



WHITE DWARF

ISSUE
463

**GALACTIC
WAR HOSTS:
METALICA**

**GOLDEN DEMON
WINNERS
CHALLENGE**

**GOOD VS EVIL IN
A TALE OF FOUR
WARLORDS**

**'EAVY METAL
PAINTING
MASTERCLASS**

**KNOW THY FOE
WITH THE LIBER
XENOLOGIS**

**AND MUCH
MORE FOR**



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EXCLUSIVE SUBSCRIBER COVERS!

If you subscribe to *White Dwarf*, you may have noticed that you have a different cover on your magazine compared to the ones found in shops. Subscriber copies feature a piece of artwork without the contents listing down the side, allowing you to appreciate the art in all its glory. This month's cover features Seraphon fighting Khorne Bloodbound around Tepok's Eye by Igor Sid.

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



MEET THE WHITE DWARF TEAM

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



LYLE LOWERY
Managing Editor

While unable to play games, Lyle has been painting some scenery in preparation for when he can – namely the Battlefield Expansion Set for Warhammer 40,000. He's also been painting a McFarlane Toys Space Marine action figure.



MATTHEW HUTSON
Senior Designer

Matt has done loads of painting this month, including two rooms, a loft hatch and a whole lot of skirting boards. Yes, he's been decorating! He also painted a cupboard, which he's trying to count as a static transport for our hobby bingo.



DAN HARDEN
Staff Writer

This month, Dan converted and painted a unit of skaven (more on them next month) and finished a trio of Sentinels for his Astra Militarum tank company. A Hydra is also on his desk. As well as those ten Arknauts ...



JONATHAN STAPLETON
Photographer

It's big news for Jonathan this month – he and his wife have just had a baby daughter! They have yet to name their latest creation, but they've already started filling in her Crusade card. Jonathan also painted some Necrons. Yay!



SOPHIE BOSTOCK
Designer

Having just painted Logan Grimnar on Stormrider for her Space Wolves collection, Sophie has now turned her attention to Incursors and Infiltrators. Could she knock Matt off the top spot in our hobby bingo stakes?



BEN HUMBER
Designer

Ben has been working on an Invictor Warsuit recently, but after reading this month's story by David Guymer, he's found himself drawn to the Kharadron Overlords. He's planning on getting Thundrik's Profiteers to see if he likes painting them.



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WHITE DWARF

ISSUE 463

STAY GOLDEN, DEMONS



It's definitely been an unusual year for painting competitions like Golden Demon. That's why I'm very happy to present the first part of the Golden Demon Winners Challenge in this issue. If you're not familiar with *White Dwarf's* own painting competition, it's an elite invitational in which we invite recent Golden Demon winners to compete against each other to a certain theme. This competition's theme is 'Faith under Fire', and in a twist on recent competitions, we supplied our painters with a selection of models from the Sisters of Battle line, challenging them to use the models however they wanted to fit the theme.

The results have been spectacular to say the least. Over this issue and the next, you'll get to marvel at all their stunning entries. Be sure to check out next issue for the rest of the entries, including our competition winner!

There's a lot of great hobby articles in this issue. If you've ever been interested in trying out the non-

metallic metal technique, Specialist Games 'Eavy Metal painter Borja Garcia shares his wisdom in a painting guide featuring Forge World's imposing Lion El'Jonson model. Of course, the techniques he shares will work anywhere you want to apply non-metallic metal effects!

You'll also find a fantastic Galactic War Hosts article themed to the Charadon War Zone Flashpoint. In it, you'll be treated to all kinds of inspiration for painting the defenders of forge world Metalica.

If the Middle-earth Strategy Battle Game is your fancy, there's a great hobby article on making your own scenery piece of Bilbo's Trolls. And enthusiasts of massive Titans at a miniature scale will enjoy the expansive gallery of god-machines in this issue.

There's lots to love in this issue for lovers of the painting and modelling side of the hobby!

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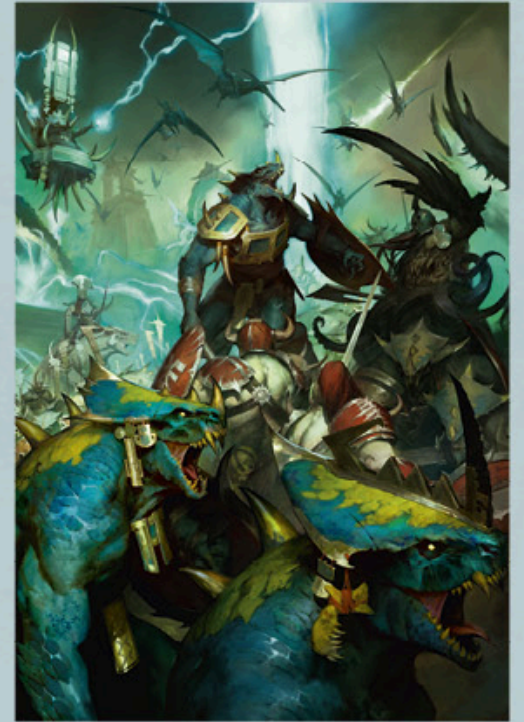
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Subscription cover art by Igor Sid

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78 A TALE OF FOUR WARLORDS

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WAR OF THE GOD-MACHINES



CONTACT

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

Imperial Fists
by Adam Staincliffe



TITANIC THANKS!

Just a quick 'thank you' for the Adeptus Titanicus Battle Report that you featured in issue 455. The game had been absent from the pages of *White Dwarf* for a while, so it was nice to be treated to a report that was brilliantly presented and showcased all the Titans and Knights in the game. Hopefully the Loyalists will fare a little better next time!

Steven Ray
Suffolk, UK

Thanks for your kind words, Steven. That Battle Report was awesome fun for everyone concerned. Jason and Owen are excellent opponents and had a great time battering each other's armies to bits! It actually inspired both Dan and Lyle to paint some Adeptus Titanicus models, though they're still a long way off the number of Titans that Jason and Owen (and Matt in our own team) have painted. We'll hopefully be showing Jason and Owen's armies off in all their glory soon, too. Keep your eyes peeled for more massive god-machines on a tiny scale!

Lady Olynder, Mortarch of Grief
by Vincent Lepoutre



Blood Angels Leviathan
Dreadnought
by Dylan Ashe





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Incredible Members of Staff

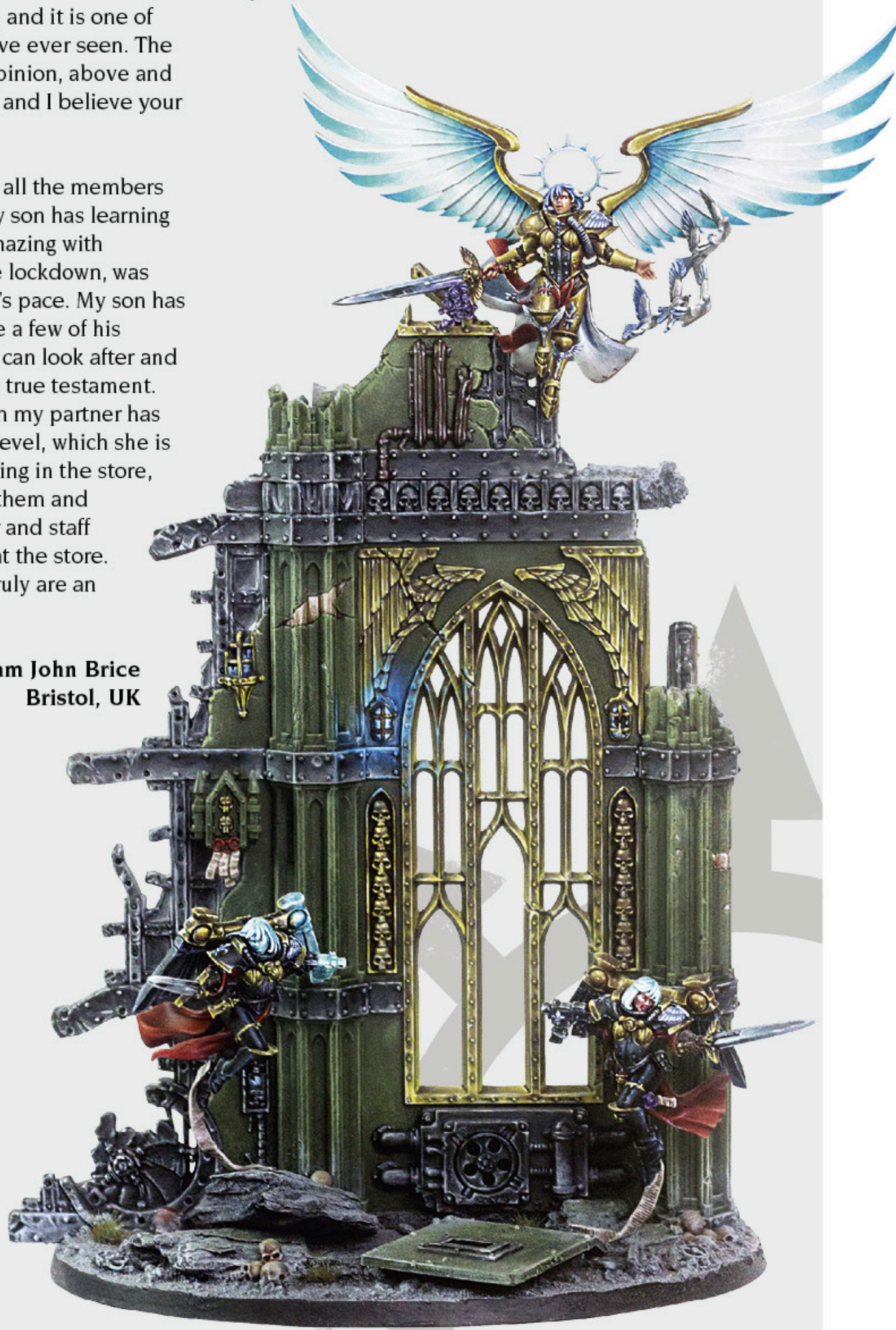
Dear *White Dwarf*:

A while ago, my son and I entered a competition in the Cribbs Causeway Warhammer store in Bristol. The winner would have one of the kits they purchased painted by one of the staff. We won the competition, and Geraint Hastings-Evans agreed to paint Saint Celestine for us. He did this in his free time. The level that he painted her to is incredible, and it is one of the most beautiful Warhammer models I've ever seen. The level that Geraint has gone to is, in my opinion, above and beyond. His talents deserve recognition, and I believe your company is lucky to have him.

I would also like to add a message about all the members of staff at Cribbs Causeway in general. My son has learning difficulties and struggles. The staff are amazing with him – especially one of them who, before lockdown, was doing special lessons with him at my son's pace. My son has had a lot of parties at the store, and quite a few of his friends have similar issues. How the staff can look after and entertain a group of children like this is a true testament. The help and support the staff have given my partner has improved her painting up to a very nice level, which she is happy with. My younger children love being in the store, and the staff are brilliant at entertaining them and making them feel welcome. The manager and staff have created a great community feeling at the store. My words do not do them justice. They truly are an incredible team.

Adam John Brice
Bristol, UK

Thank you for writing in, Adam, and congratulations on winning the competition. It looks like Geraint has pulled out all the stops to make Celestine look amazing. We're also really pleased to hear that the staff in Cribbs Causeway are looking after you, your family and everyone else who comes through their doors. After all, we're all one big hobby family, and the youngsters of today will be the painters, gamers and maybe even the staff members of tomorrow.



Sisters of Battle
by Aleix Gibert



MODEL OF THE MONTH: AVENTIS FIRESTRIKE

Our model of the month is this rendition of Aventis Firestrike painted by Andreas Packroff. Here he tells us all about it.

Andreas: The foundation of my colour scheme for my Stormcast Eternals is their dusty blue armour (The Fang) and orange details with clean white areas on weapons and shields. Large models like Aventis provide an excellent opportunity to expand my palette. The defining feature on my Tauralon is the wings. The purple parts are Naggarth Night highlighted by adding a little white to the purple. From there, I patiently blended the oranges from Evil Sunz Scarlet through Wild Rider Red, Troll Slayer Orange and Fire Dragon Bright right up to yellow with tiny edge highlights of white. I applied a thin wash of Druchii Violet in the recesses between the reddest feathers to smooth out the stark transition from purple to red. I also added little white dots on the feathers to resemble the sparkling of magic. The orange and blue already contrast well, and adding yellow and purple to the model gives another layer of complementary colours. For the skin of the Tauralon, I used a base of The Fang to match the rider's blue armour. I added a little Nuln Oil in the recesses and then slowly blended up the colour by adding Celestra Grey to The Fang.



PAINTING QUESTION: THE SILVER MAIDEN

Hi everyone!

I hope you are all well and staying safe. I have a favour to ask. In February 2019's issue in the Realm of Metal section, there is a fantastic-looking Tomb Banshee that has been painted with silver skin and metallic clothing. I really love the model, and it has inspired me to create a small warband of similarly metallic Nighthaunt models.

Do you know how the model was painted, or, if not, do you have any advice on how I could recreate that amazing metallic look? I appreciate all your help!

A good question, Daniel! Warhammer TV's Chris Peach painted the Silver Maiden over five years ago, so we had to dredge his memory for an answer! He undercoated her with Leadbelcher spray, then applied Gehenna's Gold to her hair and Hashut Copper to her corset. He then applied a thinned-down wash of Nihilakh Oxide over the whole model, followed by a glaze of Guilliman Blue (now Talassar Blue) over the robes. The last stage was building up the highlights on all the metal areas with Stormhost Silver. For the skin, Chris suggests using Ionrach Skin and Deepkin flesh.

Daniel Baker
Location, UK

ROBES

- Basecoat: Leadbelcher
- Layer: Nihilakh Oxide
- Glaze: Talassar Blue & Contrast Medium

CORSET

- Basecoat: Leadbelcher
- Layer: Hashut Copper
- Layer: Nihilakh Oxide
- Layer: Stormhost Silver

SKIN

- Layer: Ionrach Skin
 - Layer: Deepkin Flesh
- ### HAIR
- Basecoat: Leadbelcher
 - Layer: Gehenna's Gold
 - Layer: Nihilakh Oxide



Sepulchral Guard
by David Stafford



KILL THEM WITH CUTENESS

Hi! My name is Jero Carmona. I am an avid miniatures painter from Barcelona and a big fan of Games Workshop.

I've been painting seriously since 2014, and I would love to share some of my pieces with all those fans who feel the vibe from your fantasy worlds. Here I have painted one of the chibi Sisters of Battle. I hope you might like it and consider sharing it in your publication.

Thanks for your time, and #HappyPainting for everyone.

Jeroni Carmona Marti
Barcelona, Spain

Wow, that is seriously impressive work, Jero.

Congratulations! We've seen a few people paint over the chibi models, but this is arguably one of the best renditions we've seen so far! The blue object source lighting, the reflections on the armour, the shading on the robes – all of them are spot on. Clearly the most impressive part of the miniature has to be her face, though. Those are some heretic-slaying eyebrows if ever we've seen some!



ASK GROMBRINDAL

Good day to you, wise bearded one! Being that with great age comes great wisdom, who living in the Mortal Realms today is the eldest one of all (aside from anyone of Chaos, as time generally doesn't count for them)? Perhaps Morathi or Lord Kroak?



Mike James
Smyrna GA, USA

I would say the oldest soul living in the Mortal Realms today is Morathi, as you surmise. She is not an elemental god who exists outside of time, nor a godbeast born from the stuff of the realms, but an ascended god who was once mortal, like Sigmar, Alarielle, Grungni, Grimnir, Nagash, etc. – all souls who were born before the end of the World-that-Was. Before the first elven treacheries, the Slann were admittedly active, and Lord Kroak was old even then. However, much like the undead contenders, he has a nasty case of death to deal with and hence is not 'living' as such, so Morathi takes the crown (as she so loves to do).

Grombrindal



Knight of Shrouds
by Darcy Bono

TOP PHOTO TIPS

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

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

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

Always use a white background.

Make sure you've got good lighting.

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

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



Húrin the Tall
by Clayton White



Helm Hammerhand on foot and mounted
by Dave Clark

A KITBASHING QUESTION

I adore reading *White Dwarf*. It makes my busy weekdays entertaining in the short breaks I have throughout the day.

I really enjoy the kitbashing ideas you put in your magazine, particularly the realm and war zone articles. As a reader who is starting an Astra Militarum army, I was wondering if you have any advice on heads or helmets that I could use to kitbash my army to make it feel more personalized. Thank you!

Conner Maroni
Leesburg, VA, USA

Thanks for writing in, Conner. We're glad you're enjoying the magazine and the kitbash articles in particular – some of the ideas that people come up with are truly inspiring! With regards to the Astra Militarum, we will have to create a Galactic War Hosts article for them at some point. Consider it added to our ideas list. To help you get started with your conversions, though, have you considered the Genestealer Cults upgrade frame? Many of those heads could pass for human. Also, how about Skitarii Vanguard or even Freeguild Pistoliers? Really what you're looking for are any human-sized kits with a rounded ball-joint fitting at the bottom of the neck. Good luck with your kitbashing!

CONVERSION CORNER: TYRANID HIVE TYRANT

Our conversion corner this month has been taken over by an extragalactic monster in the form of a Tyranid Hive Tyrant painted by Javier Del Rio. We asked him all about his colourful creation.

Javier: I used the wings from the Plague Drones kit for my flying Hive Tyrant because I wanted to bring more of the insectoid elements of the Tyranids to the foreground. They also don't give any semblance of the wings being extensions of a limb, so to speak, thereby freeing up all six limb slots for legs and weapons. I used the spine-bank carapace from the Carnifex kit to give the wings a believable surface to adhere to. I cut off the model's spore chimneys, sanded it down and then used modelling putty to join the new carapace to the body. The rending claws are a combination of the Hive Tyrant's own monstrous

scything talon arms and the claws from the Broodlord kit, while the base is made with cork sheet, gravel, a part of the Broodlord's basing component and a large xenos skull that came from the Citadel Skulls kit.

When it came to choosing the colours for my Hive Fleet, I knew that I wanted something that would be high in contrast without being gaudy and that would bring out the most alien features of the models. The carapace pattern was originally born out of a lack of brush control! I noticed that most traditional Tyranid carapace schemes involve a lot of feathering near the edges of the ridges, but I struggled to achieve this effect. So I turned to stippling and mottling the flesh, using washes and cleverly placed dots instead. It can be pretty time-consuming!



WORLDS OF WARHAMMER



PHIL KELLY

As the Warhammer Studio's senior background writer, Phil is almost permanently (some might say eternally) immersed in the lore of the Mortal Realms and the 41st Millennium. He's recently taken an interest in the work of Carl Jung and has set about defining the archetypes of the studio team. They're mostly Magicians and Rebels, apparently.

Last issue's column touched on the notion of archetypes, specifically with the various Space Wolves characters built around them. The word 'archetype' stems from the meaning 'original pattern' and is used to portray the essence of a character. It's usually a term that sums up a type of person or role in a single word, maybe two.¹ Archetypes are so deep rooted that they exist everywhere, in real life as well as in stories. They even crop up in our dreams. They are notions we are taught as children, and in some form or other, they make the backbone of the vast majority of fictional characters.

So how does this affect wargaming characters? Well, archetypes are symbolic notions we instinctively understand, and as a result, most of the characters of the Warhammer universes draw upon them. After all, our heroes, anti-heroes and villains are larger than life, despite only being a few inches tall (or perhaps because of it). The same can likely be said for characters of your own invention. Before we get to our all-star cast, though, let's look at a few principles.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ARCHETYPES

The term 'archetypes' was popularised by Carl Jung, a famous Swiss psychologist whose theories about human nature still form the basis of many a school of thought. His concepts have pervaded our modern language; anyone who has used the terms 'introvert' and 'extrovert' is doing so because of Jung's work. Put simply, he was on to something, and everyone from life coaches to authors of children's books have recognised that fact.

Twelve different psychological archetypes have been attributed to Jung that describe us all in some form or another. They are the Sage, the Innocent, the Explorer, the Ruler, the Creator, the Caregiver, the Magician (not the rabbits-out-of-

hats kind, for the record), the Hero, the Rebel, the Lover, the Jester and the Everyman. With some familiarity of the Warhammer lore, you can see which of our wargaming characters fit which archetypes. Perhaps you yourself identify with one of these archetypes more than any other.

PHYSICAL ARCHETYPES

Physical archetypes are very relevant to Warhammer characters, because they almost always come from Citadel Miniatures and hence have more of a basis in design than psychology. Physical archetypes play a fundamental role in the designing of models, but ultimately they stem from the biology of the human race.² It's often said that humans come in three common shapes, or 'somatypes' if you want to be posh about it, those being ectomorphs, mesomorphs and endomorphs.³ On some level, I believe these are the basis for the fantasy 'races' that we know so well from the works of Tolkien and, before that, through Gaelic and Scandinavian myth.

The first of the body types, the ectomorph, is a slight body type with little muscle mass or fat. Perhaps this type of anatomy was the inspiration for the usual depiction of the slender elf race, whether knowingly or not. The mesomorph, or 'middle body', is the muscular build we usually associate with our human protagonists and has been drawn upon countless times. The endomorph, characterised by a heavy build in terms of both muscle and body fat, is perhaps the inspiration for the fantasy image of the stout warrior that is realised so often in the dwarf race (just add beard).

You can extrapolate further here. People that are uncommonly large and tall could be a part of the inspiration for stories about giants throughout history, and there is a medical condition known as gigantism that is rare but well known. Similarly, it's easy to imagine that those people at the extreme opposite end of the spectrum could be the inspiration for the more diminutive fantasy archetypes. A fair few stories feature characters that are formed of an absence of a body entirely – which, of course, is where we get the notion of ghosts, spectres, spirit guides and even living holograms.

STORY ARCHETYPES

There are many more archetypes that crop up across all genres of fiction, most of which can be seen as subcategories of one of the twelve

¹ 'Leader' is an archetype, for instance, whereas 'reptilian ninja pizza lover' is not.

² Apologies for the sudden veering into biology here; bear with me.

³ Xenomorphs is a whole other thing.

Worlds of Warhammer delves into the background of the Age of Sigmar and the 41st Millennium, looking at how stories are created and legends are born. This time, Phil Kelly - the archetypal background writer - talks about archetypes. How archetypal ...

Jungian categories. This is where notions such as the Hermit, the Knight and the Visionary come into play, as well as the Guardian, the Witch and the Hunter. Some are pretty niche – the Fallen Angel, the Feral Soul and the Apparition amongst them – but others we will all recognise as key components of characters and stories we already know and love. The Primarchs alone are a great suite of heroes and villains that lean heavily on archetypes. These notions are the keystones from which we build our ‘special characters’ in the Warhammer setting, whether we do so deliberately or not.⁴

So how do the psychological, physical and story archetypes combine? Some lend themselves to one another – it’s pretty common for wizard characters to be robe-wearing ectomorphs that conform to the Sage archetype, but that is not always the case, as Chief Librarian Varro Tigurius and Lord-Arcanum Aventis Firestrike illustrate. Others become all the more interesting when they are combined in an unusual way or given a twist that makes for an original and fresh take on a time-honoured character trope. Ghazghkull Thraka is not your average Visionary, for instance, but as the Prophet of the Waaagh!, he has just as much claim to that archetype as the Farseer Eldrad Ulthran or the moon-touched Skragrott the Loonking.

We’ve applied the same notion to entire races. We do not have simple ‘elves’ in Age of Sigmar, for instance. Instead we have Idoneth Deepkin who combine the Hermit, Changeling and Reaver archetypes, the Seer-plus-Monk Zen masters of the Lumineth Realm-lords, the Witch-Guardian-Hermits of the Sylvaneth, and so on. The Fyreslayers are another good example, being a combination of the Berserker, Zealot and Mercenary archetypes. The Ossiararch Bonereapers are a strange combination of the Tyrant, the Revenant and the Merchant, being defined largely by their horrible tithe, their devil’s bargains and the economy of bone central to their conquests. All of these races feel original and fresh because of the twists and nuances applied to their core concepts.

Some characters and even races are defined by the fact they started as one archetype but over the course of their story became another. Stormcast Eternals are a good example of

characters that can change archetype as their story goes on. They start their journey as the Knight, but over time, with one too many Reforgings, they become the Golem. Sigmar himself changed archetype from that of the Warrior to the Patriarch when he retreated to Azyr. Several of the Horus Heresy’s Primarchs changed archetype on their own journeys, too. Angron started as the Warrior, became the Rebel, and is now the Berserker and little more. For every journey of redemption, there’s one of damnation.⁵

There is no set number of story archetypes, and by blending them together, the combinations can be functionally infinite. Nonetheless, they can sometimes work just fine on their own. Here’s a list of some strong archetypes and the Warhammer characters that illustrate them best.

THE CREATOR: Belisarius Cawl is a relatively new character to 40K, but wow, has he ever made an impact. He throws into stark contrast the fact that the Adeptus Mechanicus very rarely innovate. He is an anti-exemplar but still tells you something about his faction.

THE RULER: Look no further than Nagash. It’s all about power and control with this guy, and if every living thing has to die to achieve it, so much the better. Old Bones also fits the Tyrant archetype. A more benevolent example would be Roboute Guilliman.

THE CAREGIVER: Gardus Steel Soul was once a healer in a plague hospice, and he gave his life defending it from the hordes of Chaos using only a pair of massive iron candlesticks. The Primarch Vulkan could also be said to have a caregiver side under all that muscular bulk.

THE EVERYMAN: Astra Militarum Guardsman number 3,262,923,620,221 reporting for duty!

⁴ Broadening the definition slightly, you could see the notion of ‘character classes’ as a form of archetype that informs roleplaying games. The ranger, the barbarian, the wizard, and so on have become archetypal fantasy constructs over the years. On their own, however, they tell you more about the character’s profession than their nature.

⁵ Actually the ratio’s pretty skewed towards damnation, if we’re being honest.



THE JESTER: The Sloppity Bilepiper is very much a jester, but if he fails to make his fellow Plaguebearers laugh, he is cursed to become a marotte for the next incumbent to wave around ...

THE LOVER: The Age of Sigmar's premier power couple Syll'Esske fulfil this archetype, as anyone who has read *White Dwarf* October 2019's Tome Celestial will tell you.

THE HERO: So many to choose from! Perhaps Ragnar Blackmane and Cato Sicarius are the strongest contenders to represent unalloyed excellence.

THE MAGICIAN: Being classed as a character that can change the world through esoteric means, Magnus the Red fits the bill here – before and after Daemon Princehood – as does Ahriman of the Thousand Sons.

THE REBEL: Look no further than Commander Farsight, a character fundamentally defined by his secession from the core Sept worlds of the T'au Empire.

THE EXPLORER: The Aeldari high priestess Yvraine is a form of explorer – not only in the physical sense but also in the spiritual sense. Her journeys may yet be the salvation of her race. The Rogue Trader Janus Draik from the Blackstone Fortress game is also a fine example.

THE SEER: Teclis, Archmage of Hysh, has this archetype so thoroughly sewn up that he has become a literal deity.



THE INNOCENT: Well, it's a wargame, so it's slim pickings here. The closest thing I can think of is a puppy-like Beast of Nurgle, which I suppose tells you a lot about grimdark lore.

THE KNIGHT: Perhaps an obvious choice, but I'm going with Canis Rex (or rather its pilot, Sir Hekhtur Cerberan the Chainbreaker) just because it's good maximalist fun that our knightly steeds sometimes take the form of forty-foot heraldic killing machines.

THE WARRIOR: There's rather a lot of these in our lore. I'm going with Gotrek Gurnisson, who is a very interesting iteration of the trope. Always fighting, he's a 'doomed' warrior who just can't seem to find that glorious death he is so keen on.

THE MYSTIC: The slann Relic Priest supremo Lord Kroak is so mystical he's technically dead. He can still change reality with the twitch of a mummified finger. What a boss.

THE LONER: The ever-mysterious Cypher is a good fit for this archetype, being the wandering man-with-no-name on a mission of his own devising. Kheradruakh, the Decapitator, is also a good fit, being a lonesome spider in the heart of a skull-lined lair.

THE FERAL SOUL: The Space Wolves hero Canis Wolfborn fits this niche, as did Lion El'Jonson before his character arc led him to Knight, then Patriarch.

THE BRUTE: The punchiest of all orruk-kind, Gordrakk, the Fist of Gork, fits this role quite nicely. Brute force and ignorance are very much his forte.

THE PATRIARCH: No, not the Genestealer kind. Though those chaps definitely qualify, they score very low on the 'beard plus crown' index. Step up, Sigmar Heldenhammer, the definitive patriarch of the setting. An iron-fisted ruler, he has a wargame named after him!

THE MATRIARCH: Alarielle the Everqueen fits the bill here, being the queen of an entire race with a good solid claim on rightful rulership over all Ghyran.

THE FALLEN ANGEL: The Warmaster Horus Lupercal fell hard from the ranks of the Primarchs – and took half the Imperium with him.

THE DARK KNIGHT: Having a martial code of honour yet an undeniable leaning towards evil deeds, Prince Vhordrai of the Soulblight vampires is built on the Dark Knight archetype.

THE PHILOSOPHER: The ethereal supreme Aun'Va is the great philosopher king of the T'au.

Just make sure you agree with him, or it's a battlesuit surprise for you.

THE ARCHER: This archetype applies to any of our shooty characters, whether they use a bow or not. Tornus the Redeemed is a solid choice, as is Darkstrider of the T'au or the expert sniper known as the Jackal Alphas.

THE HUNTER: Neave Blacktalon is the consummate hunter in Age of Sigmar. You better hope she's not after you, because this Knight-Zephyros assassin moves like the wind (sometimes by, you know, becoming the actual wind). Shadowsun of the T'au Empire is a close second, as she has become one with the technique of the Patient Hunter.

THE KILLER: There are scions of the Blood God queuing up (badly) to represent this archetype. The mighty lord of Khorne known as Korghos Khul is so steeped in bloodshed he rarely thinks of anything else. A killer is often deliberate and cunning, however, and hence is a different archetype to the Berserker, epitomised by Khârn the Betrayer.

THE WITCH: The Nurglesque crone Fecula Flyblown is very much modelled on this archetype, and she will brew you a vile potion or two to prove it. The sinister doctor Festus the Leechlord also fits this description, and from a certain perspective, so does the vicious tree-spirit Drycha Hamadreth. If you go down to the woods today ...

THE PRIMA DONNA: The Belladonna of Commorragh, Lelith Hesperax, is a Prima Donna with a side order of Athlete. She would win every gold medal at the contest in style – and without a single doping scandal to boot.

THE ZEALOT: The Sisters of Battle have many contenders for this title. When it comes to the weaponised funeral that is the Triumph of Saint Katherine, even religious fanatics like Bael-Grimnir (who, like all of his rank, is literally named after his god) have to doff their elaborate hats.

THE MARTYR: Saint Celestine, the Living Saint, gives her life over and over in the cause of the Emperor's light and fights her way back to the materium every time. The Hallowed Knights embody this archetype too, schlepping through the worst possible war zones to die, become Reforged and then be sent back into the fight time and time again. In Warhammer lore, our martyrs don't get to die just the once ...

THE FATHER: Bringer of the deluge, Rotigus Rainfather embodies Nurgle's paternal side. He

just wants to give his putrid, plague-ridden gifts to all his children, whether they want them or not.

THE MONSTER: When it comes to sheer raging ugliness, Scyla Anfingrimm of the Blades of Khorne is hard to beat. Such is the risk you take when you walk the path to glory.

THE GUARDIAN: Captain-General Trajann Valoris of the Adeptus Custodes – an organisation that has stood watch over the Emperor for ten millennia – is a character built on this archetype. In a way, he is a guardian of the Imperium itself.

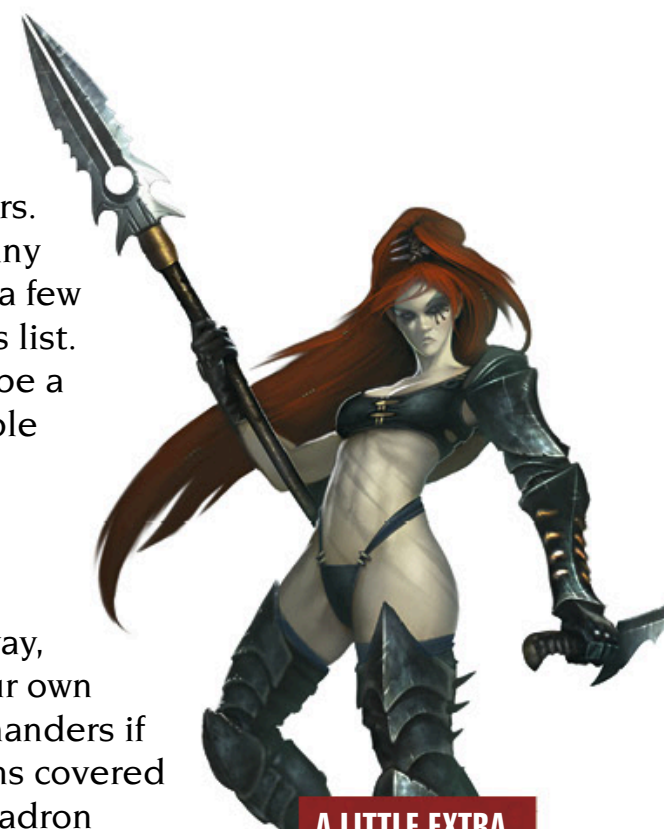
THE APPARITION: The Mortarch Lady Olynder is a character based on this classic and unsettling trope.

THE GOLEM: Once set on a path, the golem never stops. Murderfang of the Space Wolves fits this niche, having to literally be frozen between battles to stop his single-minded rampage.

THE LUNATIC: Though he cuts a dash in his golden finery, Prince Sigvald the Magnificent – the favoured son of Slaanesh – is quite, quite mad.

THE OLD MAN: After coming out of retirement to take on his nemesis Ghazghkull Thraka, Commissar Yarrick is still fighting hard against the bestial scourge of the Orks. What a guy. Nemesor Zahndrekh also fits the bill here, being broken in mind but quite chipper about it. At least he has the guardian Vargard Obyron to look after him.

As you can see, there are a great many archetypes to choose from when building your own characters. This is not an exhaustive list by any means; I'm sure you can identify a few more that I have missed from this list. In principle, they should ideally be a type of person rather than a simple profession; sometimes the most interesting characters come from having an archetype and a profession clash rather than complement each other. Either way, you can add a lot of power to your own home-brewed leaders and commanders if you base them around the notions covered in this article. What would a Kharadron Overlords Rebel be like, for instance, or a Lunatic in the ranks of the Lumineth Realm-lords? It might feel like a shorthand technique at first, but it's a great starting point. Give your own characters a twist or two, and you'll end up with something really memorable that you and your gaming group will enjoy talking about for many years to come.



A LITTLE EXTRA READING

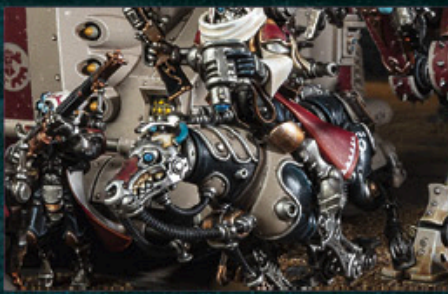
What would you like to read about in Worlds of Warhammer? Let us know your thoughts, and we'll pass them on to Phil!

team@whitedwarf.co.uk

WARHAMMER 40,000

In the grim darkness of the far future, there is only war! Plus rules for fighting in the Charadon War Zone, a modelling and painting article about Forge World Metalica and the Golden Demon Winners Challenge.





FORGE WORLD METALICA

Turn to page 16 for eight pages of modelling and painting advice on creating an army from Forge World Metalica. Leadbelcher paint required.



FAITH UNDER FIRE

The Golden Demon Winners Challenge is back! Turn to page 44 to see the first batch of incredible entries from our Sisters of Battle-themed challenge.





FORGE WORLD METALICA

Galactic War Hosts is a series of modelling and painting articles focusing on the many factions and sub-factions of the 41st Millennium. In this instalment, we journey deep into the Charadon Sector in search of the Skitarii Legions of Forge World Metalica.

Metalica: the Gleaming Giant of Ultima Segmentum. From afar, the world appears as a shining metal sphere suspended in the firmament. Up close, that impression is confirmed, for Metalica is, indeed, a world made almost entirely of metal. There is no bedrock, no crust of earth, no dust or soil. No flora grows on its barren landscape – no trees or flowers, not a single blade of grass – and no fauna walks its surface. This is all by design, for every scrap of indigenous life was eradicated from Metalica by the Adeptus Mechanicus many millennia ago. Mountains were flattened and replaced with continent-spanning manufactorums. Rivers and lakes became canals and reservoirs filled with mercury and molten lead. Deserts became dunes of metal swarf as forests made way for planetary defences, barracks and forges. The clouds turned to poisonous smog and acid fell from the polluted sky. Metalica gleamed amidst the stars, a monument to industry and a shrine to the Omnissiah.

THE OMNISSIAN LEGIONS

Though all endemic life was scoured from its surface, Metalica – like all forge worlds – is now home to billions upon billions of the Machine God's fanatical followers. Watching over them are the Skitarii Legions, vast armies of cybernetic warriors who defend the planet from attack and prosecute the forge world's wars further afield. Like all Skitarii, the warriors of Metalica are cold and calculating, showing nothing in the way of emotion or empathy and living only to fulfil their duty to the Omnissiah. Yet even among the Adeptus Mechanicus, the Metalican Skitarii are regarded as implacable and domineering. As they advance in unfaltering lines, their loudspeakers and vox-hailers unleash a deafening cacophony of binharic cant, prayers and white noise upon the enemy. Such devotion to the Machine God is much admired by the Cult Mechanicus, whose followers – most notably Electro-Priests – often join the Metalican war convocations.



Metalica has been invaded many times over the millennia, though it has always prevailed. Since the opening of the Great Rift, daemonic assaults have become more commonplace.

THE RED GAUNTLET

The symbol of Metalica is a raised fist holding a hammer. The hammer represents the heavy industry of Metalica and the never ending production of its millions of forges. The fist represents Metalica's vast armies, from its Skitarii Legions to the vaunted Titans of the Legio Metalica. The cog below the icon is a traditional symbol of the Adeptus Mechanicus.



Creating an army from Metalica is an exciting prospect for modellers and painters alike. The forge world's white and red colour scheme can be simply achieved (as shown over the page), while still leaving plenty of scope for more experienced painters to show off their talents. Adeptus Mechanicus models are an excellent opportunity to try out battle damage and weathering techniques, which show up especially well against white robes and armour. Why not try painting some freehand icons and cog-tooth patterns, or maybe even some object source lighting on power cells and energy weapons?

But the painting doesn't stop there. What's the story behind your Metalican cohorts? Perhaps they are fighting on their home world against an Ork or Death Guard invasion. Their bases could be painted as corroded metal to show the entropy inflicted by Nurgle's invasions. They could carry Ork heads as trophies; the Skitarii of Metalica can be pretty brutal! Maybe they're fighting off-world, and their holy white robes are covered in the grime of a muddy battlefield or the dust of an arid desert. Perhaps they're fighting a protracted war, and their armour and war machines are scratched and dented from years of use. How about including unique markings to show where your Skitarii have earned battle honours, or painting a unit of Kastelan Robots to represent some legendary automatons that have joined your host?

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

THROUGH PERFECTION, ENLIGHTENMENT

This faceless Skitarii Vanguard is a great example of what an Adeptus Mechanicus warrior from Metalica may look like. The outsides of his robes are white, representing the sterile perfection of his lifeless world. The insides are a deep crimson, showing the forge world's links with Holy Mars. Any cog-tooth designs, rank markings and Metalica's own emblem are also picked out in red. This trooper's armour and prostheses are a bare gunmetal grey, just like the metal crust that covers his home world. Touches of gold or brass often indicate rank. The icon of the Adeptus Mechanicus is picked out on his chest. The skull is always painted black on its right-hand side. This symbolises the subjugation of the brain's creative side with more logical-thinking bionics.



PAINTING THE LEGIONS OF METALICA

The off-white and red colour scheme of Forge World Metalica is highly distinctive and easy to recognise on the battlefield. Here we show you how to apply it to your models.

SKITARII RANGER

While the warriors of Metalica wear pale robes, the rest of their colour scheme is pretty dark, so this model was undercoated with Chaos Black spray to make painting those other areas easier.

The first stage on this Ranger was the metal. In the example below, all the silver metal areas have been basecoated neatly (we do try to look professional) and then washed and highlighted.

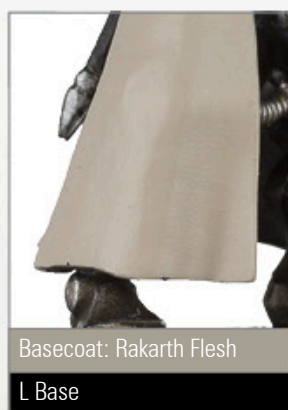
However, because it is the first colour on the model, you can easily get away with

applying the Leadbelcher basecoat quite messily, washing the metalwork and then drybrushing it. Not only is this extremely quick, but it adds a great weathered texture to the metalwork. You can then apply all your other colours as normal over the top.

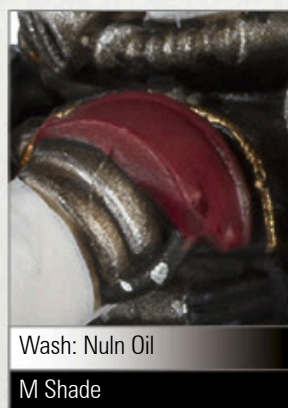
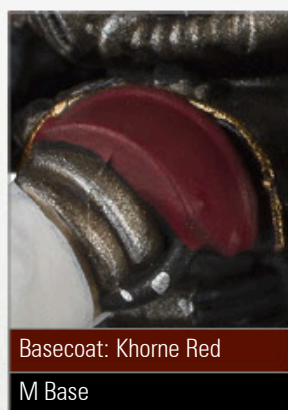
Evil Sunz Scarlet was used for the cog-toothed edging on the model's robes. We recommend marking out the pattern with lots of equidistant straight lines, then filling in the alternate ones to create the cog teeth.



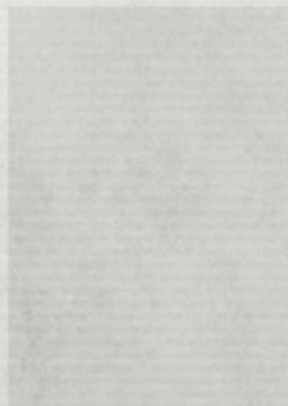
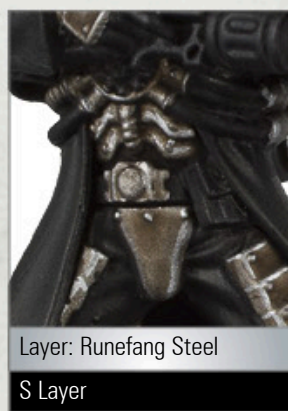
WHITE CLOTH



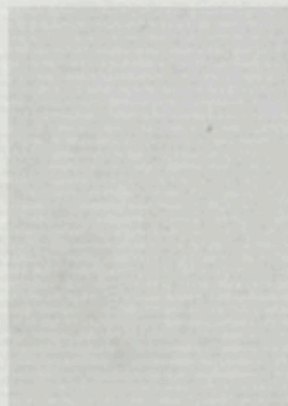
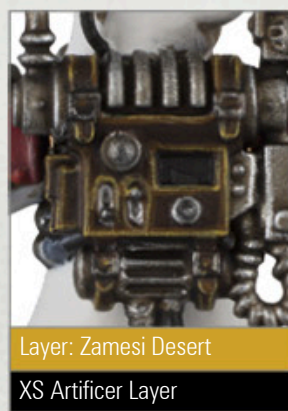
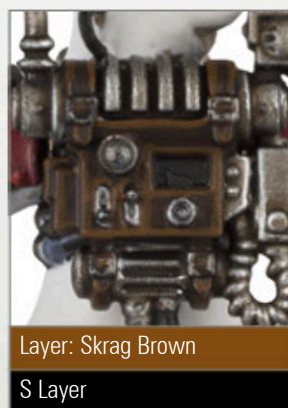
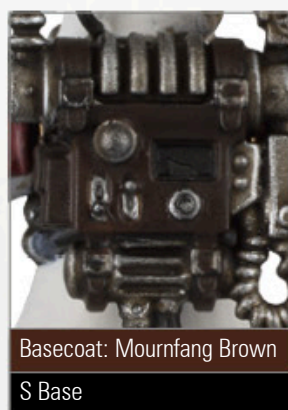
RED ARMOUR



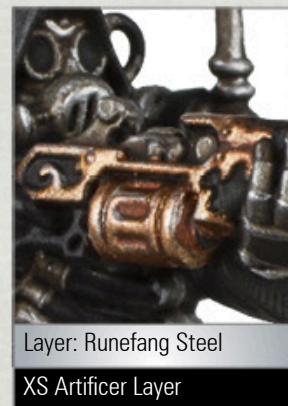
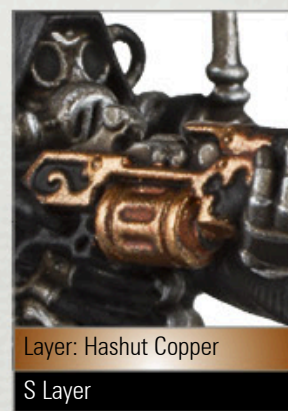
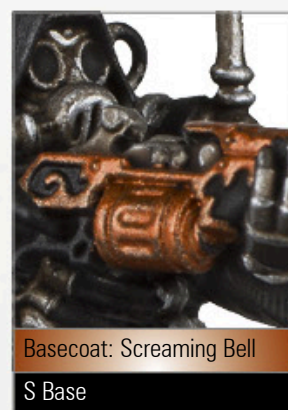
METAL



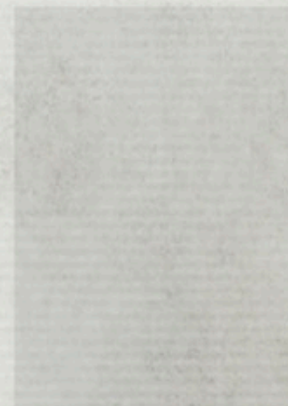
BACKPACK



BRASS



LENSES





KATAPHRON BREACHER

While the robes and dust cloaks worn by Metalica's warriors are an off-white, the armour of their vehicles (including the tracked units of Kataphron Breachers) is more of a cream colour. This slightly darker colour is ideal for weathering, leaving plenty of scope for oil streaks, battle damage and scratches (as shown below). Gore-grunta Fur applied sparingly looks great as oil, while a light stippling of Rhinox Hide with a small sponge works perfectly for chipped paint. This Breacher has also had markings applied to its armour using the colours from the Red Armour swatches shown opposite. The spot colour for Metalica is pale blue, which contrasts well with the warm red iconography and cream robes. It helps draw the eye to the focal parts of the model: the reflective lenses on the model's face and the glowing blue power cell on its weaponry.



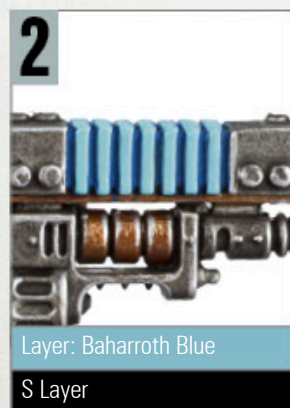
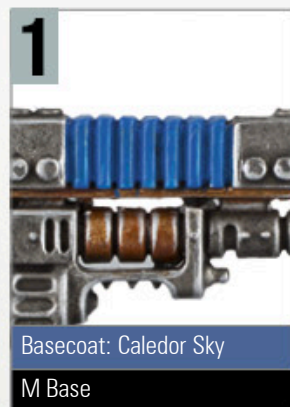
WARHAMMER TV PAINTING VIDEOS

Love painting guides? Then check out the Warhammer TV YouTube page for some more useful painting tips and advice. There are handy guides on there for painting Metalica robes, bone-coloured armour, plasma coils, battle damage and Martian earth bases like the ones shown here. You'll have a Skitarii Legion painted in no time!

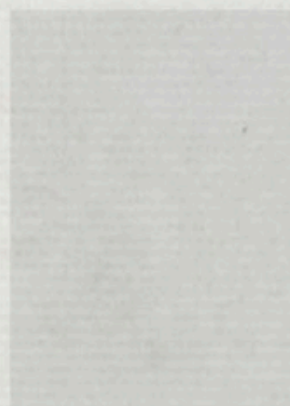
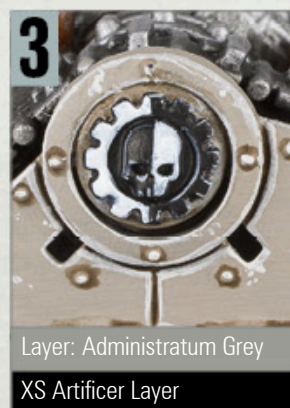
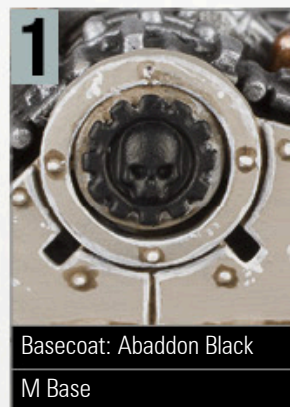
ARMOUR



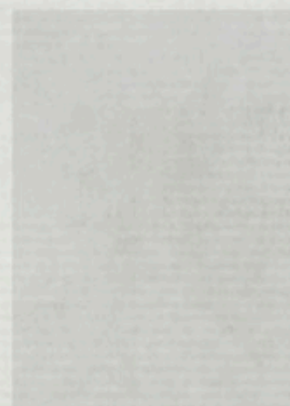
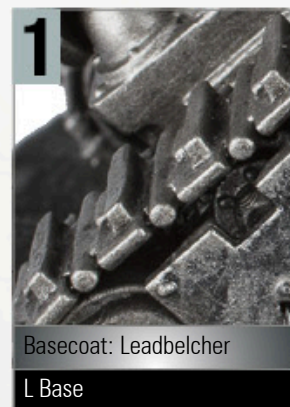
PLASMA



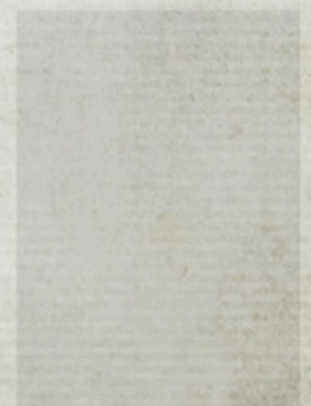
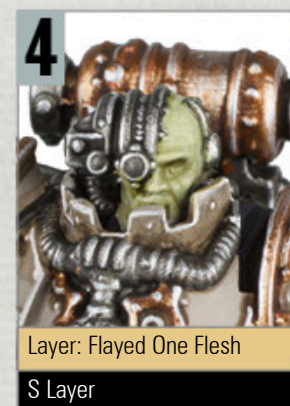
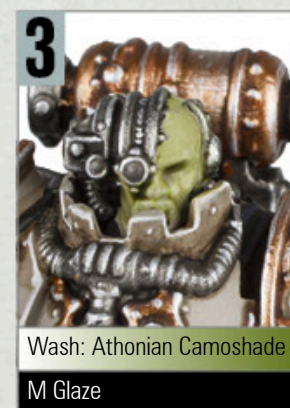
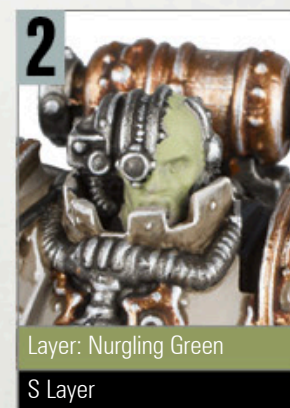
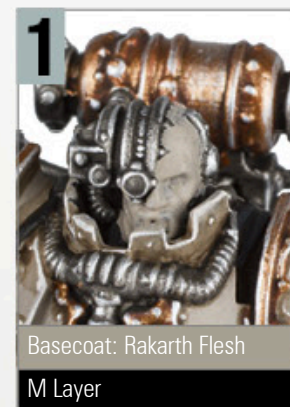
COG SYMBOL



METAL TRACKS



FLESH



PAINING AND CONVERTING YOUR ARMIES

Forge worlds are home to many strange and unusual warriors, and Metalica is no exception. Here we feature a gallery of models converted and painted by the finest artisans Metalica has to offer.

The Adeptus Mechanicus offer a huge wealth of modelling and painting opportunities. You only have to look at the artwork in the codex to get an idea of how varied and unusual they can be. The Skitarii and Cult Mechanicus warriors of Metalica are no exception to this rule, and while they have a well-defined colour scheme, there are plenty of ways to apply it, such as weathering and battle damage, unit markings, different basing styles and different

coloured energy sources and power weapons. No two Metalica forces need ever look the same! Similarly, there is plenty of scope for conversion work. No follower of the Machine God would object to extra bionics or another pair of limbs. Using heads or weapons from other kits can make your characters stand out. You could even collect a different army entirely and 'borrow' Adeptus Mechanicus gear. Ork Lootas, perhaps, or even the dreaded Dark Mechanicum ...

SICARIAN RUSTSTALKERS BY KRystal TOOKER

Krystal painted her Ruststalkers to show they are on a mission to the nearby agri-world of Torthusa, a world of subterranean caverns covered in bioluminescent fungi. The mushrooms are sculpted from modelling

putty around a tiny bit of wire and then painted Lothorn Blue and Thousand Sons Blue, with white added in for the lighter dots. The Ruststalkers' armour is painted with Dawnstone and Corax White.



LOOTED SKORPIUS BY ADAM COOPER

Metalica has been invaded by Orks many times, and the Orks love to build stuff from the world's scrap piles. Adam got the idea for his Looted Skorpius after listening to the *Brutal Kunnin* audiobook, in which a Mek rebuilds one. He used a Skorpius as the base of the model, plus a smasha gun from the Mek Gun kit, a handful of Gretchin and parts from his bitz box. Adam crewed his mobile gun platform with grots, reasoning that no self-respectin' Ork would ever hover into battle.





SERBERYS RAIDERS BY LUKE BLICK

Luke converted his Serberys Raiders using the taser lance arms from the Ironstrider kit. He airbrushed the white areas with a mix of Dawnstone and Tallarn Sand to give them a warmer tone, then airbrushed them again with Corax White before applying oil paints as weathering. The metallic areas, by contrast are painted Leadbelcher, washed with Nuln Oil and drybrushed with Leadbelcher again so that they look dark compared to the white. The bases are also painted as metal, just like the surface of Metalica.



SKITARII RANGERS BY JAMES PERRY

Studio painter James recently started work on a small Metalica collection and began with this unit of ten Skitarii Rangers. He painted their dust cloaks using Rakarth Flesh as a basecoat, followed by a wash of

Agrax Earthshade. He then applied a layer of Rakarth Flesh before building up to Pallid Wych Flesh through several mixes of the two colours. You can see more of James's models over the page.



**PRAETOR ELECTROLID
BY DAN HARDEN**

Dan converted this Tech-Priest Dominus to represent a high-ranking Electro-Priest from Metalica. He cut off the model's hands and replaced them with Corpuscarii gauntlets and generator manacles. He then grafted the model's Omnissian axe onto one of his other bionic limbs. To finish the model off, he added a pair of Corpuscarii electrostatic generators to the model's back and linked the power cables to its eradication ray.



**TECH-PRIEST MANIPULUS
BY DREW PALIES**

Drew painted this Tech-Priest, the Secutarii Hoplites and the Macrocarid Explorer to represent a small acquisition force from Metalica. He picked Metalica because he wanted to try out some new weathering techniques that would show up best on white armour. To achieve the weathered effect, he followed a Tau painting guide for Vior'la Sept. The bases are rust-coloured weathering pigments applied over Astrogranite Debris.



**KATAPHRON BREACHER
BY JAMES PERRY**

James painted his Kataphron Breacher using similar colours to his Rangers, but instead of applying an Agrax Earthshade wash as the second stage, he painted on paint chips and battle damage with Dryad Bark, highlighted around these areas with Pallid Wych Flesh, then shaded just the recesses of the armour with Agrax Earthshade. James also added a red stripe to the Kataphron's track guards to denote which unit it is in.



**TECH-PRIEST DOMINUS
BY JAMES PERRY**

James painted the red armour and red robe details on his models differently to help differentiate between the two textures. He also added purple as a spot colour to his Tech-Priest Dominus on the model's glass vials. James started by painting a horizontal line across the vials with Naggaroth Night, then highlighted through lighter purples up to Dechala Lilac. He used White Scar for the final reflective highlight and the tiny bubbles.



**AXIOM MANIPLE
BY ANDY HOARE**

These Titans are part of Andy's Axiom maniple for Adeptus Titanicus. Their colour scheme is inspired by a trio of Epic Titans that appeared in *White Dwarf* back in the 1990s. Andy painted them on the frames and started by spraying them Chaos Black. He then dusted them with Leadbelcher spray followed by washes of Nuln Oil and Seraphim Sepia. The carapaces are airbrushed Word Bearers Red, Khorne Red and Troll Slayer Orange while the black and white panels were covered with masking tape and sprayed white. Andy painted the heads silver because they're clearly metal heads!





SECUTARII HOPLITES BY DREW PALIES

Drew painted the white areas of his Explorator group using Rakarth Flesh as a basecoat before adding in White Scar for successive highlights. He shaded the armour with Baneblade Brown followed by Gorthor

Brown, then Rhinox Hide in the very deepest recesses. The models' arc lances are bright blue – Kantor Blue highlighted with Thousand Sons Blue, Teclis Blue and Baharroth Blue – to contrast with the white and red.



MACROCARID EXPLORATOR BY DREW PALIES

Drew painted his tank using the same colours as his infantry, but then he sprayed the whole model with gloss varnish. Following this, he applied a thinned-down wash of Seraphim Sepia mixed with 'Ardcoat over the

whole model, then another wash of thinned-down Agrax Earthshade Gloss, both to build up a patina of dirt. He then sprayed the tank with Munitorum Varnish before applying weathering pigments.





THE TRI-FORGE CLUSTER



The galaxy is being torn asunder, new war zones exploding into life with ever-increasing frequency. In the fourth part of this Flashpoints series, the industrial worlds of the Charadon Sector come under attack from the Death Guard and Thousand Sons.

WHAT ARE FLASHPOINTS?

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

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

When the Death Guard invaded the Charadon Sector, forces from the 2nd and 4th Plague Companies attacked the Tri-forge Cluster of the Phlegyr Sub-sector, seeking to seize its considerable manufacturing capability for their own. What they found was a region of space already embroiled in war. The Thousand Sons, rampant rogue psykers and countless Tzeentchian cults were waging a rapidly escalating conflict against defending Imperial forces.

To the followers of Nurgle, the number three bears near as much ritual significance as the number seven, for the tri-lobe sigil of the Plague God is always formed from three orbs or circles. The Tri-forge Cluster is a triple tri-lobe – it has three systems, each with three planets. This was highly auspicious to the Death Guard, and because of this, they were certain that victory in the region would be theirs. To achieve this victory, they first had to defeat the Tzeentchian cults and Thousand Sons that opposed them. Yet these



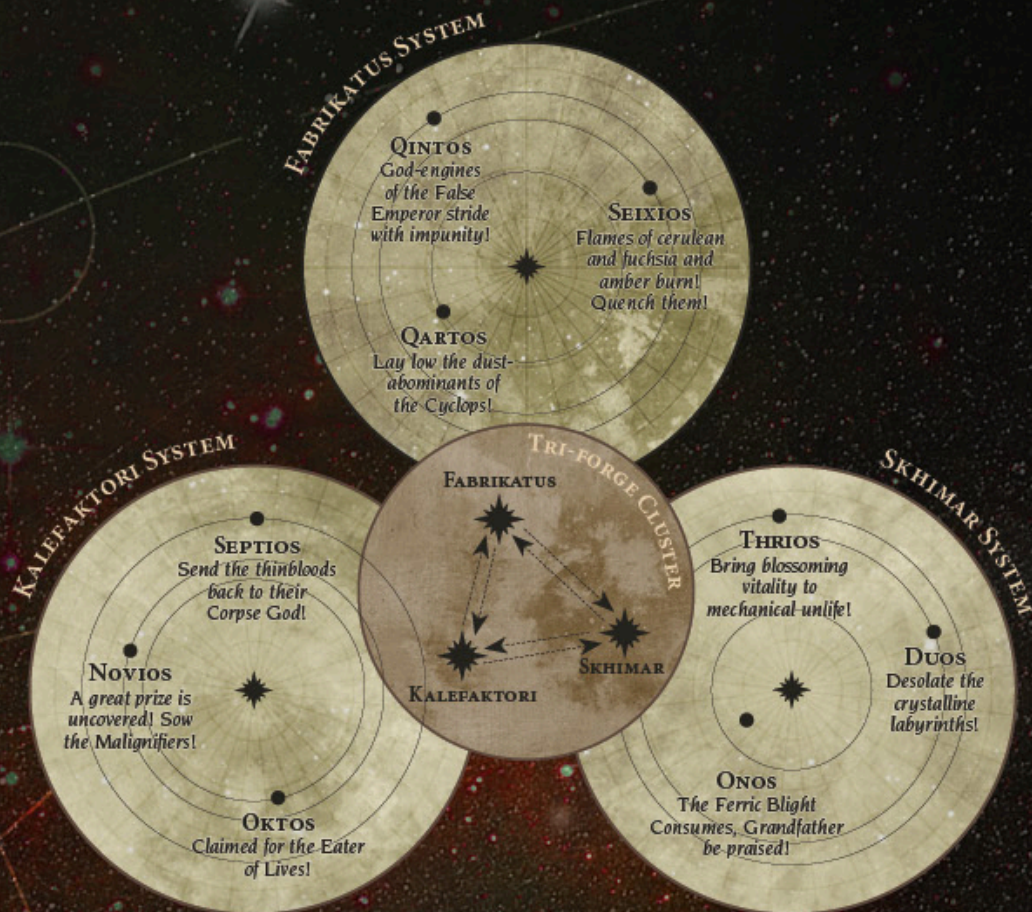


foes were also convinced that they fought an auspicious and favoured war. There are nine planets in the Tri-forged Cluster, and nine is the sacred number of Tzeentch. Both sides believed the eyes of their respective deities were upon them, and they fought all the more ferociously in the hope of being granted favour by their divine patrons.

War had taken hold of every planet in the cluster when the Death Guard arrived. Factoriums that once rang with the sounds of industry instead now echoed with those of close-quarters combat. Adeptus Mechanicus Skitarii and Imperial Guardsmen held their ground against hordes of screaming cultists. Warriors of the Adepta Sororitas martyred themselves in droves to protect shrines and relics from desecration. Logisticarum hubs were set ablaze in the furious battles between Imperial Knights and their heretical equivalents. After the Death Guard's invasion, the forces of change and decay clashed, determined to destroy the other entirely in the name of their depraved deities.

THRIOS

The Death Guard wasted little time in converting the world of Thrios to suit their needs. Even as battles with the defending Astra Militarum and Adepta Sororitas raged, the vectorium of the Carrion Brotherhood sowed great swathes of the world's landscape with hundreds upon hundreds of Miasmatic Malignifiers. These grotesque plague furnaces corrupted the ground in which they were embedded as quickly as they polluted the air with belches of noxious fumes. The tech-magi of the Dark Mechanicum enclave known as the Seven-spoked Ruincog took over factoriums seized by the Death Guard, the Heretic Astartes handing control of the sites over to them.



In the Thrennan Desert, numerous vectoriums attacked the many thousands of promethium drill sites, pipe relays and impoverished rigger clans that populated it. The barren land was soon shrouded in immense clouds of smog as promethium wells and stores were set ablaze in the fighting. Tzeentch-worshipping psykers attempted to manipulate the fires into raging infernos and cast them into the ranks of traitorous Astra Militarum regiments aligned with the Death Guard. Through it all, the Heretic Astartes ploughed inexorably, restoring every ruined drill site they captured and corrupting it for their god.





The Sludge was once a large freshwater lake that filled out an ancient meteorite crater. It took a few millennia for the waste of Imperial industry to turn the whole area into a vast refuse-swamp. The plagues spread by the Death Guard invasion mutated the feral creatures that lived there, creating beasts monstrous beyond all imagination. They were as dangerous to Imperial forces as they were to those aligned with Nurgle. The vectorium known as the Poxherders took sick delight in culling some of the species created or capturing others for experimentation or use in war. The Foul Blightspawn and Biologus Putrifiers of the warband harvested scores of venoms, toxins and maladies from the landscape as well as the hideous monsters that inhabited it. What they brewed there they used against Thrios' Hive Beranthis. The hive dissolved from the inside out and was reduced to a literal primordial soup, out of which countless more diseases and creatures rapidly evolved.

Many of Thrios' citizens tried to escape, and the planet's leadership devoted considerable military resources to aid them. The great throngs of disease-ridden cultists who followed the Death Guard did everything in their power to stop any from fleeing. They rigged transport networks with plague-laced explosives and ambushed armoured columns. In one clash, an entire regiment of Thrios Steambelchers' Lemn Russ Battle Tanks escorted a huge convoy rushing to a spaceport for evacuation. A traitorous Astra Militarum armoured force, once proud Cadians but now worshippers of Nurgle, launched countless hit-and-run attacks over the course of several days. Each time, they inflicted losses, and each time, they were able to spread more contagions throughout the column. By the time the Imperial convoy reached the spaceport, most of the survivors were too diseased to move, and all were dead in a matter of days.

BROKEN LANCES

The Death Guard warband known as the Rustwalkers, from the 4th Plague Company, seized a factorum producing Hellhound tank variants early in the campaign for Thrios. Their Sorcerers and Dark Mechanicum allies soon twisted the factorum's ancient machinery to suit their own ends and warped the machine spirits of the fighting vehicles produced there. The new tanks were ferocious, and the factorums produced scores with each passing day. The Death Guard crewed them with some of their most fanatical followers, and in many cases, mutation and empyric forces fused these plague-zealots completely with the tanks' structures.

After several weeks, lances of House Adamant and Althalos Knights launched an attack against the factorum, supported by battalions of Thrios Furnaceguard infantry. Ferund Irnwelt, the Rustwalkers' lord, let Imperial forces advance through the factorum's outer reaches. Such was the predatory hunger of his corrupted battle tanks' machine spirits that he had some chained up to stop them from springing the ambush too early. He deployed only minimal

forces to bait the attackers, staging feigned retreats and allowing them small victories against cultists.

Only once the Imperial forces had advanced deep enough into the factorum did Irnwelt launch his counter-attack. Bloated cultists brought rusted axes down upon the chains holding his tanks down, and hundreds of them thundered into the attack. Though the Knights culled many, blowing them apart with volleys of cannon fire or plunging powered spears into their flanks, sheer weight of numbers told. The potency of the Hellhounds', Devildogs' and Banewolves' weapons was heightened, thanks to the plague cocktails brewed by the Death Guard. Knights were toppled when their legs were reduced to slurry. Their pilots were dragged out, slaughtered and strung up by cultists. Other Knights were coated in burning promethium that ate through their cabling, or were melted by the searing heat of melta cannon blasts. As the battle wore on, the Death Guard themselves conducted flanking operations, slaughtering any who moved to stop them and slowly surrounding the Imperial forces. No loyalist survived.



DUOS

The scions of Magnus the Red already had a very strong hold over the world of Duos when the Death Guard arrived in the Tri-forged Cluster, and they had completely transformed it from the Imperial world it had once been. Thus the scions of Mortarion were especially determined to conquer it – both to dishonour their hated rivals and demonstrate the greatness of their own deity. In the Battle of Warp-flesh and Warp-engine, murder-packs of Death Guard Defilers grappled with herds of Mutalith Vortex Beasts. Thousands of the creatures had been fused together by the raw magic that flowed around Duos, thanks to the domination of the Thousand Sons. Scores of Defilers were torn apart by whirling masses of teeth and tentacles. Hundreds of beasts were sliced to pieces by the Defilers' powerful pincers, or were blown into puddles of warp-infused ooze by battle-cannon fire. The wreckage and bodies piled up until only one Defiler and one Vortex Beast remained alive. Such was the fury of that final beast-duel that neither survived.

In the Battle for the Amethyst Palace, Blightlord Terminators engaged warriors of the Scarab Occult. The palace was an ever-shifting quartz maze. Initially, this was of little concern to the Death Guard; foul effluences dripped from their armour and stained the floor, showing them where they had been before. The strength of Tzeentchian magic was so great, however, that even these trails of diseased fluids were quickly eradicated after they fell, giving them no idea of where they had been. Scarab Occult Terminators successfully ambushed the Death Guard time and time again, and wicked-edge khopeshes met slime-coated plagueswords in vicious clashes. The scions of Mortarion were worn down, their number reduced one by one by an enemy they could never find

until they came under attack. Only when the Death Guard were reduced to a shadow of their starting strength did the Thousand Sons Sorcerer leading the Scarab Occult, Arrakesh Hadyaemus, reveal himself. In a blast of searing purple fire, he obliterated the last standing scions of Mortarion, reducing them to ash that was soon wiped away by the magic of the maze, leaving no trace of them.

A huge daemon-war broke out on the Mirror Plain, an entire continent that had been made flat and perfectly reflective through the Thousand Sons' sorcery. The system's reflected starlight was tinted by a sanity-blasting kaleidoscope of unnatural hues thanks to Tzeentchian magicks, and combined with the reflective properties of the glass, a skyscape of ever-fluctuating hues was created. Beneath this dazzling display, Sorcerers of Nurgle and Tzeentch summoned almighty hordes of daemons. Twisted daemoniac trees shattered the mirror surface as they erupted from beneath it. Bounding fungoid abominations jetted warpflame across ranks of shambling plague daemons. Fanged beasts made of decaying blubber crushed gangly pink and blue creatures. The fighting raged on for months and months, becoming a stalemate in which no side had advantage over the other. The glass of the Mirror Plain clarified and blazed with Tzeentchian light whenever the Changer of the Ways' followers were in ascendance. When the daemons of Nurgle gained the upper hand, the glass furred with mould and bubbled like a diseased lake. As a result, the skyscape in turn was transformed, becoming filled with fiery light when the forces of Tzeentch were winning or a sludgy shroud when the forces of Nurgle seemed to be winning. The two skylscapes seemed to be at war themselves, creating a heavenly clash of esoteric powers mirroring the battle below.

THE SAPPHIRE FOREST

Every tree of the Sapphire Forest was made from gemstones of purest azure. The rivers and streams that ran through the forest flowed with rubies of the most beautiful crimson. Caves glistened with emeralds. Diamond spiders spun webs of opal, and felines with eyes of jet and bodies of turquoise stalked the landscape in search of prey.

Many herds of Tzaangor populated the forest, tending ever-burning fires that flickered with hues of indigo and violet. They interpreted what they believed was the will of Tzeentch in the embers and the dances of the flames.

To the Death Guard, the forest was ripe for the blessings of Grandfather Nurgle. The Lord of Contagion Poxflab the Slayer sought to topple every tree, pollute every rivulet and slaughter every creature. He wanted to bulldoze the crystal trees, and as such the host was preceded by a rolling wall of Death Guard armoured vehicles, from Land Raiders crammed with Plague Marines to the rumbling hulks of Plagueburst Crawlers that ploughed the trees into the ground with their inexorable progress. Meanwhile, Foetid Bloat Drones thrummed above the glittering canopy, drizzling filth to choke the prismatic blooms and spread withering blights from above.

The Tzaangor responded, rushing out to meet them in droves, barking war cries and desperate for vengeance. Their attacks were rapid and furious, their knowledge of the forest and their great agility giving them advantage against the ponderous Death Guard. They herded Mutalith Vortex Beasts and Chaos Spawn into battle with them to crush tanks and Daemon Engines. Tzaangor Sorcerers shot balls of burning empyric energy at Death Guard warriors. But the Death Guard held, their formidable resilience seeing them through the ferocious Tzaangor attacks.

The fighting became a war of attrition. Poxflab the Slayer had no strategy besides grind forwards, on and on, killing and destroying all in his path. Compared to the Heretic Astartes warriors, the Tzaangor were physically weaker and could rarely stand toe to toe in open battle. Their attacks lost all momentum, and the Tzeentchian beasts were pushed back. Though they fought bitterly against the Death Guard, Poxflab wiped them out, and in his wake a new forest grew, one of rotting greenery and mud streams where flies droned in the billions.



SEPTIOS

Much of the factory world of Septios is made up of lowlands, laced with river networks flowing from its relatively few mountainous regions. Much of its industrial output was carried out thanks to vast hydroelectric and tidal power stations. It was a paradise for the Death Guard; even before their assault, it was known for its mud and the swarms of insects that burst out of it in the summer months. Septios' governor, Heria Lorgenn, did not neglect her world's defence and had done much to ensure her planet's infrastructure was as secure as it could be. Her planet's enormously difficult conditions produced tough fighting troops, who Lorgenn equipped very well.

The Heretic Astartes used the planet against its defenders during their invasion. With the power of Nurgle behind them, they made mud lakes bubble with contagions or liquefied them so that they swallowed entire companies of Astra Militarum soldiery. The swarms of insects – a plague in its own right for the inhabitants – were mutated to plague fly swarms billions strong that stripped some unfortunate souls to the bone in seconds.

Bridges were commonplace on Septios, and they were vital to communications and logistics. Lorgenn had ensured as many as possible were fortified and garrisoned. The Zoreen Bridge System consisted of five bridges all situated on one stretch of river that was a kilometre wide. A huge amount of industrial traffic passed over them daily. It was defended by a regiment of Septios Mudsharks infantry, companies of Septios Iron-bulls tanks and Sky-clearer anti-air batteries. The defenders were well drilled. When the Death Guard attacked, they waded into the river kilometres upstream and downstream from the bridge system and slipped beneath the surface. The Death Guard left filth trails on the water surface where they progressed, and though the defenders did notice them, they did not realise the danger until it was too late. When the Plague Marines emerged onto the river banks within their defence line, filthy water sluicing from their armour, the Imperial forces were fatally outmanoeuvred. This did not stop the defenders from reacting swiftly, and many Death Guard were slain when quick-reacting Imperial officers set up ferocious crossfires between the bridges and river banks, but it was not enough to prevent



the traitors from ripping the heart from the Imperial defence and claiming the bridge.

The Hydrontus-magna dam was but one of hundreds all over Septios. Millions of citizens and dozens of factorums depended upon it for power. Defended with thousands of troops, anti-air batteries and powerful fixed cannons, it was a formidable target for most Death Guard forces. To the Titans of the Legio Iritans, however, it was far from impregnable. The Warlord Titan *Epidemia* and Reaver Titan *Contagia Beauteous* smashed down the great dam in a matter of minutes as the defenders' artillery shells bounced harmlessly off their void shields. While the Titans distracted much of the garrison, cultists threw thousands of corpses upstream from the dam, letting the bodies flow towards it. When the Titans were successful, millions of tons of water, full of putrefying bodies, washed through dozens of settlements for kilometres around.

The Septios Mudsharks were well-trained and disciplined infantry soldiers, toughened by lives of mud and hard labour. Many took a grim kind of pleasure from the

prospect of fighting the heretical hordes that attacked their world, confident in their endurance and that their world's misery would break the cultists. This was put to the test in many battles, in particular one the troops would later refer to as the Great Drowning. Dozens of regiments of Septios Mudsharks established defensive positions in the Gazaya Flatlands, clashing with traitor regiments following the Death Guard. Both sides dug in to the moist clay soil, established razor-wire fields and brought in artillery and tanks. Constant barrages churned the ground, turning it into a swamp of treacherous mud in a matter of weeks. As many soldiers and cultists drowned in shell holes and trenches that had filled with water as were killed by enemy fire. Continuous bombardments meant that both sides were always reconstructing devastated defence works. Corpses were buried, dug up and buried again by the process, creating layers of rotting bodies metres deep, all bursting with maggots, larvae and worms. After eleven months and truly eye-watering casualty rates, the regiments of Septios Mudsharks involved – collectively referred to by this point as the Drowned – overran the last cultist positions.



THE SEVEN FACTORUMS

The Death Guard vectorium known as Sons of Glorious Decay turned their attention to a cluster of seven factorums, which largely produced tracks for Chimera-chassis vehicles. In addition to wishing this production capacity for themselves, they also sought to fight its defenders. Space Marines of the Auric Consuls, Black Pegasi and Nightshades Chapters had turned the factorums into a rallying point for Imperial forces. The Death Guard wanted to crush it.

The Death Guard launched several attacks that failed. The defenders were aggressive, determined and motivated. Waves of cultists were destroyed in massed hails of artillery fire. Such ferocious bombardments even pushed Plague Marines back. Any heretics that got close to the Imperial positions met overlapping enfilades of heavy bolter and autocannon fire. The Adeptus Astartes sallied out on multiple occasions, wreaking havoc amongst the traitors and stopping wounded from crawling back to their lines.

The Sons of Glorious Decay were not shaken by their failure. To them, the more drawn

out the victory, the sweeter it was. They moved to surround and isolate the seven factorums, swatting aside relief forces coming to the defenders' aid as they did so. When the Death Guard resumed their assault, they did so knowing the defenders had no source of reinforcement or resupply. Tens of thousands more cultists were killed in successive assaults, but with each attack, the Death Guard drew closer to the defenders' positions. The loyalist bombardments were less intense, and other defensive fire grew increasingly sparse due to the defenders' depleting ammunition stocks. On their fourteenth assault, the Death Guard smashed through the outer defences in an all-out armoured thrust. With this breach inflicted, more Death Guard and cultists poured through, and the Imperial resistance crumbled. The defenders could not close the breach as well as defend attacks launched from every direction all around them. In a matter of days, the rest of the factorums fell in an orgy of destruction and bloodshed, with a tiny fraction of loyalist troops escaping in a desperate breakout.

THE GREAT DROWNING

On the factory world of Septios, the already high lakes and rivers have begun to rise. Sickness has taken hold. Despair is rife. There is little hope for the Imperium's defenders. But a little may be enough in this collection of battlefield exploits by Callum Davis.

Helis woke with a start. She had a throbbing headache. The back of her head stung. She put a hand to where it hurt worst. Her hand came away smeared with congealing blood.

Throne ... what happened?

As Helis got her bearings, she realised.

Leman Russ battle tank ... the Crusher ... We got hit ... The others?

The other crew were dead. They were draped over whatever they operated or had been thrown through the crew compartment by the impact of whatever hit them.

Emperor rest ... their souls.

Helis looked around more. She could see weak daylight eking its way through holes in the tank's sides. The trinkets the crew kept next to their tiny shrine of the aquila were all gone, scattered over the floor. Prayer beads were everywhere, floating in brown water that filled the bottom of the tank. It was up to her ankles. It was freezing.

She saw a hole to her left, about half the size of her fist. Water was pouring through it into the tank, fast.

Helis' heart rate quickened.

Need to get out.

She made for the escape hatch at the bottom of the Leman Russ. In training, they had always been told to exit the vehicle using the escape hatch if they had been hit; the enemy would be ready to shoot them if they tried to escape out of the top of the tank. On solid ground, the tank had more than enough ground clearance for the crew to get out.

Helis plunged her hands into the filthy water and searched for the hatch's bulky handle. When she found it she clenched her teeth, straining to lift the hatch up through the water.

With a grunt of effort, she finally lifted up the hatch.

She put her hand where the hole should have been. The mud there was so thick and clinging she almost couldn't pull her hand out again. She wiped her hand clean on her uniform and grimaced.

I'll have to use the top, then.

Leaving the escape hatch open, Helis searched for a rent in the hull or an observation point to look out of to see if there were any of the heretics around before she tried to get out. She noticed more holes leaking water into the vehicle. The water was higher now, halfway up her calves. She still had plenty of time to get out – as long as there were no enemy troops outside.

Helis looked through the holes as best as she could. There was no sign of any of the traitors. Just tank wrecks half sunk and sliding into the mud, grim clouds and heavy rain.

Sinking tanks?

Helis realised that she had to hurry. She could see the water level rising now as more holes were reaching the mud and water line. She rushed to the top hatch.

She pushed it upwards. Nothing happened.

She pushed it again. Nothing happened.

She looked up. Battle damage had warped the hatch. It was completely stuck.

Helis pushed it again and again. She shoulder-barged it. She kicked it. Nothing worked.

Oh God-Emperor, please save me, please save me. Have I not served you? Have I not fought for you?

Out of breath, clutching a hurt shoulder, Helis tried to think of another plan. The water was halfway up her thighs. She looked around. Some of her comrades' corpses were almost completely submerged. Their limbs floated above their heads in the water. All except for the commander, who was sat higher up, with—

'The vox!'

She squirmed over to the dead commander and grabbed the vox-speaker, hastily prising it from the dead grip of its former user.

'This is Loader Helis of the Leman Russ Battle Tank Crusher. Trapped in sinking vehicle. Requesting assistance. Over.'

There was no noise, not even static.

'Requesting assistance!'

Still nothing.

Please, God-Emperor, make it work!

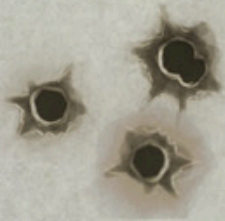
Then she saw the broken wire. Shrapnel had cut it. The vox was broken.

Helis sobbed.

'Please do not forsake me!'

She scrambled back to the top hatch, kicking and punching and barging it.

'Help! Help! Help!' she screamed, over and over, tears falling down her face as the water and the mud climbed higher and higher.



Dull thuds and booms continued. Everything shook. With each explosion, water and filth dropped from the dugout's ceiling on to the soldiers sat about on its floor.

Three days ... it's been like this for three days. Throne ... when will it stop? thought Kaj. The heretics had been bombarding their position relentlessly. For all that time, Kaj's platoon had been hunkered down in the dugout. There was just enough room for each of the forty Septios Mudsharks within to sit with their knees against their chests. The place stank of urine, sweat and the waste in the overflowing slop buckets in each corner.

Some of the troops were rocking gently. Others whispered prayers. One was tied up and gagged. The day before, he had stood up suddenly with his bayonet fixed, screamed for it to stop and ran for the door.

Emperor, don't let that happen to me, Kaj prayed.

Then, the firing stopped. The sudden silence that followed felt strange, like something was missing. It didn't last long.

'Go go go!' shouted Sergeant Grel, the acting platoon leader.

The troops ran out of the dugout as fast as possible, jostling and crushing at the hatch. The heretics would be attacking. They would scarcely be a hundred metres away. They tended to combine rolling bombardments with a very real lack of care for the survival of their own troops. Such a combination meant that when a bombardment ended, hundreds of them could have already got halfway across the open ground between the opposing trench lines.

Kaj followed Plic, the other Mudshark in his heavy bolter team. They carried the weapon between them and rushed to their gun pit, which was situated behind their trench line. They covered their eyes. Kaj had been underground so long, even the meagre sunlight that made it through the thick cloud cover was blinding. Miraculously, their emplacement hadn't been obliterated in the bombardment, though much of the trench itself had been reduced to a series of water-filled shell holes. Plic was the gunner. Kaj was the second. As Plic intoned the rites of firing, Kaj repeated the loader's prayer. It took them less than five seconds to get ready.

Kaj's eyes got used to the light only after Plic started firing in controlled bursts. They had permission to fire only one box of ammunition. Supplies were running low.

He could see the heretics. Their skin looked pallid and sickly. They were covered in boils. Some were skinny, others hideously bloated. Their armour and uniforms were tattered and shredded. Their weapons were filthy and rusted. Kaj felt the heavy bolter rounds slide over his fingers as the belt flowed into the weapon with each burst of Plic's fire. The rounds cut many of the traitors in half, spilling guts out onto the mire the heretics were crossing. Others were reduced to mist when rounds detonated inside them. The odd mortar round exploded among the heretics, sending bodies and limbs flying into the air. But not many. The mortars had an even lower firing allowance than the heavy bolters.

Kaj laughed as the enemy fell. Every one killed was vengeance for what they had endured for weeks on the front lines.

The smile fell from his face when the last few rounds slid over his outstretched hands from the box, and he saw more and more traitors coming. They were no more than ten metres away, and the bombardment had buried or shredded much of the Mudsharks' defensive razor wire entanglements.

'Time for lasguns,' Plic said.

Kaj shoved the empty ammunition box out of the way and drew his lasgun. He fired into the oncoming masses. He dropped several. The traitors made little effort to conceal themselves, and return fire was haphazard. The mud was a foe of the enemy almost as much as it was to the Imperial troops, and the heretics' formations were broken because of it.

Nonetheless, the traitors made it to the Mudsharks' defensive lines. The first to make it was a bloated thing, and it vomited violently all over the first Guardsman to meet it. The man writhed in agony before the heretic jumped on him and hacked at him repeatedly with a bayonet-fixed lasgun. Then, more heretics filled the trench. The sounds of lasfire were replaced with grunts, screams and oaths as every soldier was engaged in hand-to-hand combat.

Plic looked at Kaj. 'Now it's time for bayonets,' she said, resigned, affixing her blade to her lasgun.

Kaj swallowed, nodding. He pulled his bayonet from its mud-caked sheath and fixed it to his lasgun. His hands shook as he did so.

Emperor, grant me your strength. Get me through. Just one more time.

'Time to go,' said Plic. 'Emperor be with you.'

'Emperor be with you.'



Heln wretched as he looked around in the heretic trench his company had just taken. He shook with adrenaline from the assault. He gripped his trench mace tightly. Blood and brains coated its weighted head. The traitors had apparently made no effort to keep any kind of order. Detritus and Human waste were everywhere. There was no sign of any dugouts, and bits of corpses stuck out of the trench walls and bottom – arms, legs, even a leering head, which had a number of maggots wriggling around its eye sockets and mouth. Heln saw one of the creatures drop out of the corpse's nose into the mud of the trench floor.

Bodies were everywhere. Many were fresh from the fighting; Heln's company of Septios Mudsharks had killed scores of the traitors and had lost as many in return. Others were much older, putrefying in the clay. Even through his rebreather, Heln could taste the foul stench.



Throne ... is this what becomes of those who would fall away from Your light?

'We need this place purged before they counter-attack,' said Captain Ojun. 'Gather up enemy weapons and destroy them. Burn the bodies. Thank the Emperor for our victory and another day alive in His service.'

Where do you begin with this?

Heln saw Gelif start picking up weapons – cleavers, autoguns, lasguns, shotguns – and piling them up. He could tell it was her, despite the fact that she was wearing a breather, by the Imperial eagle pendant she wore around her neck. She had only joined the company in the hours before they attacked. Half of the troops she arrived with were already dead, their bodies floating in flooded shell holes, blown to smithereens or cut apart by defensive fire.

Heln started picking up weapons, too.

He jumped when he heard a muffled scream. He looked up.

'Throne!'

Gelif had placed her hand on the trench wall next to the rotting head poking out of it. The head had clamped to her hand with its jaws.

'Get it off me get it off me!'

Heln drew his mace, but Corporal Vyn got their first. She drove her bayonet into the head right up to the weapon's hilt.

'What in the Emperor's name is going on?' Vyn asked, eyes wide.

No one had time to answer before there was another scream. A Mudshark had his leg held in a vice-like grip by another corpse. Then another soldier was seized, then another.

'They aren't dead yet—' shouted Captain Ojun, just as a corpse rose, grabbed him by the head and bit deeply into his neck.

All around him, Heln saw his comrades wrestling with the corpses that had come to life. Troops with months of experience were dragged into the mud. Others' skulls were dashed apart by the monsters, or their tongues were pulled out of their mouths.

Oh throne oh throne.

'Help me!' one Mudshark pleaded.

Heln shook violently. He dropped his mace. He dropped his lasgun.

He climbed out of the trench and ran.



Merya heard the high-pitched whine of the saw blade seconds before she heard the screaming. She was long inured to the agonised cries of wounded soldiers, only recognising the horror of the sound in an intellectual manner. The field hospital had never had anaesthetics drugs and had run out of amasec by the end of its first day of operation. She no longer noticed the smell, which was thick with gangrene, blood and Human waste.

She saw spurts of blood spray on to a thin, stained sheet that separated the cot of the amputee-to-be from the rest of the wounded. Merya walked towards the operation, past dozens of injured soldiers. Many had stumps where limbs had once been, wrapped in pus- and blood-stained bandages. Others hacked and coughed, spitting blood into rusted buckets. All sported buboes, sores and pustules. Fat flies droned around all of them. Wherever she walked, coughing slowed, flies moved away and wounds wept less. But whenever she was gone, the maladies came back. The Emperor's blessing was with her, Merya was sure, but she could not be everywhere at once.

I must go where the Emperor wishes me most.

Merya waded through thick mud that rose above her ankles. Had she not been clad in power armour, the mire would have claimed any footwear she might have worn. Almost all of the orderlies squelched around barefoot. She saw some of the medicae staff replace the dressing on one wounded soldier's head. One of the soldier's eyes was gone, and her brains were exposed. The 'fresh' dressing was stained with the long-dried blood of countless former wearers.

Merya pulled the sheet back from around the man going through the amputation. He was writhing and thrashing, shoving the orderlies away who were trying to hold him down long enough for the medicae servitor with the saw blade to do its bloody work. The man had spit out the bit that would have been put between his teeth. One of his legs had been part-sliced through.

'No! No! Keep that thing away from me! Throne take you all!'

The man's eyes bulged wide, he grunted and fought.

Merya walked over to him, placing her hand on his forehead. The man was hot and dripping with perspiration. Despite all the mud, blood, grime, sweat and filth of this place, Merya's hand was pristinely clean. She looked the man in the eye and held his gaze. His rampant breathing slowed. His arms relaxed. She placed another perfect hand upon his chest. She could feel his heart rate return to

a more normal level. All the time she never looked away from him.

'Calm, guardsman. Say not His name in vain. You have shown so much courage to the Emperor fighting His enemies here. He asks of you just a little more now. Living to fight again is the greatest thing you can do to defeat our enemies, win our war and achieve peace. What is your name?'

'G ... Grun, Hospit ... Hospitaller,' he stammered.

'Grun, do you wish for those things – life, peace?'

He nodded. Tears formed in the corners of his eyes.

Merya smiled. 'Good man. I will be with you until it is over.'

She placed the hand that was on Grun's chest over his mouth.

'Do not look at it. Look only at me,' she said. 'Continue,' she said, this time addressing the orderlies and the servitor. The whine of the saw-blade reached its full pitch. The man tensed when the blade met his flesh, his eyes bulged, and he moaned. But he did not struggle against the orderlies holding him down.

When it was over, Merya herself took the man's severed limbs and went outside the field hospital tent. Cold drizzle bit at her face as she walked over to a pit. It was full of corpses and amputated body parts. Blood mingled with the rainwater that had collected at the bottom. She threw the legs in.

Merya's hands shook. A lump formed at her throat. She closed her eyes. Her lips trembled.

Emperor, grant us peace, I beseech you. We are your imperfect servants. These men and women need just a little more of your beneficence. Grant them the understanding of your power? she pleaded. She could not say the words aloud. She knew her voice would crack.

She heard the rumbling of engines.

More.

She turned around. A dozen converted Chimeras had arrived. Walking wounded struggled out of the troop compartment, and some of them lifted the stretchers bearing the more seriously wounded off the backs of the vehicles. Merya walked over to them.



THE DEATH OF INDUSTRY

The Charadon Sector has come under attack by Heretic Astartes, plunging many worlds into anarchy and disorder. The Tri-forge Cluster - once a powerhouse of Imperial industry - now risks falling into the hands of the Arch-enemy.

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

FLASHPOINTS

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

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

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



TRI-FORGE THEATRES OF WAR

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

MIRROR PLAINS OF DUOS



Duos' mirrored plains are constantly beset by optical and spatial effects thanks to the power of the warp.

Flashpoints: Tri-Forge Cluster, Charadon War Zone

Designer's Note: *If playing using this Theatre of War, we recommend that the ground level of the battlefield is fairly flat with few hills and that the terrain features consist of the remnants of the Imperial world that existed before the servants of Tzeentch worked their warping magicks.*

When fighting a battle on the Mirror Plains of Duos, the following rules apply:

Null Nodes

Over the bizarre, magic-formed landscape, small nodes of reality still exist. All are highly fragile.

Before the battle, after players have chosen their deployment zones, starting with the Attacker, each player takes it in turns to set up 1 null node marker on the battlefield. If the players are playing an Onslaught mission, each sets up 2 null node markers instead. Each null node marker cannot be placed:

- Within 6" of any battlefield edge.
- Within 12" of another null node marker.



Each null node marker has the following ability:

Null Node (Aura): While a unit is within 6" of this marker, it has the **WARP GROUNDED** keyword.

Twisting Mirrors

The reflections in the mirrored ground do not always obey the laws of reality. Instead, they are affected by transdimensional, spatial and focal distortions.

At the start of the first battle round, the Attacker rolls one D6 and consults the table below to determine the active effect of Tzeentch's sorcery.

D6	TWISTING MIRRORS EFFECT
1	Harsh Clarity: Each time a model in this unit makes a ranged attack that targets an enemy unit that does not have the WARP GROUNDED keyword, you can ignore any or all hit roll modifiers.
2	Warped Refractions: Each time a model in this unit makes a ranged attack that targets an enemy unit that does not have the WARP GROUNDED keyword: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • That model does not require line of sight to the target. • If that model does not have line of sight to the target, subtract 1 from that attack's hit roll.
3	Intertwined Realities: Each time a model in this unit makes a ranged attack that targets an enemy unit that does not have the WARP GROUNDED keyword, on an unmodified wound roll of 6, the target suffers a number of mortal wounds equal to the Damage characteristic of that attack and the attack sequence ends.
4	Depth Translation: Each time a model in this unit makes a ranged attack that targets an enemy unit that does not have the WARP GROUNDED keyword, the target counts as being within half range (for example, if that model made the attack with a Rapid Fire weapon, it would make double the number of attacks due to being within half range).
5	Focal Sharpening: Each time a model in this unit makes a ranged attack that targets an enemy unit that does not have the WARP GROUNDED keyword, the target does not receive the benefits of cover against that attack.
6	Soul Sight: Each time a model in this unit makes a ranged attack that targets an enemy unit that does not have the WARP GROUNDED keyword, add 1 to that attack's wound roll.

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

Altering Perception

Psychic powers can reshape and reorientate reflections and refractions.

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

Altering Perception (Psychic Action – Warp Charge 6): One **PSYKER** unit from your army can attempt to perform this psychic action during your Psychic phase. If successful, the current Twisting Mirrors effect stops being active; roll one D6 to determine the new active effect using the table above. If the result of the Psychic test was 9 or more, you can select the new active Twisting Mirrors effect, instead of rolling to determine it.

Shattering the Pattern

Should a null node be destroyed, the power of Tzeentchian magicks flow freely where it once was.

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

Shattering the Pattern (Action): At the end of your Movement phase, one unit from your army that is within 3" of an undestroyed null node marker can start to perform this action. This action is completed at the end of the turn. When this action is completed:

- That null node marker is destroyed. Remove it from the battlefield.
- The current Twisting Mirrors effect stops being active; roll one D6 to determine the new active effect using the table above.



Flickering Reality

In some areas, the winds of change flow and flicker more strongly than others.

Before the battle, after determining who the Attacker and Defender will be, the Attacker rolls one D3 and consults the table below to determine what reality distortions are in effect.

D3		REALITY DISTORTION	
1	Unstable Vortexes: At the start of each battle round, the Attacker rolls one D3 and consults the table to the right to determine at what distance models are considered to be in range of an objective marker for the purposes of controlling it for that battle round:	D3	CONTROL RANGE
		1	6"
		2	3"
3	1"		
2	Insubstantial Existence: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> At the start of the battle, starting with the Attacker, each player selects one objective marker on the battlefield. Those objective markers cannot be controlled until battle round 3. At the start of the battle, if there are more than 4 objective markers on the battlefield, starting with the Attacker, each player selects one objective marker on the battlefield. Those objective markers cannot be controlled until battle round 4. 		
3	Sorcerous Influence: Objective markers gain the following ability: Sorcerous Influence (Aura): While a PSYKER unit is within range of this objective marker, each time a Psychic test is taken for that unit, if the result is 9 or more, that psychic power cannot be denied.		

THRIOS EXTRACTION PLANTS



The desert plains of Thrios were dotted with industrial extractors, and became the site of fierce fighting.

Flashpoints: Tri-Forge Cluster, Charadon War Zone

Designer's Note: *If playing using this Theatre of War, we recommend that the battlefield features a large number of Industrial Structure and Fuel Pipe terrain features to represent the infrastructure on Thrios.*

When fighting a battle in the Thrios Extraction Plants, the following rules apply:

Extraction Rigs

During the war for Thrios, many of the extraction rigs were attacked, sabotaged or destroyed. Fires raged around some for days, even weeks.

Each objective marker on the battlefield is one of the extraction rigs used to harvest Thrios' natural resources. Each objective marker can be in one of three states:

- **Untouched:** This objective marker has not caught fire yet.
- **On Fire:** This objective marker is on fire, the effect of which is described in Natural Resources, opposite.
- **Put Out:** This objective marker was on fire and has been put out, the effect of which is described in Natural Resources, opposite.

Before the battle, after determining who the Attacker and Defender will be, the Attacker rolls one D3 and consults the table below to determine the states of the objective markers:

D3		STARTING CONDITIONS
1		Ablaze: Every objective marker is On Fire.
2		Undamaged: Every objective marker is Untouched. Units can attempt the following action, as described in the <i>Warhammer 40,000 Core Book</i> : 'Pipeline Sabotage (Action): At the start of your Movement phase, any number of units from your army can start to perform this action (excluding BEAST and SWARM units). Each must be in range of a different objective marker. This action is completed at the end of the phase. When this action is completed, select one Untouched objective marker within 18" of this objective marker. The selected objective marker moves to the On Fire state.'





D3	STARTING CONDITIONS
3	<p>Rusted Connectors: At the start of the battle, starting with the Attacker, each player takes it in turns to select one objective marker on the battlefield and assigns it to a number between 1 and 6 until all objective markers have been assigned to a number.</p> <p>At the start of each battle round, roll one D6: if there are any Untouched objective markers assigned to that number, those objective markers move to the On Fire state.</p>

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

Shut It Down

Put out the flames.

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

'Shut it Down (Action): At the start of your Movement phase, any number of units from your army can start to perform this action (excluding **BEAST** and **SWARM** units). Each must be in range of a different On Fire objective marker. This action is completed at the end of the turn. When this action is completed, that objective marker moves to the Put Out state.'

Natural Resources

The chemicals being pumped out by the extraction rigs were highly varied and sometimes toxic. When burned, their effects on Thrios' battlefields and the warriors fighting upon them were markedly different.

Before the battle, after determining who the Attacker and Defender will be, the Attacker rolls one D3 and consults the table below to determine what natural resources the extraction rigs are pumping.

- While an objective marker is On Fire, it gains that natural resource's Burning ability.
- While an objective marker is Put Out, it gains that natural resource's Residual ability.



D3	NATURAL RESOURCE
1	<p>Promethium</p> <p>Fiery Blaze (Burning, Aura): While a unit is within 6" of this objective marker:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Each time a model in that unit makes an attack, subtract 1 from that attack's hit roll. • At the start of the turn, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. <p>Smoke Clouds (Residual, Aura): While a unit is within 6" of this objective marker, that unit receives the benefits of Light Cover (see the <i>Warhammer 40,000 Core Book</i>).</p>
2	<p>Noxious Fumes</p> <p>Toxic Gases (Burning, Aura): While a unit is within 6" of this objective marker:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Each time an attack is made against that unit, improve the Armour Penetration characteristic of that attack by 1. • That unit cannot be selected to Advance. • Subtract 2 from charge rolls made for that unit. <p>Acidic Fallout (Residual, Aura): While a unit is within 6" of this objective marker:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • That unit cannot be selected to Advance. • Subtract 2 from charge rolls made for that unit.
3	<p>Charged Fumes</p> <p>Comms Blackout (Burning, Aura): While a unit is within 6" of this objective marker:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • That unit cannot be affected by the aura abilities of other friendly units. • That unit cannot be selected for the abilities of other friendly units. • That unit cannot be selected for Stratagems used by its controlling player. <p>Ionised Atmosphere (Residual, Aura): While a unit is within 6" of this objective marker, each time that unit is selected for a Stratagem used by its controlling player, increase the cost of that Stratagem by 1CP. Note that the CP cost is only increased by 1CP for that use of the Stratagem, any future usages of it cost the normal amount of CPs.</p>

Terrain Effects

Desert warfare is challenging in the extreme, the varied terrain just one element of the difficulty.

Before the battle, after determining who the Attacker and Defender will be, the Attacker rolls one D3 and consults the table below to determine what terrain effects are in effect.

D3	TERRAIN EFFECTS
1	Quicksand: All Area Terrain features on the battlefield gain the Difficult Ground Terrain Trait (see the <i>Warhammer 40,000 Core Book</i>).
2	Deep Sand Drifts: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Units cannot be Set to Defend or Hold Steady (see the <i>Warhammer 40,000 Core Book</i>). The Fire Overwatch Stratagem costs 2CP.
3	Dunes: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Advance rolls and charge rolls cannot be re-rolled. Advance rolls and charge rolls cannot be increased by modifiers.

SEPTIOS DRY RIVER VALLEY



Many battles on Septios took place in the dry valleys left behind after vast rivers were dammed. The forces of Chaos went to great lengths to destroy these dams and inflict untold devastation.

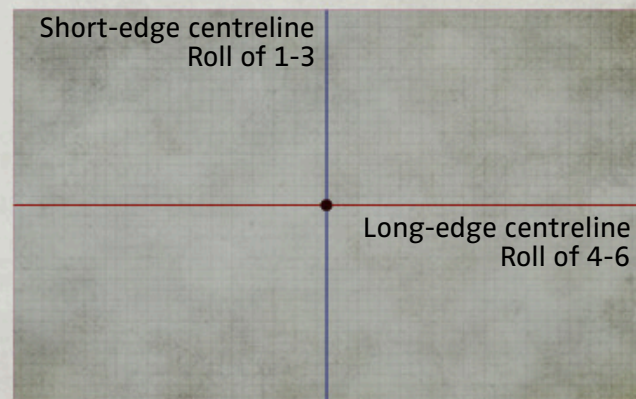
Flashpoints: Tri-Forge Cluster, Charadon War Zone

Designer's Note: *If playing using this Theatre of War, we recommend that the battlefield is populated largely with Ruin and Wood terrain features to represent the valley.*

When fighting a battle in the Septios Dry River Valley, the following rules apply:

Flood Waters

Before the battle, after determining who the Attacker and Defender will be, the Attacker rolls one D6 and consults the diagram to the right to determine the centre line of the valley.



Damage to the Dam

The more damage the dam takes, the more likely it is to collapse.

At the start of the battle, the dam has 0 damage points, as it has not yet sustained any damage. As the battle progresses and the dam is weakened, this number will increase. The more damage points the dam accrues, the more likely it is to burst and the more serious the flood will be.

At the end of each battle round, the dam accrues D3 damage points.

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

Sabotage

While battle rages, those wishing to destroy the dam dispatch forces to sabotage it.

At the end of each battle round, starting with the Attacker, each player can select one unit from their army that is in Strategic Reserves to damage the dam. For each unit that does so, if that unit has a Power Rating of 5 or less, the dam accrues D3 damage points; otherwise, the dam accrues D6 damage points.

Dam Bursting

When the dam bursts, warriors of both sides are caught in the flood waters.

From the second battle round onwards, at the start of each battle round, if the dam has not already burst, the Attacker rolls one D6 and consults the table opposite to see if the dam bursts.





DAM'S DAMAGE POINTS	DAM BURSTS ON A ROLL OF	UNITS CAUGHT BY THE FLOODWATERS
0-6	5+	Any unit within 6" of the centre line of the valley.
7-12	4+	Any unit within 9" of the centre line of the valley.
13+	3+	Any unit within 12" of the centre line of the valley.

When the dam bursts, any unit (excluding **AIRCRAFT** units) that is caught by the floodwaters suffers D3 mortal wounds and must Remain Stationary during its next Movement phase. If the dam has not burst by the start of the fourth battle round, it bursts automatically.

Mud Lake

Once the flood waters have subsided, mud lakes are left behind in their wake.

After the dam has burst, the following rules take effect:

- Subtract 1" from the Move characteristic of all models (excluding models that can **FLY**).
- Models cannot receive the benefits of cover from Obstacle terrain features.

In the Movement phase, each time a **VEHICLE** or **MONSTER** unit is selected to move (excluding units that can **FLY**), roll one D6, subtracting 1 if that unit has the **TITANIC** keyword: on a 1, that unit is stuck in the mud and can only be selected to Remain Stationary.



TRI-FORGE CRUSADE RELICS

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

ARTIFICER RELICS

A **CHARACTER** model can be given one of the following Artificer Relics instead of one of the ones presented in the *Warhammer 40,000 Core Book*.

Mirror Plains of Duos: Reality Shard

The Reality Shard gives the bearer glimpses of potential futures, allowing them to plan ahead for battles to come.

At the start of the battle, select one Stratagem. Once per battle round, when you use that Stratagem, if the bearer is on the battlefield, reduce the CP cost of that Stratagem by 1CP. Note that the CP cost is only reduced by 1CP for that use of the Stratagem, any future usages of it cost the normal amount of CPs.

Thrios Extraction Plants: Nine-pronged Sigil

Lost by Tzeentch-worshipping saboteurs, the Nine-pronged Sigil grants dark power to psykers who wield it, though it is fickle indeed on whom it bestows such a gift.

PSYKER model only. Each time this model successfully manifests a psychic power, if the result of the Psychic test was 9 or more, the closest enemy unit within 12" suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Septios Dry River Valley: Shifting Effigy

Long hidden within the river's waters, and now washed up by the flood, this relic once belonged to ancient Tzeentch-worshippers. Such is its power that the bearer can walk through walls.

Each time the bearer makes a Normal Move, Advances, Falls Back or makes a charge move, until that move is finished, it can move horizontally through models and terrain features (it cannot finish a move on top of another model, or its base).



ECHOES FROM THE WARP



ROBIN CRUDDACE

In this issue's Echoes from the Warp, Robin – Howling Griffons fanatic and humble Chapter Serf behind the rules for Warhammer 40,000 – introduces a 40K hobby challenge. His goal is to provide players with some extra painting motivation during a time when regular gaming sessions may be less frequent than we would like.

I've mentioned in previous columns that attending Warhammer gaming events, be it a local gaming club night, a grand tournament or a narrative campaign weekend, is a great motivator for getting your current hobby project finished and even for painting a new squad or two. Having that deadline and knowing you'll get to share your hobby with other like-minded hobbyists is a big part of what Warhammer 40,000 is all about for me and, I suspect, many others as well. However, due to Covid-19, many events have understandably had to be cancelled, many hobby clubs can't open their doors to as many people (if indeed they can open at all) and, as is currently the case in Nottingham where the majority of the Warhammer 40,000 Studio live and work, gamers from two different households cannot meet for an evening to battle over kitchen tabletop battlefields. As such, some of that impetus and

urgency to paint new units and armies in order to play games with has been lost. That's partly where the idea of Warhammer 40,000 Hobby Bingo comes from!

Before I go further, I'll state that this wasn't my idea. It was actually the brainchild of the Warhammer 40,000 Megaboss himself, Stu Black (or did he nick it from WD 459, hmmm? – Ed), but as he's currently traversing the Sea of Souls,¹ I thought I'd steal it and share it with you because it's been loads of fun and has, in the absence of my usual gaming schedule, helped provide that motivation to keep on painting.

So what exactly is 40K Bingo? Well, other than having a score card that looks a bit like a bingo card, it has nothing to do with actual bingo. In a nutshell, a group of hobbyists agree to take part and try to accomplish a number of hobby tasks. These range from painting a unit, to making some objective markers, making a new battlefield, reading a Black Library novel, and so on. Everyone has a score card with the challenges written in a grid, and when they have completed a challenge, they mark it off and move to the next one. Kudos and praise go to whomever fills out a column or a row, or even the whole sheet. But being the first to fill out the sheet isn't really the point. It's really just an excuse so that a group of hobbyists can do some common tasks, post their work-in-progress photos and the finished results

¹ Or on holiday sailing off the coast of Norfolk; it was definitely one of the two ...



WARHAMMER
40,000

40K BINGO CHALLENGE

Name: Faction:

Paint an HQ Unit	Paint a TROOPS Unit	Paint an ELITES Unit	Paint a FAST ATTACK Unit	Paint a HEAVY SUPPORT Unit	Paint ANY OTHER FORCE ORG SLOT
Paint a model for a different army you've always wanted to	Build and paint some scenery	Try a new painting technique	Finish a miniature from the backlog	Start a new army	Convert/kitbash a model
Model some objective markers	Write some colour text for a model/unit	Paint a special character model for your army	Add a new detachment to an existing collection	Build and paint a 'Start Collecting' box	Complete enough scenery for a Combat Patrol-sized 40K battlefield
Write up background for your army (say 300 words)	Finish a model you started painting then abandoned	Write out your recipe for your army's paint scheme so other people can give it a try	Read a BL publication that ties into the faction you're collecting	Expand an existing unit (turn one into a squadron, add those extra five Lychguard, etc.)	-- EXTREME -- Do an Armies on Parade board for the competition this November

++ No army is big enough to conquer the galaxy, but faith alone can overturn the universe. ++

Echoes from the Warp is a regular column about the rules, tactics and ongoing development of Warhammer 40,000 presented by the team's games developers. But this month, Robin's got something new for us – a painting challenge that you can all join in with at home!



via the planetary inter-vox-net² and help to encourage each other and share in that hobby experience even in the absence of normal gaming schedules. The 40K Bingo sheet we are using can be found opposite, but you could of course make your own one up if you want to.

About a dozen members of the Warhammer 40,000 Studio are currently taking part in just this challenge. You can see how some of them are getting on over the page. We started about six weeks ago (*September 2020, if you're reading this in the future – Ed*) and have a private group chat set up so we can share shots of our models, exchange tips for painting, and so on. It's essentially a way of talking about the hobby with a group of friends even when we can't meet in person. And because you all have some common goals in mind, it immediately helps to give you something else to talk about, typically about the next task you're planning to accomplish. For us, it's the sort of hobby-banter we would normally have had over lunch hours painting at our desks in the studio. I've found the whole thing a rather refreshing way to approach deciding what hobby projects to do next. It's not just about deciding what unit I want to add for a purely gaming reason, and so it's made me think about adding units or finishing units that I might not have otherwise done. For example, one of the tasks is to expand an existing squad. As a result, I painted an extra five Intercessors and can now boast a ten-strong unit. I'm really chuffed with the result, but without the hobby challenge, I doubt I would have done so. I've also rooted around in my 'box of shame' – my

collection of half-painted figures – and I dare say that my Terminator Ancient who I built and undercoated a year ago (and who has been sitting on my hobby station looking rather sad) will soon be getting coats of yellow and red paint very soon because of the hobby challenge.

On a personal level, this 40K Bingo challenge happens to coincide with the release of both *Codex: Space Marines* and *Codex: Necrons*,³ which are my two biggest 40K armies. This is the perfect excuse to expand both of them. I'm currently finishing a squad of Eliminators for my Howling Griffons in order to tick off the Heavy Support box, but then I will be painting some Skorpekh Destroyers for the Elites choice. I've also just pre-ordered a Monolith, not only to treat myself but also so that I can tick off two boxes in one go ('Paint Any Other Force Org Slot' and 'Paint a New Detachment'⁴). I also have my eye on the C'tan Shard of the Void Dragon for a named character, but I've also wanted to start a brand-new Sisters of Battle army for ages, mostly so I can paint the Triumph of Saint Katherine. If I do that using Contrast paints (which I've never actually used to paint armour with yet) and paint a few other units then, I'll have ticked off about half the score card.⁵

The hobby challenge has reignited my passion for collecting and painting during these Covid-restricted times, providing a bit of personal motivation and focus, as well as allowing me to share part of that hobby with some great people. And if it did that for me, I hope it can do the same for you, so why not give it a go?

² Or whatever other socially distanced form of communication works for you.

³ Time flows differently in the Warp, and while from your point of view these have been out for some time, for me, many of these are only just going up for pre-order now.

⁴ It is up for debate whether you can tick off several boxes with the same unit, but no one's stopped me yet.

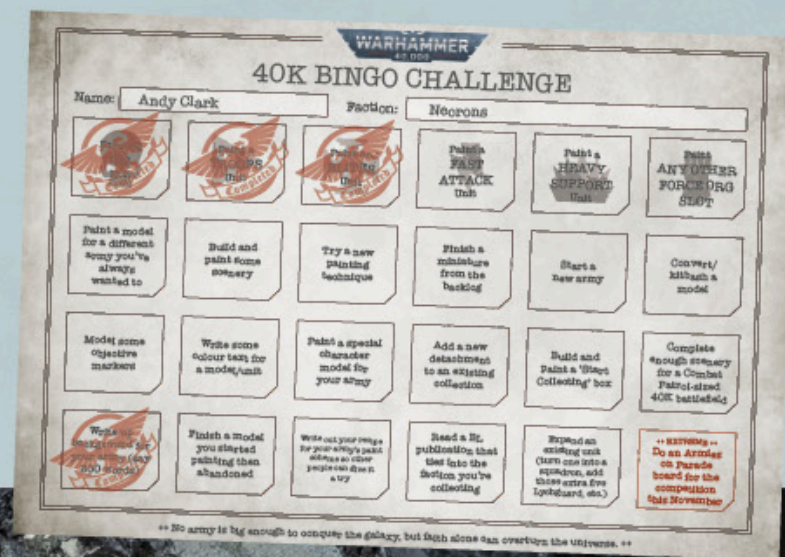
⁵ In case you were wondering, I've managed to tick off about five boxes so far.



ANDY CLARK

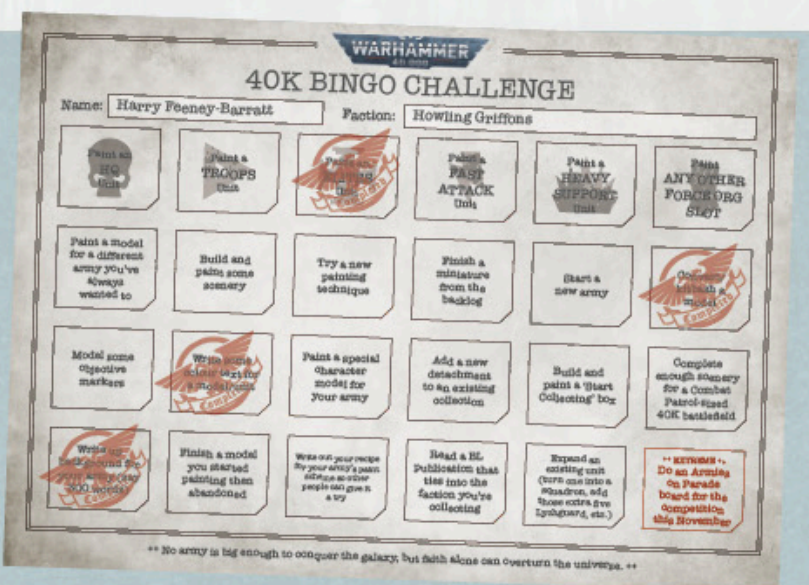
Andy: My name is Andy Clark, and I'm the senior background writer for the Warhammer 40,000 Studio. When the Indomitus box came along, I knew that I had to give in to my long-harboured desire to collect a Necron army (writing the background for the ninth edition Necron Codex didn't hurt for getting me enthused, either!) I decided to invent my own dynasty, the Karnokh, who were once part of the wider Sautekh empire. Of course, doing what I do, I could hardly resist making up a suitable background. Accordingly, I decided that Phaeron Arkhassa and her dynasty awoke believing themselves cursed revenants trapped in the ambulatory sarcophagi of their android bodies (as you do). They fervently believe it their duty to relieve their less enlightened kin in the other dynasties of the 'cursed torment of imprisonment beyond death' by wiping them out and destroying their tomb worlds to

prevent their reanimation. Unfortunately for everyone else who crosses their path, being arrogant Necrons, this dynasty have also assumed that, if their own clearly superior species could make so horrible a mistake as biotransference, then they'd best wipe out all other sentient life, too. Just in case someone else makes the same mistake they did. They're altruists that way ...



HARRY FEENEY-BARRATT

Harry: Hi. I'm Harry Feeney-Barratt, one of the 40K photographers. For the last few months, I've been developing my Howling Griffons force.⁶ I started the army many moons ago with a scout force for *Shadow War: Armageddon*. Throughout the years, a single Space Marine from that force has evolved from a lowly Scout to a Tactical Squad Sergeant, where he was seconded to become a Deathwatch Veteran and finally promoted to Captain of the 2nd Company during the Indomitus Crusade. At the moment, I'm working on levelling him up to a Chapter Master using the Crusade rules from the new ninth edition codex. Cut off from reinforcements in the Pariah Nexus, the force relies heavily on an Apothecary who keeps his brothers alive when he can and recovers their gene-seed when he can't. Driven forward by a



zealous Chaplain, my Howling Griffons of the 2nd Company rush forward to get as close to the enemy as possible, sawing, slicing and smashing through heretics, traitors and xenos with vehemence.

⁶ Harry has excellent taste in colour schemes and has chosen his Space Marine Chapter most wisely, in my humble opinion. For Mancora! – Robin



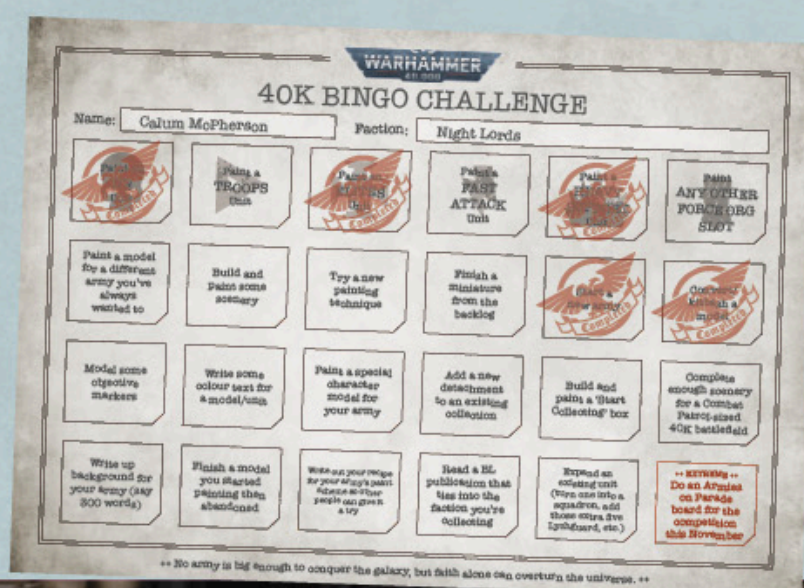
Painting the quartered scheme of the sons of Mancora was a bit of a daunting task, but to create a battle-ready force quickly, I delicately painted Iyanden Yellow and Blood Angels Red over Wraithbone spray and then added some more shading with blacks and browns. As my force develops and attains more glory on the battlefield, I'm revisiting my models and balancing the tones using Evil Sunz Scarlet and Yriel Yellow. I tried to keep all other colours on the models as neutral as possible so they won't clash with the vibrancy of the red and yellow.

Calum: Hey, my name is Calum McPherson. I am one of the photographers for the 40K studio. Since starting on the team, I put together a Genestealer Cults army that I built during the last studio challenge, but I find it really hard to commit to one army. I am, as many would say, a hobby butterfly. When Stu came up with the idea for an isolation challenge, I jumped at the chance. It gives me a reason to hit certain goals and gives me something to focus on with my hobby. I am definitely the type of person that needs event deadlines to get stuff done! With this in mind, I started a new army, and deciding on it was easy. Chaos has always been my main faction, and Night Lords are a personal favourite of mine in the background, with their added rules in *Faith & Fury* giving them some extra flavour. I wanted to give off a really grimdark, muted vibe for the army, using lots of washes and weathering techniques to achieve this. I have adorned the army with trophies of past victories (looking at you, Harry and your

Howling Griffons!). I tend to struggle coming up with names and background for my own army, as I am much more of a painter/gamer, but using the name generator, I rolled 'Jago' for my Chaos Lord who wields the Claws of the Black Hunt, a very fitting name for a master duellist! I plan to add a Khorne daemons detachment, as this is the Chaos God that Jago has aligned himself with, helping me tick off another couple of boxes on the bingo sheet.



CALUM MCPHERSON



Calum and Harry are gaming rivals, and Calum has started to paint the Space Marine helmets adorning his Chaos Terminators' trophy racks as Howling Griffons. One is not amused ... – Robin



FAITH UNDER FIRE

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

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

them a frame of Sisters of Battle to incorporate into their entry, be it a single miniature, a duel or a full-blown mega diorama! Fourteen award-winning painters took us up on this challenge, and over this issue and the next, you'll be able to see their incredible creations, along with their commentaries on their entries. There's faith. There's fire. There's faith under fire. Enjoy!

SURPRISE ATTACK BY GUIDO GÜNTHER

Guido: For my entry, I decided to pit a fallen Battle Sister against a monstrous Pink Horror; it may be a daemon, but it's a witch, too, and Battle Sisters really don't like psykers!

To make the daemon more menacing, I gave it an additional arm and sculpted several extra tentacles using modelling putty. For a backdrop to the scene, I decided on a gothic ruin that I could place the daemon in, making it look like it is leaping down on to the Sister below. The Battle Sister was converted from Seraphim parts, the backpack from a regular Sister and more modelling putty so that I could position her as though she had just stumbled backwards. The ruins are made from some of the old Warhammer 40,000 building kits and plastic card. I painted both models in bright, vibrant tones to help them stand out from their surroundings.

The Pink Horror was painted by just using highlights (1). I started with Screamer Pink as the base colour, followed by successive layers with Fulgrim Pink added to the base layer. After five or six layers, I used Fulgrim Pink with added Corax White until I was satisfied with the result.



1

I chose a fourteenth century monochrome pattern for the pattern on the tiles (2). I started with Administratum Grey, followed by a wash of Nuln Oil and a highlight of diluted Rakarth Flesh. The pattern itself was painted using a very fine marker pen as a guide for the freehand.



2





LAST HOPE BY JONATHAN DE VOS

Jonathan: For my entry, I wanted to create a 'last stand' themed diorama featuring a small squad of Sisters of Battle defending the ruins of their sacred temple against a horde of Poxwalkers. I used strong colours to make the Sisters of Battle stand out from the temple. Their red robes and shiny black armour contrast with the scenery and the more organic Poxwalkers. I also included a Sister Repentia, who is charging into the horde of Poxwalkers, trying to wash away her sins and creating a dynamic flow to the diorama. To give the Poxwalkers a bit more muscle, I added a Gellerpox Infected. This big model creates depth and contrast to the diorama. When I create bases for my miniatures and dioramas, I try to make them look as realistic as possible. In this diorama, I added plenty of slime, gore and blood and used water effects and pigments to make the whole scene come to life and bind everything together.



1

For the Poxwalkers' skin (1), I used Rakarth Flesh as a basecoat, highlighted with white and shaded with a mix of black and purple. I then applied glazes of watered-down Magos Purple, Blood Angels Red and Volupus Pink. After applying the glazes, I re-highlighted with Rakarth Flesh and white.

The Sisters' black armour uses only Abaddon Black, Stegadon Scale Green and white. After a few hours of building up the highlights, I glazed Kantor Blue into the shadows to maximise the contrast between light and dark.



FAITH UNDER FIRE BY BEN GOWING

Ben: For my entry, I took the theme of the challenge literally and depicted a Battle Sister on the receiving end of automatic gunfire, as shown by the bullet impacts in the wall behind her. She stands focused on her faith, clutching her rosarius, unscathed as the salvo miraculously misses her.

I found it difficult coming up with an original colour scheme for the Adepta Sororitas. Black, white and red just fits them so well! After a little experimentation, I opted for off-whites. The armour is Kislev Flesh layered up to white and shaded with Genestealer Purple. I painted the hair on each of the models by layering on the highlight colours and then hatching in lines of black to add texture. This was also the first time I tried out painting atmospheric shadows on a diorama, with one side being darker in the shade and the other side lighter in the sunlight.



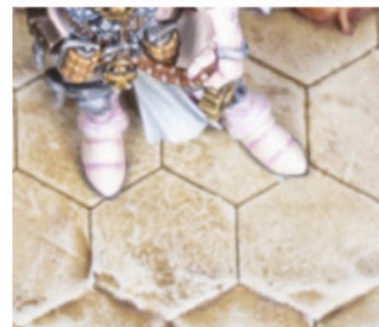
1



2



3



4

A fun thing I did on this diorama was to play around with facial expressions. By painting arched eyebrows, for example, I made the other Battle Sisters appear to be crying out in concern for their comrade (1-2). I also painted the central model's eyes closed as if in prayer.

Small leaves are scattered around the base (3). They have a similar pastel tone to the rest of the diorama, the pink leaves matching the Sisters' armour while the orange ones match the sandstone base (4).

MASSACRE AT SANCTUARY 101 BY ANGELO DI CHELLO

Angelo: My idea was to depict the last stand of the Order of Our Martyred Lady following the attack on Sanctuary 101 – a classic story from the pages of *White Dwarf* and the original *Codex: Sisters of Battle*. They are depicted cornered in the remains of the ruined chapel, though it's not a cardboard piece of terrain this time! I love how the new Sisters miniatures are improved, more detailed and proportioned versions of the original metal ones, and I

wanted to show the new figures off without any conversion work, so I built and painted them straight from the box.

Although the minis have a certain amount of dirt on the lower parts of their robes and boots, they are relatively clean and shiny compared to their environment, which is blackened and burned and covered in dirt. This was done to make the dark-armoured miniatures stand out from the backdrop while still keeping the tone moody and grim.



The colour scheme I've chosen is the original one for the Order of Our Martyred Lady (1-2), which features less red than the current iteration. I was extremely tempted to paint the bolter casings red just like the original colour scheme, but in the end, I opted for a more sombre solution! I used three different dark shades on these miniatures: a cold black for the armour, a slightly warmer and brownish tone for the leather parts and gloves and a more neutral dark grey for the robes.

One Sister carries a Simulacrum Imperialis (3). It helps define a triangular shape around the four Battle Sisters.

'SIR? WE FOUND HER.' BY SEBASTIAN KOHL

Sebastian: When I got the amazing new Sisters sprue, I thought of a few different scenes that I could create, but the image of a Battle Sister as a casualty just wouldn't stop appearing in my head. So in the end, I gave it a go!

In my imagination, this Sister Superior has gone missing during a battle in the jungle. In the aftermath, two Primaris Infiltrators have been sent on a secret sneaky mission to

find her. But I didn't want her to be a regular casualty. Even beaten down and unconscious, she is still a shining example of the Emperor's finest. I tried to keep her clean and radiant (and still clutching her weapons) despite the dirt and foliage around her. The scene captures the moment of her being found and the Space Marines reporting back in, one of them being an Apothecary (usually not serving in Phobos armour), confirming her life signs and giving her basic medical treatment.



1



2

Imperial Fists are my personal Chapter of choice, and I love painting them in bright, highly reflective and polished armour. However, it's hard to imagine them lurking unseen amongst the foliage like that, so I decided to paint them in a camouflage pattern **(1)**. The camo is much easier to do than it may seem at first and just involves building up layers of different patterns and colours. I think it looks neat and effective and perfectly fitting for a unit of Infiltrators.

The fallen Sister is painted in clean, highly reflective armour that shines with radiant light even though she has been taken out of action **(2)**. The cool blue tone to the armour and her bright red robes contrast with the natural greens and browns that surround her.

THE DOOM OF VANDIRE BY AYDEN FERRANTE

Ayden: My diorama depicts the final moments before Alicia Dominica beheads the rogue High Lord of Terra Goge Vandire, thereby bringing an end to the Reign of Blood.

I wanted Dominica to be the focal point of the piece and posed her with her power sword held aloft, ready to deliver judgement upon her oppressor. The Daughters of the Emperor (as they were then) clearly have the upper

hand in the battle; Vandire's bodyguards have been taken down, leaving him the last man standing.

For Vandire, I used the Ministorum Priest as the base model and added some features to better represent the so-called High Lord of Terra. I converted the rosarius to be around his neck, gave him a book to befit his role and even used the hands from the Penitent Engine to get the right pose on him.



1



2



3

When painting Vandire **(1)**, I stuck quite close to the original scheme of the model but chose to substitute purple as the spot colour to give him a sense of self-entitled regality.

As they are pre-Adepta Sororitas, I chose to paint Alicia and her two closest warriors, Katherine and Arabella, in the fairly neutral colour scheme for the Order of the Ebon Chalice **(2)**. I used the flamer-wielding model so that I could place an immolated bodyguard under her foot.

Vandire's Frateris Templar bodyguards **(3)** have quite a simple colour scheme so as to not to distract from their leader. The floor was painted as opulent marble to convey the fine interior of the Imperial Palace.

WARHAMMER

AGE OF SIGMAR

From the maelstrom of a sundered world, the Eight Realms were born. And with their birth began a war to claim them. This issue, Be'lakor has his eyes set on the powerful orrery known as Tepok's Eye!





TOME CELESTIAL
Come with us now to the Realm of Metal, where the Battle for Tepok's Eye is just beginning. New rules and background from page 52 onwards!



A TALE OF FOUR WARLORDS
Lumineth Realm-lords, Slaves to Darkness, Cities of Sigmar and Hedonites of Slaanesh. They're all back and ready for battle on page 78.



**FLASHPOINT
BROKEN REALMS**

THE
**TOME
CELESTIAL**

Standing atop the Impassable Peaks in Chamon, the Seraphon guard Tepok's Eye, a wondrous device that grants foresight to the slann who can interpret its arcane workings. Be'lakor, first of the Daemon Princes, seeks to destroy the Eye and blind the Seraphon, leaving them vulnerable to attack.



**THE BATTLE FOR
TEPOK'S EYE**

By Nick Horth

The Impassable Peaks of northern Chamon were to play host to the most unimaginable slaughter when a vast tide of daemons swept upon the Seraphon who dwelt there. This great army of Chaos sought to obliterate Tepok's Eye – an immense cosmic engine that the lizardfolk had reverently maintained for thousands of years.

For time beyond memory, the gigantic celestial orrery known as Tepok's Eye had whirled at the summit of the Impassable Peaks. The device resembled a vast ziggurat topped by a series of concentric, golden rings that moved so fast that they resembled a predatory, reptilian orb. The functions of this arrangement of cosmic, arcane machinery was known only to the slann. It fell to these ancient creatures – and to their skink acolytes – to maintain and stand guard over the Eye, for this grand structure was in fact a prophetic engine, created aeons ago by the mysterious Old Ones. The auguries and predictions conjured by its apparently random movements could be interpreted only by the wisest of Starmasters, but over the millennia, they had prevented all manner of disasters, anticipating daemoniac invasions and great surges of Chaos magic before they could wreak their fullest damage.

While the Eye stood, the Seraphon and their armies possessed a potent advantage over their many foes. Such was the difficulty of assailing the Impassable Peaks – so named for the sheer, glass-smooth mountain valleys that led to the sweltering jungles at its summit – that no army had ever successfully laid siege to the Eye. Every such attempt had been hurled back by the furious charges of the Thunder Lizard, a constellation of Coalesced Seraphon whose sacred task was to watch over the lynchpins of the Astromatrix and protect the most powerful artefacts of the Old Ones.

The cold-blooded Seraphon consider themselves immune to such mortal weaknesses as complacency. Yet perhaps it was the apparent unassailability of their mountaintop stronghold that led them to underestimate the tenacity and hatred of their foes, for in the shadows, a threat was brewing, one that even their most exacting prophecies had not identified. Tepok's Eye was not all-seeing and immutable; once every five hundred years, the lenses of the whirling superstructure ceased their dance and opened themselves to face the stars like the petals of a flower, reading the unimaginably complex patterns of the celestial tapestry in order to glean secrets of the future. For a brief period, no longer than it took the light of Hysh to reach its summit and descend once more, the Eye would be vulnerable, its powers dimmed. The Seraphon



thought that they alone were aware of this weakness. In this, they were sorely mistaken.

An ancient and terrible being had cast its gaze upon Tepok's Eye, a figure wreathed in shadow and mystery. Be'lakor the Dark Master, first of the Daemon Princes, had sworn to see the Eye cast down. With its swift and brutal destruction, he hoped to blind the slann, leaving the constellations of the Seraphon unprepared and helpless in the face of a fresh wave of daemononic onslaughts carried out by his own dread hosts. Soon, the Eye would close once more. Not for another five hundred years would Be'lakor be able to catch its cold-blooded guardians unaware.

It was not in the nature of Be'lakor to risk his own flesh in the pursuit of such a dangerous task, not if he could manipulate others to do his bidding. No, it was better by far if the Seraphon had no idea that he was involved at all, thinking instead that their doom was wrought by the unpredictable wrath of daemonkind. Thus it was that the Dark Master sought out thralls who could see his will done, whether they wished it or not.

THE WATCHER AND THE WRATHFUL BEAST

Be'lakor had spent untold centuries assembling his Legion of the First Prince, binding daemononic entities to his will through a mixture of cunning, cruelty and brute force. By the time that Sigmar's Tempest swept across the realms, the Daemon Prince's vast host had risen to become one of the most powerful armies in existence,

dwarfed only by the endless dark crusade of Archaon the Everchosen, Be'lakor's hated rival.

For the assault upon Tepok's Eye, Be'lakor had gathered a vast army of not only daemons from his own legion but also mortal savages devoted to the Dark Gods. The latter included cannibal killers from the Bloodied Oath and the Zharkul Flayers, lured into Be'lakor's service by the promise of blood and slaughter. He had also gained the alliance of the Arcanites of the Cult of a Thousand Eyes, whose sorcerous agents had already breached the outskirts of the Impassable Peaks, spying paths and weaknesses for the eventual Chaos assault force to exploit. Daemons there were too, in their thousands, all bearing the shadow-brand of the First Prince and eager to taste the flesh of the hated Seraphon, age-old enemies of the Dark Gods.

This grand host was a fearsome juggernaut, but it required commanders ruthless and brutal enough to break the spine of the Thunder Lizard and see the Eye consumed by flames. Be'lakor's quest for domination had seen him accrue an enormous repository of profane lore, including the true names of several greater daemons; these arcane secrets granted the Dark Master power over even these terrifying entities, allowing him to bind and leash them to his service. Two greater daemons whose names Be'lakor had uncovered at tremendous cost seemed the perfect agents of his will. These were the Bloodthirster Kazarkos and the Lord of Change F'tanax, and both were amongst the most infamous and cruel servants of the Chaos Gods.



Kazarkos was the butcher of Aridia, a nightmare of sinew and rippling muscle that had led the massacre of the eastern ash steppes during the Age of Chaos, slaughtering untold thousands of warriors in the name of the Blood God Khorne. For centuries, Kazarkos had maimed and destroyed at will, his immense two-handed axe tearing the head from countless doomed souls; belonging to the sixth rank of his kind, the Bloodthirsters of Insensate Rage, Kazarkos was a pure manifestation of fury. His rampages, however, had been curtailed at last when Kazarkos fell to the blade of a Saurus Scar-Veteran during the wars for the Orb Infernia. Greater daemons could not be slain by such means, for they were beings of supernatural matter and raw emotion; however, Kazarkos' end had condemned him to a thousand-year exile from the Mortal Realms. If freed from his banishment and once more turned loose upon the realms, the Bloodthirster's rampant hatred of all Seraphon and his unrivalled destructive power would surely prove most useful.

F'tanax was everything that Kazarkos was not: patient, observant and endlessly devious. The Lord of Change despised rash action, preferring to sow the seeds of corruption behind the scenes and pave the way for the obliteration of empires and the doom of armies. F'tanax was a master of illusions and misdirection, and he delighted in nothing more than striking his foes down with a cascade of horrific images, turning them upon one another in an orgy of violence. The Lord of Change's mastery of magic would surely prove invaluable in the battles to come, for the daemon possessed the skill to unbind even the slann's ingenious arcane defences.

Neither F'tanax nor Kazarkos would willingly serve a Daemon Prince, of course, for both saw Be'lakor as nothing more than a jumped-up mortal, worthy only of scorn and hatred. Yet many entities more powerful than they had underestimated the Dark Master during his long and malefic existence.





Kazarkos hauled his vast mass through the breach, leaving behind the sulphurous swelter of the Blood God's realm and stepping out into a shadowed temple filled with the thunder of chanting voices. He felt stone splinter and melt beneath his hooves and roared in triumph. Free! Free, at last, to murder and despoil. Behind him, the bloody tear in the fabric of reality receded. Through the crimson haze of his vision, he saw the chanting figures – mortals armoured in hides and chain, the Blood God's rune emblazoned in gold upon their helms or else seared into their naked flesh. Corpses littered the floor before them, flayed and headless. Offerings to ease his passage.

As the Bloodthirster unfurled his wings and stretched to his full, terrifying height, the humans began to howl, some falling to their knees as their eyes rolled over white.

Without even a second thought, the Bloodthirster leapt at them, caring nothing for who they were or why they had been foolish enough to bring him here. His mighty axe carved a burning path through the air and sliced one human apart from neck to belly. His gauntleted fist shattered another's skull. So long banished from the Mortal Realms, Kazarkos lost himself to the exultation of slaughter, ripping, tearing, biting and hacking until the strange temple was a gore-splattered ruin, silent save for his own, ragged, animal growls. Not for five hundred years and more had he felt the ecstatic thrill of mortal bones shattering beneath his fists.

'Your banishment is lifted, beast of Khorne.'

The hissing voice came from the shadows at the rear of the temple. It seemed to dance about the chamber, each word emanating from another gloomy corner. Kazarkos roared a wordless challenge, eyes sweeping back and forth as he hunted the speaker.

'But freedom does not come without a price,' the voice went on. 'Now you are mine, creature, for as long as I deem you to be useful.'

Bestial face twisted in fury at such impertinence, the Bloodthirster hurled himself at the shadows, mighty axe sweeping across to hew whatever lurked there into chunks of viscera. His blow never landed. The creature muttered a single phrase, a blasphemous utterance that wracked Kazarkos with an infinity of agonies, driving him to his haunches.

The stranger had spoken his true name – the primordial root of his entire being reduced to an interminable string of guttural, alien phrases. His muscles bulged, thick ropes of acidic saliva drooling from his maw as the Bloodthirster tried to rise and hurl himself at his tormentor. Yet he could do nothing but strain helplessly as the heat of his rage melted stone to boiling slurry. For a Bloodthirster of Khorne, there could be no greater punishment than this impotence.

A figure stepped from the shadows, leather-winged like Kazarkos but slighter of frame and possessed of a predatory, murderous grace that the Bloodthirster lacked entirely. It carried a sword whose blade seeped trails of black smoke, and its eyes – pinpricks of blazing coal in the darkness – were filled with amused malice.

'Are you finished, creature?' the being said, every word a mocking insult. 'For all your might, you cannot defy Be'lakor, the Dark Master. You will serve my will – or you will not have the chance to vent your rage upon the Mortal Realms for another thousand years.'

Kazarkos raged and spat and roared, straining every fibre of his being as he tried to reach out and tear this arrogant whelp's head from his body. Try as he might, the daemon could not do it.

'Pathetic,' sneered the Dark Master. 'Yet your fury shall serve my ends. Just as your magic is of use to me, F'tanax.'

As Be'lakor spoke, another form materialised in the chamber in a flash of iridescent flames. A towering avian monstrosity, crooked of beak and haloed by lurid, sorcerous witchfire. Its appearance sent Kazarkos into another convulsion of maddened fury, for this was a servant of Tzeentch – a Lord of Change, wielder of wretched, weakling magic.

Crystalline rimefrost spread across the floor of the chamber as F'tanax screeched his own insults and brandished his ornate staff, no less filled with revulsion at the sight of his nemesis than was Kazarkos.

Be'lakor spoke again, and once more Kazarkos was stricken with pain and helplessness. Through the crimson haze of his fury, the Bloodthirster could see that the Lord of Change, too, was reeling.

'Amusing as they are, your petty rivalries mean nothing to me,' said the Dark Master. 'You now serve the will of the First Prince and the undivided majesty of Chaos. Now listen well, for I have a task for you, and if you fail me, I will ensure you never feast upon the terror of a mortal soul again.'



DEFENDERS OF THE EYE

Though they were temporarily left in the dark by the rotational workings of their prophetic engine, the Seraphon guardians of Tepok's Eye were no fools; the Slann Starmaster known as Olhupec could sense the gathering of Chaos energy around his forces and the encroachment of a great tide of daemons into the Old Ones' sacred domain.

At the summit of Tepok's Eye, the wizened and slumped creature known as Olhupec maintained a silent vigil. The lenses of the great celestial engine had been silent and unmoving for many days, and only the Old Ones knew when its prophetic cycle would begin anew. Already, it had taken far longer than the Starmaster had expected. Long delays were not unheard of, but the timing was troubling. Even a slann like Olhupec – amongst the most magically potent and far-sighted entities in all the realms – could not predict when the super-structure would once more churn into life. For now, the Starmaster's thoughts were on other matters; his outriders and Terradon-mounted scouts had sighted enemies moving through the crystalline jungles surrounding the Impassable Peaks, drawing closer by the hour. Their true numbers were unclear, for some fell form of shadow-mist concealed their advance. Yet the Starmaster could feel the presence of the Eternal Enemy all about, staining the skies above the Eye with corruption and eager, anarchic hunger.

Chaos assaults upon the mountains surrounding the Eye were not uncommon. Chamon had been ravaged and scarred by the servants of ruin for centuries, and more than once, Olhupec had sat upon these very walls, gazing

down upon a sea of frenzied aberrations as they attempted to claw their way into the Ziggurat of Qung and shed the blood of its guardians. Each time, his Starpriests had unleashed the might of their solar weapons – Engines of the Gods borne into battle by lumbering, plate-shelled behemoths – and burned away the tide of unclean foes in a scintillating barrage of light beams. Already Scar-Veteran Kar-Mok and his saurus legions had surged forth from their hunting grounds, the stampeding feet of bipedal lizard-monsters shaking the earth as they raced out to meet the enemy vanguard. No foe had yet defeated the great warrior they called Kar-Mok the Invincible.

But even as he telepathically assigned a series of bafflingly complex commands to his cadre of Skink Priests, adjustments to the pattern of astromantic wards that concealed the complex from outsiders and acted as deadly traps to any who strayed beyond the borders of the Thunder Lizard's domain, Olhupec felt something akin to unease. Masters at reading the fluctuations of fate, the slann did not believe in such mortal idiocies as happenstance or ill fortune. All happenings were accounted for in the Great Plan, for the Old Ones saw all and understood all.

It could be no coincidence that the enemy struck at the Seraphon's moment of greatest weakness.

JUNGLES OF DEATH

For all his fury at the nature of his bondage, Kazarkos the Bloodthirster was exultant as his great host surged towards the distant glimmer of Tepok's Eye. His host was vast, a gathering of daemons branded with the mark of the First Prince along with several clans of savage Khorne





Bloodbound, who had been lured into the service of the Dark Master by the promise of rampant slaughter. Phalanxes of loping Bloodletters plunged into the depths of the thick vegetation, their brazen blades hacking a path through the wilds. Ahead ran packs of cannibal Bloodreavers, near frenzied to be part of such an unholy force of destruction.

For his part, Kazarkos sought out any glance of the enemy that surely awaited. Only through an act of the most brutal violence could he hope to quell the shame of his current predicament. He could smell the magical stench of F'tanax nearby; the Lord of Change had wisely ensured that his own horde of cultists and Tzeentchian daemons stayed apart from their Khorne-worshipping allies. Already there had been the usual bloodshed that accompanied any temporary union between these fierce rivals: Kazarkos himself had torn the head from a Herald of Tzeentch that had strayed too close to the ill-tempered daemon, and a trail of Arcanite and Bloodreaver corpses had been left in the host's wake after a string of murderous clashes.

The foothills of the Impassable Peaks were covered by a swathe of thick, almost impenetrable jungle, inhabited by serpents with glittering scales and hunting packs of bipedal Cold Ones. The latter were prized by the Seraphon as war mounts, for they were both fleet of foot and ferocious in combat, lacerating their prey with dagger-sized talons. Dense jungle was unfavourable terrain for human cavalry, but for such agile creatures and their sharp-eyed saurus riders, it offered the perfect ground; even as the front edge of the Chaos host plunged into the undergrowth, hacking their way through vines and foliage with gore-encrusted blades, the outriders of the Thunder

Lizard were already encircling them, waiting for the perfect moment to launch a killing charge.

From the back of his Carnosaur, Scar-Veteran Kar-Mok observed the enemy's wild, headlong rush. The stench of daemonkind soured his nostrils, and he let loose a rumbling growl. Born and bred to slaughter the minions of the Dark Gods, Kar-Mok felt no foreboding at the size of the enemy host; it simply meant more aberrations to slay, more enemies of the Great Plan to rip and tear to shreds. Nonetheless, wise Kar-Mok did not give in to aimless rage. His orders from blessed Olhupec had been quite clear: he was to hunt the daemon-army's foul lords and banish them from this realm. Without the mightiest daemons' presence to bind it together, the enemy host would swiftly splinter apart.

Raising his celestial warblade high, the Scar-Veteran roared the command to attack, and his Saurus Knights raced forth through the thick tangle of vegetation, their mounts leaping over fallen logs and winding their way past thickets of poisonous choke-vine with an ease honed by many years of prowling the foothills in search of fresh meat. They fell upon the Chaos skirmish line from all sides, closing about the head of the enemy host like the jaws of Dracothion. Bloodreavers were trampled by scaled limbs or had their throats torn out by the Cold Ones' snapping jaws. Those that managed to form a meagre wall of blades were overrun by the sheer ferocity of the Seraphon as the Saurus Knights drove their spears through flesh and bone, exulting in each heathen left broken and dying on the jungle floor.

Kazarkos heard the sounds of battle ahead and his mouth filled with hot saliva as he anticipated the sensation of



TEPOK'S EYE

Only the slann can truly grasp the origins of the strange structure known as Tepok's Eye. Since the dawn of time, it has stood at the summit of the Impassable Peaks, where the mountaintops scrape the edges of the celestial tapestry. So open are the skies above this region of Chamon that one can gaze upon the full majesty of the cosmos and watch constellations shaped like immense, predatory beasts glimmer amidst the black night sky. Constructed from a number of incredibly intricate rings that orbit one another constantly, the device resembles the narrowed eye of a godlike creature – hence its name, which honours one of the mysterious Old Ones, an inscrutable feathered serpent that the Seraphon believe keeps an eternal vigil over the realms.

The Eye is maintained by a faithful priesthood of skinks and their slann masters, whose task it is to both protect the device from enemies and decipher its arcane movements and the pattern of glowing glyph-light it emanates. Through these readings, they can intuit much regarding the fluctuating tapestry of the Astromatrix, identifying rising dangers that must be quashed if the Great Plan is to continue uninterrupted. These priests belong to the constellation of the Thunder Lizard, a Coalesced order whose sacred duty is to preserve the ancient technology of the Old Ones. The constellation constructed the mighty Ziggurat of Qung beneath the Eye, a combined fortress and sanctuary that stands guard over the valleys below and whose strange mirror-pools are utilised by Slann Starmasters to read the workings of the arcane engine.

tearing apart the hated cold-bloods. With a bestial bellow, he thundered off into the trees in search of the beasts' war leader – only such a being would offer challenge enough to satiate the Bloodthirster's fury.

F'tanax watched Kazarkos charge blindly into the foliage, and his avian eyes narrowed in contempt. Let the blood-mad fool lose himself to the throes of slaughter. The Lord of Change's own host would use the distraction to skirt the edge of the jungle and pass through to the narrow valleys leading to the Eye. F'tanax's spies had already located the immense, switchback stair of gold, built into a sheer cliff face, that led to the mountaintop Ziggurat of Qung. Without seizing this key passage, the assault upon the Impassable Peaks would stall and fail. The Lord of Change sent forth his lolloping Flamers to spew liquid fire over the thickest patches of trees, burning them to pools of liquidised crystal and clearing a swift path forward.

In the depths of the thickly forested foothills, confusion and bloodshed reigned. Kazarkos could smell the wretched star-scent of the Seraphon and hear the pained screams of his slaughtered minions. The sensations drove him into a killing rage, and he charged blindly into the jungle in search of foes to butcher, followed by a phalanx of thundering Juggernauts with howling Bloodletters astride their broad backs. These daemoniac knights relied not on agility to navigate their dense surroundings but on sheer destructive power. The flesh-and-metal monstrosities upon which they rode lowered their bull-like heads and smashed their way through the undergrowth, splitting trunks and ramming into their saurus enemies with bone-pulverising force.

Amidst the trees, there ensued a close-quarters slaughter of unparalleled savagery. Daemon and saurus alike were locked in a swirling, chaotic melee, a bloody blur of scales, burnished brass and blistered daemonflesh. Kar-Mok's assault had devastated the Bloodreavers that made up the advance of Kazarkos' army, but when the Bloodthirster entered the fray, the tide of battle soon changed. Every arcing sweep of the creature's cursed axe sliced a Cold One in two or cut the head from its saurus rider. The greater daemon's fury was such that the Impassable Peaks themselves shook to his bellows, and though Kar-Mok's riders brought down several Juggernauts with raking charges, they could not lay a blow upon Kazarkos himself.

Hurling his immense frame through the trees, Kazarkos sought the mightiest of the enemy, the most glorious of skulls to claim in the name of his bloody-minded god. His blazing-coal eyes fell upon Scar-Veteran Kar-Mok, whose blade was smeared with molten gore and whose Carnosaur mount was tearing open the belly of a felled Juggernaut, its claws piercing even the daemon-beast's metallic hide. Raising his outsized axe high, Kazarkos struck like a blazing comet, crashing into both rider and saurus general, bearing both to the ground under the ferocity of his assault. Once, twice the daemon's fell weapon came down, smashing into the Carnosaur's scaled chest. Still the beast fought back, kicking and tearing into Kazarkos' belly with its razor-sharp hind limbs, snapping

at his throat even as its intestines spilled from a gaping, smoking wound. From the mortally wounded creature's back, Kar-Mok struck his own powerful blows, utterly unconcerned for his own life in his cold resolve to banish this unnatural monster from his sacred lands.

In a frenzy of scales, hacking blades and snapping fangs, the daemon and the sentinel fought to the death. Kazarkos' strength was greater, fuelled by his burning hatred for all star-scales. Cleaving the Carnosaur's head from its body with one final, mighty blow, the Bloodthirster closed a fist around Kar-Mok's throat, lifting the old saurus into the air so he could stare into the dying wretch's black eyes. Kar-Mok gave one last roar of defiance, and then there was the sickening crunch of bones snapping. Howling in triumph, Kazarkos pulled the Scar-Veteran's head from his body, exulting in the shower of cold blood that splattered across his dog-like maw.

STORMING THE PEAKS

With Kazarkos indulging his murderous bloodlust, the Lord of Change F'tanax sought to use the Bloodthirster's distraction in order to reach the Eye itself and claim the glory of destroying it for his own. The approach to Tepok's Eye led through a narrow, sheer-sided valley known to the Seraphon as Aqmetoq's Pass, through which the combined armies of Kazarkos and F'tanax would have to pass to reach the Eye. It was a narrow passage, but the terrain appeared thinner and more easily traversed than the dense jungles beyond – certainly, it seemed a less treacherous battlefield than that which Kazarkos and his bloody legions were currently hacking their way through. F'tanax, however, was no fool. The greater daemon looked upon the cliff faces on either side of the canyon and saw the fangs of a great reptile, poised to crush anything that passed between its hungry jaws. But the Lord of Change had no shortage of souls to spend, and so he ordered his host forward. A surging tide of Horrors and masked cultists advanced into the pass.

It soon became clear that the valley was anything but safe. As the Chaos forces pushed further in, they could not help but notice the piles of skulls and picked-clean bones that littered the floor, the strange totems of gold and stone that stood like ancient sentinels along the path ahead. Cultists and daemons alike turned their eyes upwards as shadows flittered over them. Yet none dared cease their advance, for they feared the cruelty of F'tanax far more than whatever grim threat awaited them.

The summits of each steep cliff face were marked by wide, flat shelves of rock. Clinging to the underside of these great slabs, their talons as sharp as daggers, were thousands of flying reptiles: vicious Terradons and ferocious Ripperdactyls, each with a skink brave mounted atop its scrawny back. This was the skyhost of the Skink Chief Yutemoc, known to his kind as the Red Wind, a name given both for the crimson frill that rose from his spine and for the bloody carnage that he delivered from on high upon any who dared trespass into the lands of the Thunder Lizard. Blessed by the Starpriests and riding atop the ancient Terradon Arqa-zul, a beast of legendary



ferocity and bloodlust, Yutemoc the Red Wind had been chosen many years ago by Starmaster Olhupec himself to guard the skies surrounding the Eye. It was a task that the old skink had always performed with merciless skill.

As he sighted the Chaos hordes advancing up the steppes, Yutemoc raised his spear and shook his blood-red frill, giving the sign to bring ruin to the enemy. His riders loosed piercing cries and drove their clawed feet into their mounts' leathery backs. Dropping into a graceful mass dive, the flying lizards descended upon their hated foes, falling like a rain of crimson leaves.

Ripperdactyls tucked their wings in tight to maximise their speed and javelin-wielding skinks voiced ululating cries as the flock of airborne fury struck the flank of the intruders' column, tearing through shrieking Horrors with eviscerating force. Cultist warriors and daemons alike were snatched up, shaken and torn apart or else skewered by spears hurled with pinpoint skill by skink riders flashing overhead. As the Ripperdactyls swept along the flank of F'tanax's host, Terradon squadrons dropped volleys of star-blessed rocks that detonated upon striking the earth to send bodies and severed limbs flying into the air. Trapped in the narrow confines of the pass, the Tzeentchian host could hardly evade these devastating bombing runs, and hundreds were immolated or blown apart in a few, lethal minutes.

F'tanax had anticipated this. He had plenty of minions upon which to call, and indeed the Lord of Change had

wanted to draw out any Seraphon guardians that had not been sent into the forest to face the Khornate hosts. As ninety-nine chanting cultists slit their own throats to grant power to his spell, the Lord of Change tore open the fabric of reality and let the foulness of Chaos pour through the breach. A ragged wound opened above the battlefield, and grasping tendrils of energy reached out to engulf those who strayed too close. In the narrow confines of the valley, even the agile lizard-riders could not avoid the pull of the unholy portal. Dozens of skinks and their mounts were drawn screaming into the abyss, into the very Realm of Chaos where they would be subjected to an eternity of suffering. Those who swooped low to avoid the horror were struck by the belching flamestorms of Tzeentchian daemons or brought down with bolts of flesh-melting sorcery.

Only the Red Wind and a small flight of Terradon Riders escaped the fray, soaring away towards the distant silhouette of Tepok's Eye and the last bastion of Seraphon resistance. F'tanax watched them disappear into the clouds and trilled in satisfaction. Let the fool Kazarkos stumble blindly in the jungles to the south; his own host would ascend the golden stairs and lay waste to the Seraphon's crude device. F'tanax knew that almighty Tzeentch would not have allowed the wretch Be'lakor to enslave one of his servants without good cause; surely the God of Change desired to see the Eye cast into ruin and had manipulated the Dark Master into doing his bidding. F'tanax was a patient creature. For now, he would play the loyal thrall. It would only make his eventual, inevitable revenge all the sweeter.

BLINDING THE EYE

As ferociously as the Thunder Lizard fought to keep the trespassers from their lands, they could not hold back the innumerable tide of daemons and Chaos-worshippers flooding towards Tepok's Eye. The last hope of the Seraphon lay in the war engines of the Old Ones, each of which thrummed with cosmic power.

As Starmaster Olhupec watched the daemon host spill up the wide stairs to the very foot of the Eye, a tide of skink skirmishers fleeing before them, he gave the mental signal for his Skink Priests to begin the bombardment.

Bastiladons, Stegadons and other immense behemoths lumbered forward, urged on by their skink handlers. Each of these age-old beasts bore atop its back an engine of unfathomable destructive power. Some carried the reality-distorting devices known as Engines of the Gods, which could channel the zodiacal power of the Seraphon's mysterious masters, while the armoured hides of others bore relics of the Great Serpent Sotek that writhed with slithering, poisonous creatures – familiars of that long-lost entity.

As the daemons crested the winding stair, they entered a wide plateau of polished stone marked by the sacrificial altars of the Thunder Lizard – untold heathens had been ritually dismembered atop these stones, their beating hearts burned as fuel for Tepok's Eye. Here, the Thunder Lizard's last defence of their stronghold began. The monstrous lizards of the constellation rumbled forth, the even ground ensuring that their charge struck home with devastating force; many hundreds of masked cultists lost their lives in those opening moments as the scaled beasts crushed and gored all in their path to a bloody paste. Gibbering bands of Horrors surged forward, hurling bolts of flame and racing up the steep stairways of the Ziggurat of Qung, incinerating the skinks and saurus guardians who charged to meet them. Soon the lower levels were aflame, the sacred halls of the Old Ones filled with capering daemons.

F'tanax was greatly pleased. While his mortal and lesser daemoniac minions were butchered, the daemon and his chosen Heralds would ascend upon trails of sorcery to the summit of Tepok's Eye. There, the great lenses of the celestial engine were suspended upon three immense pillars of rune-engraved gold; sparkling with latent star energy, these structures were anchors and power sources both, embedded with stones and crystals of an origin unknown even to the slann that thrummed with prophetic energies. These pillars were the Lord of Change's targets, for if they were to be shattered, the entire structure would surely plummet to the foot of the mountain and break upon the earth.

As the Lord of Change sent living firestorms of lurid flames to engulf the foundations of the Eye, Starmaster Olhupec ascended from the battlements of the Ziggurat of Qung. With a wave of his slimy hand, he granted his elite bodyguards the power to walk upon the air, allowing them to follow the slann into battle. F'tanax found himself

desperately throwing up arcane shields as Olhupec summoned blazing meteors and sent them hurtling at the Lord of Change, driving him back from the Eye's precious workings.

While the Saurus Guard of Qung matched their celestite polearms against the claws and flames of their hated daemon foes, Olhupec and F'tanax fought a cataclysmic duel in the skies above. The slann wielded the power of the cosmos, calling upon the stars to send forth burning lances of Azyrite energy that scorched F'tanax's flesh and continuing to batter the daemon with fiery comets. F'tanax responded by splitting his own form into a thousand shards, each of which began to hurl screaming volleys of crystalline daggers at his foe. Though Olhupec was quick to raise protective wards, many of these missiles scythed into his ancient flesh, tearing bloody furrows across his bloated body.

For all their fearsome arcane power, neither daemon nor slann could find a weakness in their foe's defences. Even patient F'tanax, so sure in his own might and that of his master Tzeentch, began to fear that this duel of sorcery would cost him too much; even now, the Seraphon of the Thunder Lizard had set the majority of his Arcanite cultists to desperate flight, and thick phalanxes of Saurus Guard had formed about the precious pillars of the Eye, driving back the Flamers and Heralds that sought to destroy them.

Worse still, the Eye was beginning to stir into motion, its immense lenses starting to turn and whirl with cosmic energy. The daemons' time was swiftly running out.

Then came a bestial roar that thundered across the skies, drowning out even the chaotic clash of battle. Looking to the stairway below, F'tanax saw the hulking form of Kazarkos the Bloodthirster smash into the ranks of the Seraphon, followed by a mighty spearhead of blood-crazed Juggernauts and loping Bloodletters.

UNRESTRAINED HATRED

Lost to the exultant fury of his battlelust, Kazarkos had entirely forgotten the reason for which he had come to the foot of the Eye. As he smashed, crushed, hacked and tore his foes to bloody ruin, he could not recall the compulsion that had driven him; for Kazarkos, it was enough to splinter the skulls and rip the scales of the hated Seraphon, those cold-blooded weaklings who had formerly banished him from the physical realm. His revenge was as appalling as it was violent. It was only the stench of magic upon the air that drew the Bloodthirster's attention to the distant structure of Tepok's Eye and to the fierce arcane battle that was being waged there. With another howl of absolute fury, the Bloodthirster of Insensate Rage beat his leathery wings and took to the skies, determined to butcher whatever cowardly wizard dared to employ the sorcerous arts in his presence.

The Bloodthirster descended like a crimson comet, smashing into the palanquin of Olhupec and all but pulverising the shimmering fields of arcane force that protected the Starmaster's frail frame. Somehow, Olhupec



held the Bloodthirster at bay, desperately waving his webbed hands in the air to fashion new wards and summon comets to drive Kazarkos back. F'tanax was all too ready to take advantage of the sudden shift in fortunes; he aimed his staff towards the nearest of the blessed golden pillars, and with a spitting curse, he sent a coiling snake of fire curling about the structure, melting its aeons-old metal into bubbling, molten liquid. With another gesture, he sent this cascade of superheated gold hissing through the air to engulf both Kazarkos and Olhupec, delighting at the Starmaster's rasping cry of anguish as the boiling substance doused his flesh.

Kazarkos roared in pain as the cascade splashed across his own massive body, sizzling and searing his hide. His slann foe lay slumped and smoking before him, gurgling in agony. With a snarl, Kazarkos snapped his maw forward and his yellow fangs sank into the Starmaster's throat, crunching through bone and cooling gold. Even in that moment of purest pain, as the life rushed from his ancient body, the slann retained mastery of will enough to send a psychic signal to his most trusted Skink Priests: the Eye was lost; they must flee now and bring word of this disaster to Lord Kroak himself. Then, though he had but a millisecond of existence left to him, Olhupec centred his mind and prepared to embrace his end.

With a shake of his mighty maw, Kazarkos ripped blessed Olhupec's head from his body. As he tossed the broken slann's headless body aside, the blood-mad daemon's yellow eyes turned to fix themselves upon F'tanax, the creature that had dared to attack him.

Kazarkos hurled himself upon F'tanax, who threw up a shimmering shield of arcane force even as the Bloodthirster's axe crashed down upon him, screaming as its hell-forged edge bit deep into his arcane ward. Tumbling, lashing and roaring, the two greater daemons forgot their mission entirely and instead turned their fury upon each other. Kazarkos slammed his fists into the Lord of Change's face, splintering F'tanax's beak and gouging at the monster's eye until molten silver began to spurt from the wound. Screeching in outrage, the Lord of Change responded by thrusting his staff into the Bloodthirster's belly, wreathing Kazarkos' hulking frame in blistering wyrdflame.

As the Bloodthirster staggered backwards, a living, raging torch, F'tanax summoned silver chains from the aether that wound themselves around Kazarkos' torso. The wrathful daemon raged and struggled as his opponent gave a shrill cry of laughter.

DEVASTATION

All around, the battlefield had turned to complete anarchy. Seeing their masters turn upon one another, the armies of Chaos eagerly followed their lead, and those isolated pockets of Seraphon that still endured found themselves briefly reprieved. Bloodletters hacked and tore at mobs of Pink Horrors, howling in outrage as the Tzeentchian daemons exploded in a gout of witchfire and separated into two growling blue facsimiles. Arcanite cultists met the advance of blood-smearing Bloodreavers with volleys of scorching magic before drawing their ritual knives and entering the fray.



Through this eruption of madness stumbled a lone Skink Starpriest bearing the last command of Starmaster Olhupec. Only the creature's diminutive size and lightning-fast reaction allowed it to find a path through the carnage, skipping between torn-open corpses as he sought out the Skink Chief known as the Red Wind. Scores of Chaos-worshippers had already fallen to the tearing beak of Arqa-zul, but no sooner had word of Olhupec's wishes reached the Skink Chief than he took to the skies and departed the Impassable Peaks, furious to be denied the chance to butcher more unclean filth but determined to fulfil the final desire of his Starmaster.

As the great Ziggurat of Qung was swallowed by unnatural fires, the leaders of the Chaos lost themselves to their bitter, mutual hatred. Kazarkos broke free from his chains and leapt at F'tanax with an ear-splitting bellow. The Lord of Change tried to evade his nemesis, but Kazarkos followed, and as the two greater demons rose into the sky, they hacked and struck at each other, exchanging magic and raw brutality as Tepok's Eye yawned open beneath them. The clear skies sparkled with celestial power as the two duelled, and chains of fist-sized meteorites swirled and spiralled about the awakening structure.

Reaching the apex of their climb, Kazarkos and F'tanax came apart for a moment. Both were bloodied and burned. Kazarkos' skull was visible through his charred

flesh, and great patches of iridescent feathers had been ripped from F'tanax's scalp. Dimly, the Lord of Change was aware of the potential cost were they to fail at this climactic moment and the punishment the Dark Master Be'lakor might inflict upon them.

Hatred triumphed over reason. The two greater demons clashed together again, and now they descended like a blazing comet, gathering speed as they tore and spat and cursed at one another, heading straight for the centre of Tepok's Eye. They struck the crystal surface with a sound like a sundered mountain. Massive, splintering cracks spread out across the lenses, and the superstructure groaned under the terrible pressure. Perhaps the celestial engine might have survived such a disaster, but the great golden pillars that held it aloft, already weakened by the magic of F'tanax, finally gave way. With terrible, inevitable slowness, the Eye slid from its moorings and swept across the great plateau of the mountain, smashing into the Ziggurat of Qung and pulverising what remained of that ancient stronghold before crushing hundreds of Chaos-worshippers to paste.

Kazarkos and F'tanax, still locked in bloody combat, tumbled free just as the device vanished over the edge of the mountainside, smashing a great rent in the cliff face before exploding into a million fragments as it struck the valley below.





Smoke and dust filled the valley of Tepok's Eye. At the foot of the great mountain lay the remains of the celestial device itself, a tangled ruin of metal, stone and shattered glass. After the thunderous carnage of the preceding battle, there was a stretch of unnatural silence.

Then a hulking form burst from the wreckage, leathery flesh impaled by knife-like shards of crystal. Kazarkos' coal-pit eyes flicked to and fro, still searching for his nemesis. Two dozen yards away from the Bloodthirster, a circle of blue-white flames appeared in the air, and the stooping figure of F'tanax stepped through, one of his glittering turquoise wings all but torn in two.

'Witless creature,' the Lord of Change hissed. 'You shall burn for eternity in the fires of the Change God.'

Kazarkos' only reply was a mindless roar of fury. Screaming their eternal hatred, the two greater daemons charged at one another, eager to resume their brutal conflict.

The moment before they struck, both heard the hiss of profane syllables, and crippling pain and helplessness sent Kazarkos stumbling to his haunches. Through a blur of agony that seared through every fibre of his being, Kazarkos saw shadow and darkness fall across the valley. The night-black veil rippled, and there stood the hated Be'lakor, his smile bright and cruel. To be unable to rip the arrogant Daemon Prince limb from

limb was a greater torment than the pain now coursing through the Bloodthirster's being.

'You have both served the Dark Master well, though you lack the wits to understand why,' Be'lakor said, his words dripping with contempt as he approached the greater daemons. 'Your petty rivalry has served my purpose, just as I knew that it would. Thanks to your foolish display, the cold-bloods will suspect that the Eye's destruction was down to nothing more than the reckless fury of daemonkind. Blinded and ignorant, they will never see what is coming. Until the time is right.'

The edge of the Dark Master's shadow-blade came to rest on Kazarkos' throat. The Bloodthirster felt veins and synapses burst behind his eyes as he strained his every muscle, yearning to seize the fiend and tear his head from his shoulders.

'Yes, I am pleased,' Be'lakor said. 'Fear not, Bloodthirster. Your lust for carnage will be sated. Soon there will be a great and terrible slaughter. You will bathe in the gore of a butchered city, and when the skies themselves burn, even the eternal will perish.'

The Dark Master's gaze met that of F'tanax, who stared back with a cold and calculating hatred no less intense than that of Kazarkos.

'There is much work still to be done,' Be'lakor said. 'And I am not finished with either of you yet.'



WAR FOR TEPOK'S EYE

Deep within the Impassable Peaks of Chamon lies Tepok's Eye, an ancient orrery of incredible power. The Daemon Prince Be'lakor has plotted for many long years to see the Eye destroyed, but the Old Ones and their Seraphon cohorts stand in his way.



This issue's Tome Celestial delves deeply into the Battle for Tepok's Eye, a war that pits the forces of Chaos not only against the celestial cohorts of the Seraphon but against each other. This section of the Broken Realms Flashpoint contains exciting new rules for open and narrative play games, including four new battleplans and a set of campaign rules (shown opposite) to link them all together. You can use these rules to recreate the battles that were fought when Be'lakor sent his minions to destroy Tepok's Eye.

WHAT ARE FLASHPOINTS?

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

Flashpoints span multiple issues, and articles

are always marked with the Flashpoint's symbol, making them easy to find in your copy of *White Dwarf*.





THE BATTLES FOR TEPOK'S EYE

Campaign Rules

This section includes a set of rules that allow you to link together the battleplans that follow, so that the result of each battle has an impact on the subsequent battles.

Battleplans

This section includes new battleplans that allow you to recreate the pivotal battles described in the Tome Celestial.

CAMPAIGN RULES

On the following pages are four battleplans, each based on a critical battle that was part of Be'lakor's ambitious plan to destroy Tepok's Eye. The rules on this page allow you to play a series of linked games that recreates what happened as the Dark Master's plan unfolded.

The Armies

This campaign is fought between two players. One player is the Seraphon player and the other player is the Be'lakor player. The Seraphon player must be able to field the Seraphon units needed in each of the battleplans. The Be'lakor player must be able to field the Blades of Khorne and Tzeentch units needed in each of the battleplans.

Designer's Note: In the fourth battleplan – Devastation – the players will need to share their models, one player using the Blades of Khorne models and two units of Seraphon models, while the other player uses the Tzeentch models

and two units of Seraphon models. While doing so, you should take extra special care of any models that are owned by your opponent to make sure that they are not mishandled or damaged in any way.

The Battles

The players must fight each battle in the order in which they appear on the following pages.

Consequences of Battle

Any named characters that are slain in a battle are assumed to have been hurt but not killed and will be fully recovered in time for the next battle. This aside, the result of an earlier battle may have an impact on subsequent battles that are fought as explained below. If you are allowed to add units to your army, they must conform to any unit selection restrictions for the battleplan being used.

Jungles of Death and Storming The Peaks: No changes.

Blinding the Eye – Result of Jungles of Death: If the Be'lakor player won a **major victory** at the Jungles of Death, add 1 to the 2D6 roll that determines if the Blades of Khorne allies arrive each turn. If the Seraphon player won a **minor victory** at the Jungles of Death, subtract 1 from the 2D6 roll that determines if the Blades of Khorne allies arrive each turn. If the Seraphon player won a **major victory** at the Jungles of Death, subtract 2 from the roll instead.

Blinding the Eye – Result of

Storming the Peaks: If the Be'lakor player won a **major victory** Storming the Peaks, add 2 Tzeentch units to the Tzeentch army. If the Seraphon player won a **minor victory** Storming the Peaks, subtract 1 Tzeentch unit from the Tzeentch army. If the Seraphon player won a **major victory** Storming the Peaks, subtract 2 Tzeentch units instead.

Devastation: Add 1 unit to a player's army for each **major victory** they have won so far in the campaign. Then, each player can roll a dice for each **minor victory** they have won so far in the campaign. For each 4+, they can add 1 unit to their army.

Campaign Victory

If one player is victorious in all four battles, they win a **total campaign victory**. If one player is victorious in Blinding the Eye and Devastation, they win a **strategic campaign victory**. In any other circumstances, the victor in Blinding the Eye wins a **tactical campaign victory**.

ALTERNATIVE ARMIES

If you don't have all of the units or armies needed to fight a campaign, just substitute suitable units that you do have for the ones that you don't. For example, if the Be'lakor player doesn't have any Tzeentch units, they could substitute them with units from any army they do have.



BATTLEPLAN 1

JUNGLES OF DEATH

The foothills of the Impassable Peaks were covered by a swathe of thick, almost impenetrable jungle, inhabited by serpents with glittering scales and hunting packs of bipedal Cold Ones. For such agile creatures and their sharp-eyed saurus riders, it offered the perfect ground; even as the front edge of the Chaos host plunged into the undergrowth, hacking their way through vines and foliage with gore-encrusted blades, the outriders of the Thunder Lizard were already encircling them, waiting for the most favourable moment to launch a killing charge.

THE ARMIES

One player is the attacker. Their opponent is the defender.

Attacker's Army

The attacker must use a Seraphon Coalesced army with the **THUNDER LIZARD** keyword. It must consist of the following units:

- Saurus Scar-Veteran on Carnosaur (Kar-Mok). Kar-Mok is the general of the attacking army.
- 12 other **SERAPHON** units.

Defender's Army

The defender must use a Blades of Khorne army. It must consist of the following units:

- Kazarkos (pg 77). Kazarkos is the general of the defending army.
- 16 other **Khorne** units.

UNIT SELECTION

With the exception of Kar-Mok and Kazarkos, the units in each army must conform to one of the types in the following list. You can double the size of a unit if you wish, but it then counts as 2 choices instead of 1.

Champion: A **HERO** with a Wounds characteristic of 8 or less.

Regular Unit: A unit of up to 10 models, each with a Wounds characteristic of 1.

Elite Unit: A unit of up to 5 models, each with a Wounds characteristic of 2 or 3.

Guard Unit: A unit of up to 3 models, each with a Wounds characteristic of 4 or 5.

THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle is being fought in thick jungle, and appropriate terrain features should be used to represent where it takes place.

Designer's Comment: Do not worry if you do not have enough jungle terrain to cover the battlefield, as there are special rules that follow to represent its impact upon the battle.

SET-UP

The defender must set up Kazarkos in their own territory, within 3" of the centre of the long edge of the battlefield (see map).

The players then alternate setting up units one at a time, starting with the attacker. The attacker can set up units anywhere in their territory more than 6" from the defender's territory. The defender's territory is split into three areas (A, B and C). The defender must set up at least one third of their units in area A, at least one third in area B and any remaining units in area C.

Continue to set up units until both players have set up their armies. If one player finishes first, their opponent must set up the rest of the units in their army, one after another.

THE JUNGLES

The battlefield is swathed in thick jungle. Because of this, models are not visible to each other if the distance between them is more than 9". In addition, subtract 3 from charge rolls unless the charging unit is a **MONSTER**, a **SAURUS KNIGHTS** unit or a **BLOODCRUSHERS** unit. Finally, all units are treated as being in cover against attacks made with missile weapons unless they are a **Monster** or can fly.

SURPRISE ATTACK

The attacker must take the first turn in the first battle round. In addition, the defender cannot run or charge in the first battle round.

BATTLE LENGTH

The battle lasts for 5 battle rounds.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

Each player adds up the number of enemy units that were destroyed during the battle, excluding any units that were added to the armies after the battle started. Double-sized units count as 2 units instead of 1. Kar-Mok and Kazarkos count as 5 units instead of 1.

If one player has the higher total, they win a **major victory** if the enemy general was slain or a **minor victory** if the enemy general was not slain. If neither player has the higher total, the battle is a **draw**.





BATTLEPLAN 2 STORMING THE PEAKS

With Kazarkos indulging his murderous bloodlust, the Lord of Change F'tanax sought to use the Bloodthirster's distraction in order to reach the Eye itself and to claim the glory of destroying it for his own. The approach to Tepok's Eye led through a narrow, sheer-sided valley known to the Seraphon as Aqmetoq's Pass, through which the combined armies of Kazarkos and F'tanax would have to pass to reach their goal.

THE ARMIES

One player is the attacker. Their opponent is the defender.

Attacker's Army

The attacker must use a Seraphon Coalesced army with the THUNDER LIZARD keyword. It must consist of the following units:

- Terradon Chief (Yutemoc the Red Wind). Yutemoc is the general of the attacking army.
- 12 other SKINK units that can fly.

Defender's Army

The defender must use a Disciples of Tzeentch army. It must consist of the following units:

- F'tanax (pg 77). F'tanax is the general of the defending army.
- 16 other TZEENTCH units that cannot fly.

UNIT SELECTION

With the exception of Yutemoc and F'tanax, the units in each army must conform to one of the types in the following list. You can double the size of a unit if you wish, but it then counts as 2 choices instead of 1.

Champion: A HERO with a Wounds characteristic of 8 or less.

Regular Unit: A unit of up to 10 models, each with a Wounds characteristic of 1.

Elite Unit: A unit of up to 5 models, each with a Wounds characteristic of 2 or 3.

Guard Unit: A unit of up to 3 models, each with a Wounds characteristic of 4 or 5.

SET-UP

The defender must set up their army first, wholly within their territory. The attacker sets up their army second. All units in the attacker's army must start on a cliff face (see map) and more than 3" from any enemy units.

FIRST TURN

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

THE CLIFF FACES

Only models that can fly can be set up or move onto the cliff face areas of the battlefield. If a model that cannot fly has to move onto a cliff face, it is slain.

THE NARROW PASS

When a TERRADON RIDERS unit uses its Deadly Cargo ability, add 2 to each dice to determine if an enemy unit suffers any mortal wounds. In addition, add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with missile weapons by SERAPHON units, and add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by Seraphon units that made a charge move in the same turn.

THE MONSTROUS INFERNAL GATEWAY

Once during the battle, F'tanax can attempt to call forth the Monstrous Infernal Gateway instead of attempting to cast any other spells in the defender's hero phase. Before they can do so, the defender must

pick 1 TZEENTCH unit with at least 9 models that is within 3" of F'tanax. That unit is destroyed. The defender then rolls a dice. If the roll is equal to or less than the number of the current battle round, the Monstrous Infernal Gateway is called forth and the battle immediately ends. On any other roll, the battle continues until the end of the fifth battle round.

BATTLE LENGTH

The battle lasts for 5 battle rounds or until the Monstrous Infernal Gateway is called forth.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

Each player adds up the number of enemy units that were destroyed during the battle, excluding any units that were added to the armies after the battle started. Double-sized units count as 2 units instead of 1. F'tanax counts as 5 units instead of 1.

If the attacker has the higher total, they win a **major victory** if the Monstrous Infernal Gateway was not called forth or a **minor victory** if the Monstrous Infernal Gateway was called forth. If the defender has the higher total, they win a **major victory** if the Monstrous Infernal Gateway was called forth or a **minor victory** if the Monstrous Infernal Gateway was not called forth. If neither player has the higher total, the battle is a **draw**.



BATTLEPLAN 3 BLINDING THE EYE

As ferociously as the Thunder Lizard fought to keep the trespassers from their lands, they could not hold back the innumerable tide of daemons and Chaos worshippers flooding towards Tepok's Eye. The last hope of the Seraphon lay in the war engines of the Old Ones, each of which thrummed with cosmic power.

THE ARMIES

One player is the guardian. Their opponent is the despoiler.

Guardian's Army

The guardian must use a Seraphon Coalesced army with the **THUNDER LIZARD** keyword. It must consist of the following units:

- Slann Starmaster (Olhupec). Olhupec is the general of the guardian's army.
- Terradon Chief (Yutemoc the Red Wind).
- 20 other **SERAPHON** units.

Despoiler's Army

The despoiler must use a Disciples of Tzeentch army. It must consist of the following units:

- F'tanax (pg 77). F'tanax is the general of the despoiler's army.
- 12 other **TZEENTCH** units.
- Kazarkos (pg 77) and 12 other **Khorne** allied units (see The Blades of Khorne).

UNIT SELECTION

With the exception of Olhupec, Yutemoc, F'tanax and Kazarkos, the units in each army must conform to one of the types in the following list. You can double the size of a unit if you wish, but it then counts as 2 choices instead of 1.

Champion: A HERO with a Wounds characteristic of 8 or less.

Regular Unit: A unit of up to 10 models, each with a Wounds characteristic of 1.

Elite Unit: A unit of up to 5 models, each with a Wounds characteristic of 2 or 3.

Guard Unit: A unit of up to 3 models, each with a Wounds characteristic of 4 or 5.

SET-UP

The guardian must set up their army first, wholly within their territory and more than 9" from enemy territory. Olhupec must be set up on the stairway (see map).

The despoiler's army is split into two contingents: the Disciples of Tzeentch, consisting of F'tanax and the other **TZEENTCH** units, and the Blades of Khorne, consisting of Kazarkos and the other **Khorne** units. The despoiler can only set up Disciples of Tzeentch units at the start of the battle; the Blades of Khorne will arrive during the battle as described below. Disciples of Tzeentch units can be set up anywhere wholly within the despoiler's territory and more than 9" from enemy territory.

THE BLADES OF KHORNE

Roll 2D6 at the start of each of the despoiler's turns to see if the Blades of Khorne arrive. Add the number of the current battle round to the roll. On an 11+, Kazarkos and all of the other **KHORNE** units arrive. Roll a dice. On a 1-3, they arrive on the short battlefield marked Khorne Arrival Edge 1-3 (see map). On 4-6, they arrive on the short battlefield edge marked Khorne Arrival Edge 4-6.

Khorne units enter play in the despoiler's movement phase, wholly within 9" of their arrival edge and more than 3" from any enemy units. This counts as their move for that movement phase.

LEVEL GROUND

The guardian can re-roll charge rolls for friendly **SERAPHON MONSTERS**.

THE STAIRWAY

Olhupec cannot move from the stairway. Add 1 to casting, dispelling and unbinding rolls for **SERAPHON WIZARDS** that are within 1" of the stairway.

BATTLE LENGTH

The battle lasts for 5 battle rounds.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

Each player adds up the number of friendly units that are within 12" of the stairway at the end of the battle. Double-sized units count as 2 units instead of 1. Olhupec, F'tanax and Kazarkos count as 5 units instead of 1.

If the guardian has the higher total, they win a **major victory** if Olhupec has not been slain or a **minor victory** if Olhupec has been slain. If the despoiler has the higher total, they win a **major victory** if Olhupec has been slain or a **minor victory** if Olhupec has not been slain. If neither player has the higher total, the battle is a **draw**.





BATTLEPLAN 4 DEVASTATION

All around, the battlefield had turned to complete anarchy. Seeing their masters turn upon one another, the armies of Chaos eagerly followed their lead. Those isolated pockets of Seraphon that still endured found themselves in a brief reprieve as their daemonic foes suddenly turned upon one another. Bloodletters hacked and tore at mobs of Pink Horrors, howling in outrage as the Tzeentchian daemons exploded in a gout of witchflame, separating into two growling blue facsimiles. Arcanite Cultists met the advance of gore-smearred Bloodreavers with volleys of scorching magic, then drew their ritual knives and entered the fray.

THE ARMIES

One player is the trickster. Their opponent is the destroyer.

Trickster's Army

The trickster must use a Disciples of Tzeentch army. It must consist of the following units:

- F'tanax (pg 77). F'tanax is the general of the trickster's army.
- 8 other TZEENTCH units.
- 2 SERAPHON allied units (see The Seraphon).

Destroyer's Army

The destroyer must use a Blades of Khorne army. It must consist of the following units:

- Kazarkos (pg 77). Kazarkos is the general of the destroyer's army.
- 8 other KHORNE units.
- 2 SERAPHON allied units (see The Seraphon).

UNIT SELECTION

With the exception of F'tanax and Kazarkos, the units in each army must conform to one of the types in the following list. You can double the size of up to 2 units if you wish, up to 1 of which can be a SERAPHON unit, but each unit you double in size counts as 2 choices instead of 1.

Champion: A Hero with a Wounds characteristic of 8 or less.

Regular Unit: A unit of up to 10 models, each with a Wounds characteristic of 1.

Elite Unit: A unit of up to 5 models, each with a Wounds characteristic of 2 or 3.

Guard Unit: A unit of up to 3 models, each with a Wounds characteristic of 4 or 5.

SET-UP

The players roll off, and the winner decides which player will use the rectangles of territory marked A. The other player uses the rectangles of territory marked B.

The players then alternate setting up units one at a time, starting with the player who won the roll-off. Players must set up units wholly within their rectangles of territory, more than 3" away from any enemy units. At least 1 unit must be set up in each rectangle of territory. SERAPHON units cannot be set up in the same rectangle of territory as a CHAOS unit.

Continue to set up units until both players have set up their armies. If one player finishes first, their opponent must set up the rest of the units in their army, one after another.

THE SERAPHON

The units of Seraphon 'allies' represent the scattered survivors of the Seraphon army. They cannot be moved within

3" of any of the CHAOS units that they are allied to, and the CHAOS units they are allied to cannot move within 3" of them. In addition, SERAPHON units will never attack enemy SERAPHON units or choose enemy SERAPHON units as the target of a spell.

LEVEL GROUND

The players can re-roll charge rolls for friendly SERAPHON MONSTERS.

THE STAIRWAY

Add 1 to casting, dispelling and unbinding rolls for SERAPHON WIZARDS that are within 1" of the stairway.

UNRESTRAINED HATRED

Do not take battleshock tests for Chaos units in this battle.

BATTLE LENGTH

The battle lasts for 5 battle rounds.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

Each player adds up the number of enemy Chaos units that were destroyed during the battle, excluding any units that were added to the armies after the battle started. Double-sized units count as 2 units instead of 1. F'tanax and Kazarkos count as 5 units instead of 1.

If one player has the higher total, they win a **major victory** if the enemy general was slain or a **minor victory** if the enemy general was not slain. If neither player has the higher total, the battle is a **draw**.



ANVIL OF CHAOS

As the war for Tepok's Eye rages, the Blood God and the Changer of the Ways bestow mighty gifts upon their most favoured servants. Mortals and daemons alike swell with power as they receive the blessings of the Chaos Gods.

The *General's Handbook 2020* features the Anvil of Apotheosis, a set of rules named after Sigmar's forge upon which he creates the mighty Stormcast Eternals. These rules allow you to forge a unique warscroll from the ground up to represent your very own

custom-made heroes in your Age of Sigmar battles. In this issue of *White Dwarf*, we expand on those rules, providing you with six new character archetypes – three each for the Blades of Khorne and the Disciples of Tzeentch. May the Dark Gods bless your newly forged heroes (well, villains).

The rules in this section enable you to create a unique hero of your own design for either the Blades of Khorne or the Disciples of Tzeentch. A blank warscroll to record your hero upon can be printed out from www.warhammer-community.com.

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

The 5 steps are as follows:

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

CHARACTERISTIC ENHANCEMENTS AND ABILITIES

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

STEP 1 - THE DESTINY POINT LIMIT

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

Champion

Limit: 20 destiny points

Conqueror

Limit: 40 destiny points

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

STEP 2 - ARCHETYPES

The second step is to pick the archetype for your hero. There are 6 to choose from in total: 3 for the Blades of Khorne – **Daemonic Herald of Khorne**, **Mortal Champion of Khorne** and **Bloodthirster** – and 3 for the Disciples of Tzeentch – **Daemonic Herald of Tzeentch**, **Magister of Tzeentch** and **Lord of Change**. The archetype you pick will cost a number of destiny points (as indicated in the upper-right corner of the archetype) and will populate your hero's Move, Wounds, Bravery and Save characteristics. The archetype will also give them a set of keywords and any starting abilities, and there may be an optional rule you can choose for them. Write all of these down on your hero's warscroll after making your choice.

USING YOUR HERO IN BATTLE

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

Tepok's Eye Campaign: If you are playing through the Tepok's Eye campaign (or any campaign), you can use the warscrolls for Kazarkos and F'tanax found on page 77. In addition, you could use the Anvil of the Apotheosis from the *General's Handbook 2020* to make warscrolls for Kar-Mok and Yutemoc the Red Wind.

Open Play Games: With your opponent's permission,

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

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



DAEMONIC HERALD OF KHORNE

6

Optional Rule:	You can pick 1 command ability from the table on page 72 and add it to the warscroll.
Keywords:	CHAOS, DAEMON, KHORNE, HERO, HERALD OF KHORNE



MORTAL CHAMPION OF KHORNE

5

Optional Rule:	You can pick 1 command ability from the table on page 72 and add it to the warscroll.
Keywords:	CHAOS, MORTAL, KHORNE, BLOODBOND, HERO



BLOODTHIRSTER

15

Damage Table:	DAMAGE TABLE		
	Wounds Suffered	Move	Save
	0-3	10"	5+
	4-6	9"	5+
	7-9	8"	5+
	10-12	7"	6+
13+	6"	6+	
Optional Rule:	You can pick 1 command ability from the table on page 72 and add it to the warscroll.		
Keywords:	CHAOS, DAEMON, GREATER DAEMON, BLOODTHIRSTER, KHORNE, MONSTER, HERO		



DAEMONIC HERALD OF TZEENTCH

6

[Ability]	(Add the following to the warscroll): MAGIC This HERO is a WIZARD. They can attempt to cast 1 spell in your hero phase and attempt to unbind 1 spell in the enemy hero phase. They know the Arcane Bolt and Mystic Shield spells. In addition, they know any spells you have picked for them from the Spell Table.
Optional Rule:	You can pick 1 spell from the table on page 72 and add it to the warscroll.
Keywords:	CHAOS, DAEMON, HORROR, TZEENTCH, HERO, WIZARD



MAGISTER OF TZEENTCH

5

[Ability]	(Add the following to the warscroll): MAGIC This HERO is a WIZARD. They can attempt to cast 1 spell in your hero phase and attempt to unbind 1 spell in the enemy hero phase. They know the Arcane Bolt and Mystic Shield spells. In addition, they know any spells you have picked for them from the Spell Table.
Optional Rule:	You can pick 1 spell from the table on page 72 and add it to the warscroll.
Keywords:	CHAOS, MORTAL, TZEENTCH, ARCANITE, HERO, WIZARD, MAGISTER



LORD OF CHANGE

18

Damage Table:	DAMAGE TABLE		
	Wounds Suffered	Move	Cast/Unbind Spells
	0-3	12"	Cast 2 spells, unbind 2 spells
	4-6	10"	Cast 2 spells, unbind 2 spells
	7-9	9"	Cast 2 spells, unbind 1 spell
	10-12	8"	Cast 2 spells, unbind 1 spell
13+	7"	Cast 1 spell, unbind 1 spell	
[Ability]	(Add the following to the warscroll): MAGIC This HERO is a WIZARD. They can attempt to cast a number of spells in your hero phase and attempt to unbind a number of spells in the enemy hero phase as shown on the damage table above. They know the Arcane Bolt and Mystic Shield spells. In addition, they know any spells you have picked for them from the Spell Table.		
Optional Rule:	You can pick 2 spells from the table on page 72 and add it to the warscroll.		
Keywords:	CHAOS, DAEMON, TZEENTCH, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, LORD OF CHANGE		

COMMAND ABILITIES - BLADES OF KHORNE

Follow Me to Glory: *This champion holds their weapon high and roars a brazen challenge to their fellow warriors to follow them into the fray and spill blood in the name of Khorne.*

You can use this command ability at the start of the charge phase. If you do so, pick a friendly model with this command ability and 1 other friendly **KHORNE** unit wholly within 16" of that model. Until the end of that charge phase, both the model and unit picked can attempt a charge even if they ran in the same turn.

Claim the Trophy: *A formidable foe is spotted amidst the enemy ranks, and with a howl, this champion orders their bloodthirsty warriors to cut them down and claim their skulls for the Blood God.*

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick a enemy unit within 3" of a friendly model with this command ability. Until the end of that phase, add 1 to wound rolls for attacks made with melee weapons that target that enemy unit. In addition, if that enemy unit is destroyed in that phase, and your army is a Khorne army, you gain 1 additional Blood Tithe point. You cannot pick the same unit to benefit from this command ability more than once per phase.

Let it Flow: *This servant of Khorne draws their blade across their palm, spilling the first droplets of blood in offering. With a promise of more to come, the weapons of their allies begin to glow red hot with daemonic fury.*

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick a friendly model with this command ability. That model suffers 1 mortal wound. In addition, until the end of that phase, improve the Rend characteristic of melee weapons used by friendly **KHORNE** units by 1 while they are wholly within 8" of that model. The same unit cannot benefit from this command ability more than once per phase.

SPELLS - DISCIPLES OF TZEENTCH

Eldritch Tempest: *The sorcerer conjures an iridescent storm of crackling magic that rolls over the enemy, unleashing the fury of eldritch energy upon them.*

Eldritch Tempest has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within 15" of the caster that is visible to them and roll 1 dice for each model in that unit. If that unit is an enemy **MONSTER** or **WAR MACHINE**, roll 3 dice for each model instead. For each 6, that unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

Arcane Translocation: *Strange sigils burn in the ground, forming a glowing ring of magical energy. In the blink of an eye, the warriors within disappear from sight, only to reappear across the battlefield a moment later.*

Arcane Translocation has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick 1 friendly unit wholly within 9" of the caster that is visible to them. Remove that unit from the battlefield and set it up again anywhere on the battlefield more than 9" from all enemy units. That unit cannot move in the following movement phase.

Prismatic Ward: *A shield of glass-like energy forms in a sphere around a point chosen by the caster, protecting all inside from magical attack.*

Prismatic Ward has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick 1 friendly unit wholly within 9" of the caster that is visible to them. Until the start of your next hero phase, each time that unit is affected by a spell or endless spell, you can roll a dice. If you do so, on a 4+, ignore the effects of that spell or endless spell on that unit.





STEP 3 - THE DAEMONIC ARMOURY

The next step is to arm your hero with weapons from the armoury. There are different weapon options for the Blades of Khorne and the Disciples of Tzeentch. A hero can be armed with 1 of the following weapon options:

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

In addition, a TZEENTCH HERO can be armed with 1 ranged weapon.

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

in the rightmost column of the table.

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

If your hero is armed with 2 of the same one-handed melee weapon, only add the weapon profile once to the warscroll but double its Attacks characteristic. This costs 1 additional destiny point on top of the destiny points cost for each weapon. For example, if your hero was armed with 2 Blood Flails, the Attacks characteristic would be 4 and it would cost 3 destiny points in total.

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

BLADES OF KHORNE ONE-HANDED WEAPONS

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage	DP
Hellblade	1"	3	3+	3+	-1	1	2
Ensorcelled Axe	1"	3	4+	3+	-	1	1
Skullhammer	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	2	1
Blood Flail	3"	2	4+	4+	-	1	1
Taloned Hand	1"	4	4+	4+	-	1	1

BLADES OF KHORNE TWO-HANDED WEAPONS

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage	DP
Great Hellblade	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	2	3
Mighty Axe of Khorne	1"	3	3+	2+	-2	3	4
Mighty Skullhammer	1"	2	4+	2+	-2	3	2
Bloodglaive	2"	3	4+	3+	-1	2	2

DISCIPLES OF TZEENTCH ONE-HANDED WEAPONS

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage	DP
Baleful Sword	1"	3	3+	4+	-	1	1
Ritual Dagger	1"	1	4+	3+	-2	2	1
Warp tongue Blade	1"	2	3+	3+	-1	1	1
Taloned Hand	1"	4	4+	4+	-	1	1

DISCIPLES OF TZEENTCH TWO-HANDED WEAPONS

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage	DP
Tzeentchian Runestaff	1"	3	4+	3+	-	D3	1
Staff of Change	1"	1	3+	3+	-1	3	1

DISCIPLES OF TZEENTCH RANGED WEAPONS

Ranged Weapons	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage	DP
Magical Flames	12"	6	4+	4+	-	1	3
Sorcerous Bolt	18"	1	3+	3+	-2	D3	3

SHIELD

[Characteristic Enhancement] Improve your hero's Save characteristic by 1

DP 1

STEP 4 - BESTIAL COMPANION

In this step, you need to decide whether or not your hero will have a bestial companion. There are 3 types of bestial companion: **Minor Beast**, **Mounted Beast** and **Gargantuan Beast**. A hero can only ever have 1 bestial companion picked for them. A Minor Beast follows or guards your hero, such as a Flesh Hound or a daemonic familiar. A Mounted Beast can be anything from a Juggernaut of Khorne to a Disc of

Tzeentch. A Gargantuan Beast is a truly colossal mount, such as a Slaughterbrute, Mutalith Vortex Beast or Manticore. If you do not want to choose a bestial companion for your hero, you can skip this step.

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

MINOR BEAST

[Characteristic Enhancement]						DP 4
Add 1 to your hero's Wounds characteristic						
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Claws	1"	2	5+	5+	-	1
Maw	1"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3

Add the following text to your hero's description:

MINOR BEAST: This model's Minor Beast attacks with its Claws and Maw. For rules purposes, it is treated the same as a mount.

MOUNTED BEAST

Restrictions: No GREATER DAEMON		[Characteristic Enhancement]				DP 6
		Add 2 to your hero's Wounds characteristic Change your hero's Move characteristic to 8"				
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Claws	1"	2	5+	5+	-	1
Maw	1"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3

Add the following text to your hero's description:

MOUNT: This model's Mounted Beast attacks with its Claws and Maw.

GARGANTUAN BEAST

Restrictions: No GREATER DAEMON		[Characteristic Enhancement]				DP 15
		Add 8 to your hero's Wounds characteristic Change your hero's Move characteristic to *				
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Claws	2"	*	4+	3+	-1	2
Maw	2"	2	3+	3+	-2	*

Add the following text to your hero's description:

MOUNT: This model's Gargantuan Beast attacks with its Claws and Maw.

Add the following keywords to your hero's warscroll: **MONSTER**

Add the damage table on the right to your hero's warscroll.

DAMAGE TABLE

Wounds Suffered	Move	Claws	Maw
0-3	10"	6	4
4-6	8"	5	3
7-9	6"	4	2
10-11	4"	3	1
12+	2"	2	1



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

BESTIAL COMPANION OPTIONS		
Winged Beast	<p>[Ability] Add the following text to your hero's description:</p> <p>FLY: This model can fly.</p> <p>Restrictions: No Minor Beast</p>	DP 4
Daemonic Familiar	<p>[Ability] Daemonic Familiar: Once per battle, during your hero phase, you can say this model will draw upon the power of its familiar. If you do so, you can cast 1 additional spell in that hero phase.</p> <p>Restrictions: TZEENTCH Minor Beast only</p>	DP 2
Brass Collar	<p>[Ability] Brass Collar: This model can attempt to unbind 1 spell in the enemy hero phase in the same manner as a WIZARD. In addition, this model can attempt to dispel 1 endless spell at the start of your hero phase in the same manner as a WIZARD.</p> <p>Restrictions: KHORNE only</p>	DP 2
Mutant Regeneration	<p>[Ability] Mutant Regeneration: In your hero phase, you can heal up to D3 wounds allocated to this model.</p> <p>Restrictions: Gargantuan Beast only</p>	DP 3
Daemonic Fire	<p>[Ability] Daemonic Fire: In your shooting phase, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 6" of this model. Roll a number of dice equal to the number of models from that enemy unit that are within 6" of this model. For each 6, that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.</p> <p>Restrictions: Gargantuan Beast only</p>	DP 4
Vicious Charge	<p>[Ability] Vicious Charge: After this model makes a charge move, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 1" of this model and roll a dice. On a 2+, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.</p>	DP 1
Razor-sharp Claws	<p>[Characteristic Enhancement] Improve the Rend characteristic of the bestial companion's Claws by 1 (to a maximum of -3).</p>	DP 2
Gobble Attack	<p>[Ability] Gobble Attack: Each time this model attacks, after all of this model's attacks have been resolved, you can pick 1 enemy model within 1" of this model and roll a dice. If the roll is equal to or greater than that enemy model's Wounds characteristic, it is slain.</p> <p>Restrictions: Gargantuan Beast only</p>	DP 3
Terror	<p>[Ability] Terror: Subtract 1 from the Bravery characteristic of enemy units while they are within 3" of any friendly units with this ability.</p> <p>Restrictions: Gargantuan Beast only</p>	DP 1
Savage Frenzy	<p>[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick either the bestial companion's Claws or Maw. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that weapon. For Gargantuan Beasts, add 1 to each row of the appropriate column in the damage table.</p>	DP 1
Lashing Tail	<p>[Ability] Lashing Tail: At the end of the combat phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3" of this model. If the roll is less than the number of models in that unit, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.</p> <p>Restrictions: Gargantuan Beast only</p>	DP 3
Savage Ferocity	<p>[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick either the bestial companion's Claws or Maw. Improve the To Hit characteristic of that weapon by 1.</p>	DP 1
Savage Strength	<p>[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick either the bestial companion's Claws or Maw. Improve the To Wound characteristic of that weapon by 1.</p>	DP 1
Stomp	<p>[Ability] Stomp: At the end of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 1" of this unit and roll a dice. On a 2+, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.</p> <p>Restrictions: Gargantuan Beast only</p>	DP 2

STEP 5 - CHARACTERISTIC ENHANCEMENTS AND ABILITIES

The final step is to pick any other options for your hero. Each costs a number of destiny points as listed in the table.

CHARACTERISTIC ENHANCEMENTS AND ABILITIES		
Unnatural Speed	[Characteristic Enhancement] Add 1" to your hero's Move characteristic.	DP 2
Chaotic Blood	[Characteristic Enhancement] Add 1 to your hero's Wounds characteristic.	DP 1
Daemonic Armour	[Characteristic Enhancement] Improve your hero's Save characteristic by 1 (to a maximum of 3+).	DP 2
Ferocity	[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick 1 of your hero's weapons (not including mount weapons). Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that weapon.	DP 2
Weapon Master	[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick 1 of your hero's weapons (not including mount weapons). Improve the To Hit characteristic of that weapon by 1.	DP 2
Daemonic Strength	[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick 1 of your hero's weapons (not including mount weapons). Improve the To Wound characteristic of that weapon by 1.	DP 2
Mighty Weapon	[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick 1 of your hero's weapons (not including mount weapons). Add 1 to the Damage characteristic of that weapon. Weapons that have a random Damage characteristic cannot be picked.	DP 2
Honed Edge	[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick 1 of your hero's weapons (not including mount weapons). Improve the Rend characteristic of that weapon by 1 (to a maximum of -3).	DP 2
Coven Sorcerer	[Ability] Coven Sorcerer: Add 1 to casting and unbinding rolls for this model. Restrictions: WIZARD only	DP 3
Champion of Chaos	[Ability] Champion of Chaos: Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this model's melee weapons if it is within 3" of 10 or more enemy models when you pick the target unit(s) for its attacks.	DP 3
Hidden Ambition	[Ability] Hidden Ambition: This model can be given a command trait in addition to the model picked to be your general.	DP 5
Mastery of Magic	[Ability] Mastery of Magic: When this model makes a casting, unbinding or dispelling roll, you can change the lowest D6 to match the highest D6. Restrictions: WIZARD only	DP 5
Blood Priest	[Ability] Add the following keyword to your hero's keywords: PRIEST Restrictions: KHORNE MORTAL only	DP 3
Arch Illusionist	[Ability] Arch Illusionist: At the start of the first battle round, after armies have been set up but before the first turn begins, you can remove 1 friendly TZEENTCH unit from the battlefield. If you do so, at the end of your first movement phase, you must set that unit up again anywhere on the battlefield more than 9" from all enemy units. Restrictions: TZEENTCH only	DP 4
Molten Blood	[Ability] Molten Blood: Roll a dice each time a wound inflicted by a melee weapon is allocated to this model and not negated. On a 6, the attacking unit suffers 1 mortal wound.	DP 3
Relentless Fury	[Ability] Relentless Fury: This model can run and still charge in the same turn.	DP 4
Decapitating Strike	[Ability] Decapitating Strike: If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with this model's melee weapons (not including mount weapons) is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target in addition to any normal damage.	DP 3
Head of the Brass Stampede	[Ability] Head of the Brass Stampede: Add 1 to the Damage characteristic of melee weapons (not including mount weapons) with a Range characteristic of 2" if this model made a charge move in the same turn. Restrictions: KHORNE HERO on Mounted Beast only	DP 1
Chaos Talisman	[Ability] Chaos Talisman: Each time you allocate a mortal wound to this model, roll a dice. On a 5+, that mortal wound is negated.	DP 4
Daemonic Aura	[Ability] Daemonic Aura: Ignore modifiers (positive or negative) when making save rolls for attacks that target this model. Restrictions: Cannot be taken by a hero with a Save characteristic of 3+ or 2+	DP 4
Daemonbound Blades	[Ability] Daemonbound Blades: If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with this model's melee weapons (not including mount weapons) is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target in addition to any normal damage.	DP 3
Wings	[Ability] Add the following text to your hero's description: FLY: This model can fly.	DP 4
Maim and Destroy	[Ability] Maim and Destroy: If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with this model's melee weapons (not including mount weapons) is 6, that attack scores 2 hits on the target instead of 1. Make a wound and save roll for each hit.	DP 3



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KAZARKOS

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage	DAMAGE TABLE		
Mighty Axe of Khorne	1"	5	3+	2+	-2	3	Wounds Suffered	Move	Save
Description Kazarkos is armed with a Mighty Axe of Khorne. FLY: This model can fly. Designer's Note: Kazarkos has been given the Daemonic Armour characteristic enhancement as reflected in the damage table on the right.							0-3	10"	4+
							4-6	9"	4+
							7-9	8"	4+
							10-12	7"	5+
							13+	6"	5+
[Ability]	Maim and Destroy: If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with this model's melee weapons (not including mount weapons) is 6, that attack scores 2 hits on the target instead of 1. Make a wound and save roll for each hit.								
	Decapitating Strike: If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with this model's melee weapons (not including mount weapons) is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target in addition to any normal damage.								
	COMMAND ABILITY Follow Me to Glory: <i>This champion holds their weapon high and roars a brazen challenge to their fellow warriors to follow them into the fray and spill blood in the name of Khorne.</i> You can use this command ability at the start of the charge phase. If you do so, pick a friendly model with this command ability and 1 other friendly KHORNE unit wholly within 16" of that model. Until the end of that charge phase, both the model and unit picked can attempt a charge even if they ran in the same turn.								
Keywords:	CHAOS, DAEMON, GREATER DAEMON, BLOODTHIRSTER, KHORNE, MONSTER, HERO								



F'TANAX

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RANGED WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage	DAMAGE TABLE		
Magical Flames	12"	6	4+	4+	-	1	Wounds Suffered	Move	Cast/Unbind Spells
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage			
Staff of Change	1"	1	3+	3+	-1	3	0-3	12"	Cast 2 spells, unbind 2 spells
Description F'tanax is armed with Magical Flames and a Staff of Change. FLY: This model can fly.							4-6	10"	Cast 2 spells, unbind 2 spells
							7-9	9"	Cast 2 spells, unbind 1 spell
							10-12	8"	Cast 2 spells, unbind 1 spell
							13+	7"	Cast 1 spell, unbind 1 spell
[Ability]	Arch Illusionist: At the start of the first battle round, after armies have been set up but before the first turn begins, you can remove 1 friendly TZEENTCH unit from the battlefield. If you do so, at the end of your first movement phase, you must set that unit up again anywhere within on the battlefield more than 9" from all enemy units.								
	Mastery of Magic: When this model makes a casting, unbinding or dispelling roll, you can change the lowest D6 to match the highest D6.								
	MAGIC This HERO is a WIZARD. They can attempt to cast a number of spells in your hero phase and attempt to unbind a number of spells in the enemy hero phase as shown on the damage table above. They know the Arcane Bolt and Mystic Shield spells. In addition, they know the Eldritch Tempest and Prismatic Ward spells.								
	Eldritch Tempest: <i>The sorcerer conjures an iridescent storm of crackling magic that rolls over the enemy, unleashing the fury of eldritch energy upon them.</i>								
	Eldritch Tempest has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within 15" of the caster that is visible to them and roll 1 dice for each model in that unit. If that unit is an enemy MONSTER or WAR MACHINE, roll 3 dice for each model instead. For each 6, that unit suffers 1 mortal wound.								
Prismatic Ward: <i>A shield of glass-like energy forms in a sphere around a point chosen by the caster, protecting all inside from magical attack.</i>									
Prismatic Ward has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick 1 friendly unit wholly within 9" of the caster that is visible to them. Until the start of your next hero phase, each time that unit is affected by a spell or endless spell, you can roll a dice. If you do so, on a 4+, ignore the effects of that spell or endless spell on that unit.									
Keywords:	CHAOS, DAEMON, TZEENTCH, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, LORD OF CHANGE								



A TALE OF FOUR WARLORDS

The Mortal Realms are in turmoil following the Shyish Necroquake, and the dominion of countless lands hangs in the balance. Seeing an opportunity to destroy their foes once and for all, four mighty warlords have begun to assemble their armies.



Welcome to episode two of A Tale of Four Warlords: the Age of Sigmar edition! Over the past few weeks, our challengers have been burning the midnight oil (or turning on the less evocative energy-saving light bulbs ...) as they paint the first 500 points of their new armies. As many people will know, those first few units are often the hardest to get finished, because you're trying out new colour schemes for the first time. Working out just how many armour highlights you want to put on each and every infantry model in your force at this stage is, some might argue, a decision that could have long-lasting consequences! So what have our warlords been up to?

Martyn has been working on the core of his Lumineth Realm-lords force and has painted an impressive twenty Vanari Auralan Wardens in the dark blue of Ymetrica. No one can approach his desk any more due to the huge number of long, pointy spears defending it.

Our other champion of Order, Rich, has been hard at work on the aelven contingent of his Cities of Sigmar army, the Order of Morrda. He's converted and painted an impressive number of Phoenix Guard all armed with brutal-looking scythes. He's even managed to sneak in a few games with them, too.

Representing the forces of Chaos are Miyuki and Calum. Miyuki has completed the contents of the Start Collecting! Slaves to Darkness set and has even painted a bonus model – the Mindstealer Sphiranx – as a pet for her warlord. We think the big magic cat might disagree about that, but Miyuki has written some cool background to explain its inclusion in her force. Meanwhile, Calum has been working on the daemonic contingent of his Hedonites of Slaanesh force, including the extremely deadly Syll'Esske. With a host of daemons at his beck and call, he has already challenged Martyn to a few games. You can read how the two of them got on below.

BECOME A WARLORD

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



Top: The battle of the Riches. Rich Packer's Order of Morrda take on Rich Sherlock's Megaboss Brakkus and his orruks amidst the ruins of the Temple of Arrak.
Bottom: Calum's Daemonettes run enthusiastically into the spears of Martyn's Vanari Wardens. The daemons are vanquished, but they enjoy the experience nonetheless.

THE WAR OF CONQUEST BEGINS!

For this edition of A Tale of Four Warlords, our four hobbyists will mostly be playing narrative games, the rules for which can be found on page 278 of the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar Core Book*. This also ties in nicely with the side quest we've given them of forging a hero of their very own using the Anvil of Apotheosis rules as presented on page 56 of the *General's Handbook 2020*.

For each article in the series, our warlords need to paint at least 500 points for their army, which can include any combination of units, heroes and war machines they like, though their force should still be able to fit into a battle roster. By the end of the challenge, they will each have a sizeable collection.

We also intended for the warlords to play games against each other for each article, but as you're almost certainly aware, everything went a bit strange in 2020! As of the start of the series, most of the warlords are unable to meet each other (unless in a park, wearing a mask, on a Wednesday ...), though they have managed to get games against other people with their fledgling collections. Rich played a couple of games against his friend Richard's Ironjawz using a story and scenarios they devised themselves using the Open War cards. Rich even squeezed in a game against our writer Dan and his skaven, which resulted in considerable casualties on both sides but a resounding win for the Order of Morrda. Meanwhile, Calum and Martyn played a game against each other in the studio playtest room to get used to their army special rules. Apparently, sunmetal weapons are especially deadly. Who'd have guessed?

LUMINETH REALM-LORDS

DEFENDERS OF MOUNT AVALENOR



MARTYN LYON

Martyn may be a member of the Warhammer 40,000 photography team, but he's thrown in his lot with the swords and sorcery fanatics for this challenge. Apparently his new Lumineth have seen off the Blood Angels he was working on.

Casting spells of enlightenment and divination, Martyn has summoned forth a host of shimmering Lumineth to defend Ymetrica from the forces of Chaos. The first to answer his call are a phalanx of Vanari Auralan Wardens and a veiled Scinari Cathallar.

Martyn: My initial muster sets up the core of my army, with one character, one unit and one endless spell.

THE FOREST OF BLADES

Although I want to have an army focused around the mountains of Ymetrica, I still wanted to start off the army with a unit of Vanari Auralan Wardens to really give the army some structure. A block of twenty would do the trick! The 3" range on their pikes will provide a fearsome wall of sunmetal weapons that only the most foolish of foes will attempt to charge.

Having completed my test model (shown in issue 461), I knew how I would paint my Wardens, but I didn't know how best to break down the unit into manageable chunks. At first, I tried painting each stage on all nineteen remaining models, and this worked okay initially but quickly became a slog. I switched to a much more workable batch of five, and the progress flowed much easier. Completing five models at a time also spread out the rush of seeing a finished miniature, which I always find spurs me on to the next in line. With the Wardens completed, I *ummed* and *ahhed* about which character should lead this initial force. I started work on both a Scinari Cathallar and an Alarith Stonemage and quickly found the Stonemage required a little bit more time to get finished, so I made sure I finished the Cathallar for this issue.

IT'S A KIND OF MAGIC

Then I remembered something great about the Lumineth – they have an abundance of wizards, which means I can cast endless spells with them! I grabbed a Rune of Petrification and began painting. Its rocky details are great for drybrushing, and the glow between the rocks really ties it to my army's colours. I also found that the larger base of the endless spell gave me a good idea of how my basing would work on the larger miniatures in the range, such as the Spirit of the Mountain and Teclis.

TO WAR!

With all my miniatures painted, I challenged fellow warlord Calum to a quick game after work with our initial armies. The Lumineth have a lot of interactions and synergies between their units, so I'm going to try to get as many games in as possible with them to really understand the army inside out. Our game was really interesting, the Wardens taking a defensive line and the Cathallar holding back to provide magical support. Calum played to the spirit of Slaanesh and charged forwards, finding out to his cost how powerful sunmetal weapons are when empowered with the magics of Hysh (mortal wounds on a hit roll of 5+)! The battle was a great first game for the Lumineth. I feel I understand a bit better how to use the Wardens, and the Rune of Petrification did some great work.



THE FIRST 500 POINTS

Well, almost! I had hoped to finish my Alarith Stonemage for this month, too, but I didn't want to rush him. A few people have asked me why I've put all my Vanari Wardens in one big unit. As long as a unit of Wardens has five or more models, the High Warden counts as a wizard. That allows him to cast the Power of Hysh spell, thereby increasing the Wardens' chance of inflicting mortal wounds on a hit from a 6+ to a 5+. I wanted to make sure he retained this ability for as long as possible, so I made the unit twenty strong. That way, even with a few casualties, they can still pack a deadly punch!

Units	Size	Role/Ally	Pts
Scinari Cathallar	1	Leader	140
Vanari Auralan Wardens	20	Battleline	240
Rune of Petrification	1	Endless Spell	70
			450

THE AELVES OF YMETRICA

My Wardens make use of the amazing painting guide found within *Battletome: Lumineth Realm-lords*. I'd recommend leaving their shields off, as well as the swords that are on their backs, as this makes accessing hard-to-reach areas much easier.

DARK BLUE ROBES

Basecoat: Kantor Blue

Wash: Nuln Oil

Layer: Alaitoc Blue

LEATHER BOOTS

Basecoat: Rakarth Flesh

Wash: Agrax Earthshade

Layer: Pallid Wych Flesh

GEMSTONES

Basecoat: Stormhost Silver

Layer: Volupus Pink

SILVER ARMOUR

Basecoat: Ironbreaker

Wash: Akhelian Green & Contrast Medium

Layer: Ironbreaker

Layer: Stormhost Silver

AELVEN FLESH

Basecoat: Kislev Flesh

Wash: Reikland Fleshshade

Layer: Kislev Flesh

Layer: Flayed One Flesh

GOLD DETAILS

Basecoat: Retributor Armour

Wash: Reikland Fleshshade & Reikland Fleshshade Gloss

Layer: Retributor Armour

Layer: Stormhost Silver

LIGHT BLUE ROBES

Basecoat: Lothorn Blue

Wash: Drakenhof Nightshade & Lahmian Medium

Layer: Blue Horror



NEXT TIME ...

The mountain awakens! Avalenor and the Stoneguard will provide a really hard-hitting element to my force, so I can't wait to add them to my collection. Painting a big model will add a lot of texture to the army and give me a great centerpiece to lavish attention on. I also want to play some more games and really get to grips with this army. Gaming is difficult at the moment, but where there's a will, there's a way!

My force so far includes a lot of very pointy spears! I painted all the models' bases to look like the mountains of Ymetrica steeped in eldritch magic.



SLAVES TO DARKNESS

UEM-NAI'S WRATH



MIYUKI FOULKES

Graphic designer Miyuki has turned to the dark side and embraced the call of Chaos. Her army – inspired by Japanese culture – is based around three brothers who have answered Archaon's call to war. Think along the lines of samurai. Evil Chaos samurai.

The Uem-nai river flows with the power of Chaos. Along its banks, warriors are gathering. A mass migration is underway. A war will soon begin. Miyuki tells us all about the first warriors to join her Slaves to Darkness army.

Miyuki: Over the last couple of months, I've continued work on my Start Collecting! Slaves to Darkness set. The miniatures in the set are the perfect start to a balanced force, and they include a cool hero, Chaos Warriors and Chaos Knights.

PATH TO GLORY/DAMNATION

I based my colour scheme on the models shown on the box. I'm still picking up the basic painting skills, so rather than experimenting, I'm focusing on improving my technique and speeding up my ability to paint models. The set was a useful exercise in batch painting for me. One thing I have done, though, is play with the colour of the Chaos Lord's mount. I painted it green like a crocodile, as my personal style is to make these creatures look more realistic than fantastical. I had a lot of fun learning to blend the paints on the Karkadrak's belly using a graduation from green to yellow by drybrushing through these colours. I was really pleased with the results, as I've never painted anything like that before.

I've also been reading the battletome when I get the chance. As a mother of three, it's hard to find the quiet time for myself to enjoy it. I pick it up whenever I can, and I'm getting a good idea of what the Slaves to Darkness forces are. I enjoy looking at the miniatures pictures the most, though. They're really inspirational, and they give me ideas for what to put in my own force.

THE FIRST BATTLES

I've played a couple of games on the kitchen table against my husband, Paul, but found it hard to focus with the children around. I'm a complete beginner when it comes to Warhammer Age of Sigmar. All my experience is with Warcry, and I find AoS a lot more complicated. Paul suggested we try using the *Mortal Realms* magazines to learn the basics as they start off really simple and build you up to the full rules over some smaller, easier-to-follow games. We've been playing our way through the first twenty magazines, and now that I'm feeling more confident with the rules, I'm going to give the Slaves to Darkness another go.

I think getting a grasp of the basic rules and order of play is so important before you try to use your force's special abilities. When reading *Mortal Realms*, the most important thing I picked up was communicating with my opponent. When I first played, I would just pick up the dice and roll, but I learnt that telling the other player what I was doing and why is integral to the game. I really want to play a few games with my Start Collecting! force against a few different players; I'd like to see how different people play. There are some ladies in Japan that I know who play Age of Sigmar. This is my first army, so I'm really excited to build and paint it and work on my playing skills so I can meet and have games with them when I go home for a visit.



THE FIRST 500 POINTS

My first 500 (ish) points represents the Warriors of Daphun-da. They are on their way to meet the Varanguard brothers after being summoned to battle, and they are picking up more and more warriors on their way along the Uem-nai river. Each time I add troops to the army, they will come from one of the brothers' territories and will be clad in either black, gold or silver armour depending on whom they fight for. With the Warriors and Knights painted, I already have a pretty solid core to my new army. I just need to get a few more games in with them now.

Units	Size	Role/Ally	Pts
Khayn Shaimurah, Chaos Lord on Karkadrak	1	Leader	230
Chaos Warriors	10	Battleline	180
Chaos Knights	5	Battleline	160
			570

THE WARRIORS OF DAPHUN-DA

All of my Chaos Warriors wear black armour, but rather than highlight them from the Chaos Black undercoat, I drybrushed them all with Corax White. This picked out the highlights on their armour, which I then washed with Black Templar to shade them back down again.

BLACK ARMOUR

Drybrush: Corax White

Wash: Black Templar

RED CAPE

Drybrush: Corax White

Wash: Blood Angels Red

Wash: Druchii Violet

Layer: Mephiston Red

Layer: Evil Sunz Scarlet

Layer: Fire Dragon Bright

KARKADRAK SKIN

Drybrush: Corax White

Wash: Ork Flesh

Wash: Athonian Camoshade

Drybrush: Warpstone Glow

Drybrush: Moot Green

FUR

Drybrush: Corax White

Wash: Aggaros Dunes

Drybrush: Baneblade Brown

DARK METAL

Basecoat: Leadbelcher

Wash: Nuln Oil

Layer: Ironbreaker

Layer: Runefang Steel

GOLD DETAILS

Basecoat: Retributor Armour

Wash: Agrax Earthshade

Layer: Gehenna's Gold

Layer: Stormhost Silver

KARKADRAK BELLY

Drybrush: Ogryn Camo

Drybrush: Ushabti Bone

Drybrush: Yriel Yellow



NEXT TIME ...

I'm working on a couple of Chaos Chariots. They have horses like the Chaos Knights from the Start Collecting! box, so they will complement the look of my force so far. I hope they will hit hard in any games I play, but I don't know how these units work yet. I'm also about halfway through painting my Mindstealer Sphiranx, the pet for my Chaos Lord. I'm painting it black to fit in with the rest of the force.

My army so far led by Khayn Shaimurah. My force may be small, but it's made up of a lot of powerful warriors. I'm looking forward to adding some Chaos Chariots!



THE ORDER OF MORRDA



RICH PACKER

Rich is the mortal embodiment of the narrative game, as he devises a story for pretty much every battle he fights with his armies. The Order of Morrda already has a sizeable tome of battlefield achievements, and the warlords challenge has only just started!

In Hallowstone Hold, a secret army is gathering under the watchful eye of Rich Packer, warlord of the Order of Morrda. The first recruits to the cause are a chamber of scythe-wielding aelves, but human and duardin warriors are flocking to his banner every day.

Rich: The Order of Morrda is taking shape pretty quickly, and I've been having a great time developing their background, painting models and even playing some games with them. Here's what I've been up to over the last couple of months.

PRINCE TORANNION LEAFSTAR

The leader of my force is Prince Torannion Leafstar, master of the Chamber of the Bleak Raven. The duty of this chamber is to guard the sprawling tomb complexes beneath Hallowstone Hold and protect those interred there (and their secrets) from those who would defile them. Before he joined the Order of Morrda, Torannion learnt the arts of war from his father, Lord Torallion Leafstar, in the World-that-Was when he bore the Leafstar standard into battle. In games, I use Torannion as an Anointed.

THE AMETHYST GUARD

My scythe-wielding warriors are referred to collectively as the Amethyst Guard, but each unit has its own name, too. The Dreamwalkers are the retinue of Gabriella Furst, the Priestess of Dreams, while the Dreadknights are the retinue of Wiesehofer, the Priest of Deserved Rest. In games, the Amethyst Guard count as Phoenix Guard. Many names for my units take inspiration from old spells from the World-that-Was. Each unit also has a sorcerous champion to lead them. This is part of the structure of the Order of Morrda itself but also

gives me fun opportunities for more conversions. These sorcerous champions do nothing extra in the game, but I imagine their attacks reflect the spells they throw in the faces of their foes!

Since the Chamber of the Bleak Raven guard the temple-like necropolis below Hallowstone Hold, the bases of the units feature stone slabs and a lot of skulls to denote that environment. Also, all musicians in the Order of Morrda carry bells (The bells! The bells!) whose tolling announces the approach of death to their foes. Meanwhile, the banners themselves have appropriately morbid symbols accompanied by the Amethyst rune.

THE SYLVANETH

I love the Tree-Revenant models, so I painted up a unit from the Heartwood Glade. I didn't convert them much; I just added an orruk skull in the hand of the Scion and used the banner from the Bloodletters kit so that I had a larger area to paint the icon of the Living City.

FIRST GAMES

I fought two games with my small force against the Ironjawz of Richard Sherlock, a friend I've been playing Warhammer with for over two decades! We've written our own three-game narrative campaign using the awesome Open War cards. I'll tell you all about it when we've fought the third, decisive game.



THE FIRST 500 POINTS

I'm happy to say that I comfortably managed to hit the 500-point mark for the first big challenge. Overall, my Order of Morrda force is slightly larger than this, as I painted another unit of ten Phoenix Guard before the challenge began for my previous Cities of Sigmar army. The Purple Scythes are the retinue of Wolfgang Greiss, the Priest of Prophecy. You will have seen Wolfgang and a few of his warriors in last month's issue. I also painted the Sorceress Helena Bonsanté, who takes my overall force up to 750 points – perfect for slightly larger games when I can get them!

Units	Size	Role/Ally	Pts
Torannion Leafstar, Anointed	1	Leader	100
Dreamwalkers, Phoenix Guard	10	Battleline	160
Dreadknights, Phoenix Guard	10	Battleline	160
Tree-Revenants	5		80
			500

COLOURS OF THE ORDER

My painting style is quite a traditional one: basecoat, wash, then lots of layers to build up the highlights. I use Agrax Earthshade as a consistent shade across most areas of my models, then finish off with glazes to tie all the highlight layers together.

PURPLE ROBES

Basecoat: Gal Vorbak Red
 Wash: Agrax Earthshade
 Layer: Screamer Pink
 Layer: Pink Horror
 Layer: Emperor's Children
 Layer: Fulgrim Pink
 Glaze: Carroburg Crimson & Lahmian Medium

MAGICAL ENERGY

Basecoat: Caliban Green
 Wash: Agrax Earthshade
 Layer: Caliban Green
 Layer: Warpstone Glow
 Layer: Moot Green
 Glaze: Warp Lightning & Lahmian Medium

SILVER ARMOUR

Basecoat: Iron Hands Steel
 Wash: Agrax Earthshade
 Layer: Iron Hands Steel
 Layer: Stormhost Silver

GOLD DETAILS

Basecoat: Retributor Armour
 Wash: Agrax Earthshade
 Layer: Liberator Gold
 Layer: Stormhost Silver

SYLVANETH FLESH

Basecoat: Celestra Grey
 Wash: Nihilakh Oxide
 Layer: Celestra Grey
 Layer: Ulthuan Grey
 Layer: White Scar

SYLVANETH BARK

Basecoat: Dryad Bark
 Wash: Agrax Earthshade
 Layer: Gorthor Brown
 Layer: Baneblade Brown
 Layer: Flayed One Flesh



NEXT TIME ...

More aelves! Cities of Sigmar gives you loads of options when it comes to interesting and unique units, so I'll be including as many of them in my force as I can. I've recently been converting Darkshards using Necromunda House Cawdor models, and I plan to paint them for the next challenge. They will form the retinue for Helena in her guise as a Darkling Covens Sorceress. If I have time, I might even start another unit!

This is the aelven contingent of my Order of Morrda force so far. I've already got my next units underway, ready for the next article. The army is starting to shape up nicely.



HEDONITES OF SLAANESH

THE HOST OF EXCESS



CALUM MCPHERSON

As one of the Warhammer Studio photographers, Calum has a keen eye for great-looking miniatures. With so many new units coming out for the Hedonites of Slaanesh, Calum has been genuinely spoilt for choice when it comes to deciding what to paint next.

After receiving visions of greatness and grandeur from the Lord of Excess, Calum set about assembling a mighty army of Hedonites to do his bidding. The first to ally themselves to his cause were a warband of daemons led by the infamous Syll'Esske.

Calum: With the world still in a state of turmoil at the time of writing, I decided to spend my time indoors productively, and I managed to get my first 500 points painted relatively quickly. The test models that I showed off previously were Daemonettes, so I decided to carry on painting a unit of them to give me my first Battleline unit. I always try to get three or four Battleline units painted relatively early in an army project, as it then gives me more time to spend on the characters and monsters that I enjoy painting the most. I see them almost like a reward for completing the bulk of the army.

LEADER OF THE DAEMONIC HOST

To be able to play some games, I needed to get a Leader for my force painted, too. This was a really easy choice, because one of my favourite models is Syll'Esske. The symbiote daemon/mortal is one of the reasons I wanted to collect Hedonites of Slaanesh in the first place. Reading about the pair, I love how they are so intrinsically linked, and this felt like a great foundation to build my list upon. I want to include both daemons and mortals in my army, so Syll'Esske seemed like the perfect representative of both parts of the Hedonites force. When painting Syll'Esske, I tried to use some techniques picked up from an 'Eavy Metal painting class where Max Faleij showed us how to paint faces. This is definitely something I have struggled with in the past and something I

want to improve over the course of the army. There are loads of amazing characters in the Slaanesh range, so I won't run out of them to practise on any time soon! I painted the model in sub-assemblies, leaving the head and arms off Esske and the back appendage with Syll attached left separate, too. I do wish I had left her whip unattached, though, as it was a right pain bouncing around while I tried to paint her. I like to think we make these mistakes so you don't have to!

The final unit to bring my force up to 500 points was a unit of three Fiends. I was surprised how long these guys ended up taking to paint, what with all the leather straps and gemstones they're covered in. I try to be reasonable with painting units and not spend as much time as I would on centrepiece units, but it was a joy to spend time on these miniatures.

A TALE OF DEPRAVITY

I'm also really keen to create a story for my army and an environment for it to fight in, so I have begun making some terrain that I will hopefully use in upcoming games as well as in photography for the A Tale of Four Warlords articles. The idea is to make a hidden oasis within a desert where the mortal followers of Slaanesh lure intrepid travellers to a grisly demise in rituals to summon forth daemons of Slaanesh.



THE FIRST 500 POINTS

I was pretty proud of myself this month, as I managed to paint a solid core of daemons for my unified daemon/mortal army. Once I'd finished my 500 points (including a Leader and my first Battleline unit), I still had some time left before the deadline, so I decided to paint another unit of ten Daemonettes. Depending on how the rest of the challenge goes and what units I paint, I can either use them as another Battleline choice, or I can summon them to the battlefield using depravity points. Either way, they'll be a useful addition to the force.

Units	Size	Battlefield Role	Pts
Syll'Esske, the Vengeful Allegiance	1	Leader	200
Daemonettes	10	Battleline	110
Daemonettes	10	Battleline	110
Fiends of Slaanesh	3		180
			600

THE DAEMONIC HOSTS

Because the colour scheme for the daemon portion of my army is quite dark, I decided to undercoat them with Chaos Black spray. I then airbrushed the skin tones on to get a smooth gradient of colour. In contrast, Esske's skin is painted using standard brushwork.

BLUE SKIN

Basecoat: Night Lords Blue
 Layer: Blue Horror
 Layer: Blue Horror & Pallid Wych Flesh

ROBES

Basecoat: Barak-Nar Burgundy
 Wash: Nuln Oil
 Layer: Barak-Nar Burgundy
 Layer: Screamer Pink
 Layer: Fulgrim Pink

GEMSTONES

Basecoat: Khorne Red
 Layer: Evil Sunz Scarlet & Troll Slayer Orange
 Layer: Yriel Yellow
 Layer: White Scar

SILVER

Basecoat: Iron Hands Steel
 Wash: Akhelian Green
 Layer: Iron Hands Steel
 Layer: Stormhost Silver

GOLD DETAILS

Basecoat: Warplock Bronze
 Layer: Retributor Armour
 Basecoat: Abaddon Black
 Wash: Guilliman Flesh
 Layer: Stormhost Silver

BASES

Basecoat: Zandri Dust
 Drybrush: Ushabti Bone

ESKKE'S SKIN

Basecoat: Wraithbone & Kislev Flesh
 Wash: Kislev Flesh, Doombull Brown & Lahmian Medium
 Glaze: Reikland Fleshshade
 Layer: Wraithbone & Kislev Flesh
 Layer: Wraithbone

BLACK LEATHER

Basecoat: Abaddon Black
 Layer: Eshin Grey
 Layer: Dawnstone



NEXT TIME ...

Having completed a coterie of daemons for the Host of Excess, I plan to delve into the mortal side of the army next. I want to include some of the awesome new miniatures – specifically a phalanx of Myrmidesh Painbringers led by a Lord of Pain. I really can't wait to get painting the Painbringers and see what they can do on the tabletop. They should be a whole heap of fun to use in battle.

My army as it stands so far: Syll'Esske, two units of ten Daemonettes and a trio of Fiends. It's a solid start to the daemon half of my Hedonites force.



GLORY POINTS



DAVE SANDERS

Dave Sanders is the senior games developer in the Boxed Games Studio and the lead rules writer for Warhammer Underworlds. It's rumoured that Dave knows every Warhammer Underworlds card and its effect on the game. Sadly, he's had to forget other stuff to make space for such information. Like birthdays and names of family members.

Warhammer Underworlds is now well into its fourth season – Direchasm – and the game has a roster of over thirty unique warbands, thousands of cards and multiple ways to play. I'm often asked what's the best way into the game for new players, and in this article I'll tell you what your options are and why there's never been a better time to start playing Warhammer Underworlds.

FIND A FRIEND

The easiest way to start playing Warhammer Underworlds is if someone you know already has a copy of the game. They will have everything you need to play and can show you the ropes. This is

often the quickest way to learn how to play the game and find out if it's for you.

A game of Warhammer Underworlds only takes about thirty to forty minutes, though your first game is likely to take a bit longer. When you're playing your first game, don't worry about getting everything right or making the right decision in each situation. Just have fun swinging swords, shooting arrows and learning how everything works. You'll soon be employing your fighters' unique strengths to best effect and making devastating plays with your power cards to complete your objectives.

STARTER SET

If you don't know someone who owns the game, don't worry; it's easy to learn. All you'll need is either the Starter Set or a Core Set. The Starter Set is the simplest option, and it contains everything you need to play the game with a friend. Inside, you'll find two complete warbands of Citadel miniatures: the heroic Stormcast Eternals of the Storm of Celestus and the murderous ghosts of Drepur's Wraithcreepers. These warbands are both very effective and have very different play styles, giving a new player a



Glory Points is our column all about Warhammer Underworlds: Direchasm. Curated by the games developers of the Boxed Games Studio, it delves into the development of the game, plus rules, tactics and gameplay. This month, Dave introduces the game to new players.



taste of the variety you can expect from Warhammer Underworlds warbands.

Each of the warbands in the Starter Set comes with its own fighter cards, objective deck and power deck – all the cards you need to play. You'll also find two double-sided game boards to make a battlefield and all of the dice, tokens and counters you need for a game of Warhammer Underworlds. Finally, the Starter Set contains all of the rules you need to get playing straight away.

There's loads of replayability in the Starter Set. Each of the warbands has its own strengths and weaknesses, and as you learn more about the game, you'll understand more about their play styles and the synergies within their decks. You'll learn about the best way to set up the battlefield and your objectives and how to deploy your fighters. You'll discover tactics and tricks to help you gain the edge over your opponent and win great glory!

CORE SET

If you're looking for a more in-depth introduction to the game, then the Warhammer Underworlds: Direchasm set is the best place to start. Like the Starter Set, this box contains everything you need

to get started in Warhammer Underworlds – boards, dice, tokens and counters – but the rest of the contents are a bit different.

The most obvious difference is the warbands that are included – in place of the Stormcast Eternals and Glaivewraith Stalkers of the Starter Set, the Direchasm Core Set gives you the shining Lumineth aelves of Myari's Lightbringers and the depraved Hedonite mortals of the Dread Pageant. These warbands could not be more different, and they make fantastic rivals in the depths of Beastgrave, the monstrous living mountain where Direchasm is set. As in the Starter Set, each warband comes with all the fighter cards, power cards and objective cards you need to play with them.

You'll find a lot of information about the setting in the rulebook, which details the anguish of Beastgrave and the effect that the mountain's pain has on those who battle within it. You'll learn more about the denizens of the mountain and what is at stake. You'll also find additional rules in the book – ones that aren't needed in the Starter Set but allow you to engage with every aspect of the game, including rules for magic and for deck-building.



Deck-building is a key part of the game for many people. Choosing which cards you want to include in your power deck and your objective deck lets you customize your warband, making it your own and letting you choose how you want to play them. If you want to play aggressively, charging into enemy territory and taking risks for great rewards, there are cards that let you do that. If instead you want to control the battlefield, with your fighters forming an impenetrable barrier guarding what you have claimed, again there are cards to help you with this. Whether you want to be direct or cunning, reckless or certain, there are cards that you can use to make that your strategy.

The Core Set includes a large collection of universal cards to get you started with deck-building. Each warband comes with cards that only they can use, but universal cards can be used by any warband. With just the Core Set, you already have a huge variety of decks that you can construct and test in games to find what you like best. This means that the Core Set has huge replayability and variety without requiring anything further.

FINDING OUT MORE

Once you've got your Starter Set or Core Set, you might wonder where to go next. The best place to go is warhammerunderworlds.com, our website dedicated to the game. You can find out more about the setting, the current season of competitive play and information about many of the other warbands that you can use in your games. You can also find a deck builder which will let you plan decks using all of the cards in the game, with information about where you can find those cards. You can also visit games-workshop.com, where you can find all of the currently available Warhammer Underworlds products, including warband expansions, terrain and accessories.



THE NEXT STEPS

Once you've done this, and found out more about what's out there, I'd recommend one or two purchases. The first is for anyone who enjoys deck-building, and it's the Essential Cards pack. This is, as the name suggests, a pack full of essential cards for building the best decks. From staples like Great Strength to play-style-specific cards like Pure Carnage or Supremacy, this pack is fantastic for anyone who wants to be able to build a range of decks without needing to amass

a huge collection. It's also 'cycling-proof' for those of you who are keen to compete in organised play; the cards in the Essentials pack are playable from season to season, making them a great investment and staples of your card pool.

The second purchase I'd recommend is the warband expansion that you most like the look of. Of course, if your favourite warband is one of the two in your Starter Set or Core Set, you don't need to worry about this, but there is huge variety in the available warbands and something for everyone. Whether you'd like to field an elite warband of hulking orruks or a numerous warband of creeping Crypt Ghouls, whether you prefer stealthy Seraphon or brutal Chaos Warriors, you can find a warband for you. Warbands do not cycle out of competitive play, so you can always use your favourite miniatures and their cards in games of Warhammer Underworlds. Each warband expansion also comes with a number of universal cards to add to your card pool, so you're not just gaining a new warband – you're also gaining lots of new options for your decks with every warband that you own.

VANGUARD

The last thing I want to mention is the Vanguard format, which is perfect for new players who want to try organised play. The Vanguard format uses cards and warbands from the current season of Warhammer Underworlds only (Direchasm at the moment), which means that everyone has access to the same, limited card pool and the same roster of warbands. This means that even if you have a small collection – for example, the Direchasm Core Set and one warband expansion – you can compete on a level playing field with players who have been collecting since the first Warhammer Underworlds Core Set and start winning prizes as you get better and better at the game. You should be able to find players of the Vanguard format wherever Warhammer Underworlds is sold, and it's one of the best ways of finding opponents and making friends while playing the game.

END PHASE

So that's it for my guide to getting started with Warhammer Underworlds. It really doesn't take much, and I hope that, if you've been unsure about whether or not to see what all the fuss is about, this has been useful. I hope to see new players at every organised play event I attend, and I love to get emails from people who have recently discovered the game. Everybody is welcome!

As ever, do write in if you have any suggestions or something in particular that you'd like to read about to whunderworlds@gwplc.com. I may not be able to reply directly, but you might see your suggestion or question in a Glory Points column in a future issue.

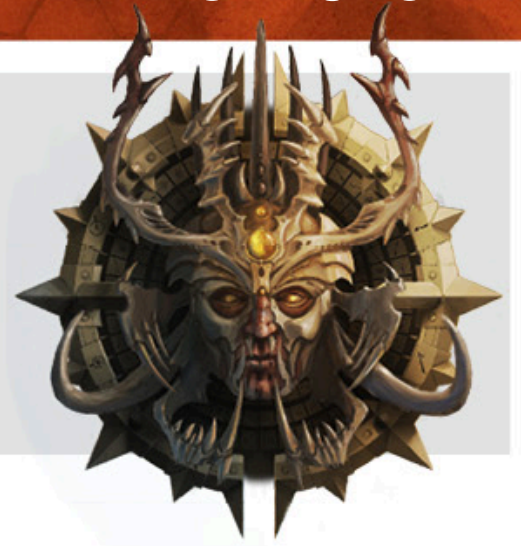


PATH TO VICTORY

In this edition of Path to Victory, Dave Sanders - whose soul remains captive in a shard of shadeglass - presents an in-depth tactical guide to the two warbands in the Warhammer Underworlds Starter Set.



The Warhammer Underworlds Starter Set is the best way into the game for new players, and it comes with two warbands new to the mirrored city of Shadespire: the Storm of Celestus and Drepur's Wraithcreepers. Battles continue along Shadespire's shattered and haunted streets, with none fiercer than those fought between these two warbands. In this article we'll look at each of them in turn, and I'll tell you about each fighter, some of the warband's best tricks and some cards from the Essential Cards pack that will help you lead them to glory in Warhammer Underworlds.



THE STORM OF CELESTUS

Drakan Celestus leads his warriors through the maze of Shadespire, trusting in their sigmarite armour and their blessed thunderhead greatbows to win them safe passage to whatever secrets the city hides. Numbering four – yes, four – fighters, the Storm of Celestus bring unmatched firepower and a very loyal Gryph-hound to the battlefield. Let's take a look at these heroes.

DRAKAN CELESTUS

Drakan Celestus is a Castigator-Prime and leader of the warband. He is armed with a thunderhead greatbow and an imposing scowl, the combination of which are enough to send meeker foes scurrying for the shadows before he so much as fires a shot.

When he does pull the trigger on his blessed weapon, however, it's a Range 3, 2, 2 Damage bolt that crashes into his target – easily enough to eliminate many of the weaker fighters in Warhammer Underworlds in a single hit. This fearsome weapon does take some time to reload, so Celestus can only fire it once in each action phase. In the meantime, he can batter his enemies with its heavy stock, using it as an improvised bludgeon. Even this makeshift Attack action is 2, 2 Damage, so you'll never find Celestus unprepared for a fight – perfect for the leader of a Stormcast Eternals warband.

Celestus otherwise has what for some players will be a familiar set of characteristics – Move 3, 1 and 4 Wounds at the start of the battle, and one additional point of Defence when Inspired. His heavy stock Attack action also gains a dice when he's Inspired. These are reassuring numbers – you know that Celestus will be able to take some pretty solid hits without faltering and that he's likely to hold his own even against stiff opposition. This, combined with his ability to take enemy fighters out of action at range, makes him one of the most

fearsome Stormcast Eternals leaders yet. When Inspired, he also cannot be driven back while holding an objective, which makes him a fantastic choice for holding hotly contested territory and scoring objective cards like Plant a Standard (1).

With a few choice power cards, you can elevate Celestus to one of the most threatening fighters in the whole of Warhammer Underworlds. Celestus becomes Inspired when his thunderhead greatbow Attack action succeeds. As he only gets to make this Attack action once each action phase, this means that you want to make it count, which means using cards to increase its accuracy if you're facing tougher or more agile enemies. Aetheric Channelling (2) is perfect for this, giving a friendly fighter your choice of +1 Dice, Cleave or Ensnare for their first Range 3+ Attack action in the next activation. In a game where nothing is certain, this still makes hitting with Celestus' thunderhead greatbow almost a given. Meanwhile, if Celestus takes some damage on the way to becoming Inspired, Healing Tempest (3) is a great way to get him fighting fit once more, Healing him for 1, or 2 if you are lucky. You can also give him Stoic Fortitude (4), a restricted upgrade that gives him +1 Wounds.

MELLISAN STAR-SIGHTED

Mellisan is the second member of the warband and a Castigator with precise aim. Her thunderhead greatbow has the same characteristics as that of Celestus, but when Inspired, Mellisan's Attack actions gain an extra dice as long as she is holding an objective. This makes her ranged Attack action one of the most accurate in Warhammer Underworlds from round 2 onwards (when she's most likely to be Inspired) and means that her shots are very likely to find – and eliminate – their targets. To make doubly sure, you can give her the



1



2



3



4





Cool Head (5) upgrade, which lets you re-roll one dice in her attack rolls.

Mellisan's second Attack action – a crushing kick – is a 2 ⚔, 1 Damage attack when un-Inspired and 2 ⚔, 2 Damage with Knockback 1 when Inspired. It's far from the most powerful Attack action in the game and is something of a last resort. A far superior secondary Attack action for Mellisan is found in the Concussive Cloud (6) Attack action upgrade. This upgrade lets Mellisan shoot even after she has used her thunderhead greatbow, and it has Knockback 1 and gives the target a Move token when successful. Mellisan can use this to great effect to help you control the battlefield, pushing enemy fighters out of position and pinning them there. The I'll Cover You! (7) upgrade works well for Mellisan as well, helping you to keep your fighters safe as long as they don't stray too far from her.

Mellisan's other characteristics are the same as Celestus' un-Inspired characteristics – unlike her leader, Mellisan doesn't gain an extra point of Defence when Inspired. Although she's far from fragile, this means that she's better suited to a position somewhat behind that of Celestus, where she can employ her bolts to lethal effect.

APHUS THE BRAVE

The third and final Castigator in this warband, Aphus is bold where Mellisan is somewhat more measured. His thunderhead greatbow works in the same way as those of the other two Castigators, and like Mellisan his other characteristics are slightly inferior to those of Celestus. He does, however, have a reliable

Range 1 Attack action – his shoulder barge – which is 3 ⚔ and Damage 1 with Knockback 1 when un-Inspired and which gains a point of Damage when Inspired. This is a respectable secondary Attack action, particularly when combined with Strength of Sigmar (8) and Fighter's Ferocity (9). With its high Dice characteristic, you have a reasonable chance of scoring a critical hit for 3 Damage when un-Inspired or 4 Damage when Inspired.

When Aphus becomes Inspired, you can re-roll one defence dice for him as long as he's holding an objective. This means that, like Celestus, he's well suited to an aggressive push towards contested objectives, trusting in his reformed toughness to keep him fighting fit. The warband does also have a number of ways to help you protect its fighters, including defensive ploys like Distracting Shot (10), Greatbow Block (11), Lightning Flare (12) and Stalwart Defence (13). If you can carefully time these to disrupt your opponent's activations and Attack actions, you'll find the Castigators just as resilient as any other Stormcast Eternals warband.

Aphus has a restricted upgrade that helps him make a steady advance up the battlefield: Cautious Advance (14) lets you push Aphus one hex after his activation in which he made an Attack action. You can use this in a number of ways, but the most aggressive is in combination with an Attack action that targets an adjacent enemy fighter holding an objective. If your Attack action drives that target back, Aphus can then step onto the objective, potentially scoring you an objective or two depending on how the rest of your warband is positioned.





SLEEK

The final member of the warband is Sleek, a Gryph-hound. This is a first for a Stormcast Eternals warband in Warhammer Underworlds and gives the warband more flexibility and more of a claim at objectives than other Stormcast Eternals warbands. It's worth pointing out that Sleek himself can hold objectives. Unlike many of the animal companions found in Warhammer Underworlds, Sleek has both the presence and the presence of mind to guard important objectives, making him a vital member of the warband.

Of course, Sleek can do more than sit on objectives. He has an accurate, if not exactly devastating, Attack action in his beak and claws, which are Range 1, 3 \times and 1 Damage and which gain Ensnare when he is Inspired. On top of that, he starts the game at Move 4, going to Move 5 when Inspired, so he can threaten fighters (particularly those adjacent to lethal hexes) that are quite some distance away. If you include Swift Step (15) in your deck, Sleek has even greater reach, as you'll be able to push him up to 2 hexes before his Charge action.

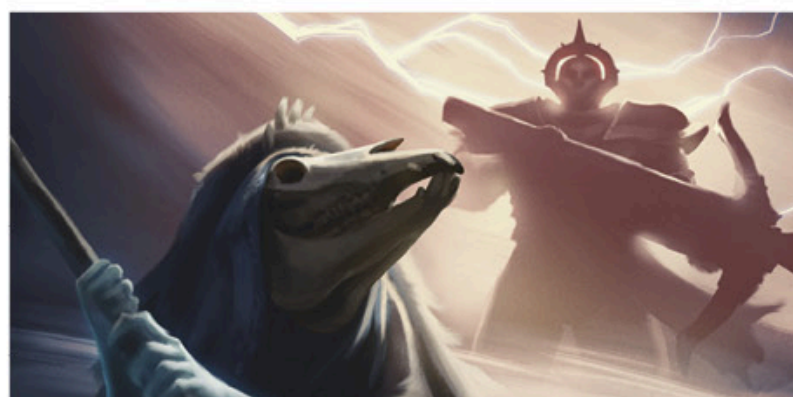
While not as tough as the other members of the warband, Sleek has 3 Wounds and a Defence characteristic of 1 \hookleftarrow (2 when Inspired), so your opponent will still likely need to make a decent Attack action or two to take the Gryph-hound out of action. In the meantime, Sleek has a reaction on his fighter card that can significantly improve the survivability of your warband: once per phase, when an enemy fighter within 2 hexes makes an Attack action, Sleek can put nearby friendly fighters on Guard. This neat reaction can force your opponent to make suboptimal plays

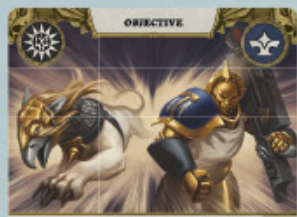
in an attempt to avoid giving you free Guard tokens, which is something that you'll be able to capitalise on in turn. It's easy to set this up as well. Sleek has a restricted upgrade, Loyal Companion (16), which lets you push him adjacent to another friendly fighter after their activation. This means at least one of your fighters can keep Sleek close without it costing you additional activations.

WHAT'S THE PLAN?

You may have noticed that there's a running theme across the fighter cards of the Storm of Celestus: they want to be holding objectives. This carries over into the warband's objective cards as well, with five of them (including three surges) requiring friendly fighters on one or more objectives. Three of these objectives are scored by controlling particular objective tokens, and in addition to movement and push tricks, the warband has a unique upgrade – Reconsecrate (17) – that lets you switch objective tokens, ensuring that you can get the numbers you need. They also have access to an extremely powerful ploy – Channelled Step (18) – that lets a friendly fighter step from one objective to another, no matter the distance between them. This is fantastic for grabbing objectives that seem out of reach and that have been left undefended by your opponent.

Three of the warband's objectives require you to hold two objectives, and one requires you to hold three. If your set-up is favourable (see Where to Start), then one of the best cards you can use is Concerted Consolidation (19), which in the right situation can push two of your fighters onto objectives at once, without even costing you an activation. Between that, Swift Step, Cautious Advance (20) and the Reconquerer (21) upgrade, you have a number of ways to push your fighters





ADVANCING STORM

Surge: Score this immediately after an activation in which a friendly fighter makes a Range 1 Attack action that takes an enemy fighter in enemy territory out of action.
Go forth and strike your foes down.

1

22



LIGHTNING STRIKE

Score this in an end phase if an enemy leader is out of action.
The foulest fiend can be banished if only your aim is true.

1

23



POINT BLANK

Surge: Score this immediately after an activation in which a friendly fighter made a successful Range 3+ Attack action which targeted an adjacent enemy fighter.
'Now I have you, abomination...'
- Drakan Celestus

1

24



RIGHTEOUS BANISHMENT

Score this in an end phase if two or more enemy fighters are out of action.
The Sacrosanct Chambers were created to be the bane of wraiths and gheists.

1

25



ZONE OF BANISHMENT

Score this in an end phase if there are no enemy fighters in your territory.
'Within these wards no gheist may tread.'
- Melivan Star-sighted

2

26



CONFUSION

Choose two fighters that are adjacent to each other. Place each fighter in the hex that was occupied by the other fighter when you chose them.
It pays to keep your enemies guessing.

2

27

where you need them to go, and careful use of these should allow efficient scoring of your objectives.

When your warband wants to hold three or more objectives, you're going to have to go head-to-head with the enemy warband. You can't guarantee that you're going to get to place more than two of the objectives in each game, which means you need to be ready to take the fight to your opponent. The warband's other objectives are, for the most part, more aggressive to support you in this. Advancing Storm (22) wants you to make a Range 1 Attack action that takes an enemy fighter out of action in enemy territory. A perfect example of achieving this efficiently would be with Aphas, making a shoulder barge Attack action to take an enemy fighter on an objective out of action and then pushing onto that objective himself. Lightning Strike (23) requires you to take the enemy leader out of action, something that you'd likely aim for in each game in any case, ably assisted by your fighters' greatbows. You could score Point Blank (24) at the same time, if the target is adjacent to the fighter making the Attack action. You can score Righteous Banishment (25) in the end phase if two or more enemy fighters are out of action, and you can score Zone of Banishment (26) in the end phase if there are no enemy fighters in your territory (the simplest way to ensure this is, of course, to ensure there are no surviving enemy fighters).

What all of this adds up to is a warband that wants to make a steady push up the battlefield. You'll generally want to be holding two or more

objectives at all times, and ideally each of your Castigators will get a chance to fire their thunderhead greatbow in each round, so that you're dealing as much damage as possible to the enemy warband and getting your fighters Inspired. It'll help to bring as many push cards as you can find, as well as anything that will make your Attack actions more reliable and damaging.

You could consider gambits from the Essential Cards pack like Confusion (27) (great for pinching an objective from an enemy fighter), Determined Effort (28) for an accuracy boost, Inspired Command (29) for a versatile card that can be used to reposition or defend an exposed fighter, Shifting Shards (30) to move an objective token within easy reach, and Sidestep (31), a staple in many warbands' decks and for good reason. For upgrades, Duellist's Speed (32) can help you make an aggressive advance, Gloryseeker (33) can help with bringing down the biggest targets, and Great Speed (34) can help your fighters reach those crucial objectives. From the universal objectives, you might consider Denial (35), which can double up on the points you can score from Zone of Banishment, and Path to Victory (36), which works very well for a flexible warband like this.



GREAT SPEED

+1 Move
This warrior is as swift as a loosed arrow.

34



DENIAL

Score this in the third end phase if there are no enemy fighters in your territory.
Hold fast to what is yours, no matter the cost.

3

35



PATH TO VICTORY

Dual: Score this in an end phase if: One or more enemy fighters were taken out of action in the preceding action phase
And: Your warband holds two or more objectives.
Butcher the foe! Seize their lands! Teach them to fear you!

2

36



WHERE TO START

If you get the choice, you should always set up three objective tokens. This will help you score more of your objectives and get the most out of your Inspired fighters' abilities. Bear in mind that with your fighters' ranged Attack actions, you should be able to respond to whatever battlefield your opponent presents you with. When positioning your objective tokens, you may well get the chance to place objectives in such a way that you can claim two with Concerted Consolidation for some free glory points; place them adjacent to two desirable starting hexes in your territory.

When setting up your fighters, I'd recommend starting with Sleek, as the most manoeuvrable fighter in your warband, and it's best to try to avoid placing him anywhere where he could be charged and dispatched in the first round. Then, once you have more information about your opponent's deployment, I'd set up Mellisan, as the fighter most likely to stay in or adjacent to your territory. Finally, I'd set up Aphus and then Celestus. These two can be set up further forward, although I'd still caution against placing them close to too many of your opponent's starting hexes. Your fighters' ranged weapons are one of the warband's great advantages, so make sure you get a chance to use them!

DREPUR'S WRAITHCREEPERS

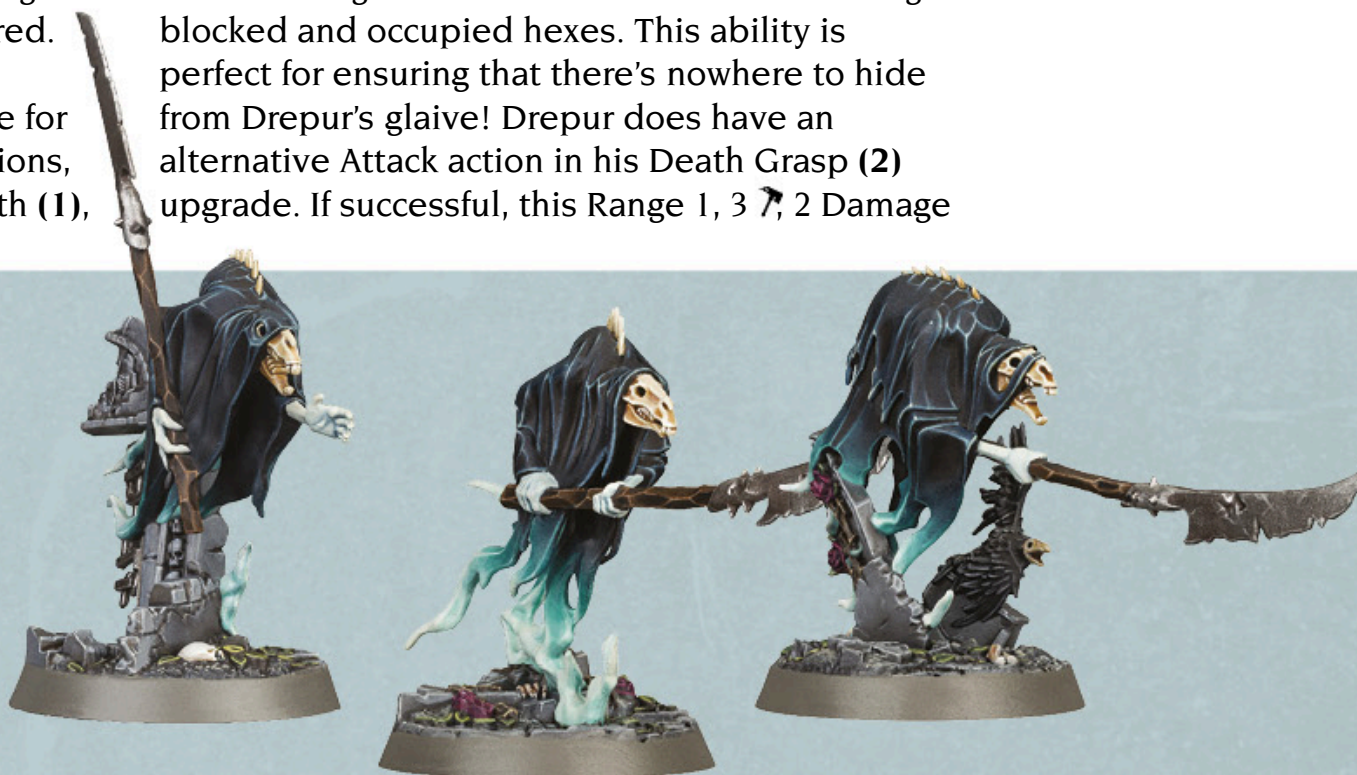
Drepur's Wraithcreepers are a murderous band of ghostly hunters. Damned for hunting the living for sport, they now spend eternity in service to the lord of undeath, Nagash. In his name, they continue their cruel pursuit, never stopping until their blades find the heart of their victim. The Wraithcreepers are an aggressive warband of four fighters with a unique mechanic that means that you can always keep your opponent under pressure. First, let's go through the fighters.

VICEROY DREPUR

The Viceroy is the leader of the warband and a formidable fighter. He is armed with a hunter's glaive that gives him a Range 2, 2 \curvearrowright , 2 Damage Attack action that becomes 3 \curvearrowright when Inspired. Range 2 Attack actions hit a sweet spot in Warhammer Underworlds. They are eligible for most of the modifiers that affect Attack actions, like the +1 Damage found on Great Strength (1),

but they have far greater effect than Range 1 Attack actions. A well-placed fighter with a Range 2 Attack action can threaten the bulk of an enemy warband, and learning how to make the most of your fighters' Range 2 Attack actions is key to success with this warband.

Drepur's other characteristics are fitting for a leader. He has Move 3 (4 when Inspired), 2 \curvearrowleft and 4 Wounds, making him hard to hit, hard to take down and just a little bit faster than the fighters of the Storm of Celestus. He also has the Intangible ability – as does each other fighter in the warband. The Intangible ability means that when making a Move action he can move through blocked and occupied hexes. This ability is perfect for ensuring that there's nowhere to hide from Drepur's glaive! Drepur does have an alternative Attack action in his Death Grasp (2) upgrade. If successful, this Range 1, 3 \curvearrowright , 2 Damage





3



4



5



6



7

Attack action also gives the target a Move token as they are frozen in fear.

To Inspire Drepur, you need him to begin your activation with an enemy fighter within 2 hexes – so he's poised to deliver a killing blow. This sounds easier said than done, until you learn about Drepur's second-in-command and arguable linchpin of the whole warband: the Patrician.

THE PATRICIAN

The Patrician sounds the drum that signals the advance of Drepur's Wraithcreepers. The deathbeat tolls out steadily, reminding all those who hear it of their mortality and their inevitable end. This deathbeat is represented in the game by the Patrician's Deathbeat ability: after an opponent's power step, as long as the Patrician is on the battlefield, you can choose one friendly fighter and push that fighter one hex towards the closest enemy fighter. This ability is absolutely devastating when used correctly, as across an action phase it allows you to advance with your whole warband or drive deep into the heart of the enemy with one or two fighters. It's easy to position a fighter for an Attack action without them ever having to charge, so long as you can protect the Patrician. When the Patrician Inspires, the Deathbeat can affect two friendly fighters instead of one, as the tempo accelerates and your enemies' ends draw near. This ability is followed though in the Patrician's Inspire condition. Unlike Drepur (and the rest of the warband), the Patrician becomes Inspired when each other friendly fighter is in enemy territory.

The Patrician himself is not really a front-line fighter. Although he has the same Move, Defence and Wounds characteristics as Drepur, he is armed only with a deathly bite, a Range 1, 3X, 1 Damage Attack action. While accurate, it will rarely take the target out of action. When Inspired, this attack gains an additional point of damage, at which point it is far more likely to be a good use of an activation. You can also give him the Tearing Claws (3) upgrade, a Range 1, 2X, 2 Damage upgrade that also has Cleave and Ensnare, making it very accurate despite its low Dice characteristic.

However, because the Patrician is so important to your warband, it's worth keeping him safe. He has a number of restricted ploys that help you to do this, in the shape of Enervating Beat (4), Fevered Beat (5) and Somnolent Beat (6). Each of these makes enemy fighters less effective in the next activation, whether by making their Attack actions less damaging or less accurate, or by slowing the fighters themselves. Timed properly, these ploys can force an opponent into either making a very risky or ineffective play, or having to change their plans altogether. In a pinch, you can also use Horrifying Shriek (7) and/or Unending Pursuit (8) to create distance between the Patrician and a would-be assassin, though you might prefer to use those ploys more aggressively. It's certainly worth giving the Patrician the Deathly Vigour (9) upgrade, increasing his Wounds characteristic, and you could also give him Pall of Fear (10), an upgrade that makes him harder to hit with Range 1 and Range 2 Attack actions.



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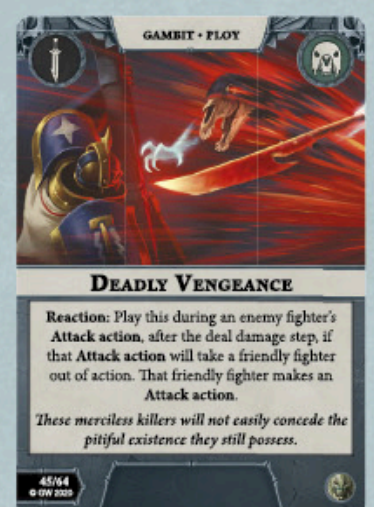
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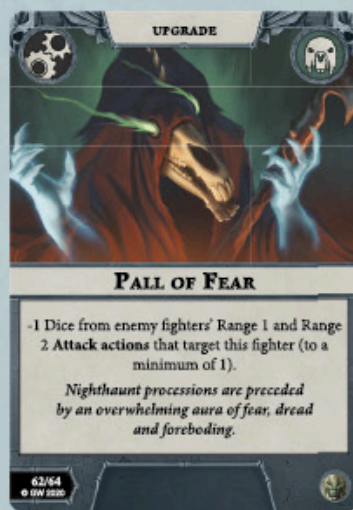
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
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SIRE HAQFEL AND GRODRIG THE LANCE

The last two members of the warband, Sire Haqfel and Grodrig the Lance, are very similar. They have the same characteristics both un-Inspired and Inspired, with 3 Move (4 when Inspired), 1  (2 when Inspired) and 3 Wounds. They also both have a Range 2, 2 , 2 Damage Attack action, but this is where the two fighters differ – when Haqfel is Inspired, his Attack action gains Cleave, while when Grodrig is Inspired, his Attack action gains Ensnare. They share Drepur's Inspire condition, so their role is to advance towards your enemies, making opportunistic strikes at enemy fighters as the deathbeat drives them on.

Haqfel and Grodrig are not the most durable of fighters, though when Inspired, they become significantly more so with their 2 . When considering how to commit them to the fight, bear this in mind: it may be worth baiting an enemy fighter to charge Drepur instead of one of these fighters. Drepur can survive an Attack action that would take one of these two fighters out of action, and with his Range 2 Attack action, it's difficult for an attacker to avoid reprisal.

Haqfel and Grodrig's Range 2 Attack actions are the real workhorses of the warband, and it's worth investing a few cards in making sure that each time one of their corroded blades swings, an enemy fighter falls. First, it's a good idea to take Stuff of Nightmares (11). This card lets you deal 1 damage to an enemy fighter just before one of your fighters aims a killing blow. You can use it to bring a tougher fighter in range of a

Damage characteristic they didn't think they had to worry about. You should also take Bitter Strength (12), which gives a fighter's Range 1 and Range 2 Attack actions +1 Damage. You could also consider Murderpact (13), an upgrade that gives a fighter's Attack actions +1 Damage when supported and that gives other friendly fighters +1 Dice when supported by this fighter. With these two upgrades on the same fighter, one of your rank and file can dispatch a Stormcast Eternal with ease! You can increase their accuracy with Methodical Attacks (14) – which essentially lets you re-roll a whole Attack action – and the Point of Death (15), an upgrade that lets you re-roll one attack dice in each of that fighter's attack rolls. Finally, you can take Deadly Vengeance (16), which will ensure that, even if one of your Glaivewraiths is taken out of action, they can still make an Attack action before they go.

There is one other point of difference between Haqfel and Grodrig, and that's in their upgrades. Haqfel has his Carrion Companion (17), which gives you an extra glory point when his Attack action takes an adjacent enemy fighter out of action. This means sacrificing some of the utility of his Range 2 Attack action, but it is almost always a good investment. Grodrig, on the other hand, has the Murderous Accomplice (18) upgrade, which grants a reaction that lets you push Grodrig up to 2 hexes so that he is adjacent to an enemy fighter when another friendly fighter charges that fighter. This makes it easier to gain the bonus from Murderpact and makes your warband's Attack actions in general more likely to succeed. It also allows Grodrig to move across the battlefield faster than your opponent might anticipate, letting you take them by surprise.

WHATS THE PLAN?

The Wraithcreepers have a pretty simple plan. While the Patrician provides the deathbeat accompaniment, the other spirits glide inexorably forward, their blades rising and falling like scythes through wheat, until the only fighters left standing are the servants of Nagash. Their objectives stick quite closely to this



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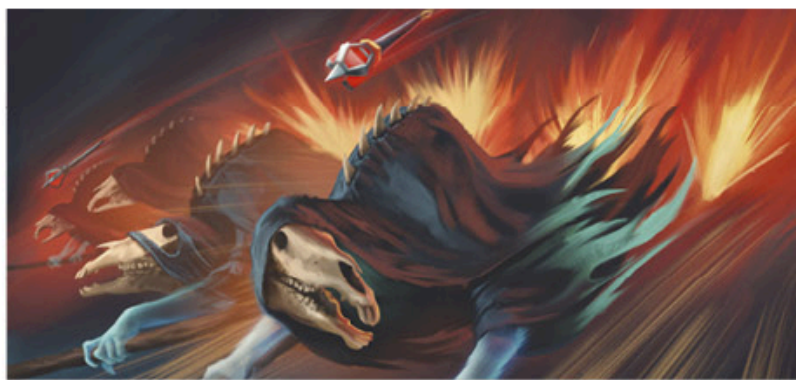


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narrative, rewarding them for two (Dread Harvest **(19)**), three (Scythed Down **(20)**) and four (Death's Bounty **(21)**) enemy fighters out of action. Vengeance of Nagash **(22)**, meanwhile, makes it personal by requiring you to take the enemy leader out of action. There are rewards also for the manner of an enemy fighter's demise. Ethereal Hunters **(23)** wants your fighter to charge through an enemy fighter (or a blocked hex), Unstoppable Death **(24)** wants your Charge action to take the target out of action, Massed Blades **(25)** wants your fighters to gang up on the same enemy, and Piercing Blow **(26)** rewards your successful Attack action with Cleave.

There are a few objectives which stray slightly from this path. Deathly Blooms **(27)** rewards you for holding an objective in enemy territory, the Hunt Pursues **(28)** rewards you if each surviving friendly fighter is in enemy territory, and Inevitable Advance rewards you when each surviving friendly fighter has a Move or Charge token. These all still support an aggressive strategy and can absolutely complement the more direct objectives above.



However, you might also consider a number of the universal objectives from the Essential Cards pack. Pure Carnage **(29)** is a third end phase objective that rewards you if seven or more fighters (which can include friendly fighters) are out of action at the end of the game, gaining you three glory points. With the sort of all-in plays that the Wraithcreepers make, you'll frequently meet this requirement. Strong Start **(30)** is a great choice for the Wraithcreepers – the combination of the deathbeat, their Inspire condition and their Range 2 Attack actions means that they're very likely to be able to take the first fighter out of action in a round. Finally, Victorious Duel **(31)** is a great choice for this warband. Drepur can steadily advance on his rival, striking when the time is right with an Attack action that can land you two additional glory points.

There are also some universal power cards worth considering. Commanding Stride **(32)** is great for warbands with an aggressive leader like Drepur, allowing you to strike deep into your opponent's territory to attack a fighter they thought safe for the moment.

Countercharge **(33)** is great for getting your fighters stuck in early on, and Healing Potion **(34)** can bring one of your fighters back from the brink to have another go. From the universal upgrades, you might consider Dark Darts **(35)**, an upgrade that you could give to the Patrician so that he can at least attack from a safe distance; Fighter's Ferocity **(36)**; Gloryseeker **(37)**; Great Fortitude **(38)**; Great





Strength (39) and, somewhat less conventionally, the Earthing Stone (40) (unless you're taking any objectives that require you to hold objectives). This last card can force an opponent to play by your rules, making it

impossible for them to hold objectives in their territory until they find a way to shift or remove whichever of your fighters holds the Earthing Stone.

WHERE TO START

When given the choice, you almost certainly want to set up the battlefield. Let your opponent worry about placing their objectives while you devise the quickest method for their defeat. The ideal is to set up a battlefield that allows your three front-line fighters an easy route to several of your opponent's starting hexes, as well as a nice, defensible position for the Patrician further back and out of harm's way.

I often start by setting up the Patrician. He should be far enough removed from the action that this is essentially 'free', allowing me to stall until I can see a bit more of what my opponent is doing. Next, I'll set up Haqfel and Grodrig, considering their Move 3, their Range 2 and the pushes from Deathbeat when determining where they need to go to give me the best options. You might find that you can set them up further back than you expect, thanks to all of these factors. Remember, you want to be able to strike at your opponent's warband, but there's no sense in

making it easy for them to respond in kind. Finally, I'll set up Drepur, usually in a fairly central position ready to advance on the enemy leader.



END PHASE

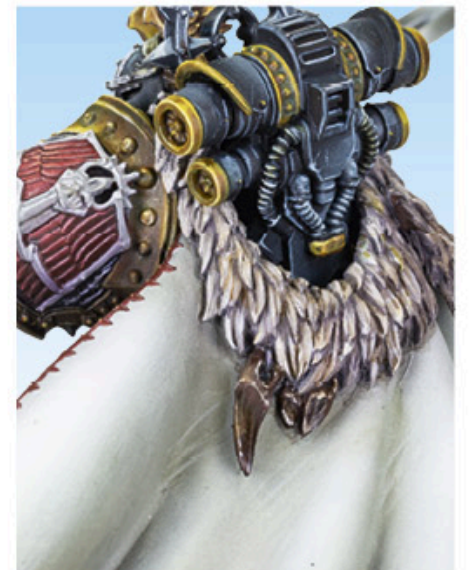
That brings us to the end of this article. I hope that you've found it helpful, and I'd love to know what you think. Do you have some favourite cards or tactics that you think I've missed? Is

there a warband you'd like me to feature in a future article? Let me know at whunderworlds@gwplc.com, and you might see your suggestions appear in a future *White Dwarf*.



NON-METALLIC METALS

The 'Eavy Metal team are rated among the greatest miniatures painters in the world, which makes them ideal tutors for a painting masterclass. Borja Garcia joins us to talk about non-metallic metals and shows you how to apply the effect to your miniatures.



BORJA GARCIA

Borja has been a member of the 'Eavy Metal team in the Specialist Games studio for just over five years. He also has eight Golden Demon trophies to his name from many years of entering the competition. Who better to ask for a painting masterclass?

Borja: Non-metallic metal (often known as NMM) is a technique that has grown in popularity over the last several years in the miniatures painting community.

Normally when we paint a model, we use metallic paints such as Retributor Armour. The metal flakes in the paint catch the light, causing the area to shine like real metal. The non-metallic metal technique, however, involves using matt paints to create the illusion of a reflective surface. This technique has been used for centuries in two-dimensional painting. A golden goblet, for example, is not painted with gold paint but with yellows, ochres and browns that are applied in such a way as to suggest the goblet is made of highly reflective gold.

This painting style can be applied to a 3D object such as a Warhammer miniature, enabling you to have greater control over how light interacts with your model. On furs and soft textures, the effect of light would be minimal, but on highly reflective surfaces like polished armour, weapons and gold details, the effect can be stunning.

There are two key considerations to think about with non-metallic metals: the light source and contrast. Before painting your model, you need to decide where the primary light source will be and how that will affect where your reflection points and shadows will sit. Most people imagine the light source to be above and off to one side, but it all depends on the model's pose and composition as to exactly where you decide to place it. There may even be multiple light sources! The other important factor is contrast. When you look at a piece of reflective metal, your brain recognises that it is metallic because of the way light hits it. This often manifests in extreme contrasts between light and dark. Polished chrome is probably the most extreme example of this. Getting that light/dark contrast correct is crucial to achieving believable non-metallic metals on a miniature.

For this masterclass, I have picked the Primarch of the Dark Angels, Lion El'Jonson. Over the next few pages, I'll show you how I painted the non-metallic elements on this excellent miniature.

NON-METALLIC GOLD

Gold is arguably the most common colour done in the non-metallic style in miniatures painting. There's a good range of colours available that can be used to replicate the reflective qualities of gold, and it's worth practicing on a spare model to decide what colours you want to use.

I started by undercoating the whole model with Mechanicus Standard Grey (1). White would give a brighter end result, and black would give a darker one. My personal preference is for a neutral mid-tone. Next is the basecoat stage (2). Rhinox Hide provides coverage and opacity, while Balor Brown has a strong ochre hue that helps establish the gold colour. The basecoat is fairly desaturated, which will help it contrast with the intense reflection points later on.

The third stage involves choosing where the light reflections will sit. It's useful at this point to study a gold object or 2D art that features gold armour (such as Stormcast Eternals) to get an understanding of how light reflects off different gold surfaces. On a curved surface, for example, it will show up as a bright dot of light on the highest point, then fade out in a halo around it. On a flat surface – like these wings – the light will hit in a line across the highest point, leaving a shadow on the other side. I imagined the light source to be above and in front of Lion El'Jonson, so I applied a thin layer of Rhinox Hide where I wanted the shadows to be, following the curved shape of each wing (3). Note that on the larger rear wing, the shadow follows the inside curve of the wing, not the outside curve. I then applied Balor Brown next to it as the first layer of the light line.

The next stages are all about intensifying that light line. Here I mixed the heavily saturated Flash Gitz Yellow with Balor Brown to create the first highlight (4). I applied it just like a normal highlight but inside the light line. I then added Dorn Yellow to the mix (5) and repeated the process, making the highlight thinner each time. The next layer is Dorn Yellow on its own, which I also applied to the leading edges of the wings and the edges of the feathers (6). The final highlight is a mix of Dorn Yellow and White Scar (7), which is applied only to the very centre of the light lines and the sharp corners of the wings and feathers.

The final stage is a very thin glaze of Balor Brown to tie the colours together (8). First, I thinned down the paint with Lahmian Medium until it was about 90% medium. Then, I took a small amount of the mix onto my brush and applied it very thinly across the whole wing. This stage may need to be repeated two or even three times to ensure all the colours blend neatly together from deepest shadow to brightest highlight.





Basecoat: Mechanicus Standard Grey



Airbrush: Celestra Grey



Highlight: White Scar



Glaze: Reikland Fleshshade

Highlight: White Scar



Glaze: Coelia Greenshade & Lahmian Medium 1:9

Glaze: Cygor Brown & Contrast Medium 1:9



Glaze: Mechanicus Standard Grey & Lahmian Medium 1:9



NON-METALLIC SILVER

Non-metallic silver uses a similar technique to gold, but because it is generally monochrome, nearby colours may be more visibly reflected in it.

For the Lion Sword, I also used Mechanicus Standard Grey as the basecoat (1). I painted the sword separate from the rest of the model.

Next, I established the light points on the blade. I placed a light reflection point on one side of the central ridge with a corresponding shadow on the opposite side. This provides a strong light/dark contrast across the blade. I repeated this effect a total of seven times using an airbrush (2). Note that the light reflection points are different sizes, representing the different intensities of light generated by the surrounding environment. Similarly, the shadows represent objects near to Jonson that may obscure that light, such as other warriors (small) and buildings (large).

I highlighted the edge of the blade and the fuller using pure White Scar (3) to help define them. I also painted a thin layer of White Scar in the centre of most of the light points. I didn't paint them all the same because not all light sources have the same intensity.

Next, I applied several thin glazes of Reikland Fleshshade to the centre of the darker areas (4). These glazes require very little paint and should be incredibly thin. They need to be built up gradually over several layers rather than slapped on like a wash. I also added a second layer of White Scar to the highlights. I repeated the glaze stage with Coelia Greenshade to help add a blue-green hue to the shadows and mid-tones of the blade (5). I then applied a very thin glaze of Cygor Brown to the deepest shadows. The penultimate stage was a thin glaze of Mechanicus Standard Grey across the whole blade to tie the colours together (6).

After attaching the blade to the model, I decided to add a little more colour to represent where the gold from Jonson's helmet was reflecting off it (7). For this, I used a thin glaze of Iyanden Yellow mixed heavily with Contrast Medium. I applied this to some of the light points near the tip of the blade. This element of creative flair is a great finishing touch to a non-metallic blade.

THE ARMOUR

I know if I don't mention it, people will keep asking how I painted Jonson's armour, so here you go! The basecoat is Abaddon Black followed by highlights of Incubi Darkness and Dark Reaper, applied using the non-metallic techniques I've mentioned over the last few pages. I then added Thunderhawk Blue to the Dark Reaper to add a stronger blue hue to the armour before adding in White Scar for the highlights. Again, the light source is above and in front of the model, so the brightest areas are Jonson's helmet and his left gauntlet.

THE CRIMSON KING AND THE GREAT ANGEL

Lion El'Jonson is not the first Primarch that Borja has painted. In fact, he's painted several, many of them using non-metallic metal effects. Here we take a closer look at Magnus and Sanguinius.

MAGNUS THE RED

Magnus was one of my toughest painting projects to date. I decided to paint him like the artwork on the cover of the novel *Magnus the Red: Master of Prospero*. This helped me decide on the spot colours I used on the model – notably the teal gemstones and pink psychic powers.

The first stage of painting Magnus was working out where the light source was and where the shadows would sit. I mapped out the whole model, working out not only what areas would be in the light and what would be in the shade, but also what areas would show reflected colour from the things around them. I decided to place the light source over Magnus' left shoulder. That is why, when you look at the model front on, all the shadows appear on Magnus' right. This is most obvious on his left foot (split light and dark across the ridge) and the armour plates on his chest (split vertically across his abdominal muscles).

After basecoating the gold, I also basecoated a lot of the other areas of the model. This helped inform what colours would be reflected where. Magnus' right leg, for example, features a lot of pink where it reflects his psychic missile. His inner left thigh faintly reflects the teal of his tabard, while his left shoulder pad is heavily tinted by the close proximity of his red hair.

SANGUINIUS

Sanguinius' gold armour was painted in much warmer tones than the ones I used on Jonson, because I wanted to reflect the volcanic environment that he is portrayed in. On Sanguinius, there is a light source directly above but also a red light source beneath him, both of which needed to be considered. I started by working out where all the natural light points would reflect on his armour, leaving areas such as his left leg in relative shadow, while his breastplate and right leg have clearly caught the light. I then started adding colour into the underside of the model, using deep oranges and reds on his right leg and the underside of his left leg to show where the coloured light from the lava was reflecting off it.

The Blade Encarmine was a different challenge entirely. I wanted it to look really bright and clean as it's meant to be a sacred relic. I used aluminium as a reference for the colour and reflectiveness. The cool tones of the blade help it stand out from the warm tones on the rest of the model and help emphasise the direction of Sanguinius' movement.



WAR OF THE GOD-MACHINES



During the Horus Heresy, the god-engines of the Collegia Titanica turned their formidable guns upon each other. Princes Seniores Jason Lee and Owen Patten talk about their impressive collections that hail from the feuding Legio Infernus and Legio Praesagius.





JASON LEE

Jason is one of the security guards at our head office. When he's not patrolling the grounds with his power maul, he can be found painting gigantic armies, including Salamanders, Adeptus Custodes, Grey Knights and now a huge Legio of fiery Titans. They look hot!

THE LEGIO INFERNUS – THE FIRE MASTERS

My fascination with Adeptus Titanicus began around twenty-eight years ago. I bought the game Space Marine, which was the precursor to Epic and Adeptus Titanicus. It was the first Games Workshop game I owned, and since then, I've had a love for all things Titanicus scale. When I found out that a new game roughly in that scale was coming out, I was more than a little excited, and like any aspiring Princeps, I bought it without hesitation. The problem came when trying to decide which Legio to paint my super-cool models.

THE LEGIO INFERNUS (OR IS IT SUTURVORA?)

One day I was talking to Owen Patten about how I should paint my models. He'd already decided to paint his Titans as the Legio Praesagius – the True Messengers – and he'd been looking for someone to represent their arch nemeses, the Fire Masters. He knew that I was a long-term Salamanders collector, so painting flames was right up my street! I instantly agreed, and the rest, as they say, is history.

I read up all about the Fire Masters in *Shadow and Iron*, which details the Legio's war against the loyalist forces on Calth. The Legio Suturvora later became known as the Legio Infernus, which

certainly fits their fiery nature pretty well! I started working on colour schemes and figuring out how I would paint my first models when Owen came up with another idea. We could theme our collections around the war on Calth and play games based around that campaign. The result was a series of games played over the course of a year, each one featuring our latest creations. We've had so many funny moments during our games, including unexpected explosions, super-poor dice rolls and machine spirit interventions at the very worst times. I recall one game where I destroyed one of Owen's Warlord Titans in combat with just a single Questoris Knight! Every game we played was an adventure, and our crusade of titanic violence finally culminated in last year's *White Dwarf* Battle Report, *Betrayal at Ithra* in issue 455.

Sadly, it's been almost a year since we last played due to the current global situation, but that has left us plenty of time to paint more models for our collections (in preparation for some truly massive games!). I've added Titans of pretty much every class to my force, and I'm eagerly awaiting the opportunity to get my hands on a Warmaster Titan. Or perhaps two of them. You can never have enough big guns!





Jason's Warhound Titans fight in three pairs. At the front (marked by the Eye of Horus) are *Scintillam* and *Caudis*. Behind them are *Ardeo* and *Peruro*. To the right, *Leto* and *Caedo*.



Just a few of the Warlords and Warbringers of the Legio Infernus. From left to right: *Falchismus*, *Quis Ardere*, *Immolantis*, *Ignis Regem*, *Detrahamus* and *Gehenna*. Each Titan bears the Legio heraldry on one tilting shield and their own personal heraldry on the other.

The Reaver Titan *Igniculus*, piloted by Princeps Zaelor, is the commander of Jason's Legio Infernus force. Here he is joined by the Warlord Titans *Ardenti Dominus* (left) and *Falchismus* (right). In the foreground are the Reavers *Oculi Ignis*, *Magna Erucae* and *Ferrum Torque*.





Jason's Knight Banners hail from the sinister House Mordred, which joined forces with the Warmaster during the Horus Heresy. Jason's Knights are almost an army in their own right!

PAINTING THE LEGIO INFERNUS AND HOUSE MORDRED

I learned a useful trick for painting the flames on my Salamanders: paint the flames first. I airbrushed the colours below onto the carapaces and then painted the negative of the flames – the black – over the top. It's easier to paint black over yellow than the other way around!

SILVER METAL

- Basecoat: Leadbelcher
- Wash: Agrax Earthshade
- Sponge: Stormhost Silver
- Layer: Stormhost Silver

GOLD TRIM

- Basecoat: Retributor Armour
- Wash: Agrax Earthshade
- Layer: Auric Armour Gold
- Layer: Auric Armour Gold & Stormhost Silver
- Layer: Stormhost Silver

RED ARMOUR

- Basecoat: Mephiston Red
- Wash: Agrax Earthshade
- Layer: Mephiston Red
- Layer: Evil Sunz Scarlet
- Layer: Wild Rider Red

BLACK ARMOUR

- Basecoat: Abaddon Black
- Layer: Dark Reaper
- Layer: Thunderhawk Blue
- Layer: Russ Grey
- Layer: Fenrisian Grey
- Layer: Ulthuan Grey

LASER BLASTERS

- Basecoat: Sotek Green
- Layer: Lothorn Blue
- Layer: Lothorn Blue & Fenrisian Grey
- Layer: Fenrisian Grey
- Layer: Ulthuan Grey

FLAMES

- Airbrush: White Scar
- Airbrush: Flash Gitz Yellow
- Airbrush: Yriel Yellow
- Airbrush: Averland Sunset
- Airbrush: Troll Slayer Orange
- Wash: Agrax Earthshade
- Layer: Dorn Yellow

SCROLLS

- Basecoat: Karak Stone
- Wash: Agrax Earthshade
- Layer: Karak Stone
- Layer: Ushabti Bone
- Layer: Screaming Skull



I opted for ruined wasteland and a few scattered trees for the bases of my Titans. I built up levels on the base using cork, fine sand and mixed rocks, while the trees are made from wire and modelling putty with clump foliage added to the top. I then painted the foliage with thinned-down PVA glue to harden them for the rigours of battle.



OWEN PATTEN

Owen is one of designers for the Specialist Games Studio. His work includes some of the Adeptus Titanicus scenery you can see in this very article! A many-time entrant of Armies on Parade, Owen is no stranger to painting a large number of models for his collections.

THE LEGIO PRAESAGIUS – THE TRUE MESSENGERS

There is something quite magical about holding a Warlord Titan in the palm of your hand, so when the game was released a few years ago, I was on board straight away! I was inspired to paint a Legio Praesagius force after reading *The Horus Heresy Book Five: Tempest*. The background section features the Battle of Ithrace at Calth, where the Legio Suturvora announces their allegiance to the Warmaster by turning their guns on the Titans of Legio Praesagius. This led me to also read the short story 'Honour to the Dead' by Gav Thorpe.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE LEGIO PRAESAGIUS

Through these books I was able to read about the different Titans and the battlegroups they formed during the fateful Battle of Ithrace. One of the most useful sections was the artwork of War Maniple Honouris in *Tempest*, which was really handy when it came to replicating the colour schemes and heraldry on my models. There are lots of hidden details on the maniple's banners, such as the silhouettes of medieval knight helmets, each one representing a Titan in the maniple. One of the silhouettes wears a crown representing the Princeps Seniores; this indicated that War Maniple Honouris also contained a Warlord Titan. I wanted to showcase

the Legio as accurately as possible, representing both Battlegroup Argentus (the protagonists of 'Honour to the Dead') and Battlegroup Honouris. I've also made models of four of the nine Paragons of Ithrace including *Auric Pegasus*, the leading Warlord of the last stand. My legio is accompanied by several banners of Knights from House Vornherr, who were also present at Calth.

Creating my force was very much like historical research, finding pieces of evidence within the books but having the freedom to add my own artistic licence where there were gaps. I used a lot of the transfers that I'd accumulated over the years, finding suitable symbols and numbers that I could layer together to create the personal heraldry for each Titan.

Then Jason got involved, and we started painting more and more Titans for our games. Our battles pretty much always come down to the final turn, where that first shot or important order will mean the difference between victory or defeat.

Watching *Gyrfalcon* survive the firepower of an entire army in our Battle Report was a personal highlight. And if I do lose a game really badly, I can just pretend I'm recreating the fateful battle of Ithrace! That works for me!



The Warhounds *Fire Wolf* and *Victorix* are joined by the infamous Reaver *Gyrfalcon* (almost-survivor of issue 455's Battle Report) and the Warbringer *Fortitudo Domitor*.

From front to back: the Warhound Titans *Misericorde* and *The Argent Courser*. The Reaver Titans *Inculcator* and *Invigilator*. The Warlord Titans *Auric Pegasus* (commanded by Master-Princeps Rhiko Trieste, Mistress of the Legio), *Chrysaor's Wake* and, right at the back, *Honores Verax*.





The Reaver Titans *Deliverance* and *Sullis Vestra* are joined amidst the rubble of an Imperial city by the Legio's primary Scout Titan, the Warhound *Death Runner*.



The Warlord Titans of the Legio Praesagius are joined by Knight House Vornherr. In the foreground stand Ursa Praedo, Anguis Praedo and Lupus Praedo Knight Banners, backed up by the firepower of Belua Praedo – a pair of ferocious Knights Porphyron.

PAINTING THE LEGIO PRAESAGIUS AND HOUSE VORNHERR

When painting my force, I painted my Titans in sub-assemblies. Keeping the armour panels off makes it easier to paint them with an airbrush. I used washes to help create depth over the base colours, rather than highlighting all the trim and panels.

SILVER METAL

Basecoat: Leadbelcher

Wash: Nuln Oil

Drybrush: Leadbelcher

Drybrush: Stormhost Silver

GOLD TRIM

Basecoat: Liberator Gold

Wash: Pyroclast Orange Clear

Wash: Reikland Flesh-shade (around bolts)

BRASS TRIM

Basecoat: Balthasar Gold

Wash: Nuln Oil

Drybrush: Sycorax Bronze

BLUE ARMOUR

Basecoat: Stormvermin Fur

Airbrush: Teclis Blue

Airbrush: Calgar Blue Air

Wash: Nuln Oil & Lahmian Medium

Layer: Rhinox Hide (battle damage)

RED ARMOUR

Basecoat: Mephiston Red & Evil Sunz Scarlet

Wash: Nuln Oil

WHITE ARMOUR

Basecoat: Stormvermin Fur

Airbrush: Administratum Grey

Airbrush: White Scar

Wash: Nuln Oil & Lahmian Medium

Layer: Rhinox Hide (battle damage)

YELLOW ARMOUR

Basecoat: Corax White

Airbrush: Phalanx Yellow Air

Wash: Pyroclast Orange Clear & Lahmian Medium

Layer: Flash Gitz Yellow



As my force represents one of the Titan Legions fighting on Calth, I decided to capture the destruction by making rubble out of modelling putty. I rolled out the putty into sheets and, once it was cured, broke it up to create chunks of shattered masonry. I added elements from the Manufactorium Imperialis kit to provide a sense of scale to the Titans.

HANGERS-ON SCENARIOS

Hangers-on are vital to the survival of any Necromunda gang. Without Rogue Docs to patch up fighters, Ammo-jacks to check their weapons and Sloppers to feed them, most gangs wouldn't last long at all. But what happens when Hangers-on get caught in the crossfire?



Necromunda is not all big hair, bulging muscles and blazing guns; some members of a gang actually work for a living! Behind the scenes and in the gang's hideout, the Hangers-on see to everything from hot meals (just don't ask what kind of meat that is) to digging bullets out of gangers (who sometimes even survive the experience). Most of the time, these Rogue Docs, Ammo-jacks, Sloppers, Dome Runners and other support fighters stay well clear of the battlefield, their contribution to the gang too valuable to risk getting permanently terminated by a stray bullet. Sometimes, though, a sudden assault, underhive ambush or simple bad luck will thrust them into the thick of it, and when that happens, they'd better be ready!

In this article, we explore different ways for arbitrators and players to get their Hangers-on onto the battlefield. While sometimes they might turn up as a result of one gang defending their home turf

against another – and there being no time for the Hangers-on to seek cover – it can be fun to create specific scenarios that focus on them. There are many ways to create fun scenarios centred on Hangers-on. Perhaps the gang's Slopper was cooking a particularly nasty underhive critter and it's gotten loose, or maybe a Look-out needs to sneak through an enemy gang's turf to deliver a message. Players could even play scenarios that pit their Hangers-on against each other outside of the gang – rival Rogue Docs having a showdown hunting for an important body in the local corpse factory or two Dome Runners racing across a battlefield laden with underhive perils.

Over the following pages, you will find three special scenarios, each one centred on a different Hanger-on. The rules for Hangers-on can be found in *Necromunda: Gangs of the Underhive*, as well as in the various 'House of' books (such as *House of Iron*).

USING EXISTING SCENARIOS

There are a number of scenarios in the *Necromunda Rulebook* that are perfect for using Hangers-on to represent key elements of the game. In a *Downtown Dust-up*, Hangers-on could be mixed into the hive dwellers; perhaps the gunfight is taking place outside an Ammo-jack's workshop or a Rogue Doc's clinic. Hangers-on like the Dome Runner might be one of the defenders in a *Caravan Heist*, or maybe they are leading the way for the caravan to make sure it has a clear path. *Escort Mission* could be used with any Hanger-on, the gang having to get them to safety or take them out, while *Fighter Down* is perfect for the inclusion of a Rogue Doc.

MERCY MISSION

In the aftermath of a gang battle, both sides try to get their fallen fighters to safety.

BATTLEFIELD

This scenario uses the Battlefield Set-up guidelines, as described on page 117 of the Necromunda Rulebook.

CREWS

This scenario uses the standard rules for choosing a crew, as described on page 118 of the Necromunda Rulebook. Both sides use the Random Selection (5) method to determine their crew. In addition, both sides add a Rogue Doc and a Hive Scum armed with a Stub Gun to their crew.

DEPLOYMENT

Both players roll off, with the winner placing one of their opponent's fighters (with the exception of the Rogue Doc and the Hive Scum) anywhere on the battlefield. Players take turns until all fighters (with the exception of the Rogue Doc and the Hive Scum) are deployed. The player who won the roll-off then randomly determines a battlefield edge and places their Rogue Doc and Hive Scum in contact with the edge and each other; their opponent then does the same on the opposite board edge.

THE AFTERMATH

A brutal gang fight has taken place, and the battlefield is strewn with downed fighters. All fighters (with the exception of the Rogue Doc and Hive Scum) begin the battle Prone and Seriously Injured, and on 1 wound if they have multiple wounds. All fighters (with the exception of the Rogue Doc and Hive Scum) also count all their weapons as Out of Ammo. Recovery rolls for Seriously Injured fighters may be made as normal at the end of each round, and weapons may be reloaded once a fighter has recovered from being Seriously Injured.

MISSION OF MERCY

The Rogue Docs and their attendant Hive Scum are on a mission of mercy. The Rogue Doc and Hive Scum cannot take the Coup de Grace action. Neither side is willing to kill the docs, so if a Rogue Doc is hit by an attack, they are Pinned as normal but otherwise unaffected. Finally, the presence of the docs means fighters who go Out of Action need not roll on the Lasting Injuries table, and crews do not need to make Bottle tests.

ENDING THE BATTLE

The battle ends in the End phase of any round if one side has at least three of their fighters (not counting the Rogue Doc and Hive Scum) in contact with their battlefield edge, or only one gang has fighters remaining on the battlefield.

VICTORY

When the battle ends, if one player has at least three of their fighters in contact with their battlefield edge and their opponent does not, they are the winner. Otherwise, the result is a draw.

REWARDS

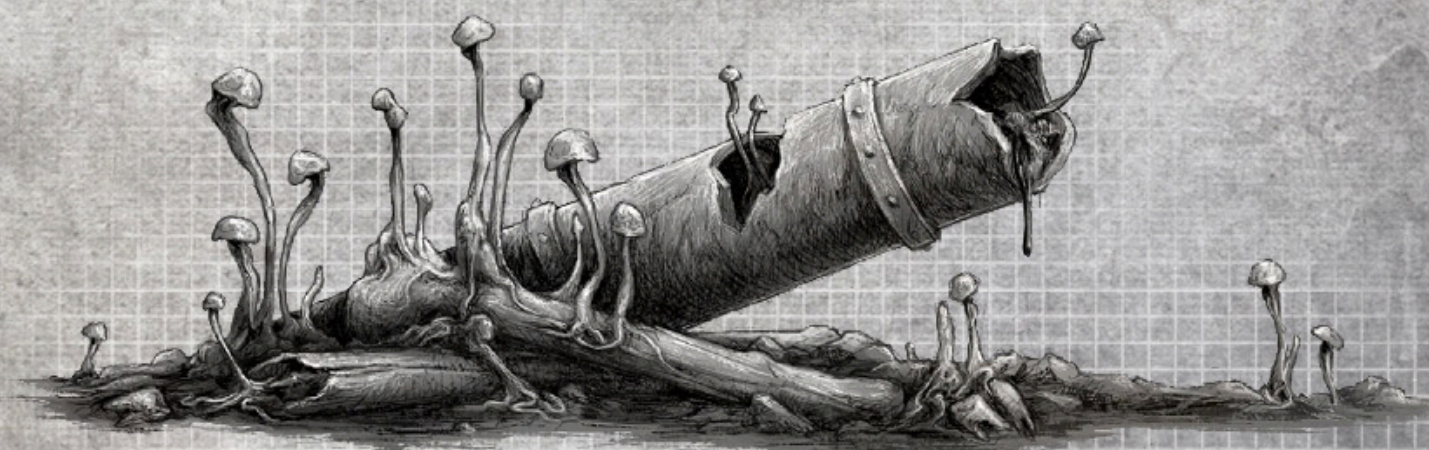
EXPERIENCE

Each fighter who took part in the battle earns 1 Experience point.

Each fighter who made it back to their battlefield edge earns 1 Experience point.

REPUTATION

The victorious gang gains D3 Reputation.



DOME RUSH

Two gangs follow a Dome Runner into dangerous territory looking for loot.

BATTLEFIELD

This scenario uses the Battlefield Set-up guidelines, as described on page 117 of the Necromunda Rulebook.

CREWS

This scenario uses the standard rules for choosing a crew, as described on page 118 of the Necromunda Rulebook. Both sides use the Custom Selection (10) method to choose their crew.

DEPLOYMENT

Players roll off with, the winner choosing one corner of the battlefield and deploying their entire crew within 6" of this corner. Their opponent then places their entire crew within 6" of the opposite corner. A Dome Runner is then placed in the centre of the battlefield.

DOME RUN

In the End phase of each round, the player with Priority moves the Dome Runner. The Dome Runner must move their maximum distance and end their move at least 5" from where they started. After the Dome Runner has moved, the player who moved them may place a loot casket and/or a booby trap (of their choice) within 6" of their final position (see the Necromunda Rulebook for details on loot caskets and booby traps). Alternatively, they may remove a booby trap from within 6".

As the gangs are trying to follow the trail left by the runner, they don't want to kill them.

If the runner is hit by an attack, they are Pinned as normal but otherwise unaffected.

ENDING THE BATTLE

The battle ends when one gang has opened three loot caskets or only one gang has fighters remaining on the battlefield.

VICTORY

If one gang opened at least three loot caskets or their opponent has no fighters on the battlefield at the end of the battle they are the winner. Otherwise, the result is a draw.

REWARDS

CREDITS

The winner adds 2D6x10 credits to their stash.

Each loot casket opened by a gang adds D6x10 credits to their stash.

EXPERIENCE

Each fighter who took part in the battle earns 1 Experience point.

REPUTATION

The victorious gang gains D3 Reputation.

If either gang bottled out, they lose 1 Reputation.



TARGET PRACTISE

Two gangs test their aim in an Ammo-jack's bullet emporium.

BATTLEFIELD

This scenario uses the Battlefield Set-up guidelines, as described on page 117 of the Necromunda Rulebook. Note, however, that the battlefield should include a number of large open areas and numerous long-range firing lines where possible.

CREWS

This scenario uses the standard rules for choosing a crew, as described on page 118 of the Necromunda Rulebook. Both players use the Custom Selection (5) method to choose their crew.

DEPLOYMENT

Starting with the winner of a roll-off, one player lines their fighters up (each within 2" of another) 6" from the centre of the battlefield. Their opponent then lines up their own fighters opposite the enemy crew and also 6" from the centre of the battlefield. An Ammo-jack is then placed between the two sides.

SHOOT-OUT

At the start of each round, before activating any fighters, the players place targets on the battlefield. These can be represented by dice, tokens or even models, provided they are obviously targets and it is obvious which player placed them. The players alternate placing three targets, starting with the player who has Priority. Targets must be placed within line of sight and weapon range of at least one enemy fighter, though they may be placed in cover.

Targets can be attacked just as if they were fighters, benefiting from range and cover as normal. When a target is hit, remove it from the battlefield. The points for taking out a target varies as follows (add multiple instances together):

- The target was at long range: 2pts
- The target was in partial cover: 2pts
- The target was in full cover: 3pts
- The target was over 24" away: 4pts
- Shooting the target risked hitting a friendly fighter: 2pts per fighter at risk

Record the total points for each side and the individual points for each fighter. In the End phase, the crew with the highest points total may move the Ammo-jack anywhere on the battlefield and count it as part of their crew for the following round. If a fighter makes an attack against an enemy fighter, immediately move the Ammo-jack to within 6" of them and make an attack from the Ammo-jack against the offending fighter. If the Ammo-jack is attacked, the crew who attacked them immediately loses the scenario.

ENDING THE BATTLE

The battle ends when one player gets to 50 points or only one gang has fighters remaining on the battlefield.

VICTORY

The gang that gets to 50 points first is the winner. Otherwise, the result is draw.

REWARDS

CREDITS

The winning gang adds 3D6x10 credits to their stash.

EXPERIENCE

Each fighter who took part in the battle earns 1 Experience point.

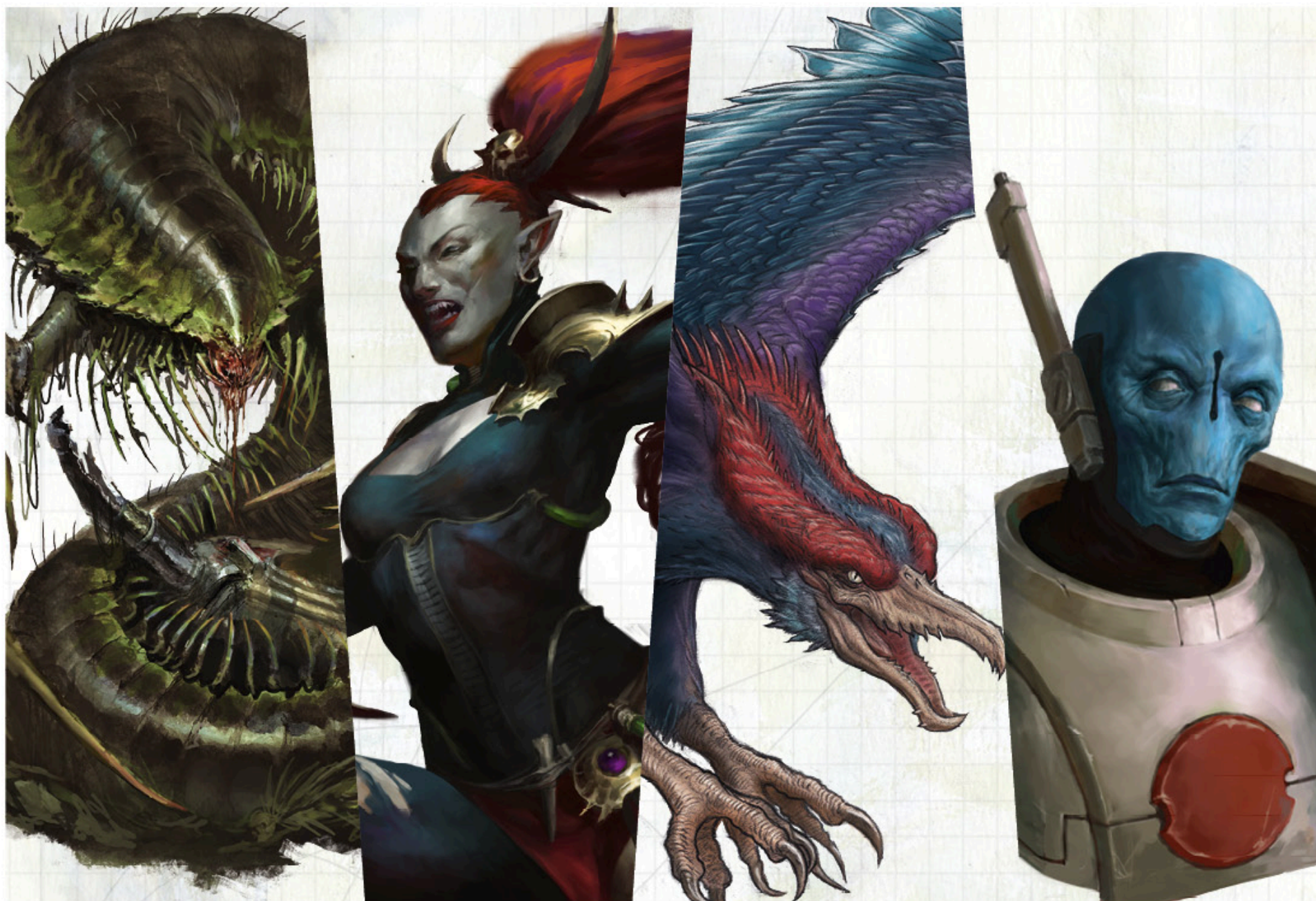
Each fighter who personally scored more than 20 points earns 1 Experience point.

REPUTATION

The victorious gang gains D3 Reputation.

THE LIBER XENOLOGIS

Many are the aliens that lurk in the vastness of space, waiting for their moment to eradicate Mankind. Fortunately for us humans, Rogue Trader Janus Draik has amassed a fair amount of knowledge on the xenos, as presented in his thesis, the *Liber Xenologis*.

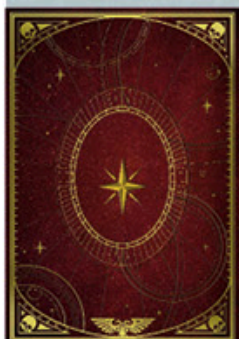


Fear the alien. Hate the alien. Kill the alien. These are the immortal words of the Imperial Infantryman's Uplifting Primer – words that every trooper learns by rote upon induction into the Astra Militarum. Such unconditional hatred of alien races may seem uncalled for, but the Imperium of Mankind is xenophobic in the extreme and utterly intolerant of aliens unless they can benefit Humanity without becoming a threat to it. As the warriors of Mankind have discovered – often to their cost – such races are few and far between.

The galaxy is full of alien threats, the majority of which would gladly see the destruction of the Imperium and all the Humans that live in it. For some such as the Necrons, it is a matter of reconquest – taking back a galaxy they believe is rightfully theirs. For races like the Orks, Humanity provides great sport, while to the Tyranids it is

LIBER XENOLOGIS

If you want to know all about the alien races of the future, check out *Liber Xenologis* on blacklibrary.com. After all, one day you may invent a time machine and meet them face to face. It's best to be prepared for such eventualities.



nothing more than biomass to be consumed. The T'au Empire, while seemingly benign, is no less ambitious in its goal to eradicate the Imperium from an ideological point of view while claiming its assets for the Greater Good. The Aeldari, facing their own battle for survival, manipulate Humanity in a bid to stave off their own demise.

Yet these are just a few of the major players on the galactic scene. Minor xenos races such as the Loxatl, Kroot, Jokaero, Zoats and many others besides have all come to the attention of Imperial Explorators over the millennia. While some of them are tolerated and sometimes even considered allies, most are viewed with hostility and declared Xenos Horribilis. All are catalogued and categorised with exacting detail, for to defeat your enemy, you must first know them.

And that's exactly what *Liber Xenologis* is all about.

KNOW THY ENEMY

Liber Xenologis is a visually stunning treatise on the alien races of the Warhammer 40,000 universe, written, illustrated and lovingly compiled by the Black Library team. Much like the recent *The Sabbat Worlds Crusade* book, *Liber Xenologis* is an in-world disquisition that delves into the lore of Warhammer 40,000 like never before. It takes a closer look at all the major alien races of the galaxy, a fair number of the minor ones, abhumans, and even some of the lesser-known fauna such as Catachan Devils, Sumpkrocs, Razorwings and even Ptera-squirrels. At 200 pages in length, this hefty hardback tome is the closest we've ever come to a complete galactic encyclopaedia of alien races. Exciting stuff, right? And that's exactly why we interrogated author Darius Hinks to find out more about it!

'*Liber Xenologis* is an extensive and beautifully illustrated guide to Warhammer 40,000's many varied and unusual alien life forms,' says Darius. 'It goes into more depth than any previous works on the subject, exploring species that have only been hinted at before, introducing a few new ones and shining a light on some of 40K's most intriguing mysteries. The Black Library team have excelled themselves with the design and art, producing a book that's crammed with fascinating details and rewards multiple readings, preferably by the light of a levitating candle while sipping a glass of the finest amasec.'

In this Darius is definitely not wrong; the Black Library team have pulled out all the stops for this book. Twenty-one artists contributed new material to *Liber Xenologis*, and the book also includes a wealth of classic imagery from codexes

and rulebooks past, bringing the overall number of artists contributing to thirty-eight. The new illustrations have all been commissioned with an aim to evoke the look of traditional media (indeed, there are several traditional media illustrations in the book), to reinforce the idea of it being drawn together from many sources, by hand, over a long period of time. It's definitely got a Victoriana feel to it, like an explorer's journal or big game hunter's field guild.

A MAN OF MANY TALENTS

'It's the big book of aliens as written and compiled by the learned Rogue Trader Janus Draik of Blackstone Fortress fame,' explains Darius. 'It was designed from the outset to play off the idea that Janus Draik has been collecting every scrap of information he can find about aliens and binding it together into what he considers to be a serious, detailed, scientific and wholly 'definitive' treatise on the galaxy's many xenos factions.'

'It was a lot of fun writing an in-world factual work from Draik's point of view. I've written two novels about his adventures (*Blackstone Fortress* and *Blackstone Fortress: Ascension if you fancy a read – Ed*) as well as several short stories, and I jumped at the chance to revisit the character. He's perfectly placed to write the Imperium's definitive work of xenology. He's also erudite, witty and pompous enough to assume he's the best person in the galaxy for such a monumental job.'

This is certainly evident in the presentation of *Liber Xenologis*. The introduction is wonderfully self-congratulatory, with Draik pronouncing this the very best report on xenos races that anyone

**DARIUS HINKS**

Darius used to commission and coordinate all the art for the Warhammer Studio before moving into writing full time. Having written two novels about Janus Draik (and his name almost being an anagram of the Rogue Trader), who better to pen the *Liber Xenologis*?

**ZOAT BY ARTUR NAKHODKIN**

Zoats are among the rarer alien species encountered by Humanity, though at least one such creature is known to have arrived on Precipice to explore the Blackstone Fortress.

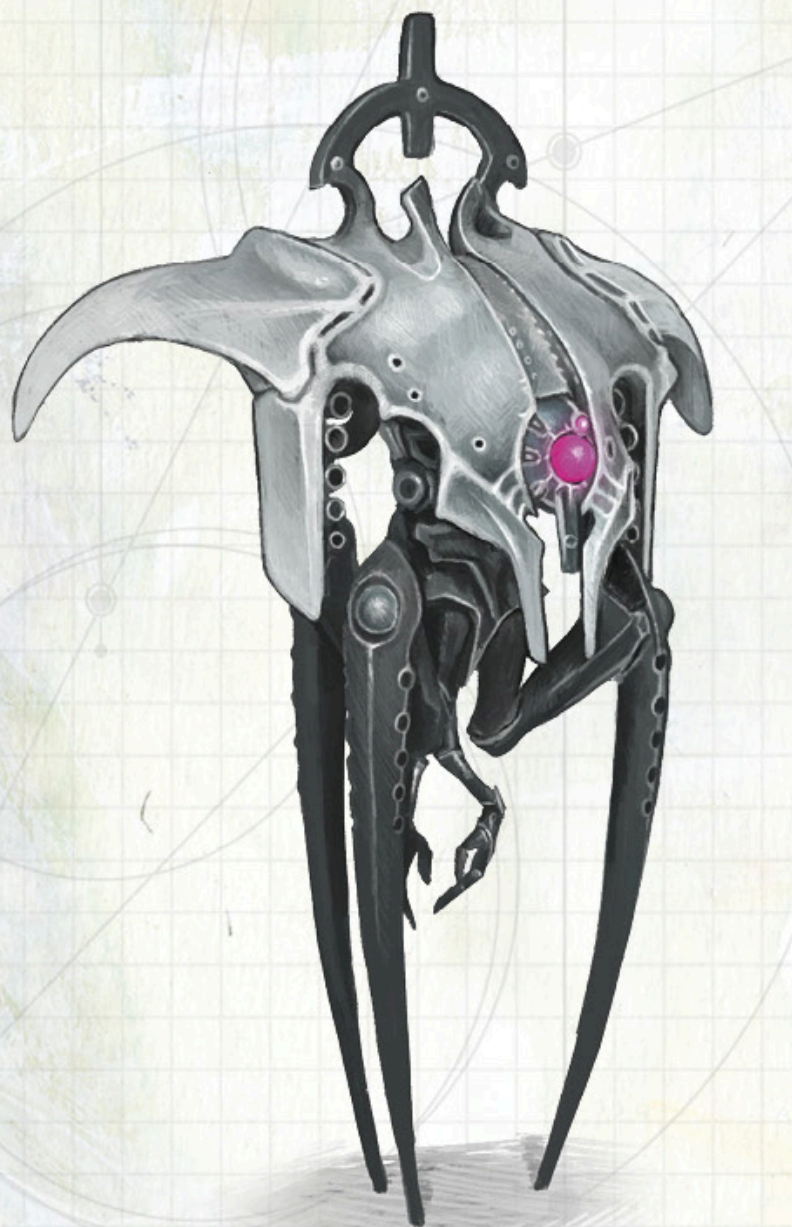
The artwork shown here is just one example of the many zoological profiles found throughout *Liber Xenologis*. Each profile presents the aliens as they would normally be seen, exhibiting typical behaviours and actions. Key details such as weapons and areas of interest are also picked out.

has ever written. This is accompanied by a portrait of him (shown opposite) surrounded by his credentials – namely unusual artefacts and the skulls of deceased aliens. It feels pretty self-indulgent, but then Draik is a very self-indulgent sort of character. The *Liber Xenologis* is intended to be presented to esteemed figures, so it seems only fitting that Draik has commissioned an appropriately grand portrait of himself in his role as documentarian. He has to be seen and regarded as a reputable source.

‘As a Rogue Trader, Draik is one of the few Imperial citizens who’s travelled widely and encountered alien species without ending up in their stomachs,’ says Darius. ‘He’s currently stationed in a corner of the galaxy where different races have been forced to live side by side without gunning each other down. He’s on a space station called Precipice, orbiting a mysterious star fort known as a Blackstone Fortress. The brigands and lowlifes of Precipice hail from across the galaxy, and Draik has interviewed many of them, gathering material for *Liber Xenologis*. His own adventures have also furnished him with a wealth of new information about the various predators seeking to destroy Mankind. I really enjoyed writing the Blackstone Fortress novels, and this book was a chance to revisit many of the characters from those stories, digging further into their history and relationships.’

GUARDIAN DRONE BY OLEG BULAKH

The information found in *Liber Xenologis* is framed around the Blackstone Fortress, and almost everything connects back to it, the space station Precipice or the people that are there in one way or another. The Spindle Drones and their larger Guardian Drone cousins are featured in the book, along with an introduction to the Blackstone Fortress itself. Of course, Draik’s observations on the drones may vary somewhat from the truth and should be taken with a pinch of salt, but that’s all part of the fun!



THE UNRELIABLE NARRATOR

‘It’s worth saying that there’s a lot of bias in this book,’ continues Darius. ‘Draik has a unique, ‘Draik-centric’ view of the galaxy, and the *Liber Xenologis* is written from his limited perspective of the galaxy rather than the god’s-eye view presented in codexes and rulebooks. As a result, this book gives his personal take on the subject. It includes extracts from his personal memoirs, journal entries and notes from conversations with his fellow travellers such as the Kroot tracker, Dahyak Grekh; the Aeldari ranger, Amallyn Shadowguide; the Technoarcheologist, Daedalusus and countless other intriguing characters. I think my favourite sections are the interviews with the Ratlings, Rein and Raus. They’re a pair of deluded, self-interested reprobates, but they’re so much fun to spend time with.’

While reading through the book, it becomes obvious that a fair number of Draik’s accounts are based on second- or even third-hand evidence and that some of it is wonderfully unreliable. In some cases, he even gets things wrong – the origins of Genestealers, for example – which makes the content all the more intriguing (and for those of us whose memories go back far enough, it’s a nice little nod to some of Warhammer 40,000’s original background). We know he’s wrong, but it’s fun trying to work out how he came to such conclusions and watching him try to justify his findings.

The Day of Ascension manuscript (shown at the end of this article) is a great example of a piece of evidence that Draik doesn’t fully understand. Speaking with Taddeus on the matter, Draik comes to the conclusion that it could be some kind of heretical cult, possibly dangerous. To the Imperial citizens reading the *Liber Xenologis*, they have no reason not to trust Draik’s findings, assuming him to be the foremost expert on the matter. Of course, we know the truth. Draik only has a small window of understanding on what this manuscript is about. We recognise the people within it from the miniatures in our ranges; we know the horrible truth. Despite his occasional errors, however, Draik still has a lot of useful information for those who abhor the alien.

‘The book covers everything from effective traps and hunting methods (he is a keen hunter, after all) to diplomatic techniques, discussions of cultural beliefs, morphology, feeding habits, weapons, mythology, religion and even alien contagions,’ says Darius. ‘Draik’s hope is that, by sharing his finds with the wider Imperium, he can avert a looming disaster. However, during his time on the Blackstone Fortress, Draik has come to realise that the star fort itself poses a very particular threat to the survival of the Imperium, and he has a fair amount to say about it, too.’

Janus Draik by Mauro Belfiore. Many of the details in this piece are inspired by the art on the Warhammer Quest: Blackstone Fortress cards and the miniature of Janus Draik.



XENOS HORRIBILIS

Liber Xenologis isn't just about Orks, Aeldari, Tyranids and all the other races we know from the tabletop. Warhammer 40,000 has a vast legacy going back many decades, and the Black Library team have reflected that by harking back to classic material from the earliest iterations of the setting, as well as exploring the most recognised factions. The book even includes aliens that originated in the pages of Black Library novels, some of which have been brought to life visually for the first time. Compiling all the information on these races before illustrating could begin involved delving through decades of material – rulebooks, codexes and classic *White Dwarf* articles – to make sure they could capture the visual identity of each faction.

When it came to factions that had not been represented visually before, the team's key aim was to make sure that all of the xenos presented looked strange, scary and appropriately

'Warhammer'. Even the aliens who are less warlike in terms of their culture needed to look like a threat, because that's how the Imperium of Man perceives them. 'I really enjoyed exploring some of the weirder, more obscure alien species,' says Darius. 'Enslavers, Psychneuein, Nightsiders, Barasonilash, Mjordhainn Raiders, and so on. Some of the rarest and most dreadful of creatures aren't represented visually at all. In those cases, we chose to maintain the dark mystique of Warhammer 40,000, leaving room for the reader to imagine the creatures too weird and wonderful even for Draik to capture. After all, the galaxy is a big place, and even a man of Draik's resources can't always get everything he needs.'

It's safe to say that whether you've been a part of the hobby community since the days of *Rogue Trader*, or if you are just starting to explore the worlds of Warhammer for the first time, *Liber Xenologis* will keep you enthralled for many hours. Fear the alien. Hate the alien. Kill the alien!

RAZORWINGS AND SUMPKROC BY GABRIEL MCALPINE

The zoology profiles often focus on things that Draik finds particularly interesting. With the Razorwings, he delves into how they might develop on different worlds and how this affects their appearance. There is a similar section on Kroot, showing their evolutionary threads depending on their feeding habits. This section was inspired by a classic *White Dwarf* article on Kroot Mercenaries.

The Sumpkroc, meanwhile, forms part of a chunky section on the unusual creatures that inhabit Necromunda, including Phelynx, Caryatids, Giant Rats, Ash Clams, and all manner of other underhive weirdness.



CATACHAN DEVIL BY LEWIS JONES

The Catachan Devil was first illustrated in the *Rogue Trader* rulebook, but for the most part it just looked like a particularly nasty millipede! Most importantly, there was no sense of scale to how big it should be. Look closely at this piece, and you'll see that there's a Leman Russ being crushed beneath the bulk of this massive beast. That's how big they are! Other gribbly details include the skull-shaped pattern on the creature's foremost pair of claws.





PSYCHIC EMANATION BY BOGDAN REZUNENKO.

The artists who worked on *Liber Xenologis* had to give a lot of consideration to how the Imperium might represent certain factions, especially those that are relatively unknown or even mythical. Some of the creatures described through third-hand accounts are depicted in a style reminiscent of traditional woodcuts to make the creatures themselves seem more like folklore and less tangible as a result. They're almost apocryphal beings, which definitely makes them worthy of a spot in Draik's extensive encyclopaedia.

This piece is an artist's rendition of an in-world artist's impression (*artception?* – Ed) of a psychic alien taking over the mind of a human psyker. It was inspired by 19th century artwork of fantastical and mythical creatures. Its Gothic horror vibe fits the feel of the Warhammer 40,000 universe perfectly. While the zoological pieces in the book are meant to be accurate representations of the aliens they portray, this piece is more an artist's imagining of what one of these creatures – what we know to be an Enslaver – could look like. Maybe the idea appeared to the artist in a dream. Perhaps it is the ink-work of a madman. Whatever the source, this atmospheric piece has made its way into the pages of Draik's book. To those reading about the Enslaver, the creature would seem truly nightmarish.

FIRE WARRIOR BY ARTUR NAKHODKIN

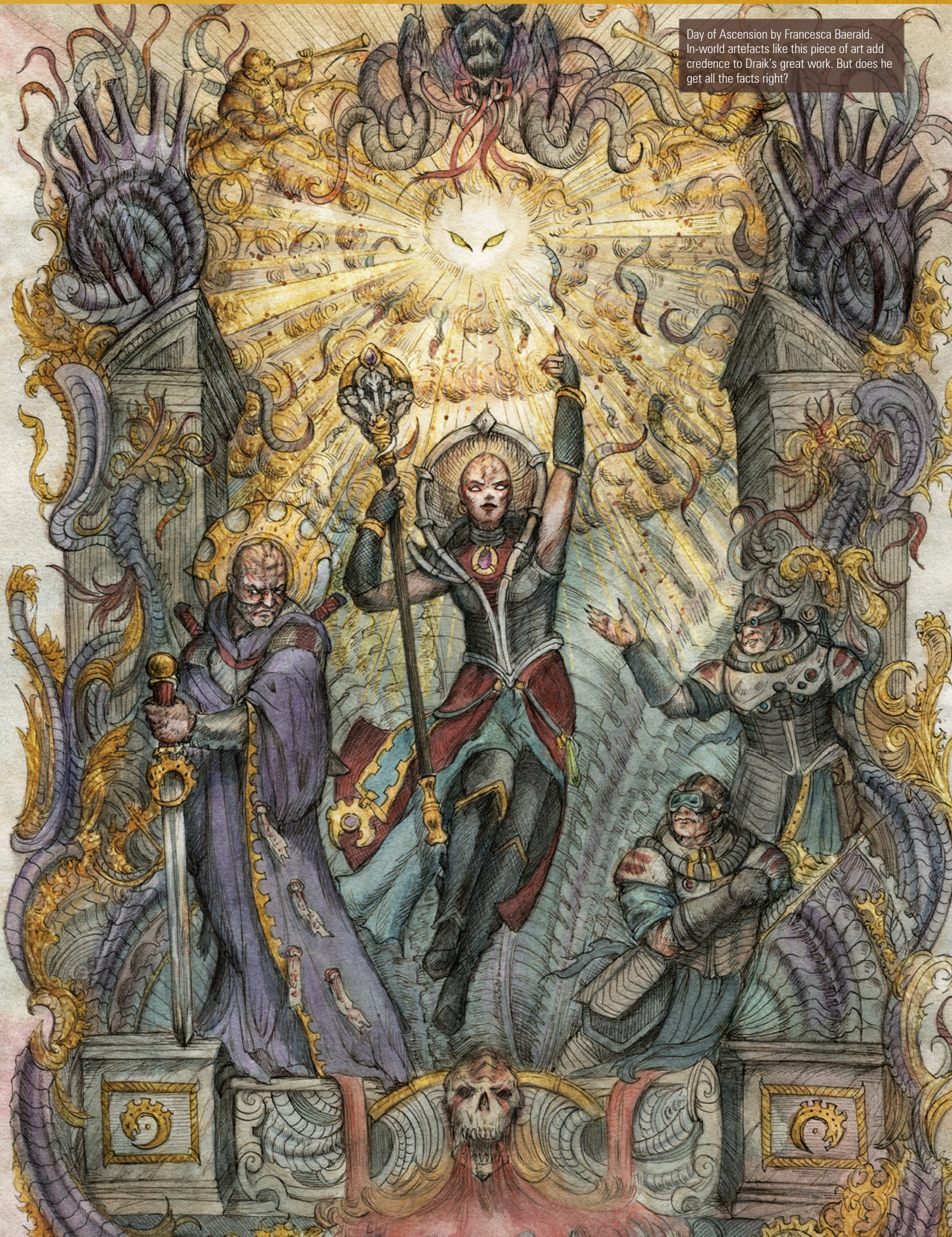
Much of Draik's knowledge of the T'au is learned through his conversations with people on Precipice. In the book, their zoological profile highlights their physiognomy and their preference for ranged combat.

DRUKHARI WYCH BY MIKHAIL SAVIER

The Drukhari Wych, on the other hand, is portrayed leaping into battle, exemplifying how they fight. The artwork backs up Draik's commentary on each race and highlights their potential threat to the wider Imperium. The Wych profile also features a side-on picture of a Drukhari head and draws attention to her Aeldari features.



Day of Ascension by Francesca Baerald. In-world artefacts like this piece of art add credence to Drak's great work. But does he get all the facts right?



MODELLING BILBO'S TROLLS

The discovery of the Stone Trolls by the Hobbits in *The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring* is an iconic scene in both the novel and the film. So why not recreate it? Middle-earth architect Rob Alderman shows how he turned Tom, Bert and William to stone.



ROB ALDERMAN

Ever since Rob was read *The Hobbit* by his primary school teacher, he has loved the chapter 'Roast Mutton' above all. In this article, Rob looks at how to model a set of calcified Stone Trolls, inspired by how Bilbo's Trolls appear in *The Lord of the Rings*.

'So there I was at the mercy of three monstrous trolls. And they were all arguing amongst themselves about how they were going to cook us. Whether it be turned on a spit or whether they should sit on us one by one and squash us into jelly. They spent so much time arguing the witherto's and whyfor's that the sun's first light cracked open over the top of the trees ... Poof! And turned them all into stone!'

– Bilbo Baggins, *The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring*

West out of the Shire lay the Lone-lands, a sprawling landscape of evil-looking ruined castles and perilous creatures. Packs of wild Wargs, warbands of Orcs and wandering Stone Trolls are just some of the dangers this landscape has to offer. Trolls are the

particular peril that Bilbo and the Company of Thorin Oakenshield met on their journey to Rivendell. With a little clever trickery from Gandalf the Grey, the Trolls were turned to stone when dawn came. It stands to reason that Bilbo's Trolls, as they came to be known, are not the only calcified Stone Trolls that litter the landscape of the Lone-lands. As it is in Nordic Mythology, perhaps many of the stone features of this environment were in fact living Trolls, once.

STAGE 1 – BUILDING THE TROLLS

Assemble the Trolls following the construction guide but do not attach them to the bases supplied and do not assemble the campfire. I used the hands that are holding cutlery but cut the items in hand away using a pair of Citadel Fine Detail Cutters. I then cleaned up any marks with a needle file and a little bit of modelling putty where required.

STAGE 2 – MAKING A BASE

For the base, I used a piece of foamed PVC. This is sign-makers board and is fantastic for basing terrain; it doesn't warp like foamcore and is far easier to cut than MDF. I positioned the models on the base and marked round them to get an idea of where I would need to cut.

Whichever material you choose to use for the base, make sure you smooth down the edges with a low-grit sandpaper in order to help the terrain transition nicely with your playing surface. I always find a hard edge looks very unnatural when placed on the table.

Attach the Trolls and the campfire (minus the flames) to the base using Super Glue. Plastic Glue will not work here, because the base is of a different material to the models.

STAGE 3 – TEXTURING THE BASE

Apply PVA glue to the whole base, as well as to a few random patches of skin on the Trolls themselves (see below). Apply chunks of cork and small stones to the base here and there, followed by a layer of sharp sand on the base and also on the areas of skin coated in PVA. This is just one part of making the Trolls' flesh look like it has turned to stone.



'Look Mr Frodo, it's Mr Bilbo's Trolls.'
– Samwise Gamgee, *The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring*

STAGE 4 – CRACKING STONE FLESH

Apply patches of Agrellan Earth to the Trolls, focusing especially on areas of flesh that may have been in motion as they turned to stone. This gives a lovely cracking feel to those areas, which is very suggestive of a stone texture. Again, this helps add to the stone-like appearance we are aiming for with the skin.

STAGE 5 – GRITTY AREAS OF STONE FLESH

To add some texture to the smooth areas of flesh, apply Typhus Corrosion in random patches. This can be used to blend the cracked skin from the previous step with smoother areas.

STAGE 6 – UNDERCOAT

Basecoat the whole model using Mechanicum Standard Grey spray.

STAGE 7 – WASH

Apply a wash to the Trolls with Athonian Camoshade. This gives them a natural, slightly mossy undertone.

STAGE 8 – DRYBRUSHING

Drybrush the stone areas with Dawnstone, followed by Administratum Grey.

STAGE 9 – BASE PAINTING

Basecoat the Forest floor with Dryad Bark, followed by a heavy drybrush of XV-88 to introduce a warm tone.

STAGE 10 – CLOTHING

Basecoat the old tattered clothes with Gorthor Brown. I wanted these to look very old, so I gave them a wash with a 1:1 mix of Typhus Corrosion and Contrast Medium.

STAGE 11 – FINAL DRYBRUSH

Drybrush the whole model – base, Trolls and clothing – with Ushabti Bone.



STAGE 12 – VARNISH LAYER 1

Spray the model with Munitorum Varnish. While this is wet, sprinkle foam flock (some brands describe this as fine scatter) in two or three different tones of green. Sprinkle in some small modelling leaves as well (see right).

STAGE 13 – VARNISH LAYER 2

Gently spray the model from a distance with Munitorum Varnish just to seal the previous stage in place.

STAGE 14 – PVA STAGE

To truly lock all of this flock in place, spray the whole model with a 1:3 mix of PVA glue and water through a mister spray bottle. You can find these in a garden centre or hardware store.

STAGE 15 – BASE EDGE

Finally, use PVA glue and static grass around the edge of the base to help blend it into your playing surface. Now you've got a lovely set of calcified Stone Trolls!

MODELLING LEAVES

Birch tree catkins are perfect for making fallen leaves. If you find them out and about in the wild, dry them off in an airing cupboard for a few days before use. Alternatively, you can buy them in packs from most hobby stores.



PROTECT WITH HONOUR

By David Guymer

Sailing through the darkness of an Ulguan sky, a Kharadron fleet is heading back to Barak-Zilfin with a valuable treasure. Ancient enemies lurk in the shadows, waiting for the moment to strike, but as the Kharadron soon find out, not everything is as it seems in Ulgu ...

In the ember days of the Age of Myth, the forefathers of the Kharadron turned their backs on the old ways. They forsook the mountain fastnesses that their old gods had taught their ancestors how to keep, and instead sought prospects and safety in the infinite skies of the Mortal Realms.

'Many of those old strongholds fell to Chaos in their time, but a few, a handful, better and more cleverly concealed from the foe, survived. So it was too for their gods. They still walked the Mortal Realms that their children had abandoned, and they never turned their backs on the Kharadron...'

In spite of the threat of attack, Admiral Trem Brokkenthrom expected the fleet captains and the representatives of its guilds and unions to join him at his table. It was a tradition, and so he insisted upon it. Tradition, insofar as Brynt Gambsson could reckon the admiral's worldview, was not merely something the admiral respected: it was something he was owed.

Metal clanked dully onto metal, the magnetic surface of the admiral's table grabbing on to the base of the tankard as he concluded another lengthy and unprompted toast to himself. The admiral grinned expansively over the dented ancestor masks and wheezing arkanaut suits gathered about his table, settling on the one unfamiliar mask in his company. There was a malicious twinkle in his eye.

'Gambsson, is it?' His voice was cracked and low, the growl of an old model endrin with something dangerously out of alignment.

Brynt drew the tubing from his own tankard and slotted it back into his skysuit's fluid pouch in the proper way. 'Brynt Gambsson,' he replied. 'Grundpilot First Rate, Captain of the *Sistromm*.'

Unthinkingly, he neglected to add *admiral* or *sir*. Trem was no admiral. Not in any properly Codified sense. Scuttlebutt was he'd been passed over three times in a row at Musterpress, and had gone on to command an aether-tanker that he'd since bolted a couple of great sky-hooks to, painted gold, and reclassified as a dreadnought. He wore the sky-blue undersuit and golden armour of Barak-Zilfin with an overbearing pride, while the Sky-Fleets Guild citations drilled into his breastplate – according, again, to ship rumour – had been stolen from the wreckage of a Barak-Zon ironclad beached on a mountainside on the borders of Ayadah. His hair – for he

made a point of never covering his head while aboard his own ship, regardless of altitude – was a shocking, almost painful white. There was a joke around the fleet that he bleached it every day under powerful aether-lamps so as to appear older and more distinguished than he truly was. This was something his cabin mate would neither confirm nor deny.

Brynt did not know if any of it was true, but he knew that everyone in the fleet believed it.

The admiral smiled, like someone killing time while they interpreted a joke. 'That's a little grand, isn't it, *captain*? What do you call the other duardin on that tub?'

'I call him Hikkram,' said Brynt, straight-faced behind his ancestor mask. Several of the captains produced short rumbles of laughter from theirs.

The admiral gave a crooked grin. 'And what's become of Grund-Commander Strond? Should I be concerned?'

'He said I could do with a proper meal.'

'Another duardin might be offended at having a lieutenant sent to his table.'

'He wanted to be on deck. Just in case.'

'I can't argue with that, I suppose. It is what I'm paying him for. I worried for a moment that a table full of sky-captains was too poor a company for him.'

Brynt frowned. 'I don't follow you.'

'The Grund-Commander is a wealthy duardin.'

'I'm sure you've a share or two stashed away with the Union of Usurers and Bankers.'

'I don't like to boast,' said the admiral, implicitly adding that Hysh was gloomy at that moment and Aqshy wet. 'But I'm not a senior commander of the Grundstock Company. Why, if I had a garrison in every port and the full monopoly over the fleet protection business then I'd be scouring the sky-lanes for Grungni. I'd be looking to buy him out.'

'If you're implying the Company's fees are anything but competitive—'

The admiral laughed. It was a bitter laugh, the kind that always came at someone else's expense and this time it was Brynt's. The admiral never paid for anything from his own pocket.

'I'm just teasing you, Gambsson. Where's your sense of humour? As a matter of fact I heartily approve of the Grundcorps' business practices. There are times even I look back at my younger self and curse the bearding for pursuing the dream of a career in the sky-fleets instead of enlisting with the Company. That's where the real rewards are, eh? Better than chasing the mother lode at the end of the strahlstrom.'

He chuckled, stroking the white strands of his beard.

'The perfect hindsight of old age. You can train your nose, hone your instinct, learn how to read the signs. You can haggle yourself a controlling share in the fastest ship, recruit an eager and experienced crew, and more often than most times you'll still come up with naught. Except perhaps an angry harkraken for your troubles.' The admiral gave another laugh. 'Which goes to prove my point, doesn't it, Gambsson? Win or lose, we still need to pay the Grundcorps.'

He reached across the table for the iron-bodied pitcher and poured himself another full measure of beer.

'Has the Grundcorps ever considered adding a clause to its contracts – indemnity against angry shareholders?'

Genuine laughter rumbled around the table at that. Even Brynt found himself smiling at the image the admiral conjured.

'You'd make a killing,' he added.

'I doubt you've had much need for that particular clause,' said Brynt.

'I've made some good investments, it's true. It's more than just luck. The real trick was realising early on that aether-gold is for fools. There are fortunes to be made, don't get me wrong. I'll harvest the seam if I should happen upon it. But the risks, the chances, the competition... better to be chasing your riches where no other Kharadron is looking.'

Tankard in one ostentatiously begemmed gauntlet, the admiral settled the other over the strongbox unsubtly positioned on the table before him. The hubbub of conversation that had been the background to their meal until then fell suddenly away. To Brynt, the silence seemed to be filled with threats and whispers, all of them emanating from that box. Arkanaut suits rumbled. The converted tanker's endrins chuntered and iron bones creaked. Shadows brushed against the hardened glass of the porthole covers and slid across, but all eyes were for the box. *Don't count your shares until they're weighed* was a well-known saying. But the admiral had an abiding need for his cleverness and wealth to be recognised by those he wanted very much to think of as his peers.

'Who here wants to see it? Who wants to see what it's all about? What the *drakking* aelves won't let us have away?'

The captains traded looks. One, the captain of the *Klinkharn*, about whom the best that could be said was that he was more trustworthy than his half-brother who profiteered for Barak-Urbaz, raised a gauntleted hand. Others followed suit. Not wanting to be the odd one left out, Brynt grunted and added his vote.

'The ayes have it.' The admiral grinned, and beckoned to his lodemaster, a hefty old sailor with a ring of keys dangling from an ample gut that strained in turn against his vulcanised skysuit.

The duardin stepped forward and unlocked the box. He opened it.

Brynt joined every Kharadron around him in leaning across the table to see what was inside.

'What is it?' asked the *Klinkharn's* captain.

'By all means, Thorngrume, have a closer look.'

The sky-captain looked uncertainly around him, then reached his hand into the box. 'Draz!' He pulled his hand back as though it had been bitten or stung. Several of the other officers startled. A few pulled weapons and trained them on the box. One had his volleypistol pointed at Thorngrume, just in case.

Brynt felt a whispering in his skull and a curious itch under the skin of his hands. To his surprise, his own sidearm was drawn and in his hand. He felt a terrible urge to discharge it, and he did not really mind at whom. He stared at it for a moment, and then with a great effort slid it back into its holster.

The admiral laughed. Never at his own expense.

Brynt peered into the box. Inside, nestled in a bed of wire wool and padded gauze, was a roughly triangular piece of ruddy brass or copper. It was difficult to tell which without touching it and Brynt had decided that he did not want to touch it. It looked as though it had been ripped violently from some larger piece. Stress marks and deformations accounted for the entire sliver. A single droplet of duardin blood now covered most of its surface. For a moment, the imperfections in the surface seemed to cause the blood to flow into a shape. Lines split off from the centre and curled. Like a hieroglyph. Or an aelven rune.

Brynt raised his hand to adjust the lenses in his helmet, sensitive to aether disturbances and Ulguanite anomalies, but before he was lowering his hands again the shape was gone. Just a bloody thumbprint on an otherwise unspectacular lump of metal. And a thumping in Brynt's head. He looked around the table. He wondered if the other Kharadron felt it too.

Thorngrume, meanwhile, had torn off his gauntlet and was staring at his hand. In spite of armour and undersuit, a thin line of blood crossed his palm from thumb to little finger. He turned the hand over, horror rasping through the tubes of his breather mask.

'What is this?'

'I know what the aelves think it is,' said the admiral.

'Superstitious freaks. But I found it first and if they want it then they and their queen are going to have to come find me in Barak-Zilfin and pay through their dainty little noses for it.'

'We should toss it overboard,' said Thorngrume with unusual vehemence, nursing his bloodied hand.

The admiral snorted. 'Don't you start as well. The navigators will have found the final lighthouse in a day or two, I'm sure of it. Any day now and we'll be back in the sky-lanes of Chamon. Perhaps even as early as tomorrow. In the meantime, I don't need to remind anyone here that you're all under contract.' He reached across the table and closed the strongbox.

Brynt could still feel it there.

While the lodemaster dutifully locked the box and secreted away the key, the admiral clapped his hands together as if to forcibly alter the mood. 'Now!' He grinned. 'Who's ready for pudding?'



The *Han-Gorak*, as Admiral Brokkenthrom's flagship was registered with the fleetmaster's office in Barak-Zilfin – though Brynt was aware of at least one other name – was a pregnant whale of a ship. Her pot belly enclosed vast cargo holds, originally for the transport of volatile aether-gold, but now for whatever commodity her master saw profit in. Every one of her three stout masts and the thrumming endrin orbs mounted atop them was needed to keep her buoyant. She could have been the match of any ship of the line that sailed under Barak-Zilfin colours except, of course, in manoeuvrability and speed. Great sky-hooks had been installed forward and aft, and sky cannons were fixed to the gunwale every gross of beard-lengths. Her iron skin was thick, her crew strength was twice that of any other ship in the fleet.

Most of that crew was up on her deck, standing at the rails with scopes and glasses and searching for a glimmer of a lighthouse beacon or a star to guide them. A few had climbed to the crow's nests atop the endrins for a better view, but it was a curiosity of the realms that magic became more forceful and volatile the further one went from its centre. This was as true of the realm's zenith as it was of realm's edge, and the spotters' view of the shadow-paths of Nakarth was, if anything, even worse than that of their crewmates on deck.

Brynt clumped onto the mooring prongs where a handful of Company machinesmiths had their work cut out beating the battle damage out of a pair of gunhaulers. The rest were all out on patrol.

Sistromm bobbed under line in one of the flagship's slipways. The gunhauler was a stocky little craft with the pilot's seat recessed under the main gun and the gunner's cupola. It didn't leave a lot of room for a Kharadron on top, but duardin had a famously high discomfort

threshold. And it wasn't built to be flown for more than an hour or two at a stretch.

Brynt clambered up to the cockpit and wriggled his way in under the support housing of the aethershot carbine. He strapped himself in and powered up the endrin. Where the *Han-Gorak's* buoyancy furnaces emitted a tectonic, deck-rattling rumble, *Sistromm's* was a sweet purr. Gem lights flickered to life across his dashboard, the shade of Ulgu banished from the cockpit by Kharadron science. He ran his gauntlets lovingly over the dashboard. Like all Kharadron things it had been made with practicality in mind. The back panelling was brushed steel and aluminium: lightweight, clean and strong. The dials were brass, sturdy but simple to work, and thus simple as well to replace without need for specialist tools and forges should the need arise. The colour contrast also made it easier for a pilot to read them at a glance, a feature that had been further improved upon with the addition of tiny bulbs illuminated by cells of aether and plated with thin layers of quartz. It had not been made to be beautiful, but it was beautiful, simply by being what it was.

Brynt looked up from his pre-flight reveries as a duardin he did not recognise, wispy white hair poking out from behind his helmet's beard shield, stomped across the weather deck, past the machinesmiths, and made for *Sistromm's* air slip. He had, of all the outdated kit he might have boasted, an axe strapped across his back and was eating flaked lumprey from a tin with his fingers.

'Who are you?' said Brynt.

'Wytskarn,' belched the other, tossing the tin over the side and licking the metal fingers of his gauntlet.

'Where's Hikkram?'

Wytskarn shrugged. 'Grounded for the rest of the day. He's overrun his guild-allowed flying hours for the week.'

'Is this a joke?'

'I never joke about Company regulations,' the older duardin grunted. 'That would be a violation of sub-artycle eighteen.'

'Wytskarn's an odd name.'

'My mother gave it to me. Or was it my father?' The Kharadron shook his head, then shrugged. 'I've been billeted on Jonti's bucket to now. You know old Jonti. Anyway, it's all been arranged with the Grund-Commander.'

'I thought I knew all the Grundcorps in Brokkenthrom's fleet.'

'I have one of those common faces. I look like everyone.' Without waiting on ceremony, the duardin clambered up and squeezed his greater bulk into the elevated gunner's cupola. An arm thrust out over the sky cannon and waggled an unstoppered flask half-filled with some astringent grog. 'Quick nip before we're off?'

Brynt recoiled from the smell. 'I took on enough at the

admiral's table to fill an ironclad. If only to bear his company. But I'd rather keep the last of my wits about me now.'

'Suit yourself.'

'Buckle in,' said Brynt. 'We're already overdue on patrol.'



The shadow-paths were formless and grey. The air that penetrated the imperfect seals of Brynt's helmet felt like nothing. It tasted of nothing. A stringy umbral substance cobwebbed his lenses, up until the moment he made any kind of decision to look at it directly whereupon it evaporated like mist. He was accustomed to it by now. They had all become experts. The gunhaulers and frigates flew with their running lamps lit and the shields drawn from their endrins so that they glowed.

It was a flotilla of lanterns that sailed through the mists of Ulgu.

With a firm hand on the stick, Brynt swung the gunhauler to starboard. The little ship veered over the lead ship's dorsal axis, levelling out a few hundred yards off her starboard side and under her keel line. Wytskarn tracked the darkness with the cannon, back and forth, on its narrow forward arc.

'Anything?' Brynt yelled.

'What?'

Brynt puffed out his cheeks. 'I said, do you see anything?'

'Nothing I'd be prepared to swear to before an admiral's court with my hand on the Madralta Code.'

Brynt nodded to himself, saying nothing. He knew exactly what the other duardin meant. He pulled back on the stick and played with the foot pedals. The endrin sputtered and the gunhauler felt briefly weightless as they lost speed. The wind dropped away, and they were scudding backwards as the great behemoths of the fleet ground across their eyeline.

'I wish they'd just come and try something,' Brynt muttered loudly.

'Careful what you wish for,' said Wytskarn.

'Is that a ratified amendment I'm unfamiliar with?'

'Would be. If I'd had any hand in drafting the Code.'

'When the aelves attack I at least know for certain that we are somewhere.'

'We're somewhere. Stands to reason.'

'The admiral hasn't a clue where we are.'

'That's a worry for the Nav-League.'

Brynt snorted. 'If you'd seen the thing that Brokkenthrom pulled out of that castle in Nakarth you'd be worrying too.'

'Then I'm glad I didn't. I disapprove strongly of worrying where it's not my business to.'

'The admiral thinks it's going to make him rich.'

'Good on the admiral!'

'But I'm with Thorngrume. I'd toss it right over the sterncastle rail and cut my losses here.'

'What?'

Brynt took a deep breath. 'I said—'

He paused as the dials on his dashboard nudged their needles into higher ranges. The endrin noise increased noticeably in pitch. The sky rumbled.

'Weather coming in?' he wondered aloud.

'Pfft,' said Wytskarn, and Brynt knew his gunner was right.

He turned to port, orienting himself by the position of the *Han-Gorak* as Wytskarn suddenly cried out '*Drakkol!*' followed by the hard, hammer-pulse report of a sky cannon opening fire.

Brynt hadn't yet glimpsed what his gunner had seen. The pulse of the aethershot was all the confirmation of danger he needed. He pulled the stick hard to the left. *Sistromm* banked so sharply she almost capsized and stalled. At the same time a mouth larger than the gunhauler's entire body chomped down where the endrin had just been. Displaced air, foul with smoke, rocked the little ship and almost tipped her over again. Brynt stabilised with a firm hand on the rudder and some quick work with the pedals.

'Dragon!' he yelled.

'I can see it's a bloody dragon!' Wytskarn barked back.

The dragon's jaws slammed shut a second time. A turbine tore away from the side of the endrin. Teeth sank into the metal casing. The support stanchion squealed and bent. Wytskarn pulled out a sidearm and blazed away at the monster's head. He was aiming for its eyes, but the salvo chipped and sparked harmlessly off black scales.

The stanchion snapped, and suddenly the gunhauler was free. Brynt's stomach rolled. He threw *Sistromm* into another turn, this time to starboard, and the dragon's bulk swept over them.

It went on sweeping for half a minute.

'Have us about it,' Wytskarn yelled.

'We're hanging on to our endrin by half a rig and a prayer. Push it too hard now and we'll lose it.'

The gunhauler shook into a wide turn, coming back onto the dragon's tail. An aelf lord, armoured all in black and with a fluttering cape, sat bestride the monster's long neck. The aelf looked over his shoulder. He appeared to sneer.

'Not on my watch, you don't,' said Wytskarn, and stitched the air with aethershot bursts.

The aelf lord ducked back, and the dragon rolled across the bullet hose and out of their arc. The beast was agile, in spite of its ungodly size.

Brynt took *Sistromm* after it. They swept under the missile pods and bay doors of the *Han-Gorak* and up the other side. The running lamps of the fleet wheeled across the sky.

A brighter flash, a sudden *boom*, aether-gold igniting and something massive exploding. A second dragon roared. Gunfire blossomed in the darkness.

Sistromm complained as Brynt pushed her to match the dragon's turns. Wytskarn fired again.

'Stay on the beast!' he yelled.

'I'm doing my best! We have to keep in sight of the flagship.' Behind them, the *Han-Gorak* was just then running out her guns and scrambling the last of the gunhaulers not yet aloft. 'We'll never find her again if we don't.'

'What?'

'I said—'

'Never mind that now. Bring us atop the drake and drop a Grudgesettler on its spine.'

Brynt grit his teeth. What was it with gunners? They always expected miracles of their pilots.

'I'm taking us back.'

'Hold her steady!'

'We're too far from the fleet already.'

'One more shot!'

The aelf lord glanced over the fluted pauldron of his shoulder armour. The dragon bellowed, trimmed a wing, and then swept across to ram them. Had the monster hit then, it would have surely smashed the gunhauler with ease. Brynt slammed his feet down on the pedals, shuddering the gunhauler into an ungainly climb that lifted her over the dragon's back.

'Now!' Wytskarn bellowed. 'Now! Bombs away!'

'Too late!' The dragon was already flapping ahead of them and roaring.

Wytskarn shouted in frustration and opened up with one

last burst from his cannon. The hail of aethershot punched through the dragon's hard black scales, glittered through meat and muscle, and then puffed out the other side of its enormous body as if from a large cloud. The dragon and the aelf lord upon its back came apart like a cloud shape in a strong wind.

Wytskarn gawped.

Brynt felt cold. Cursing, he broke them off.

'That's it, we're heading right...'

His words trailed off. He stared into the vast night, the endless cloud and dark of the shadow-paths that now lay between them and realm's edge. The fleet was gone. There was no fleet.

'...back.'



Brynt shut everything off but the endrin. It grumbled with just enough power to achieve buoyancy in the thin air. The stricken gunhauler bobbed like an ocean buoy with every breath of wind. The running lamps were off. The dashboard controls were dark. Ulgu was already starting to creep back into the cockpit. His own endrin, not twelve beard-lengths up, was a vague orb and a metallic hum. With everything off, he pulled himself out of the cockpit and climbed the undamaged stanchion to the endrin.

There, he secured his skysuit to the circumference rail with a length of thick rope and some heavy-duty clips. With the gauntleted tips of his fingers he inspected the damage to the endrin. One finger disappeared into an enormous puncture in the metal casing. When he withdrew it, it shimmered, brighter than gold. He cursed.

No worse than he'd expected. No better than he'd hoped.

'The endrin's leaking all right.'

Disconnecting the safety harness, he free-climbed the rest of the way up the rig, using bolts, rivets and tooth-gouges for hand-holds until he reached the top. There, he sat, clips and line clattering, his heart thumping from the hard climb and the danger, and peered into the darkness around him. He'd been hoping for a better view. But there was nothing there to see. Just cloud and shadow. He cursed again.

'Anything?' Wytskarn called up.

'Nothing.'

'Can you fix the endrin?'

'Wouldn't do us any good. We've enough aether left to hold us steady here for a day or two. We could fly for a bit if we don't push too much speed out of her.' Brynt scowled. 'What I wouldn't pay for an endrinrigger's first year apprentice right now.'

'Maybe we ought to put down?'

'We'll never get up again.'

'Any idea where we are?'

'I couldn't tell you where we *were*.'

There came a rustle from the cupola as Wytskarn unfolded a large map.

'Put that away,' Brynt yelled down. 'You've not been certified.'

'Are you worried we'll get more lost?'

Climbing back down as quickly as he could, hooking himself back up once he was as far as the guide rail – he was never so hasty as to overlook proper safety regulations – he dumped himself back into the pilot's couch. At the same time as he was beginning to unclip himself, Wytskarn had finished misfolding the map and was stuffing it under his seat. He stood up, making the underpowered craft wobble perilously from side to side, and leant over Brynt's side to root about in the stowage pockets.

Brynt swatted at his arm. 'Get back over before we capsize.'

'Where's *The Book*?'

'Sit down. This is enough your fault as it is.'

'Tromm!' Wytskarn sat back down, but did so with a small pocket ledger that he had drawn from the seat's back sleeve. He muttered to himself as he flicked through its brass-edged pages.

The Book, as it was approvingly called by the Grundpilots who relied upon it, was a detailed log of weather anomalies, navigational charts and other assorted curios and hazards describing every known and half-known sky-path within a given region of the Mortal Realms. This was the fourteenth printing of the Nav-League's Ulguanite edition. Volume Forty-Six. Nakarth and Mithåvn.

'Give it up,' said Brynt. 'There are no markers to be found. If the admiral couldn't guide his own flagship through the shadow-paths then neither can you.'

Wytskarn raised a finger from the page and, with his eyes still on the tabulated pages of *The Book*, indicated an unprepossessing patch of gloomy cloud to starboard. 'I think we should go that way.'

'Why that way?'

The older Kharadron shrugged and closed *The Book*. 'A feeling. An instinct. Call it duardin intuition.'

'I'd rather stake my life and ship on duardin science.'

'Would crashing over some other patch of Nakarth be so

awful? Are you looking forward to crashing onto this bit for some reason I ought to know about?'

Brynt muttered under his breath but his gunner had a point. They'd get nowhere by staying put.

'When we get back to the *Han-Gorak*, Hikkram and I are having stern words about the proper spirit of the Code.'

Wytskarn chuckled and strapped himself back in.

'Thirty minutes, mind,' said Brynt. 'Thirty minutes and then I'm setting us down. While we still have fuel to do it and end up in one piece. After that, we'll just have to try and make it to the Realmgate ourselves on foot.'

'Might take a while.'

Brynt decided not to answer. It would probably take forever.



Sistromm rattled through sky as black as smoke. Strands of storm-dark cirrus buffeted and snaked across her cockpit and the two Kharadron sat brooding and silent in their respective seats. To Brynt's instruments they looked like nothing at all, except for everything they could not possibly be. There were times when he would look up and see what appeared to be a flotilla of sky-ships or an angry harkraken, or even a bearded face emerging from a cloud bank. One time he even imagined seeing Barak-Zilfin itself, its gun-turrets and endrin towers perfectly described in cloud and shadow up to the moment that he turned his head towards it. He gave it no mind. Or told himself that he did not. Ulgu was a place of obfuscation, not revelation. They all knew it. He trusted his instruments more than he did his own eyes and instincts, and his instruments told him there was nothing there.

Wytskarn hummed a few bars of a sky-shanty under his breath. It was not one that Brynt recognised, and he had sailed under every sky in the eight realms. He was tempted to reach up to the gunner's cupola and throttle him. The Code was very strict on corporal punishment, requiring a signed affidavit from a direct superior, but Brynt was prepared to overlook the stipulation just then. It would probably be worth it. The prospect of a court martial seemed unlikely.

'Just a little bit more,' Wytskarn muttered.

'It's been thirty minutes.'

'Twenty-eight by my count.'

'This is what got us into this mess to begin with.'

'Two minutes more,' Wytskarn growled back, a tone that Brynt had not heard the affable Kharadron take before. 'Thirty is what was agreed to. Are you a Kharadron that keeps to the letter of his bargains or aren't you?'

Brynt was stung into silence. He turned away, chastened and strangely ashamed, and caught what appeared to be a faint

flicker of light as his lenses moved across its path. When the source then disappeared, he dismissed it as another illusion. But then it winked again, in exactly the same spot as before. He sat up, still half of a mind to let it go unremarked until—

‘What’s that?’ said Wytskarn.

‘You see it too?’ Brynt was relieved. ‘I thought I was imagining things.’

The light blinked out again, regular as duardin-built clockwork.

‘It’s the lighthouse,’ Wytskarn cried, thumping the metal fuselage in triumph. ‘It’s got to be.’

‘How in Grungni’s sooty beard did you ever find it?’

‘All in the charts, lad.’

‘Are you saying the admiral can’t read a map?’

‘That’s speculation above my contractual level.’

‘We could plot our own route to the Realmgate from here,’ Brynt said, thinking quickly. ‘There should be spare fuel and some basic tools aboard the lighthouse. Assuming the lighthouse master is abiding by Company regulations.’

‘Is that what you want to do now? Go home?’

‘You still want to try and find the fleet?’

‘You don’t?’

‘It’s impossible!’

‘You thought this was impossible.’

‘And it is! A miracle is what this is. And now you want another one. I’m not a religious duardin, so I’m not sure exactly how it works, but I’m pretty sure that’s pushing it.’

‘It’s what the admiral’s paying us for.’

‘As *Sistromm*’s captain I’m invoking *ungraz throlt*. The admiral’s led us to a lost cause and our contract with him is hereby nullified.’

‘You think that’ll hold water with the codewrights of the Sky-Fleets Guild in Barak-Zilfin?’

‘If ours is the only story they ever hear of it, it will.’

A sharp intake of breath rasped through the other Kharadron’s filters. ‘*Kazar valrhank*.’

‘Don’t you go quoting the Company motto at me.’

For a long minute more, the two stared at one another from either side of the sky cannon barrel. Brynt gave in first.

‘Do you really think you can find them again?’

‘I’ve no great wish to be shipwrecked without profit either, believe it or not.’

Brynt scowled and turned to the controls. He gripped the stick as though tempted to snap it from the box and toss it overboard. To his surprise, he found himself trusting his gunner’s better judgement.

‘If we don’t find them then we won’t have fuel enough to land.’

‘I wouldn’t have wanted to land here anyway,’ said Wytskarn. ‘There’s naught down there but aelves. And cruel, bitter aelves at that.’



A string of lights climbed out of the dark sky in constellations, the familiar and welcome outlines of a Kharadron sky-fleet in the line of battle. His elation was brief. Aethershot traces and air supremacy mines punctuated the darkness with pulsing lines and brilliant waves. Dragonfire swabbed the duardin vessels’ iron decks like something illuminated from a retired arkanaut’s nightmare.

‘We found it,’ he breathed.

‘What’s left of it,’ said Wytskarn.

The *Klinkharn* was gone. And the *Grimnyn Az*. They were short a gunhauler.

Black dragons and their lordly aelven riders swooped and harried the embattled vessels, a dozen strong, and flocked by daemon-winged aelf women like gunship carriers scaled in black. Even while Brynt watched, a host of the winged aelves descended on the *Stukker*, and while the frigate’s arkanaut crew and Grundcorps left her guns silent to fight the harpies off, a black dragon spewed noxious black fumes across her deck. Even from such a distance and surrounded by thunder Brynt could hear the screams. While the crew burned, the dragon tore the ship apart. A handful of Kharadron got themselves to sky-rigs and jumped. But not many. Brynt watched the *Stukker* disintegrate, finally losing its grip on its endrin and dropping like a thing overlooked by the gods of the realms until that moment.

Brynt swore, and meant it in a way he never had before.

‘Khineraï Lifetakers,’ said Wytskarn. ‘Daughters of Khaine. And, if I’m not mistaken, their brethren of old from the Orders Serpentinis. These were their lands, you know. Long ago. Before Chaos drove them from the Thirteen Dominions and into the welcoming arms of Sigmaron. They were noble creatures once. Ungrateful *thaggi*.’ The Grundpilot’s ancestor mask issued a grumbling sound. ‘Long is the list of Grudges owed to these particular lineages of aelf-kind. Longer than my beard and yours tied together.’

‘You know more about it than I do.’

'Mayhap. Mayhap I do know a little.'

'What do the Daughters of Khaine want with the admiral's treasure?'

'Maybe they're under the impression that it's not the admiral's?'

Brynt glanced at the dashboard. 'The tanks are as good as empty. We'll be no good to anyone in the air. We need to put down.'

'Then take us in, lad. Nice and slow.' Wytskarn pointed. 'There's the flagship!'

The *Han-Gorak* had never looked more imposing or more ponderous than she did then, surrounded by enemies, her escorts crippled and aflame. Her long deck crackled like a string of fire crackers in the Ulguanite night, decksweepers and fumigators just barely keeping the huge capital ship free of glaive-wielding she-aelves.

Brynt took *Sistromm* in, gritting his teeth as she rattled her way through a wide grimace of a turn around the battlefield and through.

A Khinerai aelf swooped onto them with a gut-twisting shriek. She dropped from starboard, outside the arc of *Sistromm's* main gun, and far too small and agile to be brought to bear in any event. Brynt ducked his head as her thrusting spear scraped across the undamaged side of the endrin stanchion, drawing sparks. The Khinerai flapped back like a bat that had just struck a glass screen. Wytskarn drew his handgun and let off a pair of quick shots that both missed. The Khinerai wheeled and looped back. There were two more coming with her.

They were practically on top of the flagship now. The battle was all around them. Bigger ships and richer targets were everywhere, but *Sistromm* was starting to draw notice all the same.

'Can you keep them off us for just a minute?'

'No.'

'Not even one?'

'Not even.'

Brynt glanced up the gunner's cupola and snorted. He was not even sure what was so funny. 'Well, do what you can.'

'Aye.'

The endrin gave a splutter. The gunhauler dropped a dozen beard-lengths before recovering about half of the lost altitude and levelling out.

'*Skarrengit*,' Brynt swore.

'Was that what I think it was?'

Brynt checked the fuel gauge. The gunhauler chugged determinedly on, but with an increasingly thirsty sound and a precipitous loss of speed. They were also, though it was not as immediately obvious, already losing height. 'Aye. It probably was.'

'Are we going to make it?'

Brynt peered out over the fuselage, over its golden trim and to the sky below it. The *Han-Gorak's* running lamps had grown paradoxically dimmer as closeness spread them further and further apart. Her deck had become correspondingly huge, like a mountain laid flat on its side and attached to an endrin. Racing towards them.

Impossible to miss.

'Aye!'

Wytskarn screamed back. 'Why am I not reassured by your tone?'

Brynt ducked his forehead to the dashboard, closed his eyes, and covered his head with both hands.



The ancestor mask was a hot iron against his cheek. One of his lenses was broken. The broken glass caught the mad dance and flicker of flames and reflected it a hundred ways. It made his head hurt. His eyes were gummy, his head pounding. He could taste metal in his mouth, suggesting that his skysuit's filters were clogged, but the reasoning was a while in coming. For some time beforehand he just lay there, slowly baking inside his Grundstock armour, drawing hot, acidic water through a drip straw as he came to. He was face down on the dashboard.

He sat up stiffly and looked around, confused. Then he remembered.

With a start, he began fighting with the seat straps and buckles to get free. He remembered the landing: the impact, a few seconds of screeching and skating, flipping over and then... blackness. The buckles resisted, refusing to come undone. He pulled off a gauntlet and threw it away, then tried again with bare fingers. The hot metal scalded his fingertips. He cursed, tears springing from his eyes. He shook his hand out, gritted his teeth, and went in for it again. He howled, sweet smoke rising from his fingers. But the buckle snapped loose and he was out.

He struggled free of the cockpit. Easier planned than done. The fuselage had been warped by the crash landing, folding the gun housing over the roof of the cockpit and pinching it shut. He wriggled, squirming, clutching his burnt hand to his chest, and somehow managed to work a leg loose. He went sliding backwards down the body of his craft, landing on the ploughed-up metal of the *Han-Gorak's* deck in a clatter of Grundstock gear.

On hands and knees, he reached up around the back of

his neck and fumbled with the helmet clasps. He gasped as it came free of his head. The air was thin and poisonous with Ulguanite magic, hazardous to breathe without proper apparatus, and smelled of recent murder. But it was better than struggling on with a blocked filter and a broken lens, his head sealed in an oven.

He looked up at his stricken gunhauler. There was barely enough of her left to be salvaged for scrap. The endrin was gone. Projected above the fuselage as it was, and already severely stressed, it would have been the first thing to go. Bits of it accounted for the long glittering trail of metal slag that extended out from it along the deck. A fire burned in her nose cone, and in the weapon magazine. Brynt was fortunate that there had been so little aether-gold left in her tanks. Otherwise, he might never have woken up. Unless one believed in the promises of the gods.

He pulled himself to his feet, swayed a moment while he recovered his balance and adjusted to the capital ship's yaw, then staggered determinedly from the crash site. Empty tanks or not, he was thinking clearly enough to want as much distance between himself and the slow-burning wreck as possible.

Small fires pockmarked the deck. The screams, bangs and shouted oaths of battle rang out from everywhere, but in the strange gloom of the realm it always seemed to be coming from a place just beyond his sight. Brynt could make out little of the ongoing battle but for the occasional Khinerai that swooped overhead with terrible screams.

Like a dreamwalker he stumbled towards the sound of fighting.

Wytskarn appeared out of the flames, but in some strange and uncanny way it was no longer Wytskarn.

The other Kharadron, like Brynt, had removed his helmet, but his real face was so similar to his ancestor mask that to see it uncovered was disarming. His beard was huge and glorious, albeit of an entirely impractical length, managed with a hundred golden braids and spreading outwards into his thick mane of white hair. The primitive duardin axe that Brynt had thought so little of at their first encounter dazzled now, its runic blade arresting the attention that would otherwise have been captivated solely by the beautiful nightmare coiled across the burning deck before him.

Brynt stumbled to a halt. He stared, slack-jawed, at the horror of the aelven queen.

Her voluptuous beauty was the equal in every way to her serpentine monstrosity, such that both could co-exist in a single thought and neither contradict the other. Vast wings of black shadow and a crown of snakes formed a living halo for her proud form, her viperous lower section slithering and coiling as she pressed her Kharadron foe with a darting spear and long envenomed talons. Wytskarn, for his part, did not act with any drastic haste to counter. He was a duardin. Slow and steady was his way. But nevertheless there was a blurring to his movements, as of many hundreds of moving

parts all coming together in unison to culminate in his axe, time and again, turning aside the aelf queen's spear.

Brynt felt himself go weak at the knees. He knew who this was. There was no Kharadron currently plying their trades in Ulguanite skies who would not have recognised her instantly.

Morathi. Mother of Malerion. Oracle of Khaine. Demi-Goddess of Shadow.

The sky-fleet was surely doomed.

'Wytskarn...?'

Although the effort of matching the aelf queen – and match her he surely was – was clear, Wytskarn looked across and managed half a grin.

'Can't talk now. Busy.'

'How... What...?'

'It's all right, lad. I've got this. As a matter of fact I've been looking forward to it for many a long, hard year.'

'You will pay in blood for every moment you defy me, bearded one,' the aelf queen snarled, her serpent crown appending a trailing *hsssss* to her words. 'Give me the shard and I promise you your ending shall be swift, if not painless.'

All the while they spoke the aelf queen appeared to diminish in Brynt's eyes and the Kharadron to grow, until the pair fought one another almost as equals, in stature as well as in physical potency. With a noise that was part roar and part grim, humourless laugh, the Kharadron slowly beat the aelf queen back.

Morathi shrieked in frustration, her perfect alabaster features transforming into something monstrous.

'By my ancestors, you've aged poorly,' Wytskarn muttered.

Brynt could not believe what he was witnessing.

'Away with you!' Wytskarn turned his way and yelled. 'Even I cannot hold her off forever.'

'Even you...' Brynt murmured, dazed. 'Who *are* you?'

Wytskarn ignored the question. 'Steer the admiral from these dangerous skies and see him right onto his course for Chamon. His trinket will be worth a share or fifty in the years to come if I'm any judge.'

The aelf queen issued a scream of rage and, just for one moment it seemed to Brynt, of recognition, as the Grundpilot battled her into a retreat.

He had cleared Brynt a path. Taking his chance before the Shadow Queen could find a way to disarm him again, he did as he was told. He fled.

Most Kharadron would scoff at superstitious talk of 'duardin intuition' but it was true that most had a solid sense of where they were, relative to where they meant themselves to be. The Khinerai and their dragon allies had wrought immense damage on the *Han-Gorak*, its familiar layout warped by fires, gouge craters and steel wreckage and turned into a labyrinth by the magicks of Ulgu, but Brynt found his way unerringly through it. A few minutes later he found himself looking up at the aftcastle where the great tanker's helm was housed. He clattered up iron steps, into the stout keep of riveted sheet metal that Admiral Brokkenthrom had welded on to shelter his steersman from the hostile elements, and from enemy attack. He could only hope it still held. The door was unbarred. He burst inside.

It was deserted, but there was no sign of battle that Brynt could see. The steersman had presumably been drawn off by the battle elsewhere and was either yet to return or had been slain. A lock had been slid through the enormous wheel to hold them steady. Too much in haste to fuss over the locking bar, Brynt kicked it in until it bent and then slid out from around its axle. He took the big handles of the wheel, wincing as his blistered palm wrapped around the cool metal, but held firmly on regardless. He hauled it to port, the signal beacon of the lighthouse still bright in his mind despite the manifold obfuscations of the shadow-paths. He did not question it. He just knew that it was so. Sweating with effort, he fought to keep the dreadnought off its old heading. The *Han-Gorak* was a thousand times the tonnage of *Sistromm* and with a mind of her own, but gracelessly, arduously, Brynt felt himself getting the better of her. Her monster prow dragged slowly to port.

'What are you doing?'

Admiral Trem Brokkenthrom and his wealthiest arkanauts, a heavily armed troop kitted out with the finest sky-hooks and volleyguns aether-gold could buy, came pounding up the aftcastle steps and onto the helm. Their armour was practical and unshowy, but very fine in the Kharadron's understated way.

'I'm getting us out of here,' said Brynt, straining his muscles against the reluctant wheel. 'Hopefully before it's too late.'

The admiral held up a gauntleted fist and the arkanauts lowered their guns. 'It doesn't look or sound like an aelf to me. Don't shoot him yet, lads. Until I tell you to.' His eyes narrowed. He still wasn't wearing a helmet. 'Gambsson, isn't it? The Grund-Commander's second?'

Brynt nodded, teeth clenched with the effort of manhandling the *Han-Gorak* to her new course single-handedly.

'I thought you were lost.'

'So... did I.'

Trem grunted, and with a jerk of his head sent a pair of

arkanauts to aid Brynt at the wheel. Brynt gasped as they took their share of the burden. He had always thought himself sturdily built and strong. He knew now that he had been mistaken.

'The rest of you,' he panted, pointing weakly towards the forward portholes and the open-door hatch. 'Turn your guns that way.'

'Do as he says,' said the admiral irritably.

'Where is the aelf treasure?' Brynt asked him.

'Safe below,' the admiral grunted. 'Locked and locked again, and hidden for good measure. Not that it's any business of yours, the way I see it.'

'I just passed *Morathi* on my way in here, and she wants it, so as of this moment I'm making it my business. And you'd best not complain about it if you want to make it back to Barak-Zilfin in one good-sized piece.'

The admiral blanched. 'The Shadow Queen is here? On my ship?'

'My gunner is keeping her busy.'

'Hikkram?'

'No. Wytskarn.'

'Who's Wytskarn?'

'From old Jonti's boat. You know old Jonti.'

Clutching the sore muscle of his shoulder in his burnt hand, he limped to the nearest porthole and peered out from the side of the aftcastle keep. On the decks below, besieged groups of Grundcorps and arkanauts held the Khinerai at bay with crackling bursts of firepower, while above them capital ships duelled with dragons and, somewhere further below, a goddess and a thing he did not know how to name waged war. The Kharadron mustered under the aftcastle's metal roof with their guns were silent a long time, watching, listening, feeling as the tanker settled onto her new bearing. Brynt could almost see the wink of light in the distant shadows.

He could only hope that the *Han-Gorak* would make it to the Realmgate in time, while they still had a ship and enough of a fleet left to make a fight of it should *Morathi* decide to pursue them all the way to Chamon. In a way, it didn't matter to Brynt what happened next. He had done his part in all this. All that his contract demanded of him.

And even a little bit more.

At length, the admiral broke the silence. He turned to Brynt.

'Who's old Jonti?'

INSIDE THE STUDIO

As is ever the case, it's been a busy few weeks inside the studio when it comes to hobby activities. Curiously enough, much of it revolves around our eight warlords. A second Sons of Medusa army has sprung up to join Joel Martin's crusade to paint the stars bright green, while Paul Foulkes – inspired by Miyuki's *Slaves to Darkness* – has started a new army of Nighthaunts. Calum has been playing games with his Night Lords, while Martyn decided that painting one army at a time wasn't enough of a challenge, so between aelves he worked on his Blood Angels. Finally, on the last page of the magazine, we have a large collection of Middle-earth miniatures painted by packaging designer Dean Lettice. Ring-bearers beware! We hope you enjoy our latest creations.

AU REVOIR SIRE LAMBERT

It is with great sadness that we heard of the passing of former *White Dwarf* translator Philippe Beaubrun – also known as Sire Lambert. As a member of the French Studio in the early 2000s, Philippe was known as a man of few words, but he always used them with finesse, wisdom and humour. He took part in *A Tale of Four Gamers* fielding Bretonnians, and his Space Marine Chapter – *Chevaliers de la Lumière* – were shown regularly in the French edition of the mag. He will be much missed.

WHILE THE CATS ARE AWAY ...

... the photographers will play! With most of the studio to themselves, the photographers have had free reign of the gaming tables. Erik Niemz took on Calum McPherson's Night Lords in a *Crusade* game, with the Chaos Space Marines defending a series of objectives from a Tyranid attack. According to Erik, 'My winged Hive Tyrant destroyed Calum's objective but died in the process, and the Warriors had a bad day out with the Terminators. The Tyranids didn't last much longer after that!'



THE COMPANY OF DEATH!

When he's not building Lumineth, Martyn Lyon has been painting Blood Angels.

'I basecoated my Death Company Intercessors with Abaddon Black, then applied a chunky highlight of Mechanicus Standard Grey followed by Dawnstone,' says Martyn. 'The red cross on the Impulsor was done by spraying the tank Mephiston Red, masking the cross shape out using masking tape, then spraying over the top with Chaos Black.'



As we come to the end of the magazine, we take a look at the games people have been playing and the models they've been painting in the studio over the past month. This issue: **bloodthirsty lunatics, a page of green, a dedication and an army worthy of Mordor.**

MORE SONS OF MEDUSA!

Would you believe it? You don't see Sons of Medusa around for ages, then two armies of them come along at once! Joel Martin is busy painting the successor Chapter for A Tale of Four Warlords, while these five test models were painted by studio painter Arthur Higham. 'My aim for army painting is to find a colour scheme that is quick to paint while being as visually striking as possible on the tabletop,' says Arthur. 'They are basecoated

with Moot Green and washed with Coelia Greenshade heavily diluted with Contrast Medium. Diluting Shades with Contrast Medium is a really nice trick I came across by accident. The paint will pool in the recesses without changing the colour of the base layer much, so no need for time consuming methods like re-layering or recess shading. I drybrushed everything with Hexos Palesun and used Rhinox Hide to add battle damage.'



EVIL GREENIES

Miyuki's husband, Paul, felt inspired to paint an army of Nighthaunts recently. They're very ... green!

'I'm a fan of a certain slimy movie ghost,' says Paul, 'so I wanted my Nighthaunts to be virtually monochrome green. Only a few details are picked out in colour, such as candlelight, Lady Olynder's thorns and the hood on the Executioner. I painted the green using Wraithbone as a basecoat followed by an all-over wash of Nihilakh Oxide. Then I drybrushed my models with Corax White, followed by a watered-down mix of Plague Bearer Flesh and Warp Lightning on the extremities and weapons.'



DEAN LETTICE'S MIDDLE-EARTH MODELS

Packaging designer Dean Lettice has been on a bit of a quest recently. During the first lockdown in the UK, he took advantage of some time at home to tackle his 'to paint' pile that had been piling up.

'It has always been a desire of mine to assemble enough models for an epic War of the Ring-sized Evil army,' says Dean. 'Over the course of the lockdown, I painted seventy-four Orcs, Gothmog, Shagrath, the Mouth of Sauron and six Morgul Knights. I was on a roll, so I decided to mix it up a

little and paint fifty Warriors of Minas Tirith. I absolutely love the miniatures in The Lord of the Rings range. They are such a joy to paint, and you can get a rough, dirty look on the Orcs that I really like. For my Morannon Orcs, I undercoated them with Leadbelcher and then washed them with Nuln Oil and Agrax Earthshade to give them a dirty appearance. I then drybrushed them with Ironbreaker and highlighted with Stormhost Silver. The red cloth is Khorne Red washed with Carroburg Crimson and highlighted with Mephiston Red and Squig Orange.'



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