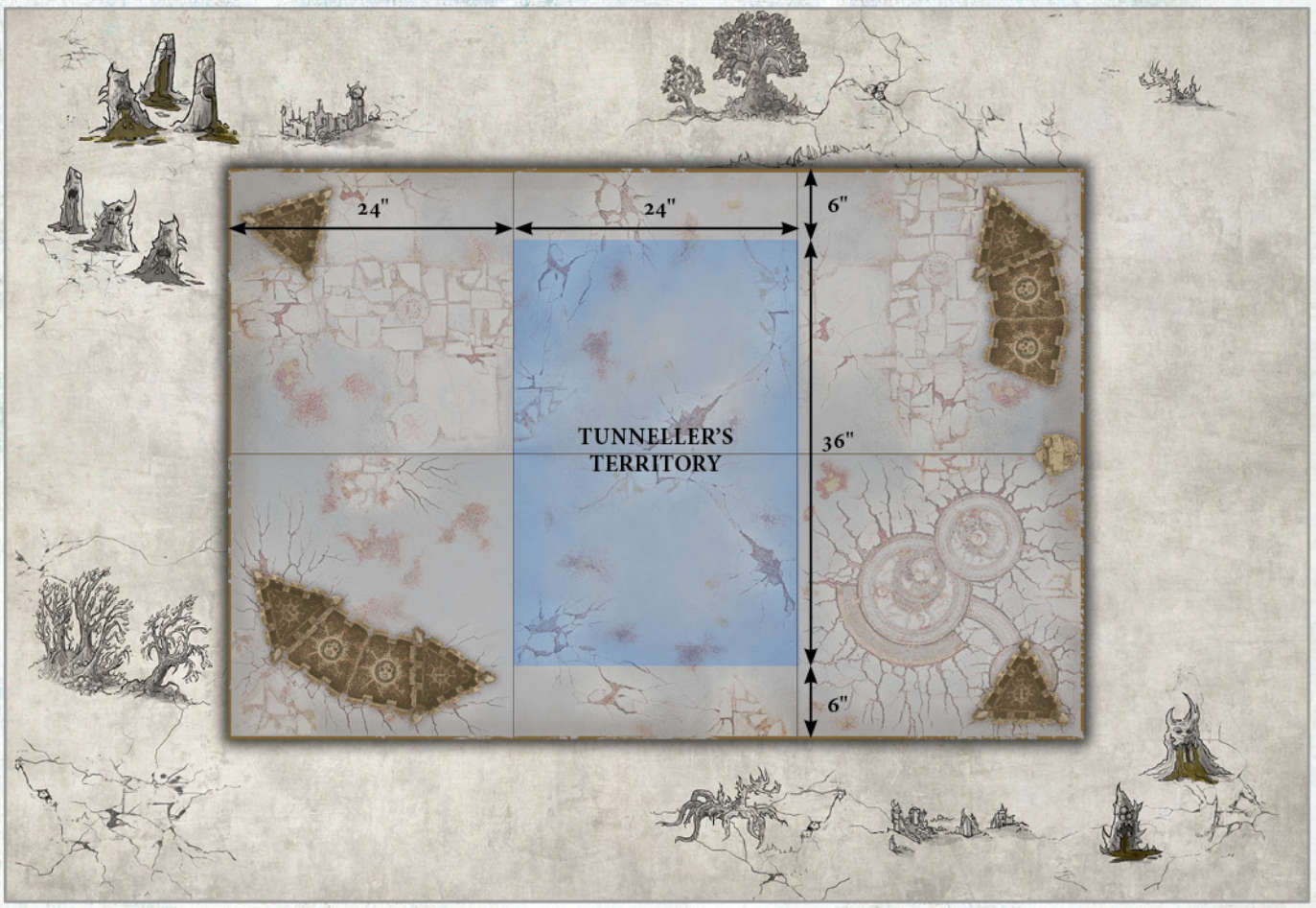
FIRST TURN

The tunneller decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

WARE THE INTRUDERS!

The key to a fortress' survival often lies in effective communication as much as it does the tenacity of its defenders. Should a breach occur, it is paramount that word can be swiftly passed amongst the garrison and its strength redeployed accordingly.

At the start of each of the castellan's turns after the first, they can set up D3 units of reinforcements within 6" of any edge of the battlefield, and more than 3" from an enemy unit. This counts as their move for that turn.





VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. The game lasts for five battle rounds, or until one side is wiped out. If one player wipes out all of their opponent's models before the end of the game, they win a **major victory**.

If both sides have models remaining at the end of the fifth round, victory is determined by who has control of the courtyard's towers at the end of the battle. A tower is controlled by the player that has the greatest number of models on or within the fortification or scenery piece when the game ends.

If the tunneller controls three or four towers, they win a **major victory**; if they control two towers, they instead win a **minor victory**.

If the tunneller controls only a single tower, the castellan wins a **minor victory**. If the castellan remains in control of all four bastions at the end of the battle, they win a **major victory**.

GREYFYRD PAINTING GUIDE

Fyreslayers will swear their unbreakable warrior oaths to any with enough gold to pay for their services. With their glowing ur-gold runes, intricate weapons and impressive crests and beards, they're a striking army and a painter's delight.



Powerful, proud and instilled with the might of their warrior god, the Vulkite Berzerkers of the Greyfyrd lodge are truly a force to be reckoned with, their black beards and crests smouldering from within like the coals of a forge-fire. These oathbound mercenaries form the heart of the Fyreslayers' armies, and make up the bulk of the lodges' fyrds. Though they fight for payment in gold, material wealth is not their primary motivation. What these duardin truly seek are traces of ur-gold that may lie hidden within its mundane counterpart, for they believe that this precious metal is what remains of their shattered god, Grimnir. Smelted into sigils by their Runemasters, then hammered into their sturdy torsos, the ur-gold glows whenever the Fyreslayers enter battle, and imbues the warriors with a vestige of Grimnir's godly strength. When this power is harnessed, Fyreslayers hurl themselves into the enemy, whose weapon blows glance harmlessly off their flesh. The duardin's own fyresteel greataxes are hefted with such crushing strength that the foe's armour is cloven through as though it were naught but parchment.



The heat of the forge lingers forever within a Berzerker's axes. They're painted using Leadbelcher, Retributor Armour, Nuln Oil and Runefang Steel.



This Hearthguard's flamestrike poleaxe features a burning brazier. To paint the flame, apply Lamenters Yellow, Fuegan Orange, Carroburg Crimson and lastly Nuln Oil.



Assemble the model using Citadel Glue, then spray the miniature with an even coat of Corax White. When the undercoat is dry, apply the following paints to the model:



Cadian Fleshtone (skin), Retributor Armour (gold), Leadbelcher (silver), Fire Dragon Bright (hair), Lamenters Yellow (flame), Mephiston Red (cloth), Khorne Red (runes).



Reikland Fleshshade (skin, gold), Nuln Oil (silver), Agrax Earthshade (cloth), Carroburg Crimson (eyes) Fuegan Orange (flame), Fire Dragon Bright (runes), Flash Gitz Yellow (hair).



Kislev Flesh (skin), Runefang Steel (gold, silver), Evil Sunz Scarlet (cloth), Flash Gitz Yellow (runes, eyes), Abaddon Black (hair), Carroburg Crimson (flame).



Flayed One Flesh (skin), Fire Dragon Bright (cloth), Administratum Grey (hair), Nuln Oil (flame).



Attach sand to the base using PVA, then apply Mechanicus Standard Grey, and drybrush with Karak Stone and Screaming Skull. Paint the rim using Steel Legion Drab.



Berzerkers of the Greyfyrd lodge charge into battle against the Ironguard.



The warriors of the fyrds match the power of ur-gold against the arcane might of Tzeentch's followers.



WHISPERED WORDS

The assault upon the Ironholds – the citadel wherein stands the Mercurial Gate – nears its destination. Yet as they cross the great metal bridge that spans the Molten Sea, the Stormcast Eternals and the Fyreslayers face a mind-storm of whispered manipulations that threaten to break their alliance.

As night fell over the Ironholds, the battle in the Heavens still raged. Roars shook the horizon as the zodiacal beasts clashed. Constellations rippled and the firmament itself seemed to tear as Argentine slid through before disappearing into darkening skies.

Thostos led what remained of the Bladestorm Warrior Chamber. Beside him went Hursgar-Grimnir and his remaining Fyreslayers. They were but one long march away from their goal. As twilight fell, a final archway could be seen in the fading light, still many leagues away. Beyond that rose a monolithic keep – the central citadel of the Ironholds and home of the Mercurial Gate.

'The whispered word can be stronger than steel.'

- Aphorism of the Gaunt Summoners

Thus far, luck had been on Thostos' side. The lengthy bridge had shifted into perfect position even as the last of the bastion isle's towers fell. Had it not spun into place, the attack would have been for naught, for though the rise of the godbeast Argentine had drained or washed away much of the Molten Sea, the liquid metal was still too deadly to cross save by the great bridgeway.

It had been Thostos who hammered out the life of the last defender of the bastion isle – a cackling, flame-casting sorcerer. His final curses predicted a terrible doom for the Lord-Celestant, but Thostos merely brought down his warhammer one final time to silence the hated minion of the Dark Gods. He was a living embodiment of his Stormhost's maxim: 'Vengeance, without mercy, without malice.'



The bridge was made of metal, so wide a thousand men could walk it abreast. Each side of the bridge was fortified with towers, walls and ramparts. Most defences were abandoned, their garrisons already called forth to reinforce the forward fortresses. Those Ironguard that remained, however, marched out in lockstep to do battle. The walls themselves were sentient. Great blades flicked out, cutting in twain any foolish enough to walk within their reach. The leering skulls embedded within the walls opened metallic mouths to pour out eldritch fire that could melt a Fyreslayer, or cook a Stormcast Eternal alive in his armour. To avoid these dangers, Thostos lead his troops down the middle of the vast span. Of the most dangerous threat, however, the Lord-Celestant remained unaware. The forces of Order were not alone on that last bridge to the Mercurial Gate.

Something was not right. Thostos could not put his finger upon it, but a feeling of disquiet had fallen over him, and seemingly all the Stormcasts as well. They advanced in silence; the only sound was their armour clanking as they marched along the metal bridge. Paranoia and self-doubt seemed to creep around the edge of his thoughts: this task was too easy. They were walking into a trap. How trustworthy were the Fyreslayers? Lord-Castellant Kanlaus, the last surviving member of Thostos' Chamber Command, joined the front of the formation, moving alongside his Lord-Celestant.

'How sure are you about the mercenaries?' said Kanlaus, his voice lowered while his eyes followed the Fyreslayers. The question seemed to put into words the whispers that drifted in Thostos' thoughts. Before any action could be taken, however, Chaos troops moved out to defend a central guard tower ahead. Thostos felt his thoughts clear, as if he had shaken a spell. Once more, his mind returned to what drove him: vengeance. Judicators and Auric Hearthguard sent forth their blazing bolts, while Thostos led the Liberators and Retributors on one flank. On the other rode Hursgar at the fore of a wedge of Vulkite Berzerkers, their slingshields held high. In combat, Thostos felt lightning run through his veins. He would kill them all if he could. The Lord-Celestant knew whatever would come would come, and he would greet it with his hammer.



STILSKEEN OF THE SILVER TONGUE

Of the Gaunt Summoners little is known, save they are nine in number and all enshrouded within cloaks of sorcerous illusion. The Gaunt Summoner called Stilskeen of the Silver Tongue is known by many aliases, although only Archaon can claim to have the creature's true name in his keeping. When not roaming the realms upon some vital quest for the Everchosen, Stilskeen makes his abode in the Eightpoints. He dwells atop the madness-inducing Towergate of Impossium, a site from which he can swiftly travel between the Mortal Realms, the Eightpoints and into the Crystal Labyrinth itself. A master of disguise, Stilskeen's exploits rival even the Changeling for sowing discord. So powerful is his aura of deceit that Stilskeen's mere presence can wreak havoc among those with even the strongest minds. His target's greatest mental strengths are turned against them – making the bravest cower, or the most aggressive tentative and doubtful. Despite providing invaluable services to Archaon, who has entrapped his soul, Stilskeen rebels against his enslavement. For his impudence, the Gaunt Summoner has suffered centuries of torment, leaving his sanity tattered.

The Ironguard, more automatons than men at this point in their service to the Dark Gods, defended their assigned guardtowers and marched out in perfect lockstep to contest crossing points. Although powerful and well-armed foes, without a sorcerer to direct them or the ability to better support other guard contingents, their separate components were easily defeated by the Celestial Vindicators and Fyreslayers.

Between bouts of fighting, the Fyreslayers also felt the manipulating magic. Strange mind-whispers promised greater riches elsewhere and suggested the mission was without hope, and would be without payment.



Warptongue blades writhe and twist with a life of their own.

Three of Runefather Hursgar-Grimnir's many Runesons had accompanied him upon this journey. Separately, all three approached the patriarch of the Greyfyrds, speaking of the troubling words that they heard inside their minds, but were also spoken aloud by trusted leaders within the ranks, such as Battlesmiths and karls.

Hursgar was a pragmatic leader, or at least he was when his hot temper did not get the better of his reasoning. He too had felt some malign influence. It reeked of Chaos magic, and although the Greyfyrd lodge had never broken a sworn oath, taking great pride in their heritage, there had always been

Even in the dim light before dawn, the end of the bridge was now visible to Thostos, the last towers and archway at the end of the bridge barely discernible. The citadel loomed large beyond. The Lord-Celestant felt assured his Retributors and the Magmadroths of the Fyreslayers would make short work of the defences. In the courtyard of the citadel, they would find the Mercurial Gate. After what had felt like an endless underground journey, the end was within sight. That thought, and the anticipation of besting whatever last guards the Chaos forces could muster, drove Thostos onward. He longed only to face the foe, and it was for that reason he wanted to accept the most arduous tasks from his God-King. It was not for pride or glory – but for vengeance, and vengeance alone. It was time, however, for one last council. He gave the hand signal to halt, but as he called forth Lord-Castellant Kanlaus to confer upon an attack strategy, horns blared and beacons of blue flame burst to light all across the citadel. The bridge shook as the gates lifted by some unseen mechanism. Then all sound was lost to the bellowing roar of some almighty beasts. No. Thostos looked more closely and saw it was but a single creature – a great monster with three heads. Shouts from the Stormcast Eternals went up, while hoarse cries of alarm came from the Fyreslayers. 'Archaon has come!' All recognised the foe who stepped out of nightmarish legend, the black-armoured conqueror whom all free races spoke of in dreaded whisper.

'It seems our luck has turned ill,' said Kanlaus, watching the armoured cavalry advance in endless ranks behind the Everchosen. 'Surely that is the Varanguard. Thostos, these towers are empty,' he said, gesturing to the edifices that lined the bridge. 'Our defence will be much improved behind walls of steel.'

For a moment, Thostos stood silent before answering. 'Kanlaus, speak not to me of defending. I know you are Lord-Castellant, and it is your nature, but I see the foe before me. I will meet him in battle, not huddle behind walls.' Kanlaus looked upon the host that already filled the bridge, more ranks still filing out beneath the arch. 'If this be my doom, so be it,' said Thostos.



tales of other lodges that had not kept faith. To break an oath was a source of great shame to all duardin. That any force could make his own people question their own minds was powerful magic, and the mere thought of it made Hursgar burn with anger. If the source of such enchantments could be found, the Runefather vowed to bury his grandaxe in its skull.

Such thoughts were broken, first by a halt called by the Stormcast Eternals, and then by the opening of the end gate. The Fyreslayers stared in shock at the horrors that issued forth from that yawning expanse. At the fore was Archaon himself, the greatest champion of Chaos, his enormous steed roaring fury from all three heads. Behind him was a sea of black metal – the Varanguard – Chaos Knights as powerful as they were cruel.

The Fyreslayers' task, paid for by gleaming blocks of solid metal rich in ur-gold, was to accompany the Stormcast Eternals. They were bonded to fight their way to the Mercurial Gate and then to fight their way back out. With the arrival of Archaon and his endless black ranks of Varanguard, it seemed clear to any but a battle-mad fool that the Fyreslayers' mission was no longer possible. Already, the hordes streaming out of the gates were beyond what the remaining Stormcasts and Fyreslayers could defeat. And still the foe galloped out from the gates, more and more arriving with no end in sight. The pounding of their steeds reverberated through the metal bridge, surely the sound of impending doom.

The choice now, it seemed to Hursgar, was whether to stay and die or to attempt a rearguard action. There was little time left to decide.



ARCHAON, THE EVERCHOSEN

He is the Exalted Grand Marshal of the Apocalypse, a title bestowed upon him by the Dark Gods. He is the Everchosen, the champion of champions, the one who bears the mark of all four Ruinous Powers, the one who can unite all the armies of Chaos. He is Archaon, Destroyer of Worlds.

The Chaos Gods have many champions, each choosing favourites and rewarding them with dark blessings and gifts of great power. However, only one being bears the patronage of all four, for the Chaos Gods are bitter rivals.

Archaon the Everchosen is a blood-drenched warrior, harvesting skulls for Khorne in numbers unsurpassed. Monsters, kings, entire armies and worlds have fallen beneath his sword. Archaon is also a corrupter beyond compare, the swathes of devastation he leaves behind are hotbeds for plagues and decay, the playthings of Nurgle. To Tzeentch, Archaon is the key to the most grandiose and twisting scheme that ever was – for he is the hand of destiny itself, the ultimate fate. And to Slaanesh, Archaon is a paragon, a conqueror that drives men and daemons alike to murderous excess.

To earn the mantle of the Everchosen, Archaon completed many harrowing quests, besting terrible foes and winning powerful relics symbolic of his station: the Mark of Chaos upon his flesh; the Crown of Domination that spreads fear and dismay even as it strengthens his allies; the Eye of Sheerian that gifts him with future sight; the Armour of Morkar that girds his mighty frame in impregnable hellsteel; and the Slayer of Kings, Archaon's sword, in which is bound the soul of the daemon U'zuhl. The cursed oracle Kiathanus was made thrall to Archaon, as were all nine Gaunt Summoners. The last and perhaps greatest of these treasures was the daemon-beast Dorghar. Also known as the Steed of the Apocalypse, this three-headed monstrosity has borne Archaon to victories uncounted. It is said that souls eaten by Dorghar are subjected to an eternity of pain.

As the Chaos Gods are fickle, Archaon's favour has waxed and waned. Each of the powers has tried to win the Everchosen solely to their patronage and, when that failed, to slay him. Always, Archaon emerges more powerful than before, uniting the Chaos powers like no other.

To ascend the Towergate of Impossium was to enter a mindmaze incomprehensible to mortals. There, the sensory flux was so powerful that the brains of the very wisest would turn to mush before nine strides had been taken. So it was a great surprise to the Gaunt Summoner Stilskeen to have a visitor enter his inner sanctum. But then, Archaon was like no other.

'Hail, my lord,' said Stilskeen, waving his three arms in intricate patterns while he worked spells before a nine-faceted gem taller than a man. 'I would prostrate myself, but I am currently in many places upon your orders. All my eyes must maintain focus.' Stilskeen cringed inwardly. Such little rebellions served no purpose, yet despite agonies suffered in the past, he could not stop himself. To make matters worse, Stilskeen had only terrible tidings to relate. 'I have tried, my lord,' spoke Stilskeen, 'Sigmar's whelps proved wholly sealed against confusion or paranoia. The stunted ones could not be manipulated either. It seems their loyalty, once bought, no longer entertains negotiation.' Stilskeen finished, fearing reprisal. He had seen Archaon slay messengers for delivering unfavourable news many times.

'I do not need traitors to achieve victory,' said the Everchosen. 'I will do the deed myself. For those that return to the Heavens, however, planting a seed of suspicion may one day bear fruit…'

THE BRIDGE OF BUTCHERY

From out of the Allpoints rode Archaon, passing along the Shifting Way to exit at the Mercurial Gate. There, upon the last bridge of the Ironholds, the Everchosen sought to smite those scions of Sigmar and their duardin allies that dared to breach his defences.

Thostos was never one to turn from a fight, although he held little hope of winning through to the Mercurial Gate. His foe was too powerful and too numerous. The urge to press on did not stem from a death wish by the Lord-Celestant. Outrunning the Varanguard cavalry on that flat expanse of bridge was impossible, and nothing short of battle would ever quench his undying vengeance. Entire nations had quailed before Archaon, but Thostos desired only to hew the overfiend down.

Thostos was not surprised to find all remaining Celestial Vindicators eager to march alongside him. They were his battle brethren. He chose only Paladins, and enough Liberators to form a shield wall behind which the Judicators could send forth their hail of crackling energy bolts. Even if Thostos failed to slay the Everchosen, he hoped to at least slow his army down, allowing Lord-Castellant Kanlaus to lead the remaining retinues back to the bastion isle, from which escape was possible.

Hursgar-Grimnir ordered a retreat back to the safety of the magma tunnel. Their plans were soon waylaid when he sighted the eerily thin figure of the Gaunt Summoner Stilskeen alongside Archaon. The sorcerer stood atop a hovering disc-creature, and although Hursgar wasn't sure how, he knew that this wizard was the one who had sought to manipulate his lodge to betray their oath. Seeing red-rage, Hursgar and his Hearthguard Berzerkers charged headlong after Lord-Celestant Thostos.

The Runefather moved to stand alongside the Liberator shield wall. From the centre of the battle line, Thostos looked up, his armour's mask unreadable as the Lord-Celestant raised his warhammer in salute. Hursgar nodded, standing upon his runic throne to point at the Gaunt Summoner in the oncoming enemy front.

'The wretched sorcerer is mine!' Hursgar shouted, hefting his grandaxe. The long tongue of his Magmadroth flicked out, tasting the air. Then, the beast drew back, its scales crackling red hot as it built up a charge of super-heated bile. As the enemy closed, the beast craned its neck and roared forth a stream of flaming liquid. Not even their thick, hell-forged armour could save the Varanguard from that flaming death. And then the Chaos line struck. The Stormcasts in the centre were smashed, broken bodies flung high into the air as Archaon and his foul beast crashed home. Hursgar could not see Thostos' fate in the frenzied melee, but the bridge was lit by flashing blue streaks returning to the Heavens. The Runefather knew that, with Archaon's arrival, it was no longer his fight – he was not here to join the turquoise warriors in death.

'Dead duardin collect no gold' said Hursgar, repeating to himself a saying well known in the lodges. If only his temper had not gotten the better of him, Hursgar thought as he scanned for the Gaunt Summoner amidst the fray. The sooner he could plant an axe blow into that creature, the sooner he could join the rest of his lodge. His quarry had halted upon its floating disc to throw spells down at the enemy. Cackling madly, the spindly figure was using his staff to hurl flames into knots of Stormcast resistance. This close to the sorcerer, Hursgar could hear the whispers of dissent loud in his mind and his fury returned.

'Ho, Stretchbones!' the Runefather shouted, steering his Magmadroth through the press. He was only a few strides away when the sky ignited, and he felt himself flying through the air upon great tongues of flame.

Hursgar's Runesons had protested when the Runefather commanded the remains of the lodge to join Kanlaus in attempting to escape. Hursgar had stayed only to repay an axe-debt.

Archaon advanced, Dorghar's great wings keeping him aloft just ahead of the galloping Varanguard. The skies above strobed with light as the titanic godbeasts continued to duel. Several volleys from the Judicators struck home, toppling Varanguard off their mutated steeds. Yet on they galloped, a crushing avalanche of Chaos-forged steel. The crash of those battle lines meeting shook the metal bridge. Fellspears skewered Berzerkers, flamestrike poleaxes chopped through riders. The shield wall of the Liberators was broken, the impact so forceful that sigmarite shattered.

In the midst of the maelstrom of combat was Archaon atop his monstrous three-headed daemon-steed. Trailing fire that burnt midnight black, the Slayer of Kings rose and fell, the hellsteel blade glowing red as it tasted blood again and again. The Everchosen did not kill in ones or twos but in waves, sweeping away ranks of Liberators or Hearthguard Berzerkers at a time. Dorghar pulped foes beneath his colossal forelimbs, the impact splattering bodies and sending cracks running through the metal bridge. Each of the monstrous heads struck out, teeth rending or beak shearing. The plague head opened wide, sending forth a stream of corruption that slew many. The butchery on the bridge was well under way when a bolt from the Heavens struck the midst of the battle.





The war between the godbeasts was over. Each dealt the other grievous blows, but it was Argentine who fled. Too wounded to pursue, Dracothion watched from the Heavens while the Silver Wyrm slithered down into the Realm of Metal, burrowing deep beneath the Goldvault Mountains. Before fading behind the constellations, the Great Drake mustered the last of his strength and sent forth one final strike. The blazing bolt was aimed at Archaon, but he was warned by the foresight of the Eye of Sheerian. Using massive leathery wings to flap backwards, Dhorghar cleared the Everchosen from the worst of the impact, though could not escape unscathed. The meteor blast smashed into the battle on the bridge, obliterating all those nearby. The shock waves sent many more – Varanguard, Fyreslayers and Stormcast Eternals – over the bridge's edge, hundreds of feet into the Molten Sea. Many bolts of azure shot skywards.

When those who survived stood upright again, peering through the smoke, they saw the section of bridge upon which they had just been standing had collapsed, the edges twisted and blackened from the fiery impact. Thostos Bladestorm rose from the rubble. He was one of only a few dozen Celestial Vindicators left from his attacking force. They were all now trapped on the wrong side.

On the other side, Hursgar hauled himself up. Thrown by the blast, he had been caught on the far edge of the collapse. Scrambling, the Runefather's Magmadroth had clawed furrows into the metal, but to no avail. Throwing his latchkey grandaxe, Hursgar had leapt from his saddle-throne, catching a dangling girder while his beloved steed plummeted, a final roar dwindling. Some few of his Hearthguard Berzerkers still lived, all scorched and bleeding. Perhaps thirty Liberators too had made it to the far side, and they shouted encouragement to their comrades across the span.

The Gaunt Summoner had survived, his flying disc whisking him down near the Molten Sea. There, hovering, surrounded by a glowing aura of power, he exerted his eldritch might. Liquid



metal was slowly rising, solidifying as it began to bridge the gap. Still, the chasm could not be crossed on foot, and so Hursgar turned to lead the remnants of his Hearthguard away. The last Liberators would not abandon their brethren, vowing to watch Thostos' last stand, and to hold the foe at bay while the Runefather made good his escape. After a swift arm clasp, the Fyreslayers left and did not look back.

The Varanguard that had survived reformed, rushing forwards to claim the head of a Lord-Celestant before the eyes of their dread lord. Thostos, however, stood tall. The mounted troops loomed over him, and at times, the Celestial Vindicators on the far side lost sight of their leader, buried as he was beneath the press of black-armoured foes. Whirling, Thostos led his troops, fighting off charge after charge until they stood atop a mound of fallen Varanguard. Yet one by one, his followers were cut down, shafts of blue returning to the Heavens. At last, only a pair of Decimators and Thostos remained – battered, bleeding, but defiant and proud.

Growing weary of watching his underlings fail, Archaon raised the Slayer of Kings, and it burst into flame. At Dorghar's triple roar, the Varanguard fell back. In a voice loud enough to be heard by the onlookers upon the far span of the broken bridge, the Everchosen mocked his victims before springing. Dorghar's charge unstoppable, Archaon let his mount savage them, its huge claws sending all three flying. He intended to toy with the proud sons of Sigmar, for this was more cruelty than battle, more a cat playing with a mouse than true combat. Thostos could not save his warriors, but his runeblade did draw blood, sinking deep into the scaled chest of Archaon's steed. And that was enough. Bellowing in rage, the three-headed beast reared high, bringing all its tremendous strength down. So fell Thostos Bladestorm, Archaon claiming the head. Yet before that noble soul could spirit back to the Heavens, Archaon bade his steed to rend and swallow the crushed Lord-Celestant. Snapping out, each head savaged a portion. No blue light would ever return to Azyr.





BATTLEPLAN

ACROSS THE DEADLY SPAN



To ensure that a stronghold has the strength to withstand assault, it must be protected by suitably formidable defences. One of the most tried and tested forms of protection is a bridge that spans a dangerous obstacle, such as a perilous drop or a poisonous lake. Such an approach limits the number of directions that potential attackers can assail the fortress from, allowing the defenders to focus their strength accordingly.

To attack a stronghold across a bridge is to invite disaster, should the enemy be able to react effectively. This battleplan represents just such a scenario, where the defenders have been able to conceal their superior numbers until the attackers have fully committed to the assault and are unable to retreat without being massacred. The only option left to the attacker is to grimly press on and hope that, by some miracle, they can fight their way through to their objective and cut off the defenders' reinforcements.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then they must decide who will be the attacker and who will be the defender. Ideally, the attacker should have a third more models than the defender. Otherwise, each player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher can pick who is the attacker and who the defender.

ATTACKER'S OBJECTIVES

You have launched your main assault and now there is no turning back. Yet the enemy has found a way to channel additional reinforcements at the last moment in an attempt to thwart you. There is not enough time to call off your attack, lest your retreat turn into a rout. Your only remaining option is to push on and hope that you can fight your way through to the fortress walls and sunder its gates. You may yet have the numerical advantage, but the longer you delay, the more defenders will contest the approach to your objective.

DEFENDER'S OBJECTIVES

Your enemy has fallen for your trap. They have launched a full assault across the bridge that leads up to your fortress, and though their numbers are large, your reinforcements are poised to pour into the fray and crush them. Yet to buy enough time for your reserves to arrive, it is essential that you prevent the attackers from breaching your lines and cutting them off before they can turn the tide of battle.

PRESS THE ATTACK

The attackers know well that this is an all-or-nothing assault; unless they can swiftly sweep aside the enemy defender and reach their objective, all will be lost. The attacker's units can run or retreat and still charge in the same turn.

SOWING SEEDS OF DOUBT

One of the fortress' subtler defences is to inspire fear and doubt in the minds of those who threaten it. The attacker must subtract 1 from the Bravery of all of their units on the battlefield, as an insidious voice works to undermine their commitment to the fight.



THE BATTLEFIELD

The battlefield comprises a vast bridge that leads up to the main gate of a fortress. If a model is available, we suggest using a Malefic Gate to represent this. The bridge itself is lined with fortifications and it spans an impassable hazard to either side that is all but impossible to circumvent.

You can either generate the scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

SET-UP

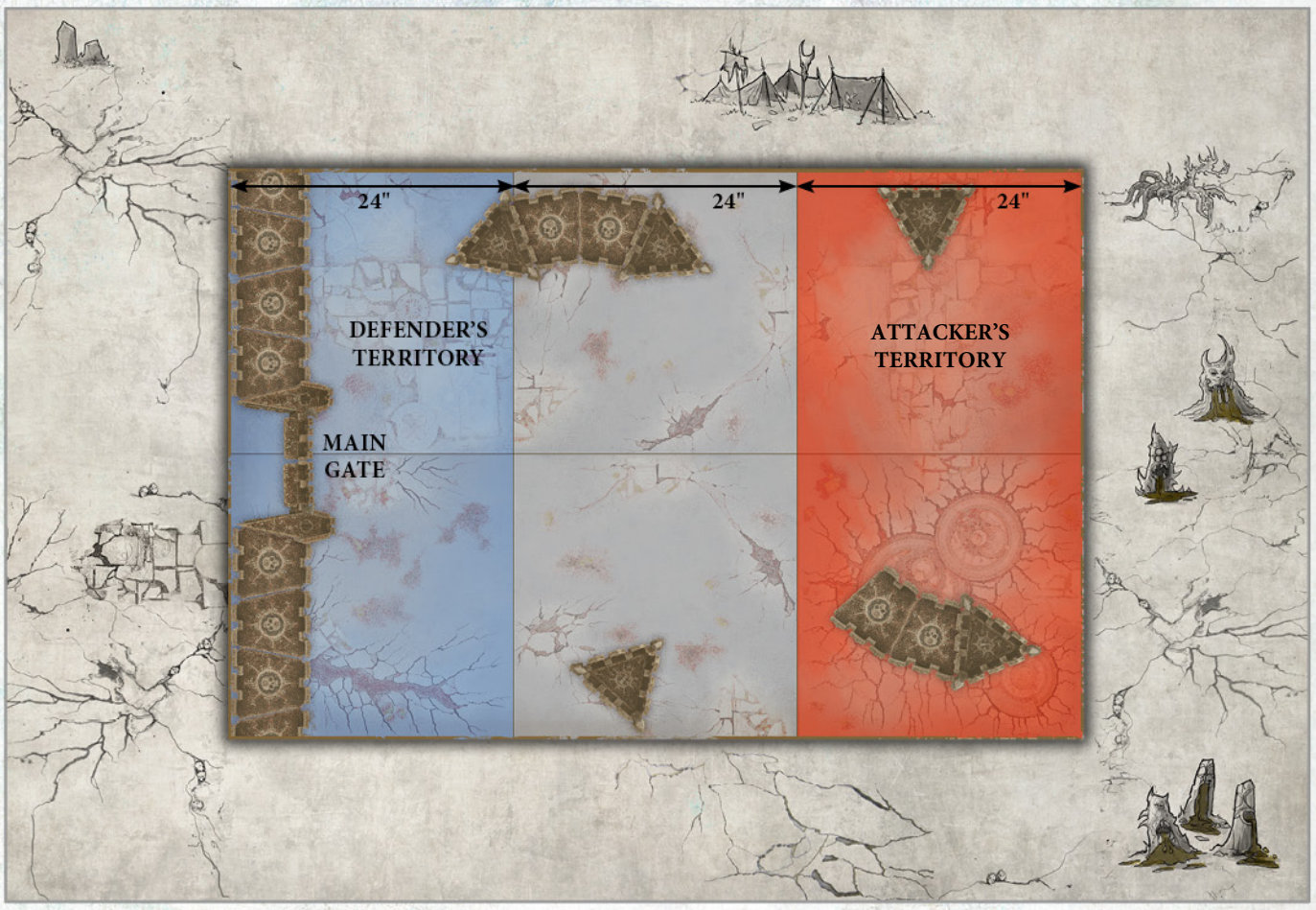
Starting with the defender, each player takes it in turns to set up units, as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Models must be set up in their own territory as shown on the map below.

FIRST TURN

The attacker decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

REINFORCEMENTS UNLEASHED

At the start of the third battle round, the defender can set up any of their units that have been completely wiped out anywhere within 9" of the main gate and more than 3" from the enemy. Any units that cannot be set up in this manner are lost and will not arrive as reinforcements.





SHATTERING THE GATE

Models from the attacker's army can charge the main gate (see map) and attack it in the combat phase as though it were an enemy model. The main gate is considered to have a Save characteristic of 4+. If it suffers 8 wounds, it is destroyed (see Victory, right).

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, if the main gate is destroyed, the attacker immediately wins a **major victory**. Otherwise, the game lasts for six battle rounds. The attacker rolls two dice at the end of the battle and adds them together. If the result is lower than the number of wounds the main gate has suffered, the attacker wins a **minor victory**. In any other case, the defender wins a **major victory**.

TIME OF WAR

The arcway connecting the Allpoints to Chamon is known as the Mercurial Gate. It is surrounded by a set of all-but-impregnable fortresses that are separated from each other by wide bridges spanning a sea of molten metal. It was conquered long ago by Archaon, and is now under the dominion of Tzeentch.

THE MERCURIAL GATE

If you decide a battle is taking place in the Realm of Metal, then you can specify it is before the Mercurial Gate. If you do, the following rules apply.

THE IRONHOLDS

The fortresses and bridges that make up the Mercurial Gate are part of the Ironholds, a string of fortresses that are mounted upon vast arrays of metal gears. At seemingly random intervals, the gears click and whir, and then begin to turn in place, rotating the Ironholds that are upon them as they do so.

The following rule applies to any scenery model that is a **DREADHOLD**, in addition to the normal rules on the scenery model's warscroll.

Massive Rotating Gears: Roll a dice for this model at the start of each battle round, before determining which player has the first turn. On a roll of 6, the Dreadhold turns in place. If the model is part of a group that forms a warscroll battalion, roll once for the battalion and turn all the Dreadholds that form that battalion, rotating each scenery piece on its axis. Each player rolls a dice, re-rolling ties, and the player who rolls highest can rotate the model (or group of models, if a battalion) on its axis by up to 90 degrees. The model or group of models must finish on an area of flat level ground. Any models that would block the rotation are crushed and slain as the Dreadhold turns (models that are on or within the scenery model are moved with it and remain safe).





ARGENTINE,
THE SILVER WYRM OF ANVROK

Argentine entered the service of the Dark Gods long ago. For many centuries he has caused terror and havoc throughout Anvrok, and now he has been summoned to defend the Mercurial Gate. If he is not stopped, he is capable of destroying an entire battlefield – and everyone on it. But Dracothion, Sigmar's ally, watches the Silver Wyrm's every move, and will attempt to defeat his ancient rival should he grow too much in power, burning the Chaos taint from the land as he does so.

Once per a battle, at the start of their hero phase, a **WIZARD** or **PRIEST** with the **CHAOS** keyword can attempt to wake Argentine. Roll a dice if they do so. On a roll of 1, the call goes unheeded and Argentine will sleep for the duration of the conflict. On a roll of 2 or more, he awakens!

If Argentine awakens, you must roll a dice for each unit on the battlefield. On a roll of 5 or 6, the unit is struck by the liquid metal that cascades from Argentine's body as he arises, and suffers D3 mortal wounds. The player that awoke Argentine can then pick a 2 by 2 feet square area of the battlefield to be scoured by warpfire. All units that have any models in this area suffer 1 mortal wound for each model from the unit that is even partially within the area.

After Argentine has scoured the battlefield with warpflame, he is attacked by Dracothion. Roll a dice at the start of each subsequent battle round, before determining which player has the first turn. On a roll of 1-4, the godbeasts continue their epic struggle but there is no battlefield effect. On a roll of 5 or 6, Argentine is defeated and flees, whilst Dracothion unleashes a meteoric strike upon the battlefield before returning to the stars once more. The meteoric strike is resolved in the same manner as Argentine's warpflame attack, except that the affected area is chosen by the player that did not awaken Argentine rather than the player that did.

THE MAGIC OF DESPAIR

WIZARDS with the **TZEENTCH** keyword know the Whispered Words spell in addition to any other spells that they know.

WHISPERED WORDS

Whispered Words has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick an enemy unit anywhere on the battlefield. Roll two dice and add the scores together. If the total is greater than the unit's Bravery, it is overcome with doubt, and 1 is subtracted from all of its hit rolls until the caster's next hero phase. If you wish, before making the casting roll for this spell, you can say that it will affect all enemy units rather than only one. If you do so, the spell has a casting value of 10, but affects all enemy units (roll separately for each enemy unit to see if it is overcome with doubt).



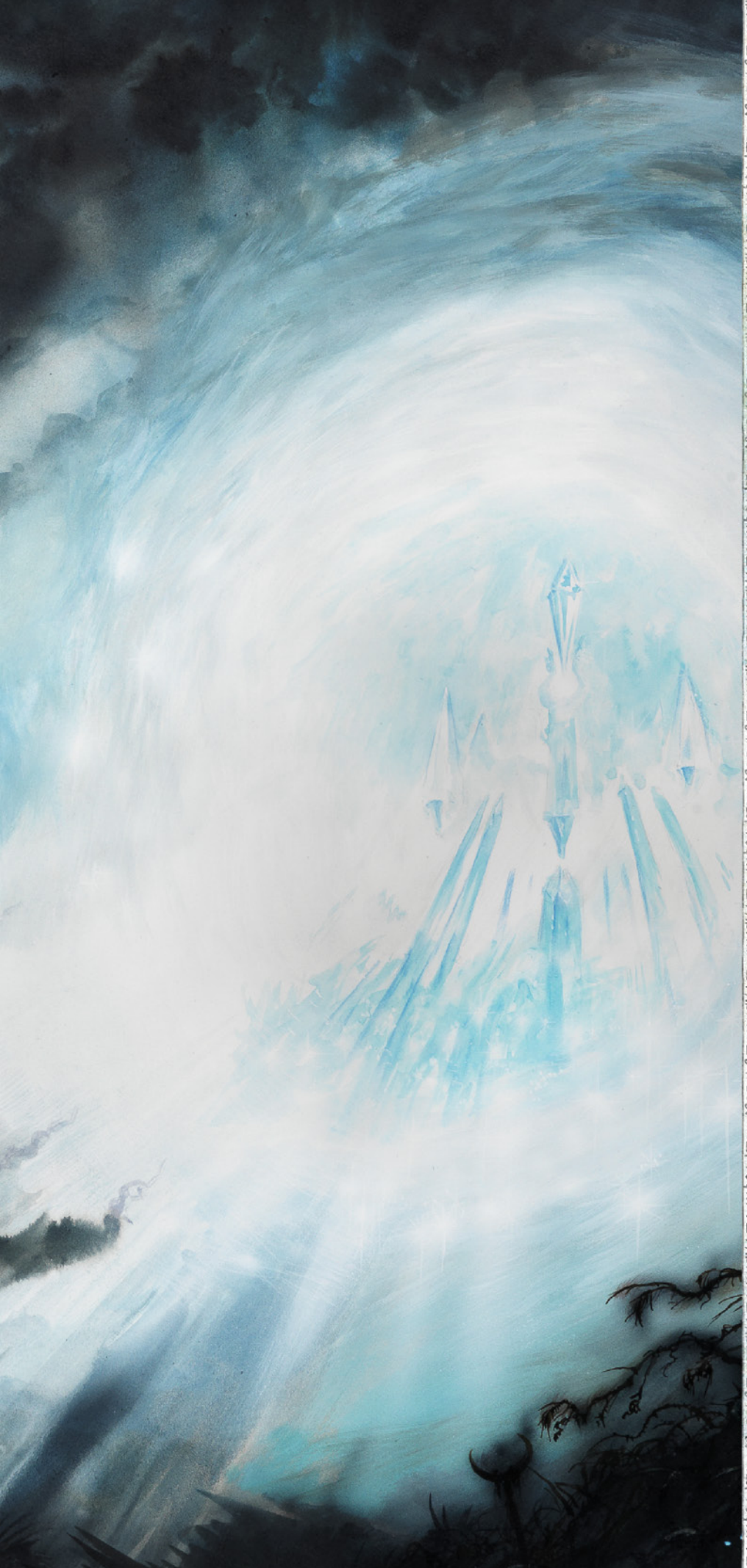


Archaon stood upon the bridge before the Mercurial Gate while his Varanguard bellowed his name. No enemy could stand before him. With his Gaunt Summoner weaving magic to repair the bridge, it was not long before his armies could pursue the remnants that fled before them. The rearguard of Stormcast Eternals and Fyreslayers was smashed aside. Some sought to hold out in the towers and gatehouses, but these were crushed, the defenders slain. The last few, scurrying like rats, escaped into the tunnel from whence they came. Stilskeen could have burnt through the magma plug to continue the pursuit, but Archaon refused. Let them run. Let them tell the others what they had seen. It was not a battle, but a massacre. Let Sigmar and his stunted allies curse in vain.

Yet all, perhaps, was not well. Or so spoke Kiathanus, once-favoured Oracle of Tzeentch and greatest of his Lords of Change. Kiathanus was bound in metal and forced to call Archaon master, yet he now spoke of other realms, hinting that the battles at the other All-gates did not fare so well.

As powerful as he was, Archaon could not be in two places at once. Back the Everchosen flew, for from the Eightpoints he might still reach another battle in time to turn the tide. Or, if he could not, any who had failed him would be summoned and dealt with at the Varanspire.





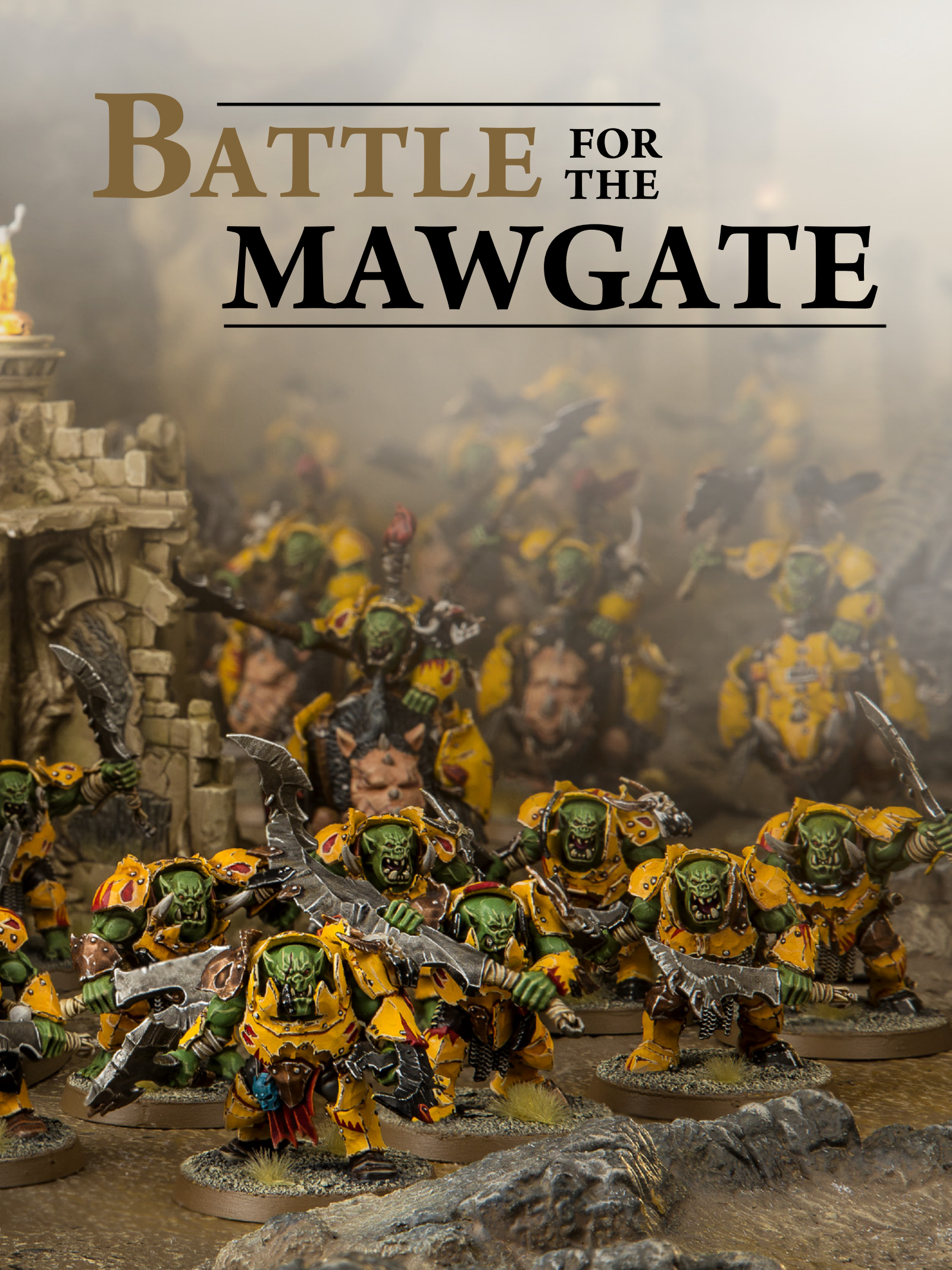
Into Light and Dark Sigmar sent his Stormcast Eternals, but of how those wars fared, none could tell. Few returned, and none could speak clearly of what they had seen. Even the far-seeing eyes of the immortal gods could not be sure of what they beheld…

Before the coming of Chaos, Hysh and Ulgu were called the Mirror Realms, for each reflected back upon the other – a likeness that was opposite, yet in some ways the same. Hysh was the Realm of Light, the lands where reason and symmetry ruled, a place rife with symbolism and double meanings. Yet to gaze upon pure truth is like staring at the sun –both lead to blindness. Opposite Hysh were the veiled lands of Ulgu, the dreaded Realm of Shadow. Thirteen unending regions, all lands of secrets and half-truths, all places where mystery blew upon the breeze. If one stared long enough upon those shifting mists, definite shapes could be seen or guessed upon – but were these visions real or illusory? In a land of unreason, who can tell what is real and what is not?

Yet always the struggle between Order and Chaos continues…



BATTLE FOR THE MAWGATE



THE LAND OF BEASTS

Ghur was the most savage of the Mortal Realms. A realm of predators and prey, its lands were endless hunting grounds where the strong survived and the weak were consumed. Into this bestial wilderness, Sigmar's Stormcast Eternals marched with unshakable faith in the task laid before them.

Since the first bolts of Sigmar's Tempest fell, Ghur had been an unending battlefield for the Stormcast Eternals. Like a cornered animal turning upon its pursuers, the realm reacted to the Azyrite warriors with unbridled frenzy, eager to bring down these strange new foes. This was as it had always been in Ghur, the roles of hunter and hunted playing out from predator-haunted peaks and desolate tundra, to bone-choked dens and steaming jungles alive with the watchful eyes of creatures both strange and terrifying. Tribes of wild orruks, cruel beastmen and savage humans filled the night with their war chants. Every cave and ruin was home to monstrous beasts hungry for their next meal, and even the landscape constantly fought for dominance. In the sky, the four winds howled against each other in their endless contest of strength. Rivers greedily carved their way through stone, as suns chased fearful moons across a firmament filled with watchful stars. To live in the land of beasts was to be both stalker and quarry, for it was a cycle of savagery that had endured as long as the Mortal Realms drifted through the void. Ghur was no stranger to war, and in times past, as they did now, armies converged upon its wild lands, dreaming only of conquest and violence.

Blessed by Sigmar and filled with divine purpose, the Stormcast Eternals fought to reclaim this wild place for their patron. In their time in Ghur, they had already fought many campaigns, claiming back savage lands and barbarian empires. As always, the Stormcasts' primary mission had been the securing of Realmgates. Among the first of these was the Fettered Gate, within the beast-runs of Ghurork. Descending into that maze-fortress of ancient cages, the Hammers of Sigmar had battled the minions of Chaos and armies of twisted beast-creations to reclaim the Realmgate, though at the cost of many Stormcast Eternals sent



back to Azyr. Following their example, the Anvils of the Heldenhammer cleared out the gargant's graveyard in the Fang-Tooth Peaks. Among a fortress of giant bones, they scattered the twelve ogor tribes of the tyrant Mawgronk in a battle that shook the mountain range for a hundred leagues in all directions.

However, the seizing of gates was but one of the Stormcasts' goals in Ghur. By order of the God-King, they were also tasked with seeking out the orruk god Gorkamorka. Once, the two-headed deity had been an ally of Sigmar, and the armies of Azyr still held out hope that perhaps it could be so again, and greenskins and Stormcasts might fight together against the Dark Gods. So far, however, their efforts had been met only with vicious orruks eager to fight this new and powerful force from the Heavens.

The Knight-Azyros touched down upon the snow-covered slope of the Boralis mountain range, as graceful as a bird of prey coming to rest upon its perch. Lord-Celestant Tymon watched the messenger approach, the cold mountain air leaving a layer of frost on the warrior's silver armour.

'Greetings, Tymon of the Tempest Lords. Lord Sigmar bids you return to the Scarlands.'

'Is there any word of the one they call the Fist of Gork?' Tymon was more curious than anything. It still seemed to him a fool's errand to try to find a representative of the orruk god, and then hold out hope that they would somehow bring the savages to heel.

'No,' said the Knight-Azyros, 'though the greenskins are reportedly massing around the great canyon known as Deffgorge. It is believed that this is also the current location of the All-gate. You are to take your men to join with the Knights Excelsior who already march to take it.'

Tymon did not reply. His last excursion to the Realm of Beasts had proved fatal, and now, his Reforging only just complete, he did not relish his return. But it seemed Ghur was not done with him and his men yet.



FANGATHRAK

Of all the Realmgates leading to the Allpoints, the Mawgate in the Realm of Beasts was unique, for it was trapped in the gullet of a megalithic creature known as Fangathrak. A burrowing world-worm of immense proportions, the creature sporadically relocated, carrying the gate with it.

When Chaos forces conquered the Allpoints, the minions of the Dark Gods sought to shackle Fangathrak and create a stationary passage to the Allpoints through the Mawgate. Great spiked chains were fixed to the beast's mouth to hold it open, which were in turn lashed to six living strongholds. Known as the Crawlerforts, these Chaos bastions were built upon the backs of colossal crab-like monsters. Each was also the citadel of a mortal or daemon lord charged with the defence of the Mawgate. Initially, the world-worm did not react well to attempts to cage it, but for a time the six Crawlerforts held Fangathrak in place, yanking back its fang-ringed mouth and allowing armies to march out of its gullet. However, Fangathrak was constantly trying to shake off the Crawlerforts, in a battle that saw the creature periodically burrowing through the Realm of Beasts until the forts' garrisons could subdue it again.

When Fangathrak arrived in the territory known as the Scarlands, it marked a new chapter in the Realmgate Wars. Sigmar's scouts had learned of its current location, and his Stormcast Eternals converged in great numbers to take it. However, before the warriors of Azyr reached the gate, other battles were already brewing.

Perhaps drawn by the brutish energy of the orruks, or guided by the hand of Gork (or maybe Mork), Fangathrak had appeared on the edge of the Deffgorge in the midst of a convergence of warclans. Ironsunz, Doggrok's Choppas, Fists of Drakka and Bloodtoofs all paused as the monster smashed its way up from the Deffwaste dragging the six Crawlerforts behind it, before resting from its labours. As the Megabosses fought over who would get the first crack at the huge creature, the lords of the six Crawlerforts made preemptive strikes. Leering gates yawned wide in the bastions, and down the lolling tongues of the mutant-beasts charged columns of plate-clad Chaos Warriors, hell-forged knights and cavorting daemons. In a tide of steel and flame, they swept into the orruks.



DAKKBAD GROTKICKER

Some bosses are just too cunnin' for their own good. Megaboss Dakkbad Grotkicker of the Ironsunz has a well-earned reputation for not just being brutal and bossy, but also for using strange things like 'taktics' on his enemies. In fact, this is how he got the name Grotkicker. Most orruks think this is some kind of insult, given the fact that there is not much sport – or challenge – in kicking about grots (the little toerags are asking for it after all). Dakkbad got his name at the battle of Spidergulch, when the Ironsunz were smashing up a bit of Spittlefinger's so-called 'Realm Web'. Spittlefinger's giant spiders were hiding deep in the web, so Dakkbad hit upon the idea of punting grots into the nest to coax the creatures out. When the spiders emerged to feed on the screeching greenskins, his lads gave the arachnids a good bashing. It is this kind of forward-thinking that makes Dakkbad stand out among the Ironjawz, and also ensures that other Megabosses keep a wary eye on him, never quite sure what the sneaky orruk is up to.


HUNGER WOODS
BRASS CRAWLERFORT
BLOOD CRAWLERFORT
FANGATHRAK (MAWGATE)
TORMENT CRAWLERFORT
BANE CRAWLERFORT
GNAWING SEA
FALLOW CRAWLERFORT
FLAYED CRAWLERFORT
DEFFGORGE
GIGADROTH

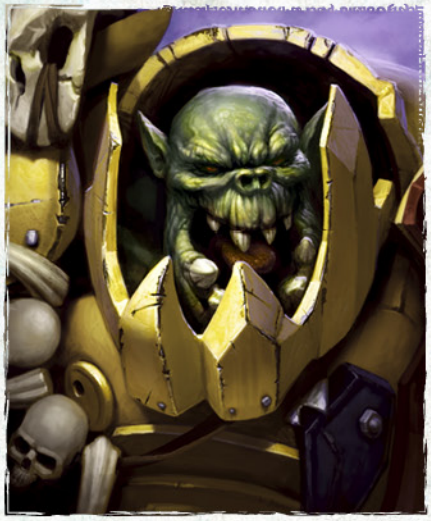
WRATH OF THE DARK GODS

Not one to turn down a good scrap, the Ironjaw warclans surrounding Fangathrak hurled themselves into battle. Launching their own counter-assault, the Chaos hosts thundered into the charging greenskins mobs, taking the fight directly to the enemy before they could threaten the Crawlerforts.

From each of the six Crawlerforts, Chaos armies were disgorged into the Scarlands. Under the menacing gaze of iron grotesques and flame-belching gargoyles, lines of knights and steel-framed chariots rode forth. Over the din of rumbling wheels and thundering hooves, Fangathrak roared to be free. Sensing the fury of the orruks, the beast bellowed and strained against its chains, the Crawlerforts swaying on their huge chitinous limbs as they fought not to be pulled into its gnashing maw.

From the Brass and Blood Crawlerforts, the Khornate Lords Braythrax and Draegorn led their crimson-plated riders and barbarian tribes down into the Hunger Woods. Here, orruks from the warclan known as the Fists of Drakka were gathered in their thousands. Even as the clan's bosses were arguing about the best way to smash up the Crawlerforts, the first of the Bloodbound crashed into them. Despite the speed of the Chaos attack, the Fists of Drakka fought back furiously, making use of the vast hollowed trunks of fallen gnarl-trees to funnel the relentless tide of Khornate warriors onto their choppas. Accompanied by the crack of splintering wood and the ring of Chaos-forged steel on crudely beaten iron, the two sides hewed and hacked at the other, until all within the Hunger Woods was blood and death.

Near the Torment Crawlerfort, where the Gnawing Sea ate at the edges of the Scarlands, Doggrok's Choppas had taken over an abandoned scrap-camp on the shore. Into this expanse of floating towers and pontoon platforms charged the sinuous forces of the Daemon Prince Synlesha Paleblood. The sleek forms of Daemonettes and Seeker cavalry tore through the orruks like razorfish devouring their prey. Doggrok's Choppas responded to the assault with a deafening 'Waaagh!', mobs of Brutes hurling themselves into the children of Slaanesh. Under the combined weight of so many orruks, dozens of rough wooden platforms teetered over into the ravenous sea, but still the daemons came on.



THE IRONSUNZ

Ironjawz are proper tough. Not only do they ignore the kind of pain that would have a grognark mewling for its broodmother, patching up their wounds with things like rusty nails or bone fragments, but they are also encased in thick layers of iron. Ironsunz are no exception to their hardy kind, and every orruk in their warclan, from the lowliest Ardboy up to their Megabosses, can shrug off horrendous wounds. Boys like the Ironsunz don't consider it a decent fight unless they have been stabbed at least three or four times, or maybe got a good crack on the skull. This is all part of why they think it is a great laugh to send lone boys to run the Deffgorge. Any orruk worth his choppa needs a few scars, and if a few is good, more is definitely better. For an Ironjaw orruk, trying to get through the gorge is a sure way to get a chunk ripped out of your face or to lose a limb. In fact, Ironsunz that get to the end completely intact are sent back for another run, as the warclan assumes they must have been cheating.

From the Fallow and Flayed Crawlerforts, Vargos the Faceless and the Sinewed Herald led their legions into the Bloodtoof Warclan as it gathered for war beneath the vast, two-headed skeleton of a gigadroth. From the yawning eye-sockets of the ancient skulls, Megaboss Zogbak rushed the foe, his mobs of Gore-gruntas charging out of the skeleton's twin open maws. With a deafening crash of metal on metal, the two armies joined battle, but soon the greenskins were being pushed back. Meanwhile, endless lines of Chaos Warriors and daemons continued to pour forth from the Crawlerforts.



Brute smashas are exactly what they sound like, which is just the way the Ironjawz like it.

In the shadow of the Bane Crawlerfort, things were going differently. Dakkbad Grotkicker and his Ironsunz were further away, and so were a little late getting stuck in. The Megaboss' Gore-grunta scouts were reporting that enemies were attacking on all fronts, smashing up the other Ironjawz. As the massive gates of the Bane Crawlerfort opened, and a horde of howling berserkers thundered forth, some of the Ironsunz barrelled off across the broken ground to face them. Dakkbad had a better idea. If the Chaos lads were going to charge right at him, he had a surprise for them. His gaze settled on the yawning Deffgorge.



CANYON OF DEFF

All across the Scarlands, the might of Chaos waxed as the strength of the Ironjawz waned. Orruk mobs were being torn apart by the relentless assaults from the Crawlerforts. Not so with Megaboss Dakkbad, who lured the Bloodbound of Lord Hakadron, of the Bane Crawlerfort, into the Deffgorge.

For as long as any orruk could remember, which admittedly tended to be the time between now and the last time he was in a scrap, the Deffgorge had been important to the Ironjawz. Legends had it that when some Megaboss, whose name no one can remember, complained to Gork about not having enough monsters to fight, the god carved a big canyon in the ground with his toenail and shook out a massive bag of gargants into it. Since that day, if an orruk wanted to prove how hard he was, he would travel to the Deffgorge and, with a bunch of other orruks watching from the edge, run the Deff-blitz. This was a gauntlet that involved travelling from one end of the gorge to the other, trying to avoid being eaten along the way. There was still some debate among the orruks as to what constituted not getting eaten, and how much of a limb needed to be bitten off for it to count. They did all agree, though, that the Deffgorge was a proper dangerous place, and any orruk that made it to the end was worth his teef.

Into this den of hungry giants, Dakkbad drew Lord Hakadron's army. Eager outriders from among the Khornate host harried Dakkbad's Ironsunz as they fought their way down the Troggoth's Tongue, the great bumpy brown slope that cut its way down the cliff face into the gorge. On the narrow path, the two armies jostled and fought, the orruks' numbers preventing the Bloodbound vanguard from breaking through their lines.

Down the combat snaked, deeper into the shadow of the gorge. Brutes pushed knots of Bloodreavers off the edge, the berserk warriors plummeting, screaming, into the darkness, while fresh enemies slammed into the orruks, painting the rocks with sprays of gore.

One of Lord Hakadron's champions, Garvor the Cruel, broke away from the main host, smashing through the lines of Ardboys Dakkbad had left to cover his withdrawal from the plains above. From the back of his Maw-krusha, Dakkbad taunted the Bloodbound champion with obscene gestures, leading him and his warriors deeper into the gorge. Down the slope and past Deadman's Gullet they came, the armies drenched by the spray from the massive stone mouth at the base of the Troggoth's Tongue that drank the rivers of the Scarlands. As Lord Hakadron was occupied with Dakkbad's rearguard atop the ramp, Garvor's Skullcrushers charged into the gloom of the canyon floor. Hakadron screamed out for the knights to hold and wait for the rest of his host, but Garvor ignored the shouted commands of his lord, the champion thinking only of the glory that could be his in taking the Megaboss' head.

Lord Hakadron fought all the harder upon hearing the sounds of carnage drifting back up from the dark canyon. Something in the back of his mind was telling him that the orruks were laying some kind of trap for his army, as hard a thing as it was to countenance. However, he could not stop now, not while his rivals were doubtless crushing their own foes. Mustering his Brass Stampede, he led a shattering charge through the last of the Ardboys. Bodies fell like rain over the side of the precarious cliff path, some tumbling into the river to be devoured by the Deadman's Gullet. Up ahead, the stragglers of Dakkbad's warclan were still in sight. Bellowing crude insults, the orruks made it clear what they thought of the Chaos general and his army. Just as Dakkbad had hoped, the servants of Khorne were goaded into a rage-induced frenzy. Lord Hakadron ordered his warriors to advance further into the canyon. The stomping of thousands of brazen hooves and iron-shod boots echoed off the ravine walls as Hakadron's army descended, and the Khornate lord ordered his cavalrymen to drive their bellowing daemonic mounts faster.

The sounds of battle were tantalisingly close when Hakadron spied the first mutilated warrior. In the dark of the canyon, beyond his rumbling war machines, a sea of bone and gore was taking shape. Gigantic silhouettes squatted in the gloom, chewing on still-squirming remains. At that moment, the Khornate lord realised the peril his army was in. The garrisons of the Crawlerforts rarely had time to venture far beyond their walls, and as Fangathrak never visited the same place twice, Hakadron had no notion of the Deffgorge or the horrors that lurked in its depths. From the shadows, scores of hungry eyes watched eagerly as their next meal approached.

Garvor the Cruel gouged his razor-sharp spurs into the metallic flanks of his steed. The juggernaut let out a enraged bellow, but sped up as it barrelled headlong into the gloom. On either side, he could see the armoured forms of his brother knights, their steeds' eyes glowing as smoke coiled from blazing muzzles. He could sense their eagerness for the kill, for it was a hunger that gnawed at his own heart, and he knew they were fixated upon how they would soon get to spill the blood of their foes.

The reek of alcohol assailed his nostrils, and bulky shapes moved in the shadows up ahead. They were hard to make out in the darkness – like clouds on a moonless night. Some of these clouds, however, seemed to have eyes, teeth and limbs like pillars. Among the shadows, Garvor thought he saw a line of orruks trying to flee, the cowardly greenskins scattering at his approach. Baring his fangs, each filed to a wicked point, Garvor lowered his lance. Then, close by, he heard a whisper of movement and a strange muffled crunch, like something vast leaping through the air and landing on a pile of scrap metal. For a second, Garvor thought he heard the beginning of a scream cruelly cut off. Looking to his left and right, he saw that his brothers were gone. Turning his attention back to the orruks, he saw that they too had vanished. He suddenly realised that the rows of rocks surrounding him were not the ranks of his soldiers, but by then, the massive hand was already closing its fingers around him…



Slobbering, crunching noises filled the gorge as Lord Hakadron's forward units were devoured. Hungry gargants snatched up writhing Blood Warriors into their drooling mouths, trampled juggernauts to scrap with cart-sized feet, or reached out from their caves with impossibly long arms to snare hapless victims. It was not just Hakadron's army that suffered at the hands of the Aleguzzlers – Dakkbad's Ironsunz lost more than a few greenskins as they fell back deeper into the gloom of the canyon. The orruks were familiar with the perils of Deffgorge, however, and knew the only way to survive was to keep moving.

Some elements of the Bloodbound army tried to make a stand against the rampaging gargants. Piercing gorefists punched out to blind huge eyes, and wickedly sharp axes severed hamstrings as thick as rope. In places, questing hands were bludgeoned back into their holes, and toppled gargants were hacked into quivering meat by the savage followers of Khorne, but this was not an open battlefiel d where guile and tactics would win the day, nor was it against foes that could be undone by tightly packed ranks and steel discipline. Crazed with hunger, ever more of the gargants of Deffgorge were attracted to the sound of battle, and soon, the bone-strewn canyon floor gained a new layer of gore-soaked corpses.

Lord Hakadron, from the back of his juggernaut, forged on. Even as hundreds of his men met bloody ends, the Khornate lord led his warriors into the Ironsunz. At the cost of much of his army, Hakadron had cleared the way for his attack, the Bloodbound's war cries barely drowning out the sound of the mass feeding taking place in their wake. Under the mad gaze of the effigies of Gork (or perhaps Mork) that looked over the end of the gorge, a new battle erupted. Here, where Ironjawz proved how hard they were in the eyes of their god, Dakkbad's army had turned to make its stand.

Incensed that his enemy had retreated before him, Hakadron carved a path towards Dakkbad, the Khornate lord's axe already thick with orruk blood. The Skullcrushers also made the Ironsunz pay, trampling and smashing their way through lines of bawling Brutes. The power of the Bloodbound charge, however, was not nearly enough to break the Ironsunz. Dakkbad's cunning



had paid off, and the army that on the plains above had outnumbered him at least four to one was now much more evenly matched. With a vicious 'Waaagh!', the Ironsunz counter-attacked, Gore-gruntas closing in around the Chaos flanks, while fresh mobs of Brutes bulled their way to the front. Up above, the eyes of the orruk effigies glowed green in approval.

At that same moment, when the battle between Ironsunz and Lord Hakadron's host rested on the rusty edge of a choppa, the skies flared with lightning. A dull, tooth-rattling thunder rolled out across the Scarlands, shaking the ground and even quieting the deafening, monstrous snarls of Fangathrak for a moment. In a flash of light, the Stormcast Eternals had arrived.

Dakkbad drove his boss choppa butt-first into the face of a Blood Warrior, the force of the blow driving the man's visor right through his skull. His boys were doing a good job bashing up these Chaos lads, but he didn't like the look of all that lightning in the sky.

'Don't let 'em get away boyz!' he bellowed. 'Feed 'em to yer choppas or let the big-fings 'ave 'em!'

Over the rolling battlefield of horned helms and heaving flesh, Dakkbad spied the Chaos boss on his spiky beast, yelling orders and waving his axe. 'Dat one's mine! Get out of me way!' bellowed Dakkbad, urging his Maw-krusha forward.

In that instant, a brilliant bolt of lightning crashed down into the gorge, banishing the shadows and hurling up a geyser of smoking rock. Out of its glow sprang warriors in shining plate. The lead warrior threw himself at the Bloodbound lord, and like a silver flash, drove a shimmering sword through his foe.

Dakkbad was furious. 'New plan!' he roared. 'Smash da shiny ones!'

TIME OF WAR

Regiments will learn new skills over the course of a prolonged campaign, earning a fearsome reputation for their deadly effectiveness upon the battlefield. The following Time of War rules will allow you to include such warriors in your own campaigns.

REGIMENTS OF RENOWN

If you decide to fight a campaign (pg 36), then after each game you are allowed to make a roll on the Regiment of Renown table. First you must pick a unit that took part in the battle and which still had at least one model remaining at the battle's end. You must pick a unit that is not already a Regiment of Renown if any are available to be selected.

Having picked a unit, roll a dice and look up your roll on the Regiment of Renown table below. The ability you roll applies to the unit for the rest of the campaign. However, the same result cannot be applied to a unit more than once, and if for any reason it is not possible to apply a result, then the roll is wasted.

A roll of 1 or 6 on the Regiment of Renown table may allow you to roll again on a Specialist Regiment of Renown table (Marksmen, Scouts, Heavy Infantry, Outriders or Cavalry Spearhead). The Specialist tables have restrictions that apply to them; you can only roll on a table if the unit you are rolling for conforms to the table's restrictions.

REGIMENT OF RENOWN TABLE

D6	Renowned Ability
1	**Special:** If the unit you are rolling for is a HERO or MONSTER, add 1 to its Wounds characteristic. For any other unit, roll again on one of the Specialist tables.
2	**Weapon Masters:** Add 1 to hit rolls for the unit in the combat phase.
3	**Ferocious:** Add 1 to wound rolls for the unit in the combat phase.
4	**Stubborn:** Add 1 to save rolls for the unit in the combat phase.
5	**Heroic:** Add 2 to the unit's Bravery characteristic.
6	**Special:** If the unit you are rolling for is a HERO or MONSTER, add 1 to its Wounds characteristic. For any other unit, roll again on one of the Specialist tables.

MARKSMEN REGIMENT OF RENOWN TABLE

Must have missile weapons.

D6	Renowned Ability
1	**Marksmen:** Add 1 to hit rolls for the unit in the shooting phase.
2	**Deadly Shots:** Add 1 to wound rolls for the unit in the shooting phase.
3	**Ignore Cover:** You can ignore the effects of cover when making attacks for this unit in the shooting phase.
4	**Move & Fire:** Models from this unit can shoot even if they made a run move in the same turn.
5	**Eagle-eyes:** Add 6" to the range of all missile weapons used by this unit.
6	**Stand & Shoot:** Add 1 to hit rolls for this unit if they did not move in the movement phase.

SCOUTS REGIMENT OF RENOWN TABLE

Must be a foot unit with a Save of 5+, 6+ or -.

D6	Renowned Ability
1	**Fleet:** Add 2" to the unit's Move characteristic.
2	**Trackers:** Pick an enemy unit when this unit is set up. Add 1 to hit rolls for this unit which target that enemy unit.
3	**Ambushers:** This unit can be set up anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 6" from enemy territory.
4	**Skirmishers:** Subtract 1 from hit rolls for missile weapons that target this unit.
5	**Pioneers:** The Deadly rule from the Scenery table on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet does not affect this unit.
6	**Rangers:** Add 2 to save rolls for this unit if it is in cover, instead of only 1.

HEAVY INFANTRY REGIMENT OF RENOWN TABLE

Must be a foot unit with a Save of 3+, 4+ or 5+.

D6	Renowned Ability
1	**Fearsome Reputation:** Subtract 1 from the Bravery of all enemy units that are within 3" of this unit.
2	**Never Surrender:** This unit automatically passes battleshock tests if it is within 3" of an enemy unit (there is no need to roll the dice).
3	**Backs to the Wall:** If this unit has less than half of its starting number of models when it attacks in the combat phase, you can add 1 to all hit rolls for the unit.
4	**Battle Drill:** Once per game, in the combat phase, you can declare that this unit will use battle drill. If you do so, you can re-roll hit, wound and save rolls of 1 for the unit in that phase.
5	**Guardians:** You can re-roll save rolls for **HERO** models from your army that are within 3" of this unit.
6	**Defensive Formation:** In the movement phase, you can declare that this unit will adopt a defensive formation instead of making a move. If you do so, add 1 to save rolls for this unit until your next movement phase.

OUTRIDERS REGIMENT OF RENOWN TABLE

Must be a mounted unit with a Save of 5+, 6+ or -.

D6	Renowned Ability
1	**Fleet:** Add 2" to the unit's Move characteristic.
2	**Outflankers:** You can say that this unit is making an outflanking move instead of setting it up at the start of the battle. If you do so, you can set it up in any of your hero phases, with all models within 6" of any table edge and more than 9" away from the enemy. This counts as its move for that turn.
3	**Hit & Run:** If this unit did not move in the movement phase, it can make a move in the shooting or combat phase of the same turn, after it attacks. The move is carried out in the same way as a run move. The unit cannot use its Hit & Run ability in the enemy turn, or in the combat phase if it used it in the shooting phase.
4	**Forerunners:** Treat all run rolls for this unit as being 6 (you do not have to roll).
5	**Fall Back:** If there are any enemy models within 3" of this unit at the end of the enemy charge phase, you can declare that it will fall back. If you do so, you can move the unit as if it were making a retreat move in your movement phase.
6	**Vanguard:** After setting up this unit at the start of the battle, you can immediately make a run move with it. Because this move takes place before the first battle round, it does not stop the unit from moving, running, shooting or charging on its first turn.

CAVALRY SPEARHEAD REGIMENT OF RENOWN TABLE

Must be a mounted unit with a Save of 3+, 4+ or 5+.

D6	Renowned Ability
1	**Onslaught:** Add 1 to hit rolls for this unit in the combat phase if it made a charge move in the charge phase of the same turn.
2	**Devastating Charge:** After this unit makes a charge move, roll a dice for each enemy model within 1". On a roll of 5 or more, that model's unit suffers a mortal wound.
3	**Heavy Armour:** You can add 1 to save rolls for this unit, but must subtract 2 from its Move characteristic.
4	**Massive Mounts:** Add 1 to the unit's Wounds characteristic.
5	**Headstrong:** Add 3 to the unit's Bravery characteristic. However, you can never retreat with the unit.
6	**Counter-charge:** Once per game at the end of the enemy charge phase, if there are no enemy models within 3" of this unit, you can declare that this unit will counter-charge. If you do so, this unit can attempt to charge as if it were its own charge phase.

BATTLEPLAN

THE BEAST RUN



When an army is badly outnumbered, it usually only has two choices. It can stand and fight, trusting to its skill at arms and grim resolve to win the day – or it can do something to even the odds! This battleplan is based upon the latter of these two options, and recreates the situation where an outnumbered force feigns retreat in order to lure an opposing army into a trap. Once the trap has been sprung and the pursuers weakened, the 'quarry' will suddenly turn about and attack their opponents, crushing them before they have a chance to recover.

The nature of the trap used can vary widely, but in this battleplan, it is based upon that used by the Ironsunz – namely drawing the opponent into the hunting grounds of ferocious wild monsters!

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then they must determine who will be the hunter and who will be the quarry. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then they must be the hunter. Otherwise, each player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher can pick who is the hunter and who is the quarry.

HUNTER'S OBJECTIVES

Your enemy has fled, and you are in hot pursuit. Your warriors outnumber them, and you have a chance to destroy them utterly – they must not escape. However, part of you worries that things have been somewhat easy so far. Did the foe turn and run a bit too promptly? Is their retreat less of a panic-stricken rout than it should be? You must be on your guard in case your foolish opponents are trying to lure you into a trap…

QUARRY'S OBJECTIVES

The area you are entering is death to any that tarry, and you must hurry in order to reach the far end of the narrow gorge before the monsters that make this their hunting ground emerge from their lairs. As long as you do so, the beasts will fall upon the enemy, leaving you to wipe out any of the foe that manage to fight their way out of your trap!

THE MONSTROUS BEASTS

In order to use this battleplan, each player needs at least one unit with the **MONSTER** keyword. These units represent the creatures whose hunting grounds have been entered by the two opposing armies.

Each player is allowed to place up to three **MONSTER** units to one side. They are not treated as being part of either player's army. The units will enter play from the sides of the battlefield as described on the following pages.



THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place in a long narrow gorge that opens onto a plain. The cliffs that line the two sides of the gorge are represented by the long edges of the table. They are filled with caves and tunnels that are home to numerous monstrous beasts, all of which use the gorge as a hunting ground.

SET-UP

Before setting up, you must determine the maximum number of units each player is allowed to use. This is based upon the number of MONSTER units that were placed in the pool of monstrous beasts (see previous page). The quarry is allowed to set up two units for every unit of monsters. The hunter is allowed to set up three units for every unit of monsters.

Do not use the set-up instructions on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the quarry chooses a narrow table edge and sets up their units so that all of their models are between 24" and 36" away from it (for example, in the area marked '3' on the map below). The hunters set up second, so that all of their models are within 12" of the table edge chosen by the quarry (for example, in the area marked '1' on the map).

FIRST TURN

The quarry must take the first turn in the first round of the battle (there is no need to roll).

MONSTERS, MONSTERS!

The monsters in the pool of monstrous beasts arrive during the players' hero phases, and choose their prey at the start of each battle round.





SETTINGUP THE MONSTERS

At the start of their hero phase, the player whose turn is taking place must roll to see if a monster is set up. On a roll of 1-3, nothing happens. On a roll of 4 or 5, they can set up one unit that they contributed to the monstrous beasts pool (as long as there is one left, of course). On a roll of 6, they can set up any unit from the pool, including any that were placed there by their opponent. Stop rolling once all of the monsters have been set up.

Roll the dice again to see where the monster is set up. All of the models in the unit must be set up within the area on the map that has the same number as the dice roll and within 3" of a table edge. The unit cannot move or attack until it has chosen its prey, as described next, but can be attacked before then by either player.

THE MONSTERS' PREY

Monsters choose their prey at the start of each battle round. This will be the unit closest to the monster at the time (monsters will not attack each other). If more than one unit is equally close, then roll a dice to determine which is the prey. For the rest of the battle round, the monster is considered to be part of the opposing player's army (e.g. if the prey is part of the hunter's force then the monster joins the quarry's army for that turn).

Note that a monster's prey can change each battle round, and that monsters may 'swap sides' depending on which unit is closest. Also note that a monster can be used to attack any unit in their prey's army, not just the prey itself.

VICTORY

Use the rules for Glorious Victory on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet to determine the winner. However, the rules for sudden death victories are **not** used.

SCARLANDS PAINTING GUIDE

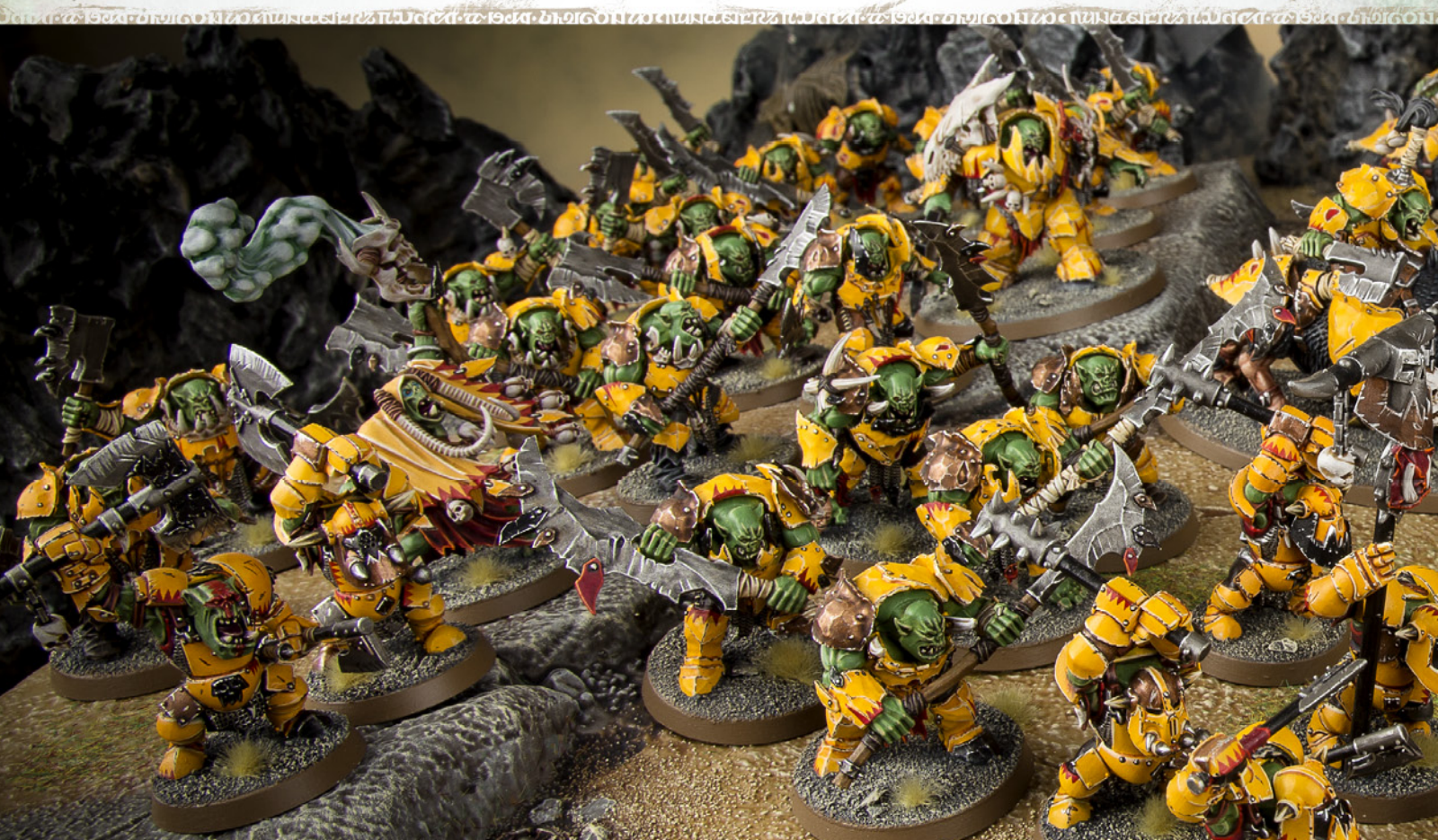
With your painted warriors bristling with weapons and ready to heed the call of war, all that's needed for a mighty battle is an epic battlefield. In this painting guide, we'll show you how to create the spectacular setting your armies deserve.

The Scarlands in Ghur are filled with arid bone-littered vistas prowled by creatures of fathomless savagery – landscapes that make for deadly and unforgiving battlegrounds. In such places, war transcends the clashes of men, as the land itself unleashes indiscriminate fury upon all the unfortunate combatants. Even the most steadfast and redoubtable warrior can appear frail amidst the cruel terrain, raging storms, and terrible creatures that dwell there. Many succumb, and their remains lie scattered across the barren tracts as hideous and stark reminders of many a hopeless plight.

Utilising a Citadel Realm of Battle Gameboard to recreate this forsaken land is an exciting hobby project, and the results are truly inspiring. It also offers plenty of scope for raiding your bits box and 'kitbashing'.

In this instance, we made use of parts from a Skeleton Warriors set, scattering bones, shields and armour in several areas to represent the grisly evidence of previous skirmishes, while the remainder were arranged piecemeal at the edges of the rocky outcrops. These details were painted along with the rest of the board, with some details picked out in the final stages, to create the impression that the land itself has begun to devour the remains.

While this colour scheme is perfect for this turbulent and deadly region of the Realm of Beasts, it would be simple to use exactly the same steps but substituting reds, greys or greens for the pale, sandy browns to transform the scenery into a landscape from virtually any realm – from the fire-scorched plains of the Brimstone Peninsula in Aqshy to the metallic and transmutative environments of Anvrok in Chamon.



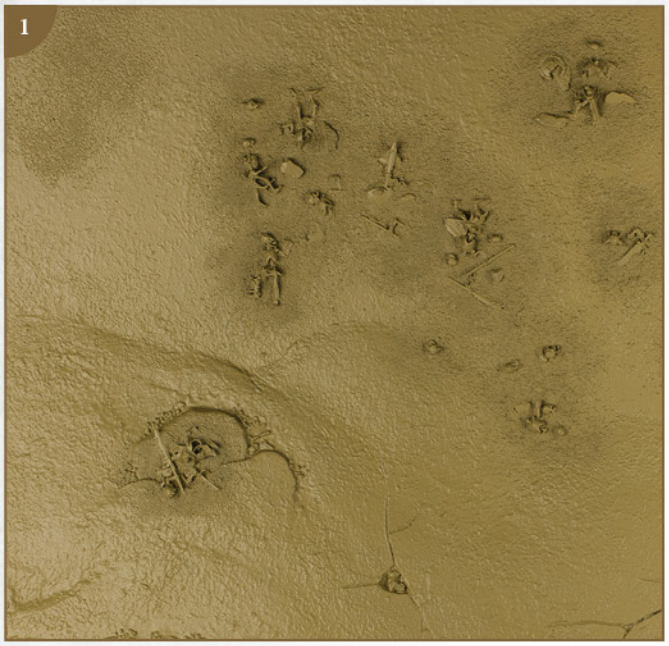


Attach skeletons and debris by simply arranging them upon patches of wet PVA. To add realism and texture, sprinkle a little sand around the bones.



Painting patches of Shade paint around details such as rocks and skeletons and then picking them out with focussed drybrushing really makes them stand out.

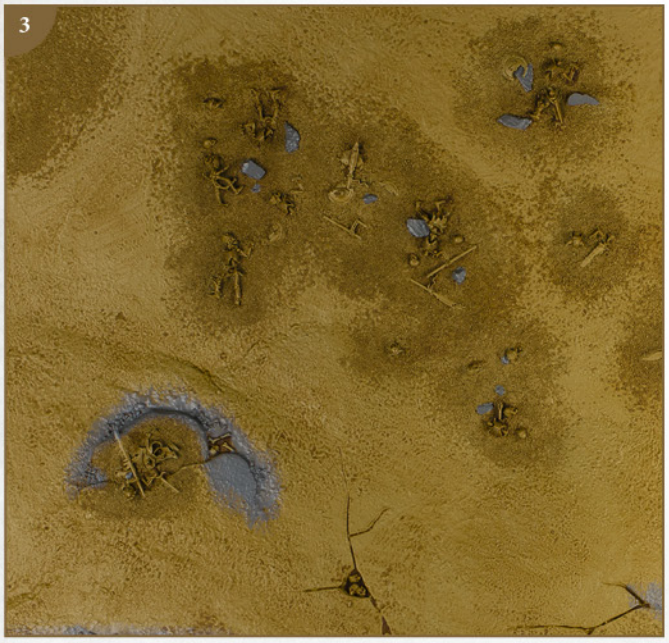




Apply Zandri Dust Spray to the entire board. Alternatively, apply Chaos Black Spray, then use an L Scenery brush to apply Zandri Dust Base paint in two slightly thinned-down coats (use a 3:1 paint to water ratio).



Next, paint the entire surface with Seraphim Sepia Shade paint. Make sure that the colour reaches all the recesses and concentrate it in the patches around the rocks and skeletons.



Apply a coat of Dawnstone Base paint to the rocks – both those that are part of the board itself and any Citadel Stones that you have glued on.



Apply a generous coat of Agrax Earthshade to the rocks, sand and areas around the skeletons. After applying the shade, use a fresh brush with dry bristles to blend the colour away from the figures.



Pick out the rocks once more by drybrushing them with Dawnstone Dry paint. Be careful not to get any of this paint on the rest of the board.



Now drybrush the surface using Screaming Skull and an L Dry brush, applying the effect evenly across the entire board. This neatly blends all the underlying hues for a realistic end result.



Attach patches of Citadel Grass using PVA and pick out some of the details of the skeletal remains, such as the leather belts.



Paint the shields and helmets with Leadbelcher, shade them with Nuln Oil Shade paint, and then drybrush them with Runefang Steel.

IRONSUNZ PAINTING GUIDE

The Ironsunz are one of the biggest, and – they claim – baddest, of all the Ironjaw warclans. They deck themselves out in snazzy yellow armour, partly to show off, but mainly because they want everyone they smash to pieces to know that they're being smashed by the best.



Orruks live for one reason alone – fighting. Or maybe two, if you count smashing stuff up. Utterly thuggish and somewhat haphazard, they're extremely good at both activities, and their extensive array of weaponry is perfectly suited to the tasks, despite having been amassed and refined through trial and – as often as not– error.

Led by the indomitable Dakkbad Grotkicker, the Ironsunz never understate anything, and they love to intimidate their foes by wearing bright yellow armour. Augmented by yet more armour plates yanked from dead opponents, and adorned with grisly skull trophies, their appearance certainly supports their claim of being the toughest orruks around.

Their weaponry is best described as brutally efficient, and mainly consists of huge rusty choppas, vicious clubs and big hammers. Many are augmented with extra 'teef' to make them look especially killy. All of these have proved more than adequate for hacking, slashing, bashing and pounding their countless enemies into tiny pieces.



A riot of bright yellow, red and silver, Ironsunz sport a striking colour scheme even by Ironjawz standards – perfect for any painter fond of bold hues.



Paint the 'teef' markings in Mephiston Red. Twist the brush as you draw it through the paint to create a fine tip, then paint away from the point of each toof.



To get the best results with a really vibrant collection like the Ironsunz, first undercoat the model with Corax White Spray. Then paint the whole model Yriel Yellow.



Apply Rakarth Flesh to bone, Rhinox Hide to boots and teeth, Mournfang Brown to trousers, Leadbelcher to iron, Waaagh! Flesh to skin, Balthasar Gold to brass, Zandri Dust to bindings.



Now apply Warboss Green to the skin, Balor Brown to the teeth, Runefang Steel to the rivets, Screaming Skull to the bindings and Pallid Wych Flesh to bone details.



Shade the flesh with Athonian Camoshade, apply Agrax Earthshade to the trousers, brass and bindings, Nuln Oil to the iron and boots and use Seraphim Sepia for the armour.



Apply highlights of Skarsnik Green to the flesh, Gorthor Brown to the boots, Skrag Brown to the trousers, Screaming Skull to armour, bone and bindings and Runefang Steel to metals.



Attach Citadel Sand to the base with PVA. Apply Mournfang Brown before drybrushing with Balor Brown, then again with Screaming Skull. Paint the rim with Steel Legion Drab.





DA BIG GREEN GOD

The tempo of battle had changed. All that fought in the shadow of Fangathrak could feel the shift. Chaos armies howled out to the Dark Gods, while greenskin warclans bellowed to the sky, revelling in the roiling Waaagh! energy that swept the battlefield. And over it all rumbled thunder.

Lightning struck across the Scarlands. Where it hit the splintered Hunger Woods, the flashes lit up scenes of slaughter as the Bloodbound hordes of Lords Draegorn and Braythrax piled high the heads of the Fists of Drakka. The lightning struck the Gnawing Sea, breaking apart the floating platforms of the scrap-camp where Doggrok's Choppas fought their daemonic foes. Searing bolts fell into the shadows of the Deffgorge, revealing glimpses of a great pit filled with carnage and death. Over the remains of the gigadroth, cords of electricity danced among the gigantic bones as the remnants of the Chaos Legions fought on below.

From the lightning came the Stormcast Eternals. Led by Lord-Celestant Tymon of the Tempest Lords, the bulk of the armoured warriors struck towards the Brass and Blood Crawlerforts. Here, the Fists of Drakka were all but spent, their hordes reduced to roaring knots of resistance by crazed Khornate warriors. Without hesitation, the Stormcasts swept into the Bloodbound. At the same time, other Stormhosts were moving out on Tymon's flanks, attacking the towers and pontoons along the edges of the Gnawing Sea. Miles away, in and around the Deffgorge on the other side of Fangathrak, similar events were unfolding, and the Chaos forces that had but recently been pushing back the orruks found themselves fighting on two sides as new foes charged out of the storm.

In places, bitter three-way battles broke out, for even though Tymon's armies had not come to combat the orruks, the greenskins held no such compunctions about fighting the Stormcasts. In the depths of the Deffgorge, Dakkbad exacted his revenge on a force of Stormcasts, even though he was eventually forced to make good his escape and leave them and the Chaos worshippers to the monsters.





On the Gnawing Sea, Weirdnob Zoozek of Doggrok's Choppas made lightning of his own. The green bolts turned a massive siege barge, dozens of orruks, and no small number of daemons and Stormcasts into a huge green mushroom cloud. In the Hunger Woods, Megaboss Krumdrak thundered into the middle of a pitched battle between the Stormcasts and Bloodbound, ripping off Lord Braythrax's head with his bare hands.

Despite these 'victories', the warclans fighting around the Brass, Blood, Torment and Bane Crawlerforts were gradually driven towards the gigadroth skeleton by the warring Chaos and Stormcast forces, until a vast mob was gathered among its giant bones.

Megaboss Zogbak cast a distrustful eye over the Ironsunz as he idly scratched his back with the bent remains of Vargos' great sword. Dakkbad Grotkicker was glaring right back, as was Redrek Goregobbla of Doggrok's Choppas. There were even some Fists of Drakka bosses milling about trying to look important, but none of the three Megabosses were paying them any attention.

'Right, so 'oos in charge?' Redrek said again, the look in his eyes making it clear he thought it should be him. To add emphasis, Redrek rattled his trophies – a string of impressively dented helms taken from the Chaos warriors. Several still contained heads. Zogbak ignored the boasts. He was keeping an eye on Dakkbad, as he knew that when the thumping started, as it was sure to soon, the Ironsunz would try to do something sneaky. There was something else going on here though, something Zogbak's brutal green brain couldn't quite wrap itself around. It felt like an even bigger storm was brewing. The air was charged with Waaagh! energy, and the boys were getting restless. Zogbak had the sense that they were all waiting for something. Something big…



For days, the violence raged. The Dark Gods' minions continued to spill out of the Crawlerforts, focussing on the hated hosts of Sigmar. Clashes with disorganised mobs of orruks were frequent, however, as the greenskins mobbed up to attack the great limbs of the Crawlerforts. Although the anarchic bands of orruks were driven back, with the breaking of each dawn, more and more of them gathered in the shadow of the gigadroth skeleton. Fangathrak thrashed in its chains, but was still held roughly in place with sorcery and steel. Vargos and his legions had been pounded into the dust under the might of the Ironjaw warclans. In a storm of greenskin warriors, the Sinewed Herald and his daemonic armies claimed skulls for their wrathful lord, and as they fought, the madness of the Blood God seeped into the brutish brains of the orruks.

Thousands of guttural war cries were hurled skywards, until the sky screamed back. The Sinewed Herald was eventually defeated, along with most of his host, but the blood-madness of Khorne's soldiers had thrown the orruks into a frenzy. The Bloodtoofs gave Doggrok's Choppas a good kicking for running away from the Gnawing Sea, the Fists of Drakka tried to 'sort out' who their boss was, and the Ironsunz simply beat up anyone who looked like they could use a beating. For a long week of glorious face-smashing and throat-biting, the Ironjawz spent most of their energy fighting each other, almost forgetting the Crawlerforts. Brutes pummelled each other in the looming gaps between the gigadroth's ribs, while mobs of Gore-gruntas tore up and down its length, more than one giving the old bones a good chew.

The Chaos armies sent out to destroy the massing Ironjawz were instead consumed by the rampant green horde. Soon, the only Chaos eyes that beheld the thronging Ironjawz did so from atop the safety of the Crawlerforts' walls.

While the orruks grew in number and fought amongst themselves, the Stormcasts launched their assault against the Crawlerforts only to see it quickly grind to a bloody halt. Tymon's Tempest Lords held the Hunger Woods and much of the lands nearby, but could not breach the great gates of either the Brass or Blood forts. Each time Tymon managed to make a thrust with his army, crashing through lines of screaming Bloodbound, he was thwarted. At times, the Stormcast assaults were halted by the scything claws of the Crawlerforts themselves,

but when these were eluded, the warriors from Azyr were driven back by Chaos reinforcements arriving out of the Mawgate. Any gains the Stormcasts made were brutally retaken. With its mouth held open, Fangathrak continued to disgorge fresh Chaos hosts from the Allpoints. With each passing day, the walls of the Crawlerforts grew thicker with dark warriors and daemons. As all this occurred, the power of the orruks grew. Neither the black-hearted servants of Chaos nor Sigmar's warriors had any notion of the savage green tide about to engulf them.

Soon, the storm that had raged over Fangathrak since the arrival of the Tempest Lords changed. Grinning green faces appeared in the clouds while thunderheads shaped like massive fists rolled overhead. From the broken battlefield of the Hunger Woods, littered with Chaos and orruk dead, Lord-Celestant Tymon looked to the sky and conferred with his Lord-Relictor. The two Stormcast lords wondered if this might be the coming of Gorkamorka, and a glance at the battlements of the Crawlerforts told them their foes were as uncertain of what this meant as they. To the Ironjawz, however, this was the sign they had been waiting for. Gorkamorka had spoken, and the orruks bellowed back in an unending 'Waaagh!'.



Gore-choppas take many forms, all of them brutal and unsubtle.

Megabosses Zogbak, Dakkbad and Redrek all knew this was a chance to prove just who was the hardest. Wading into their unruly mobs, they knocked heads to restore command. Zogbak looked across the torn-up landscape to where Fangathrak struggled, and then back at the other bosses, thinking the same thing that was slowly dawning upon them and every orruk. As one they moved towards the nearest Chaos stronghold – the Flayed Fort – eager to prove themselves by being the first to reach its highest point.

REDREK GOREGOBBLA OF DOGGROK'S CHOPPAS

Doggrok's Choppas were named after their original Megaboss, whose sun-bleached skull now adorns the Waaagh! staff of their current leader, Weirdnob Shaman Ka-rokk. Doggrok's Choppas are notorious show-offs among the Ironjawz, and Redrek is no exception. The Megaboss earned his name because of his penchant for eating his victims before they were quite dead. Such barbaric customs have made Redrek rightly feared by foes and rivals alike. Even Ka-rokk, who claims to speak with the voice of mighty Doggrok himself, says that the Megaboss has an un-orruky obsession with eating things that perhaps shouldn't (yet) be eaten. One of the reasons Redrek came to the Scarlands was to further his growing reputation, for like all Megabosses, he sought to expand his own following or, at least, eat those of his rivals. If there had not been so much Waaagh! energy driving all the orruks to distraction, then perhaps Redrek's own boys would have noticed that the Megaboss had been acting very strangely of late…



IRON DAWN

A dozen miles of blasted terrain separated the Flayed Fort from the Ironjawz, a wasteland with no cover from the Chaos forces atop the Crawlerforts. Fearing nothing, the orruks charged headlong into this desolate killing ground in a green storm of hacking choppas and smashing fists.

From the vantage point of the Flayed Fort's walls, the Daemon Prince Synlesha Paleblood watched the orruks come. Draegorn and his Bloodbound were keeping the Stormcasts at bay outside both the Brass and Blood Crawlerforts, and it fell to the Slaaneshi daemon, as the only other surviving Chaos general, to hold the orruks. Seen from atop his Crawlerfort, it was as though the horizon was hauling itself over the edge of the world and coming to hack apart the defenders. A sea of green flesh was pouring into the wasteland. Synlesha boasted they would never even reach the walls, and even if they did, he would pluck their souls from their crude bodies as they tried to climb the fortresses. At his side, hedonistic Slaaneshi sorcerers and Tzeentch Arcanites readied magical bolts, while a battery of Draegorn's Khornate Skullcannons prepared their deadly ordnance. The keeps drooled hellfire from the grinning skulls embedded in their walls, and the Crawlerforts themselves clicked razor-sharp appendages in anticipation. Very soon, the killing would begin.

Wild-eyed Gore-gruntas pulled out in front of the press of other orruks, both riders and mounts straining towards the distant fortress. Ironsunz, in their battered yellow armour, raced against Bloodtoofs in their crimson plate, while the blue-clad orruks of Doggrok's Choppas tried to force their way through their rivals. Behind them raced lines of Ardboys. Most carried choppas and smashas, but many also lugged crude ladders and battering rams, or pushed ramshackle siege towers, all patched together from bits of scavenged iron and bone. Amid the sea of heaving green flesh, Warchanters hammered out a steady tempo, driving the orruks into ever greater heights of frenzy. Such was the thundering beat of the Waaagh! that other nearby beasts flocked toward the Ironjawz' attack. From the yawning depths of the Deffgorge, dozens of pale gargants hauled themselves into the bloody light of dawn, their bleary eyes slowly focussing on the Crawlerforts, before lumbering off towards Fangathrak, huge clubs in hand.

Dakkbad smashed up anything within reach of his boss choppa. Enemies fell like lumpy rain around him as his Maw-krusha climbed the crude ramps and broken siege towers to reach the Crawlerfort. Next, the orruk goaded his great beast to use its fists to punch handholds in the stone, hauling itself up through sheer brawn. Already, mobs of Ironjawz had swarmed the slow-moving Crawlerforts and begun scaling the bastions atop them, or simply bulled their way through holes made by gargants. Toothed battering rams shattered skull-lined gates. Rickety ladders and siege towers were covered with more greenskins, while some orruks simply climbed up the growing piles of dead.

But it was not the boys Dakkbad was looking at. His gaze sought out Redrek and Zogbak. A few of the bosses of Doggrok's Choppas had already had a go at getting to the top of the fortress, and their broken bodies still hung from its parapets. Furrowing his brow, Dakkbad decided no git was going to beat him to that tower, so he gave his mount a kick, and it charged to the top.

Barrelling over the peak of the wall, the Megaboss flew down into the Chaos-choked courtyard below, crushing a few defenders under his Maw-krusha for good measure. At the same time, a winged daemon-lord, all pale skin and cruelty, dived down to meet him, and Dakkbad heaved up his choppa, eager for a proper fight.



From the twisted crenellations of the Crawlerforts, a thousand gouts of flame erupted. Sorcerous missiles ploughed into the lead Gore-gruntas, sending beasts and orruks spinning into the air. Skull-bombs rained down, leaving mounds of mangled bodies. The Crawlerforts stomped their massive limbs to crush those too tightly packed to escape. Sheets of warp-flame fell from above to dance among the invader's lines, mutating flesh.

Yet still the Ironjawz charged. From a needle-sharp tower, a Tzeentch Arcanite loosed a soul-rending spell into the masses, only for a babbling Weirdnob to hurl it right back, turning the Chaos sorcerer into a shower of whimpering meat. From the walls, lines of Skullcannons spat out flaming rounds, but between the blinding flashes of their explosions Gore-gruntas could be seen continuing their mad charge, hacking at the Crawlerfort's limbs. In places, spells transformed orruks into hideous spawn, their green bodies bursting with spider-like limbs and slapping tentacles. These abominations were swiftly slain as Ironjawz piled onto them.

Even as droves of greenskins died, they fought among themselves to climb the great crawling beasts and the walls atop them. Orruks shoved and battered each other out of the way to mount ramshackle siege towers or haul themselves up overloaded ladders. On the ground below, Gore-gruntas trampled those too slow to move aside, and the three Megabosses let their Maw-krushas pulverise their own paths upwards, heedless of whatever was in front of them. Despite the crushing strides of the Crawlerfort and the blazing fury that rained down from above, the greenskins did not slacken. If anything, the orruks became wilder, and the green faces in the sky bellowed encouragement.

The ponderous beast carrying the Flayed Fort was shuddering, and the walls atop it were shaking under the assault. In places, entire towers came crashing down amid billowing clouds of dust and bone. In furious desperation, the great crawler lashed out with limbs the size of Ghyran oaks to crush orruks by the hundred. Above, the gargants from the Deffgorge pushed and heaved at the walls until great gaps appeared, fissures which were soon filled with hordes of hollering Bloodbound and mobs of snarling Ironjawz. In the corpse-littered courtyards beyond, the battle raged on. As the fighting grew in intensity, Fangathrak took advantage of the distraction at the end of one of its chains and started to pull the Flayed Fort towards its maw, even as the other five crawler beasts tried to re-establish their control over the world-worm.

Dakkbad and Synlesha duelled in the Flayed Fort courtyard. With quicksilver strikes, the Daemon Prince slashed at the Megaboss while swarms of hissing Daemonettes snapped at the orruk's Maw-krusha. Dakkbad was bleeding from countless wounds, but he barely noticed, each blow of his choppa as bone-shattering as ever. Above the duel, Zogbak and mobs of his Bloodtoof boys were clambering their way further up the keep. Before the Bloodtoof Megaboss could get to the top, however, something changed. Over the din a distant 'Waaagh!' boomed, and a pair of blazing green eyes gazed down from above, focussing upon the Brass and Blood keeps. Orruk Warchanters heard the twin heartbeats of Gork and Mork become one in their heads. Every orruk knew, right down to their unwashed toes, that this was Gorkamorka telling them what to do.

Even the Megabosses felt the call. Zogbak and his boys charged off in the direction the sound had come from, while Dakkbad took advantage of Synlesha's momentary distraction to deliver a vicious head butt that split the daemon's face, before setting off himself. The shattered Chaos defenders watched in confusion as their enemy smashed their way back down from the broken castle, dismounting the crawler beast they had fought so hard to climb.



'Bog off you git! Go and get those other ladz!' Redrek snorted, shoving the Brute boss back down into the exodus of orruks that were abandoning the walls. Already, most of the Bloodtoofs and Ironsunz had set off towards the battle they knew must be happening over the horizon. Dakkbad and Zogbak had gone with them, their rivalry forgotten for the moment.

Some of the boys still looked confused, caught in the middle of smashing up Slaaneshi defenders, when they had heard the thunderous Waaagh! cry. Redrek was doing his best to get them moving, not that there was much left to bash. Though at least the green horde seemed to have stalled short of actually reaching the Mawgate. Lumbering down into the rubble, Redrek gave a final look at his advancing army, then, sure that no one important was watching, shook off the unpleasant orruk shape he had assumed. Maw-krusha and Megaboss shimmered until in their place stood Xer'ger'ael, the Tyrant of Eyes, one of Archaon's Gaunt Summoners. What a mess this whole affair had become. The orruks were harder to control than a herd of Chaos spawn. For weeks, ever since the real Megaboss Redrek had been imprisoned in the Crystal Labyrinth, the Gaunt Summoner had been trying to turn the Ironjawz against the Stormcast Eternals. Xer'ger'ael wondered how his brothers were faring with the other All-gates. However, it seemed that even if his plans – and a few of the Crawlerforts – were ruined, the orruks would fulfil their role in keeping the Mawgate out of Sigmar's grasp.

Transforming into a ghur-crow, the Gaunt Summoner flew towards the new threat. If he was going to take credit for destroying the Stormcast Eternals, he would need to witness just how it happened.



BATTLEPLAN
THE DREADHOLD



Chaos Dreadholds of all different shapes and sizes stud the Mortal Realms. Some are small, no more than isolated outposts. Others are unimaginably vast, breaking all bounds of reason and nature. Whatever their size, seizing such a fortress is no small matter. All have tall, strong walls which are covered with protective devices designed to punish any intrusion. Within the walls stand garrisons of staunch defenders ready to rain death upon any attackers. Only a sizeable and highly motivated force has any chance of capturing such an objective, and then only at a terrible cost in blood and death!

This battleplan will allow you to fight just such an assault upon a Chaos Dreadhold. The battle will only end when the fortress has been overrun or the attackers have suffered such grievous losses that their spirits are broken and they retreat.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then must determine who will be the attacker and who will be the defender. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then they must be the attacker. Otherwise, each player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher decides whether to be the attacker or the defender.

THE DREADHOLD

You will need the scenery models for one of the warscroll battalions in *Battletome: Chaos Dreadhold* in order to use this battleplan. Any of the warscroll battalions from the book can be used.

ATTACKER'SOBJECTIVES

Your lord and master has demanded that you capture the Chaos Dreadhold that stands before you. You have gathered your warriors ready for the assault, and planned long into the previous night to come up with your attack strategy. Dawn has now broken, and you are ready to execute your plan. Your followers must scale the Dreadhold's walls and wipe out the enemy warriors that cower within.

DEFENDER'S OBJECTIVES

Standing outside the walls of your Chaos Dreadhold stands a huge enemy army that is preparing to attack. They foolishly think that their numbers will overwhelm your defences, but you are confident that they will soon be proven wrong. You have ordered the garrison you command to man the defences and prepare to repel any attackers that make it onto the walls. If you can slay enough of the enemy before they gain a foothold, their spirits will be crushed and you will emerge victorious.

THE SIEGE

The attacker of a Chaos Dreadhold must make a choice before the battle starts – attack immediately, or spend time wearing down the defenders. If an immediate attack is made, the battle will last for five battle rounds.

If the attacker decides to wear down the defenders, then a siege phase must be carried out before the battle starts, and the battle will only last for four rounds rather than five.

To conduct the siege phase, each player secretly picks a number by hiding a dice behind their hand. The defender must pick a number from 1 to 3, and the attacker a number from 4 to 6. Once both players have chosen their numbers, the dice are revealed, and the numbers cross-referenced on the Siege table (pg 159) to see what effect the siege has had on the garrison.



THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle takes place on and around a Chaos Dreadhold. As noted on the previous page, you will need scenery models to set up one of the warscroll battalions from *Battletome: Chaos Dreadhold*. The defender is allowed to set up the Dreadhold anywhere on the table. However, it must be set up in such a way as to allow the attacker enough room to deploy their army outside its walls (see Set-up, next).

SET-UP

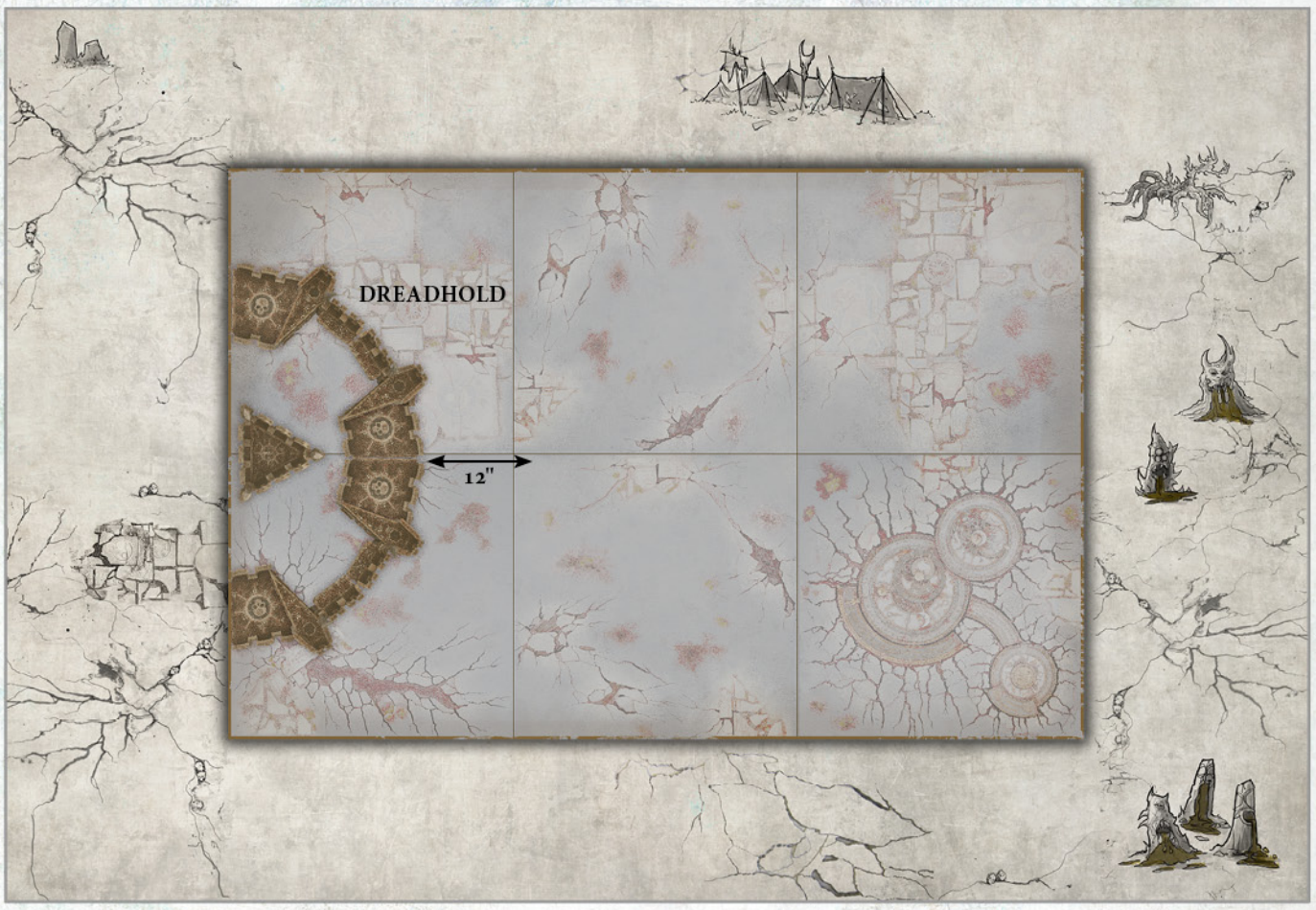
The defender sets up first. All of their units must either be set up garrisoning the Dreadhold, or upon its walls – any units that will not fit in or on the Dreadhold cannot be used. During the battle, any new units added to the defender's army can only be set up if they can fit on or in the Dreadhold – if this is impossible, they cannot be added to the army. The attacker sets up second, anywhere more than 12" from the Dreadhold. If you are using a Magebane Wall, the defender chooses which side of the wall is the 'outside'.

FIRST TURN

The attacker must take the first turn in the first battle round (there is no need to roll).

VICTORY

Do not use the victory conditions on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the attacker wins immediately if there are no defenders in or on the Dreadhold. The defender wins immediately if two thirds or more of the attacking models set up at the start of the battle have been slain or have fled the battle.





SIEGE TABLE KEY

No Effect: The attacker's ploy is foiled and has no effect on the defender.

Attrition: The attacker rolls a dice for each defending unit after it is set up, subtracting 1 from the roll if the unit is a **HERO**. On a roll of 1-4, the unit is unharmed; on a roll of 5, it suffers D3 mortal wounds; and on a roll of 6, it suffers D6 mortal wounds.

Breach: The attacker rolls a dice for each scenery model that is part of the Dreadhold. On a roll of 5 or 6, that model has been breached and none of its abilities can be used in the battle, though it can still provide cover. This has no effect on the abilities of a warscroll battalion that it is part of.

Surprise Attack: The attacker can pick one **HERO** and two other units to emerge from underground tunnels (though none of the units can be **MONSTERS**). These units can be set up anywhere on the battlefield, including within the Dreadhold, as long as they are more than 3" away from any enemy models.

SIEGE TABLE

DEFENDER'S CHOICE	ATTACKER'S CHOICE		
	STARVE (1)	BATTER (2)	UNDERMINE (3)
GATHER SUPPLIES (4)	NO EFFECT	BREACH	SURPRISE ATTACK
REBUILD (5)	ATTRITION	NO EFFECT	SURPRISE ATTACK
COUNTER-MINE (6)	ATTRITION	BREACH	NO EFFECT



GREEN THUNDER

Like a predator falling upon wounded prey, the armies of Gordrakk, the Fist of Gork, charged into battle. Such was the size of his army that it made those greenskin tribes that fought beneath the snarling shadow of Fangathrak and its Crawlerforts seem as rain drops to a raging storm.

Gordrakk's Great Waaagh! had been rampaging across the realms and growing as it went. With each new land savaged, and each fresh opponent added to his growing tally of kills, his reputation spread. With it grew his armies, orruks drawn from far and wide by the legend of the massive and brutish leader. More important, perhaps, than Gordrakk's size and strength, were the tales that he was blessed by Gorkamorka. Shaman prophets of the god agreed that here was the herald of the next Great Waaagh!, and anyone that said different was going to get thumped. As he crossed the varied lands of Ghur, all fell before his vast Ironjaw armies. With each triumph more and more greenskins and beastkin flocked to his banner, for orruks have always been plentiful in the savage Realm of Beasts. Those that followed in Gordrakk's wake cared not where the Megaboss led them, only that there was the promise of regular battle. The orruk known as the Fist of Gork, however, was following more than just his gut, for he was the hand of Gorkamorka, ready to smash the realms in the face.

Further into Ghur Gordrakk's army marched, and where they trod, war sprang up like goregrass. The Fist of Gork crushed the Bloodfens, a vast suppurating swamp dedicated to the Brass Lord. Then, at the Growling Gates, Gordrakk sought passage to the Realm of Light and the Stormcast Eternal bastion of Celestrium. Though the Hammers of Sigmar barred his way, one of their Warrior Chambers paid for it with their lives, the golden host sent back to the Heavens to a man. From there, the Waaagh! continued in Ghur, crossing between the many hunting



grounds of Rygoria, toppling the crude strongholds of the seven Beastkings and smashing their half-man armies. Hearing the sounds of thunder in the distance, Gordrakk climbed the Shardstone Peaks, hurling the statues of the Shardfolk's gods down onto their coastal war camps before descending into the ruins.

Whipping his boys into shape, Gordrakk had them construct hulking warships from the Shardfolk's ruined idols and broken tents. Powered by sweating, grumbling gargants, Gordrakk's fleet crossed the Gnawing Sea and came to the Scarlands. Here, the Megaboss of Megabosses spied the lightning men again, and knew Gorkamorka had guided him here so that he might settle some scores with the shiny warriors.

Talador, Knight-Azyros of the Knights Excelsior, felt the boiling green magic like spiders crawling on his skin. It was also making his heart beast faster, each thumping boom echoed by a sea of orruks roaring down below. Swooping along the coast of the Gnawing Sea, where waves shaped like beast-spirits tore and bit at the land, Talador beheld a green tide as it poured forth from a vast ramshackle fleet. These were the soldiers of Gorkamorka, the ones Sigmar had bade him treat with, and somewhere among their ranks was their king.

There, emerging from the largest of the crude vessels, was an orruk larger than all the rest, astride some brutish beast-mount. Gliding down, Talador prepared to make his introductions. Millions of eyes watched him descend, but they waited to see what their master would do. Feet finally touching the sand before the orruk king, Talador bowed his head.

Talador didn't even see the massive greenskin move before its axe was cleaving through his skull. A burst of pain, and then he was naught but lightning as his soul returned to Azyr. Streaking up from the beach, the Knight-Azyros could no longer see the orruk army as it marched towards the Hunger Woods, and towards his Stormcast brothers.



THE CHOPPA AND THE SMASHA

In shining phalanxes, the Tempest Lords assaulted both the Brass and Blood Crawlerforts. With Lord-Celestant Tymon leading the way, they pushed the Bloodbound back against their own defences, expecting a breakthrough to come soon. Then, from the sea, came the sound of drums…

Over days of siege, the Stormcast Eternals had slowly reduced many of the Chaos defences. After driving the hosts of Draegorn back from the Hunger Woods, bitter fighting had erupted in the shadow of two of the Crawlerforts. Like elsewhere, the mutant beasts carrying the bastions on their backs fought with claw and limb, while on the ground, waves of Khornate warriors made repeated attacks, stumbling and staggering over churned mud already thick with the dead to reach the Stormcasts. Their armour spattered with gore and dirt, the Tempest Lords advanced in disciplined formations. Liberators formed shield walls over which Judicators sent out constant volleys of crackling fire. It had become a stalemate of charge and counter-charge, where only the carrion birds could claim victory. The Tempest Lords were too few to force their way up and inside the fortifications, while the Bloodbound lacked the subtlety to break the Stormcasts' well-constructed formations. And so the battle raged on, the tormented battlefield soaking up the blood of mortal warriors while the sky rumbled and flashed as more of Sigmar's soldiers were returned to the Heavens.

When the Ironjawz launched their assault against the Flayed Fort, Tymon seized his chance to finally break the deadlock and sent in his remaining Decimators to clear a path. Smashing down snarling Chaos Warriors, the towering Stormcast soldiers clove a path up broken siege towers until they stood upon the back of the great beast, before the fortress gateway. Tymon led the way, his armour shining in the gloom. Draegorn himself waded into the fray, heedless of the orruks already pouring into the other Crawlerforts to threaten his flanks. For a moment, Lord-Celestant and Mighty

Lord of Khorne locked eyes across the churning combat, the promise of death in their stares. But, before Tymon and Draegorn could meet, new combatants arrived.

Drawn by the sounds of war, Gordrakk stormed through the Hunger Woods, those few trees left standing ripped from their roots as he barrelled through them full-tilt. On his heels, lines of Brutes and Ardboys clattered and clanked in their heavy armour. Such were their numbers that the ground shook in time with their tread, and fallen boughs and corpses were turned into a gruel of blood, mud and splinters. Anything in reach got bashed. On the flanks of the massive greenskin horde were vast brawls of Gore-gruntas. Snorting and bellowing, they moved into battle like the horns of a great beast ready to gore its prey.

For the barest moment, Tymon dared hope that Talador had delivered Sigmar's offer of alliance and that the greenskins were coming to fight alongside his Warrior Chamber. Such fantasies were dashed swiftly as the Ironjawz crashed into the Stormcasts' lines. In a testament to the discipline of the Tempest Lords, they showed no trace of fear or confusion at this new enemy in their midst, and their formations swiftly realigned to fight a war on two fronts. Tymon himself was forced to choose between finishing his business with Draegorn or staying to lead his men, which, for the Lord-Celestant, was no choice at all. Falling back into the close-packed ranks of his warriors, Tymon organised the defence, fighting to stay the onslaught.

Part of Gordrakk's mind knew that he had not been led to this place just to duff up Stormcast Eternals – he knew the hand of Gorkamorka was at work somehow. For now, though, the Megaboss only saw a set of combined monster-fortresses, with the added bonus of a massive army camped out in front of them, all ripe for a good kicking. He personally smashed down the first Stormcast Eternal. Before the Fist of Gork's charge, the Tempest Lords' lines bowed, and dozens of Liberators vanished in crackling flashes of light as they were crushed under Gordrakk's mount or hewn apart by his huge axes. Behind the Megaboss, hundreds of Brutes poured into the gap, a mass of armoured green warriors trying to punch a hole in the Stormcasts' ranks. Unlike the relatively small Strike Chamber he had defeated at the Growling Gates, here Gordrakk faced the majority of a Warrior Chamber. Though a week of fighting had diminished the numbers of Tymon's host, hundreds still fought and they were set for the orruk assault. The dent in the Tempest Lords' shield wall pushed back as fresh Liberators filled the gaps left by the fallen, and they slowed the greenskin advance until it came to a shuddering halt. Sparking bolts blasted down orruk Brutes, hammers flashed over shimmering shields to stave in skulls, and cords of lightning stabbed down from the sky. Shoulder to armoured shoulder, Liberators and Brutes heaved against each other, oaths to Sigmar and guttural curses mingling among orruk howls and the crack-flash of dying Stormcasts. On the flanks, Gore-gruntas drove ragged wedges into the Tempest Lord's defences, but Tymon was swift to counter them with his Decimators, and time and again he and his noble brethren repelled their attacks.



The divine light contained within the warding lantern of a Lord-Castellant is anathema to the daemons of Chaos.

Despite the fury of Gordrakk's charge, it looked like the Tempest Lords might just hold. The morale of the Stormcasts remained high, their backs were straight and they held their weapons without a hint of the fatigue that their muscles felt. As long as they had a mission from the God-King Sigmar, they would not rest until it was complete. Then, the first Ironsunz, Bloodtoofs and Doggrok's Choppas began spilling out around the flanks, summoned as they were by the siren call of the ultimate Waaagh! that emanated from Gordrakk himself. Tymon saw the second vast orruk army approaching and knew he would soon see Azyr again.



GORDRAKK, THE FIST OF GORK

Drums in the distance, the ground shaking under thousands of charging feet, the air alive with palpable violence – these are the signs of Gordrakk, the Fist of Gork. Like a bludgeoning hurricane, the Megaboss has swept triumphantly across the Realm of Beasts, smashing all before him.

Every so often, some Ironjaw boss gets it in his head that he is going to start a proper Waaagh!. There is a lot of shouting, and a pleasing amount of stomping, but it usually all ends with the boss in question getting his head kicked in and all his boys going off to find someone a bit less dead to follow about. The truth is that the really great bosses don't choose to lead – they are chosen by Gorkamorka. None who has ever laid eyes on Gordrakk's massive muscle-bound frame, and lived to talk about it, have ever doubted that the Megaboss wasn't at least a little bit greenskin god. As a storm grows from a strong wind across a cloudless sky, so too has Gordrakk's legend spread. Orruks, ogors, grots, troggoths, gargants and a thousand other bestial races have felt the trembling footsteps of the coming Waaagh! as if Gorkamorka himself were walking among them.

There are many legends about how Gordrakk came to the Mortal Realms and why he was chosen to lead the next Great Waaagh! by Gorkamorka. The most enduring tale tells of how Gordrakk is, in fact, one of Gork's (or maybe Mork's) knuckle bones. Sometime during the Age of Chaos, Gork got sick of the armies of Chaos hiding from the greenskins behind the walls of their forts. After having a good look about, the god picked the biggest, most annoying fortress he could find and then reached down from the sky and gave it a good punch. In the aftermath, one of the god's chipped knuckles left a shard lodged in the face of a statue of Archaon, which hatched like an egg, and from it, fully formed, came Gordrakk.

Whether or not this story is true, and most orruks agree it is, Gordrakk is about as mean an Ironjawz orruk as has ever walked the realms. Armed with two massive choppas, Smasha and Kunnin', he is a whirlwind of bloody iron and massive green fists in combat. These axes, one good for chopping warriors, one good for chopping wizards, were once a single double-bladed axe known as the Worldchoppa. This ancient artefact is thought to have been a gift from Sigmar to Gorkamorka in the Age of Myth, or maybe something Gorkamorka made himself for one of his champions. Either way, Gordrakk decided to snap it in half to make it even more 'killy'.



Smasha and Kunnin' are Gordrakk's twin axes, the two halves of the legendary Worldchoppa.

Of course, Gordrakk seldom goes into battle on foot. As befits such an important and menacing orruk, he rides an equally intimidating mount. Bigteef is Gordrakk's Maw-krusha, and is a ball of unrestrained fury wrapped in layer upon layer of thick, scaly muscle. Even by the standards of his belligerent and insanely violent kin, Bigteef is particularly nasty. Gordrakk is probably the only orruk in existence that could out-stare or out-bellow such a violent creature.

When Gordrakk and Bigteef thunder into combat, the Fist of Gork doesn't need to give his Maw-krusha much prompting to cause mayhem. As rider and mount batter a bloody trail through the ranks of the enemy, the Megaboss keeps an eye out for promising foes such as flashy champion types and pointy-hat wizards. Then, with a hard kick into the Maw-krusha's flank, he steers his beast towards his prey, ready to prove again just why they call him the Fist of Gork.



IN THE SHADOW OF THE BEAST

Fangathrak writhed and thrashed in its chains, driven wild by the battle in its shadow. The green tide was poised to sweep away the Stormcasts and end their bid for the gateway. They were warriors of Azyr, however, and as long as even a sliver of hope remained, they would fight to the bitter end.

A raging green storm of Waaagh! energy, the battle around Fangathrak drew in orruks from leagues away. The other warclans were absorbed by Gordrakk's army. Zogbak and Dakkbad gave into the brutal leadership of Gordrakk, driving their brawls to fight at his side, their own rivalry temporarily forgotten. Thus was born Gordrakk's Megafist – a collection of the biggest, hardest and most cunning orruk leaders all combined into one deadly force. The war for the Mawgate soon filled the landscape between the shore of the Gnawing Sea and the edge of the Deffgorge. Tymon and his Warrior Chamber bore the brunt of Gordrakk's attention, but the Chaos forces suffered as well. Gordrakk's army moved to surround the five remaining Crawlerforts.

Lord-Celestant Tymon tried to weather the onslaught. There was nowhere to go, no direction where Ironjawz did not infest the horizon, and so he could only make his stand and hope that the greenskins either broke upon his sigmarite shield walls or reinforcements came. Already, the edges of the Stormcast Eternal defences were being worn away. Step by step, Liberators were pushed back, the clang of smashas and choppas on sigmarite keeping a steady tempo. Those Stormcasts unfortunate enough to stumble on the battle-savaged ground were swiftly hacked apart by greenskins, and the relentless orruk advance continued like a blade forcing its way into the gut of a wounded warrior. Each new Gore-grunta charge also plunged a little deeper into the Stormcasts' ranks, and was a bit harder to repel. For every orruk that fell, a score more took its



place, while the Stormcasts' numbers continued to dwindle until they were reduced to disparate knots of shining armour among a sea of green flesh and battered iron.

Reprieve for Tymon and the Tempest Lords came from a most unexpected angle. While Gordrakk had been focussing his attention on the Stormcasts, the remnants of the Chaos forces were again being reinforced from the Mawgate. The remaining Crawlerforts strained on their massive legs, holding Fangathrak's mouth wide as fresh legions marched forth from its gullet. Draegorn and Synlesha mustered their newly refreshed armies. Though each harboured fathomless hatred for the other, for Khorne and Slaanesh have long been enemies, this day they were as one.

Something terrible had happened to the storm over Fangathrak. On the broken ground between the Bane and Brass Crawlerforts, Lord-Relictor Vyrmos of the Knights Excelsior tried to snatch lightning from the sky. What had once been the pure fury of Azyr was now corrupted, twisted into something else. Vyrmos could feel it like a nail driven into the base of his skull. The sky pulsed green and red, the Waaagh! energy of so many orruks polluting it, while the dark power of Chaos from the Eightpoints tried to infect both celestial and orruk forces.

Vyrmos surveyed the battered remains of his Warrior Chamber with barely three-score Stormcasts left. Sigmarite armour and shields were dented, marred by axeblows. In the distance, Vyrmos could see glimpses of Tempest Lords fighting on, but the orruks were everywhere. Not far from where he fought, the banners of Chaos were gathering once more.

'If we are to die, we die doing our duty to Sigmar!' Vyrmos yelled, holding his hammer aloft. Turning as one, the Knights Excelsior followed their Lord-Relictor and headed for the writhing world-worm, making straight for the Realmgate. There, thought Vyrmos, they would win glory eternal for Azyr, or perish in the attempt with the bodies of their slain foes piled thick at their feet.



Draegorn's Bloodbound hordes surged into the orruks swarming around the smashed and twitching limbs of downed Brass and Blood Crawlerforts. Khorgoraths led the way, the misshapen monsters gorging themselves on greenskin skulls. The Tempest Lords took advantage of the Chaos charge to fight their way towards the Mawgate, the shattered crawler beasts no longer able to bar the way. Dozens of Stormcasts sacrificed themselves to clear the path for their brothers. Meanwhile, Gordrakk and his Megafist hacked a relentless path of devastation though everything. In from the fringes of the sprawling conflict came the other Warrior Chambers, also making for Fangathrak in a last push for victory. Soon, Stormcast Eternals, Ironjawz, Chaos soldiers and daemons all fought under the snapping fangs of the mighty world-worm. Gathering about him a force of Decimators, Tymon ordered what remained of his Liberators and Judicators to hold back Gordrakk's relentless advance as long as they could while he tried to reach the Realmgate.

Driven wild by the Waaagh! energy, the gate was lashing out in all directions, its betentacled maw slashing the ground and turning men and orruks into clouds of meat and metal. In the maelstrom of battle, Tymon pressed forwards, but Synlesha descended to bar his way, the Daemon Prince's broken face still bearing the imprint of Dakkbad's skull. Tymon raised his blade and threw himself at the daemon.

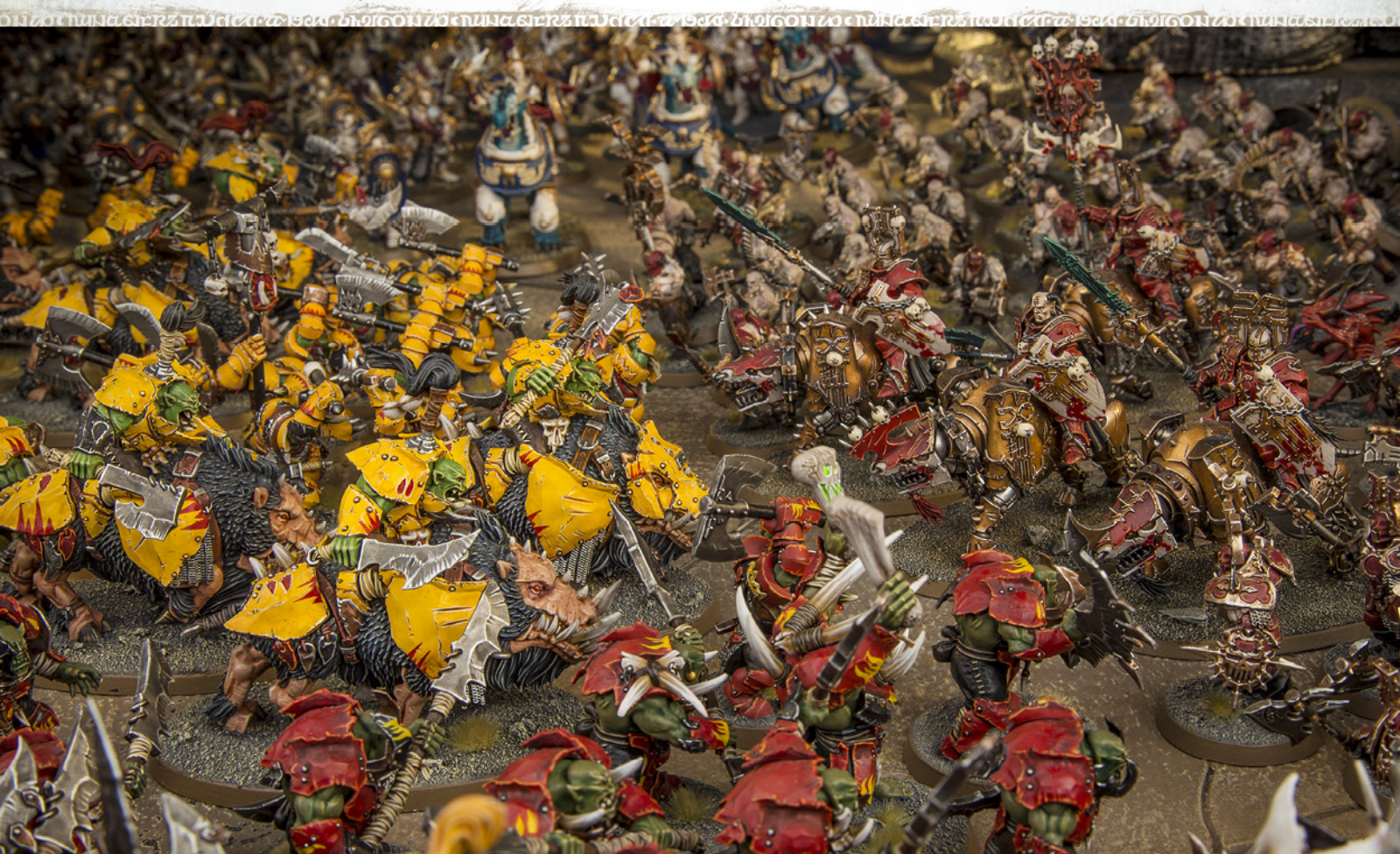
As the Lord-Celestant duelled with the Slaaneshi general, Draegorn paved a red path to Gordrakk. A dozen of Gordrakk's hardest boys charged, eager to be the one to smash up the Khornate lord. In swift succession they fell, their heads sent spinning into the air by

vicious swings of Draegorn's double-edged axe. With a deafening war cry, Gordrakk spurred his Maw-krusha forwards, his two great axes held high and ready to do some choppin'.

Tymon parried a bone-shaking blow from Synlesha, hell-forged blade and Azyrite sword sending out a shower of sparks as they met. All around the two generals, Daemonettes and Stormcasts fought, filling the air with the sound of claws on sigmarite and hammers thumping into inhuman flesh. Tymon moved with the precision and speed of a master warrior, his skill matching Synlesha's strength blow for blow. As the Stormcast lord and Daemon Prince fought on, Dakkbad caught sight of the pair beyond the struggling forms of daemon, man and orruk, and decided to finish what he had started.

The ground around Gordrakk and Draegorn was a gory mire carpeted with the twitching remains of Bloodbound and Ironjawz. The Fist of Gork bled from dozens of wounds, but he paid them no mind, grinning through the blood that smeared his face. Draegorn's armour was equally dented and rent by Gordrakk's axe and the fists of the Maw-krusha, but the blood-madness of Khorne burned in the Chaos lord's gaze. It was Draegorn's fury that was to be his undoing. As Gordrakk leant down to strike a blow, he opened himself up to the Khorne lord's axe. Hellforged steel plunged into Gordrakk's side, biting deep through layers of iron, muscle and bone. Gordrakk merely grinned before bringing his axes together on either side of Draegorn's neck, which gave rise to a gushing crimson geyser.

Out of nowhere, Dakkbad reached out and grabbed Synlesha. Tymon was knocked to the ground by Dakkbad's Maw-krusha as the Megaboss broke the daemon's spine as if it were no more than a rotten branch. The Ironsunz were laying into the remainder of Synlesha's army, and Tymon saw a fleeting chance to preserve his chamber. He fought towards the gullet of Fangathrak, and the hope of escape it offered. Then, with a clenched fist, Gordrakk let out a booming Waaagh! and all beasts obeyed his will – including Fangathrak. Tymon watched as the great worm roared and strained, several of the massive chains finally snapping. Then, the entire battlefield quaked as the creature began to burrow into the ground, dragging the remaining Crawlerforts and all who fought upon them with it.







BATTLEPLAN

RIGHT OF CONQUEST



The Chaos Dreadholds of the Mortal Realms are controlled by the last army to seize them in bloody battle. Sometimes such a conquest will be a long-drawn-out affair. Rather than falling to a single assault, different parts of the same stronghold will be held by one or the other of the feuding armies, and the bastion will only finally fall after many brutal battles have been fought. A fortress that is being fought over like this will act as a beacon to other armies, who will see a chance to take part, or all, of the Dreadhold for themselves. The result is a complex, multifaceted war fought within the walls of a Chaos Dreadhold between three or more participants.

This battleplan allows you to fight such a battle for a Chaos Dreadhold. Rather than fighting to breach the walls of the fortress, three armies will begin the battle already occupying different parts of the structure. The army that emerges victorious from this three-way conflict will gain control of the Chaos Dreadhold.

THE ARMIES

This battleplan requires three players, each with their own army.

THE DREADHOLD

You will need the scenery models required for either an Infernal Realmfort, a Malefic Dreadhold, or an Octadic Dreadhold. The warscroll battalions for these can be found in *Battletome: Chaos Dreadhold*.

OBJECTIVES (ALL PLAYERS)

You have been able to capture part of this mighty Chaos Dreadhold, and its complete conquest now lies within your grasp. All that is required is for the two interlopers that also occupy the fortress to be eradicated. To achieve this you will require a combination of guile and brutality. You must do all within your power to encourage your enemies to fight each other rather than attacking you; if you can achieve this, it will leave them both fatally weakened, allowing you to strike and slaughter them all!

THE STRONGHOLDS

At the start of the battle, before any units have been set up, each player must pick a **Building** that forms part of the Chaos Dreadhold being fought over and which is within their territory. This **BUILDING** is their stronghold.

Add 1 to the Bravery of any models that are in or on their army's stronghold. In addition, a player immediately wins a **major victory** if, at any point during the battle, they have models in or on all three strongholds and there are no enemy models in or on any of the strongholds.



THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle takes place on and around a Chaos Dreadhold. Set up at least one **Building** in each territory. We recommend using an Infernal Realmfort to represent the Dreadhold, with its Skull Keeps placed as shown on the map. Each player then chooses one **Building** in their territory to represent their stronghold, as described on the previous page and below.

SET-UP & FIRST TURN

The players each roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest picks one of the territories shown on the map and chooses a stronghold anywhere within it. Then, the player to their left picks one of the remaining territories and nominates a stronghold within it. Finally, the third player picks a stronghold in the last remaining territory.

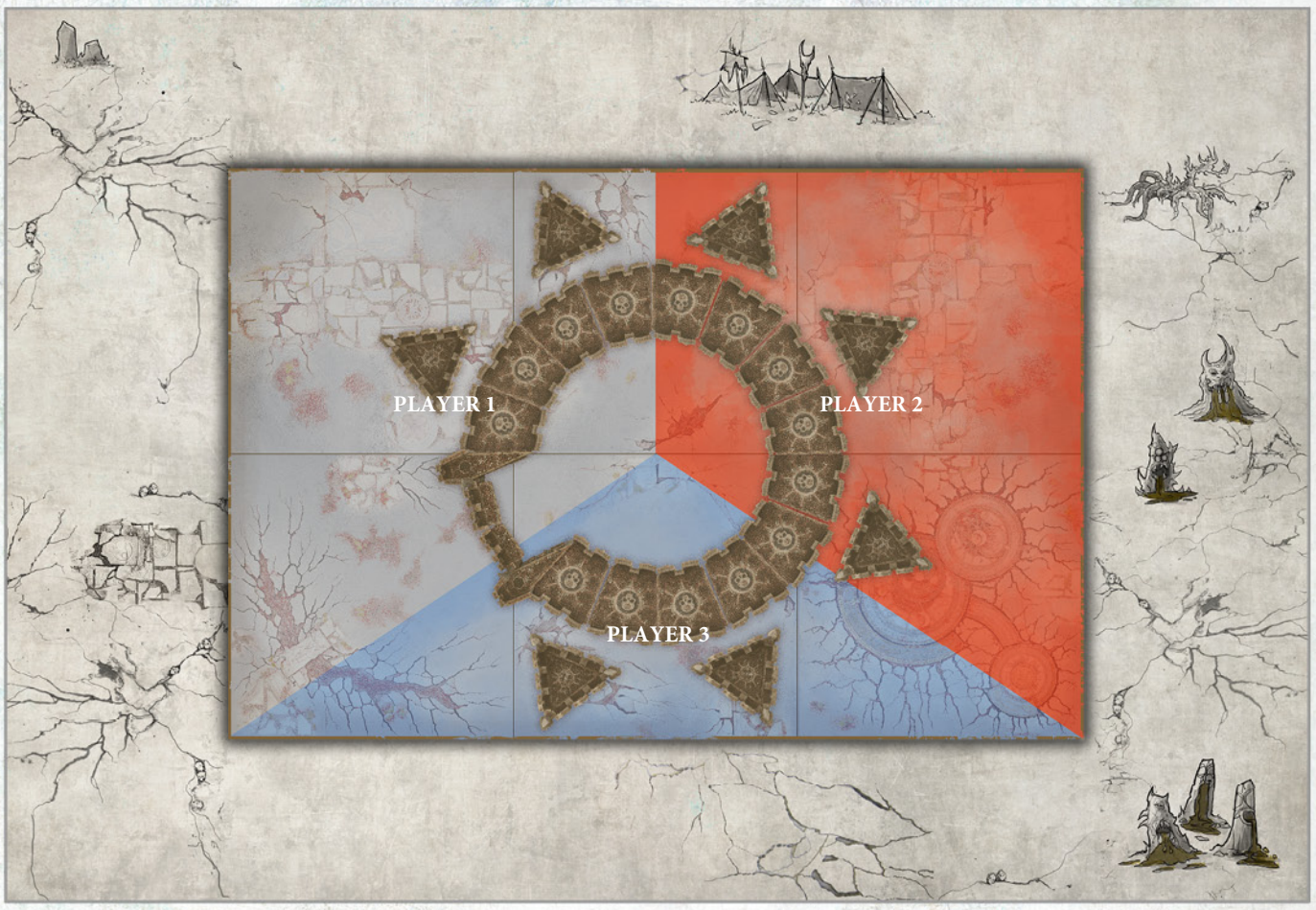
The players then take it in turns to set up units one at a time, in the same order and in the territories that they chose. The player who finishes setting up first chooses who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

THREE-WAY BATTLE

All models belonging to both of the other players are enemy models. In addition, the following rules apply:

BATTLE ROUNDS

Each battle round is split into three turns – one for each player. At the start of each battle round, except the first, players roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest decides who takes the first turn in that battle round. After the first player has finished their turn, the two players that have not yet had a turn





roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest decides who will take the next turn in that battle round. After that player has finished their turn, the last player takes theirs. Once all three players have finished, the battle round is over and a new one begins.

COMBAT PHASE

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

The player whose turn it is picks a unit to attack with. After these attacks are resolved, the two players who have not yet picked a unit to attack with roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player who rolls highest picks a unit to attack with, followed by the last player; the players take it in turns to pick units to attack with in this order until all eligible units from each army have attacked. If one player completes all of their units' attacks first, then the other players complete all of their remaining attacks, one unit after another, in the same order. No unit can be selected to attack more than once in each combat phase.

BATTLESHOCK PHASE

In the battleshock phase, all players must take battleshock tests for units from their army that have had models slain during the turn. The player whose turn it is tests first. After these battleshock tests have been resolved, the two players who have not yet made their battleshock tests roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player who rolls highest tests next, followed by the last player.

VICTORY

The game ends when a player captures all three strongholds (see page 173), or when all of the models that any one player originally set up for the battle have fled or been slain. The other two players must then compare the number of models that they have removed from play with the number of models they originally set up for the battle, expressing these as percentages to determine the winner, who claims a **major victory**. For example, if one player lost 75% of their starting models, and the other player lost 50%, then the player that only lost 50% of their models claims a major victory.





Fangathrak broke its bonds, vanishing into the ground and leaving several Crawlerforts behind with their chains broken, the beasts in their death throes, and the castles atop them shattered. Of the Stormhosts sent to secure the Mawgate, not a single warrior remained. As for the Chaos hosts, the crows feasted well upon their rotting corpses. Draegorn's decapitated head lay among the ruins staring sightlessly at the sky, a final offering to his bloodthirsty god. Along the Gnawing Sea, waves still tore at the land, but the tribes that once roamed there were no more. The Hunger Woods and the gigadroth skeleton were gone. Even the Deffgorge had grown quiet, its many beasts slain or drawn into the Fist of Gork's ever-growing army.

With the departure of Fangathrak, Sigmar's chance to secure the Mawgate and its path to the Allpoints was gone, snatched away by the Fist of Gork. Gordrakk did not dwell on his victory, paying no mind to the fields of corpses that encircled the huge sinkhole where Fangathrak had vanished. Even before the last Stormcast had fallen, he was looking for battle anew. Another thunderous step in the Great Waaagh! had been taken, but many more were yet to come. The vast greenskin army marched out of the Ghurlands to the rumbling of war drums, while the faces in the clouds laughed and snarled like thunder.

Lightning pierced the gloom that hung over Gothizzar. Its castle-crypts and terminal spires guarded the Endgate, the Allpoints entrance into Shyish. Mighty were the walls of Gothizzar, and many were the Chaos defenders. Yet Sigmar believed the combined strength of his Stormhosts fighting alongside Nagash's formidable forces could not have been stopped.

Long did the Anvils of the Heldenhammer await their oathbound allies. When the armies of the dead did not arrive, the Stormcasts attacked alone. They marched on Gothizzar despite the betrayal, well short of the numbers they would need to take the Realmgate. They fought like heroes, but there could be only one ending.

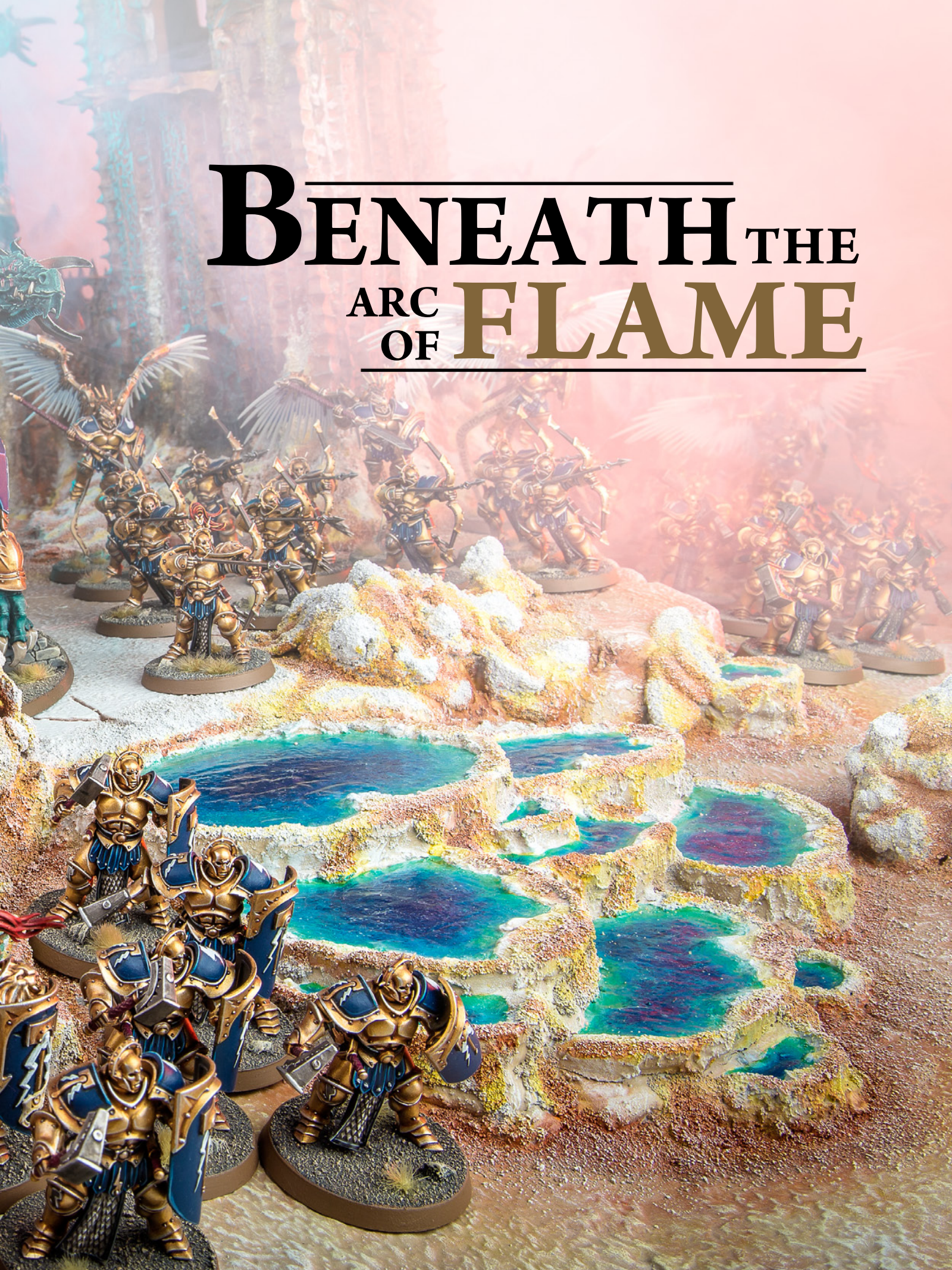
To a warrior, they died in the gloom that hovered over the All-gate of Gothizzar.

Shyish is the land of endings, even for promises and oaths.









BENEATH THE ARC OF FLAME



THE HEART OF FIRE

If Sigmar could close off Aqshy from the Allpoints, the God-King would deliver a blow to Khorne. The Blood God held the Realm of Fire in an iron grip, brutally squeezing the life from it. To close the Brimfire Gate, Sigmar needed to send troops across the lands that marked one of his greatest failures.

The Realm of Fire burned with war.

Sigmar had already launched dozens of campaigns in Aqshy since the Stormcast Eternals first struck the Brimstone Peninsula, but they were still newcomers to the widespread violence. The Bloodbound were everywhere. Monsters and daemons stalked the lands, and underneath all, the skaven burrowed through the sulphurous earth.

Chaos held a firm grip upon the Mortal Realms, but it was Aqshy that Khorne favoured. There, in the lands where aggression was born, the Lord of Murder dominated. His minions – corrupted humans and his daemonic Blood Legions – scoured all. The once-great empires were ruins, and the only remaining free folk were scattered refugees, hidden enclaves reduced to nomadic tribes desperately avoiding slaughter, or toiling to death in slave camps. Even the lands themselves were warped, as Khorne fashioned them into nightmarish landscapes more pleasing to his savage gaze. Everywhere was a vision of harsh brutality covered with piled skulls and yet more horrific tributes, each grisly trophy competing to be larger and more impressive than the last. The hills themselves were twisted, bleeding beneath the reality-warping powers that gusted like hot winds across the realm.

Thus far, the Stormcast Eternals had smashed slave camps, levelled the largest of Khorne's monolithic monuments and secured dozens of Realmgates across Aqshy. For all their hard fighting and losses, the Stormcasts had not slowed the rate at which the foe was corrupting the lands and peoples of the realm. Sigmar knew it was time for more drastic measures.

Far from the Great Plateau of Aqshy and the former Golden City of Vexillia lay the wastelands of the Fellbarrens. Once, this heartland was full of life, the centre of one the realm's greatest nations. The twelve tribes of Bellicos had formed the city-state that sprang up around the Brimfire Gate – the Realmgate that led from Aqshy to the Allpoints. Many battles had been fought there, although none more infamous than the one that made all followers of Sigmar cast down their eyes… the Battle of Burning Skies.

Those lands were now ruins. The Fireplains were marked by blazing skullpyres that ranged as far as the eye could see. Not even the Fyreslayers dared travel those daemon-haunted lands. Of the remains of Bellicos, nothing could be seen – for in his rage Khorne had levelled all, razing it with such fury that nothing could ever grow there again. On those Fellbarrens, the Blood God erected the Brass Mountains to encircle the Brimfire Gate. Still not satisfied, Khorne took up his sword and cut a chasm through all matter – to fall into that rift was to fall off the edge of the world. A single bridge spanned that Black Abyss, as it became known, leading to the Pyrevault Redoubt – a fortress raised to protect the Brimfire Gate. From that Realmgate Archaon and a steady stream of daemons marched forth to spread terror and carnage across Aqshy.



The Hammers of Sigmar would lead the attack upon the Brimfire Gate.

To seal the Brimfire Gate, Sigmar's armies would have to breach the castle, but the defence of such an important Realmgate was entrusted to no ordinary stronghold. When passing through the Pyrevault Redoubt, an attacking force would find themselves standing at the foot of yet another castle, only this time the edifice was larger still, the walls made of brass and dripping with molten fire – the Keep of Skrathax. And so it would continue, seven times, each castle giving way to a larger and more formidable one that was previously not visible. The eighth and final castle was the largest of all – its walls stretching impossibly beyond the horizon. At the centre of this colossal fortress stood the monolithic arch of fire that was the Brimfire Gate. Beyond that Realmgate lay the Burning Path, a road of fire that led up to the Allpoints.

Vandus Hammerhand writhed in agony. For a long time all he knew was searing pain, having fallen out of place and memory. Then, gradually, with the light of the Heavens swirling around him, Vandus' consciousness returned. This was not one of his visions. He knew his name and with that, his purpose. With every pounding blow struck upon him as he lay on the Anvil of the Apotheosis, Vandus recalled more, stretching back to his life before immortality. It had been a long, strange journey, but he felt the speed with which he was reforged, felt the urgency imparted with every hammer stroke. Finally, while drifting in the Pools of Anamnesis, Vandus remembered all. Then came a burning light, and he heard words like thunder.

'Arise and awaken, Vandus Hammerhand.'

And then Vandus understood, for it was not a bright light before him, but his deity, Sigmar, the Vengeance Bringer, the Justice Maker, the King of Gods. 'I hear and obey, Lord Sigmar,' said Vandus, beginning to rise only to find he could not, his form prostrate once more upon the Anvil. His fear grew as he saw the world hammer raised above him.

'I have reforged you and your Warrior Chamber,' said the booming voice, 'for I have need of you once again. But I need you to lead like never before, Vandus.' And with the hammer's fall, all was pain once again…

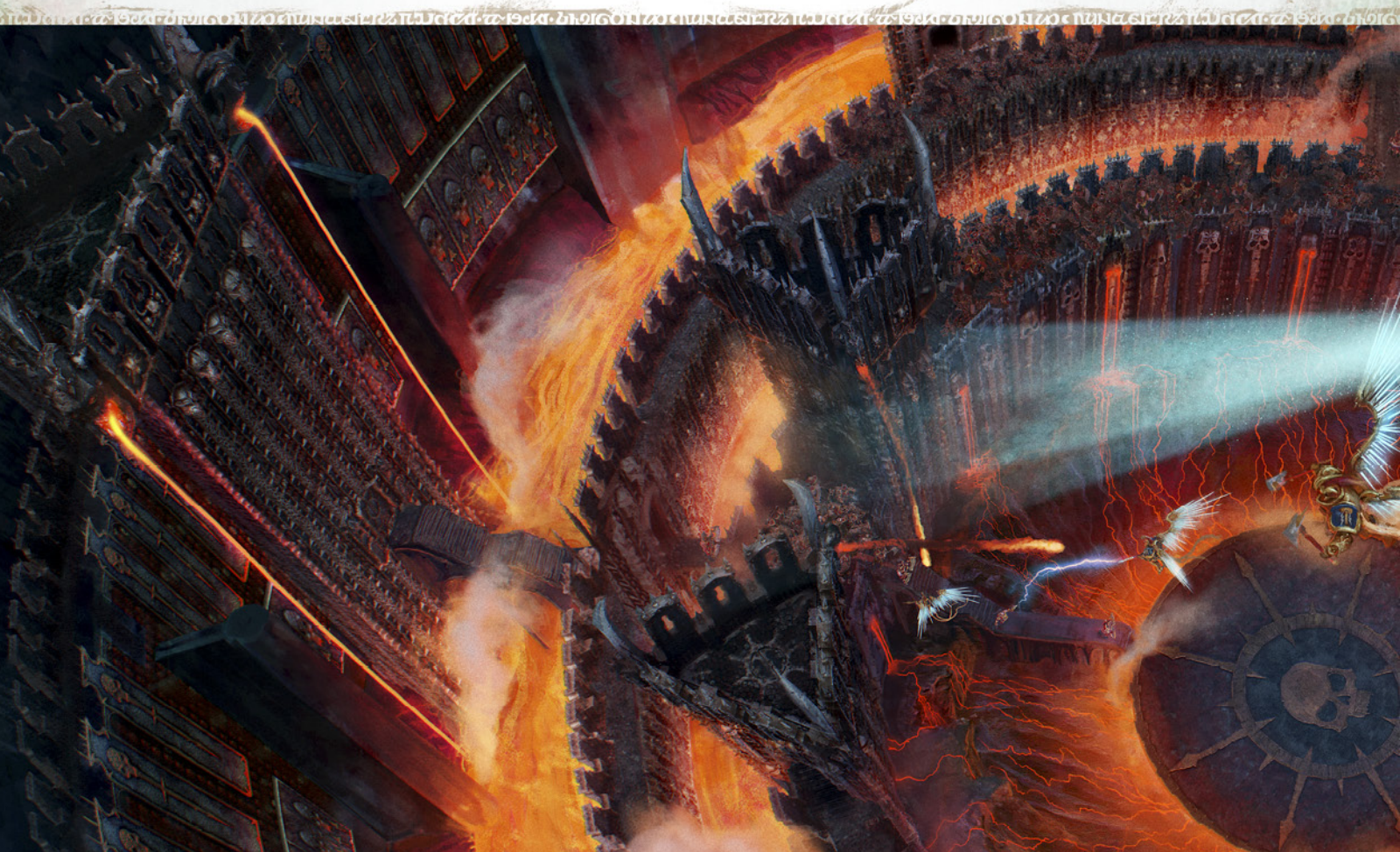
THE DEADLIEST HUNT

To defeat the eight-castles-that-were-one, Sigmar planned to unleash his Stormcast Eternals in attack waves to strike all of them at once. However, success in reaching the Brimfire Gate depended upon the speed, bravery and fighting skills of those in the first strike teams.

Sigmar could hurl lightning bolts to transport Stormcast Eternals from the Heavens straight into battle in any of the Mortal Realms. However, studded with brass skulls, magebane wards and blessed by Khorne himself, the walls of the Pyrevault Redoubt were resistant to such ploys. Without something to draw the lighting in, Sigmar's bolts would be shunted far away from the brass energies that protected the fortresses. The first wave to attack the strongholds guarding the Brimfire Gate would have to begin well outside the castles' shell of protective energies.

Storm-strike teams were formed amongst the Stormcasts, similar to the hunt-teams used by the Hallowed Knights to scour the floating isles in Ghyran. Troops from many Stormhosts were chosen, but those from the Hammers of Sigmar, the first of all Stormhosts, would lead the charge. The strike teams were varied in composition, but all were partly composed of retinues of fast-moving winged warriors. Led by a Knight-Venator or a Knight-Azyros, these forces were able to fly over walls and quickly obliterate the defenders.

First, the winged Stormcasts were to strike hard and fast, some elements scouting ahead while others kept the enemy's attention. Secondly, when the opportunity arose, they would seek out and kill the enemy leaders. It was well known that Khorne's champions above all would offer challenge to any invaders. To strike down these hardened warriors, many members of the strike forces were given special lightning-blessed weapons. If they could slay the champions and leaders of the castle, the defenders would lose any chance of organising a counter-



attack. As followers of Khorne, they would never retreat, but blind rage was easier to defeat than a foe who might use defences to their advantage. Lastly, and most importantly of all, the winged attackers were to hurl stormcallers – specially forged stormcall javelins. Where these weapons struck, further lightnings cast down by Sigmar would be grounded, allowing Stormcast reinforcements to strike directly onto the castle walls themselves. Using this plan, Sigmar intended for his armies to bring swift retribution to all of the Khornate strongholds at the same time.

In a heartbeat, as lightning lit the sky, the Stormcast assault began. In rapid succession, too quick for the eye to follow, dozens of crackling forks flashed, striking the broken ground beyond the Black Abyss.

LIGHTNING-BLESSED WEAPONS

Since they were first reforged, Sigmar commanded that his Stormcast Eternals be equipped with only the very finest trappings of war. Each is armed with weapons and armour wrought of sigmarite and forged by the Six Smiths, the immortal artificers gifted by the duardin god Grungni, the Great Maker. Night and day, the hammers ring in the forges and armouries along the Sigmarabulum, for Sigmar had created a mighty host of war. Yet always the God-King demanded more. Their beards full of cinders, their mauls wreathed in flame, the Six Smiths toiled ceaselessly. As the Great Maker himself had once done, the Six Smiths reached into the Heavens to grab bolts of celestial energy, pounding them out upon their anvils. There, writhing like blue serpents, crackling in rage, the lightning bolts were bound within existing sigmarite weapons. Further tempered by celestial justice choirs and then triple blessed by forge-mages, the armaments were given to those Stormcast Eternals marching into the celestine vaults. There were not enough lightning-blessed weapons for every member of every Stormhost, however, and so they were given only to leaders and retinue primes. All weapons forged by the Six Smiths glowed, but those that were lightning-blessed were truly radiant, for the celestial energies bound within them awaited release, needing only the proper invocation.



From out of each blinding bolt appeared a winged host, gleaming in the soot-filled gloom. The arrival of the Stormcast Eternals was greeted by horn blasts from the defenders and screams of rage and defiance from the castle walls of the Pyrevault Redoubt itself.

The air was filled with Storm-strike teams winging towards the gates, ramparts, and towers. Twisting and diving, the Stormcasts dodged fusillades of fireballs. Geysers of boiling blood spouted by the stone-faced gargoyles formed red arcs across the skies. Retinues split apart, allowing fiery projectiles to pass, before reuniting mid-air. Some Prosecutors tucked in their wings, entering swift dives. Upon closing with their chosen target, entire retinues halted their descent at some unspoken signal, pulling up suddenly in order to hurl a flurry of celestial hammers and stormcall javelins at their foes. Enemy troops that clustered upon ramparts to fend off the aerial assault fell to massed volleys. Others were scythed down as Prosecutors armed for close combat flew by, cleaving bloody paths. One winged warrior bearing a grandaxe was gone even before the two halves of his victims began to topple in opposite directions.

Knights-Venator flew zigzagging courses, their hands a blur as they loosed arrow after arrow from their realmhunter bows. Enemy arrow slits offered little protection when the foe could fly so quickly, hovering at point-blank range to unleash a hail of death straight through the narrow gaps. Always the Stormcasts sought to target leaders, felling commanders whenever such champions were found.

Tower by tower, the flame-spewing skulls were silenced, although the battle was not a one-sided affair. All it took was one of the jets of flame or super-heated blood to clip a wing, and a Prosecutor would spiral down, crashing into the spike-ridden towers or landing upon the ground to be rent apart by the baying packs of hounds loosed by the defenders. Bloodstokers snapped out whips, dragging entangled Stormcast Eternals closer so that goreaxes and reaverblades could do their bloody work. Woe to the Prosecutor who veered too near a wall with a Khorgorath upon it, for fanged tentacles lashed out to impale the prey, the harpoon tips impossible to shake as the mighty creatures pulled the struggling Stormcast to a horrible, mauling fate.

The battle pitted hundreds of winged Stormcasts against thousands of Khornate defenders. Working in synchronised flights, retinues of Prosecutors swept down one after another. In a well-planned series of rapid hit-and-run assaults, entire sections of some walls were left manned only by the dead and



GHODRIC TRUEBOLT, KNIGHT-VENATOR

Knight-Venator Ghodric Truebolt hails from the Hammers of Sigmar Warrior Chamber known as the Skykindred, led by Lord-Celestant Escrus Skykith. Since his Reforging, Ghodric has seen extensive service in three of the Mortal Realms. Twice he has fought in Chamon alongside Lord-Celestant Vandus and his Hammerhands: once in the Hanging Valleys of Anvrok and once upon the strange time-shifting slopes of Mount Kronus. It had been Ghodric's arrow in the gut that had driven away the Gaunt Summoner known as the Watcher King. A deadeye shot, Ghodric is more than just a lone sniper; he is a leader. Frequently, Lord Escrus sends the Knight-Venator to lead Hammerstrike Forces, whereby Prosecutors use their speed and mobility to race into position before calling down the hard-hitting might of Retributors. It was Ghodric who was to spearhead the assault on the last castle before the Brimfire Gate, for Sigmar himself had premonitions about what evil the Stormcasts might find there.



dying, their spilt blood absorbed to fuel the evil purpose of the walls themselves. However, so numerous and battle-hungry was the garrison of the Pyrevault Redoubt that, before the aerial attackers could loop back and land uncontested, the ramparts were crowded once again. To make room, the Bloodbound simply heaved the bodies of the slain or wounded over the walls. Soon, every walkway held jeering Khornate warriors, all waving their weapons angrily and demanding their hated foe alight and join battle properly. This was exactly the situation the Stormcasts were hoping to create.

With the full attention of the first castle's defenders drawn to those Stormcasts soaring around the battlements, all that remained was for the same to be done at the other strongholds. The scouting parties from the Storm-strike teams pressed onwards. Although they had been forewarned as to what they would discover, all the Stormcasts that flew beyond the Pyrevault Redoubt were amazed to find themselves not winging towards the arcway they sought, but rather back on the far side of the abyss looking at the front of a castle stronghold that was even larger and more gruesome.

The next fortress was the Keep of Skrathax. Its walls were brass and ran with rivulets of molten metal. Led by Knight-Azyros Rolrhor, from the Hammers of Sigmar Stormbound Warrior Chamber, a dozen strike teams peeled off and began new assault runs. The remainder flew on, their numbers dwindling with each new castle. So they came to Vulkstroya Keep, whose mighty towers were nestled amongst active volcanoes, then to Alkatar, the Castle of Screaming Death, where rage daemons were bound into the walls. Next were the red spikes of Dreadgate, and the Bloodskull Fastness. The seventh castle was mighty Bloodcombe, its monolithic walls made of magma bound by enormous flaming coils that wound up the enormous stronghold. Yet nothing could prepare those who made it to the eighth and largest edifice for what they would find.

Led by Knight-Venator Ghodric Truebolt, only the boldest even dared to lift their eyes to behold the horizon-filling, unending walls of the Great Skullhold. Blazing at the castle's centre was the Brimfire Gate, the ultimate goal of the Stormhosts. There, roaring in rage, they saw one final nightmare to overcome: Skarbrand bound beneath the flaming arc.

SKARBRAND, THE EXILED ONE

A Bloodthirster like no other, Skarbrand is Khorne's ultimate killing machine. Wherever this living engine of destruction strides, rage emanates outwards, inflaming even the most peaceful into horrific acts of wanton violence. None deliver blood for the Blood God as Skarbrand does.

Skarbrand is fury given form. He has become the deadliest of all Khorne's servants, a mindless killing machine that cares not what it slays.

Once, Skarbrand was a rising force in Khorne's brutal inner circle, a lieutenant of the Blood God and commander of his armies. At his patron's bidding, Skarbrand toppled cities and tore apart civilisations. To survive at such heady heights, one must conquer or be killed, and none could match the gory success of Skarbrand. Any rivals that came close were destroyed. After defeating two of the most powerful challengers to his position, Skarbrand wrung out their essence to bind into his axes. Those weapons became even deadlier, infused as they were with the frenzied spirits of the Bloodthirsters captured within.

Alas for Skarbrand, for his success bred pride, which shone like a beacon to the devious god Tzeentch. Wary of his brother's growing dominance, Tzeentch whispered lies, fanning Skarbrand's monumental ego. As the centuries bled away, Skarbrand came to believe himself invincible, and dared to challenge almighty Khorne himself. Thus did Skarbrand climb to the top of the mountainous Skull Throne, and there he levelled his most powerful blow at the Blood God's neck. The strike would have shattered a moon, but it barely scratched Khorne's armour. It did accomplish one thing, however… it fuelled the Blood God's already matchless rage.

With a bellow of fury, Khorne lifted Skarbrand high, hurling him across all of creation. As a burning fireball, he fell endlessly, his flame-wracked body seen passing through every realm. In the intense heat of his flight, Skarbrand's wings crackled away to skeletal ruin. When he arose from the enormous canyon made by his landing, the shame of exile was upon him. Never again was Skarbrand to return to the Brass Citadel, or stalk the domain of Khorne. But there was a worse fate.



The dreaded axes of Skarbrand contain bound daemons, rightfully named Slaughter and Carnage.

So hard had Khorne throttled the betrayer that he choked out Skarbrand's mind and free will, leaving behind only rage. He could do no more than wander and destroy, becoming a walking epicentre of fury. So great was his violence that the emotion poured out from his body in waves of hatred. Just to be in Skarbrand's presence was to lose control. Only those with the greatest of wills could avoid devolving into anarchic savagery, existing only to fight and to kill.

There is little regret in Khorne's black heart, and he spares none of it for Skarbrand. In his tortured exile, the Bloodthirster serves the Lord of Skulls more completely than ever before. However, at various times, Khorne has plucked up his wayward Bloodthirster, hurling him into some new realm where his penchant for slaughter was needed. It pleased Khorne to do so. At Archaon's behest, Khorne fashioned the Brass Chain, a hellsteel alloyed with the god's own indomitable will. The Brass Chain alone could bind Skarbrand's fury, and his struggle against its weighty links was terrible to behold. After foiling a plot to loose Skarbrand from his bondage and unleash his rage upon Khorne's legions, the Everchosen bade his Gaunt Summoners to transport Skarbrand to a new imprisonment – making him unwilling guardian of the Brimfire Gate.





RAGE UNLEASHED

The first phase of the Stormcast assault called for aerial reconnaissance, cunning feints and the slaying of leaders and champions. The next stages were more dangerous still, the tasks made even more deadly by the rampaging presence of the most bloodthirsty of all Khorne's greater daemons.

Across all eight castles guarding the Brimfire Gate, the Stormcast Eternal strike forces swooped, loosing deadly volleys upon their foes. Special attention was paid to enemy leaders, whether tower captains, such as the Deathbringer Tyrmars or the Slaughterpriest Drazkith the Fell, or commanders of entire legions, such as the towering Bloodthirster Skrathax.

At the Brimfire Gate – the centre of the eighth and final castle – Knight-Venator Ghodric Truebolt commanded his strike teams to spread out. Of the five retinues left, three obeyed their commander. However, the waves of aggression radiating outwards from the monstrosity that was Skarbrand overcame a Prosecutor retinue and a lone Knight-Azyros. Straight into the nearest foe they flew, not seeking to launch missiles and bank away, but instead diving directly into a frenzied melee. The Bloodbound lined every tower and crowded the ramparts; they were too many for such a tactic to have any outcome other than massacre. Even before the slain Stormcasts could return to the Heavens via shafts of scintillating blue energy, the blood-mad defenders had dismembered their physical bodies. They howled and continued hacking long after the Stormcasts' forms had returned to high Azyr.

Steeling his will, Ghodric ordered the remaining Prosecutors to follow him and made a steep dive towards the chained figure roaring below. Skarbrand, seeing the golden figures gleaming in the gloom, bounded upwards to meet them, his tattered wings straining to break the chains that fettered him to the ground…



With every beat of his wings, Ghodric resisted the urge to fly closer. All he wanted to do was to fold his wings tight against his body and plummet straight into the foe. How he longed to strike them! How he would make them pay! It was as if he were trapped in a contest of willpower – his own mind versus sheer atavistic rage, a struggle between the ability to reason and savage instinct from some base, primeval time. Concentrating with all his will, Ghodric pulled out of the dive he had inadvertently begun and focussed on loosing arrows. His quiver would have been emptied a long time ago from his frenetic pace, but the arrows replenished each time he reached down – all except the star-forged arrow. From the bellowing of the creature and the pulse pounding in his head telling him to drop the bow and to plunge into combat, Ghodric could barely think. Letting his reflexes take over was impossible, for all he wanted to do was too sate his fury with his fists. He knew he must continue to reason, yet every thought was washed over with his red rage.

Skarbrand stopped straining against his chains. Instead, he took up the slack of the heavy brass links to whirl them as a weapon. Several of the Prosecutors that swooped around him were smacked out of the air, landing in crumpled heaps before flashing blue to the Heavens. In his fury, the Bloodthirster seemed oblivious to the celestial hammers and stormcall javelins that burst against his smouldering body. Behind the Bloodthirster, the Brimfire Gate flickered as more Bloodbound arrived from the Allpoints. And then it came to Ghodric.

'Aim for the chain,' he yelled to the Prosecutors, 'break the hellbeast's chain!'

Responding immediately, the Prosecutors began to fire volley after volley of lightning-tipped arrows into the links of the Brass Chain. Then, a Prosecutor-Prime with a grandhammer landed where the chain was bolted, his blows sending up showers of sparks…



After Sigmar's plan to set Skarbrand loose from his imprisonment in Bloodkeep failed, Archaon had ordered the Brass Chains moved. With the Realm of Fire all but conquered, the last thing the Everchosen needed was a berserk tidal wave of destruction ploughing through his own armies. While Khorne can transport Skarbrand with but a flick of his world-whip, it takes the whole coven of Gaunt Summoners to complete the arcane rituals necessary to shift the raging greater daemon. Great effort had gone into retrieving Skarbrand every time he was loosed, most recently when his fury had burnt clean Nurgle's Plague of Atrophy from the Flameworlds.

So vast was the Brimfire Gate that even the eagle-eyed could not see it end to end through the heat haze. It rose overhead, a half-circle halo of fire that blazed eternally. Such was the forging of the Brass Chain that Skarbrand was free to wander the whole length of arcway, but never stray far from it. The chains at his wrists and ankles allowed the greater daemon to pace relentlessly, a caged beast that did not sleep nor tire, a being that longed only to kill any and every thing that it could see. Indeed, Archaon could think of no better guard dog than Skarbrand. For one formerly so high in Khorne's favour, it was an inglorious fate, but who knew if there was any reason hidden beneath the mindless rage that emanated from the Bloodthirster? Not once did he stop raging against the confinement of the Brass Chain.

Enraged by the Prosecutors that stayed just beyond his reach, Skarbrand howled, his frustration causing the air to shimmer with hate and anger. While some Stormcasts kept the Bloodthirster's attention, others

attempted to break the links of the Brass Chain. Although sparks flew, no dent could be made in the chain wrought by Khorne himself. Those who tarried too long at their task risked a cruel death. Skarbrand swung loops of chain to smite the unwary, while packs of Bloodreavers and howling Flesh Hounds loped ahead of the army, pouring from the far side of the shimmering arc of the Brimfire Gate.

Realising he was running short of time, Knight-Venator Ghodric Truebolt grabbed for the far side of his quiver. He nocked the star-fated arrow, that deadliest of weapons which had also been lightning-blessed by the clanging hammers of the Six Smiths. Each demi-god had pounded their runes upon it, and Sigmar's high priests had blessed the weapon so that it might smite down the God-King's foes. If ever a weapon could break the hellforged chain, Ghodric knew this was it.

Pulling taut the bowstring, Ghodric aimed at Skarbrand's chain and fired. The star-forged arrow left behind an incandescent trail, hitting with a clap of thunder and an eye-searing flash. An explosion of lightning followed, as crackling energy coils snaked outwards, surging in azure fury along the length of chain. For the first time, Skarbrand howled in agony as well as rage. To Ghodric's dismay, however, when all cleared, the Knight-Venator could see that the chain remained intact. It glowed white hot, but the hellforged metal links held.

Skarbrand strained once more upon the Brass Chain. The air shimmered as he pulled the links taut with a great clatter, seeking to retaliate against the gleaming angel before him. And then it happened. A single link broke, and with that, Skarbrand had torn a hand free. Wrenching, struggling, pushing himself to maximum exertion, the greater daemon tore loose his other arm. Swinging the vast length of chain, Skarbrand smashed Prosecutors out of the air, the heavy blows ripping apart bodies and sending down a rain of gore. Ghodric had just enough time to question if he had done the right thing before the chain smote him from the skies, sending his spirit streaking up to the Heavens. In each of Skarbrand's outstretched hands, a flame-ridden axe manifested – his weapons of legend, Slaughter and Carnage. He lifted his horned head and roared a challenge to the very gods themselves.



BATTLEPLAN

UNLEASH THE BEAST



An almost infinite number of beasts and monsters of every description exists within the Mortal Realms. Some such creatures can be tamed or possess intelligence enough to be reasoned with, whilst others are wild and savage, attacking any who draw near without hesitation. If such a dangerous beast can be captured and bound, it will prove to be a formidable asset in protecting a vulnerable or important location against those foolish enough to launch an attack against it.

Such is the threat posed by a powerful creature forced to protect a target location that its presence cannot be ignored; it must first be neutralised for an attack to stand any chance of success. However, a caged beast can be a double-edged sword for its jailer; should a cunning enemy manage to free it from its bondage, its wild ferocity can just as easily be turned against its captors…

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then they must decide who will be the raider and who will be the jailer. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then they must be the jailer. Otherwise, each player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher can pick who is the raider and who the jailer.

In this battleplan, players can field no more than 5 units, and must use the minimum size as specified on each unit's individual warscroll. For example, if a unit's warscroll states that it 'has 10 or more models', the unit cannot include more than 10 models. The jailer's army can include one additional unit, but this must be a **MONSTER**.

RAIDER'S OBJECTIVES

You have been tasked with infiltrating an enemy-held position and fighting your way past its guardians. However, upon your arrival, you have encountered an unexpected problem in the guise of a deadly monster that has been bound and positioned to bar your path. Two choices now lie open to you if you are to complete your mission: slay the beast, though time is against you and its death may come at a steep cost in lives; or find a way to free the creature and use its hatred of its captors against your enemy.

JAILER'S OBJECTIVES

Your enemy has successfully infiltrated your defences and seeks to break through your final stronghold. However, they have yet to face your last line of defence – a powerful creature that has been bound to your service and will attack any foes that are foolish enough to move within its confines. Despite the fearsome beast at your disposal, do not be complacent, for it must not be allowed to slip free from its bondage, lest all hell break loose.



THE CAGED BEAST

The jailer's **Monster** with the highest Wounds characteristic on its warscroll takes on the role of the caged beast in this battleplan. Due to the beast's wild and ferocious nature, the controlling player can re-roll all failed hit rolls for this model.

SORCEROUS BONDAGE

The enchanted means by which the jailer has bound the caged beast also serves to protect it from harm. Whilst it remains bound, the jailer can roll a dice each time the caged beast suffers a wound. On a roll of 5 or 6, the wound is ignored.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battlefield comprises a rugged hillside overlooked by a Realmgate through which the raiders seek to travel. If a model is available, we suggest using a Baleful Realmgate to represent this. The land surrounding the caged beast has been cleared of obstructions to create a deadly kill zone for the monster's prey.

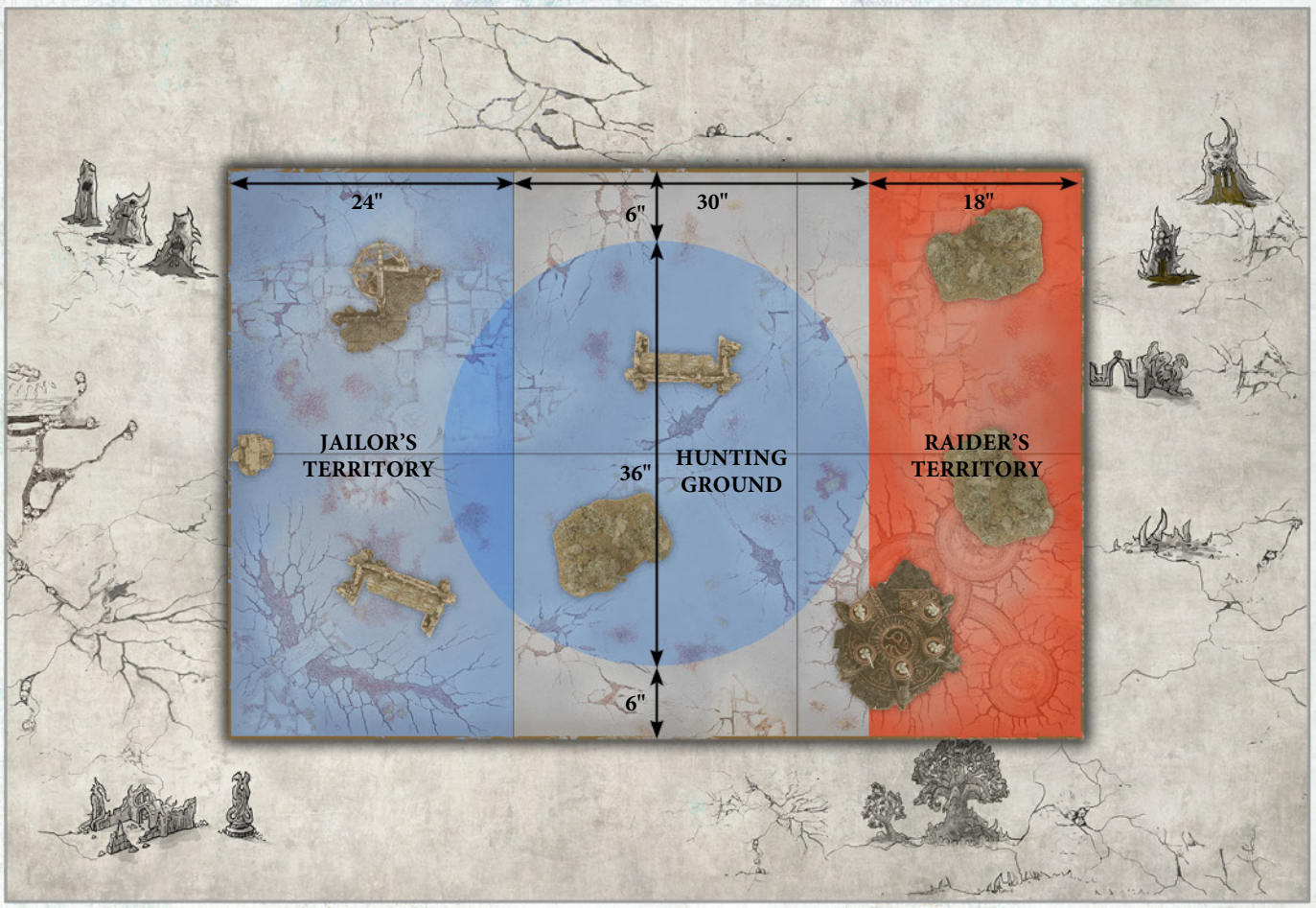
You can either generate the scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

SET-UP

Starting with the jailer, each player takes it in turns to set up units as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Models must be set up in their own territory as shown on the map below, though the caged beast must be set up at the centre of the hunting ground (see map).

FIRST TURN

The raider decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.





HUNTING GROUND

The caged beast has been bound to its location with enchanted wards. As a result, it cannot move beyond the boundaries of the hunting ground (see map) under any circumstances, until it has been freed (see right).

FREEING THE CAGED BEAST

Models from the raider's army that are within the boundaries of the hunting ground (see map) can attack the caged beast's shackles in the combat phase as though it were an enemy model. The shackles are considered to have a Save characteristic of 3+ and a Wounds characteristic of half that shown on the caged beast's warscroll.

If the shackles are destroyed, control of the caged beast immediately switches to the raider. It can make attacks in the same combat phase in which it is freed, even if the jailer has already made attacks with it earlier in the phase.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, if at the end of any battle round the raider has any models within 3" of the Realmgate, or they have completely wiped out the jailer's army, the raider wins a **major victory**. The game otherwise lasts for six battle rounds. Any other result is a **major victory** to the jailer unless the caged beast was slain, in which case the raider wins a **minor victory** instead.



ARMIES OF THE HEAVENS

It was at the Brimfire Gate in Aqshy that Sigmar expected the greatest resistance. There did the God-King loose the greatest portion of his strength, pitting his armies against those of Khorne. And although Sigmar's eyes were drawn to all battles, it was Aqshy where his gaze lingered longest.

Across seven of the eight castles that guarded the Brimfire Gate, the Stormcast Eternal brotherhoods began the next phase of their assault. Those warriors that carried stormcallers – the enchanted javelins – hurled their weapons. The gleaming javelin tips penetrated anything – stone, metal, or flesh. Upon impact, thunder rolled and ripples of energy surged as a channel to the Heavens was formed. The skies above split open as bolts flashed, crackling through the castle's unseen defences. The sizzling explosions that followed cleared crowded ramparts, sending mangled flesh and broken bodies careening off high walls. From out of each of those blinding strikes strode more Stormcast Eternals.

So began an assault that would reverberate through history itself.

Long had the Heavens been astir in preparation for this war. All of the arcways to the Allpoints were under attack, or soon would be, save only the locked gate that led to Azyr. The celestine vaults and the garrisons had been emptied. There was a strange stillness – it was as if the entire Sigmarabulum was holding its breath in anticipation. Every Stormcast Eternal had been hurled into battle, and for a brief moment, all was as quiet as in the swirling cosmos that surrounded Sigmar's floating celestial stronghold.

The silence would not last. Soon, the tolling of the Bell of Lamentations began anew, and the blue flashes of slain Stormcasts came shooting back. The clanging of the Anvil of the Apotheosis could be heard, as the long, painful Reforgings began again.



Although Sigmar's armies attacked every access to the Allpoints, more Stormcast Eternals were sent to Aqshy than any other realm. Elements from a hundred different Stormhosts were thrown into that battle, including every chamber of the Hammers of Sigmar. The lightning strikes deposited retinues and battalions upon the walls, towers and courtyards. Castle defenders turned to find their fortresses besieged at every point, Stormcast Eternals everywhere. And then the ground before the first castle – the Pyrevault Redoubt – began to shake and glow, as smoking mounds rose. Magma burst forth in glowing rivulets as tunnels from below pushed upwards. To the roar of Magmadroths, fyrd after fyrd of Fyreslayers issued forth, their axes blazing red as they stormed across the Bridge of Flame to join the fray.

Vandus brought his hammer down to crush both helmet and head of the frothing attacker before him, while Calanax, his Dracoth, swiped down the last of the tower guard. Just an instant before, Vandus Hammerhand had entered the celestine vaults high up in the Heavens. He was the last to arrive, and every one of the ranked retinues before him raised their weapons in a rousing cheer. It was a feeling that filled Vandus with pride. He had served in many battles with his brethren, and to be held in high regard by warriors of such ilk was praise indeed. His reception had been similar along the Sigmarabulum – all saluted or bowed as Vandus passed. He was the one who led the charge to claim the first Realmgate, the one that returned Ghal Maraz to Sigmar. It had been Vandus that dared stand before Archaon. As the cheers still echoed off the celestine vaults, all disappeared with a thunderclap. Like that, Vandus was atop one of the spiked towers that jutted out from the Dreadgate, immediately embroiled in combat. Only now, as the last of the foe fell, did the Lord-Celestant have time to take in his surroundings. Looking over the parapet, Vandus saw that the lightning had delivered him hundreds of feet off the ground upon one of the many towers of the Dreadgate. As high as he was, the walls above seemed to rise on forever. The immensity of the stronghold and the task at hand weighed heavily upon him.

The Stormcasts were on the walls, already fighting within the Chaos strongholds. Swinging their massive axes, Decimator retinues cleared ramparts. Retributors used heavy hammerblows to batter down barricades, whether they were made of stone or metal or daemonic flesh. Massed Judicators sent steady streams of lightning-tipped bolts that swept walls and courtyards free of the massed Bloodbound. Yet always, no matter how many bodies stacked up, more returned, each new wave screaming their hatred while surging towards the sigmarite-clad invaders.

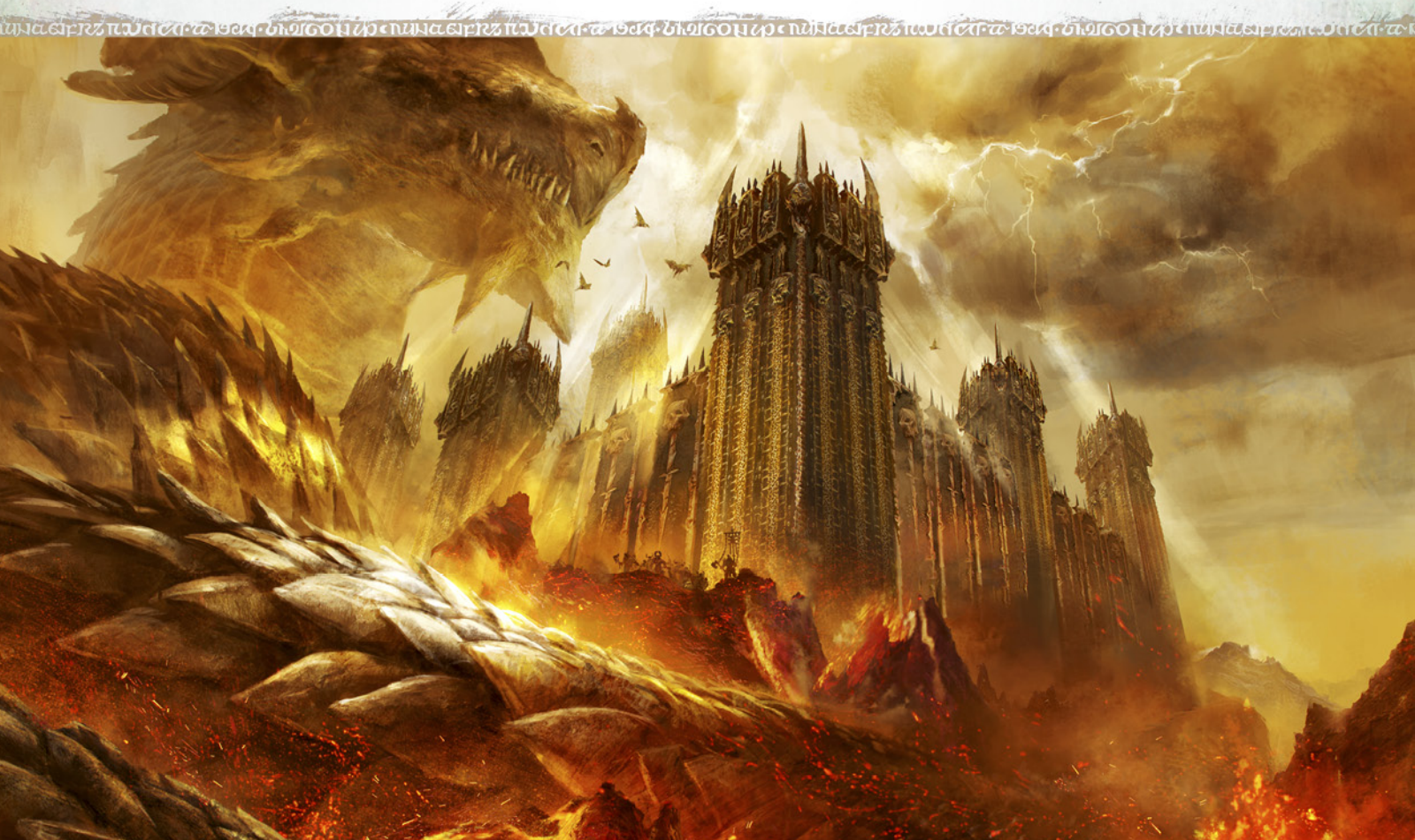
No less than nine Extremis Chambers from six different Stormhosts had also joined the battle. Dracothian Guard galloped out of lightning strikes, and the lowering skies above were filled with circling Stardrakes.

The only fortress not under attack by the Stormcast Eternals was the last and most massive of them all, the Great Skullhold. Neither Ghodric Truebolt nor any of the retinues he led had time to throw their stormcaller javelins before they were slain. So the wards of



the castle still stood, and Sigmar was unable to hurl his lightnings there. Even without any Stormcast Eternals, however, the fiercest of battles raged within the Great Skullhold. Freed at last from his hated bondage, Skarbrand was incandescent with rage, slaughtering everything in his path. Beneath the burning arc of the Brimfire Gate, the aura of blood lust that projected outwards from Skarbrand could be seen, manifesting itself as a gory mist that hung over everything.

In addition to the vast armies of the Great Skullhold, more and more troops streamed out of the Eightpoints, issuing forth from the heat haze of the Brimfire Gate. An army of Skullcrushers lumbered forwards in a Brass Stampede that shook the ground, the Bloodseekers were a solid wall of Khorgoraths, and the Gorechosen



of Lord Vimaks surged before all. Every one of those warriors willingly embraced the pulse-pounding aura of battle madness, revelling in its intensity. They frothed at the mouth and screamed, so eager for bloodshed that it mattered not what they fought. Total anarchy and carnage ensued as troops piled out of the towers to meet beneath the Brimfire Gate. It was a maelstrom of violence, and wading through the midst of it all was Skarbrand. His axes clove a path through the sea of warriors, a red storm of rage that could not be contained. Every scything axe-swing added to the blood bath. Skarbrand's roars echoed off the Brimfire Gate, or perhaps that distant booming was the grim laughter of the Blood God himself? For Khorne cared not from whence the blood flowed, only that it did so…

The rage that emanated from that cataclysmic battle reached over every castle. At the seventh fortress – mighty Bloodcombe – all were swept with overwhelming waves of pure violence. The walls themselves seemed to writhe and move. Overcome with paroxysms of fury, Stormcasts and Bloodbound fell upon one another in a frenzy.

Only the strongest willed of Stormcast leaders could hold their retinues back, forcing their warriors to fight tactically and support each other; these groups still sought to find and eliminate the champions of Khorne's armies. Elsewhere, both sides simply charged one another, disregarding any thought of plans or grand strategy. Warriors sacrificed everything merely to strike one more foe, to stab one last enemy. They fought not for duty, for their god or for any cause – they fought to sate the raging blood lust that overwhelmed them.

Some Slaughterpriests and Wrathmongers exploded in fountains of gore, their mortal frames unable to contain so much hatred. The strongest amongst them absorbed the frenzy, becoming the ultimate conduits of rabidity.

The din of war and waves of madness awoke more than just battle spirit. The furore grew so intense that Bloodletters began to materialise in the swirling red mists, and Flesh Hounds loped out of rents growing in reality. And something else stirred. Something colossal.

The molten coils that wrapped around the seventh fortress, Bloodcombe, began to writhe, twisting like a serpent of gargantuan proportions. The same happened to the Great Skullhold. For this was Ignax, the Solar Drake, one of the greatest of the godbeasts. So vast was her length that she stretched over, through and across both of the castles, her island-sized head stretching up over the Brimfire Gate itself. And now she awoke, flames curling off her immense scales.

When he bound the Truthsayer Kiathanus to his service, Archaon had discovered that the sun above the Ashlands was in truth the vast godbeast Ignax. It had cost Archaon many thousands of minions to gain control of the Solar Drake. It was coin he spent freely, for there were always more to be had. Yet Archaon did not squander his resources without reason. The opportunity to gain control of a godbeast could tip the balance of power so that it would not be long before the Gates of Heaven were smashed open. Archaon longed for the day when he could bring flame and ruin to Azyr. In the end, it had been Archaon himself who had closed upon the exhausted godbeast and driven his blade, the Slayer of Kings, into her immense skull. There, the daemon trapped within the sword had clawed Ignax's mind, driving her beyond sanity's edge. At that point, she was a ripe target. Aided by his nine Gaunt Summoners, Archaon had mastered her will. During those struggles, the godbeast had writhed, super-heated flares destroying much of the Flameworlds. Her solar power temporarily exhausted by the great outpouring of energy, Archaon commanded the beast to regain her strength, sending her to where the flames burnt hottest. Coiling against the volcanic walls of the castles that guarded the Brimfire Gate, Ignax had not yet regained even half of her might, yet still she could burn with the heat of a hundred volcanoes.

VANDUS HAMMERHAND

Vandus Hammerhand is Lord-Celestant to the most storied of all Warrior Chambers. In him, Sigmar saw not only a great champion, but a warrior with instincts reminiscent of the greatest of mankind's commanders. Bold. Noble. Here was a leader fit to command the armies of the Heavens.

During the Age of Chaos, Sigmar scoured the Mortal Realms for heroes. It was then that the God-King espied Vendell Blackfist – the last of the Direbrand tribe. In the young tribesman Sigmar saw one who burnt with a desire for vengeance like few others. Sigmar plucked up the mortal, saving him from certain death at the axe of Korghos Khul, an aspiring champion of Chaos who had destroyed the remainder of the Direbrand tribe.

In Sigmaron, Vendell's Reforging took place, and it is remembered to this day by the forge-mages of the Sigmarabulum. Well do they recall the event, and still they talk of how no one has ever passed more quickly through the Reforging than did he, so eager was Vendell to become one of Sigmar's soldiers. Renamed Vandus Hammerhand after his transformation, Sigmar anointed him a Lord-Celestant of the Hammers of Sigmar – the first founded of his proud new Stormhosts.

Every test was easy for Vandus, every challenge bested. During the wars known as the Cleansing, when Azyr was scoured of all evil creatures, Vandus proved himself time and again. It was during those days when he earned a Dracoth mount, and became the first Stormcast to tame one of the noble beasts. The bond he established with Calanax has only grown stronger through their service together. Indeed, it was with the aid of Calanax that Vandus won the blessed hammer Heldensen. No other chamber could best the Hammerhands during the first of the Gladitorium Wars, the mock battles that the Stormcasts fight amongst themselves to practise military drills and develop tactics.



Such was the supreme confidence Sigmar placed in Vandus and the Stormcast Eternals he commanded that they were chosen as the lead element – the tip of the spear – in the crucial first wave of attacks that would begin the Realmgate Wars. It was no coincidence of fate that during those initial Stormcast assaults, Vandus Hammerhand was hurled into combat with the Chaos Lord Korghos Khul, the very fiend that had slaughtered his kin. Although neither proved able to kill the other, it was not the last time the diametrically opposed warriors would face one another in battle.

Since that first assault, Vandus has led his Warrior Chamber into many battles. None was more momentous than when the God-King sent twelve Stormhosts to retrieve his warhammer, Vandus Hammerhand at their head. Though few of those brave crusaders survived, the Stormcast Eternals found Ghal Maraz. In breaking the daemon cabal that sought to steal the hammer away forever, Vandus reclaimed the relic for its rightful owner. Yet, even then, his duties were far from over.

It was to Mount Kronos in Chamon that Sigmar next despatched Vandus and his Hammerhands. The Stormcasts were to attempt the capture or, failing that, destruction of the oracle Kiathanus, before the greater daemon was returned to power or fell into the wrong hands. Although the mission was unsuccessful, Vandus and his chamber acquitted themselves well against the full might of Archaon. Sigmar subsequently reforged his fallen champion, instilling in him yet greater power. Although still plagued by mysterious visions, Vandus was another step closer to unlocking his potential.


SIGMAR
MMXXI



BATTLE FOR THE BRIMFIRE GATE

Over the long years of conflict, the Brimfire Gate had witnessed many battles. Never before, however, had war raged across all eight strongholds at the same time. Adding to the nightmarish insanity of the battles were tidal waves of rage that ripped at the minds and souls of every combatant.

At the Keep of Skrathax, the Hammers Draconis Extremis Chamber went into action. The Dracothian Guard rode forwards, the Lightning Echelon leading, with the Thunderwave Echelon hard on their heels. Without fear, they charged into the thousand-strong Bloodbound before the central gate.

Although skilled with their cruel axes, the Blood Warriors found the heavy scales of the Dracoth cavalry difficult to penetrate. Given time, the Khorne-worshipping madmen could hack down anything. However, time was a commodity they did not have.

The first Stormcasts to strike were the Fulminators. Lowering their stormstrike glaives, they clove a bloody path through the furious berserkers. When those champions that had eluded the Stormcast strike teams stepped forwards, they found themselves shot down by the second line of Dracothian Guard, the Tempestors loosing their volleystorm crossbows. So was a wedge cut deep into the red-armoured foe. Such were their numbers and hatred, the Blood Warriors pressed onwards, blindly closing in on all sides of those that dared to attack them. This was just what the Stormcasts desired.

The Thunderwave Echelon struck next. The Concussors slammed into the maelstrom, the impacts of their heavy hammers generating thunderquakes. Momentarily stunned, the Blood Warriors were simply scythed down, for the last wave of attackers wielded broad-bladed thunderaxes that hewed through armour and flesh with equal ease. All the while, snarling Dracoths used claws, fangs and discharged bolts of lightning to ravage the foe.

Enraged by the one-sided bloodshed, Skrathax joined the fray. None thus far had been able to harm the hulking

Bloodthirster, and so incensed was he that he personally slew the last score of Blood Warriors himself, for he would not have his keep disgraced. The Stormcasts did not fare better, for Skrathax's every axe blow cut through rider and Dracoth alike in gory explosions that all ended with twin beams streaking to the Heavens. The daemon's roar of triumph was answered however, as Lord-Celestant Imperius rode his Stardrake out of the skies to meet the greater daemon. Behind him, the Drakesworn Templars were already wreaking havoc amongst Skrathax's Doom Cohort, the Bloodletters dying in droves before the celestial fury of the Stardrakes and their gleaming knights.

At the Dreadgates, Vandus was the difference between victory and defeat. All those around him were consumed by battle madness, but the Lord-Celestant remained focussed. He commanded not just his own chamber, the Hammerhands, but all the Stormcasts. As the foe charged out of towers, frothing to get to grips with the celestial warriors, Vandus ordered Judicators into every bastion. Senselessly, the Bloodreavers came on, heedless of the enfilading fire that cut down whole ranks at a time. By Vandus' commands, the shield walls were maintained, and while those bulwarks of sigmarite held off the flailings of the foe, flanking attacks by swift-moving Hammerstrike forces swept away enemies in storms of thundercracking violence. Everywhere Vandus strode, the Stormcasts fought as a disciplined machine, each retinue aiding their brethren, each Stormcast exacting a crippling toll upon the enraged enemy.



The Pyrevault Redoubt was the first stronghold to fall. There, seven Stormhosts, led by the Hammers of Sigmar Heavenhost Warrior Chamber, assailed the towers, but it was the Fyreslayers that truly broke the enemy.

The Stormcasts had long tried to gain the allegiance of the Fyreslayers through deed alone but, although they loathed the corruptions of Chaos, the duardin sought gold for their services. When they offered the contents of Sigmar's vaults, the Stormcasts in Aqshy found it easy to persuade the Fyreslayers to swear an oath to their cause. They had suffered untold atrocities over the long years of the Age of Chaos, and were eager to seek vengeance. Amongst those fighting alongside the Stormcasts were duardin from the Vostarg, Volturung and Durmtarg lodges, to name but a few.

The sonorous war chants of the Runesmiters could be heard above the din of battle – the explosive reports of Skullcannons, the roaring of Khorgoraths, and the shouted vows to the Blood God. The rising heat of battle and the Runesmiters' ancient words ignited the Fyreslayers into a fury. Sparks flew from the ur-gold pounded into their bodies, and their beards and hair crests bristled. Flames trailed their axes, and such was their battle frenzy that red-hot cinders floated into the air about them.

In a sweeping tide of fyresteel, the bold duardin ploughed forwards. Only the gates slowed them, and then only momentarily. Metals softened before the massed flame gouts from a dozen Magmadroths, and their rock-hard claws rent apart any portcullis, splitting the warping metal beams with ease.

Swarming like angry caldera-hornets, the Fyreslayers found themselves at the foot of the next castle, the Keep of Skrathax. They arrived just in time to see the battle between Lord-Celestant Imperius and the Bloodthirster himself. Clawed by Stardrakes and blasted by Dracoth bolts, the greater daemon roared, its axes blazing fire. Yet no defiance could save it from the repeated blows of Imperius' hammer, Grolhed. Like a lightning bolt it fell, again and again, until Skrathax's ruined body tumbled down from the bronze towers. Soon, the last of the Bloodletters were cut down and the stronghold was cleansed of Chaos denizens. The forces of Order cheered their victory. Sigmar's soldiers clashed hammer on shield, while Fyreslayers sang fierce vows to honour Grimnir. To the third castle they ran, expecting to help their comrades finish the foe, but what they found was something quite different.

So they came to reeking Vulkstroya Keep, where volcanoes sent columns of smoke skywards and glowing red rivers of lava poured down into the Black Abyss. More than just the volcanoes



AURIAKH, THE FATHER RUNE OF BINDING

The eldest of the Zharrgrim priesthood know many runes of binding, but the most powerful of them is the one known as Auriakh. It is a legendary rune, and, if struck correctly, will render ownership over sentient elemental forces. Since the Coming of Chaos, however, the rune had proven untrustworthy. After the disaster at the living volcano Drakatoa in Ghyran, no Fyreslayer had attempted to replicate the magic-capturing rune. So it had been for many centuries until Dorryc Claimblade, Auric Runesmiter of a distant branch of the Vostarg lodge, dared to test the rune's power. Dispossessed of his homeland, and perhaps the greater portion of his sanity, the Runesmiter went to great lengths to entrap the Varanguard, but instead brought ruin upon his fellow Fyreslayers. As their armies made a final stand, the Runesons of Borr-Grimnir gave their lives to hammer home the rune into Ignax, hoping to use the godbeast to reclaim their lands. Archaon, however, spirited the Solar Drake away before the controlling rune could be tested.



were smoking, however. Ignax the Solar Drake had raised her head over the keep, breathing out a furnace blast. Thousands died instantly, both besiegers and besieged. Even to those affected by Skarbrand's fury the sight was startling, jolting the rage from them. It was a scene of damnation, fires smouldering over a grisly carpet of blackened bones, armour and weapons.

Two amongst the arriving throngs realised immediately what had happened. Runefather Borr-Grimnir, among the last of the Fyreslayers of the Chained Sun, squinted at Dorryc Claimblade with his one good eye. The Runesmiter rubbed the golden sigil that hung upon a chain around his neck. Its twin – the Rune Auriakh – had been pounded into the scales of the Solar Drake. If he could get close enough to the godbeast, and if the rune had been struck perfectly, Dorryc should be able to exert his own will over Ignax. They were not close enough yet, but already Runesmiter Dorryc could feel his sigil growing warm against his flesh, as if it were some living thing.

At Vulkstroya Keep, the only sign of the sinuous godbeast was its tail. Unlike Dracothion, who enjoyed the cold cosmos, Ignax far preferred to wrap her coils around a heat source, in this case, the molten core of a volcanic range. For years uncounted she had kept warm by absorbing a small sun, becoming so infused with energy that she herself took the fiery orb's place, before being chained into position by Grungni himself. Now, she wrapped her colossal coils around the volcanoes and magma-heated brass walls of the strongholds guarding the Brimfire Gate. To reach Vulkstroya Keep, she stretched her coils around five of the castles. After such toils, Ignax returned her wedge-shaped head, which alone was the size of a mountain, to the Brimfire Gate arch. There the godbeast basked, lapping up the raw hatred of Skarbrand. It washed over her, causing curls of flame to rise above her colossal coils. Soon she would regain her full strength.

The Fyreslayers swiftly passed through the charred remains of Vulkstroya Keep and came to Alkatar. The Castle of Screaming Death was no more – Ignax's flames had silenced even the rage daemons bound into the walls. Still Dorryc Claimblade could not grip the mind of the godbeast, and so they advanced alongside the rapidly moving armies. They emerged next to the Dreadgate, where they found Vandus Hammerhand capturing the last citadel of the red-spiked keep.

BATTLEPLAN

ULTIMATE SIEGE WEAPON



Some weapons are so deadly, their power so terrible, that it is all but impossible to stand against them in battle. More often than not, weapons that hold such power are monolithic in scale, so cannot be readily moved once deployed. As a result, many of the deadliest examples form the heart of a stronghold's defences, where their static nature is not a burden. A besieging army must find a way to nullify or otherwise take the weapon out of the equation before launching a full attack, or they risk annihilation.

This battleplan is centred around an ultimate siege weapon that the besiegers have found a way to corrupt, or otherwise seize control of, to aid them in their conquest. If they cannot secure the weapon in time, the attackers will surely be destroyed, but if they can turn its fury upon their enemies, they may yet emerge victorious.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then they must determine who will be the invader and who will be the siege master. Ideally, the invader should have a third more models than the siege master. Otherwise, each player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher can pick who is the invader and who the siege master.

INVADER'S OBJECTIVES

Your enemy has a dread weapon that has power enough to lay low any army. However, your spies have discerned a weakness in its design that you may be able to exploit. You have been given the honour of leading an attack upon the weapon's position and taking control of it. First, you must identify which of the enemy fortifications houses this defect before you can wrest mastery of its deadly power from your foe. It is a risky stratagem, but should you prevail, songs will be sung of your deeds for countless generations.

SIEGE MASTER'S OBJECTIVES

Your enemy is undertaking a forlorn hope in defiance of your unstoppable siege weapon. Show them the error of their ways by using it to obliterate their advancing hordes. Your scouts have captured a few of the enemy's spies, and extensive torture has revealed that they actually believe they can usurp control of your super-weapon and turn it against you. If this is indeed their plan, then it cannot be allowed to happen. Destroy every foeman sent against you without mercy and, whatever happens, do not let your siege weapon fall into enemy hands.

CATACLYSMIC FIREPOWER

The enemy's siege weapon is all but unrivalled in killing power, its fury able to level armies that are foolish enough to draw within its reach. At the start of each battle round, the player in control of the siege weapon (see Wresting Control, overleaf) can unleash its fearsome firepower. To do so, pick a target model anywhere on the battlefield. That model immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Now, roll a dice for each model (friend or foe) within 10" of the target model and consult the table below. If the roll required is equalled or exceeded, the model's unit suffers a mortal wound.

Range	Roll Required
0-2"	2+
2-4"	3+
4-6"	4+
7-8"	5+
9-10"	6+



THE BATTLEFIELD

The battlefield represents the killing ground before a large and intimidating series of fortress walls. Before these towering edifices stands a trio of smaller fortifications, one of which represents the heart of the siege weapon (see below).

First of all, the siege master sets up three fortifications anywhere within their territory that is at least 12" from any other fortification. We recommend using either an Overlord Bastion or Skull Keep to represent these fortifications. Players can then choose to set up any remaining scenery as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

HEART OF THE SIEGE WEAPON

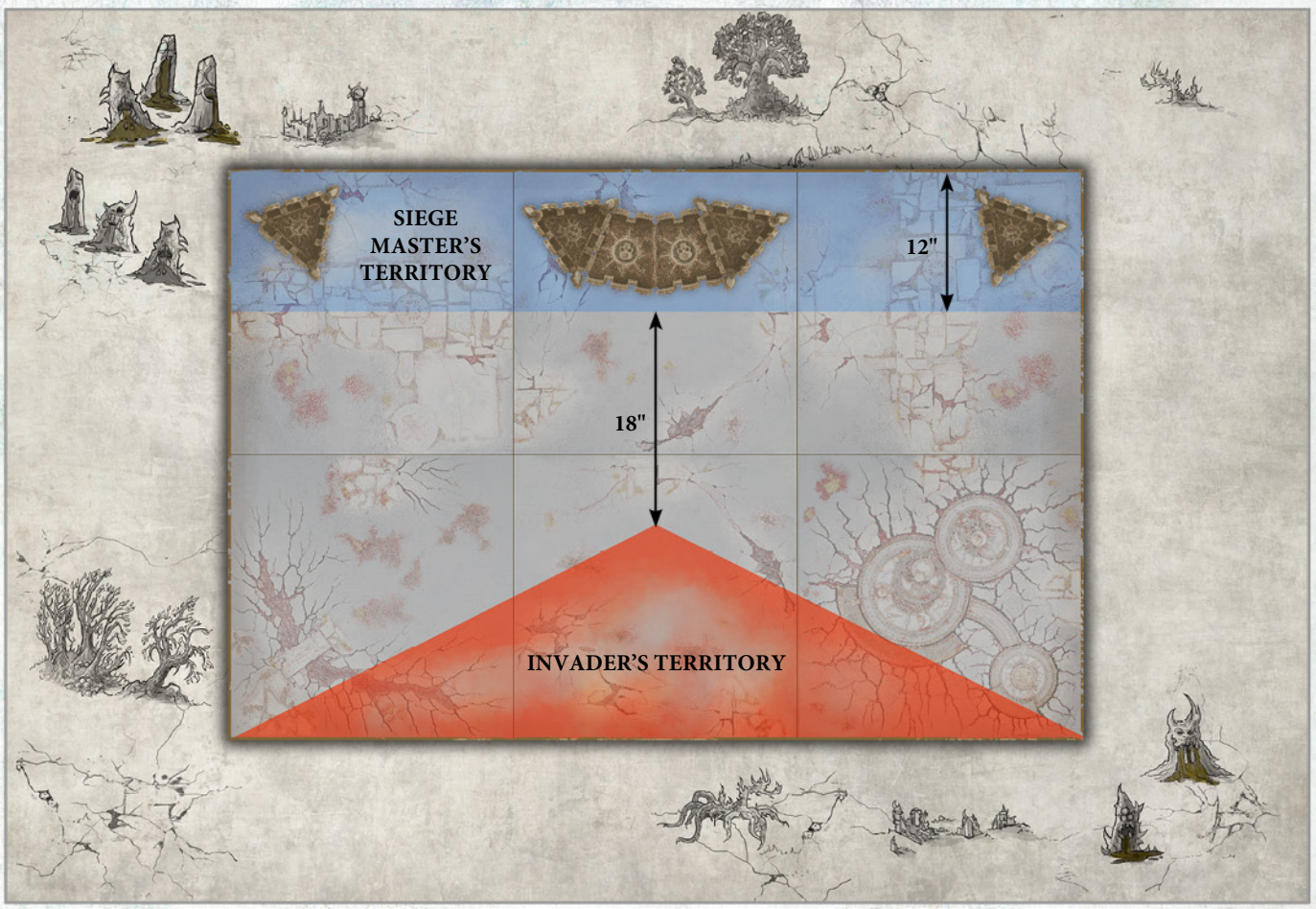
After the players have finished setting up any remaining scenery, the siege master must secretly note down which of the three fortifications they have set up within their territory is the heart of the siege weapon.

SET-UP

Starting with the siege master, each player takes it in turns to set up units as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Models must be set up in their own territory as shown on the map below.

FIRST TURN

The invader decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.





WRESTING CONTROL

As soon as any of the invader's models moves within 3" of one of the three fortifications that the siege master set up within their territory, the siege master must immediately reveal whether or not the invader has found the heart of the siege weapon.

When establishing which player is in control of the siege weapon at the start of each battle round, the siege master is always assumed to be in control. However, if there are any **HERO** models belonging to the invader within 3" of the heart of the siege weapon at the start of the battle round, the invader has assumed control of the siege weapon for that round.

VICTORY

Use the victory conditions as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

TIME OF WAR

The Realmgate linking Aqshy to the Allpoints was known as the Brimfire Gate. The Blood God erected the Brass Mountains around the portal, and further protected it with eight reality-defying fortresses. It would take all of Sigmar's wisdom and might to wrest control of the gate from Khorne's minions.

THE BRIMFIRE GATE

If you decide a battle is taking place in the Realm of Fire, then you can specify that it is before the Brimfire Gate. If you do, the following rules apply.

THE EIGHT-CASTLES-THAT-ARE-ONE

An attacker must battle their way past seven Chaos Dreadholds before they finally reach the eighth and final stronghold, which contains the Brimfire Gate. Each of the fortifications is bigger than the last, and all are protected by wards and sigils blessed by Khorne himself.

The following rules apply to any scenery model that is a **DREADHOLD**, in addition to the normal rules on the scenery model's warscroll:

WARDS AND SIGILS OF KHORNE

Spells used by enemy units do not affect scenery models with this rule, and also do not affect models (from either side) that are in or on the scenery model. In addition, units that are set up after the battle has begun cannot be set-up within 24" of a scenery model with this rule unless the unit has the **KHORNE** keyword.

SKARBRAND'S FURY

When the Stormcast Eternals attacked the Brimfire Gate, they released Skarbrand from the Brass Chain that bound him. Once he was released, his incandescent rage suffused all eight fortresses with overwhelming waves of pure violence. Roll a dice at the start of each player's hero phase to see what effect Skarbrand's maniacal fury has that turn:

SKARBRAND'S FURY TABLE

D6	Reward
1-2	**Conduit of Rabidity:** The player whose turn it is must pick a **HERO** from their army and then roll a dice. If the number is less than the number of wounds the model has suffered, it is unable to contain the fury it feels and explodes in a fountain of gore – the **HERO** is slain. On any other roll, the **HERO** doubles the number of attacks it makes with any melee weapons for the rest of the turn.
3-4	**Paroxysms of Fury:** Units belonging to the player whose turn it is cannot retreat, and must attempt to charge in the charge phase if within 12" of an enemy. This rule does not apply to the player's general, or any units from the player's army that are with 8" of the general.
5-6	**Drawn to the Furore:** The player whose turn is taking place can set up a unit of up to 3D6 Bloodletters or 3D6 Flesh Hounds, if they wish to do so. If one general has the **KHORNE** keyword and the other general does not, then the unit is part of the army with the **KHORNE** general. In any other circumstances, the unit is part of the army of the player whose turn is taking place. Set up the unit anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 8" from any enemy units – this counts as its move for the turn.

STORMCALLERS

The Prosecutors that fought with such bravery at the Brimfire Gate were equipped with stormcallers. These javelins were imbued with magical energy that allowed them to act as conductors for Sigmar's lightning bolts, even when they were close to the protective wards and sigils created by Khorne. Once one was embedded in the ground, Stormcast Eternals could be transported instantly to that location.

Instead of setting up units of **STORMCAST ETERNALS** on the battlefield, you can place them to one side and say that they are set up in the Celestial Realm. In any of your movement phases, you can transport any of the units to the battlefield. When you do so, set them up on the battlefield within 18" of a friendly Prosecutor armed with a stormcall javelin. They can be placed as close to the enemy as you like, and are not affected by the Wards and Sigils of Khorne rules (pg 212).

If there are no friendly Prosecutors with stormcall javelins, set up the units more than 9" from any enemy models and more than 24" from any scenery models protected by Wards and Sigils of Khorne.

In either case, this is their move for that movement phase.

LIGHTNING-BLESSED WEAPONS

Sigmar equipped the heroes and retinue primes that led the Stormcast Eternals at the Brimfire Gate with weapons that were imbued with potent celestial magic. These lightning-blessed weapons could unleash blasts of energy to cast down Sigmar's enemies.

Any weapon used by a **STORMCAST ETERNAL HERO** or Prime (for example, a Liberator-Prime or Prosecutor-Prime) is lightning-blessed. The **HERO** or Prime can invoke the lightning in the weapon once per shooting or combat phase, when inflicting damage with one of the weapon's attacks. When it does so, add 1 to the damage inflicted by the attack.



IGNAX, THE SOLAR DRAKE

Unlike Dracothion, who prefers to roam the stars, Ignax had long been held captive, first by the Fyreslayers of the Flameworlds and then by Archaon himself. At great cost the Fyreslayers had pounded the rune Auriakh into the scales of the Solar Drake. This rune, with its matching amulet, would allow a Runefather to bind Ignax to his will, harnessing the full power of a godbeast. The act of mind control however, came at a terrible cost.

Once per battle, at the start of their hero phase, a single Auric Runefather can attempt to bind Ignax. Roll a dice if they do so, adding 2 to the roll for each battle round that has been completed so far in the battle. On a roll of 6 or more Ignax is bound by the rune Auriakh. On any other roll Ignax overcomes the power of the rune, and cannot be bound in this battle.

If Ignax is bound, the player that commands the Auric Runefather can pick a 2 feet by 2 feet square area of the battlefield to be scoured by drakefire. All units that have any models in this area suffer 1 mortal wound for each model from the unit that is even partially within the area.

Roll a dice after inflicting the mortal wounds. On a roll of 3 or less, the Auric Runefather is slain, overcome by the ageing effect of the rune. On a roll of 4 or more, the Auric Runefather manages to persevere, and must make another attack with Ignax in their next hero phase. Roll after each attack to see if the Auric Runefather dies, until they are either slain or the battle finishes.

FELLBARRENS PAINTING GUIDE

Coveted by Khorne and besieged by hordes of Bloodbound, Aqshy has been the caustic setting for some of the most legendary battles fought by Sigmar's heroes. But will your own armies prevail or perish upon its remorseless soil? This guide shows you how to bring this terrible terrain to life!

Alight with war, scorched by blistering winds and crawling with daemons, madmen and hideous creatures, the sulphurous lands of the Fellbarrens bear virtually no trace of their opulent past.

Now it is a land reformed by Khorne's limitless anger, a great canvas on which this malevolent artist unleashes his talents with abandon – obliterating the old and creating abhorrent landscapes far more satisfying to his cruel tastes.

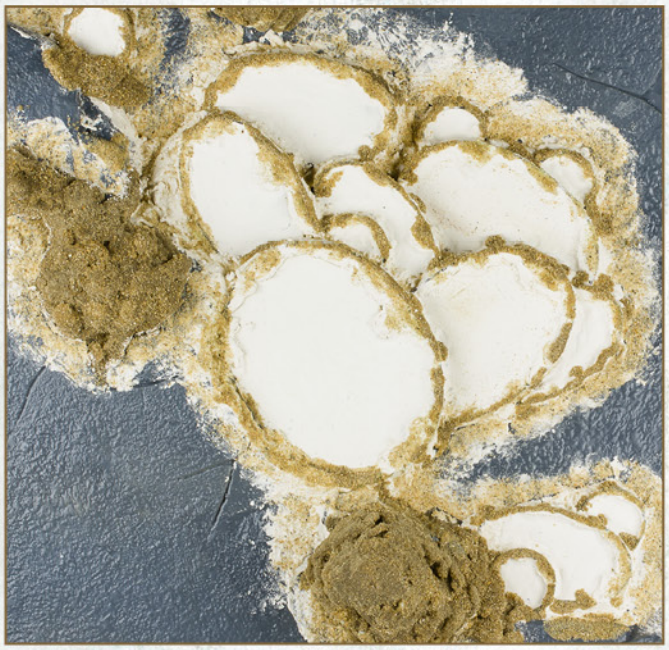
Despite its daunting appearance, recreating this awesome scenery is within easy reach of every hobbyist. What's more, it involves the use of some imaginative techniques, all of which can be employed using alternative colours to recreate a wide range of terrain types from any of the realms.

We created the pools by using a selection of differently sized, upturned figure bases. Perfect though these are, there are plenty of alternative items such as jar lids, milk bottle caps and sections of 'blister pack' product packaging that would work equally well. These were built up a tier at a time, with each layer attached using spots of Citadel PVA glue.

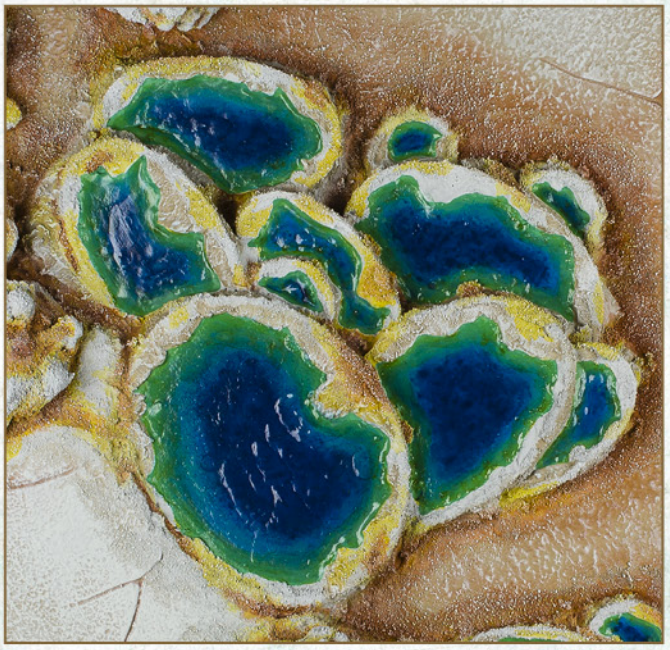
After allowing the glue to cure fully, more PVA was diluted at a 2:1 ratio of glue to water, then gently poured into each cavity and allowed to set. This creates the illusion of liquid pools.

Next, household decorating filler was used to fill the gaps between the tiers. This surface was then gently stippled using an old paintbrush to create the impression of rocky outcrops surrounding the feature. The pools shown in this guide are designed to look like toxic lakes, but red and orange shades could be used instead to create the ubiquitous lava pits of this region.





The toxic pools are nothing more hazardous than upturned figure bases; while Green Stuff, PVA and Citadel sand are all you need for the sulphur mounds.

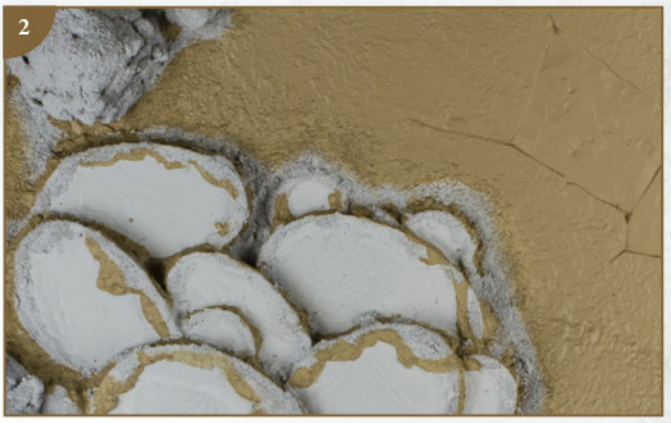


Simulating the look of liquid is achieved by applying increasingly darker hues of paint, finished with a layer of Citadel 'Ardcoat – a simple process but very effective!





Begin by applying an undercoat of Corax White Spray. Hold the can around 20cm away, keeping the coat even by spraying from side to side as well as up and down.



Now paint the ground with Karak Stone, avoiding the pools and sulphur mounds.



Next, paint Skrag Brown just around the edges of pools and sulphur deposits.



Allow the Skrag Brown to dry completely, then apply Ulthuan Grey using the drybrushing technique.



Drybrush the same area, this time using White Scar and a slightly lighter touch for a more subtle effect.



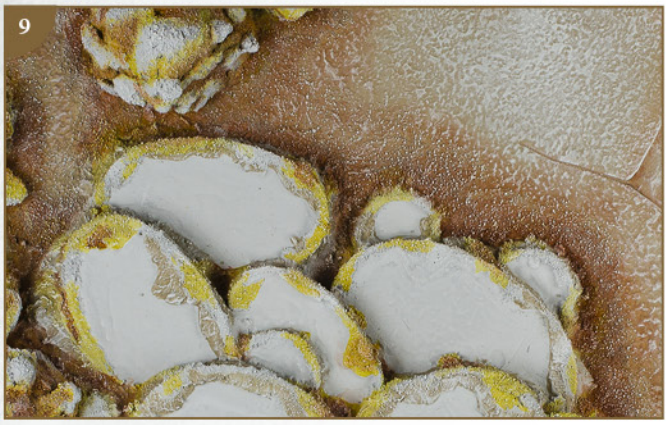
Apply Lamenters Yellow Glaze, focussing on the edges of the pools and creating a lattice effect over the mounds.



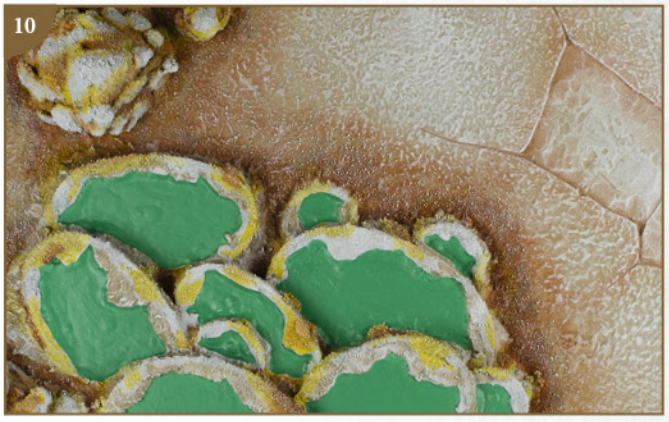
Next, apply Fuegan Orange Shade paint sparingly to the yellow areas, creating a mottled effect.



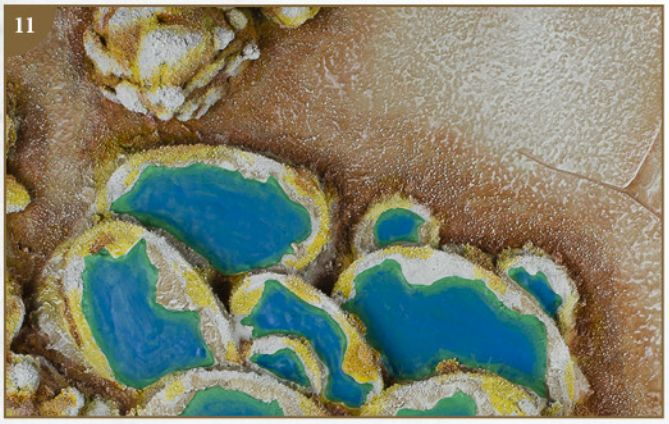
Allow the first application to dry, then add a second coat of Fuegan Orange to the pool edges and sulphur mounds.



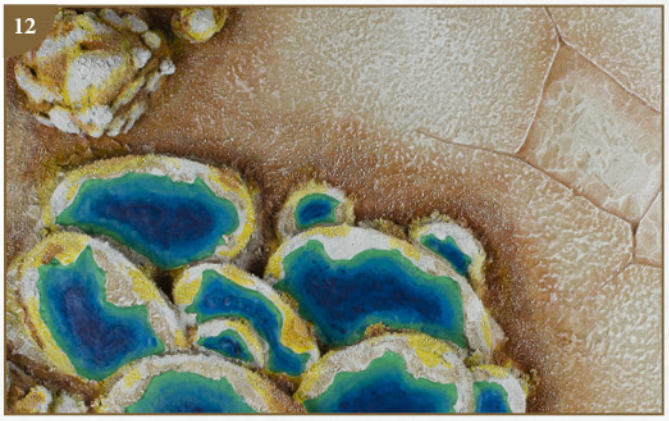
Ensure that the Shade is completely dry, then drybrush the pools and sulphur deposits using White Scar.



Now paint the pools with a layer of Sybarite Green.



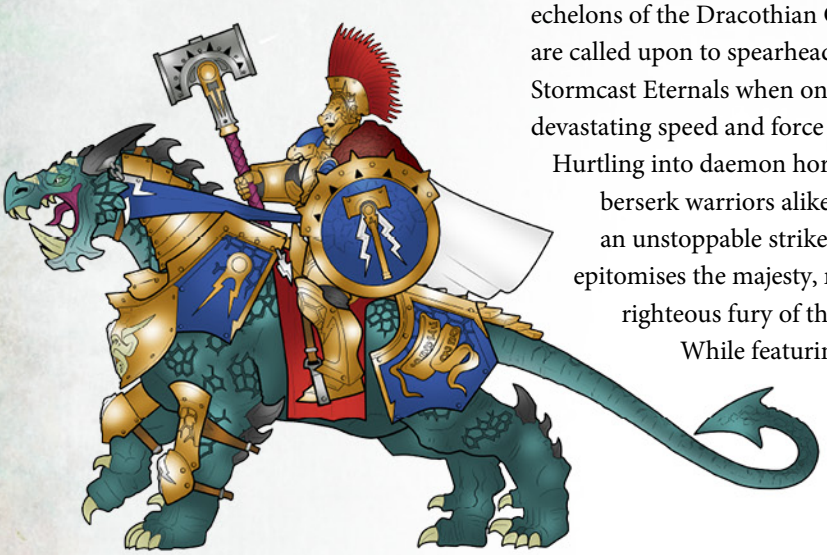
Next, apply Teclis Blue to the centre of the pools to create an effective illusion of depth.



Add to this impression by applying darker Kantor Blue to the centre of the Teclis Blue areas.

HAMMERS DRACONIS PAINTING GUIDE

Thundering from the heavens to shatter their foe are the Extremis Chambers. To the Stormcasts, riding to battle astride a Dracoth is more than an honour. Noble, intelligent and fierce creatures, these mighty reptiles are no dumb beasts, and the bond between rider and mount is one of mutual respect.



As Sigmar's powerhouse cavalry, the echelons of the Dracothian Guard are called upon to spearhead the Stormcast Eternals when only the most devastating speed and force will suffice. Hurtling into daemon hordes and berserk warriors alike, they form an unstoppable strike force that epitomises the majesty, might and righteous fury of the Heavens. While featuring the burnished sigmarite and rich hues of Sigmar's other heroes, the armour worn by the warriors of the Extremis Chambers is unique, embellished with scale and fang designs. Like their riders, the Dracoths are garbed in sigmarite armour that bears the colours and legends of their chamber, while their scales' rich, otherworldly hues reflect their celestial origins. Each Stormcast wields a vast axe, hammer, lance or crossbow, while the Dracoths are able to strike down their foes by spitting celestial lightning, or using their mighty claws and fangs.



Base paint colours define the final scheme. Paint the armour with Retributor Armour, Abaddon Black and Kantor Blue, the weapon Screamer Pink and Leadbelcher, the cloak Celestra Grey and Khorne Red, and the plume Mephiston Red.



Apply Nuln Oil to the cloak, silver and blue, use Reikland Fleshshade on the armour, Druchii Violet on the weapon handle, and Agrax Earthshade on the plume. Add very fine lines of Mechanicus Standard Grey to the black sections.



Highlight the blue with Teclis Blue, use Auric Armour Gold on the armour, White Scar on the cloak, Evil Sunz Scarlet on the plume, Administratum Grey on the black sections and Cadian Fleshtone on the weapon handle.



Add a sharp finishing touch with even finer highlights of Fenrisian Grey to the blue areas, Liberator Gold to the armour, Fire Dragon Bright to the cloak and plume, and Runefang Steel to the metal.



Begin the Dracoth with an even coat of Incubi Darkness Base paint over a Chaos Black Spray.



Apply Zandri Dust (teeth), Abaddon Black (horns), Mephiston Red (cloth), Sotek Green (belly), Kabalite Green (scales), Screamer Pink (maw), Kantor Blue and Retributor Armour (armour).



Then apply Agrax Earthshade (teeth), Skavenblight Dinge (horns), Temple Guard Blue (belly), Nuln Oil (scales), Reikland Fleshshade (armour) and Druchii Violet (maw).



Layer with Evil Sunz Scarlet (cloth), Karak Stone (teeth), Screaming Skull (horns), Emperor's Children (maw), Sybarite Green (scales), Teclis Blue and Auric Armour Gold (armour).



Highlight with Screaming Skull (scales, teeth and belly), Fenrisian Grey and Liberator Gold (armour), Fire Dragon Bright (cloth).



Glue Citadel Sand to the base, apply Mechanicus Standard Grey, then Nuln Oil. Drybrush with Karak Stone and then with Screaming Skull. Paint the rim with Steel Legion Drab.











FIERY APOCALYPSE

Vandus Hammerhand led his coalition onwards. The battle grew ever fiercer, a rising crescendo of blood-soaked violence, as they forced their way towards the Brimfire Gate. The gods themselves looked on as heroes, greater daemons and godbeasts moved towards one another, on a collision course.

At the Bloodskull Fastness, the sixth of the eight fortresses, the skies themselves began to burn. On pressed the forces of Order, joining the Stormhosts already grinding down the opposition. In the rising heat, the Stormcast Eternals were protected by heavy sigmarite armour, while the Fyreslayers were accustomed to such intensity from the forges of their magmaholds. The Bloodbound – even those barbaric savages not encased in hellforged steel – were too incensed to care for such trifles as blistering skin.

The defences of the Bloodskull Fastness were formidable, as was their commander, Lord Khar. He was the ancient, incredibly cruel Butcher of the Twelve Tribes, and he handled his armies masterfully. Khar first sent forth the most rabid of his troops – the insatiable Goreguard and the Doom Hordes. These blood-seeking maniacs the Chaos Lord simply unleashed, letting them charge straight into combat. Although they died to a man, in their ferocity and fearlessness they hacked down many Stormcasts and Fyreslayers, and their charge gave Khar time to concentrate his remaining forces, hunting down and destroying the chambers that had arrived by lightning. The Chaos Lord's tactical prowess matched that of Vandus, and those frenzied assaults were but the vanguard of his army. The Stormhosts and the sons of Grimnir found every route through the vast fortress blocked. They were forced to take the castle tower by tower, wall by wall. Khar was bleeding them white, making them pay for every step they advanced.

A stalemate seemed to have been reached, or so it seemed, before the forces of Chaos counter-attacked. Lord Khar had cunningly marshalled his strength, and now he released his reserves to drive back the attackers. Amongst the red-armoured ranks



came Wrathmongers, the crimson haze around them amplified by the proximity of Skarbrand. In the presence of such rampant battle madness, friend slew friend, and all seemed doomed until Vandus arrived. His presence restored order and his barked commands re-established a battle line, with retinues augmenting one another as they had been trained. Still, precious time was being lost, and reinforcements from the Allpoints were bound to be flooding out of the Brimfire Gate and awaiting the Stormcasts and Fyreslayers at the next castle. Against such numbers and such formidable fortifications, Vandus was hard-pressed to make any advance. And then she came, looming over the Bloodskull Fastness, blocking the pale, watery sun. Ignax had risen once more. Vandus looked up from the centre of his battle line, bravely standing his ground while awaiting his burning fate.

Climbing the winding tower, Borr-Grimnir could feel the scorching heat increasing with every step. The temperature was as intense as that in the temple-forges, but far less wholesome. There were only twelve of his Auric Hearthguard left, and they formed a protective ring around him – the last of Borr's magmahold. His own Runesons had died driving the Father Rune of Binding into Ignax. Borr knew he had to aid Dorryc Claimblade, or die trying. The small Fyreslayer warparty had left behind the main battles, escorting the Runesmiter higher and higher into the tallest spires of the Bloodskull Fastness. Striding out onto the high rampart, Borr could feel even his toughened skin blistering.

'I have her,' shouted the Runesmiter, his eyes rolling back, his hand tracing the sigil on his glowing medallion. 'Arise!' commanded Dorryc, his whole body shaking. The walls shuddered as something immense, something elemental and vast, moved. Slithered. Slowly. Fighting every moment, Ignax obeyed. Hate was in her slitted eyes, for even a godbeast is not immune to the baleful aura of Skarbrand. She untwisted from the warmth of the Brimfire Gate and surrendered to the voice in her head. From their high place on the walls, Borr and Dorryc looked down. Far below, ant-like figures fought. Picking out the orderly Stormcast battle line, the Runesmiter willed the godbeast to incinerate the hordes of Chaos – and anything else that wasn't a Fyreslayer or Stormcast Eternal.



BENEATH BURNING SKIES

Under clouds of fire, the Stormcasts and Fyreslayers advanced ever closer to their ultimate destination – the blazing arc of the Brimfire Gate. Could they count on the godbeast Ignax to aid them, or would she thwart them on their perilous journey? So began the march towards the final battle.

Even with her energies not fully refuelled, Ignax was more than a match for the defenders of the Bloodskull Fastness. At Runesmiter Dorryc's command she melted stone, toppled towers and incinerated armies. Upon seeing the enormous serpentine head over his stronghold, Lord Khar knew his cause was lost. Leaving his minions to die, the brutal tactician retreated with his honour guard to warn and reinforce the next fortress.

The seventh castle was Bloodcombe, its monolithic walls made of iron-bound magma. There, the Chaos forces had defeated the Stormhosts sent against them. It had been difficult rooting through the maze of towers and walls, slaughtering all those that came by lightning. Doing so had cost the defenders much, and amongst their losses was their commander Lord Anktar, who was slain by a lightning-blessed weapon. When Lord Khar arrived, he found only the Bloodthirster Rathdax the Skullcleaver and his Bloodletter legion remaining. No reinforcements from Brimfire Gate had arrived – an ill omen, but there was no time to dwell upon what might be wrong at the Great Skullhold. Lord Khar knew that, unless the godbeast slew them all, the coalition of Stormcasts and Fyreslayers would arrive at the gates of Bloodcombe at any moment. He prepared his defence.

Going against the rabid warriors and daemons that longed only to fight, Lord Khar made a rational decision, ordering the Bloodcombe sealed. Not only did the gates close, but the magma itself flowed at his command, the walls of molten rock shutting off the vast fortress from outsiders. Such was his power that none dared question him.

Back at the Bloodskull Fastness, the few Chaos defenders that escaped the godbeast's wrath had been put to the sword. Now, Vandus Hammerhand and the armies that followed his lead stared up in amazement. At Vandus' bidding, Lord-Celestant Imperius had flown his Stardrake to the uppermost towers,



Lightning-blessed weapons were the bane of the Chaos leaders.

seeking parley with the godbeast. It was he who discovered Borr-Grimnir and Dorryc Claimblade. Before long the secret of Auriakh, the Father Rune of Binding, was made known to all. The strain to control Ignax was beginning to tell. Dorryc had aged centuries in a sudden span. Unlike men, duardin typically remained robust, even at the end of their long lives. But now the Runesmiter was hunched, and becoming visibly feebler with every moment.

Realising that their time with Ignax as an ally might be growing short, Vandus led the march from the Bloodskull Fastness. Upon leaving, they reappeared at the far side of the Black Abyss, standing before the Bridge of Flame and an altogether new fortress – the flaming walls of the Bloodcombe, its gates sealed against them.

Built on Khorne's demand by the dark Children of Hashut, the Bloodcombe's walls were impossibly thick. It was said that the magma-walls could not be defeated by mortal means. Three times Dorryc steeled his will, three times he commanded the godbeast. Only upon the third call did the vast head of Ignax loom over the stronghold like a newly risen sun. A single flare-burst drilled into the Bloodcombe, for there was naught that had ever been built that could stand against that cosmic inferno.



Into the breach strode the last of the Chaos defenders, eager for battle. Before the smoke had cleared, they filled the gap with their own bodies, brandishing weapons and rudely beckoning any to dare pass.

Even as Vandus directed troops over the Bridge of Flame and formed the first wave of attackers, Ignax was disappearing over the horizon. The rune had burnt out, and as its glow faded, Runesmiter Dorryc felt control of the godbeast slip away. Perhaps struck incorrectly or contaminated by Chaos, the rune had a slight flaw and could not last against the intense heat. Released from the mental shackles of the Father Rune, the godbeast was truly free, for her solar flares had also scorched away the magical manipulations of the Gaunt Summoners. Now, Ignax longed only to find peace and warmth, somewhere far away from those who sought to use her for their own purposes. So Ignax departed in a trail of fire, at last sinking below the horizon. From the Heavens, Sigmar caught one last glimpse of the godbeast as she burrowed beneath the volcanic Infernus Mountain range.

Meanwhile, the battle that would soon be known as Hell Breach had begun. The gap in the magma walls was wide enough for thirty Stormcast Eternals to stand shoulder to shoulder. The fire-gouged hole revealed the thickness of the wall, for it bored back tunnel-like many hundreds of paces. In that space, Bloodletters crowded, driving forwards in their eagerness to hack at the foe. There would be no room for manoeuvre, only a hellish press of bitter close combat.

Raising their shields high, Liberators formed a solid wall of sigmarite. For a moment, the two sides stared at one another, and then the Stormcast Eternals charged into the breach…



THE BATTLE FOR HELL BREACH

At the gates of Bloodcombe, where Ignax had breached the magma walls, the clash between Khorne and Sigmar was re-enacted once more by the most elite of their armies. This was no test of tactics or manoeuvre, but a grinding trial of strength and sheer brutality.

None could have predicted that the campaign for eight castles might come down to a single assault, a battle fought on the narrow frontage of Hell Breach.

The Stormcast Eternals fought for justice. Every hammer blow was fuelled by vengeance, the righteousness of their cause, and by Sigmar's own divine power. Against them was pitted the fighting prowess of champions and daemons blessed with Khorne's matchless martial gifts. Whether Bloodletter or crimson-armoured warrior, the minions of the Blood God were inflamed with waves of hatred and blood lust. Every hellblade and goreaxe was wielded with unnatural and unrelenting fury.

The battle began without orders. Vandus and his army of many thousands sought gates or entrances into Bloodcombe, while those nearest to the blasted hole in the fortress charged. Into Hell Breach they surged, where blade met blade and muscles strained. Toe to toe, the combatants struggled, each trading blows, pressing so close to their hated foes that snarling daemon faces were mere inches from impassive helm-masks of sigmarite.

There was no room for mercy. Those who fell were trampled, dissipating in a blue flash to the Heavens or swirling through the crimson mists back to the Brass Citadel. Both sides pushed to fill any space left by the dead. The first wave of Liberators were run through by hellblades but could not fall, so tight was the melee. On they were pushed, held up by comrades and foes alike, living shields still seeking to find purchase for their own return strikes. Their cries of pain were lost in the maelstrom of battle until, at last, they passed and their bodies faded, while their spirits rose through fiery skies.

The Liberators fought bravely, but after hours of gruelling battle had made little headway before being slain to a man. The next to charge fared better, for the Paladins wore heavier armour and were even more skilled in battle. Lightning hammers flashed as they drove into the foe's ranks. Decimators cut swathes through daemon flesh. The red mist of fury could not save the Bloodletters from the bludgeoning justice of the Retributors. As the golden-armoured Hammers of Sigmar battered their way through the sea of bodies and neared the end of the blockade, they were met in turn by Lord Khar and his personal army, the Crimson Guard.

Atop his juggernaut, Lord Khar clove through Retributors, his axe hacking down any not crushed by the brass hooves of his mount. The Crimson Guard were unstoppable, empowered as they were by the blood-boiling prayers of Slaughterpriests and a host of fell icons carried by Bloodsecrators, all further infused by Skarbrand's enraging presence. In the passage strode the Bloodthirster Rathdax the Skullcleaver, wielding an axe that a dozen men together could not lift. Where he stalked, death followed. Almighty Khorne himself watched on from the Realm of Chaos, his eyes drawn to the onslaught.

On and on the battle raged. Those attackers who could not charge the breach unleashed their fury against the castle walls, but it was for naught. Only through Hell Breach could the Bloodcombe be entered. The Fyreslayer armies were next to try, for their pride would not allow them to give way to Stormcast demands. Wave after wave of Vulkite Berzerkers slammed into the breach, their fyresteel shining red in the fiery light. Their blood spilled in waves, their efforts earning only death and the mocking laughter of Lord Khar. That derision was drowned by the roar of Stardrakes. Lord-Celestant Imperius and his Extremis Chamber were next to charge into Hell Breach. And they would not be denied.

Blazing with the cold light of the stars, the Stardrakes of the Drakesworn Temple sent forth a nova surge – a gleaming front of celestial energy. At the crest of that deluge of power was Lord-Celestant Imperius. His Stardrake ducked her sinuous head and filled the breach with a billowing thunderhead. Crimson Guard fell by the hundred, and those that survived were smote down by the wedge of enraged Stardrakes that followed. Bolts of lightning from the Dracoths forked through the breach, breaking skull-studded standards by the dozen. On drove Imperius, his warhammer gleaming. As the heaving press pushed the fighting back, Imperius sought Lord Khar, calling out a challenge. At last, the Hammers Draconis pushed their way through that carnage-filled passage where thousands had fallen.

LORD-CELESTANT IMPERIUS, DAEMON SLAYER

Imperius is the Lord-Celestant of the Hammers Draconis, first of the Extremis Chambers. Bold and decisive, Imperius was born to lead. In mortal life he was Imperio, the king of a dying empire attacked and betrayed by Chaos. When Sigmar looked down from the Heavens, Imperio's end was nigh, for he had already struck his spurs, driving his household knights on one last glorious charge. The situation was hopeless, but it was not in his nature to concede. Now reforged as Imperius, he sees himself as still leading that last charge. His Stardrake, Loxia, is also royalty amongst her celestial kind, and her bond with this young Stormcast grows with every victory. The first action Imperius led his Extremis Chamber in was the seizing of Sigmar's Gate – a Realmgate in Aqshy that four Stormhosts had tried to claim, and been destroyed in the attempt. By defeating Kul'rhex, the Bloodthirster who stood as custodian of that portal, Imperius earned the title 'Daemon Slayer' – a feat testified by the blackened dent that still mars Grolhed, Imperius' celestine hammer.





Lord-Celestant Imperius led the charge, pushing back Blood Warriors and daemons alike. On the far side of the thick front wall, the Hammers Draconis emerged into a great courtyard. More towers and fortifications loomed beyond, but there was little time to gaze about. Here, the Chaos powers held the advantage, for they had been driven out of the passageway, but now surrounded the Stormcasts and could bring to bear their weight of numbers. Pulses pounded. Hearts filled with rage. The battle madness grew more frantic than ever. Mercilessly, Dracoths and Stardrakes were hacked by hundreds, thousands of blades, their death roars terrible to hear. Already the breach was filling with Chaos troops once more.

Imperius pushed on, his sole focus set upon Lord Khar. Even as the red tide closed around the Lord-Celestant, he reached his target. Loxia bit the Chaos Lord's brass steed, lifting up the struggling behemoth before whipping her long neck to send the weighty beast hurtling, its deathfall crushing dozens of oncoming foes. Lord Khar was too fast, however, and leapt clear, parrying Imperius' blow. Before the lightning-wreathed hammer could be swung again, Imperius was chopped in two.

Doom had arrived, striding upon cloven hooves. Skarbrand had come.

The heat blast from Ignax had melted a hole through every wall, straight through to the last castle, the Great Skullhold. There, beneath the Brimfire Gate, Skarbrand had slaughtered all. When nothing was left to slay, the daemon roared his challenge before following the godbeast's destructive path. So angry was Skarbrand that he grew larger, pushing before him a bow wave of hatred so intense it could be seen as a congealing red mist, as if the air itself bled. In his wake, Skarbrand left behind burning hoofprints. He bellowed his wrath, a shimmering heat haze of purest blood lust.

Through legions of Bloodletters Skarbrand came. He swept aside the Crimson Guard that stood in his way. He had already spilled an ocean of blood. It was not enough. It would never be enough.

The Dracothian Guard were shocked to see their leader slain, though comforted to see his spirit streak back to Azyr. Their thirst for vengeance stoked beyond reason, they charged, galloping



headlong at the greater daemon with the tattered wings and blood-dripping axes. Whirling, roaring, chopping, Skarbrand slew them all. His axes vanishing, the greater daemon lifted the last Dracoth, snapping its spine upon his knee before burying his face to chew through its middle, tearing the beast in two. The noble creature was reduced to no more than discarded hunks of dripping meat before it faded back to the stars.

Shorn of challengers, Skarbrand roared to the burning skies. It was defiance of the gods themselves, a war cry that echoed off the towering walls. His axes manifested themselves in his fists once more, blazing with unnatural fires and dripping blood. Snarling, he turned to face a flash of gold at the far end of the breach.

Hacking his way through the press of combat, Vandus rode out of the breach into the nightmare scene of Skarbrand triumphant. To the Lord-Celestant it was an epiphany, as clear as any vision. Before him stood explained the unaccountable rage and the lack of reinforcements from the Brimfire Gate.

'Sound the horns,' shouted the Lord-Celestant. When no sound came he turned to see his flanking Knights-Heraldor staring at the greater daemon that loomed before them. 'I understand your fear,' Vandus said, 'and I do not say that it is wrong. There comes a beast. The Beast. As horrible as anything we could ever have dreamed of seeing. But we have been reforged. Vanquishing evil is what we were made for.' He spoke now to all the Hammerhands that filed behind him. His voice rose louder still. 'Leave him to me,' said Vandus. 'Avenge me if I fall, but listen well my brothers. Today, against this foe, I will not fall. Be just and fear not, for is not Sigmar our Lord and Maker?' With that, Vandus turned, spurring Calanax forwards, although his Dracoth did not need to be told, having listened and approved of every word his rider had spoken. Small Vandus seemed against the red rage of the daemon, but bright his hammer shone. To thundering trumpet blasts he rode, and even the gods watched on…





BATTLEPLAN

THROUGH THE BREACH



Once a breach has been opened in a fortress wall, the attack is still far from over. Indeed, securing a way through a stronghold's defences is one thing, but to face the garrison on the other side is quite another. Many an invading army has fallen at this final hurdle when, all but spent after their success in the opening stages of the siege, they are put to the sword as they attempt to storm the fortress' interior.

This battleplan begins at just such a moment, with an invading force pouring through a large opening in a fortress' defences after having routed the defenders hastily tasked with its defence. Upon surging through the gap in the wall and into the open ground beyond, the exhausted attackers find themselves assailed in turn by a smaller but fresh reserve garrison.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then they must determine who will be the besieger and who will be the warden. Ideally, the besieger should have a third more models than the warden. Otherwise, each player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher can pick who is the besieger and who the warden.

BESIEGER'S OBJECTIVES

The breach is yours. After many long days of siege warfare, you have broken the enemy's walls and stormed through the gap in great force. Your warriors are weary from their valiant efforts thus far, but one more battle yet awaits them. The enemy's reserve garrison must be defeated for ultimate victory to be yours. Maintain the momentum and crush the last defenders sent against you.

WARDEN'S OBJECTIVES

The enemy has breached your walls and now pours forth into the courtyard. Yet all is not yet lost. You have withheld a small, reliable throng of reserve regiments from the fighting in readiness for just such an eventuality, and time has proven you wise. The enemy has spent much of their strength against your defences, and the warriors they have left, though numerous and confident from their success, will likely be reaching the end of their endurance. Destroy them whilst they are vulnerable and drive them from your stronghold once and for all.

WEARY, BUT ASSURED OF VICTORY

The besiegers have met with great success, and are buoyed by their victories thus far. However, their confidence cannot disguise their underlying fatigue from many days of battle.

Add 1 to the Bravery of all models in the besieger's army, but reduce their Movement characteristic by 1". In addition, the besieger's units cannot run.

LAST LINE OF DEFENCE

The wardens are acutely aware that it is up to them to see off the attacking army once and for all. Should they fail, all will be lost.

The warden can choose to re-roll any battleshock tests they take for any of their units. In addition, the warden can re-roll any hit rolls of 1 for their units, such is their determination to drive the enemy from within their walls.



THE BATTLEFIELD

Beyond the breach in the main walls lies the more open ground of a castle courtyard. A few smaller fortifications have been erected there to serve as barracks for the wall garrisons, but they also serve as useful defensive strongpoints should the wall be breached.

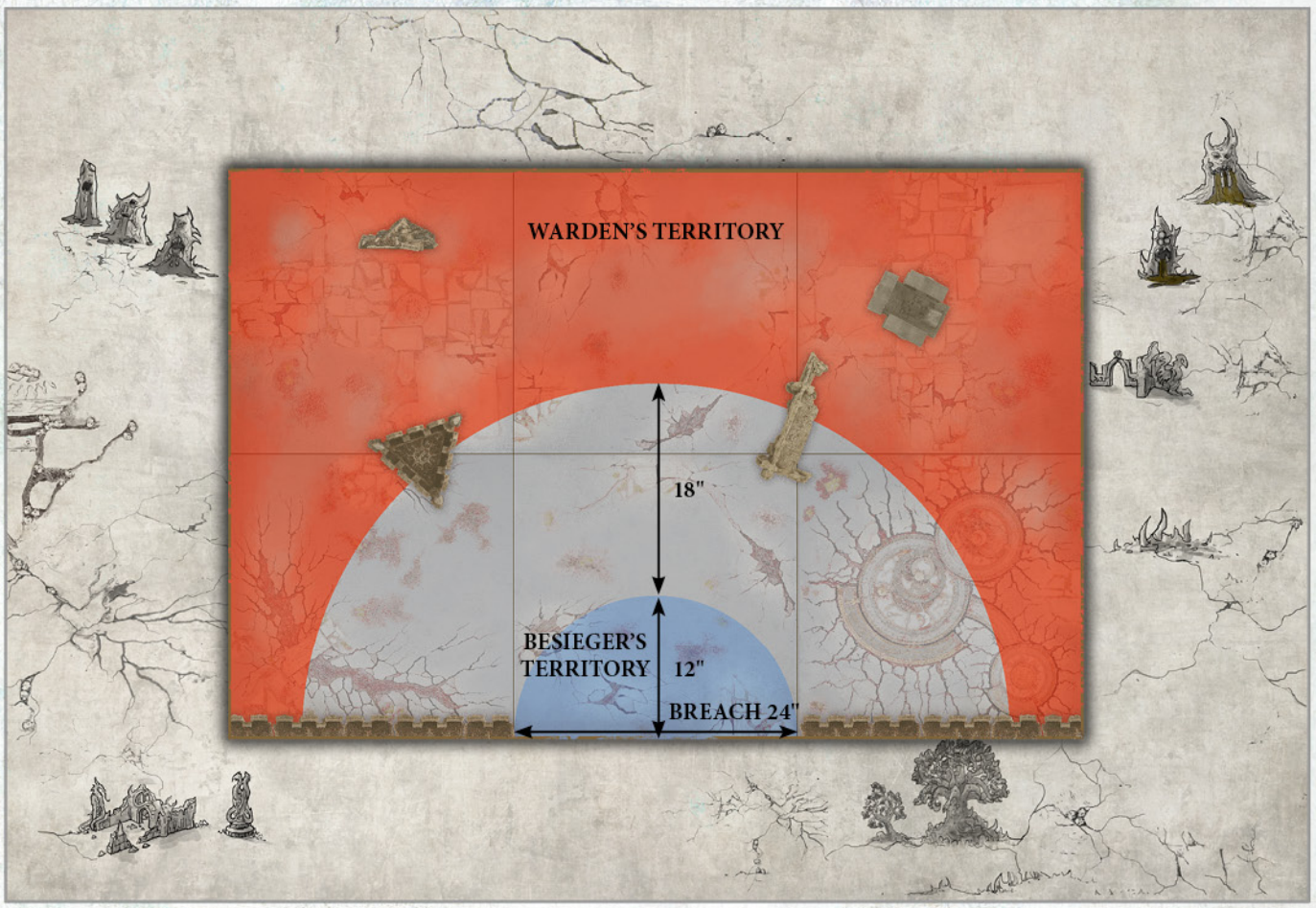
You can either generate the scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

SET-UP

Starting with the warden, each player takes it in turns to set up units, as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Models must be set up in their own territory as shown on the map below. Any units from the besieger's army that cannot fit into their territory must be placed to one side – these units will act as reserves and have the opportunity to arrive later in the battle.

FIRST TURN

The besieger decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.





POURING THROUGH THE GAP

At the end of each of their movement phases, the besieger can set up any of their reserve units anywhere within 6" of the breach section along the battlefield edge (see map), provided that they are not within 3" of any enemy models and there is room to place the entire unit. If there is no space to set up a reserve unit, it can arrive in a later battle round, provided that the above conditions are met.

VICTORY

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

The game lasts for six battle rounds. If, before the end of the sixth battle round, the warden's army has been completely wiped out, and/or at least three of the besieger's units are fully or partially within the warden's territory (see map), the besieger wins a **major victory**. Any other result is a **major victory** to the warden.





It was a duel not just between two champions, but between two gods.

Skarbrand was a facet of almighty Khorne – a beast of rage and fury. Fast flew his axes in windmilling blows. Vandus stood for Sigmar, and carried in his veins some of the God-King's divine spark. His warhammer glowed with celestial power, and when he spoke aloud the lightning blessing it flared bright with the crackling energies of Azyr.

When he smote Skarbrand it was the blow to end all blows, the sound as if a thunderclap had broken the world. That impact blasted the greater daemon down. When Skarbrand rose again, his body was smouldering and rent. Impossibly, the greater daemon tottered. Such a thing had never happened, not in single combat. And then Calanax was upon him, spitting lightning and driving razor-sharp claws deep into the daemon's chest. For justice. For vengeance. For Sigmar!

When, at last, the rain of hammer blows and raking Dracoth claws ended, Skarbrand did not rise again. Defeated and thrown down, he was cast back into the Realm of Chaos from whence he was exiled. His fate was either to fade to oblivion or to crawl back before the master he once betrayed. On the march to seize the blazing arc of the now-abandoned Brimfire Gate, every step the Stormcasts took felt like victory.





The War for the Allpoints had passed a critical juncture. In the Heavens of Azyr, the Broken World span on. The Bell of Lamentations tolled heavily, but not all was grim. Loud came the sounds of revelry from Heldenhall.

In Aqshy, the Brimfire Gate was closed. The realm belonged to Khorne, but the Blood God had suffered a major defeat. Terrible were his bellows of rage.

In Ghyran, the Genesis Gate was closed. Alarielle's Campaigns of Cleansing were begun – the winds had shifted.

In Shyish, the Endgate remained in Archaon's hands. In breaking his oath, Nagash had turned his back upon Sigmar once more.

In Hysh, it was difficult to decipher whether the war had brought victory or defeat, sorrow or rejoicing.

In Ghur, the Mawgate was battered, its defences destroyed. But it remained unclaimed. A new threat grew there…

In Chamon, the Mercurial Gate remained under Archaon, his defences unyielding.

In Ulgu, the fate of the Penumbral Gate remained a mystery, for no word returned.

In the Eightpoints, Archaon brooded. Sigmar would pay tenfold. In the Realm of Chaos, the lands rumbled and changed, for change was inevitable…





The battle for control of the Mortal Realms continued. While gods and demigods pondered their next moves, and the Sigmarabulum rang to the hammer blows of Reforging, an insidious evil was taking form, solidifying out of the pure madness that was the Realm of Chaos.

Nine in number, the Gaunt Summoners hailed from the Crystal Labyrinth. There, the coven had created the Whisperfane – an impossible mind-maze filled with deadly illusions, and one of the dreaded Silver Towers. With a push of their unfathomable minds, the Gaunt Summoners could shift these twisted citadels into the reality of the Mortal Realms. There, many a brave warrior would be lured inside with promises of riches untold. Many entered, yet few returned.

Plans within plans, plots within plots. Who can tell the endgame of those cabalistic sorcerers? Their methods are insane, their goals inscrutable – yet it is said in ancient and little-understood rhymes that 'death becomes the smallest fear when the Silver Towers appear'.

Fear them, for they are coming…




LEGENDS
OF
WAR

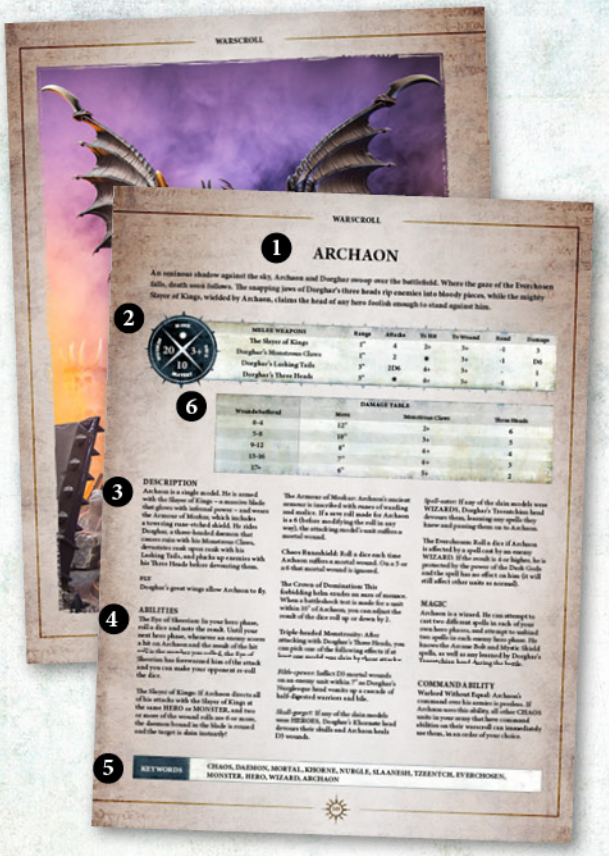
WARSCROLLS

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



HINTS & TIPS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



ARCHAON

An ominous shadow against the sky, Archaon and Dorghar swoop over the battlefield. Where the gaze of the Everchosen falls, death soon follows. The snapping jaws of Dorghar's three heads rip enemies into bloody pieces, while the mighty Slayer of Kings, wielded by Archaon, claims the head of any hero foolish enough to stand against him.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
The Slayer of Kings	1"	4	2+	3+	-1	3
Dorghar's Monstrous Claws	1"	2	✹	3+	-1	D6
Dorghar's Lashing Tails	3"	2D6	4+	3+	-	1
Dorghar's Three Heads	3"	✹	4+	3+	-1	1

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Monstrous Claws	Three Heads
0-4	12"	2+	6
5-8	10"	3+	5
9-12	8"	4+	4
13-16	7"	4+	3
17+	6"	5+	2

DESCRIPTION

Archaon is a single model. He is armed with the Slayer of Kings – a massive blade that glows with infernal power – and wears the Armour of Morkar, which includes a towering rune-etched shield. He rides Dorghar, a three-headed daemon that causes ruin with his Monstrous Claws, devastates rank upon rank with his Lashing Tails, and plucks up enemies with his Three Heads before devouring them.

FLY

Dorghar's great wings allow Archaon to fly.

ABILITIES

The Eye of Sheerian: In your hero phase, roll a dice and note the result. Until your next hero phase, whenever an enemy scores a hit on Archaon and the result of the hit roll is the number you rolled, the Eye of Sheerian has forewarned him of the attack and you can make your opponent re-roll the dice.

The Slayer of Kings: If Archaon directs all of his attacks with the Slayer of Kings at the same **HERO** or **MONSTER**, and two or more of the wound rolls are 6 or more, the daemon bound in the blade is roused and the target is slain instantly!

The Armour of Morkar: Archaon's ancient armour is inscribed with runes of warding and malice. If a save roll made for Archaon is a 6 (before modifying the roll in any way), the attacking model's unit suffers a mortal wound.

Chaos Runeshield: Roll a dice each time Archaon suffers a mortal wound. On a 5 or a 6 that mortal wound is ignored.

The Crown of Domination: This forbidding helm exudes an aura of menace. When a battleshock test is made for a unit within 10" of Archaon, you can adjust the result of the dice roll up or down by 2.

Triple-headed Monstrosity: After attacking with Dorghar's Three Heads, you can pick one of the following effects if at least one model was slain by those attacks:

Filth-spewer: Inflict D3 mortal wounds on an enemy unit within 7" as Dorghar's Nurglesque head vomits up a cascade of half-digested warriors and bile.

Skull-gorger: If any of the slain models were **HEROES**, Dorghar's Khornate head devours their skulls and Archaon heals D3 wounds.

Spell-eater: If any of the slain models were **WIZARDS**, Dorghar's Tzeentchian head devours them, learning any spells they knew and passing them on to Archaon.

The Everchosen: Roll a dice if Archaon is affected by a spell cast by an enemy **WIZARD**. If the result is 4 or higher, he is protected by the power of the Dark Gods and the spell has no effect on him (it will still affect other units as normal).

MAGIC

Archaon is a wizard. He can attempt to cast two different spells in each of your own hero phases, and attempt to unbind two spells in each enemy hero phase. He knows the Arcane Bolt and Mystic Shield spells, as well as any learned by Dorghar's Tzeentchian head during the battle.

COMMAND ABILITY

Warlord Without Equal: Archaon's command over his armies is peerless. If Archaon uses this ability, all other **CHAOS** units in your army that have command abilities on their warscroll can immediately use them, in an order of your choice.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, DAEMON, MORTAL, KHORNE, NURGLE, SLAANESH, TZEENTCH, EVERCHOSEN, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, ARCHAON



CELESTANT-PRIME

HAMMER OF SIGMAR

The first of the Stormcast Eternals, the Celestant-Prime is nothing less than the embodiment of Sigmar's Storm, a living tempest. Bearing the warhammer Ghal Maraz, the Avenging Angel of Azyr crashes into the foe like a thunderbolt, the impact of his blows sweeping away whole enemy ranks at a time. The very comets above are his to command.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
The Cometstrike Sceptre	24"			See below		

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Ghal Maraz, the Hammer of Sigmar	2"	2	3+	2+	-3	3

DESCRIPTION

The Celestant-Prime is a single model. He wields Ghal Maraz, the Hammer of Sigmar, and carries the Cometstrike Sceptre.

FLY

The Celestant-Prime can fly.

ABILITIES

Cometstrike Sceptre: In your shooting phase, the Celestant-Prime can hold the Cometstrike Sceptre aloft to seize a comet from the heavens, then send it crashing down amid the enemy. If he does, pick a point on the battlefield within range and roll a dice. Each unit within that many inches of that point suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Retribution from On High: Instead of setting up the Celestant-Prime on the battlefield, you must place him to one side and say that he is set up in the Celestial Realm. In each of your movement phases you must declare whether he will strike from the Heavens or remain in the Celestial Realm imbuing Ghal Maraz with additional energies. For each battle round that he remains in the Celestial Realm, add 2 to the Attacks characteristic of Ghal Maraz until the end of the battle.

When the Celestant-Prime strikes from the Heavens, set him up on the battlefield more than 9" from any enemy models. This is his move for that movement phase. Until your next hero phase, subtract 2 from the Bravery of all models in any enemy unit within 12" of him.

Orrery of Celestial Fates: A storm of celestial energy swirls around the Celestant-Prime's feet, granting him mystic insights that aid him in battle. Once per turn, you can change the roll of one dice for the Celestant-Prime to a roll of your choice, before applying any modifiers.

KEYWORDS	ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, HERO, CELESTANT-PRIME



LORD-CELESTANT ON STARDRAKE

Even amongst the gloried ranks of the Stormcast Eternals and the starborn hierarchy of the Children of Dracothion, only the mightiest and noblest are chosen to lead an Extremis Chamber. So infused with celestial power are the Lord-Celestant and Stardrake that they radiate azure energies. The power of the stars themselves is theirs to command…



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Celestine Hammer	2"	3	3+	2+	-1	D3
Stormbound Blade	2"	3	3+	4+	-1	2
Stardrake's Great Claws	1"	4	✹	3+	-1	D3

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Great Claws	Cavernous Jaws
0-4	12"	3+	3
5-8	11"	3+	2
9-11	10"	4+	2
12-13	8"	4+	1
14+	6"	5+	1

DESCRIPTION

A Lord-Celestant on Stardrake is a single model. Whether the Lord-Celestant wields a Celestine Hammer or a Stormbound Blade, he will also bear an enchanted Sigmarite Thundershield. He rides a formidable Stardrake to battle, which rends its prey with its Great Claws.

FLY

A Lord-Celestant on Stardrake can fly.

ABILITIES

Inescapable Vengeance: If this model has made a charge move this turn, it can make D3 extra attacks with its Celestine Hammer or Stormbound Blade.

Sigmarite Thundershield: You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for this model. If the re-rolled save is successful, the shield unleashes a deafening peal and each enemy unit within 3" suffers a mortal wound.

Stormbound Blade: If the result of any hit roll for a Stormbound Blade is 6 or more, the target is wracked with the fury of the storm. Make three wound rolls against the target rather than one.

Cavernous Jaws: After this model piles in, but before it attacks, pick an enemy model within 3" and roll a dice. If the result is greater than that model's Wounds characteristic, it is swallowed whole and slain. You can do this as many times as shown on the damage table above.

Sweeping Tail: After this model has made all of its attacks in the combat phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3". If the result is less than the number of models in the unit, it suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Lord of the Heavens: In your shooting phase, a Stardrake can either breathe a Roiling Thunderhead or call a Rain of Stars down from the heavens.

Roiling Thunderhead: Pick an enemy unit to be engulfed in a furious storm cloud, then roll a dice for each of its models that is within 18" of the Stardrake and which it can see. For each result of 6, a bolt of lightning streaks out and the unit suffers a mortal wound.

Rain of Stars: Roll a dice and choose that many enemy units on the battlefield, then roll a dice for each. On a result of 4 or more, the unit is struck by a fragment of a falling star and suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Arcane Lineage: Each time a casting roll is made for a **WIZARD** within 18" of any Stardrakes in your army, you can choose to increase or decrease the result by 1.

COMMAND ABILITY

Lord of the Celestial Host: The Stardrake ridden by a Lord-Celestant is more than a mere mount; it is an intelligent and cunning hunter in its own right, a radiating beacon of power for its star-spawned kin. If a Lord-Celestant uses this ability, all **STARDRAKES**, **DRACOTHIAN GUARD** and **STORMCAST ETERNAL HEROES** riding Dracoths in your army (including this one) are suffused with the power of Azyr. Until your next hero phase, you can re-roll failed wound rolls whenever those models attack with their Claws and Fangs or Great Claws.

KEYWORDS	ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STARDRAKE, STORMCAST ETERNAL, MONSTER, HERO, LORD-CELESTANT



GORDRAKK, THE FIST OF GORK

Gordrakk is the biggest and the baddest Ironjaw boss about, and he claims all greenskins for his Great Waaagh!. With his twin axes, Smasha and Kunnin', he lops off heads and cracks open skulls, while beneath his iron-shod boots, the Megaboss' huge Maw-krusha, Bigteef, crushes enemies to pulp, or bursts their innards with a deafening bellow.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Innard-bursting Bellow	8"	1	2+	3+	-1	D6
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Smasha	1"	5	2+	3+	-1	2
Kunnin'	1"	5	2+	3+	-	1
Bigteef's Mighty Fists	1"	5	✹	3+	-2	3
Bigteef's Bladed Tail	1"	3	4+	3+	-1	1

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Mighty Fists	Destructive Bulk
0-3	12"	2+	8 dice
4-6	10"	3+	7 dice
7-9	8"	4+	6 dice
10-12	6"	5+	5 dice
13+	4"	6+	4 dice

DESCRIPTION

Gordrakk, the Fist of Gork, is a single model. Gordrakk is armed with two axes, one called Smasha and the other Kunnin'. He rides into battle on the back of a huge Maw-krusha called Bigteef, who batters opponents with his Mighty Fists, flattens them with his Destructive Bulk, and smashes them with his Bladed Tail. Even his Innard-bursting Bellow can kill foes!

FLY
Bigteef can fly.

ABILITIES

Smasha: Smasha is filled with the brutal power of Gork, making it especially lethal to enemy champions. Wound rolls of 6 or more inflict D3 mortal wounds if the target is a **HERO** instead of their normal damage.

Kunnin': Kunnin' is filled with the kunnin' power of Mork, and it seeks out enemy wizards to slay. Wound rolls of 4 or more inflict D3 mortal wounds if the target is a **WIZARD** instead of their normal damage.

Strength from Victory: The more fights a Megaboss wins, the stronger they become. If Gordrakk makes an attack with Smasha or Kunnin' that slays an enemy **HERO**, add 1 to his Wounds characteristic and to the Attacks characteristic of the weapon that inflicted the killing wound.

Destructive Bulk: After Bigteef completes a charge move, pick an enemy unit within 1" and roll the number of dice shown for his Destructive Bulk on the damage table above; the enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound for each roll of 4 or more.

On the Rampage: If the wounds inflicted by Bigteef's Destructive Bulk attack mean that there are no enemy models left within 3" of him, then he can immediately make another charge move (and can make another Destructive Bulk attack after the move if the charge is successfully carried out). Bigteef can make any number of charge moves like this in a single turn, so long as each one results in all enemy models within 3" being slain.

COMMAND ABILITY

Voice of Gork: Gordrakk's bellow carries the elemental force of his brutal god, and inspires his forces to surge into the enemy, hacking, bludgeoning and stomping with abandon. Once per battle, in your hero phase, you can pick a **DESTRUCTION** unit that is within 20" of Gordrakk. In the following charge phase, that unit can declare a charge if it is within 18" of the enemy, and you can roll three dice to determine the distance it can charge. In addition, the unit makes 2 extra attacks with each of its melee weapons in the following combat phase. If the unit you chose is part of a warscroll battalion, then these benefits also apply to all other units from the battalion.

KEYWORDS DESTRUCTION, ORRUK, MAW-KRUSHA, IRONJAWZ, MONSTER, HERO, MEGABOSS, GORDRAKK



SKARBRAND

A daemonic engine of destruction like no other, Skarbrand carves a red road of ruin across the battlefield. His bellowing roars cause the blood to boil in his enemies' veins. His twin axes – Carnage and Slaughter – trail a rain of gore with every almighty swing. The angrier Skarbrand gets, the more dangerous he becomes. And there is none angrier than Skarbrand.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Slaughter	2"	✹	4+	3+	-2	3
Carnage	2"	1	4+	See below		

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Rage	Slaughter	Carnage
0-3	Angry	4	Total carnage on a 5+
4-6	Furious	5	Total carnage on a 4+
7-9	Seething	6	Total carnage on a 3+
10-12	Enraged	7	Total carnage on a 2+
13+	Incandescent	8	Total carnage on a 1+

DESCRIPTION

Skarbrand is a single model. He carries two axes, one called Slaughter and the other Carnage, which he uses with deadly effect in combat. As the battle progresses, Skarbrand's rage grows, making him an increasingly dangerous opponent – and wounding him only makes him angrier.

ABILITIES

Skarbrand's Rage: The angrier that Skarbrand gets, the more dangerous he becomes, as shown on his damage table above. Skarbrand starts the battle Angry, but this will change during the course of the battle as his rage increases or he vents his fury to fuel his attacks.

In each of your hero phases, look on Skarbrand's damage table to see his current level of rage. If Skarbrand was not able to attack in at least one of the combat phases of the previous battle round, he is always Incandescent, regardless of the wounds he has remaining – nothing makes Skarbrand angrier than not being able to fight!

Skarbrand can use his rage to fuel one or more of the following abilities. Each can only be used once per battle round. The effects of these abilities last until your next hero phase (with the exception of a Roar of Total Rage, which is resolved immediately). If Skarbrand is Angry he can use one ability, if he is Furious he can use two abilities, if he is Seething he can use three, if he is Enraged he can use four and if he is Incandescent he can use five.

- Make a Roar of Total Rage (see below).
- Re-roll the dice to determine Skarbrand's charge distance.
- Re-roll all failed hit rolls made for Slaughter.
- Re-roll all failed hit rolls made for Carnage.
- Re-roll all failed wound rolls made for Slaughter.
- Re-roll the dice rolled to see if Skarbrand inflicts Total Carnage.

Roar of Total Rage: When Skarbrand roars, his anger breaks the bounds of reason, causing the blood of those near him to boil in their veins, or their heads to explode in apocalyptic, eye-bulging fury!

If Skarbrand makes a Roar of Total Rage, pick a unit within 8". Roll one dice if Skarbrand is Angry, two dice if he is Furious, three if he is Seething, four if he is Enraged and five if he is Incandescent. Each roll of 4 or more inflicts 1 mortal wound on the unit.

Total Carnage: Roll a dice each time Skarbrand hits a target with the axe Carnage; if the roll is greater than or equal to the result shown in the damage table, the hit has caused total carnage and one enemy model in the target unit loses 8 wounds (or is slain if it has 8 wounds or fewer remaining). No saves can be taken against total carnage – there's no escaping the axe's wrath! If the roll is less than the result shown in the table, the hit inflicts one mortal wound on the target unit instead.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, DAEMON, KHORNE, MONSTER, HERO, BLOODTHIRSTER, SKARBRAND



GREAT UNCLEAN ONE

A gigantic figure of bloated decay, a Great Unclean One is a facsimile of almighty Nurgle himself, energetic and ebullient despite the rotting corruption. These greater daemons command their daemonic charges like a doting father, and when roused to anger, they move slowly but unstoppably, wielding immense strength and weapons laced with diseased filth.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Noxious Bile	7"	D6	3+	✸	-2	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Plague Flail	2"	3	3+	✸	-1	2
Massive Bilesword	2"	✸	4+	3+	-2	D3

	DAMAGE TABLE		
Wounds Suffered	Noxious Bile	Plague Flail	Massive Bilesword
0-2	2+	2+	3
3-4	3+	3+	3
5-6	3+	3+	2
7-8	4+	4+	2
9+	5+	4+	1

DESCRIPTION

A Great Unclean One is a single model. It carries a large Plague Flail and a Massive Bilesword, and can vomit forth streams of Noxious Bile.

ABILITIES

Blubber and Bile: Roll a dice each time a Great Unclean One suffers a wound or mortal wound. If the result is 5 or more, the blow is lost amid the beast's numerous rolls of flesh, and the wound is ignored. If the result is 6 and it is the combat phase, the attacker's unit suffers a mortal wound as it is covered in spurting bile.

Corpulent Mass: A Great Unclean One heals D3 wounds in each of your hero phases.

COMMAND ABILITY

Grandfather's Joy: If a Great Unclean One uses this ability, then whenever you roll a 7 for a **NURGLE DAEMON** unit in your next charge phase, that unit can make 1 extra attack with each of its melee weapons in the following combat phase.

MAGIC

A Great Unclean One is a wizard. It can cast one spell in each of your hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Plague Wind spells.

PLAGUE WIND

The Great Unclean One summons a whirlwind of maggots and filth, basking in its feculence for a moment before sending it forth. Plague Wind has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick an enemy model within 14" and draw a straight line between it and the caster. That unit, and every other unit that this line passes over each suffer D3 mortal wounds. **NURGLE** units are instead invigorated by the Plague Wind; if it passes over them one model in the unit heals D3 wounds.

CHAOS WIZARDS know the Summon Great Unclean One spell, in addition to any others they know.

SUMMON GREAT UNCLEAN ONE

Summon Great Unclean One has a casting value of 9. If successfully cast, you can set up a Great Unclean One within 14" of the caster and more than 9" from any enemy models. The model is added to your army but cannot move in the following movement phase.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, DAEMON, NURGLE, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, GREAT UNCLEAN ONE



EPIDEMIUS

One of Nurgle's seven Proctors of Pestilence, Epidemius is the Plaguelord's chosen Tallyman – the cataloguer of all the diseases ever created. From atop his Nurgling-borne palanquin, Epidemius surveys the thrift and splendour of Nurgle's endeavours, counting casualties and infection rates while granting boons to the worthiest of the bringers of corruptions.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Balesword	1"	3	4+	3+	-1	D3
Tiny Razor-sharp Teeth	1"	5	5+	5+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

Epidemius is a single model. He is armed with a malignant Balesword and is carried into battle atop his palanquin by a horde of Nurglings, which attack nearby enemies with their Tiny Razor-sharp Teeth.

ABILITIES

Disgustingly Resilient: Roll a dice each time Epidemius suffers a wound or mortal wound; on a 5 or more, the wound sloughs away rancid flesh but causes no real harm and is ignored.

Nurgle's Tallyman: Keep a tally of the number of enemy models that have been slain by **NURGLE** models during the battle. At the start of each of your hero phases, consult the following table to see what benefits are bestowed upon all **NURGLE** models on the battlefield:

Models Slain	Effect
Less than 7	No effect
7-13	Re-roll wound rolls of 1
14-20	Re-roll hit rolls of 1
21 or more	Add 1 to save rolls

These bonuses are cumulative, but are immediately lost if Epidemius is slain.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, DAEMON, PLAGUEBEARER, NURGLE, HERO, EPIDEMIUS



HERALD OF NURGLE

The greatest champions of the Plaguebearers – the foot soldiers of Nurgle's daemon armies – are the Heralds of Nurgle. In life they resisted Nurgle's Rot the longest, their strength and willpower doing naught but ensure their daemonic forms were more powerful still. It is their lot to lead the corruptions of others, wielding their dripping blades to spread disease.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Balesword	1"	3	4+	3+	-1	D3

DESCRIPTION

A Herald of Nurgle is a single model. It wields a repulsive Balesword that weeps vile toxins.

ABILITIES

Disgustingly Resilient: Roll a dice each time a Herald of Nurgle suffers a wound or mortal wound; on a 5 or more, the wound sloughs away rancid flesh but causes no real harm and is ignored.

In Death There is Life: A Herald of Nurgle heals 1 wound each time a unit is wiped out within 7" of him.

MAGIC

CHAOS WIZARDS know the Summon Herald of Nurgle spell, in addition to any others they know.

SUMMON HERALD OF NURGLE

Summon Herald of Nurgle has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, you can set up a Herald of Nurgle within 14" of the caster and more than 9" from any enemy models. The model is added to your army but cannot move in the following movement phase.

KEYWORDS	CHAOS, DAEMON, PLAGUEBEARER, NURGLE, HERO, HERALD OF NURGLE









Plaguebearers





Piper



Plagueridden



Icon Bearer

PLAGUEBEARERS OF NURGLE

Plaguebearers form the rank and file of Nurgle's armies. The shambling daemons feel no pain and are able to regenerate from horrific damage, weathering the most grievous injuries whilst using their contaminated plagueswords to hack down foes. Protected by swarms of flies, Plaguebearers relentlessly stalk the battlefield, never ceasing until Nurgle's will is done.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Plaguesword	1"	1	4+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Plaguebearers of Nurgle has 10 or more models. They are armed with vile Plagueswords.

PLAGUERIDDEN

The leader of this unit is the Plagueridden. A Plagueridden makes 2 attacks rather than 1.

ICON BEARER

Models in this unit may be Icon Bearers. If you roll a 1 when making a battleshock test for a unit that includes any Icon Bearers, reality blinks and the daemonic horde is bolstered. Add D6 Plaguebearers to the unit.

PIPERS

Models in this unit can be Pipers. Your opponent must re-roll battleshock tests of 1 for units that are within 6" of any Pipers.

ABILITIES

Cloud of Flies: Plaguebearers attract great clouds of flies that buzz about them, obscuring them from view. Your opponent must subtract 1 from any hit rolls made in the shooting phase that target a unit of Plaguebearers. If this unit contains 20 or more models, your opponent must instead subtract 2 from these hit rolls, as well as subtracting 1 from any hit rolls that target it in the combat phase.

Disgustingly Resilient: Roll a dice each time this unit suffers a wound or mortal wound; on a 5 or more, the wound sloughs away rancid flesh but does no real harm and is ignored.

Locus of Fecundity: You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for this unit if it is within 7" of any **DAEMON HEROES** of **NURGLE** from your army.

MAGIC

CHAOS WIZARDS know the Summon Plaguebearers spell, in addition to any others they know.

SUMMON PLAGUEBEARERS

Summon Plaguebearers has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, you can set up a unit of up to 10 Plaguebearers within 14" of the caster and more than 9" from any enemy models. The unit is added to your army but cannot move in the following movement phase. If the result of the casting roll was 11 or more, set up a unit of up to 20 Plaguebearers instead.

KEYWORDS	CHAOS, DAEMON, NURGLE, PLAGUEBEARERS



PLAGUE DRONES OF NURGLE

The highest-ranking Plaguebearers ride to battle mounted upon Rot Flies – huge daemonic insects whose repugnant appearance and hateful droning scars the mind. They bring contagion to their foes, spreading the foulest of diseases while they reap and sting those in need of Nurgle's Blessings.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Death's Head	14"	1	4+	3+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Plaguesword	1"	1	4+	3+	-	1
Prehensile Proboscis	1"	3	3+	4+	-	1
Venomous Sting	1"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Plague Drones of Nurgle has 3 or more models. The Rot Flies attack with their Prehensile Proboscises and Venomous Stings, while their Plaguebearer riders swing Plagueswords and throw virulent Death's Heads.

FLY

Plague Drones of Nurgle can fly.

PLAGUEBRINGER

The leader of this unit is the Plaguebringer. A Plaguebringer makes 2 attacks rather than 1 with its Plaguesword.

ICON BEARER

Models in this unit may be Icon Bearers. If you roll a 1 when taking a battleshock test for a unit that includes any Icon Bearers, reality blinks and the daemonic horde is bolstered. Add D3 Plague Drones to the unit.

BELL TOLLERS

Models in this unit can be Bell Tollers. Your opponent must re-roll battleshock tests of 1 for units that are within 6" of any Bell Tollers.

ABILITIES

Disgustingly Resilient: Roll a dice each time this unit suffers a wound or mortal wound; on a 5 or more, the wound sloughs away rancid flesh but does no real harm and is ignored.

Locus of Contagion: If the result of a wound roll made for this unit is a 6 or more, and this unit is within 7" of a **DAEMON HERO** of **NURGLE** from your army, that wound turns septic and flyblown in moments, inflicting a mortal wound on the target unit in addition to any other damage.

MAGIC

CHAOS WIZARDS know the Summon Plague Drones spell, in addition to any others they know.

SUMMON PLAGUE DRONES

Summon Plague Drones has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, you can set up a unit of up to 3 Plague Drones within 14" of the caster and more than 9" from any enemy models. The unit is added to your army but cannot move in the following movement phase. If the result of the casting roll was 11 or more, set up a unit of up to 6 Plague Drones instead.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, DAEMON, PLAGUEBEARER, NURGLE, PLAGUE DRONES



BEASTS OF NURGLE

Despite their loathsome appearance, Beasts of Nurgle are affectionate creatures that behave like over-friendly and easily excited puppies. Craving attention, they slobber noxious slime that quickly poisons any creature not already blessed by Nurgle. Their boisterous behaviour turns to disappointment as each new friend grows still and boring…



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Claws and Tentacles	1"	D6	4+	3+	-	1
Slobbering Tongue	2"	1	4+	3+	-	D3

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Beasts of Nurgle has any number of models. Beasts of Nurgle batter their victims with their Claws and Tentacles, and shower them with affection by enveloping them with their Slobbering Tongues.

ABILITIES

Attention Seekers: Beasts of Nurgle are always looking for new friends to play with. Beasts of Nurgle can charge in the same turn in which they ran or retreated.

Slime Trail: After an enemy unit makes a charge move, roll a dice for each of its models that are within 1" of any Beasts of Nurgle; for each roll of a 6 that model's unit suffers a mortal wound as a warrior slips in the toxic slime trail surrounding the daemons.

Locus of Virulence: If the result of a wound roll made for this unit is a 6 or more, and this unit is within 7" of a **DAEMON HERO** of **NURGLE** from your army, that attack inflicts double damage.

MAGIC

CHAOS WIZARDS know the Summon Beasts of Nurgle spell, in addition to any others they know.

SUMMON BEASTS OF NURGLE

Summon Beasts of Nurgle has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, you can set up a Beast of Nurgle within 14" of the caster and more than 9" from any enemy models. The model is added to your army but cannot move in the following movement phase. If the result of the casting roll was 11 or more, set up a unit of up to 3 Beasts of Nurgle instead.

KEYWORDS	CHAOS, DAEMON, NURGLE, BEASTS OF NURGLE



NURGLINGS

Born from sickness and despair, Nurglings giggle and sport wherever the Lord of Decay's power waxes strong. Individually they can deliver a nasty infectious bite, but are easily slain. When they gather together, however, they can bury their victims under slobbering heaps of putrid flesh.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	Hit	Wound	Rend	Damage
Tiny, Razor-sharp Teeth	1"	5	5+	5+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Nurglings has 3 or more models. Nurglings attack with their Tiny, Razor-sharp Teeth.

ABILITIES

Disease-ridden Demise: At the end of the combat phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit that suffered any wounds inflicted by Nurglings in that phase but was not slain. On a roll of 5 or more the unit begins to succumb to the virulent maladies carried by the Nurglings and suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Endless Swarm: During each player's battleshock phase, any Nurgling models that have suffered wounds that turn but have not been slain are immediately healed to their starting number of wounds.

MAGIC

CHAOS WIZARDS know the Summon Nurglings spell, in addition to any others they know.

SUMMON NURGLINGS

Summon Nurglings has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, you can set up a unit of up to 3 models of Nurglings within 14" of the caster and more than 9" from any enemy models. The unit is added to your army but cannot move in the following movement phase. If the result of the casting roll was 11 or more, set up a unit of up to 6 models of Nurglings instead.

KEYWORDS	CHAOS, DAEMON, NURGLE, NURGLINGS





ALARIELLE THE EVERQUEEN

The ground shudders beneath the tread of the gargantuan wardroth beetle as Alarielle leads the sylvaneth charge. Wherever the goddess' wrathful gaze falls, her foes cower in terror, for there is no mercy in Alarielle's heart towards those who despoil her realm. By turns sorcerer and healer, warrior and protector, Alarielle is the singing heartwood of her race.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Spear of Kurnoth	✹	1	3+	2+	-2	D6
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Talon of the Dwindling	1"	4	3+	4+	-	1
Wardroth Beetle's Great Antlers	2"	5	4+	3+	-2	✹

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Spear of Kurnoth	Great Antlers
0-4	16"	30"	5
5-7	14"	25"	4
8-10	10"	20"	3
11-13	8"	15"	2
14+	6"	10"	1

DESCRIPTION

Alarielle the Everqueen is a single model. In one hand she bears the deadly Spear of Kurnoth, while the other ends in the Talon of the Dwindling, a dread weapon that chills the souls of any it wounds. She rides an unstoppable Wardroth Beetle, which causes untold ruin with its Great Antlers.

FLY

Alarielle the Everqueen can fly.

ABILITIES

Talon of the Dwindling: A mere touch from the Talon of the Dwindling is enough to wither the spirit and atrophy the body. At the end of the combat phase, roll two dice for each model that suffered wounds from the Talon of the Dwindling but was not slain. If the result exceeds the model's Wounds characteristic, or if you roll two sixes, the model is slain.

Lifebloom: In each of your hero phases, Alarielle calls upon the restorative energies of her realm and heals D3 wounds.

Sweeping Blows: When the Wardroth Beetle attacks with its Great Antlers, you can add 1 to the hit rolls if the target unit has five or more models.

Living Battering Ram: A charging Wardroth Beetle can shake even a mighty fortress to its foundations. If this model ends a charge move within 1" of a terrain feature, each other unit within or on that terrain feature suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Soul Amphorae: With a gesture, Alarielle can summon forth healing pollens and soul seeds from the amphorae arrayed around her mount. Alarielle can do this in the hero phase; if she does so, roll on the table below to determine the effects. If you wish, you can choose a result lower than the one you rolled.

Roll	Result
1-3	Each **SYLVANETH** model within 30" of Alarielle heals D3 wounds.
4	Set up a unit of 2D6 Dryads.
5	Set up a unit of D6 Tree-Revenants.
6	Set up a Treelord.

Any models you set up must be within 9" of Alarielle, and not within 3" of the enemy.

MAGIC

Alarielle the Everqueen is a wizard. She can attempt to cast three different spells in each of your hero phases, and attempt to unbind three spells in each enemy hero phase. She knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Metamorphosis spells.

METAMORPHOSIS

With a wrathful glare from the Everqueen, the enemy's arms twist into boughs and their feet burrow down to form roots. Metamorphosis has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick an enemy unit within 16" and roll a number of dice equal to the result of the casting roll (e.g. if the casting roll was 6, roll 6 dice). For each result of 4 or more, the unit suffers a mortal wound. If the last model in the unit is slain, you can set up a Sylvaneth Wyldwood in its place. None of the Citadel Woods can be set up within 1" of any other models or terrain features.

COMMAND ABILITY

Ghyran's Wrath: The fury of the reborn Everqueen knows no bounds. Alarielle can use this ability once per battle. When she does so, you can re-roll all failed wound rolls made for friendly **SYLVANETH** models until your next hero phase.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, ALARIELLE THE EVERQUEEN



DRYCHA HAMADRETH

Drycha Hamadreth is a blood-soaked destroyer who keens with psychotic hatred as she tears through her enemies like a raging storm. The self-titled Queen of the Outcasts fights a never-ending crusade to eradicate those she sees as a threat to her race, leaving a trail of corpses both friend and foe in her wake as she rampages across the Mortal Realms.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Colony of Flitterfuries	✹			See below		
Swarm of Squirmlings	10"			See below		
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Slashing Talons	2"	✹	4+	3+	-1	2
Thorned Slendervines	2"	2D6	4+	4+	-	1

DAMAGE TABLE

Wounds Suffered	Colony of Flitterfuries	Swarm of Squirmlings	Slashing Talons
0-2	18"	3+	6
3-4	15"	4+	5
5-6	12"	4+	4
7-8	9"	5+	3
9+	6"	5+	2

DESCRIPTION

Drycha Hamadreth is a single model. A single-minded fighter, she lays about herself with Slashing Talons and flays her enemies alive with the Thorned Slendervines that trail from her armoured form. She does not fight alone, however, for she is the very embodiment of Hamadrithil's malice. Her form plays host to either a Colony of Flitterfuries or a Swarm of Squirmlings.

ABILITIES

Colony of Flitterfuries: Ravenous Flitterfuries rove out from Drycha in great clouds that darken the sky. When she attacks with her Colony of Flitterfuries, roll 10 dice for each unit within the range shown on the damage table. For each roll of a 6, that unit suffers a mortal wound.

Swarm of Squirmlings: At Drycha's command, a Swarm of Squirmlings bursts forth to assail nearby foes. When she attacks with her Swarm of Squirmlings, pick an enemy unit and roll a dice for each model in that unit that is within 10". For each result that equals or exceeds the number shown on the damage table, the unit suffers a mortal wound.

Mercurial Aspect: Drycha's unpredictable bouts of fury are as famous as her sudden bouts of melancholy. At the start of each battle round, after rolling to see who takes the first turn, roll a dice. On a result of 1, 2 or 3, Drycha is enraged, while on a 4, 5 or 6 she is embittered. Her mood lasts until the end of the battle round.

Enraged: While Drycha is enraged, double the number of attacks she makes with her Slashing Talons. Flitterfuries are sustained by her anger, so you can re-roll any dice that score a 1 if she attacks with her Colony of Flitterfuries.

Embittered: While Drycha is embittered, the sting of agony invigorates her. Subtract two from the number of wounds Drycha has lost when referring to the damage table. Squirmlings take delight in her spiteful melancholy, so you can re-roll any dice that score a 1 if she attacks with her Swarm of Squirmlings.

Song of Spite: Drycha shares a special kinship with the Outcasts, who seem to emulate her fury. You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for Spite-Revenants whilst their unit is within 10" of Drycha Hamadreth.

MAGIC

Drycha Hamadreth is a wizard. She can attempt to cast one spell in each of your hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. She knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Primal Terror spells.

PRIMAL TERROR

Throwing back her head, Drycha gives voice to a deafening scream of anguish and pain. Primal Terror has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 10" of the caster, adding 2 to the result. For each point by which the total exceeds the highest Bravery in that unit, the unit suffers a mortal wound.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, DRYCHA HAMADRETH



BRANCHWYCH

Fearsome warrior matriarchs of the sylvaneth Households, the Branchwyches lead their kin to battle with blasts of sorcery and hissing swings of their scythes. These same dread weapons are used when the fighting is done to harvest the lamentiri from the fallen, thus preserving the memories and souls of the sylvaneth.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Greenwood Scythe	2"	2	4+	3+	-	2
Bittergrub's Mandibles	1"	1	4+	4+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A Branchwych is a single model. She wields a Greenwood Scythe, which she swings back and forth to reap the lives of her enemies. She is accompanied by a voracious Bittergrub whose Mandibles can cut through flesh and bone with ease.

ABILITIES

Fury of the Forest: Add 1 to all hit rolls made for this model while she is within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood.

Quick-tempered: If a Branchwych is wounded in the combat phase, she makes 4 attacks rather than 2 with her Greenwood Scythe for the rest of the phase.

MAGIC

A Branchwych is a wizard. She can attempt to cast one spell in each of your hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. She knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Unleash Spites spells.

UNLEASH SPITES

Unleash Spites has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, the Branchwych summons a swarm of malicious spites which spiral outwards to attack those who have displeased her. For each enemy unit within 9" of the Branchwych, roll as many dice as the result of the casting roll (e.g. if the casting roll was 6, roll 6 dice for each unit in range). For each result of a 6, that enemy unit suffers a mortal wound.

KEYWORDS	ORDER, SYLVANETH, HERO, WIZARD, BRANCHWYCH



BRANCHWRAITH

Their lithe limbs singing with the power of Ghyran, the Branchwraiths are the priestesses and the leaders of the Forest Folk. At their behest, the Wyldwoods stir to life, and slumbering Dryads emerge from the shadows to answer the Branchwraiths' call to war.



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

DESCRIPTION

A Branchwraith is a single model. She is armed with vicious Piercing Talons.

ABILITIES

Blessings of the Forest: Subtract 1 from all hit rolls made against a Branchwraith if she is within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood.

MAGIC

A Branchwraith is a wizard. She can attempt to cast one spell in each of your hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. She knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Roused to Wrath spells.

ROUSED TO WRATH

Roused to Wrath has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, set up a unit of 2D6 Dryads more than 3" from the enemy, and fully within a Sylvaneth Wyldwood that is within 12" of the caster.

KEYWORDS	ORDER, SYLVANETH, HERO, WIZARD, BRANCHWRAITH



SPIRIT OF DURTHU

Fighting alone as embodiments of Alarielle's will, or together as the fabled Sons of Durthu, these imposing forest-spirits are mantled with the greatness of their ancestor. With their every deed they strive to be worthy of the legacy of legendary Durthu, and this determination makes them some of the most powerful warriors in the sylvaneth Wargroves.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Verdant Blast	15"	✹	4+	3+	-1	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Guardian Sword	3"	3	3+	3+	-2	✹
Massive Impaling Talons	1"	1	3+	✹	-2	1

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Verdant Blast	Guardian Sword	Massive Impaling Talons
0-2	6	6	2+
3-4	5	D6	2+
5-7	4	D6	3+
8-9	3	D6	3+
10+	2	D3	4+

DESCRIPTION

A Spirit of Durthu is a single model. He is armed with Massive Impaling Talons, and can attack with his Guardian Sword. A Spirit of Durthu can also channel a Verdant Blast through his Guardian Sword, drawing on his own vital energy to scour his enemies.

ABILITIES

Groundshaking Stomp: At the start of the combat phase, the Spirit of Durthu stomps the ground; roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3" of this model. On a roll of 4 or more, that unit is knocked off their feet by the impact and must subtract 1 from all hit rolls in that combat phase as they regain their footing.

Impale: If the Spirit of Durthu's Massive Impaling Talons inflict a wound on an enemy model, roll a dice. If the result exceeds the number of wounds the enemy model has remaining, it is slain.

Spirit Paths: If a Spirit of Durthu is within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood at the start of your movement phase, he can travel along the spirit paths. If he does so, remove the Spirit of Durthu from the battlefield, and then set him up within 3" of a different Sylvaneth Wyldwood, more than 9" from any enemy models. This is his move for the movement phase.

Guardian Sword: The Spirit of Durthu makes an extra D3 attacks with the Guardian Sword if he is within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood when he attacks in the combat phase.

Champions of the Everqueen's Will: Spirits of Durthu instil courage in the Everqueen's children. All friendly **SYLVANETH** units that are within 8" of any Spirits of Durthu in the battleshock phase add 1 to their Bravery.

Verdant Blast: When a Spirit of Durthu attacks with a Verdant Blast, you can declare that he will channel his life-force to intensify its power. Add 2 to the weapon's Attacks for the rest of the turn. If the Spirit of Durthu uses this ability, he suffers D3 mortal wounds at the end of the shooting phase.

Solemn Guardian: Spirits of Durthu belong to no clan or glade, instead answering directly to their Everqueen. They are her sworn protectors, and when she sends them to battle they stand in defence of her chosen commanders. If an attack that targets a friendly **SYLVANETH HERO** within 6" of a Spirit of Durthu causes a wound, roll a dice. On a result of 4 or more the wound is inflicted on the Spirit of Durthu instead (you can make a save roll as normal).

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, MONSTER, HERO, SPIRIT OF DURTHU



TREELORD ANCIENT

The fury of the forest is roused by the magical powers of the Treelord Ancients who lead the sylvaneth to war. Amongst the eldest living creatures in the realms, these towering tree-spirits are not only fearsome warriors able to walk the spirit paths at will, but also potent spell-wielders who can loose the wrath of the Wyldwoods upon their victims.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Doom Tendril Staff	18"	1	✹	3+	-1	D6
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Sweeping Blows	3"	✹	3+	3+	-1	D6
Massive Impaling Talons	1"	1	3+	✹	-2	1

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Doom Tendril Staff	Sweeping Blows	Massive Impaling Talons
0-2	2+	3	2+
3-4	3+	2	2+
5-7	4+	2	3+
8-9	5+	1	3+
10+	6+	1	4+

DESCRIPTION

A Treelord Ancient is a single model. It is armed with Massive Impaling Talons, and can also attack with devastating Sweeping Blows, or from afar with its Doom Tendril Staff.

ABILITIES

Groundshaking Stomp: At the start of the combat phase, the Treelord Ancient stomps the ground; roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3" of this model. On a roll of 4 or more, that unit is knocked off their feet by the impact and must subtract 1 from all hit rolls in that combat phase as they regain their footing.

Impale: If a Treelord Ancient's Massive Impaling Talons inflict a wound on an enemy model, roll a dice. If the result exceeds the number of wounds the enemy model has remaining, it is slain.

Spirit Paths: If a Treelord Ancient is within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood at the start of your movement phase, they can travel along the spirit paths. If they do so, remove the Treelord Ancient from the battlefield, and then set them up within 3" of a different Sylvaneth Wyldwood, more than 9" from any enemy models. This is their move for the movement phase.

Silent Communion: In the hero phase, a Treelord Ancient can commune with the realmroots, calling forth a glade of trees. Roll a dice. On a result of 4 or more, you can set up a Sylvaneth Wyldwood. Each Citadel Wood must be placed within 15" of the Treelord Ancient, and not within 3" of any other models.

MAGIC

A Treelord Ancient is a wizard. It can attempt to cast one spell in each of your hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Awakening the Wood spells.

AWAKENING THE WOOD

Awakening the Wood has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick a Sylvaneth Wyldwood that is within 24" of the caster. Each enemy unit within 3" of this Sylvaneth Wyldwood suffers D3 mortal wounds as the trees come to life and attack with twisted branches and thorny boughs.

COMMAND ABILITY

Heed the Spirit-song: The Treelord Ancient speaks to its kin through the spirit-song, warning them of approaching dangers. Until your next hero phase, you can re-roll save rolls of 1 for **SYLVANETH** units if they are within 10" of the Treelord Ancient.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, TREELORD ANCIENT



TREELORD

Mighty defenders of the forest, the sylvaneth Treelords storm towards the foe with earth-shaking strides. Their roots burrow through the soil as fast as an arrow through the air, exploding from the ground to rend and throttle. Meanwhile, every swing of the Treelord's vast talons slaughters another swathe of enemies.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Strangleroots	12"	5	✹	3+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Sweeping Blows	3"	✹	3+	3+	-1	D6
Massive Impaling Talons	1"	1	3+	✹	-2	1

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Strangleroots	Sweeping Blows	Massive Impaling Talons
0-2	2+	4	2+
3-4	3+	3	2+
5-7	4+	2	3+
8-9	5+	2	3+
10+	6+	1	4+

DESCRIPTION

A Treelord is a single model. Treelords are armed with Massive Impaling Talons, and can also attack with huge Sweeping Blows, or from afar with writhing Strangleroots.

ABILITIES

Groundshaking Stomp: At the start of the combat phase, the Treelord stomps the ground; roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3" of this model. On a roll of 4 or more, that unit is knocked off their feet by the impact and must subtract 1 from all hit rolls in that combat phase as they regain their footing.

Impale: If a Treelord's Massive Impaling Talons inflict a wound on an enemy model, roll a dice. If the result exceeds the number of wounds the enemy model has remaining, it is slain.

Spirit Paths: If a Treelord is within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood at the start of your movement phase it can travel along the spirit paths. If it does so, remove the Treelord from the battlefield, and then set it up within 3" of a different Sylvaneth Wyldwood, more than 9" from any enemy models. This is its move for the movement phase.

KEYWORDS	ORDER, SYLVANETH, MONSTER, TREELORD



DRYADS

Crooning a song of slaughter, the sylvaneth Dryads stride from the forest's depths to fall upon those who would defile their soulpod groves. With vicious talons, the Dryads stab and strangle, dancing lithely between their enemies even as they tear them apart. They are nature's wrath made manifest, and they vent their spite upon all who despoil the realms.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Wracking Talons	2"	2	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Dryads has 5 or more models. They are armed with vicious Wracking Talons.

BRANCH NYMPH

The leader of this unit is a Branch Nymph. A Branch Nymph makes 3 attacks rather than 2.

ABILITIES

Blessings of the Forest: Subtract 1 from all hit rolls made against this unit if it is within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood.

Enrapturing Song: In your own combat phase, you can enrapture one enemy unit that is within 3" of this unit. You can add 1 to the hit rolls made for these Dryads against the enraptured unit in that combat phase.

Impenetrable Thicket: When Dryads gather in great numbers, their many twisting limbs and branches form an interlocking shield of thorns that protects them against the enemy's blows. You can add 1 to the result of save rolls for this unit if it includes at least 12 models.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, DRYADS



KURNOTH HUNTERS

The elite of the sylvaneth Wargroves, the Kurnoth Hunters are Free Spirits who fight upon the orders of the Everqueen herself. Strong, swift and incredibly skilled, these warrior spirits embody the power of the hunter god Kurnoth in every blade-swing and bow-shot, picking off their enemies with frightening efficiency.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Kurnoth Greatbow	30"	2	4+	3+	-1	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Kurnoth Greatsword	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	2
Kurnoth Scythe	2"	3	3+	3+	-2	D3
Quiverling's Vicious Claws	1"	3	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Kurnoth Hunters has 3 or more models. Some units wield Kurnoth Greatswords, while others bear wicked Kurnoth Scythes. Others attack at range, loosing arrows from Kurnoth Greatbows while their Quiverling companions attack nearby enemies with their Vicious Claws.

HUNTMASTER

The leader of this unit is a Huntmaster. Add 1 to the result of any hit rolls for a Huntmaster's attacks.

ABILITIES

Tanglethorn Thicket: At the start of either player's charge phase, Kurnoth Hunters can sprout a thick weave of thorned branches. Until the end of the turn, they cannot move except to pile in up to 1", but you can re-roll failed save rolls for them.

Envoys of the Everqueen: If your general is a **SYLVANETH HERO**, any Kurnoth Hunters in your army always count as being in range for any command ability the general uses. In addition, any **SYLVANETH** units within 8" of this unit also count as being in range for any command ability the general uses.

Trample Underfoot: At the end of the combat phase, pick an enemy unit and roll a dice for each Kurnoth Hunter from this unit that is within 1" of it. For each result of 4 or more, the enemy unit suffers a mortal wound.

KEYWORDS	ORDER, SYLVANETH, KURNOTH HUNTERS



TREE-REVENANTS

The Tree-Revenants move with flowing grace, flickering along the spirit paths to carve their way through the enemy ranks. These forest spirits' warrior aspect echoes the Protectors from sylvaneth lore, while their highly ritualised way of war lends them a lethal speed and skill that few enemies can stand against.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Enchanted Blade	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	1
Protector Glaive	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	2

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Tree-Revenants has 5 or more models. They fight with a variety of Enchanted Blades.

SCION

The leader of this unit is a Scion. A Scion wields either a Protector Glaive or an Enchanted Blade. A Scion armed with an Enchanted Blade makes 4 attacks rather than 2.

GLADE BANNER

Models in this unit may bear Glade Banners. Models in a unit containing any Glade Banners can pile in up to 6".

WAYPIPES

Models in this unit may play Waypipes. Instead of moving in the movement phase, a unit with any Waypipes can walk the spirit paths. Remove it from play, and set it up so that all its models are within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood or an edge of the battlefield, and more than 9" from the enemy.

ABILITIES

Martial Memories: Tree-Revenants are suffused with the echoes of their predecessors' lives, and can draw on centuries of experience when they go to war. Once per phase, you can re-roll a single dice for this unit. This could be one of the dice you roll to see how far it charges, a hit roll, a save roll, a battleshock test, a roll to see whether a model is slain by deadly scenery etc.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, TREE-REVENANTS



SPITE-REVENANTS

Where other sylvaneth are graceful and suffused with life magic, the Spite-Revenants are shrieking terrors from the depths of a nightmare. Light and shadow flicker weirdly around these ghastly creatures as they tear and bite at their victims, rending to bloody tatters any who do not simply fling down their weapons and flee.



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

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Spite-Revenants has 5 or more models. They need no crafted weapons, tormenting the prey before tearing them apart with their Cruel Talons and Fangs.

SHADESTALKER

The leader of this unit is a Shadestalker. A Shadestalker makes 4 attacks rather than 3 with her Cruel Talons and Fangs.

ABILITIES

Whispers in the Dark: Scenery within 8" of any Spite-Revenants is haunted by susurrating voices which hiss threats in an unknowable tongue. Your opponent must roll two dice when taking battleshock tests for any of their units that are within 3" of such a terrain feature, and use the highest dice result.

Unbridled Malice: Spite-Revenants are rightly feared for the cruel delight they take in granting their prey slow, lingering deaths. Enemy units within 3" of any Spite-Revenants must subtract 1 from their Bravery.

KEYWORDS	ORDER, SYLVANETH, SPITE-REVENANTS



SYLVANETH WYLDWOOD

The Wyldwoods of the sylvaneth are far more than mere trees. Ancient, powerful spirits lurk within every sentient trunk and bough, eager for the chance to vent their spite upon beings of flesh and blood. From beneath them spread the realmroots, the spirit paths that heal the lands and provide swift passage for the Noble Spirits.

DESCRIPTION

A Sylvaneth Wyldwood is a terrain feature consisting of up to three Citadel Woods placed within 1" of each other. For the denizens of the forests, they are places of shelter and respite. However, the spirits within the trees are easily angered by other creatures that trespass their boundaries, and magical power is guaranteed to drive the Wyldwood into a fury.

SCENERY RULES

The following scenery rules are used for these models (do not roll on the Scenery Table on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet).

Wyldwood: Roll a dice for each model that makes a run or charge move across, or finishing on, a Sylvaneth Wyldwood. On a roll of 1, the model is slain. Do not roll for models that have the **SYLVANETH**, **MONSTER**, or **HERO** keywords.

Roused By Magic: Roll a dice whenever a spell is successfully cast within 6" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood (even if it is unbound). On a roll of 5 or more, the forest is roused by the magical energy and attacks. If this happens, all units within 1" of the Sylvaneth Wyldwood suffer D3 mortal wounds. **SYLVANETH** units are not attacked if a Wyldwood is roused in this way.

KEYWORDS	SCENERY, SYLVANETH WYLDWOOD



WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



STORMCAST ETERNALS

AZYRITE HUNT-TEAM

The winged Azyrite Hunt-teams are manoeuvrable and hard-hitting. They excel at hit-and-run attacks and probing missions, and are often used in the vanguard of Stormcast campaign forces.

ORGANISATION

An Azyrite Hunt-team consists of the following units:

- 1 Knight-Venator or Knight-Azyros
- 2-3 units of Prosecutors

ABILITIES

Celestial Grace: When the chase is on, few can rival the speed of an Azyrite Hunt-team. In your hero phase, roll three dice for each unit from this battalion. You can immediately move the unit being rolled for up to the total rolled in inches.

Hit-and-Run: Such is their swiftness that it is all but impossible for foes to pin down the soaring warriors of an Azyrite Hunt-team. Units from an Azyrite Hunt-team can retreat and charge in the same turn.



SKAVEN

CASTLE ROT WRECKERS

Pestilens Castle Rot Wreckers combine speed with power to enable daring snatch-and-grab missions. Burrowing from below, the teeming hordes use Plague Furnaces to smash protective walls.

ORGANISATION

A Castle Rot Wreckers battalion consists of the following units:

- 1 Verminlord Corruptor
- 1 Plague Priest
- 3 Plague Furnaces
- 2-4 units chosen in any combination from the following:
  - Plague Monks
  - Clanrats

ABILITIES

Burrow Unseen: Instead of setting up a Castle Rot Wrecker unit on the battlefield, you can place it to one side and say that it is set up underground. In any of your movement phases, you can move the unit onto the battlefield as it emerges from below ground. When you do so, set up the unit on the battlefield more than 9" from any enemy models. This is their move for that movement phase.

Maim-capture the Prey-chief: Castle Rot Wreckers are deployed to penetrate an enemy fortification and eliminate the commander of the garrison, sealing the fate of its defenders. Add 1 to the wound rolls of any attacks made by Castle Rot Wrecker models that target the enemy general.



NURGLE DAEMONS

PUSTROL'S PLAGUE COHORT

Only the foulest of Great Unclean Ones are granted the title Pox Behemoth. They are masters of deadly miasmic fogs. Pustrol uses his rank mists to ward off foes and to protect his own blubbery hide.

ORGANISATION

Pustrol's Plague Cohort consists of the following units:

- 1 Great Unclean One
- 3 units of Plaguebearers of Nurgle
- 3 units of Plague Drones of Nurgle
- 3 units of Nurglings

ABILITIES

Foetid Fog: As a mighty Pox Behemoth, Pustrol emanates a foul, poisonous odour from beneath his rotting folds of flesh, filling the lungs of those that inhale it with virulent toxins. In your hero phase, roll a dice for each enemy model within 7" of this battalion's Great Unclean One. On a roll of 6, that model's unit suffers a mortal wound.

Pox Behemoth: A Pox Behemoth is so named not only for its favour in the eyes of Grandfather Nurgle, but also for its truly enormous girth, which acts as a form of fleshy armour that absorbs all but the most powerful attacks. This battalion's Great Unclean One has a Save characteristic of 2+ instead of 4+. However, against attacks that have a To Wound characteristic of 2+ or 3+, its Save characteristic is reduced to 3+ instead.



ORDER

CLEANSERS OF THE WOODS

When the forces of Sigmar's Stormhosts and the treefolk of Alarielle join forces, they combine the powers of both the woods and the celestial heavens. No corruption can stand before such onslaught.

ORGANISATION

The Cleansers of the Woods consist of the following units:

- Celestant-Prime
- 1-3 Knights-Venator
- 2-3 units of Prosecutors
- 1-3 units chosen in any combination from the following:
  - Treelord Ancient
  - Treelord
- 2-3 units of Kurnoth Hunters

ABILITIES

Marked for Cleansing: Using his otherworldly power, the Celestant-Prime can sense the degrees of corruption within his foes and direct his allies towards those most deserving of destruction. In your hero phase, pick an enemy unit within 15" of the Celestant-Prime. Any units from the Cleansers of the Woods that are within 15" of the enemy unit you picked can immediately make a shooting attack against it.



FYRESLAYERS

UNDERBORERS

Led by the magma-tunnelling powers of the Zharrgrim priesthood, this large formation burrows under the battlefield, rising up in a burst of lava to release its fury in the middle of the fray.

ORGANISATION

An Underborers battalion consists of the following units:

- 1 Auric Runemaster
- 3+ units chosen in any combination from the following:
  - Auric Runesmiter
  - Auric Runesmiter on Magmadroth
- 2-4 units chosen in any combination from the following:
  - Auric Hearthguard
  - Hearthguard Berzerkers

ABILITIES

Magma Tunnels: Instead of setting up an Underborers unit on the battlefield, you can place it to one side and say that it is set up underground. In any of your movement phases, you can move the unit onto the battlefield as it emerges from below ground. When you do so, set up the unit on the battlefield more than 9" from any enemy models. This is their move for that movement phase.

Eruption of Lava: As the channelled magma breaches the surface, the Runesmiters cause it to burst apart, not only clearing a path for their kin as they charge from the tunnel, but showering their foes with molten rock in the process. After setting up any Underborer units via Magma Tunnels, roll a dice for any enemy units within 12" of them. On a roll of 3 or more, the unit being rolled for suffers D3 mortal wounds.



STORMCAST ETERNALS

HAMMER AND ANVIL

Led by a Lord-Celestant, the Paladins form the Hammer – powerful fighters to take the fight to the foe. The Liberators and Judicators form the Anvil – a shield wall for enemies to break upon.

ORGANISATION

A Hammer and Anvil battalion consists of the following units:

- 1 Lord-Celestant
- 1-2 units chosen in any combination from the following:
  - Retributors
  - Decimators
- 2 units of Liberators
- 2 units of Judicators

ABILITIES

Covering Fire: Whilst the Liberator shield wall advances in support of the main attack, their Judicator kin shadow their movements, laying down a hail of covering fire. At the start of your hero phase, any Judicator units from this battalion that are within 9" of a Liberator unit from the same battalion can immediately make a shooting attack as if it were the shooting phase.



FYRESLAYERS

MAGMADROTH STEELBURNER PACK

Veterans of destructive warfare, Steelburner Packs are used to break enemy fortifications, their massed fyrestreams sundering gates or living blockades with equal ease.

ORGANISATION

A Magmadroth Steelburner Pack consists of the following units:

- 3 units chosen in any combination from the following:
  - Auric Runefather on Magmadroth
  - Auric Runemaster on Magmadroth
  - Auric Runesmiter on Magmadroth
  - Auric Runeson on Magmadroth

ABILITIES

Massed Fyrestream: When Magmadroths combine their fyrestreams into a torrent of flaming bile, armour, flesh and bone – even a heavily reinforced castle gate – will be rendered into dripping piles of molten slag. In your hero phase, pick an enemy unit and roll a D3 for each model from this battalion that is within 15" of it, or a D6 instead if the model is within 5" of it. The target unit suffers a number of mortal wounds equal to the amount rolled. Note that this ability does not prevent these Magmadroths from using their Roaring Fyrestream ability as normal in the subsequent shooting phase.



SLAVES TO DARKNESS

IRONGUARD

Driven by the machinations of a Tzeentchian lord, the Ironguard are relentless. Once the foe are pinned in place by heavily armoured warriors, the sorcerer seals their fate with summoned daemons.

ORGANISATION

The Ironguard consist of the following units:

- 1 Sorcerer Lord of Tzeentch
- 2-3 units of TZEENTCH Chaos Warriors
- 1-2 units of TZEENTCH Chaos Knights

ABILITIES

Arcane Swiftness: Given dark animus by the power of a Tzeentchian sorcerer and driven forwards by his will, the Ironguard can surge into battle at an unnatural pace. In your hero phase, roll one dice for each unit of Ironguard Chaos Warriors, and two dice for each unit of Ironguard Chaos Knights. You can immediately move the unit being rolled for up to the total rolled in inches.



IRONJAWZ

GORDRAKK'S MEGAFIST

The biggest and best Megabosses gather for war beneath the Fist of Gork himself, the almighty Gordrakk. So do the strong get stronger, and all orruks in their presence feed off their green energies.

ORGANISATION

Gordrakk's Megafist consists of the following units:

- 5 units chosen in any combination from the following:
  - Megaboss on Maw-krusha
  - Megaboss

ABILITIES

Strong Gets Stronger: All other friendly **IRONJAWZ** units can make 1 extra attack with each of their melee weapons if they are within 10" of at least 2 models from Gordrakk's Megafist when they are chosen to attack in the combat phase.



STORMCAST ETERNALS

STORM-STRIKE TEAM

For the most pivotal assaults, Sigmar empowers his Storm-strike Teams with mighty boons: lightning-blessed weapons and enchanted javelins that can summon more of the heavenly host.

ORGANISATION

A Storm-strike Team consists of the following units:

- 1 Knight-Azyros or Knight-Venator
- 2-3 units of Prosecutors
- 2-4 units chosen in any combination from the following:
  - Liberators
  - Retributors

ABILITIES

Power of the Storm: Weapons wielded by **STORMCAST ETERNAL HEROES** or Prime models from a Storm-strike Team are charged with celestial energy. Add 1 to any wound rolls you make for these models.

Storm-strike Attack: Instead of setting up any of the units of Liberators or Retributors from a Storm-strike Team on the battlefield, you can place them to one side and say that they are set up in the Celestial Realm.

At the start of your hero phase, each **STORMCAST ETERNAL HERO** or Prime model from a Storm-strike Team can make a shooting attack. After resolving these attacks, you can immediately transport any units from a Storm-strike Team that were set up in the Celestial Realm to the battlefield. When you do so, set up the unit within 12" of, but no closer than 6" to, a unit that was the target of a Storm-strike Team model's shooting attack. This is their move for the ensuing movement phase.



FYRESLAYERS

SUBTERRANEAN FYRESTORM

The Subterranean Fyrestorm is intended to deliver a small but elite force of berserk, rune-empowered Fyreslayers straight into the heart of the enemy army, where they can wreak flaming havoc.

ORGANISATION

A Subterranean Fyrestorm battalion consists of the following units:

- 1 Auric Runemaster
- 1-3 Grimwrath Berzerkers
- 2-3 units of Hearthguard Berzerkers

ABILITIES

Magma Tunnels: Instead of setting up a Subterranean Fyrestorm unit on the battlefield, you can place it to one side and say that it is set up underground. In any of your movement phases, you can move the unit onto the battlefield as it emerges from below. When you do so, set up the unit on the battlefield more than 9" from any enemy models. This is their move for that movement phase.

Empowered Ur-gold: Emerging in the wake of the rune-bound wave of magma, the ur-gold bonded to the flesh of the Fyreslayer Berzerkers mirrors the lava's fiery glow as their power is unleashed. In a battle round in which a Subterranean Fyrestorm unit is set up via Magma Tunnels, you can re-roll failed charge rolls for that unit, and re-roll failed hit rolls when making attacks with their melee weapons.

THE RULES

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

THE ARMIES

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

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

WARSCROLLS & UNITS

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

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

TOOLS OF WAR

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

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

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

THE BATTLEFIELD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MYSTERIOUS LANDSCAPES

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

THE SCENERY TABLE

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

THE BATTLEBEGINS

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

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

SET-UP

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







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

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

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

THE GENERAL

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

GLORIOUS VICTORY

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

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

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

SUDDEN DEATH VICTORIES

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

TRIUMPHS

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

THE SUDDEN DEATH TABLE

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

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

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

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

THE TRIUMPH TABLE

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

BATTLEROUNDS

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

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

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

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

PRE-BATTLEABILITIES

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

HERO PHASE

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

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

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

COMMAND ABILITY

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

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

MOVEMENT PHASE

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

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

MOVING

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

ENEMY MODELS

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

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

RUNNING

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

FLYING

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

SHOOTING PHASE

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

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

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

CHARGE PHASE

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

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

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

COMBAT PHASE

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

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

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

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

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

BATTLESHOCKPHASE

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

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

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

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

ATTACKING

Blows hammer down upon the foe, inflicting bloody wounds.

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

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

PICKING TARGETS

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

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

MAKING ATTACKS

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

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

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

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

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

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

INFLICTING DAMAGE

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

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

MORTAL WOUNDS

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

COVER

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

WIZARDS

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

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

CASTING SPELLS

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

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

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

ARCANE BOLT

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

MYSTIC SHIELD

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

THE MOST IMPORTANT RULE

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

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

GENESIS GATE

Celestant-Prime ..... Hammer of Sigmar

HALLOWED KNIGHTS

Tornus the Redeemed .... Knight-Venator
Silus the Untarnished .... Lord-Celestant

THE CHAMBER RESPLENDENT

Targonaut ..... Lord-Celestant

SYLVANETH

Alarielle ..... Queen of the Radiant Wood
The Lady of Vines ..... Branchwraith
Rhalaeth ..... High King of Oakenbrow
The Willowqueen ..... Queen of Harvestboon
Brachylaena ..... Kurnoth Huntmaster

SLAVES TO DARKNESS

Ethrac, Otto & Ghurk ... The Glottkin
Lord Ranslug ..... Lord of the Rust Legion
Lord Grolich ..... Lord of Grolich Towers

CHAOS DAEMONS

Pustrol, Pox Behemoth ..... Great Unclean One

MASTERCLAN

Sepskrik the Foul ..... Verminlord Corruptor

CLAN FEESIK

Skroglitch Twistspine ... Plague Pontifex

MERCURIAL GATE

Dracothion ..... The Great Drake
Argentine ..... The Silver Wyrm

GREYFYRD LODGE

Hursgar-Grimnir ..... Auric Runefather
Vulkdar ..... Magmadroth
Augorn ..... Auric Runesmiter

SLAVES TO DARKNESS

Trispherix ..... Chaos Sorcerer

CELESTIAL VINDICATORS

Thostos Bladestorm ..... Lord-Celestant
Kanlaus ..... Lord-Castellant

EVERCHOSEN

Archaon ..... Exalted Grand Marshal of the Apocalypse
Stilskeen of the Silver Tongue ..... Gaunt Summoner

MAWGATE

TEMPEST LORDS

Tymon ..... Lord-Celestant

KNIGHTS EXCELSIOR

Talador ..... Knight-Azyros
Vyrmos ..... Lord-Relictor

IRONJAWZ

Gordrakk ..... The Fist of Gork
Bigteef ..... Maw-krusha
Dakkbad Grotkicker .... Megaboss
Zogbak ..... Megaboss
Krumdrak ..... Megaboss
Redrek Goregobbla ..... Megaboss
Zoozek ..... Weirdnob Shaman

KHORNE BLOODBOUND

Braythrax ..... Mighty Lord of Khorne
Draegorn ..... Mighty Lord of Khorne
Hakadron ..... Mighty Lord of Khorne
Garvor the Cruel ..... Skullhunter
Vargos the Faceless ..... Skullseeker

CHAOS DAEMONS

Synlesha Paleblood ..... Daemon Prince of Slaanesh
The Sinewed Herald ..... Herald of Khorne

EVERCHOSEN

Xer'ger'ael, the Tyrant of Eyes ..... Gaunt Summoner

BRIMFIRE GATE

Ignax ..... The Solar Drake

HAMMERS OF SIGMAR

Vandus Hammerhand .. Lord-Celestant
Calanax ..... Dracoth
Escrus Skykith ..... Lord-Celestant
Ghodric Truebolt ..... Knight-Venator
Rolrhor ..... Knight-Azyros

KHORNE BLOODBOUND

Lord Khar ..... Mighty Lord of Khorne
Lord Anktar ..... Mighty Lord of Khorne
Tyrmars ..... Deathbringer
Drazkith the Fell ..... Slaughterpriest
Vimaks ..... Mighty Lord of Khorne

DAEMONS OF KHORNE

Skarbrand ..... Bloodthirster
Skrathax ..... Bloodthirster
Rathdax ..... Bloodthirster

HAMMERS DRACONIS

Imperius ..... Lord-Celestant

VOSTARG LODGE

Borr-Grimnir ..... Auric Runefather
Dorryc Claimblade ..... Auric Runesmiter



WHAT'S NEXT?

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

INTO THE REALMS…

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



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



THE REALMGATE WARS

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



BATTLETOMES

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



THE STORY CONTINUES

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

