



WHITE DWARF

ISSUE
465

**TOME KEEPERS
CRUSADE RULES
& SHORT STORY**

**THE OGOR
SELLSWORDS OF
EXCELSIS**

**AGE OF SIGMAR:
A TALE OF FOUR
WARLORDS**

**ANVIL OF
DESTRUCTION:
CREATE A HERO**

**CONCLUSION OF
CHRONICLES OF
THE WANDERER**

**AND MUCH
MORE FOR**



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WHITE DWARF

ISSUE 465

WE'RE AN OPEN BOOK



LYLE LOWERY
Managing Editor

Hello again, and welcome to another exciting issue of *White Dwarf*. This one's actually particularly exciting, because in addition to all your favourite cover-to-cover content, this issue includes a transfer sheet for the Tome Keepers. You asked for it, and now you've got it!

This transfer sheet has everything you need to properly outfit a serious amount of Tome Keepers. And even if you're not collecting a Tome Keepers army (and why not?), you'll find loads of really useful decals on this sheet for other Chapters. There are black tactical markings both small and large, as well as white Arabic squad numbers ranging from 1 to 16. While the ubiquitous Ultramarines transfers will serve your tactical marking needs for dark armour colours, the Tome Keepers transfers have the appropriate tactical markings for light armour colours.

To complement the included transfer sheet, we've got a load of new Tome Keepers content for you. Take your Tome Keepers on crusade with the new Crusade rules, get a more detailed look at their nature in their first short story, and use our name generator to help name all your new Tome Keepers heroes!

Now you've got everything you need to collect a Tome Keepers army and take them on crusade. We'd love to see and hear about your crusade adventures at team@whitedwarf.co.uk!

Also, just like in the previous two issues, there's a special tear-out sheet within. This one features warscroll cards of characters from this issue's Flashpoint: Broken Realms Tome Celestial on the Sellswords of Excelsis. Built from the Anvil of Destruction, they can be used to recreate the siege of Excelsis alongside the battleplans found in this issue!

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WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR

82 A TALE OF FOUR WARLORDS

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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.



Dankhold Troggoth
by Gediminas Jonaitis



Ogor Tyrant
by Danilo Milella



MORE TOME KEEPERS, PLEASE!

You guys are absolutely blowing it away with your home-brew Chapter the Tome Keepers! Keep it up! The reach back into the deep lore (The Beast Arises) with the Fourth Founding is awesome! The Index Astartes article is awesome and sheds some light into that dark corner of the Imperium as well as calling attention to the epic figure of Maximus Thane.

I have a small request, though. I would love to create a Tome Keepers force based on the characters and lore, but I'm not good with freehand painting. The love that you have put into this Chapter deserves a special transfer sheet! What are the chances there will be a Tome Keepers transfer sheet in the future?

As a US-based subscriber for many years, it bummed me out that I couldn't get the Silver Templars codex and transfer sheet through *Conquest*. That was such a cool project and one that I see echoes of here. Please consider making a transfer sheet and mini-codex for the Tome Keepers.

Love what you are doing. *White Dwarf* has really never been better.

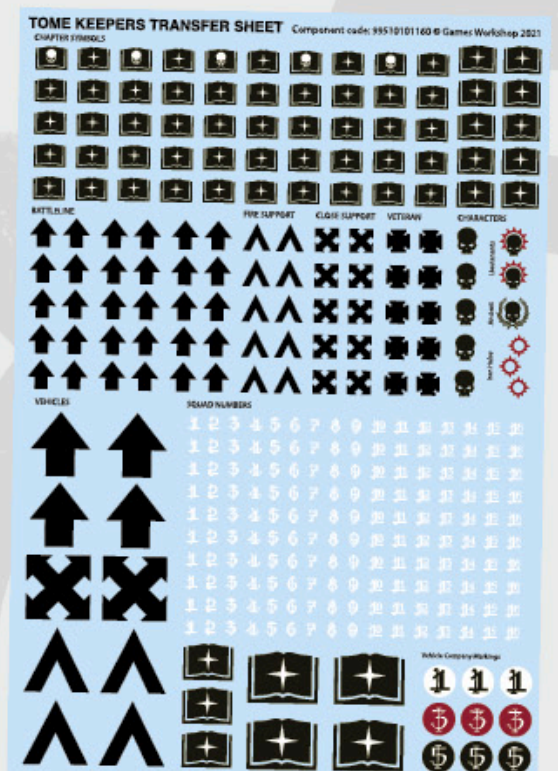
Dave Dennett
Williamsburg, Virginia, USA

We're really happy that you like what we've been doing with the Tome Keepers, Dave. Thank you for your kind words! Your letter comes at a fortuitous time, because this issue features loads of new Tome Keepers goodies, including new Crusade rules, a short story (with insights into writing about the Chapter), a name generator and ...

... here's the best bit ...

... a transfer sheet!

Now you (and hopefully many other hobbyists out there in the real world) can create your very own Tome Keepers strike force. Make sure you send us some pictures when you get them painted!





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Foetid Bloat-drone
by Andy Kessler



Deathwatch Captain
by Adam Langton



Blood Angels Intercessor
by James Collard

PAINTING QUESTION: THE NULL MYRIAD

Hello *White Dwarf* team.

I have just subscribed to your brilliant magazine, and I am enjoying every bit of it. I am about to start an Ossiarch Bonereapers army, and I want to paint them in the colour scheme of the Null Myriad, but I am a bit stuck on how to paint them. Could you please tell me what colours were used to paint the ones in the battletome?

Many thanks!

Dominic Jackson
Northampton, UK

We can certainly help you with this one, Dominic. The Mortek Guard below (the same model as shown in the battletome) was painted using the colours shown in the following swatches. First it was undercoated with **Chaos Black** spray, then all the bone areas were painted to completion. Note that the Nuln Oil wash on the grey bone can be quite heavy, while the same wash on the light bone trim needs to be applied more lightly so as not to make it too dark. If you want to get lots of Ossiarch infantry painted quickly, you could always drybrush all the grey bone, black bone and cloth areas using the grey bone colours, then shade the black bone and cloth with **Black Templar Contrast** paint.



GREY BONE

Basecoat: Mechanicus Standard Grey

Wash: Nuln Oil

Layer: Dawnstone

Layer: Administratum Grey

BLACK BONE

Basecoat: Abaddon Black

Layer: Eshin Grey

Layer: Dawnstone

PURPLE MAGIC

Basecoat: Xereus Purple

Layer: Genestealer Purple

Layer: Dechala Lilac

Layer: White Scar

CLOTH

Basecoat: Abaddon Black

Layer: Dark Reaper

Layer: Russ Grey

SHIELD & ARMOUR

Basecoat: Abaddon Black

Layer: Kabalite Green & Abaddon Black

Layer: Sybarite Green

Layer: Administratum Grey

LIGHT BONE TRIM

Basecoat: Dawnstone

Wash: Nuln Oil

Layer: Administratum Grey

Layer: Corax White

MODEL OF THE MONTH: CELENNAR

This impressive rendition of Celennar, the Spirit of Hysh, was painted by Rochell Parente. We asked her all about her impressive paint job and the modelling work she did to the model's base.

Rochell: I decided to paint this Celennar diorama in a dark colour palette to give the impression of a magical scene. I used shades of blue-grey and green-grey for Celennar and the scenery around him, adding glow and light reflection effects in turquoise to provide contrast. The colours and patterns on Celennar's feathers were inspired by an Osprey. I chose this scheme because of the subtle variations of grey that can easily be harmonised with the complementary greens and blues.

The base from the kit is impressive by itself. Still, I decided to build upon it by crafting an underground cavern full of skulls to enhance the setting and highlight the tragic history of the Lumineth. The extra base was made using plaster of paris, rigid foam and epoxy resin for the water.



ASK GROMBRINDAL

Dear great Grombrindal,

If you were to meet Gotrek Gurnisson, would you rather challenge him to a duel or go for a drink with him? Or both maybe? And who would win either of these spectacular clashes?



*Patrick Gebetsroither
Linz, Austria*

Now that is a proper question right there. No aelves or orruks or future space things. It's a tough one to answer, mind! Some say that Gotrek and I have fought and drunk together before, though it depends what tales you listen to. I know for a fact he's a pretty ferocious fighter, and he's got a habit of bursting into flames when he gets angry, which is pretty much all the time. But he's also got poor depth perception on account of his missing eye, and I definitely have a better axe. I wouldn't want to call the outcome of a fight, but I would easily win the drinking contest. Gotrek can barely down four barrels of ale these days!

Grombrindal



Skorpekh Lord
by Dave Gent



Warboss Grukk
by Alexa Miano

Branchwych
by Anders Engberg



Éowyn & Merry, on foot and mounted
by Joe Rees-Jones



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.

WORLDS OF WARHAMMER



PHIL KELLY

As the Age of Sigmar Studio's creative lead, Phil is almost permanently (some might say eternally) immersed in the lore of the Mortal Realms as well as the 41st Millennium. Last month, Phil took a walk down memory lane to reminisce on global campaigns. As it turns out, memory lane is a long road, and Phil's still there ...

¹ As well as making it clear to us in the Games Development team just how much fun it was to blow up a fictional planet as a consequence of the gaming community's results. St Josmane's Hope, we hardly knew ye.

² This is gamer slang for Friendly Local Gaming Store, the hub of many a wargames community.

³ The daemon steed is a shapeshifter and likely has taken many other forms over the millennia of its master's conquests. Most likely they are all spiky, fearsome and do not count animals such as the proboscis monkey, the mole or the koala amongst their ranks.

⁴ The previous year, the German Games Workshop Studio had translated the admittedly rather strange-sounding title 'Eye of Terror' into 'Sturm des Chaos', meaning 'Storm of Chaos', and named their book accordingly. This led to a few grimaces when we sent over the next year's Warhammer campaign content with the exact same name. I swear, continental cousins, we had no idea at the time!

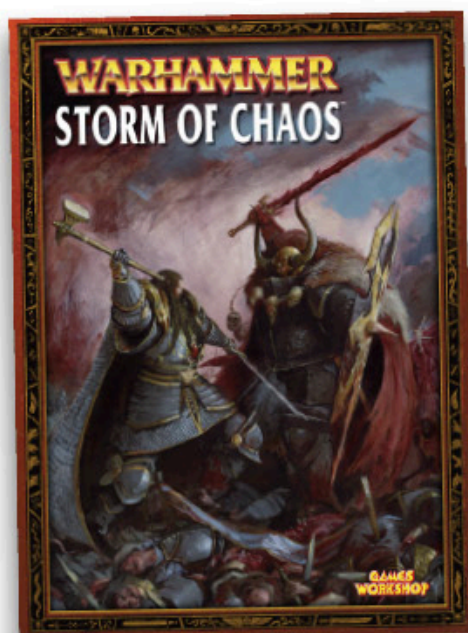
⁵ There was a headbutting incident. Archaon still doesn't like to talk about it.

In the second part of this dual article focusing on the highlights of the global campaigns spanning the last twenty years, we'll take up from where we left off: the Eye of Terror campaign. First, a bit of explanation in case you missed out on the previous column.

Global campaigns are truly excellent celebrations of the gaming side of the hobby in which every registered game counts towards a tally, and the outcome can have profound and permanent effects on the lore of that game. The Eye of Terror campaign, for instance, saw a massive worldwide frenzy of gaming that lasted for months, had an accompanying codex by the same name that added four new factions to Warhammer 40,000 and shook the foundations of the 41st Millennium¹. It was the precursor of much more carnage to come, of course ...

THE PERFECT STORM (OF CHAOS)

Time-travel back to the summer of 2004, walk into your FLGS², and you'd see the Old World taking a beating at the hands of some very spiky Chaos invaders, this time Warhammer Fantasy Chaos invaders, this time Warhammer Fantasy style. Invasion from the cold north was a



recurring story in the Old World timeline, as well as a sign of things to come.

At the helm of the invasion was none other than Archaon, that most powerful of Chaos champions, albeit in a previous iteration and mounted on a very impressive equine Dorghar rather than three-headed daemon colossus Dorghar³. His epic fetch quests completed, the Everchosen was dead set on returning to the heart of the Empire – the lands of his birth – and seeing it all burn before him. He nearly managed it, too, were it not for the most unlikely of interventions.

The Storm of Chaos book released at that time was cast in the mould of the Eye of Terror campaign, with lots of premium gaming content showcased around the world to go alongside it⁴. It featured no fewer than ten new army lists, from Archaon's Horde (a precursor to the Vanguard of today) to Waaagh! Grimgor, from the Slayers of Karak Kadrin (spiritual ancestors to the Fyreslayers) to the Cult of Slaanesh (the epic power struggle between Morathi and the Dark Prince continues via the Broken Realms saga even now).

The campaign was the first to feature an evolving narrative, published in the form of short, episodic fiction on the Storm of Chaos website, that was decided by the results submitted to the Design Studio. Many of us remember the Warhammer Loremaster of the time, the excellent Gav Thorpe, hammering away at the keyboard every lunchtime in order to keep up with the stream of data we were getting as the forces of Chaos made their way through the northern Empire towards Altdorf, while the forces of the undead and the greenskins converged to meet them.

Luckily, Archaon's journey through frozen Kislev cooled the fires of his invasion somewhat (in part due to the Kislev supplement army list we released around that period, an auxiliary to the Empire army book that shone a light on the ice-locked kingdoms of Tsarina Katarin and Tsar Boris). A spirited defence of the Empire's faithful and the arrival of the boy-god Valten, avatar of Sigmar, turned out to not be enough. It was only through the intervention of the Vampire Counts of Sylvania and the greenskins under Grimgor Ironhide⁵ that the Old World survived at all.

Of course, anyone who has not been living under a Rockgut Troggoth will know that the valiant defenders of the Old World merely postponed

Worlds of Warhammer delves into the background of the Age of Sigmar and the 41st Millennium, looking at how stories are created and legends are born. This issue's article continues where last issue's left off - exploring the legacy of global campaigns.



the inevitable. In the Black Library companion volume *Darkness Rising*⁶, author Ant Reynolds finished the book with a prophecy that though the darkness had been hurled back, it was a futile struggle in the end. Each time the Empire was invaded, the evil tide of Chaos closed in a little more until there would be nothing but a candlelit island of defiance left, followed by the ultimate victory of Chaos and the destruction of the planet. Back then, I don't think even we fully believed that this gloom-and-doom vision was one day to become very true – and we certainly didn't realise what epic adventure lay on the other side.

THE EPIC DEATH OF MEDUSA V

After a cracking War of the Ring campaign in 2005, in which gamers fought for the fate of Middle-earth on a greater scale than ever before, it was time to return to the harrowing dystopia of 40K. The 2006 campaign, Fall of Medusa V, was a global event with a simple premise: at the end of it, a world would die.



The battles of Medusa V revolved around whether the Imperium and its allies could fulfil their agendas before the time ran out and the planet was consigned to oblivion, consumed by the warp storm known as Van Grothe's Rapidity. It was a simple but engaging premise and saw thousands of results registered over the course of the campaign. This setting saw not only a splendid Nurgle Daemon Prince model released into the world but also the first active duties of the Vostroyan Firstborn, a breed of Astra Militarum who perhaps epitomise the gothic grandeur of the stranger (and wealthier) Imperial Guard regiments that fought alongside their stoic Cadian comrades.

⁶ *The special edition of this book was bound entirely in hard-edged metal, itself in a hard-edged, acid-etched slipcase. Even my dad likes that one.*

CROWN OF THE NEMESIS

In 2007, the armies of the Warhammer World searched the Empire's forests for the fabled Nemesis Crown, a warpstone artefact that would give dominion over whoever its owner desired – more than enough for all and sundry to fight over it. Relatively modest in comparison to the lore-changing behemoths that had gone before it, this campaign was nonetheless a great excuse to get lots of battles fought over the summer, and it has some fond memories attached to it.



The idea of studio-generated global campaigns was put aside a while after this. They lay dormant, like a Dankhold Troggoth in a nice quiet cave, until the dramatic destruction and reinvention of the Warhammer IP roused the concept from its slumbers nearly a decade later.

A NEW ERA OF WAR

The introduction of the Age of Sigmar forever changed the Warhammer universe in the summer of 2015. As the God-King forged the first new beachheads in the post-apocalyptic wastes of the Mortal Realms, a new chapter of conflict began,



Hallowheart, Tempest's Eye, Brightspear, Glymmsforge, Lethis, Settler's Gain, Misthåvn, and Vindicarum follow in their footsteps, each with a distinct personality of its own. In many ways, the Season of War gave us the blueprint for what the Age of Sigmar would look like in the future as civilisation rose from the fantastical landscapes of the Ages of Myth and Chaos.

THE FATEFUL FATE OF KONOR

Warhammer 40,000 took its turn once more in 2017 with Fate of Konor: Galaxy in Flames. A global campaign cast in the mould of Armageddon 3 and Eye of Terror, it saw an entire region of space fought over by hobbyists across the globe. Konor, named after the adoptive father of the Primarch Roboute Guilliman, was of great importance to the Avenging Son (still working out the kinks of his ten-millennial stay in a stasis field), and the Imperial players rallied around from across the globe to defend it to the hilt.

and it was celebrated in grand style the following year with the Season of War campaign. This saw three cities known collectively as the Seeds of Hope grow from tiny beachheads to massive metropolises, largely thanks to the magic of Alarielle and the definitely-not-a-Chaos-agent master architect Valius Maliti. Since that time, Greywater Fastness, the Phoenicium and the Living City have been three of the most well-established cities in Age of Sigmar, and armies wearing their colours have been seen in hundreds of events.

The Seeds of Hope became the template for the God-King's beachheads across the Mortal Realms, each built with a Stormkeep at its heart and a city constructed in more-or-less concentric rings around it. Since the raising of these bastions of hope against the tyranny of Chaos, we have seen Hammerhal Aqsha, Hammerhal Ghyra, Anvilgard,

The campaign was especially notable for the amazing solar system visual of the Konor region that treated every visitor to the website, fully animated and with cunningly represented live updates as the action moved from one beleaguered planet to another. The story of the campaign saw Primarch Roboute Guilliman take on his brother Mortarion (also boasting a shiny new model) in a battle for the fate of a clutch of worlds deep in the spiritual heart of Ultramar. The very soul of the Imperium was the prize.

Every week, hobbyists fought over a different world, either on behalf of the forces of the Imperium, those of Chaos, or those of the xenos races combined into one force of anarchy and destruction. Many a nail-biting result saw the tension at fever pitch until the very end. Though Guilliman's forces won the war by clinching



victory over Loebos, two of the seven worlds fought over were claimed by Chaos and transformed into war-torn hellscapes by the Grandfather of Plagues and his uneasy allies.

MALIGN PORTENTS (AND SIMILARLY MALIGN SORCERY)

The Dread Solstice campaign was a new type of campaign in that it was fiction-led. You could call it the world's largest Choose Your Own Adventure, with thousands of hobbyists voting for the outcome. Leading up to the event, and running alongside it, we had an impressive fifty-two short stories showing the gritty, gothic nastiness of the Time of Tribulations, but more than that, the players out there told their own stories through collecting, painting and gaming.

Every week, the Age of Sigmar team presented a dilemma with three possible outcomes, and customers who had played a game or painted a unit could then earn a vote as to which of those three outcomes 'came true' in the unfolding storyline of the Time of Tribulations. Without exception, the winning vote was the one that was the most peculiar and left-field of the three options presented. I suppose that tells you something about the mindset of the average participant.

The campaign took place over nine weeks, played through in batches of three. The first result led to three more, then each of those to three more, for three months. This led to us generating forty-eight possible dilemmas and outcomes, each with its own chunk of lore, before the campaign even began. The course of action and the supporting fiction for whatever outcome rose to the top was then featured on the Dread Portents website over the course of six weeks of frenzied Age of Sigmar gaming. Of these multifarious events – now lost to the mists of time, I'm afraid – only three came to fruition. They had lasting effects, not only on the lore but also on the rules for the characters that took the spotlight.

The first two weeks of the campaign saw the participants vote to put to death all the seers, prophets and doom-mongers that were warning of a great disturbance in Shyish – that which was to be revealed as Nagash's preparations for the necroquake. Lured into the cosmos by their deaths was Lunaghash, the Moon that Eats Secrets. Only a very few recognised it for what it was – the ghost of the dread moon Morrslieb – for in Shyish, even planetary bodies find an echo of their demise. That moon orbits the Realm of Death still.

We saw the Red Mist rise in Aqshy, a strange rage-inducing miasma that drove the people there into paroxysms of anger as the Orb Infernia hovered low over the Great Parch. Evil celestial bodies were very much in vogue that season.



Luckily, the hobbyists of the world unearthed a giant chronomantic time cannon and put it back in its place, quite literally, undoing a lot of the red work that the Khornate warlord Korghos Khul had spent years fighting to achieve.

In Shyish, the votes came in, leading to a vast combined effort to sack Nagashizzar itself before those portents of malignity came true. Full marks for effort there, but Nagash had been preparing long for this eventuality and waylaid hundreds of thousands of invaders by dumping them in his Great Oubliette. They proved more than the gaolers there could handle, however, and a massive jailbreak saw the souls of many of Nagash's long-incarcerated enemies set free. The ranks of the Anvils of the Heldenhammer were swollen, and Nagash's foes were bolstered by many a long-lost hero. Though the rules changes that resulted from the voted-for conclusions were minor, they abide to this day. The Darkoath Warqueen, harbinger of the forces of Chaos, gained a couple of attacks, and the Knight of Shrouds, her opposite number for the forces of Death, got a magic blade that remains part of the Nighthaunt artefacts of power selection to this day. Unfortunately, fate was not so kind to the Fungoid Cave-Shaman known as Snazzgar Stinkmullet, but that's another story.

CONCLUSION

And there this potted history ends (we would have filled another dozen pages if *White Dwarf* had been able to spare the space) – hopefully a fun retrospective for long-standing veterans and an insight into just how wide-ranging global campaigns can be for those a little newer to the hobby. Almost all of these campaigns have become part of the fabric of our universes in one way or another, changing them forever – and, in a small way, enshrining the victories and defeats of the community (that's all you lot) in our lore. Who knows what the future may hold, though it's a safe bet that it will be full of arcane catastrophes, outrageous heroics and over-the-top fun.

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 and the writing team.

team@
whitedwarf.co.uk

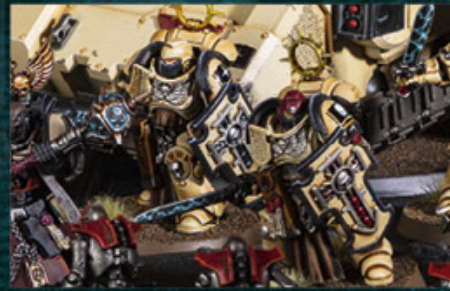
WARHAMMER 40,000

In the grim darkness of the far future, there is only war! This month marks the final instalment in the Charadon War Zone series, the return of the Tome Keepers and a putrid painting guide!





FLASHPOINT: CHARADON WAR ZONE
The final part in our Charadon series begins on page 14. Inside, you'll find a modelling and painting guide and a mission set on the water world of Fathom.



RETURN OF THE TOME KEEPERS
The Tome Keepers, White Dwarf's own Space Marine Chapter, return with Crusade rules, a name generator and a short story, beginning on page 30.





THE CHARADON SECTOR

Galactic War Zones is an ongoing series of articles showing you how to build and paint your Warhammer 40,000 armies based around the planets on which they live and fight. This month, we're joining the war in the Charadon Sector.

Deep within the Ultima Segmentum, just to the galactic south of the Great Rift, lies the Charadon Sector. A powerhouse of industrial and military might, the sector has fought ongoing wars against the Orks, Tyranids and Necrons and prevailed. Now the Charadon Sector stands against the depredations of Chaos, and it has been found sorely wanting.

The Charadon Sector is made up of eight sub-sectors containing scores of planetary systems, hundreds of planets, thousands of moons, countless space stations and billions upon billions of humans. Though the majority of these people are classified as Imperial citizens, the Adeptus Mechanicus holds considerable influence in the Charadon Sector, thanks to the presence of forge world Metalica.

THE MARK OF NURGLE

The worlds of the Charadon Sector, particularly those within the Obolis Sub-sector, were the most directly affected by Typhus' invasion. The mark of Nurgle was daubed in blood, pus, acid and rust across countless battlefields.



WORLDS OF THE CHARADON SECTOR

The planets in the Charadon Sector are many and varied, ranging from fairly standard to truly bizarre. Where the hive world of Dyroch's Reach bristles with towering cities, St Espin's Gift has been reduced to a rad-blasted wasteland following a Chaos uprising. The industrial world of Okharium sits beneath crimson skies, while the manufacturums of Septios wallow in deep marshlands. The agri-world of Torthusa is home to caverns full of edible bioluminescent fungus. Martyr's Rest is a mausoleum world covered in graveyards. Kapston, Forthras and Tremes are fortress worlds that bristle with macro cannons and orbital defences. The ocean world of Fathom has no landmasses. These planets and countless others were all deeply and irreversibly affected by the war in the Charadon sector.



The worlds in the Charadon Sector are many and varied, ranging from the forge world of Metalica and its many manufactorum worlds to hive planets, mining colonies, a Space Marine Chapter home world and even an ocean planet. All provide great inspiration for your armies.

THE WAR OF RUST AND SLIME

So what do the armies fighting in the Charadon Sector look like? The Imperial and Adeptus Mechanicus forces are invariably equipped with the best wargear produced by Metalica. Perhaps they have been outfitted with rebreathers and biohazard gear for fighting against the forces of Nurgle. They could have lasguns upgraded with sights and scanners. Maybe they carry additional wargear such as backpacks, comms equipment and extra weapons for prolonged deployments. Necromunda gangs and Kroot and Skitarii infantry kits are the perfect place to find gear like this. What if they have been given icons of faith and devotional cherubim by the Adepta Sororitas? There are plenty of components like this on the Sisters of Battle frames. The forces of Chaos, on the other hand, could be influenced by the worlds they are invading. You could make Chaos Cultists out of Guardsmen and Skitarii parts, perhaps even convert Imperial vehicles into those tainted by Nurgle. You could paint your Death Guard to represent warriors from one of the crusading vectoriums.

We hope this article will provide you with some useful inspiration for how to paint and convert your models to show they are fighting in the Charadon War Zone. If you have an idea you would like to share with us, send us pictures of your own creations to team@whitedwarf.co.uk.

DEFENDERS OF THE CHARADON SECTOR

The warriors shown below represent just some of the Imperial defenders of the Charadon Sector during the War of Rust and Slime. Skitarii from Metalica and Deimos stand shoulder to shoulder with Sisters of the Order of Our Martyred Lady and Space Marines of the Ultramarines Chapter. Two hundred sixty-two regiments of Cadian Shock Troops are also deployed to the Charadon War Zone alongside many other regiments and planetary defence forces. All would look great as painted armies on the tabletop.



BEARERS OF THE FERRIC BLIGHT

Israel Gonzalez's Death Guard hail from the 2nd Plague Company. They brought the Ferric Blight to the fortress world of Kapston and fought many battles against the sub-sector's Metalican defenders.

Israel: I started my army back when Dark Imperium was released. I thought the Death Guard looked really cool, and they're super tough in the game, too, so I was immediately hooked. All the models from Dark Imperium were painted straight out of the box, while all my more-recent models have been converted in some way. The three Myphitic Blight-haulers have each been subtly changed, for example, while my Daemon Prince is kitbash from loads of spare parts I had in my bits box.

When it came to painting, I wanted to paint my Death Guard fast, so I looked for parts I could paint separately in batches of two different colours, like helmets, backpacks and bodies. I started by painting all these parts with Caliban Green (for the green bits) and Averland Sunset

(for the bone-coloured parts). I then airbrushed over all the parts with an ivory white mix to highlight them. The next stage was applying Shade and Contrast paints to create the shading and tone of the armour. I also made a lot of my own colours, taking regular Layer paints and adding Lahmian Medium to water them down and make my own washes.

Once everything was dry, I glued the models together, painted the details and washed over everything with a brown mix to tie the colours together. The last touch was to add fluorescent orange pigments and acrylics to virtually every hole on every model, representing the Ferric Blight that infests them. I used similar orange tones on the bases.





A FEW SUBTLE CONVERSIONS

The Death Guard kits come with loads of spare parts, and Israel has put them to good use on his models, converting many of them to have different heads, weapons and poses from the ones you see on the box covers.



CONVERTING AND PAINTING YOUR MODELS

A specific war zone, military campaign or crusade is a great way to create a theme for your army. Over the next few pages, we showcase a selection of models inspired by the Charadon conflict.

Conversions and unique paint schemes are both great ways to personalise your armies, and there are plenty of ideas to take inspiration from in the Charadon Sector. Of particular note are the huge number of Astra Militarum regiments in the war zone, all of which have their own

uniforms, traits, battle styles and personalities just waiting to be explored. It's also worth taking a bit of time to consider what world your models will be fighting on, as this could affect how you make and paint your bases and, consequently, your army's entire colour scheme.

THE CULT OF THE BLADED COG BY NEIL ROBERTS

Neil: My Genestealer Cults army is based on a forge world, with all the hybrids exhibiting signs of mechanical augmentation. The Sanctus (in the centre) was my first conversion and features a Skitarii Ranger

head and a Tech-Priest Dominus arm. I used the same approach for my hybrids, converting standard cult models with Skitarii Vanguard weapons and Sicarian Ruststalker claws.



PLAGUEBURST CRAWLER BY ANDREW KING

Andrew: The Plagueburst Crawler, Ferrum Cyanosia, is one of a number of Daemon Engines identified by the Ordo Malleus as belonging to the Plaguewrought Brethren. The tank was basecoated with The Fang and

then layered with Thunderhawk Blue. This was followed by a recess wash of Agrax Earthshade, a quick tidy up of Thunderhawk Blue and then a final edge highlight of Fenrisian Grey.

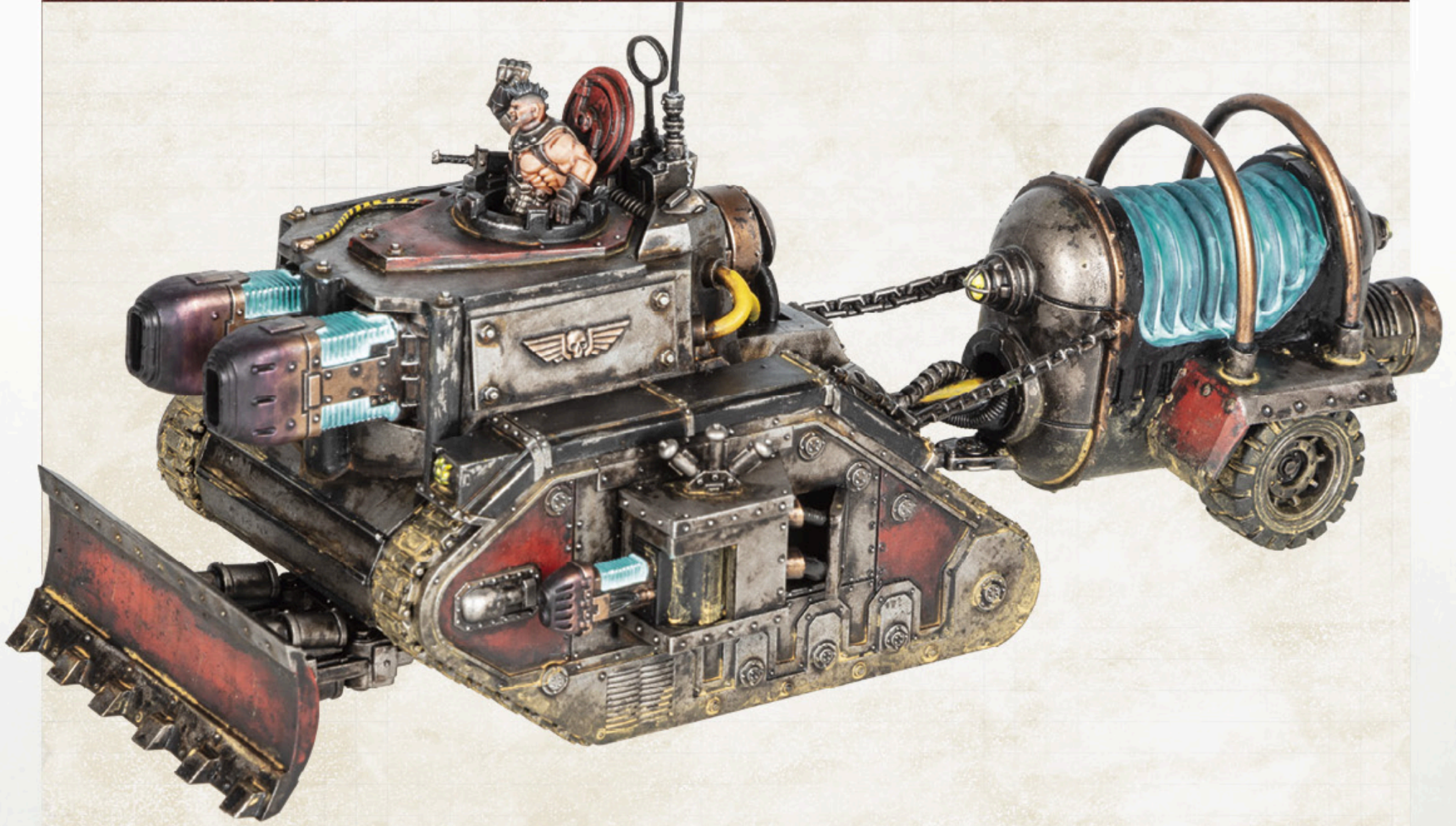




OKHARIUM STEELCLAD EXECUTIONER 'SOL FERRO' BY LEWIS COLLINS

Lewis: I converted a Lemn Russ Executioner using a spare plasma cannon and built a fuel trailer for it out of a Thermic Plasma Regulator and some Genestealer Cult wheels. The tank turret has been converted with

extra armour plates and a Goliath Ganger upgraded with Catachan arms. He represents a Steelclad trooper as mentioned in the Charadon War Zone background. The tank is painted in bare metal for the same reason.



BLIGHTLORD TERMINATORS BY ARTHUR HIGHAM

Arthur: My Death Guard were inspired by a unit of Terminators painted by Patric Sand for Golden Demon a few years back. I think the colour scheme is really visually striking. The armour is Basilicanum Grey and

Contrast Medium over Wraithbone, while the shoulder pads are Warp Lightning over Death Guard Green. I gave them lush green bases to represent the grasslands of Kolossi, where they are fighting.



THE RUBRIC MARINES OF DUOS BY JOHN WILSON

John: My idea was to imitate the way the Thousand Sons are often depicted in the artwork – ethereal and surrounded by swirling blue-green magic. My scheme has a hint of blue armour, but it is mostly grounded by

rich pinks and reds. The armour is basecoated Grey Seer followed by a layer of Hexwraith Flame with a shade of Coelia Greenshade. A drybrush of Ulthuan Grey and a glaze of Thousand Sons Blue finishes them off.



ORK FREEBOOTERZ BY ADAM COOPER

Adam: These Freebooterz have been abandoned on one of Metalica's scrap worlds, and they're now doing what Orks do best: looting! I converted them by combining the Flash Gitz and Nobs kits; the torso

fronts, arms and heads are interchangeable, so they're really easy to kitbash. I especially liked the Kaptain with his power stabba. He's the de facto leader of this Freebooter kill team.





SISTERS OF BATTLE BY ASH LOWE

Ash: Inspired by the planet of Fathom, I created the Adepta Sororitas Order of the Cleansing Tide. I used sea green for the colour of their habits, which contrasts with their deep bronze armour. The green robes are Incubi Darkness layered with Kabalite Green and Sybarite Green and then highlighted with Gauss Blaster Green.



DEATHSHROUD TERMINATORS BY JAMES GALLAGHER

James: I liked the concept of a Nurgle warband that obsesses over waterborne pathogens. The Drowned Lords are part of Typhus' Plague Fleet, with the First Captain himself fighting alongside them on occasion.

Their colour scheme is based on ancient bronze diving suits, with a basecoat of Castellax Bronze and Brass Scorpion details, suitably darkened and encrusted with a dark verdigris and highlighted with Runelord Brass.



COLOURS OF CONTAGION

The Death Guard play a major part in the War of Rust and Slime (who'd have guessed?), so we thought it would be fun to create a couple of painting guides for two of their more rarely seen vectoriums - the Pallid Hand and the Fecund Ones.

The vectorium of the Pallid Hand wear bone-coloured armour with green shoulder pads. Because this is quite a light colour scheme, the Lord of Virulence was undercoated with Grey Seer spray then painted using the stages shown below, starting with the armour. To make painting easier, the

model's left arm and flensefrond cloak were painted as sub-assemblies.

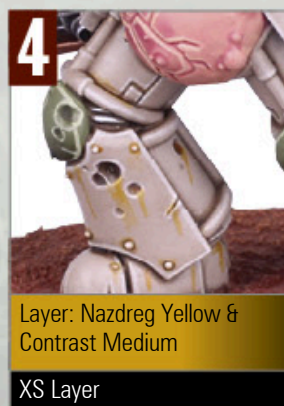
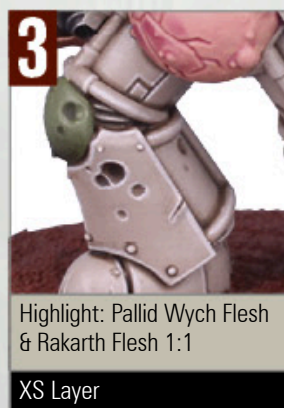
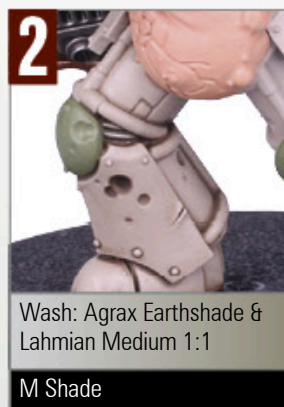
When shading the two armour colours, the Shade paints were thinned down with Lahmian Medium to make them more translucent. This method adds extra depth to the

BATTLE READY

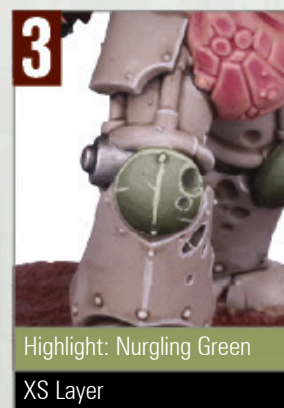
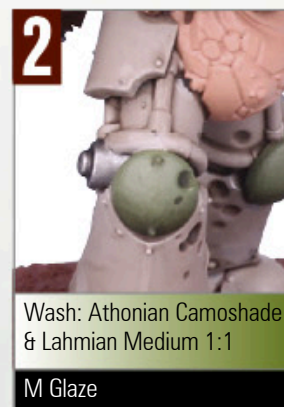
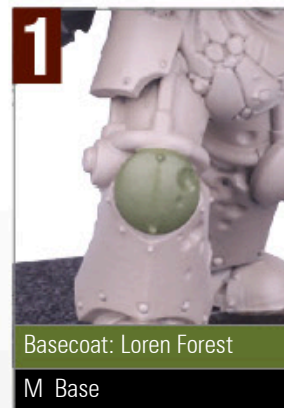
Using the stages to the right, this Lord of Virulence is now ready for the battlefield. You could easily field an army painted to this standard.



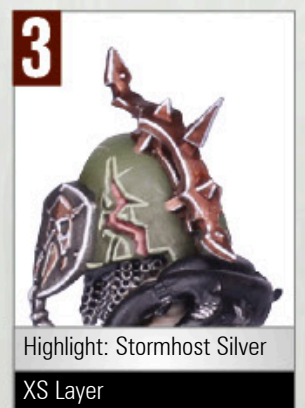
OFF-WHITE ARMOUR



GREEN ARMOUR



BRONZE TRIM



PARADE READY

With a few extra highlights to each area of the model, the Battle Ready model has been made Parade Ready. Beware, loyalist scum!





recesses without changing the base colour of the armour too much. It also saves a lot of time compared to a recess wash or re-layering the basecoat colour. Agrax Earthshade was used on the bone armour because its warmer tone complements the organic feel of the Death Guard. The green armour panels were shaded Athonian Camoshade, which was applied to the bottom of each panel and slowly thinned out towards the top to create a smooth gradation of colour. A final touch was vertical streaks of Nazdreg Yellow to represent oozing pus.

TOP TIP

The Death Guard Legion wore bone and green armour during the Great Crusade and the Horus Heresy. If you're a Heresy fan, why not use this guide on your Death Guard Legionaries?



TRADITIONAL GREEN

What's that, you want to paint your Death Guard in their traditional putrid green armour? Well, we can help you out with that easily enough! Head over to the Warhammer TV YouTube page, where you can find a handy video for the vectorium of the Weeping Legion. You'll also find green armour guides on the videos for the Lord of Contagion, Mortarion and Battle Ready Death Guard.

PAINTING LEXICON

Basecoat: A well-applied basecoat makes for a strong foundation for later stages. If using a Base paint, thin the paint with a little water and apply several coats for even coverage. If using a Contrast paint, it can be applied directly to the miniature.

Wash: A wash is an easy way to bring out details and textures on a model. Shade paints are designed for this, though Contrast paints thinned with Contrast Medium also work well. When you apply a wash, most of it will run into the recesses, but some will dry over the whole area, creating all-over shading.

Recess Wash: Sometimes you will want to focus a wash in the recesses, leaving the surface colour as it is. For these focused washes, use a smaller brush and carefully apply the wash directly into the recesses.

Layer: Layering helps bring out the detail on a model. A layer is applied all over the area you're painting except in the recesses. Layer paints are ideal, as are Base paints thinned with water.

Highlight: Highlights represent light falling on a raised edge and help define an area of your model. Highlights are applied like a Layer but only to the very edge of the area.

Drybrush: Drybrushing captures raised details and creates natural highlights quickly. To drybrush, load a brush with paint and then wipe most of it off on a paper towel, then flick the almost dry bristles across the model to catch the raised areas.

Glaze: A glaze is a very thin wash applied to an area to tint the colour or to help blend two colours together. Layer and Shade paints thinned with Lahmian Medium are ideal for this technique.

METALWORK



Basecoat: Leadbelcher
M Base



Wash: Nuln Oil
M Shade



Highlight: Stormhost Silver
XS Layer

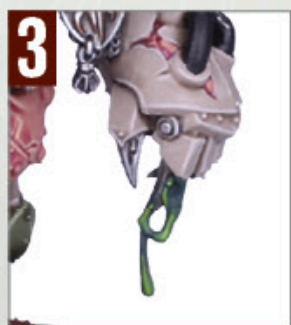
SLIME



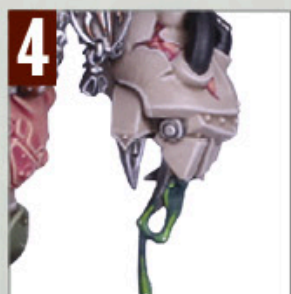
Basecoat: Lupercal Green
M Layer



Glaze: Warpstone Glow
S Layer



Layer: Moot Green
XS Layer



Highlight: White Scar
XS Layer

ROTTEN FLESH



Basecoat: Cadian Fleshtone
M Base



Wash: Volupus Pink & Contrast Medium 1:1
M Shade



Highlight: Kislev Flesh
XS Layer

CABLING



Basecoat: Phoenician Purple
S Base



Wash: Druchii Violet
M Shade



Highlight: Kakophoni Purple
XS Layer

HELMET LENSES



Basecoat: Mephiston Red
M Layer



Wash: Agrax Earthshade
M Glaze



Layer: Wild Rider Red
S Layer



Highlight: White Scar
XS Layer

THE FECUND ONES

The vectorium of the Fecund Ones wear dark green, almost black power armour with gold trim. It's a colour scheme reminiscent of the Plague Marines from the second edition of Warhammer 40,000.

The black armour was painted first, as it is the largest area of the model, followed by the bronze trim. The gold basecoat is shaded with Guilliman Flesh, adding a deep red tone to the gold that makes it look more like weathered bronze. You could achieve this effect with Shade paints, but the end result would be more subtle. A thick coat of Contrast paint will change the colour of your base paint in one application.

The silver areas are shaded with Agrax Earthshade to make them look dirty and greasy. The banner top was further weathered with Nihilakh Oxide to make it look

corroded. It is, after all, the focus of the Plague God's power! The addition of Nihilakh Oxide also adds a cooler metallic tone to the model that complements the warm bronze trim.

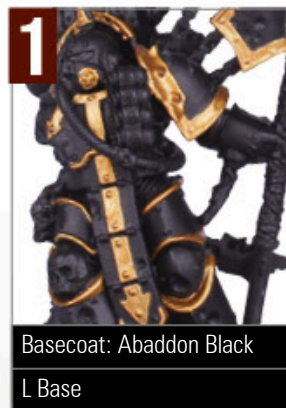
The flesh recipe on the Icon bearer is the same as that on the Lord of Virulence, combining regular Base paints with Contrast paints in the same set of stages. However, the application of colours is slightly different on this model. After establishing a Cadian Flestone basecoat, Volupus Pink was thinned down with Contrast Medium and applied to the areas that needed to look darkest (like the base of the tentacles and the top of the severed head). Then, while the paint was still wet, neat Contrast Medium was applied to the rest of the flesh, ensuring that the brush made contact with the still-wet Volupus Pink. This helps create a smooth transition of colour between the recessed and raised areas.

BATTLE READY

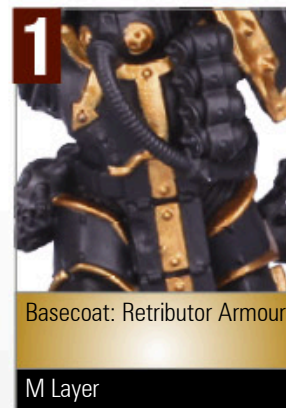
Using the stages shown to the right, this Plague Marine Icon Bearer from the vectorium of the Fecund Ones is now ready for battle.



BLACK ARMOUR



BRONZE TRIM

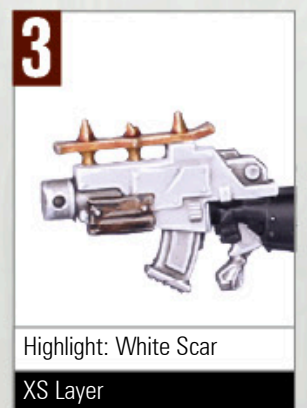
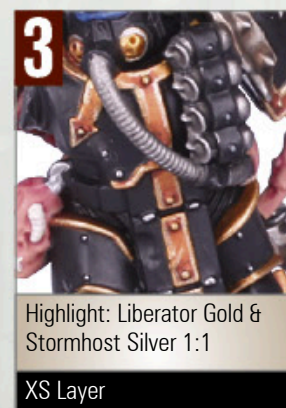
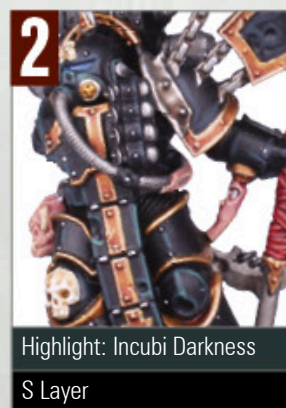


BOLTGUN CASING



PARADE READY

With a few extra highlights to each area, the Battle Ready Icon Bearer has been made Parade Ready. Despair, mortals!







TOP TIP

There is a perception that white is a hard colour to paint, particularly when it comes to shading. On this model, Nuln Oil was heavily diluted with Lahmian Medium so that it pooled in the recesses without discolouring the base layer. Just be sure to guide paint away from flat surfaces so that it doesn't pool there.

ANOTHER TOP TIP


Hazard stripes are another potentially tricky area of a model to paint, but the Death Guard do love them! A good technique is to basecoat and shade the lighter colour first (be it red or yellow). Then apply thin, evenly spaced lines of Abaddon Black to mark out the pattern (you could even use a mechanical pencil for this). You can then fill in the gaps once you've established the pattern.

ARID WASTELAND
 The bases of both miniatures were painted using the same colours and techniques, with the intention of representing an arid wasteland. Agrellan Earth and Armageddon Dunes were both applied to the base at the same time and mixed together. This creates a cracked earth effect but with added texture. The thicker the paint is applied, the deeper the cracks. Once the textured paints were dry, the bases were basecoated with Doombull Brown to establish the reddish colour, then drybrushed with Skrag Brown and Tau Light Ochre to bring out the texture. The rims are Dryad Bark.

Basecoat: Agrellan Earth & Armageddon Dunes 1:1
 Layer: Doombull Brown
 Drybrush: Skrag Brown
 Drybrush: Tau Light Ochre
 Layer: Dryad Bark (rims)

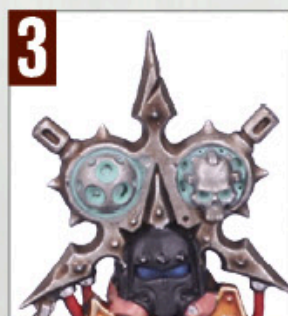
METALWORK



1
 Basecoat: Iron Hands Steel
 M Base



2
 Wash: Agrax Earthshade
 M Shade




3
 Recess Wash: Nihilakh Oxide
 M Glaze



4
 Highlight: Stormhost Silver
 XS Layer

HAZARD STRIPE



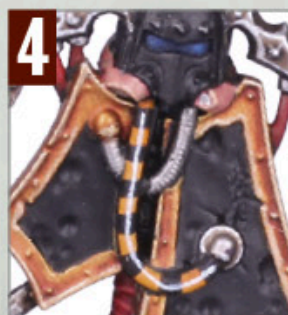
1
 Basecoat: Averland Sunset
 S Base



2
 Wash: Casandora Yellow
 M Shade




3
 Layer: Abaddon Black
 S Layer



4
 Highlight: White Scar
 XS Layer


ROTTEN FLESH



1
 Basecoat: Cadian Fleshtone
 S Base



2
 Wash: Volupus Pink & Contrast Medium 1:1
 M Shade



3
 Highlight: Kislev Flesh
 S Layer



MOULDERING LEATHER



1
 Undercoat: Wraithbone
 S Base




2
 Basecoat: Flesh Tearers Red
 M Shade



3
 Highlight: Wild Rider Red
 XS Layer



EYE LENSES



1
 Basecoat: Caledor Sky
 M Layer



2
 Wash: Drakenhof Nightshade
 M Glaze



3
 Highlight: Sotek Green
 XS Artificer Layer



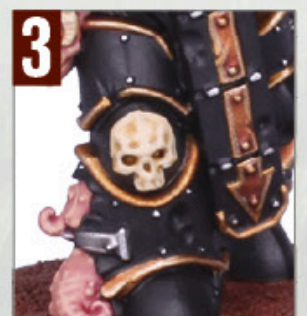
SKULL ICON



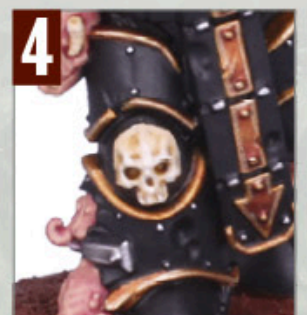
1
 Undercoat: Wraithbone
 S Base



2
 Basecoat: Skeleton Horde
 M Shade



3
 Layer: Ushabti Bone
 S Layer



4
 Highlight: Screaming Skull
 XS Layer

A FELL TIDE

The battlefields of the 41st Millennium are many and varied, from orbital space stations and ruined cities to carnivorous jungles, sentient alien worlds and toxic rad-deserts. This new mission is set on the mid-ocean gantries of the water world of Fathom.



The Charadon Sector is home to many varied and unusual worlds, but few make for a more unconventional battlefield than the ocean world of Fathom. There are very few landmasses on Fathom, but there are plenty of deep-sea drilling and mining rigs that offer up an abundance of natural resources to whomever controls them. This makes them extremely valuable but considerably inconvenient objectives for an invading army. During Typhus' invasion of the Charadon Sector, Fathom came under attack from the Death Guard, though it was also staunchly defended by the Skitarii of Metalica, leading to several major engagements across perilous extraction rigs in the middle of the ocean.

The mission presented over the next few pages represents the ocean world of Fathom, but it could be used for any battle with an unusual 'floor'. Perhaps the gantries are suspended above lava, a sea of nitrous oxide, atmospheric clouds or whatever other battlefield takes your fancy. Just remember, the floor is lava (water) – don't tread on it!

DESIGNER'S NOTE

This mission is designed to be played on a board predominantly covered in water, but you could also use a battlefield that features some other kind of hazardous surface. Whatever setting you use, it is important to ensure that there are enough gantries and walkways that non-flying models can still move around easily.

This mission is written as if players are playing at the Strike Force battle size, but it can scale to other game sizes easily by changing the number of objective markers that each player places on the battlefield. When playing at Combat Patrol and Incursion sizes, each player places two objective markers instead of three. When playing at Onslaught size, each player places four objective markers instead of three.



STRIKE FORCE MISSION

A FELL TIDE

MISSION BRIEFING

Typhus' orbital bombardments of the Charadon Sector unleashed deadly warp-born contagions. On the wave-tossed world of Fathom, the defenders managed to intercept many of the Death Guard's disease-laced munitions, but several debris splinters made it to the surface. Lodged in the superstructures of huge extraction rigs, vicious battles over the control of these infectious fragments were fought, as the tumultuous seas battered the gantries.

MISSION RULES

Fallen Debris-splinters: At the start of the first battle round, starting with the player who has the first turn, players alternate placing objective markers on the battlefield one at a time, until each has placed three objective markers.

Each time a player places an objective marker, that objective marker must:

- Be wholly within 18" of the centre line and wholly within that player's territory.
- Be on the water, directly below a walkway.
- Not be within 3" of any battlefield edge.
- Not be within 12" of any other objective marker.

Tumultuous Seas: The water sections of the battlefield are considered impassable: no model can be set up, move across, or end a move on these areas. This does not apply to models that can **FLY**.

Rogue Waves: From the third battle round onwards, at the start each battle round, if one player has more victory points than the other, roll one D3 to randomly determine one of the objective markers in that player's territory. That objective marker falls beneath the waves and cannot be controlled this battle round.

MISSION OBJECTIVES

Victory points are awarded as follows:

SECURE AT ALL COSTS

Progressive Objective

Whether to ensure the fragments are spread further or to isolate and purge their corruptive miasma, these debris splinters must be secured at all costs.

At the end of each battle round, each player scores 5 victory points for each of the following conditions they satisfy (for a maximum of 20 victory points):

- They control one or more objective markers.
- They control two or more objective markers.
- They control three or more objective markers.
- They control more objective markers than their opponent controls.

This objective cannot be scored in the first battle round.

WARLORD ASSASSINATION

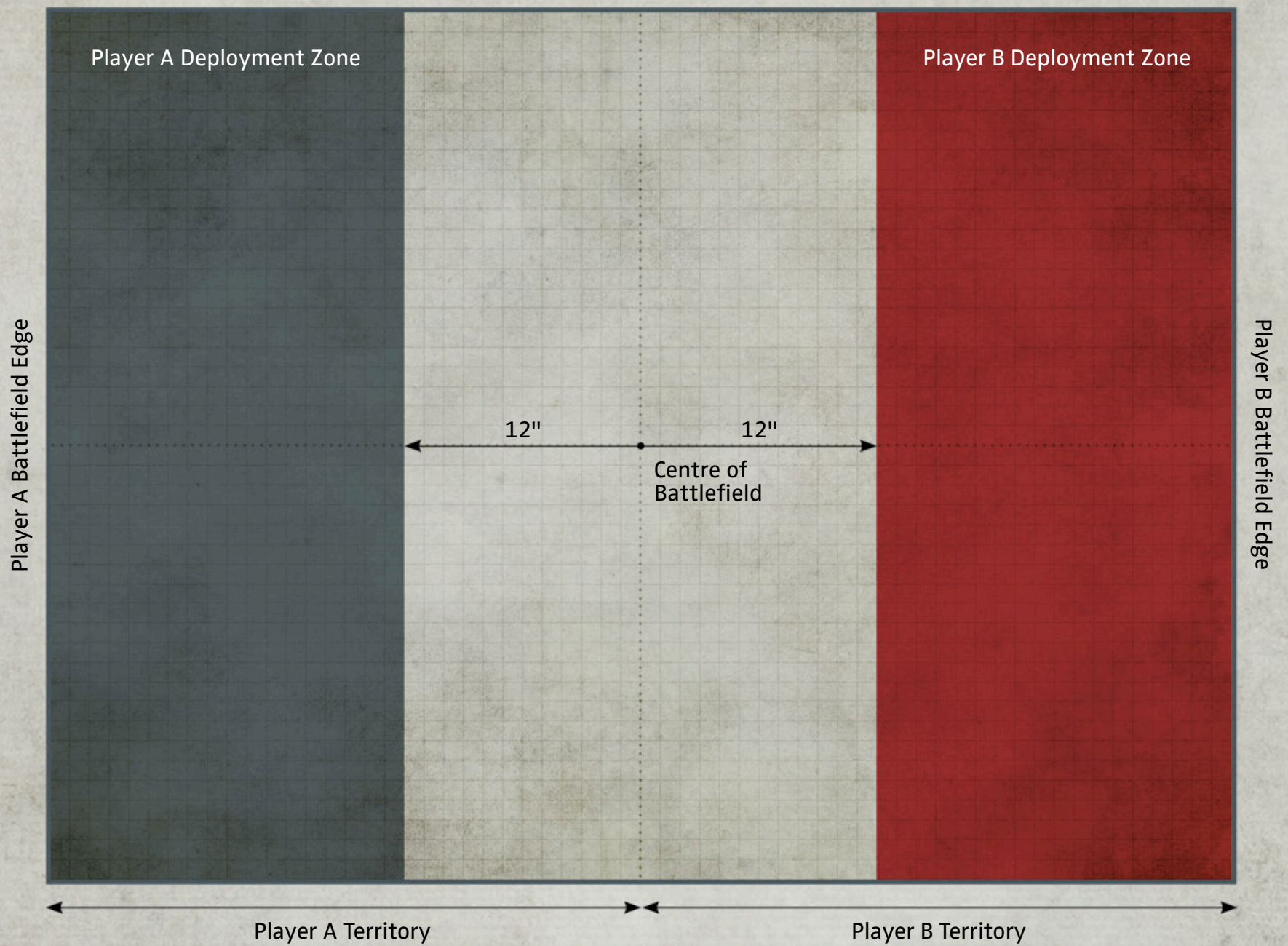
End Game Objective

The enemy commander is a powerful and effective warlord. Isolate and eliminate him to leave the enemy army without its leadership

At the end of the battle, you score 10 victory points if the enemy **WARLORD** was destroyed during the battle.



STRIKE FORCE MISSION A FELL TIDE





CRUSADES OF A CHAPTER

According to Imperial records, there exist one thousand Space Marine Chapters. Keen to tell the story of one, the White Dwarf team have founded a Chapter of their own creation: the Tome Keepers. In the fifth article in the series, our new Chapter goes on crusade!



Way back in 2019, we started work on one of our most ambitious projects to date: creating our own Space Marine Chapter. This involved coming up with new colour schemes, heraldry, background, stories and plenty more besides for the Chapter that would eventually become known as the Tome Keepers. We even wrote an Index Astartes article for them (issue 458) that featured unique rules for some of the 3rd Company's named characters. But we felt that wasn't quite enough. In the Index timeline, we mentioned that both the 2nd and 3rd Companies are on crusade during the Era Indomitus and that new companies were being formed back on Istrouma (the Chapter's home planet). So what better way to represent this than with some Crusade rules?

THE CRUSADERS OF ISTROUMA

In this article, we present a selection of new Crusade content for Tome Keepers units in your Crusade army. You will find new Battle Honours to reward your units for their performance in battle, including new Relics and Psychic Fortitudes. You will also find a new system for representing the Tome Keepers' desire to collect and preserve knowledge and to utilise what they have learned on the battlefield. They even learn from their tactical mistakes, which can be very handy in a lengthy campaign. Lastly, there's the Archive Information Requisition, which enables your units to gain a new Battle Trait. If you're not already painting parchment-coloured Space Marines, perhaps this article is the incentive you need!

TOME KEEPERS BATTLE HONOURS

If your Crusade army includes any **TOME KEEPERS** units, when one of them gains a Battle Honour, you can select one of the following instead of any others available to that unit.

CRUSADE RELICS

When a **TOME KEEPERS CHARACTER** model gains a Crusade Relic, you can instead select one of the Relics listed below. All the usual rules for selecting Crusade Relics, as described in the *Warhammer 40,000 Core Book*, apply.

ARTIFICER RELICS

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

Vexilla Indomitus

This stone lexicon is carved from the bedrock of the Tome Keepers' home world and mounted atop the honoured brother's backpack. For the bearer, it provides a connection to his planet of birth and tells all who see it of his unbreakable constitution.

- Add 1 to the bearer's Wounds characteristic.
- Each time the bearer would lose a wound, roll one D6: on a 5+, that wound is not lost.

ANTIQUITY RELICS

A **TOME KEEPERS CHARACTER** model of Heroic rank or higher can be given the following Antiquity Relic instead of one of the ones presented in the *Warhammer 40,000 Core Book*. Add 1 to a unit's total Crusade points for each Antiquity Relic it has – this is in addition to the +1 from gaining a Battle Honour, for a total of +2.

Helm of Viator

This ornate helm, reworked from the helm of the Tome Keepers' founder himself, includes a full suite of archival systems. These ensure no detail is lost, as well as allowing full access to the entire suite of tactical doctrines collated by the Tome Keepers over the millennia.

In your Command phase, you can select one friendly **TOME KEEPERS CORE** unit within 6" of the bearer. Until the start of your next Command phase, when that unit is selected to shoot or fight, you can select which Combat Doctrine is considered to be active for that unit.

PSYCHIC FORTITUDES

When a **TOME KEEPERS PSYKER** unit gains a Battle Honour, they can be given one of the following Psychic Fortitudes instead of one of the ones listed in the *Warhammer 40,000 Core Book*.

LEGENDARY RELICS

A **TOME KEEPERS CHARACTER** model of Legendary rank can be given the following Legendary Relic instead of one of the ones presented in the *Warhammer 40,000 Core Book*. In addition, in order to give a model a Legendary Relic, you must also pay 1 Requisition point (if you do not have enough Requisition points, you cannot give that model a Legendary Relic). Add an additional 2 to a unit's total Crusade points for each Legendary Relic it has – this is in addition to the +1 from gaining a Battle Honour, for a total of +3.

The Tome of Istrouma

Ordinarily stasis-sealed alongside the White Book, this tome is a priceless relic of the Tome Keepers that carries the names of all the Chapter's fallen warriors. While it would be an unconscionable tragedy if it were lost, the inspirational power of the book cannot be denied, and so, in times of great need, its protective stasis crate can be brought forth onto the battlefield in the hands of the Chapter's greatest champions.

Once per battle, in your Command phase, the bearer can unveil the Tome of Istrouma. When they do so, until your next Command phase, this model has the following abilities:

- **Aura of Stoicism (Aura):** While a friendly **TOME KEEPERS** unit is within 6" of the bearer, that unit automatically passes Morale tests.
- If the bearer is a **LIBRARIAN**, until the end of the battle, that model knows one additional psychic power. Select one additional psychic power from the same discipline this **LIBRARIAN'S** other powers are taken from.
- If the bearer is a **CHAPLAIN**, until the end of the battle, that model knows one additional Litany. Select one additional Litany from the Litanies of Battle from *Codex: Space Marines*.



By the way of their death we shall know them.

PSYCHIC FORTITUDES

D6 PSYCHIC FORTITUDE

- | | |
|-----|---|
| 1-3 | Focused Will: Each time this model attempts to manifest the Smite psychic power, add 1 to the Psychic test. |
| 4-6 | Tactical Mind: Each time this model attempts to manifest a psychic power from the Indomitus discipline, add 1 to the Psychic test. |

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE

If your Order of Battle includes any **TOME KEEPERS** units, you can choose to keep a tally of Knowledge points gained during battles. Make a note of any points gathered (the Crusade Goals, Notes and Additional Information box on your Order of Battle is ideal for this).

Knowledge points are gained from the following:

- Each time you win a battle and your army included any **TOME KEEPERS** units.
- Each time a melee attack made by a **TOME KEEPERS** model from your army destroys an enemy **CHARACTER** unit that has a Warlord Trait, gain 1 Knowledge point. If that **CHARACTER** unit's model has any scrolls, books or other repositories of information on them, gain 1 additional Knowledge point. Agree with your opponent before each battle which **CHARACTER** models are eligible for this bonus.
- Each time a **TOME KEEPERS** unit from your army completes an action as part of a Shadow Operations Agenda or completes the psychic action as part of the Scry Battle Plans Warcraft Agenda (See the *Warhammer 40,000 Core Book*) to a maximum of 3 per battle.
- Through selecting the following Agenda:

SEEK KNOWLEDGE

Adeptus Astartes Agenda

Keep a Seek Knowledge tally for each unit from your army. Add 1 to a unit's Seek Knowledge tally each time it successfully completes the following action:

Seek Knowledge (Action): **TOME KEEPERS** units from your army (excluding **CHARACTERS**) can start to perform this action at the end of your Movement phase if it is within an area terrain feature. This action can only be performed on each area terrain feature once per turn. The action is completed at the end of your turn.

Each unit gains a number of experience points equal to their Seek Knowledge tally (to a maximum of 3). At the end of the battle, if the total of all Seek Knowledge tallies in your army is 5 or more, gain 1 Knowledge point.



With the privilege of rank comes the privilege of responsibility. It is an honour indeed. Never squander it, for to do so is to spurn the Emperor himself.

EDUCATED STRATEGIES

Knowledge points can be spent before a battle on the following Educated Strategies. Each will tell you how many Knowledge points must be deducted from your total to use.

EDUCATED STRATEGIES	
KNOWLEDGE POINTS COST	ABILITY
3	Change of Strategy At the end of the Select Agendas step, you can use this ability if your army contains any TOME KEEPERS Detachments. If you do so, you can replace one of the Agendas you have selected with another eligible Agenda.
5	Flexible Planning At the end of the Select Agendas step, you can use this ability once if your army contains any TOME KEEPERS Detachments. If you do so, you can select one additional Agenda, following all the normal rules.
2	Strategic Knowledge Once per battle, when you use a Stratagem, you can use this ability if your army contains any TOME KEEPERS Detachments. When you do, reduce the Command point cost of that Stratagem by 1 (to a minimum of 1).
4	A Learning Experience When you select the Devastating Blow option for a TOME KEEPERS unit from your army that has failed an Out of Action test, you can use this ability. After resolving the Devastating Blow, this unit gains D6+2 experience points.
2	Quiet Reflection In the Update Experience points step, when a TOME KEEPERS unit from your army gains any experience points, you can use this ability once. That unit gains 1 additional experience point.
3	Applied Wisdom When you gain any Requisition points after a battle, you can use this ability once if your army contained any TOME KEEPERS Detachments. If you do, gain 1 additional Requisition point.

REQUISITIONS

If your Crusade force includes any **TOME KEEPERS** units, you can spend Requisition points on the following Requisition:

ARCHIVE INFORMATION **1RP**

Once sufficient fragments of knowledge have been recovered, they will be compiled and returned to Istrouma to be collated within the Chapter's archives, there to be held forever for the betterment of the Chapter and the Imperium.

Purchase this Requisition when a **TOME KEEPERS CORE** unit from your army gains the Battle Hardened, Heroic or Legendary rank. Spend 6 Knowledge points. Select a Battle Trait that no other **TOME KEEPERS** units from your army have. That unit gains that Battle Trait. Increase that unit's Crusade points total by 1.



The Tome Keepers hail from the planet of Istrouma, where everything is meticulously recorded and archived for future generations. This practice has been continued by the Chapter, whose warriors document their military engagements so that they may better understand their foes.







TOME KEEPERS NAME GENERATOR

If you wish to randomly generate a name for one of your Tome Keepers, you can roll a D66 and consult the tables below. To roll a D66, simply roll two D6, one after the other – the first represents tens and the second represents digits, giving you a result between 11 and 66. Separate the two names with 'bal', and you have a proper Tome Keepers name!

D66	NAME	D66	SURNAME
11	Etana	11	Sin
12	Darius	12	Iluna
13	Xerxes	13	Ditana
14	Artax	14	Rattash
15	Nidin	15	Kashtiliash
16	Sennac	16	Nurval
21	Nasir	21	Shuriash
22	Ramman	22	Iddina
23	Cyrus	23	Usur
24	Samsu	24	Shipak
25	Abil	25	Zeri
26	Kaspar	26	Iqbi
31	Iskibar	31	Ibni
32	Damqi	32	Esarhaddon
33	Ayad	33	Kandalanu
34	Asil	34	Nezaar
35	Kudur	35	Shirikti
36	Enlil	36	Simbar
41	Shamas	41	Zabada
42	Nadin	42	Marduk
43	Enos	43	Tiglath
44	Ishlar	44	Hardash
45	Rahim	45	Apil
46	Parviz	46	Naresh
51	Navid	51	Ishtar
52	Ashur	52	Alorus
53	Amel	53	Hammurabi
54	Nidin	54	Ur
55	Salim	55	Illinos
56	Shamas	56	Ishum
61	Akur	61	Kingu
62	Illum	62	Enoch
63	Gamil	63	Sar
64	Zerien	64	Roshan
65	Ninurta	65	Duzi
66	Sargon	66	Lakhmu

The Tome Keepers come from a world where the family name and history are of great importance, so most battle-brothers will have a family name in addition to their forename. Family names are commonly referred to as houses on Istrouma. In the case of Captain Nasiem bal Tergu, his first name is Nasiem, and his family name is Tergu, representing his lineage. The two names are separated by 'bal', which translates to 'of' or 'from'. In the case of the Tome Keepers 3rd Company Captain, it is Nasiem of House Tergu.



LEGENDS OF A CHAPTER

With the Tome Keepers now a well-established part of the Warhammer 40,000 lore, the White Dwarf team wanted to delve into their background even further. And what better way to do so than with a short story? But what does it take to write one?



The Tome Keepers are a Chapter of Space Marines created over the last year or so by the *White Dwarf* team. As with our previous articles, our goal is not only to write about, design and paint models for a whole new Chapter, but to detail the process we've gone through in the hopes of inspiring other hobbyists to do the same.

As it turns out, creating a new Space Marine Chapter from scratch is an immensely satisfying endeavour, and over the last several months, we have delved into the history of our Chapter, its background and organisation. Towards the end of last year (issue 458), the Tome Keepers received an Index Astartes article that included a fully realised background for the Chapter (packed with mysteries, of course), rules for the four characters we had developed and some stunning new artwork of our noble warriors.

CREATING A CHAPTER

For those of you new to the pages of *White Dwarf*, our quest to create our own Space Marine Chapter began back in 2020 with the first article, *Founding of a Chapter*, appearing in issue 453. Further articles were presented in issues 454, 455 and 458, which featured Index Astartes: Tome Keepers. All these issues are available to download as ePubs from warhammerdigital.com.

This issue, we're delving into the stories of the Tome Keepers. You can learn a great deal about a Space Marine Chapter – or even a particular individual within it – from a short story, novella or even a full-blown novel. These epic tales, ranging from a few hundred words to a few hundred pages, open up a window on the subject matter, enabling you to immerse yourself in the characters' worlds. You get to read what they think and how they feel, experience how they act and fight, see how they interact with each other. Through these stories, you learn about rites and rituals, battle chants and superstitions, agendas and secrets. They are a rich source of valuable information that helps flesh out a Chapter (or character) in an evocative, non-encyclopaedic way. Naturally, we wanted to tell some tales about the Tome Keepers, and this article includes not only our musings on the subject but also our very first short story about them. We hope you enjoy it.

FORGING LEGENDS

IN THE BEGINNING ...

It was towards the end of 2019 (*which feels so long ago now!* – Ed) when we sat down with the Warhammer 40,000 background team to discuss the prospect of writing some short stories for the Tome Keepers. At that point, we were merely brainstorming ideas, coming up with scenarios that would be interesting to explore or characters that we wanted to expand and develop. We discussed the strange dichotomy between the short lifespans of our Chapter planet's people and the lengthy lifespans of the Space Marines that some of them become. We talked about the books they carry into battle and what significance they have to the Tome Keepers. We chatted about the Thing Around the Star and the White Book, both of which we began to explore in last year's Index article. We mused on the Chapter's new arrivals – the Greyshields and the freshly created Primaris Marines.

Two story ideas came out of this round-table discussion – one fully formed, the other accidentally. The first idea for a story revolved around the Tome Keepers almost coming to blows with another Chapter over their methods of waging war. Their counterparts would favour a wholesale rampage to destroy a Chaos Cult, butchering everyone who got in their path just in case they were tainted. The Tome Keepers would reason that the wanton killing of innocents caught in the crossfire was unacceptable. Heated discussion, veiled threats and the promise of physical violence would ensue. A story like this would enable us to delve not only into the mentality of the Tome Keepers but compare it to one that we know and recognise – the Black Templars or Flesh Tearers, perhaps. It would also enable us to look at how they operate on the battlefield.

The second, accidental idea, came about because we were discussing books. Specifically the personal journals that the Tome Keepers carry. We wanted to explore what these books mean to the warriors who carry them, but that seemed pretty hard to convey in a story. A question arose from this discussion: when a Tome Keepers Space Marine dies, what happens to his book? That was the hook we were looking for, and the phrase 'his book is closed' was coined (though by whom, none of us can remember!). It felt like an epitaph but one that only the Tome Keepers would truly understand. To outsiders, it would just sound like jargon. Perfect! Another line that stuck with us was the phrase 'not all their pages will survive'. It was mentioned in relation to the physical books, but it struck a metaphorical chord with us. A 'page' could also be a boy in training for knighthood. This nugget of an idea became part of the Chapter background in the Index.

TENTATIVE FIRST STEPS

It was the 'his book is closed' idea that we eventually decided to develop into a short story, which you can read over the page. The Chapter conflict idea had a lot of appeal, but the potential for a deep dive into the Chapter's more unusual practices won out in the end. No doubt we will revisit our other ideas one day in the future.

Our first task was planning out the main plot points and establishing a framework for the story. This was challenging even for us, as it's not our typical writing style. Here in *White Dwarf*, our writing is very much of a journalistic style, and fiction is not something we delve into very often, save for the background pieces at the beginning and end of Battle Reports. This was a whole new ball game.

Our starting point revolved around a ceremony marking the closing of a book – essentially a funeral for a departed Space Marine. But there had to be a story behind that. How did he die? Probably something violent, something heroic. No Space Marine dies in ignominy. How do we convey that death? He can't record in his journal his own death for others to read out, so perhaps someone else writes it for him. Maybe that's what closes the book: a posthumous epilogue. But reading an entry from a book could be a little anti-climactic. We could use a flashback as a literary device. A flashback could mean a battle scene, and who doesn't like a good battle? It could be a sandwich of violence: meaningful breadstuff top and bottom with a healthy dose of bolter action as the filling. We had our framework!

A CHAPTER ABOUT A CHAPTER

Our goal with this short story was to show off the two sides of the Tome Keepers – at war and in their post-battle reflection and introspection. With our vague outline for the story established, we began to pad it out. We wrote some stuff that we were really happy with – there was a Thunderhawk Gunship deployment and everything! We then murdered our darlings (look it up, it's not a weird tangent). The action segment changed at least three times before we settled on the final version, with only one paragraph surviving from the first draft (bonus points if you can guess which one). The enemy changed twice, from Orks to Chaos to the foe they ended up fighting. Interestingly, Ishlar – the main character – survived our brutal literary culls relatively unscathed. We had a strong vision for him, and we're really pleased with how he came out. We hope you agree.

And on that note, may we present the first Tome Keepers short story: 'The Final Chapter'.



THE FINAL CHAPTER

In words recorded, in legends remembered. Following a brutal action against an implacable alien foe, Sergeant Ishlar of the Tome Keepers recalls the death of one of his battle-brothers.

The Chapter serfs knelt before him, their cowed heads lowered in obeisance, their arms raised up high as if reaching for enlightenment. Ishlar paid them no heed; his mind was elsewhere. Muddy water trickled from his armour onto the floor of the arming chamber. The reactor in his backpack ticked and whined as it cooled down. Blood dried on his pauldrons and gauntlets. Still, Ishlar did not move. The two serfs shifted uncomfortably.

'My lord?' One of the serfs had glanced up at the sergeant. 'Your bolt rifle, my lord.' The serf raised his hands a fraction higher, encouraging Ishlar to pass down his

weapon. Ishlar towered over them, his bolt rifle clasped firmly in his right hand. In his left he held a small book, its leather cover stained and ragged around the edges. Its bottom edge was damp. Ishlar's full attention was focused on it. So intensely was he regarding it that he did not hear one of his battle-brothers approach.

'His book is closed,' said Enlil gravely, nodding at the leather journal.

Ishlar remained silent but dipped his head fractionally in agreement. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Enlil's



brow furrow, the knot of scars above his left eye forming deep grooves in his forehead. He could feel his second in command looking him over, taking in his battered armour, his shattered aquila, the rapidly drying blood. It was not Ishlar's blood, but it easily could have been. Death had almost claimed him this day.

'Would you like me to write his final chapter?' said Enlil.

Ishlar felt his battle-brother place his hand over the Tome Keepers' symbol on his pauldron. It was a gentle gesture for such a huge warrior, but that hand – now unarmoured – was attached to an arm that could pulverise flesh and splinter bone with a single strike. Enlil remained at Ishlar's side for a few moments in stoic silence, his robes moving gently with the flow of recycled air. Around them, the arming chamber slowly cleared as battle-brothers, serfs and servitors departed. The floor vibrated gently as the strike cruiser's engines powered up.

Ishlar stirred. 'No, brother,' he replied with a deep sigh. 'It is my duty.' He lowered the tattered book and placed it carefully on the pedestal next to him before finally handing his bolt rifle down to the serfs. They cradled it between them and placed it carefully on the arming rack, its bellicose machine spirit now dormant. Ishlar watched them for a moment as they fetched a set of steps. He removed his helmet, revealing a face that bore the scars of many battles. His skin was nut-brown, his eyes the colour of redwood. His hair, once long and dark, was cropped short to his scalp. He passed his crimson helmet down to one of the serfs, who nodded with reverence and placed it on a waiting armature. Nearby, Enlil moved back to let the serfs work, watching quietly as they mounted the steps and began removing the rest of Ishlar's armour, starting with his pauldrons. Before long, they had moved on to his gauntlets and vambraces. It was a process they knew by rote, the removal of each ceramite piece accompanied by the appropriate ceremonial verse.

It did not take long for the serfs to complete their task. Sergeant Ishlar bal Nezaar stood before them, his skin glistening with sweat. Somehow, blood had managed to get onto his hands and chest. One of the serfs handed him a cloth, and he wiped himself down. The other passed him his robes; Ishlar threw them over his head without a word before tying the cord around his waist. The serfs bowed deeply, and Ishlar returned the bow, his arms crossed over his chest. The serfs retreated into the darkness of the arming chamber, leaving the two Space Marines alone.

'Amel's story may have been cut short, but it will live on, brother,' said Enlil quietly. 'His tome will join those of his brothers in the All-Vault.'

'True enough,' said Ishlar, picking up Amel's journal once more. He now held two books – Amel's, bound in black, and his own in dark red. Both had seen better days. He gazed at them for a moment before putting aside his morbid thoughts. 'Let us honour his death at the Rites of Remembrance,' he said, moving towards the door, Enlil following close behind. 'Now, though, I must write.'



Ishlar's cell aboard the strike cruiser *Hariwok* was small and sparsely furnished. Barely ten feet across, it contained only a metal-framed berth, a trunk for his personal effects and, entirely at odds with the rest of the room, an ornate bureau carved from dark wood. It was at this writing desk that Ishlar now sat, his muscular legs barely able to fit beneath it. The desk was, for all intents and purposes, a work of art. Crafted over many generations by members of the Nezaar house, it featured dozens of hand-carved borders and friezes that showed historical scenes from his home world of Istrouma. Mythical beasts fought armoured knights. Vast armies clashed between mountain peaks. Cities and ruins were abundant in equal measure. A carved sun encircled by a crenellated ring surmounted the top of the bureau. Ishlar often admired the work of his forebears – he had even added to it himself – but now he sat in silence, his hand resting on Amel's book. His own journal sat on one of the shelves built into the desk, its pages already updated with his battlefield learnings and observations from the past few weeks. That had been the easy part.

Ishlar opened Amel's journal and turned to the last entry. He gazed appreciatively at the careful handwriting but did not read his battle-brother's final words. Instead, he turned the page once more so that he would have a blank spread to work on. Pen in hand, he dipped the nib into one of the desk's inkwells and began to write.



The Astra Militarum troopers sat huddled in the lee of the ruined bunker, but the torrential rain – driven by a cruel wind – somehow lapped around it, seeking them out and soaking them to the core. Some had managed to procure wet-weather gear. Most had not. They shivered, though Ishlar could not tell if it was due to fear or cold. Most likely it was both. He could not remember fear. Truth be told, he could not remember cold, either. His genetically engineered body was above such mortal concerns. The rain hammered at his armour as he ran past the troopers, but it did not bother him. Wet or dry, he would perform his duty to the Chapter and to the Imperium.

'This rain is fouling up our auspexes,' muttered Amel over the vox. He was running up the road next to Ishlar, his auto bolt rifle held ready. 'Chapter forty-seven, addendum five,' he said wryly. There was a murmur of assent from the other Intercessors and a few chuckles as they recalled the relevant section in the Tome Empiricus. Some of them had even fought in the liberation of the water planet of Forhaven recorded therein – it had taken them a month to hunt down the Ork submersibles that had plagued the world's deep-sea mining colonies. It had taken them almost as long to dry out their wargear.

'At least this enemy is on land,' said Enlil, with no hint of humour in his voice. The squad's grenadier was leading a

second combat squad along a parallel road to Ishlar's left. Between them, bombed-out warehouses listed dangerously, while small lakes formed on the rubble-strewn floors of ruined manufactorums. Fallen cranes littered the landscape like the limbs of dismembered spiders, the victims of an uprising that had been dragging on for almost a year. Amidst the debris, more guardsmen and women were hunkered down in whatever cover they could find.

'They may not be on land for long,' replied Harbe, pointing ahead. Heavy shelling had caused the roadway to collapse into the sewers below, creating a wide expanse of water that stretched for a hundred yards or so before them. The rain pelted the unnatural lake with such force that it appeared to be alive, hundreds of thousands of tiny coronets leaping up from the water like dancing sprites that were oblivious to the dead bodies floating amongst them. Ishlar waved for the Tome Keepers to slow their advance as the water lapped at their feet. The enemy would be close.

The sergeant strode into the water, reached out for the closest corpse and rolled it over. It was a young woman, the skin of her face horrifically distorted from her immersion in the water. She wore the uniform of the 43rd Navroni – the regiment that was, even now, creeping onto the roadway behind the Tome Keepers. Ishlar pushed the body aside and waded over to another, the water now past his thighs. This one wore industrial fatigues and a rebreather that covered his bald head. Ishlar ripped the mask aside to reveal a face that could pass for human at a glance. But look closely, and the xenos signs were there. The nose was smaller, the teeth sharper. The eyes, now cloudy, sat beneath a furrowed brow that featured protruding ridges.

Ishlar had fought Genestealer Cultists before, many decades ago; his journal contained several pages of notes on the alien abominations. At that time, he had been a freshly inducted Tactical Marine in the 6th Company. He had marched to war full of the zeal of the newly initiated. He had met the enemy in battle. He had underestimated them. He had seen the deaths of his battle-brothers. He rested his gauntlet on the belt pouch that held his leather-bound book. Their names were inscribed within it. Their legacy lived on.

Without warning, the air came alive with the angry buzz of low-calibre projectiles. Shots ricocheted off Ishlar's leading pauldron, and he automatically raised his bolt rifle to fire back, his enhanced eyesight tracing the trajectories of the bullets through the rain. He need not have bothered. The windows of the buildings ahead were lit up with muzzle flashes as the cultists fired down at the Tome Keepers, the rapid barking of their autoguns echoing around the ruined buildings. The torrent of bullets smashed into the Tome Keepers as they dived for scant cover, but not a single one of them fell as they raised their bolt rifles and returned fire.

Bolt rounds slammed into the rockcrete walls of the closest building. Some detonated on impact, sending

showers of dust into the wet air. Others burrowed right through the walls and into the group of cultists sheltering behind them. Mass-reactive shells impacted on soft flesh, blasting heads from shoulders and cutting bodies in two. Round after round found their marks, ripping, shredding and tearing the alien hybrids apart, staining what remained of the walls red with blood. Within seconds, the bark of autoguns and the crash of bolt rifles was joined by the harsh crack of lasguns as the Navroni joined the fight. Grenades and mortar shells dropped out of the sky around them as the Guardsmen plunged into the water to join the Space Marines. Corpses bucked violently as stray autogun rounds smacked into them, pink puffs of diluted blood erupting into the air.

Over the cacophony of battle, Ishlar could hear the distinctive whine of a laser cutter powering up. 'Enlil, full five, target building left,' he barked over the vox. His second in command turned his attention to the next warehouse along, just as a beam of searing light erupted from the building's doorway. The lenses of Ishlar's helm darkened instantaneously as the laser blast scythed across the water, narrowly missing Enlil's squad and slicing through a unit of nearby Guardsmen. Already up to their chests in the deep water, the laser beam bisected four of them just below their raised arms before abruptly guttering out. Ishlar could hear screaming behind him.

To his left, Enlil pointed his bolt rifle at the warehouse, fired the auto launcher slung underneath the barrel and propelled a grenade through the entrance. The lower floor detonated violently, blasting the bodies of several cultists out through the doorway. The laser cutter splashed into the water, still steaming. The rest of Enlil's combat squad fired into the upper floors, the rounds from their bolt rifles chewing through the walls as if they were parchment.

Ishlar tapped Amel on the shoulder and pointed to a smaller building on their right flank. Amel nodded and redirected his fire, emptying his ammunition drum into the lower windows before reloading with practised ease and resuming his punishing rate of fire. Ishlar turned to the nearby Guardsmen and quickly identified an officer by the braiding on his tunic. 'Lieutenant?' he said through his helmet's mouthpiece, his voice deep and resonant. The man nodded, but his eyes were wary. 'Your platoon will follow this battle-brother,' Ishlar said, indicating Amel. 'Where he goes, you go. Where he shoots, you shoot. Do you understand?'

'Of course, my lord,' replied the lieutenant, showing his deference to the Tome Keepers. He glanced past the sergeant at Amel, who was already advancing through the water towards what looked like the control hub for a promethium pipeline. The lieutenant pressed a finger to his comms bead and issued his orders, the remains of his platoon covering each other as they moved towards their new target.

Ishlar turned back to the central manufactorum ahead of them just as the lintel above the main doorway cracked under the weight of fire and caved in. The floors above

dropped, the rockcrete blocks grinding against each other as they fell inwards. They held for a split second, as if suspended miraculously in mid-air. Then gravity took over, and they folded in on themselves, the building collapsing with a roar that sounded like the world itself was coming apart. Dust erupted outwards, covering the Space Marines in a coat of grey ash that rapidly turned to sludge in the downpour.

Yet despite the destruction of the manufactorum, the torrent of autogun fire from the surrounding buildings continued to hammer into the Space Marines. If anything, it seemed to be intensifying. Heavy stubber rounds were now spitting out of the nearby buildings, and Harbe fell to one knee, the tasset plate of his armour missing. Missiles and mortar rounds streaked down from the roofs as Enlil and Asil fired frag grenades back up at them. Rockcrete, glass and dust were launched in every direction, accompanied by the bodies of those caught in the blasts. Cultists were propelled like rag dolls from ruined windows, while bits of Navroni troopers floated in the water, which had turned crimson.

Ishlar watched as Zerien was blasted from his feet by a demolition charge, his bolt rifle torn almost in half, his right arm severed at the elbow. Before Ishlar could get to him, Zerien rose to his feet in the shallow water, reached across his body with his one remaining hand, drew his bolt pistol and continued firing into the nearby buildings. Over the vox, Ishlar could hear Zerien reciting ancient Istrouman verses. Suddenly, Enlil's voice cut across it: 'Xenos. Central target, side entrance, category two.'

Category two, thought Ishlar – early hybrids. He surged through the water towards the side of the building as a horde of heavily mutated cultists emerged from the ruined manufactorum, their bulbous heads hunched forwards on their gangly bodies, claws emerging from their overalls where hands should be. He stopped next to Zerien, raised his bolt rifle and fired. His first shot hit a charging cultist clean in the head. Brain matter and fragments of skull peppered the hybrids behind it, who stumbled as the lifeless body fell into them. Ishlar fired again and again, the brood packed so closely that he barely had to aim. His second shot hit a cultist in the chest, his third found an unprotected throat. The bolt rounds detonated inside the bodies with a dull crump, blasting blood and chunks of flesh into the air.

'Siege of Jalen, third precept,' bellowed Ishlar into the vox.

'From every aspect ...' began Enlil, reciting the ancient tactical doctrine that had been drilled into them.

'... a merciless death!' replied the squad as they rapidly redeployed. The Tome Keepers advanced and dispersed, covering each other as they executed their complex manoeuvre. Outflanking the cultists, Enlil's combat squad brought their auto bolt rifles to bear, catching the hybrids in a deadly crossfire. Their guns barked out a staccato rhythm as mass-reactive rounds scythed into the brood. Bestial faces were pulverised as the missile-like bolts

pushed through flesh and bone before exploding deep inside them. Leather-clad torsos were blown apart. Limbs were torn from muscular bodies or obliterated entirely in a shower of gore. The slaughter was wholesale, increasing further as the Navroni stepped up beside the Space Marines, their lasguns sending strobing lights through the downpour. Corpses piled up around the Tome Keepers, but still the cultists came on, slipping over rain-sodden body parts to get to their foe.

'Why do they not flee?' said Enlil as he fired another grenade into the tightly packed scrum of bodies. Limbs flew off in every direction as the frag round detonated, the air pierced by unnatural screams. 'They must be driven by a dark animus.'

'Agreed,' said Ishlar. 'It is the influence of the Brood Sire, the first of their kind.' He reloaded his bolt rifle and continued firing into the heaving mass of bodies. It seemed the cultists had abandoned their firing positions in a desperate attempt to engage the Space Marines in close combat. 'Their desire for self-preservation should have kicked in long ago, but something far deadlier drives them on.' And, thought Ishlar, *where the ruler of the brood lurks, so too do his monstrous kin*. His concerns were realised far earlier than he expected.

'Genestealers!' bellowed Amel over the vox. Ishlar turned to look at where Amel was standing to his right. Grotesque, four-armed monstrosities were racing from the pipeline control hub, their deep-blue skin and chitinous black carapaces glistening in the rain. They leapt with inhuman speed into the Navroni, their clawed limbs slicing clean through the troopers' flak armour and



shredding them alive. Amel fired into the Genestealers, sending alien bodies flying as his bolt rounds made contact. Several Astra Militarum troopers were blown apart as they stumbled into his firing line, but Amel could not pause in his relentless onslaught. The Genestealers were already among the Guard, and the soldiers were as good as dead.

'Back! Get back!' yelled Ishlar to the Navroni as they tried to retreat through the thigh-high water. Most did so in good order, still firing their lasguns as the Genestealers leapt towards them once more. Those too slow to react were ripped apart, the alien monstrosities thrashing around in the water as they tore their victims limb from limb.

'Asil, Nasir, to me,' said Ishlar over the vox as he moved towards Amel and the Guard, shunting bodies out of his way as he tried to run through the water. The two Space Marines followed him and fired into the Genestealers, the aliens reeling as the shots found their mark. But there were still more of the foul creatures pouring out of the control hub. Ishlar saw two of them turn on Amel as he reloaded, their jaws wide as they sensed vulnerable prey. As the Genestealers scabbled through the water, Amel dropped his bolt rifle, drew his pistol and shot one and then the other at point-blank range right between the eyes. Their dying bodies still surged through the water, razor-sharp claws tearing into Amel's armour as their pulverised brains sent the last synaptic signals to their limbs. Amel disappeared beneath the water as the Genestealer corpses fell on top of him.

Ishlar roared in anger. Plunging forwards, he could see Amel pushing himself back to his feet, his armour torn, blood leaking from his chest. But more Genestealers were almost upon him. Ishlar fired his bolt rifle until he ran out of rounds then drew his bolt pistol and fired that until the clip ran empty. Surging past the wounded Space Marine, he barrelled into the closest Genestealer and smashed his fist into its face with such force that its skull caved in like overripe fruit. The closest aliens screeched with what seemed to Ishlar like ecstasy, and they leapt at him with reckless abandon. He lashed out at them, crushing ribcages and breaking limbs, his gauntlets stained purple with alien ichor. Asil and Nasir fired into them. The Tome Keepers were holding the Genestealers back.

Then Ishlar felt a monstrous presence that bore down on him with such force that he stumbled where he stood. His hearts beat faster and harder, as if they were being squeezed by an invisible hand. A blackness clouded his vision. He stumbled backwards just in time. Claws longer than his forearm lashed out and tore across his breastplate, slicing through adamantine aquila and ceramite plate but failing to reach the flesh beneath. He ducked instinctively as a second set of claws tried to remove his head. He stumbled backwards once again and looked up. The Genestealer Patriarch reared up to its full height, emerging from the murky water like a nightmare given form. Its muscles rippled. It unfurled its claws and screeched to the heavens, its terrible cry drowning out the sounds of battle around them. Even the rain seemed to stop for a moment, the very elements terrified by its power. Its head thrumming with psychic energy, the Patriarch leaned in close to Ishlar and fixed its hypnotic eyes upon him. Ishlar lashed out with his fists, but the creature evaded them easily, almost seeming to laugh as it did so. Ishlar felt as if the world was moving in slow motion around him, as if his entire body was fighting underwater, not just his legs. As the Patriarch's claws extended, something solid slammed into the sergeant.

Ishlar hit the water hard, but it cleared his mind instantly. Pushing himself to his knees, he raised his arm to shield himself and saw Amel standing over him before the Patriarch, the Space Marine's armour covered in his own blood. A krak grenade was held tight in his hand. 'Make my last chapter a good one, brother,' said Amel. He pulled the pin.



A single bell tolled in the chapel of sanctity aboard the *Hariwok*. Ishlar, like the other Tome Keepers present, bowed his head. He was wearing his armour once more, and though it had been thoroughly cleaned by the serfs, it still bore the scars of the fighting on Argovon. Even now, Chapter artisans were forging a new aquila for his breastplate. Its loss was a reminder of how close his own tome had come to closing. Ishlar ruminated on this – and death in general – as the bell's echo faded away, replaced by a respectful quietude. In the stone-clad walls of the



chapel, even the cruiser's ancient systems were muted – merely a deep susurrus of background noise that was as close to silence as a starship could muster.

Next to Ishlar stood Zerien, the remains of his right arm encased in a carniculum. It would be a few more days before a bionic could be fitted, but this had not concerned Zerien in the slightest. He seemed more aggrieved at the destruction of his bolt rifle, which had served him well the past five years since his induction as a fully fledged battle-brother. Further down the line of Space Marines stood Harbe, Asil and the others, with Enlil at the far end. Where once they had numbered ten, now they were only nine, like a sentence that couldn't quite conquer the width of a page. They held their helmets under their arms, their bare heads lowered. The bell tolled once again; the assembled Space Marines remained silent in their contemplation.

This was the Closing of the Book, the ritual of the Final Chapter, the Rites of Remembrance. For millennia had they been performed, a solemn commemoration of the recently departed. It was an ancient Istrouman tradition that Ishlar knew intimately, for he had inscribed the last words in many books. The earliest had belonged to family members, his adolescent scrawl terminating the journals of his parents and siblings before he had ascended to this life of seeming immortality. Now, more than sixty years on, he wrote the final deeds of his fallen battle-brothers. Death, it seemed, was relentless in its quest to close every tome. Such was the natural order of things.

The bell tolled a third time, deep and sonorous. It would sound once more, Ishlar knew, for laying across the altar at the head of the chapel rested four books, each of them battle-worn and well used. Ishlar had placed Amel's there himself at the start of the ceremony, right of centre between two of his Primaris brethren. The last book, on the far left, belonged to a Tactical Marine that Ishlar had fought alongside many years ago. It was considerably thicker than the other three, its cover patched up in several places with new leather. Ishlar had regarded it for a moment, his memories coming to the fore. So much knowledge, so many experiences ...

As the bell's chime faded, Ishlar reflected on the ritual that had just taken place. Orator Sephax had entered the chapel through the chancel, two robed cenobytes following in his wake, their faces hidden by heavy cowls of sepulchral black. Ishlar had listened to the Rites of Remembrance in stoic silence, his expression set in an unreadable mask.

'The lost are never truly gone, for their wisdom lives on in those who follow,' Sephax had proclaimed, his voice carrying easily across the chapel. The battle-brothers had murmured their agreement. 'Death is the deserved rest of the mortal body.' Ishlar had looked up at this. 'Our battle-brothers have found their rightful place among the departed,' finished Sephax, looking the sergeant in the eye. Ishlar had bowed his head once more as Sephax continued. There were many rites and litanies, many

words to be spoken. The cenobytes had walked the length of the chapel swinging brass censers as the Orator spoke; a hazy cloud clung to the ceiling.

Sephax had taken up each of the four books in turn, reading aloud their final chapters. 'With blade gleaming did Brother Sennac charge the foe, his armour covered in not only the blood of the enemy but also his own ... Though most grievously wounded, Brother Apla held his post until he was finally overwhelmed ... And so did Brother Tilath fall, his armour rent by many shells, the lives of those he saved indebted to him for all eternity ... Showing great fortitude in the face of the enemy, he gave his life to achieve victory.' Those had been Ishlar's final words in Amel's red leather tome. He had looked up to see the cenobytes gathering up the four books. They had wrapped a red ribbon around each of them as Sephax spoke and sealed it with a wax stamp. They would be returned to Istrouma one day, four among untold billions.

The bell tolled a fourth and final time, waking Ishlar from his reverie. The Space Marines stood in contemplative silence for one final minute. The last seconds trickled away, and Sephax stirred at his altar.

'Their deeds in life are inscribed into their legends in death – their tomes commended to the history of the Chapter,' said the Orator, resting his black armoured gauntlets on the altar before him.

'And now their books are closed,' intoned the assembled Tome Keepers.

The Orator echoed their words. 'And now their books are closed.'



ECHOES FROM THE WARP



JAMES GALLAGHER

This month, Robin has been redeployed to a distant battlefield. So, until he completes his mission and makes his glorious return, James Gallagher has shouldered the mantle to talk about the spirit of Crusade and how to ensure your games are enjoyable for everybody involved. Apparently, biscuits are a good way to start any game.

The 'spirit of the game' is an oft-used phrase, bandied around wargaming since the very beginning, and we imagine you could talk to a hundred different gamers and get a hundred different interpretations of what it means. At its core, wargaming is a collaborative exercise. Warhammer 40,000 is not designed to be a solo pursuit, and so it relies upon a social contract between players. Since the launch of the ninth edition of Warhammer 40,000 and its narrative Crusade system, we have heard many stories about fantastic Crusade experiences, as well as some stories about less wonderful experiences, often brought about by misunderstandings between players about what the goal of that game is (in a real-world sense, rather than the victory conditions!). Narrative wargaming requires players to tread a very fine line. After all, while a story is being told, surely both players are still trying to win, right? And if that's the case, why shouldn't they use every tool at their disposal in order to facilitate that glorious victory? We would reason that they shouldn't always, and as long as both players understand and agree what kind of experience to expect, nobody is taken by surprise.

SETTING AN EXAMPLE

We talked at length on the subject in a previous article (*White Dwarf* August 2019) about narrative gaming, but to summarise it, we've always felt like open dialogue and discussion is the key to an even greater gaming experience. While it is important to discuss and agree on things that will directly affect the battle (such as what traits any unusual terrain features might have), it is equally important to establish what each player expects from the battle, as well as the tone in which it is played. If this is something you have never done, try it before your next game, especially if it is against somebody you don't play against regularly. In some settings, the expectations may be obvious. In a competitive setting, when

players are trying to score as many victory points as possible, it is perfectly acceptable to play ruthlessly (within the rules of course!). In more casual settings, these expectations can be less clear and warrant a short chat. If your opponent does not open this dialogue, why not take the lead and open it yourself? This isn't always easy, but once you've done it the first time, it definitely becomes easier to initiate.

If you do have a regular opponent, very often you will both have settled into a pattern of understanding exactly how you both play the game and what spirit you want to play it in, but even then, it's always worth double-checking. Some players might not want to play every battle in the same spirit each time. Some days, you might be looking for a contest of tactics, while others, you might just want to try out a cool mission and gain some more experience points for your units to help develop their narrative. You may even find that if you both want a significantly different game, you might agree not to play a Crusade battle at all and use one of the many other mission packs available to put a different emphasis on your experience.

This dialogue also helps to avoid players making assumptions about the kind of experience their opponent is hoping to get from the battle. As an example, it is a well known trope of wargaming that once you have finished painting a new centrepiece model for your army, during its debut game it will inevitably be blasted to pieces by your opponent before it gets a chance to do anything useful. It might be the case that you try to avoid this experience for your opponent by deliberately not focusing all your firepower on such a model, so your opponent gets a chance to have a few turns using it before it is brought down. While this might not be the optimum tactical choice, it might seem like a nice gesture to ensure that your opponent isn't left disappointed by their latest addition. But what if your opponent doesn't share this approach? What if they have no such expectation, and wouldn't take the same approach if they were in your place? What if they feel like you are going easy on them and think you are insulting their tactical abilities or gaming acumen by not going into the battle full tilt? It's important to remember the difference between the aim of the game (have fun) and the goal of the game (to win). You shouldn't find yourself in a position where you need to play below your abilities in

Echoes from the Warp is a regular column about the rules, tactics and ongoing development of Warhammer 40,000 curated by the team's games developers. This issue, James Gallagher joins us to talk about the Crusade system.



order to feel like the game is fun for both players, but neither should winning the battle come at the expense of either player having fun.

THE JOURNEY

As we recommended earlier, before any Crusade game, discuss the themes and stories behind your armies and how they can be integrated into this mission. If playing the Incursion mission The Ritual, for example, what is the ritual in question? Why is it important to both armies? What are the consequences of failure for both players? This dialogue can then be maintained throughout the battle, with players agreeing to certain actions by their forces and explaining their particular narrative for that action – or even changing the victory conditions should a more suitable narrative thread appear.

At its heart, Crusade is all about the journey rather than the destination. Crusade has no defined end goals, other than those you set for yourself. There are no trophies or prizes to win. The goal is simply to tell a story with your army over the games you play. For many players, skipping over this process is a little like starting a novel from the middle and not reading the first half. Sure, you'll get an outcome, but you lose out on the context, the journey, the reason the story is happening in the first place. You may, however, decide when creating your Crusade army that it is a part of a battle-hardened veteran force, lost on campaign, or battling in some remote location, before returning to their faction. As such, it is

possible to provide a narrative justification for a Crusade army in which some or all units start with a number of experience points, and you can immediately generate Battle Honours for them. We recommend not going too far with this, though. If you think it fits your story, you still want to leave some space for further development!

CONSIDERATIONS

Below, you will find a short list of Crusade guidelines. These are questions that are worth considering each time you make a decision for your Crusade armies, be it during the battle, when composing an army or when upgrading units with new battle honours to help you to get the most out of your Crusade experience.

1) What is the story of my army?

Almost as important as coming up with names for your units on your Order of Battle is deciding upon a demeanour or personality. Is a junior character from your army trying to usurp command from your regular Warlord? These personalities can develop over time, becoming a core part of the Crusade experience. Your Chaos Knight Dreadblade, for example, could be a ranting zealot, constantly seeking to slay enemies in the name of his patron gods. While sometimes it may be more sensible to hold him back and use his Knight's firepower from afar, charging him forwards into the teeth of the enemy just fits his story better. To hold him (and his suit) back would seem in denial of the personality they

¹ Ultramarines Captain Uriel Ventris and Colonel-Commissar Ibram Gaunt are fine examples of this!

have developed, and their glorious successes and utter failures only enhance this legend. Does your unit stay true to the background of your chosen faction, or does it deviate? Sometimes the best stories are of characters who do not conform fully to our expectations.¹ While we shouldn't try to flaunt the lore of our chosen factions extensively, sometimes a little variation adds a spark of uniqueness to an army.

2) Are the Battle Honours or Battle Scars I select a product of the narrative, or is my narrative a product of the Battle Honours or Battle Scars I select?

This is always an interesting question to ask yourself, and arguably, the army should be a product of both approaches. This often manifests as a choice between selecting one of the Battle Traits or Battle Scars from the tables or generating one randomly. Selecting one works best if that unit has done something memorable during the battle, whereas if you cannot find one that is appropriate to how their story played out during that game, you can simply roll to determine one instead. If one of your units destroys a large monster unit, perhaps they should gain an ability to reflect this achievement and their new-found skills at bringing down large

beasties. If a unit finds themselves wiped out by the same monster unit, perhaps when they gain a Battle Scar, instead of rolling randomly, the Battle Scar they gain should reflect what happened to them. The Shell Shock Battle Scar is a particularly good one for units that have found themselves hopelessly out of their depths against an overwhelming and terrifying enemy unit!

ANY OTHER UNIT

D6	TRAIT
1	Walking Wounded: Subtract 1" from this unit's Move characteristic. In addition, subtract 1 from Advance and charge rolls made for this unit.
2	Fatigued: This unit cannot control objective markers. When determining which player controls an objective marker, ignore all models in this unit.
3	Battle-weary: This unit cannot perform any actions or psychic actions, and it cannot gain more than 1 experience point at the end of a battle for any reason (any additional experience points gained are lost).
4	Shell Shock: Subtract 1 from this unit's Leadership characteristic. In addition, subtract 1 from Combat Attrition tests taken for this unit.
5	Disgraced: You cannot use any Stratagems to affect this unit, nor can you use the Command Re-roll Stratagem to affect any dice rolls made for it.
6	Mark of Shame: This unit is unaffected by the aura abilities of any friendly units.





3) Should I use this powerful ability every turn?

One question we get asked a lot about Crusade usually revolves around reinforcements, and especially the summoning of daemons by Chaos units. If you have a Chaos character unit in your army, you can use the Daemonic Ritual ability. You could then use this ability to summon vast hordes of free daemon units to sweep away or bog down your opponent's army, while your other units perform actions, move onto objectives and generally achieve your selected Agendas unopposed, ensuring an easy victory. It is certainly worth exercising some restraint with abilities like this, especially in Combat Patrol games. If your army has abilities such as this that you intend to use, a short discussion before the start of the battle will ensure that these abilities and their usage don't cause any disagreements. Exercising restraint with such abilities also ensures that the game is a lot more even and exciting, and both players leave with fun stories to tell. On the other hand, if both players are happy for these abilities to be used every turn, then why not go for it?² In the right circumstances, a last stand against overwhelming odds also makes for a great narrative, but it's always worth checking if your opponent knows they might be put in that situation first!

4) As long as I have tried to achieve my victory conditions, and stuck to the agreed narrative, does it matter if I don't win?

This, for many hobbyists, is a crucial part of narrative wargaming and the key difference between matched play and narrative play. A devastating loss can be just as exciting and character-building as a glorious victory.³ The storytelling opportunities are so much greater after a loss, as you can really get into the minds of

your forces. Do your troops live in fear of punishment from their leader? Will a unit that performed poorly be assigned to a particularly deadly role in your next battle as punishment? Does your warlord bluster through defeat in denial of the facts or start to fear the consequences of losing another battle? Even the most storied generals throughout history have ups and downs. They all have stories of decisions they have made that have swung certain defeat into glorious victory and vice versa. Finding yourself in these situations on the battlefield should provide a fun narrative hook for that character and an exciting new opportunity to further their legend as they come back from that defeat in their next battle.

MISSION PACKS

One of the great aspects of this edition of Warhammer 40,000 is the wealth of different mission packs available. If you want the no-holds-barred cut-and-thrust experience of equal combat, then the Grand Tournament mission pack is ideal for that. If you want that experience from one of the Crusade mission packs, you might come up against some oddities. That's not to say Crusade can't be balanced, but its focus is on opening up storytelling opportunities, giving you the framework to grow your Crusade force and forge your own narrative.

When all is said and done, games of Warhammer 40,000 provide us with an often welcome distraction from what is happening elsewhere in the world, spending a few hours with a like-minded person and diving into our favourite fictional universe. A game of Warhammer 40,000 should be as enjoyable as possible for all involved, and if a little agreement and possibly a little compromise is required to facilitate that, it's certainly a small price to pay.

² This can even form the basis of a house rule that you use for these abilities going forward with the same opponent if you both agree. We suggest once per battle in smaller games, or two or three times in larger games.

³ But this doesn't mean you should go into the battle trying to lose!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW MORE?

What would you like to read about in Echoes from the Warp? Let us know your thoughts, and we'll pass them on!

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ATMOSPHERIC INSERTION

Illustrator Scott Sez has an unusual hobby. He takes pictures of people's Warhammer models and adds digital effects to transport them from kitchen tables to epic battlefields. Here, Scott talks about his inspiration and how he creates art from art.



Stormcast Eternals painted by Francois Morin. For this piece, I added in a lot of background elements but kept the focus on the models with a few glow and lightning effects.

Scott: I first got into Warhammer back in the 1980s. I recall picking up the RTB01 Space Marines when they came out, and I soon got into Rogue Trader in a big way. It wasn't long before I was playing all the major game systems. I often imagined my models fighting each other across evocative landscapes, and I always had a keen interest in the worlds that they lived in. I especially loved looking at the artwork in the rulebooks and codexes. In time, I took up work as an illustrator and got involved in comic art, then corporate art directing. I actually drew a few spot illustrations for Games Workshop, and a couple of my pieces were featured in the Horus Heresy CCG that came out in the early 2000s. One of them is even featured in *The Horus Heresy Vol. III: Visions of Heresy*.

Skip forward another decade to when the new edition of Necromunda game out. I'd not done much with Warhammer for a few years, but the

return of this classic game and its rich imagery drew me back in. At this time, I began looking at what other people were doing online. I looked on Twitter. And my mind was blown! The hobby was so much bigger than I remembered it, and there were so many people talking about it and posting pictures of their models online. It was inspiring.

What I found really curious was that people painted great miniatures, then often just took a quick picture of them on the kitchen table or the windowsill. In my head, I always imagined there to be something going on around my models, be it a battle or a small scene taking place before or after it. After all, that's what we're imagining is happening when we're playing a game – that our warriors are actually fighting. I wondered what it would look like if I took a regular picture and added in a bit of digital imagery – a few wisps of smoke or suchlike to add atmosphere, to set the scene around the piece and ground it in the world

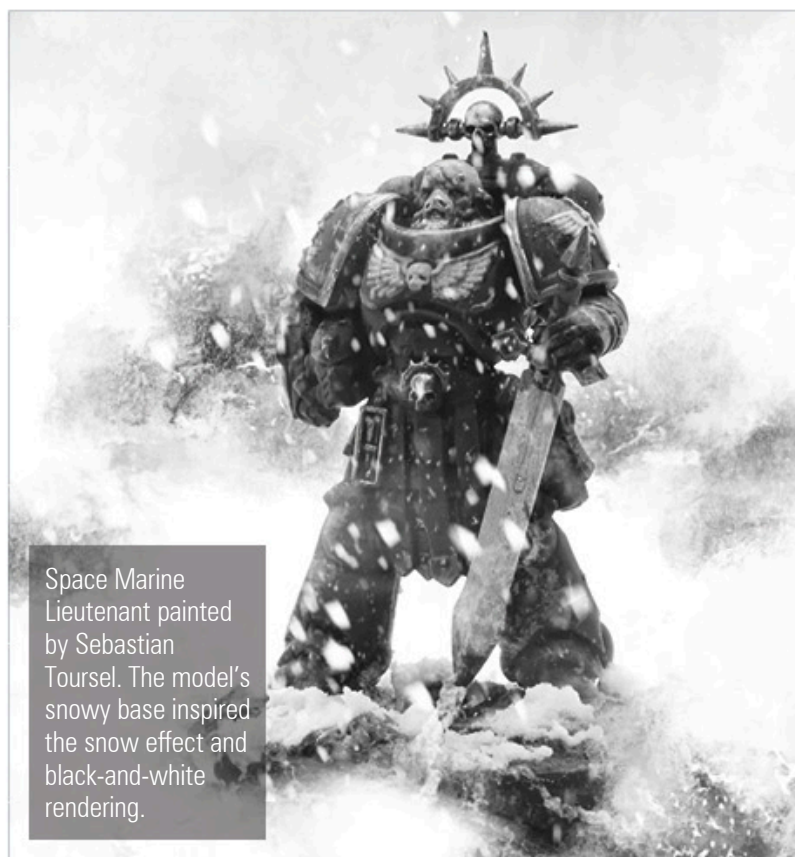


SCOTT SEZ

Hailing from Michigan, USA, Scott has been into Warhammer since the early days. Also a fan of illustrating, he combines his hobbies together by taking pictures of Warhammer models and adding digital backdrops to them, creating evocative, awe-inspiring environments for them to reside in.



Liege-Kavalos painted by Jaime Massanet. Ossiarch Bonereapers look great surrounded by mist and glowing spectral effects that reinforce their other-worldliness.



Space Marine Lieutenant painted by Sebastian Toursel. The model's snowy base inspired the snow effect and black-and-white rendering.



Loonboss painted by Alasdair Hutchinson. I kept the mist in this piece quite soft to help highlight the incredible painting on the miniature.



Skitarii Ranger painted by JJS Kuhne. Here I added a very large muzzle flash to the gun, which I then used to light the surrounding environment and the front of the model.



Space Marine Lieutenant painted by Thomas Gardiner. For me, this model conjured images of a warrior caught in the moment, lost after a battle and surrounded by smoke and ash.



Imperial Navy painted by Johannes Winter. This piece combines several photos into one. I love working with planes, as I can blur the background around them to convey speed.



Delaque Gang painted by Nick Tolfree. My work on this piece includes the backdrop and smoke. I wanted to convey the creepiness of the Delaques emerging from the shadows.



Space Marine heroes painted by Lyall and Nathan Davenport. I played on the contrast between warm and cool in this piece, using the colours of the models as inspiration.

just like the artwork does. The photo I chose was of the Eternity Gate by Mikal van Leeuwen (*which, by coincidence, we featured back in issue 459 – Ed*). I recalled the black-and-white artwork from back in the day, and I wanted to recreate that grimdark feel around the diorama Mikal had created. He really liked the result, and it received a lot of positive feedback online, so I made a few more.

When the Covid lockdowns happened in 2020, I decided to take advantage of being stuck at home and spend some more time on my illustrations, particularly digital paintovers of people's Warhammer miniatures. People would send me photos of their models, and I would create a story for each of them through my digital paintovers. What started out as a photo of a Space Marine standing on a painting table would soon become a heroic warrior in the midst of battle, smoke and ash flying around him as

he fired his bolter at an unseen foe. Some people requested specific backdrops for their models, but others were happy to let me choose. I normally go by my first impression of the model, not necessarily knowing what I'm going to add but rather feeling it. I look at what the character is doing and generate the atmosphere from there. Nighthaunts and Ossiarch Bonereapers are perfect for ghostly, spectral effects, for example. Other models may evoke an image of lightning or explosions. If the models are sculpted in a dynamic action pose, I can add in blur effects to enhance that impression of movement. The important thing for me is to never overshadow the miniature. People's Warhammer models are works of art in their own right, and I try not to paint over their work when it's not necessary. I just add to the negative space around them and link the miniatures to it, to immerse them in the worlds I imagine them living in.

Squig Hoppers painted by Martin Clayton. I added blur effects to Martin's picture to reinforce the sense of movement, speed and craziness in the Squig Hoppers.



Imperial Knight painted by Lee Rawcliffe. This human's-eye photograph of an Imperial Knight is full of power. I just added in some dirt and smoke to add to the immensity of it.





Hive Tyrants painted by Ollie Fox. I added light effects to the weapons and biomorphs to show how they interact and affect the environment around the Hive Tyrants.



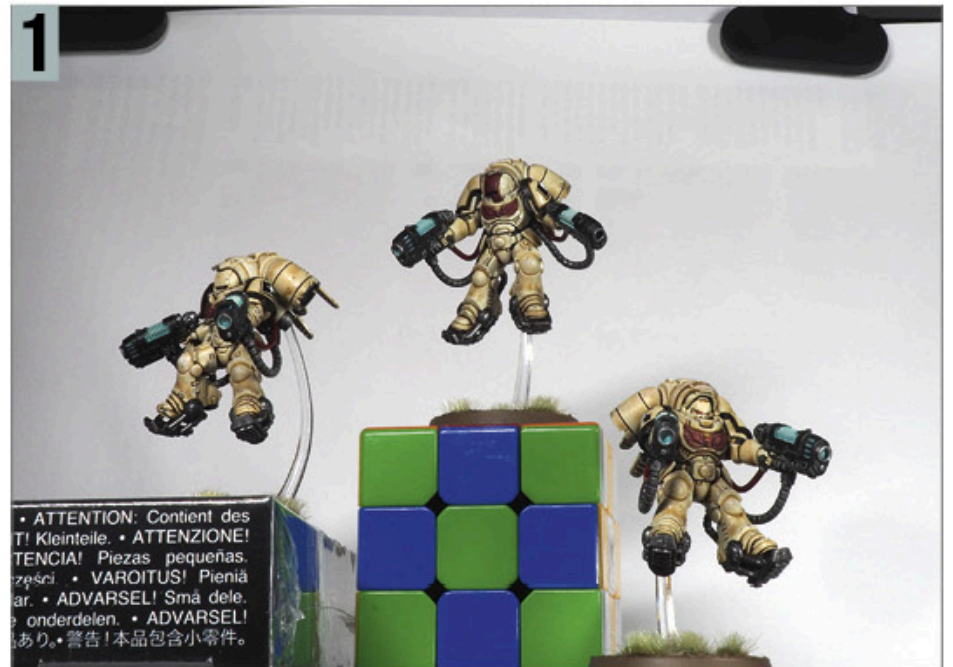
Death Riders of Krieg painted by C Former. I added smoke, dust and grit to suggest a toxic environment. A light reflection in the top right of the photo became a waning sun.

DIGITAL PAINTOVER TUTORIAL

Having chatted with Scott about his digital paintovers, we thought it would be cool to show you how to try it yourself. Here, Scott shares his advice on creating atmospheric miniatures art.

Scott: Pretty much all my paintover pieces are done on an iPad using Procreate, so the tutorial is based on that program's set of tools and interface. The advice will generally translate to other programs, though, and you can get great results from any digital painting program, if you already have a favourite.

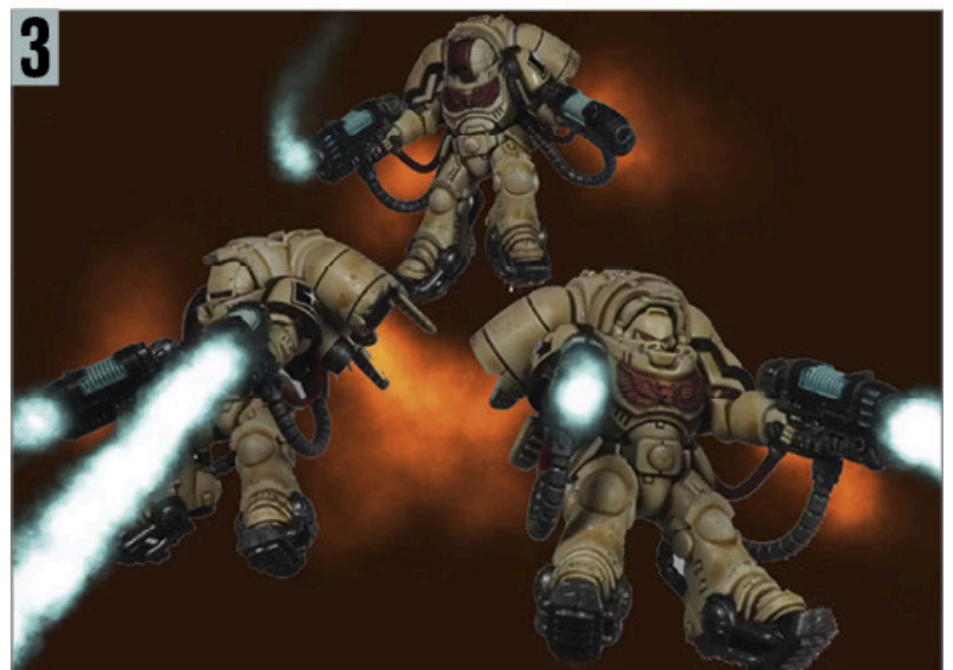
The key thing to remember is that the miniatures are the most important aspect of the piece. If you add too many effects, you won't see the models, so you need to work around them and not over them. Choose a background colour that complements the models and allows them to stand out. Then start adding in appropriate effects for the subject matter, such as muzzle flashes for bolters, magical auras for artefacts, atmospheric clouds and maybe even a little motion blur for dynamic models. Work in lots of layers to preserve the work you've done on previous ones. Play around and see what you can come up with!



The first stage is getting a good picture of your models, preferably against a plain white background so that they can be cropped out easily. At this stage, think of the overall composition of the piece and what direction each of your miniatures will be facing.



The next stage is clipping the models out from their background. If you place them all on different layers in the file, you can move them about and change their size to give the illusion of depth. At this stage, I will decide what colour background will work best.



I used a dark brown background layer for this piece to help the bone-coloured models stand out. I then added in the first effects to a new layer. I used the Nebula brush to create exhaust jets for the jump packs and the Light Pen brush to block in the plasma effects.



I used a Multiply layer using the background colour to create a darker and more intense feeling to the piece. It acts like a tint over the whole piece to help get the overall tone right. You can use a brush tool and a lighter colour on this layer to start creating highlights.



I used an overlay layer and a brush tool with a bright colour to add a bit more light to the miniatures and draw them out from the backdrop. I used the Glimmer brush to add sparks to the jump pack exhausts and the energy beams (which I also toned down a little).

6



I started using the Clouds brush in the previous stage to add definition to the background layer. Here you can see the effect a little more clearly. I also added a few extra effects where I felt they were appropriate, such as light reflections from the guns on the armour and a few extra Glimmer effects around the bottom of the image.

THE MODEL PHOTO

Want to know how to get great pictures of your Warhammer models? Fortunately, we wrote an article on just that subject! Head over to the Warhammer Community site, where you can read the article for free:

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

LYLE'S BLACK COACH

I used Lyle's Black Coach to show before and after shots. He used an airbrush to paint the model – a technique that I felt would transition really well to the surrounding environment. Because the model is quite dark, I painted the atmosphere around it really bright to help it stand out. The colours are similar to the paints Nighthaunt Gloom and Nihilakh Oxide. The area behind the coach is brightest, representing some kind of spectral portal that it has just emerged from.



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 time: Tome Celestial, the Anvil of Destruction and four mighty warlords.





THE SELLSWORDS OF EXCELSIS
Turn the page to read all about the ogors who defended Excelsis from Gordrakk's Waaagh! Or did they? It's hard to know with mercenaries ...



A TALE OF FOUR WARLORDS
It's episode three in our challenge, and the four warlords have hit 1,000 points! Turn to page 82 to see what they've added to their armies.



**FLASHPOINT
BROKEN REALMS**

**THE
TOME
CELESTIAL**

Ogors are not particularly fussy who they fight for, as long as they get something out of it. Meat and ale are preferable, though shiny trinkets are almost as good (though not quite as tasty). But can the ogor mercenaries that arrive in Excelsis be trusted?



**THE SELLSWORDS
OF EXCELSIS**

In the primal realm of Ghur, the lands are riven with predators, poisonous beasts and even living landscapes hungry to prey on the unwary. Here, a good sword is invaluable and a score of mercenaries even more so. With the prevalence of the hyper-aggressive hordes of Destruction across the lands, these mercantile blades are often as brutish as the greenskins and behemoths they are employed to defeat. So it was with the Sellswords of Excelsis, a veritable army of ogors and gargants with negotiable loyalties – and a deadly secret.

The tale of the Sellswords of Excelsis first began when Gordrakk, the Fist of Gork, was battering his way across the Ghurish Heartlands. Across a swathe of continents, there were many signs that pointed to the ascent of Destruction: a rising green tide, a thunderous earthquake that shattered the land, a swamp that bubbled and spat as it dragged the cities of the weakling races into the muck. In the ranks of the greenskins, murmurs of omens and prophecies of imminent victory abounded, whether divined from the Bad Moon, the visions of hallucinating shamans or even strange shapes in the clouds. Yet amongst them was a warning: should the course of fate not be followed, it would lead to disaster.

THE REASONING OF THE BRUTE

Those with the wit to interpret these portents laid their truths at Gordrakk's door, only to be roundly ignored. He had already won the giant skull of the godbeast Hammergord during his invasion of Gharrentia. Though he had tracked down the fabled Basha Shard – a fragment of Gorkamorka's own club, no less – to a Stormvault in Lendu, he had been stopped from recovering that potent relic by an alliance of Stormcast Eternals, Sylvaneth and Fyreslayers. At the battle's peak, just as the Bad Moon was raining down shards of lunar rock to smash open the doors of the legendary Tuskvault and the melee in front of its doors was in full swing, the Brothers Murgg – a trio of Mega-Gargants caught up in Gordrakk's Waaagh! – had brought down the entire mountainous facade of the Tuskvault and buried the treasure under thousands of tons of rock.

The Stormcast Eternals, satisfied their mission was complete, had withdrawn, but even with so many monstrous troggoths and gargants surviving the battle, Gordrakk simply did not have the patience to dig the Basha Shard out. His loss at the Tuskvault did not sit well with him at all, and frankly, he was about done with prophecies and warnings. So, instead of retrieving the all-destroying artefact that the visionaries spoke of, and instead of then seeking out the protective relic known as the Golden Amulet, as they had implored him to do, he led his horde towards



THE BEASTS OF THONDIA

Ghur is a land of innumerable dangerous beasts, from the tiniest parasitic insects to mighty gigadons that shoulder aside spires of rock as they lumber through the chasms and valleys of their homeland. In marshier areas, the creatures do not reach quite such a colossal size, but it is far harder to spot danger before it strikes. Venomous bog toads and swamp hoppers are common, each of which can cause a man's flesh to swell up like a balloon with a single goblet of their saliva. The brackish water of the Ghurish Heartlands hides a multitude of terrors, be they insidious dangers like the underskin leech or stealthy ambush predators such as the black-bodied throttler eel, which lurks in the mud until its prey is forced to wade in neck-deep and then wraps itself around their throat with the strength of an iron collar. Cacklebeaks, razor-beaked terrorpins and belcher toads seem far less deadly, but they are fearless, and the noise they make on the attack usually summons larger predators to the scene; after the kill is made, the smaller creatures wait for the killer to gorge itself before they gnaw on the remains. When it comes to apex predators, the swampland is

not found wanting: bog wyverns and sludge drakes are common in the deep swamps, as are rokodiles that can grow to the size of Freeguild land trains. A certain kind of gargant also finds solace in the murk, wading morosely through the quagmire with its twisted club held ready to smack anything that gets too close.

The ogors native to Ghur, of course, are more than happy to eat all of these creatures, even if it takes a little while to catch them or to bring them down. An ogor's stomach acid is strong enough to dissolve metal, giving them a critical defence when they gobble down meat riddled with insect eggs or intestinal parasites. Their skins are thick and blubbery, proof against most of the biting insects that would otherwise siphon out their blood; a hungry morksquito would likely have more luck penetrating the hide of a Thundertusk than that of an Ogor Glutton. In many ways, the warriors of the mawtribes are perfectly evolved to thrive in the Ghurish Heartlands, for what they lack in moral fibre or craftsmanship, the ogors make up for in sheer physical power – a power that was to be demonstrated time and time again over the course of the Siege of Excelsis.

Excelsis as soon as he could. He knew of a shortcut through the Gaping Portal that led to Bantu's Gate; from there, it would be a matter of marching across open terrain until he reached the Coast of Tusks and then Excelsis. He had the skull of Hammergord fitted to a massive battering ram and was itching to see it put to good use in smashing down the cities so beloved of the weakling races. After knocking down the walls of Excelsis, he would figure out the rest as he sacked the city for the crime of existing in the first place. Then it would be time for a reckoning with the humie God-King himself ...

THE MACHINATIONS OF THE CUNNING

Gordrakk had not been the only greenskin warlord in attendance at the battle for the Tuskvault. His ironclad horde of Brutes and Gore-gruntas had been bolstered by none other than Skragrott the Loonking and his innumerable Moonclan followers. For once, Skragrott was absolutely sure he had followed the omens of success correctly, and with the Fist of Gork doing the hard fighting for him and the Bad Moon bolstering his magic, he had been all but certain the Tuskvault would be claimed by their assault and reduced to rubble in their wake. Unfortunately, the vault had been collapsed without the greenskin alliance extracting the Basha Shard first. Now the juggernaut that was Gordrakk's Waaagh! was on the rampage once more, already replenishing its losses as more tribes and clans were drawn to the rumours of carnage spreading across the Heartlands.

Skragrott had a nasty suspicion that simply aiming the Waaagh! straight for the most heavily defended part of Excelsis, aiming to demolish it in one headlong charge, would not be as simple as Gordrakk hoped. No, there was usually another way to find the win, a way that their enemies could not predict, no matter if they had seers and prophets of their own. After all, where Gork simply



sought to bash his foes into the ground face to face, Mork would wallop them when they were not looking, and Skragrott was definitely on the Morkish side of the fence. Grots had to be cunning, purely for the sake of survival, but humies were clever too, in their own way. They had all sorts of guns, bangstikks, cannons and whatnot – he knew that from bitter experience. Not only that, but there would be more than just humies defending the city; likely they would have stunty duardin, aelves that stank funny, perhaps even those scaly lizards that walked as men. An idea blossomed in Skragrott's mind as he looked out at the ogors marching to the rear of Gordrakk's vast horde. Were ogors not also found in the cities of men? And ogors he had, by the score.

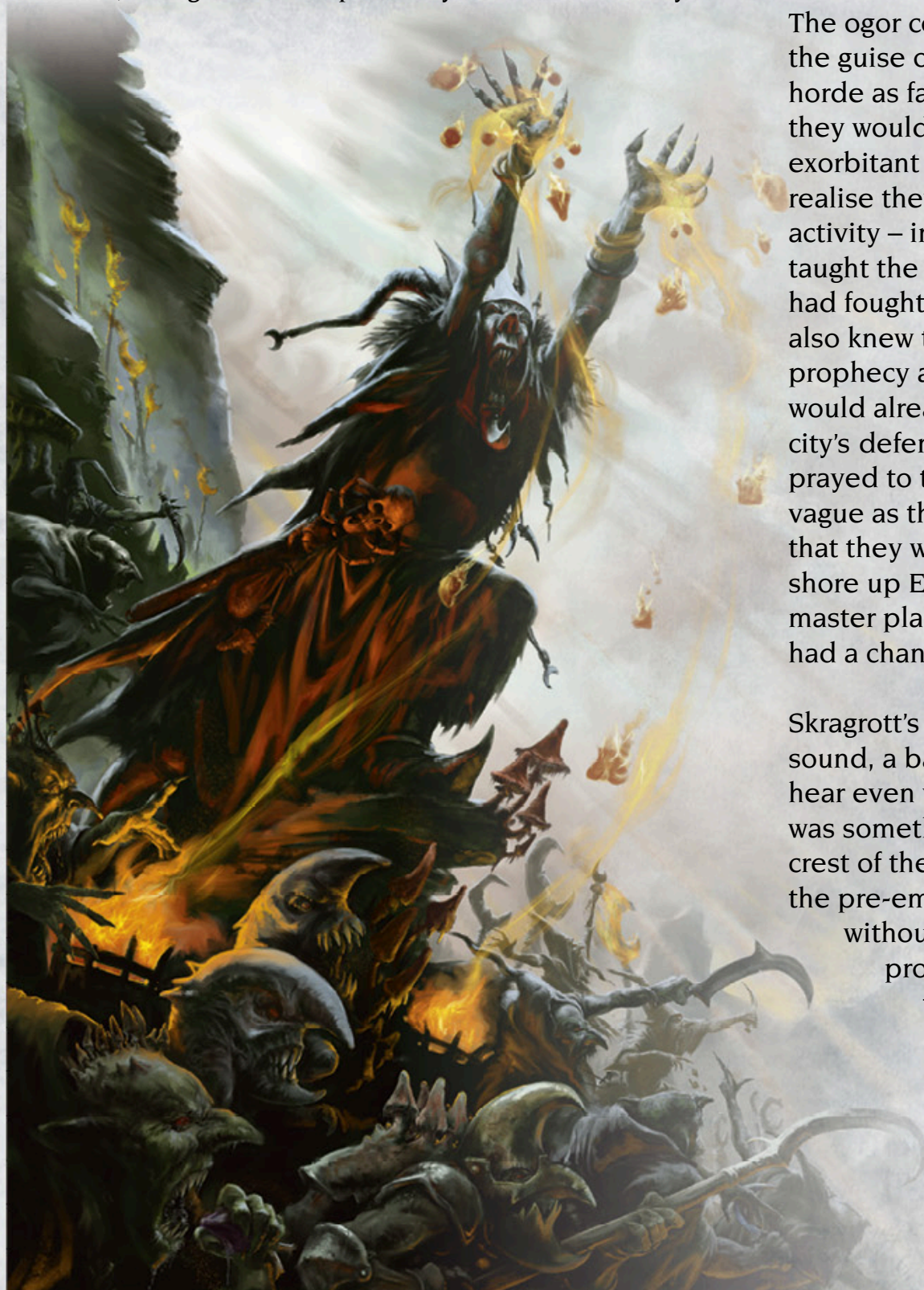
That night, as the column's march slowed to a crawl, Skragrott gathered his mates from the Skrappa Spill Gobbapalooza and a strongarm group of troggoths as backup. He made his way to the part of the march where the ogors were making camp around a giant pit lined with tooth-like stones and menhirs, a huge cauldron bubbling nearby. They watched intently with beady eyes as Skragrott approached. Without exception, they were hideous and predatory; if he hadn't had so much muscle with him, Skragrott would probably have turned away and

given it all up as a bad job. As it was, he got the largest of his Dankhold Troggoths to raise him up high onto a henge, standing atop it in the moonlight before shouting as loudly as he could at the amassed ogor tribes. The mercenaries were still sating themselves on the day's-end feast, and so they were content to listen for a while. Soon, Skragrott had them under his spell of words, and with a little pyrotechnics to punctuate his proposals, he kept their attention. And so did he begin putting one of his famous Grand Plans into action – not the first by any means, and certainly not the last, but one that was to have a colossal impact on the siege to come.

Within an hour of his grandiose but high-voiced speech, Skragrott had enlisted three entire mawtribes to his service. Their payment was to be in meat and ale; the Loonking knew that the way to an ogor's heart was through its gut and that they prized fresh corpses more than they did the shiny gubbins valued by the humies and their ilk. The ogors would feast on a full five-share of the citizens of Excelsis when the city was sacked – or the equivalent number of Moonclan grots should the conquest go awry. It was more than they could hope to eat in a month, and many an ogor's belly rumbled approvingly at the prospect.

The ogor company's duty was to infiltrate Excelsis under the guise of neutral sellswords. Going ahead of the main horde as fast as their tree-trunk legs would carry them, they would offer their services to the city's military at an exorbitant fee. Skragrott knew enough about ogors to realise they were well aware of the benefits of mercenary activity – indeed, it had been the ogor Maneaters who had taught the 'Great Secret' to the gargants, some of whom had fought alongside them for the best part of a year. He also knew that the City of Secrets had a link to foretelling, prophecy and soothsaying; the wizards of that place would already be enlisting every blade they could in the city's defence against the coming Waaagh!. He hoped and prayed to the Bad Moon that their prophecies were as vague as the ones he himself was trying to interpret and that they would recruit the ogors as part of their effort to shore up Excelsis. It was imperative that he disguise his master plan well, or it would be rooted out long before it had a chance to turn the city's defences inside out.

Skragrott's dreams had been haunted by a repetitive sound, a bass thump, thump, thump that he could almost hear even when he awoke; he knew in his heart that there was something epic coming, and he intended to ride the crest of the wave as best he could to secure his place as the pre-eminent Loonboss in the realms. Yet to do so without being overshadowed would take a coup of prodigious scale. To ensure he was a vital part of the sack of Excelsis, whilst not actually putting himself in harm's way, he planned to attack the city from the caverns and sewers beneath it. A natural troglodyte, he had long ago learnt that all major cities tended to have such constructs somewhere beneath them and





that though they were foul-scented and slippery, they were usually badly defended. Better yet, amongst the mercenaries was a splinter tribe of Underguts, ogors well versed in subterranean warfare and whose approach to obstacles was usually to blow them up with blackpowder.

To the Maneaters of the mercenary company, he assigned the task of enlisting in the city's defence. To the Underguts fell the duty of undermining the city's walls and ensuring a swathe of them collapsed at the appointed time. Skragrott would launch his assault at the same time that Gordrakk mounted the frontal assault on the city's gate, ensuring the Fist of Gork acted as a colossal distraction. Then, when Skragrott emerged from the undercity to launch a flanking attack of his own, he would give the ogor company a signal – when they heard his ululating cry, they would turn on their erstwhile allies and attack with redoubled ferocity.

To his credit, the Tyrant in charge of the ogor force – a hulking mass of flesh known as Glottor Bhulk – nodded in understanding as Skragrott explained his plan, shrewd eyes glinting amongst a mass of wobbling jowls. To Skragrott, it was a simple enough mission – it had to be, for with ogors, any complexity was always a risk. Yet Glottor recounted back the main points, counting them off on his fingers; he was obviously the right Tyrant for the job. His second in command nodded along, a mercenary captain known as Bullag the Thief who was festooned with trophies and magical artefacts he had won through fair means and foul. He and his elite Maneaters would form the point of contact for the human paymasters. It being

common knowledge that such ogors worked for pay, he believed he could enlist not only his trusted warband but also a swathe of ogors that otherwise might not have been allowed to enter the city.

To prove his commitment, Skragrott kicked one of his most wretched aides toward Glottor Bhulk. Stumbling, the creature landed in the dust before the mountain of flab that was the company's leader. The poor grot was caught up and crunched like a bundle of sticks, and with that sacrifice, the deal was done.

The very next dawn, Bhulk's sellsword company made their way straight for Excelsis, overtaking the rest of Gordrakk's horde as it was still breaking camp and then pushing through the gnashing watercourse that led to the Gaping Portal. Though a few ogors were torn apart by the sharp rocks that lined that watery realmgate, the rest emerged hundreds of miles closer to their destination from the eastward side of the portal at Bantu's Gate, panting with sudden exhaustion and staring wildly in confusion. After hunting down a herd of rock bison and gorging themselves to make themselves feel better, the ogors set off at a forced march. They bypassed the chasm of Donse even as Gordrakk was emerging from the Gaping Portal and heading on a collision course with the only being in Ghur that could rival his dominance. The ogors were well ahead of the main force by this point, for when they put their mind to it, the blubbery creatures could move impressively fast. The pieces were already in motion, and the time of butchery would not be far behind.

TO BRAVE THE CLAWING SEA

The ogor sellswords were not the only force that Skragrott sent to precede the main greenskin horde. After convincing Gordrakk that the orruks should attack by sea as well as by land – no mean feat, given his stubborn and intractable demeanour – Skragrott had sent a trio of greenskin warbosses on a detour, their boar-mounted mobs and rukks thundering off eastwards to head for the Coast of Tusks. Gordrakk considered the three warbosses to be to blame for the defeat at the Tuskvault, so he was happy enough to see Skragrott send them away. For their part, they were happy to escape his evil glares. More than that, they were up for it just for kicks; as Skragrott knew well, convincing greenskins to try something daring, ill-conceived and possibly lethal is not difficult.

When the orruks reached the waters, the plan was to fashion as many craft as they could, whether by building simple rafts or cannibalising the remains of the galleons and shipwrecks strewn liberally along the coast of the merciless Clawing Sea. There, wooden spars and planks were lashed together and made seaworthy through a combination of primitive ingenuity and brute strength. A ramshackle fleet took shape, setting sail and heading north as fast as they could. They had been promised the best fighting of the entire siege, for the harbour neither boasted a castle nor a curtain wall. Should they reach Excelsis intact, they would be able to dive straight into

the fight, attacking the most vulnerable part of the city whilst their mates were still stuck outside the walls. What Skragrott didn't tell them is that he was very likely sending them to their deaths.

It is well known by all who dwell in the Ghurish Heartlands that the Clawing Sea is haunted by an endless variety of marine monstrosities, some of which can break apart a Freeguild galleon with a snap of their toothy jaws. Excelsis had made a virtue of this. Its extensive armada of Scourge Privateers had learnt ways to control the beasts of the deep, and the waters outside its harbour were prowled by pelagic leviathans that recognised the hulls of the Privateers who had won their allegiance but attacked anything else with vicious intensity. The three warbosses sent to launch the seaborne invasion were well aware of the hazards, but they went anyway. There were many Bonesplitterz amongst their armies, orruks who lived for the slaughter of monsters, and that very danger was the main reason they agreed to go in the first place. So, after a few weeks of difficult cross-country travel and the subsequent muster, a fleet of jury-rigged, low-quality ships set out from the southernmost point of the Clawing Sea. Its vessels, impressive in quantity if not quality, carried thousands of gung-ho greenskins, each hoping to run the gauntlet of sea monsters before converging on the harbour of Excelsis and sacking the city beyond.

MARCH OF THE SELLSWORDS

The long journey from Bantu's Gate to Excelsis was a daily struggle against the realm itself as well as the elements. Were it not for the raw might of the ogor sellswords, the journey itself would likely have taken a deadly toll – as the trade pioneers of that land say, 'cross the Heartlands in strength or not at all'. As it was, even the greater ursidons crossing from Bjarl into Thondia with the changing of the seasons knew better than to bother the ogor horde. Glottor Bhulk knew well that no creature save a true behemoth would dare attack a multitude of ravenous ogors, especially given that they were backed up by several gargants whom they had convinced to accompany them. It was a long and arduous march, but such were the riches Skragrott had described at journey's end, it was made without much complaint, other than the rumbling of the odd belly. Even that was quickly solved, for if Ghur is typified by one resource above all others, it is meat.

When the company first saw the spires of Excelsis on the horizon, the titanic broken stalactite shape of the Spear of Mallus just visible beyond them, Glottor called upon them to make camp. That night, as they feasted on haunches of rock lion and wildergnu, he split his forces into two, for if an ogor horde of such a size were to approach the city as one, its true nature might be discerned – after all, ogor mercenary companies were typically far smaller. His own force would gain entrance through the city's main gate, seek employment in the city's defence and, in doing so, establish a precedent for the recruitment of companies of ogor sellswords. The latter

force, led by Bullag the Thief, would then enter Excelsis via the harbour. Braving the waters south of the city, they would swim out to a moored vessel, commandeer it and then sail it into the harbour – once they had dried out and washed all the bloodstains from the deck, should they have found the anchored ship with personnel on board. It was a trick Bullag and his close companions had pulled before during their careers as enforcers for the pirate lords of Izalend, and though it risked a few of their number being eaten by the monsters of the Clawing Sea in the process, they were not averse to trying it on a much larger scale. Once both forces had won the trust of the defenders, whether near the city gates or at the harbour, they would meet up for the next phase of the plan.

Upon approach to Excelsis, Glottor forced the remainder of his company into something approaching ranks, barking and battering at his warriors until they marched in a semblance of good martial order. He positioned himself at the head alongside his most trusted Ironguts and Maneaters, their tattered banner – a patchwork made from the standards of many of the enemies they had long ago conquered and eaten – held aloft. Those human outriders who watched them from a distance narrowed their eyes, but there was not a greenskin in sight, and as Skragrott had surmised, ogors were not uncommon in Excelsis. With so many Maneaters at the fore, the company looked eclectic enough to be that of a nomadic warband rather than a tribe on the Mawpath. The force was allowed to pass without incident, for the outriders knew – just as Glottor did – that the true test would be at the city's gates.





Glottor Bhulk was nobody's fool. He knew his finger-numbers, how to bounce a blow from the gut to leave a foe off balance, how to backhand with an ironfist in order to stun but not to kill. He even knew how to keep three tribes of ogors in line after a gruelling cross-country march, that much was evident by the trail of heavily armed warriors stretching out behind him into the gloom. But as he approached the colossal curtain wall of the humie city – a vast cliff face of stone boasting seven towers hung with painted longhides – he couldn't help but feel that maybe, just maybe, he had made a terrible mistake.

The ogor Tyrant heard the click of crossbows being loaded from the towers and arrow slits above and saw heavy artillery on the towers either side of him ratcheted down at a sharp angle to focus on his column. This was a killing ground, and by the bones and bloodied earth all around him, it was one that the humies were all too ready to use.

Glottor forced his doubts from his mind. 'Right, lads,' he called over his shoulder. 'Hold up. Gotta talk to these gate-boys if we want inside.' He marched straight up to the monolithic, metal-banded doors that formed Excelsis's main gates, balled a fist and banged on them as if he was long expected.

'What is your business?' came a shout from the high tower that overhung the gate. He could just about make out the silhouette of a human head, peering down out of one of a dozen murder holes. No doubt the others were ready to drop something nasty on him if needed. He fancied he could smell boiling vitriol, for starters, with a hint of bubbling tar.

'You tell me!' shouted back Glottor. 'Got the best part of a hundred big lads here, and from what I heard, you need every sword arm ya can hire! Reasonable rates!'

The silhouette disappeared for a moment before blotting out the stars beyond the hole once more. 'We've no word of a mercenary company. Do you carry the God-King's seal?'

Glottor scowled, thinking hard. He'd chomped down a few such creatures on the ice floes of Bjarl, even the odd walrus, but he'd not thought for one moment to carry one with him, let alone seek out one that was clearly important to the humie god. 'No, mate!' he called back. 'I ain't got yer precious seal. Just swords. And, like, maces and that. They'll be a lot more useful when them orruks get here, I can tell ya!'

Above, he heard raised voices in a heated argument, some of which sounded military. Then the head reappeared once more. 'What guarantee have we that we can trust you?'

'I dunno wot ta tell yer,' he shrugged, picking a clump of meat out of his teeth. 'Seems you're not in a position

to be choosy, with that greenie horde heading straight in your direction.'

Another pause, this time all but silent.

'Not enough,' came the reply. 'You have thirty seconds to retreat in good order, stranger, or pay a heavy price.' In the stillness that followed, he could swear he heard the hiss and crackle of fuses from the cannons on the far towers. He squinted into the gloom; the pitiless, black gaze of their barrels met his gaze, unwavering.

Concentrating hard, he dredged up the name Skragrott had given him, a name from some vision he'd had. Maw-something... Maw-gun or something. The Loonking had said the name was a key, whatever that meant. The hissing fuses were making it hard to think.

'Maulgen!' he shouted as it came to him. 'Maulgen said we could come. If you wanna tell that fella he's got it wrong and open fire on his mercenary contacts, you go ahead. We'll leave you lads to it and come back in a few weeks. Eat yer corpses when the greenies are done with you.'

Silence stretched out, long and excruciating. At least the hissing had stopped, thank the Gulping God.

Then the majestic gates of Excelsis clunked, clacked and cracked open. As the gap between them grew wider, so did Glottor's smile.



THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM

The ogors of Glottor's company soon enough found employment in the defence forces that bustled around the city's perimeter. Indeed, when the paymasters of the mercenary auxiliaries found that the ogors wanted not glimmerings, Aqua Ghyranis or even gold as payment but simple meat and mead, they struggled to contain their excitement. After all, even in times of war, the larders of the city were very well stocked, and almost all of its other resources had been spent on the recruitment of mercenaries and privateers from up and down the Coast of Tusks.

Still, with a siege looming, the quartermasters of the city were forced to be canny. They did not like the thought of ogors eating the citizenry out of house and home over an indefinite period. Trying their luck, these paymasters did not quite abide by the bargain struck by Bullag the Thief; instead, they interpreted it in a rather sly fashion. The Maneater captain had agreed on a barrel of meat and a barrel of ale per ogor per day, but the paymasters instead handed over the meat and the ale in the same barrel. Good enough, said Glottor to his kin, putting out the fires of anger before they could spread – after all, they were not quite going to abide by the terms of the mercenary agreement themselves. Luckily for all concerned, the combination of meat marinated in fine human ale was

tasty enough for even the hungriest Glutton to overlook the breach of contract.

Over the next few weeks, the ogors dug in, both metaphorically and literally. Whilst Glottor and his compatriots familiarised themselves with the city's defences, listened to gossip about the burgeoning cult of anti-magic led by the infamous warrior priest Maulgen and forged uneasy alliances with the Freeguild soldiers who would man the walls in the oncoming siege, the Underguts found their way into the tunnels beneath the city. The sewer networks were capacious, for many had been set into the burrows of giant worm-like creatures that had once honeycombed this region of the coast. In the stinking darkness beneath the city, the Underguts reverted to their usual troglodytic habits. Using blasting powder they had salvaged or stolen from the city's armouries, they began to hollow out tunnels and crawlways with brute force, leadbelcher cannons and a devil-may-care attitude to explosions in relatively confined spaces. Skragrott had been very clear as to what he expected of them, and they were only too happy to oblige. But soon enough, they found that they were not alone in seeking to undermine the city's walls.

There, in the clammy near-darkness of the sewers, an underground skirmish turned to a running battle that

THE EATERS OF KRAKEN

As Glottor and his ogors made themselves at home in the City of Secrets like a tapeworm in a gourmet's guts, another danger descended upon the city, one so apocalyptic that those who consulted the glimmerings could discern little else. That danger was the centauroid god Kragnos, last of the Drogrukh people, free at last from his timeless prison in Twinhorn Peak and already on the rampage. Incensed by the sight of the tall city spires that he spied from his mountainous gaol, he had made a beeline straight for the weaklings' metropolis – if his people's empire could not stand the test of time, then neither would those of mankind. En route, he was challenged by a group of territorial Mega-Gargants who sought to impose their brutish rule.

To say it did not go well for them would be a colossal understatement. Only one survived the encounter, the elder Mega-Gargant known as Derko Walrusbiter. Seeing which way the wind was blowing, Derko knelt to the rearing, bellowing force of nature that was Kragnos, pledging his allegiance and offering his club as a knight would offer his sword to his liege. The Drogrukh god spared his life, recognising that he could make use of strong champions just as Gorkamorka made use of Behemat himself. By dint of being the first to join his cause, Derko became a sort of spokesman for the various gargants that flocked to the thunder of Kragnos' journey across Thondia towards what was left of Donse. By the time the Earthquake God reached that fallen land of chasms and dust, Derko was but one of a large warband of gargants. They found battle there, for

Gordrakk too was converging on Excelsis from the south and was in no mood to cede command, even to a god. The resultant conflict will resound through the legends of greenskins and gargants alike for centuries, though it remains entirely absent from the history books so beloved of less mighty creatures.

Though he fought in the thick of the battle, Derko survived once more to see Kragnos and Gordrakk reach an accord. A few days later, as the mingled throng of Gordrakk's Waaagh! and Kragnos' entourage headed north-east towards the City of Secrets, a diminutive but strangely compelling grot named Skragrott came to Derko with an offer too good to refuse. In exchange for prime territorial rights to the Coast of Tusks, which Skragrott swore would be bestowed by Mork himself, and all the hallucinogenic fungus ale he could drink in perpetuity, Derko would gather the sea-loving gargants of cliff and shore and form a band of elder monstrosities powerful enough to collapse an entire front of the metropolis when the time came. The deal was sealed under the light of the Bad Moon. The very next morning, Derko headed east, earning no more than an idle shrug from Kragnos. Followers came and followers went; to a god of destruction, it was of little consequence.

Derko made good time, as all Mega-Gargants can when the urge to stride is upon them. The ensuing weeks saw him submerge in the waters at much the same time that the greenskin flotilla drifted up the coast; he took careful note of their heading and speed, for Skragrott



had outlined that they were key to the plan. With little more than his great domed head bobbing above the waters, Derko visited the sea coves, rock-needle lairs and hidden beaches that he knew from his many years of wandering Thondia were the homes of several old comrades and rivals. Long Dobb was the first to join the cause, admittedly only after a few good punches to the head to sober him up long enough to understand the benefits of undisputed territorial rights. Grottob the Gullet refused point-blank until Derko beat him at a game of galleon-smashing, then a best of three involving a narwhal-eating competition and a one-handed climbing contest up the rock needle known as the Bilgeport Talon. Drukka the Siren, a female Mega-Gargant known for the belching roars she fondly imagined were beautiful melodies, joined his cause after they were set upon by a megasquid that together they de-tentacled one limb at a time – the very next night, her sisters were swift to fall in line. And so it went, until Derko had almost two dozen gargants of sea and shore sworn to his service.

By the time Derko had finished his coastal muster and brought his Kraken-eater comrades to the harbour outside Excelsis, the orruk armada had reached the bay around the Spear of Mallus. Already the sea was littered with the flotsam and jetsam of scores of ships that had been wrecked by the terrors of the deep, the fierce animus of the Clawing Sea itself and the defenders of the city's harbour. A good third of the flotilla had been destroyed, but if anything, that was all the better for Skragrott's plan. The orruks were engaged not by the aelven corsair ships and privateer galleons that Derko

had expected to face – which were mysteriously absent – but by angels of light in shining white armour that descended in tight groups, hurling their killing strikes at the orruk sailors before winging away. Artillery fire cracked in from the city's sea wall, a good few cannonballs ploughing into the water but many others shattering the orruk rafts into splintering logs wherever they hit home. Before long, the harbour was a mess – exactly what Derko and his mates had hoped for.

With so much carnage in the harbour, the smoke from the burning docks mingling with the gunpowder pall of the maritime artillery and the crackling green magic unleashed by the orruk shamans upon the largest vessels, Derko and his fellow Kraken-eaters approached unseen. They were well used to holding their breath for long periods of time, each a veteran of whale hunts and gyreshark battles that were as often fought in the depths as they were at the surface. Here and there, giant heads rose from the water amongst the wreckage as they made their way towards the coast, but none were spied by the artillerists on the sea wall – or if they were, it was too late. Not long after the battered remnants of the seaborne orruk invasion made landfall, the jubilant orruks charging straight into the Knights Excelsior arrayed in ranks to stop them, the Mega-Gargants rose dripping from the sea, charged headlong up the beach to stride straight over the Stormcast defenders and laid utter waste to the docks beyond. Through Skragrott's canny vision and the sacrifice of countless orruks, they had made a crushing assault on the city's most vulnerable site without the loss of a single gargant life.

raged below the streets. The Underguts had discovered an infestation of skaven under Excelsis, the verminous creatures making use of drill-armed monstrosities to gnaw away the foundations of the curtain wall. Perhaps if they had had Glottor or Bullag with them, a non-aggression pact may have been struck between the Underguts and the sneaking agents of the Clans Eshin, but in the darkness, diplomacy was a distant memory. With cannon-sized blunderbusses matched against poisoned blades, brute force and toughened muscle set against silence and treachery, the two forces gradually whittled one another down until the passageways were littered with corpses great and small. Still, each explosion or collapsed cellar wall contributed in some way to their mutual goal – a factor that would prove decisive in the coming weeks.

Over the course of the final preparations, Glottor got a good look at the city's fortifications. As well as the more mundane approaches, such as piles of sharp rocks to be hurled from the battlements, arrow slits and barricades, there were dozens of unusual defences: fat-smearing cauldrons that allowed the pouring of Aqshian vitriol onto those trying to scale the walls, Helstorm rocket batteries bristling from every major tower, cannonballs etched with runes of detonation and rotor-bladed flying machines prepped on top of stout duardin keepholds.

In the middle of the night, when Glottor went to relieve himself outside the stables and oxenholds that formed the company's barracks, he saw strange glyphs glowing faintly on the gates. They held a fascination for him, so much so that he made it his business to linger around the area as much as possible, drilling his mercenaries alongside the Freeguild soldiery preparing to defend the location should the orruk besiegers make it through. At one point, he noticed a new glyph, quite different in style from the others, glowing as if it were inside the door itself. He watched a heated debate between a strangely attired wizard, his halberdier retinue and a crouched, saurian creature, one of the lizard-things Glottor had long desired to eat. As the urgent voices rose high in indignation, one of the halberdiers ran up to the glyph and brought his weapon down hard in an overhead sweep. There was a flash of light, and the soldier was blasted backwards as if hit by a cannon.

Glottor's eyes had almost popped out at the sight. That night, he sent a trio of his oldest and most trusted Ironguts to leave the city via the harbour – easy enough, given that at that point much of the dockyard district was on fire owing to the sudden skaven incursion. His plan was for his Ironguts to steal a sail-cog or fisherboat and make all possible haste to Skragrott to tell him of the city's runic defences. Perhaps if luck had been with them, the news they carried would have made a vital difference and convinced Gordrakk to land his hammer blow on another gate entirely. Unfortunately for the Ironguts, it was one risk too many; where a company of ogors is a danger to most predators, a small group in a single small ship was as a hearty meal. A dark, vast shadow slid through the waters under the Ironguts' stolen boat, and with a rush of water and a snap of titanic jaws, their mission came to an abrupt end.

TREACHERY AT THE GATES

The drums of war thundered loud outside the gates of Excelsis, for though it had taken a long time to move so many thousands of irascible, battle-hungry tribes from one side of the Ghurish Heartlands to the other, the orruk horde under Gordrakk had finally reached the walls. Their advance, shrouded by the dust kicked up by their sheer numbers, was headed by a troggherd of prodigious size – none other than Glogg's Megamob, drawn to the gathering Waaagh! through some innate sense of opportunity. Though the city's defenders did everything in their power to stop it, the colossal battering ram Hammergord was driven hard into the city's gates, but it was found wanting at the last. Were it not for the subsequent assault by Kragnos and the heavily undermined tunnels beneath the city walls, perhaps Excelsis would have stood inviolate against the brunt of Gordrakk's attack after all.

The breach to the north of the city walls was one of the worst – not as bad as the devastation wrought by Kragnos but close enough to Glottor and his sellswords that they could cover the distance in a few long strides. Here, a titanic Mega-Gargant known as Gronk, drawn in by the greenskin crusade's promise of violence, had reached the walls whilst the artillery was ranged against Kragnos. Having battered his way through the masonry, he had fallen at the last to the blades and arrows of the Stormcast defenders. His massive bulk had collapsed in the breach, effectively blocking the path of the orruks teeming behind; only the Grimscuttle tribes that rode at the vanguard of the charge, mounted on agile arachnids, could navigate it easily enough to get into the city in any real numbers. There, they were met by a devastating counter-assault from Glottor and his Maneaters. Two-handed greatclubs squashed giant spiders to spattering pulp, iron scimitars mangled grot riders beyond all hope of recovery, chopping blades severed weedy green necks and punching fists snapped the fangs of those few spider-creatures that gnawed on ogor flesh. Here and there, one of Glottor's warriors went down under a forest of stabbing spider legs and grot blades, but with the Liberator shieldwall of the Knights Excelsior anchoring their flank, the ogors did not take a backward step.

Then, up from the tunnels exposed by the breaches further along the wall, came Skragrott.

The Bad Moon crept from behind the clouds, leering down at the carnage as the fungus-crowned Loonking led a wave of black-robed killers into the fight. Skragrott himself threw back his head and gave vent to an ululating cry; it was the sound Glottor had been waiting to hear. Smiling savagely, he barked new orders to his warriors – and as one, they smashed their blades and clubs into the Stormcast Eternals they had fought alongside moments before. Three, six, ten of the Sigmarite warriors fell at the sudden betrayal, those quick-witted enough to realise what was happening mounting a dogged defence before the green tendrils of Skragrott's magic pulled them down. With such sudden and shocking treachery collapsing the flank, the entire northern section of the city's defence fell apart, ogors rampaging at will to charge, batter, belly-flop



and crush Stormcast and Freeguild soldier alike. It was a massacre, and worse still, it allowed the orruks and troggoths outside the city to force Gronk's fallen bulk aside and pour into the streets in numbers unstoppable.

The next few hours saw the ogors in their element. They knew the city by now, knew where the barricades were weakest and the traps were strongest, and with Glottor at their head, they led a devastating series of assaults on the city's defences. They linked up with Bullag the Thief who, having seen the Bad Moon rise and heard Skragrott's shriek upon the wind, had laid into the defenders of the docks with a ferocity borne of avarice. By the time Glottor reached him, Bullag was already loaded with stolen loot, his Maneaters smashing their way into the workshops of blacksmiths, artificers and Ironweld suppliers whenever they passed them.

For a time, the Sellswords of Excelsis, be they the ogor warriors of Glottor's company, Bullag's Maneaters or the gargants under Derko, had the time of their lives. Here was a city rich in spoils, and they sacked it with abandon. Yet where gods walk the earth, always there are those of power to oppose them, and it did not take a seer to see their intent – on approach, Kragnos and the greenskin horde that now poured into the city had been anything but subtle. Derko met his match when his Mega-Gargants came under heavy fire from the aelven fleet that came to

rescue the city, despite all the wrongs Excelsis had done to them: though he reduced the harbour to rubble and single-handedly took on a Black Ark, he was slain at the last by the goddess Morathi-Khaine. Kragnos was likewise dispatched, albeit by far more subtle means: he was translocated through the magic of sorceress and slann in an alliance of Order that saw his raw destructive power redirected against the agents of Chaos in the south. As for Glottor and his sellswords, a full half survived the battle, even after the warrior-athletes of Morathi-Khaine's fleet hunted every grot, orruk and ogor through the city streets for two days and two nights. They left Excelsis loaded with so much plunder that they left a trail of it scattered behind them, simply unable to carry everything they had raided from the citizenry, before departing south along with the greenskins that had been dispersed, whittled down and ultimately forced to retreat. They swagger across the Thondian landscape to this day, loudly proclaiming that they were the true victors in the Siege of Excelsis. The City of Secrets is all but levelled, much of it razed to the ground and the rest in crisis, but it still flies its banners from what is left of its walls. Though they boast of their victories as only Maneaters can, in their hearts, Glottor and his kin still believe a full fifth of the city is owed to them, and that one day they will consume every single citizen that Skragrott promised as payment. Next time, there will be no gods to stop them.



THE SIEGE OF EXCELSIS

Following his defeat at the Tuskvault, the mighty Gordrakk has turned his attention on the city of Excelsis. While his vast horde assaults the city's front gates, other sneakier allies work to undermine the City of Secrets from the inside.



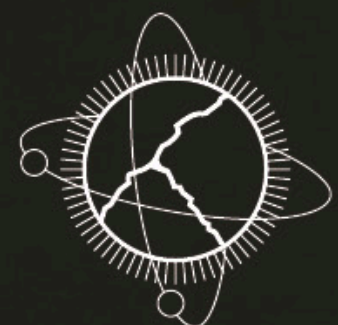
You've read the Tome Celestial all about the Sellswords of Excelsis. Now you can fight the siege of Excelsis using your own models! Here you'll find new Realms of Battle rules for fighting in Excelsis, such as flaming buildings, unexpected sinkholes and caches of prophetic glimmerings. Over the page, you'll find four battleplans, each one representing a pivotal moment in the siege of Excelsis. Finally, the warscrolls for Glottor Bhulk and Derko Walrusbiter are generated in the Anvil of Destruction, which you can find on page 81.

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 SIEGE OF EXCELSIS

This section of Flashpoint: Broken Realms contains exciting new rules for open and narrative play games. You can use the rules in this section to recreate the devastation that was wrought upon Excelsis by the harbinger of Destruction.

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.

Realms of Battle

This section includes realmsphere magic, realm commands and realmscape features for battles that take place within the besieged city of Excelsis.

Battleplans

This section includes new battleplans that allow you to recreate the pivotal events described in this article.

CAMPAIGN RULES

On the following pages are four battleplans, each based on critical events that would shape the outcome of the siege of Excelsis. The rules on this page allow you to play a series of linked games that

capture the moments leading up to the culmination of Skragrott's Grand Plan.

The Armies

This campaign is fought between two players. One player is the Excelsis player and the other player is the demolisher. The Excelsis player must be able to field the **ORDER** units needed in each of the battleplans. The demolisher must be able to field the **DESTRUCTION** units needed in each of the battleplans.

Designer's Note: *In the first battleplan, Holding the Breach, the Excelsis player will need to use Ogor Mawtribes units. When using any models owned by your opponent, you should take extra special care 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.

Appetites of Destruction

One or both players will be instructed to record the number of models slain or wounds and mortal wounds inflicted during each battle. Each player's running total is their

destruction score, which will be used to determine the overall winner of the campaign.

Consequences of Battle

Any named characters that are slain in a battle are assumed to have been hurt but not killed, and they will be fully recovered in time for the next battle.

Campaign Victory

If one player is victorious in all four battles, they win a **total campaign victory**. If one player is victorious in Fire at the Docks and The Secrets of Excelsis, they win a **strategic campaign victory**. In any other circumstances, the victor in Fire at the Docks 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 demolisher doesn't have any Ogor Mawtribes units, they could substitute them with units from any army they do have.

REALMS OF BATTLE

Below you will find a new set of Realms of Battle rules that allow you to fight battles set in Excelsis during the siege of the hordes of Destruction. These rules are suitable for narrative and open play games but are not intended for matched play.

REALM OF BATTLE: EXCELSIS UNDER SIEGE

REALMSPHERE MAGIC

Wildform: *The wizard transforms their allies into swift-moving bestial forms.*

Wildform has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick 1 friendly unit within 12" of the caster that is visible to them. Add 2 to run and charge rolls for that unit until your next hero phase.

REALM COMMAND

Every Move Counts: *Position and timing are essential to both the attacking and defending forces of the siege.*

You can use this command ability once per battle at the end of your movement phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly unit wholly within 18" of a friendly **HERO** with this command ability. Remove that unit from the battlefield and set it up again wholly within 6" of that friendly **HERO** and more than 9" from all enemy units.

REALMSCAPE FEATURES

Glimmering Flinders: *Amongst the ruins of the siege lies the hoarded currency of Excelsis, all but abandoned by its fleeing denizens.*

Once per phase, you can re-roll 1 hit roll or 1 wound roll for an attack made by a friendly unit or 1

save roll for an attack that targets a friendly unit.

Sinkholes: *The blight of skaven tunnels has torn all stability from the city's grounds.*

Units cannot run and charge in the same turn, even if the effect of an ability, spell or prayer would allow them to do so.

Excelsis Ablaze: *The devastation wrought upon this once shining city has seen almost all of its structures set alight.*

Units cannot start or end normal moves on terrain features.

BATTLEPLAN 1

HOLDING THE BREACH

THE ARMIES

One player is the demolisher. Their opponent is the Excelsis player.

Demolisher Army

The demolisher must use a Gloomspite Gitz army that has Skragrott as its general. It must consist of the following units:

- Skragrott, the Loonking
- 9 other GLOOMSPITE GITZ units

Excelsis Army

The Excelsis player must use an Excelsis army that has a STORMCAST ETERNALS or CITIES OF SIGMAR HERO as its general. It must consist of the following units:

- 1 STORMCAST ETERNALS or CITIES OF SIGMAR HERO
- 3 other DISPOSSESSED, FREEGUILD or IRONWELD ARSENAL units in any combination
- 3 other STORMCAST ETERNALS units
- 1 TYRANT (Glottor Bhulk, Ogor Mawtribes allied unit, pg. 81)
- 2 other OGOR GUTBUSTERS allied units (see 'The Sellswords of Excelsis')

UNIT SELECTION

The 'other' units in each army must each 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.

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.

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

THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up 3 suitable terrain features as shown on the map to represent the breaches of the siege (see 'Diminished Defences'). This battle is fought at the walls of Excelsis, and appropriate terrain features should be used to represent this. Units cannot make any part of a move into or through the areas marked black on the map.

SET-UP

The players alternate setting up units one at a time, starting with the demolisher. Players must set up units wholly within their territory and more than 9" from enemy territory. 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.

FIRST TURN

The Excelsis player takes the first turn in the first battle round.

APPETITES OF DESTRUCTION

The Excelsis player must record the number of models that are slain by attacks made by the OGOR allied units in this battle.

THE SELLSWORDS OF EXCELSIS

Glottor Bhulk and the other OGOR GUTBUSTERS allied units represent the mercenaries employed by Excelsis for this battle. During the battle, OGOR units cannot move within 3" of any ORDER units, and ORDER units cannot move within 3" of any OGOR units.

DIMINISHED DEFENCES

The demolisher can treat each breached terrain feature as an enemy unit when picking the target of an attack or when picking a unit to suffer mortal wounds.

The breached terrain feature must be in range of the attack or the ability or spell inflicting mortal wounds. The breached terrain features are not treated as units for any other purposes.

Each breached terrain feature has a Wounds characteristic of 12 and a Save characteristic of 3+. Once 12 wounds have been allocated to a breached terrain feature, it is destroyed and removed from play.

BATTLE LENGTH

The battle lasts either for 5 battle rounds or until the third breached terrain feature is destroyed and removed from play.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

Count the number of breached terrain features that were destroyed during the battle and consult the table below to determine the outcome of the battle.

Breaches Destroyed	Outcome
None	Excelsis major victory
One	Excelsis minor victory
Two	Demolisher minor victory
Three	Demolisher major victory





BATTLEPLAN 2

BETRAYAL AT THE WALLS

THE ARMIES

One player is the demolisher. Their opponent is the Excelsis player.

Demolisher Army

The demolisher must use a Gloomspite Gitz army that has Skragrott as its general. It must consist of the following units:

- Skragrott, the Loonking
- 4 other GLOOMSPITE GITZ units
- 1 TYRANT (Glottor Bhulk, Ogor Mawtribes allied unit, pg. 81)
- 2 other OGOR GUTBUSTERS allied units (see 'The Renegades of Excelsis')

Excelsis Army

The Excelsis player must use an Excelsis army that has a STORMCAST ETERNALS or CITIES OF SIGMAR HERO as its general. It must consist of the following units:

- 1 STORMCAST ETERNALS or CITIES OF SIGMAR HERO
- 3 other DISPOSSESSED, FREEGUILD or IRONWELD ARSENAL units in any combination
- 3 other STORMCAST ETERNALS units

UNIT SELECTION

The 'other' units in each army must each 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.

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.

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

THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle is fought on the ruined defences of Excelsis, and appropriate terrain features should be used to represent this. Units cannot make any part of a move into or through the areas marked black on the map.

SET-UP

The demolisher sets up their army first, wholly within their territory and more than 9" from enemy territory. The Excelsis player sets up their army second, wholly within their territory.

FIRST TURN

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

APPETITES OF DESTRUCTION

The demolisher must record the number of models that are slain by attacks made by the Ogor allied units in this battle.

THE RENEGADES OF EXCELSIS

The types of 'other' OGOR GUTBUSTERS units in the demolisher's army must be identical to the types of OGOR GUTBUSTERS units that were used by the Excelsis player in the first battleplan. In addition, at the start of the first battle round, after armies are set up but before the first turn begins, count the total number of models slain by Glottor Bhulk and the OGOR GUTBUSTERS allied units in the previous battle and refer to the Insatiable Hunger table below:

BATTLE LENGTH

The battle lasts for 5 battle rounds.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

At the end of the battle, if Skragrott has been slain and no wounds are allocated to the Excelsis player's general, the Excelsis player wins a **major victory**.

At the end of the battle, if Skragrott has been slain and any wounds are allocated to the Excelsis player's general, the Excelsis player wins a **minor victory**.

At the end of the battle, if the Excelsis player's general has been slain and no wounds are allocated to Skragrott, the demolisher wins a **major victory**.

At the end of the battle, if the Excelsis player's general has been slain and any wounds are allocated to Skragrott, the demolisher wins a **minor victory**.

Models Slain	Insatiable Hunger
0-5	Plenty Left in the Tank! <i>The ogors had barely made a scratch before Skragrott unveiled his treacherous plot.</i> No effect.
6-10	Gettin' Hangry! <i>The all-too-familiar gnawing of hunger begins to grip the ogors.</i> During the battle, OGOR units cannot move within 3" of any GLOOMSPITE GITZ units, and GLOOMSPITE GITZ units cannot move within 3" of any OGOR units.
11-15	Just a Bite! <i>The ogors dished out plenty of carnage before their true purpose was revealed, but they used so much energy that anything looks appetising at this point.</i> OGOR units within 12" of an enemy unit in the demolisher's charge phase must attempt to charge and must make a charge move if it is possible for them to do so. In addition, OGOR units within 3" of any enemy units cannot retreat.
16+	Too Hungry to Fight! <i>The ogors have given their best efforts and cannot begin to describe how ravenous they are. Rather than endure the hunger any longer, they decide to abandon the battle to find the last of the meat promised by their paymaster.</i> The demolisher must remove 1 OGOR unit that is not Glottor Bhulk from the battlefield. That unit does not count as having been slain.



BATTLEPLAN 3 FIRE AT THE DOCKS

THE ARMIES

One player is the demolisher. Their opponent is the Excelsis player.

Demolisher Army

The demolisher must use a Sons of Behemat army that has Derko Walrusbiter as its general. It must consist of the following units:

- 1 **KRAKEN-EATER MEGA-GARGANT** (Derko Walrusbiter, pg. 81)
- 3 other **KRAKEN-EATER MEGA-GARGANT** units

Excelsis Army

The Excelsis player must use an Excelsis army that has a **STORMCAST ETERNALS** or **CITIES OF SIGMAR HERO** as its general. It must consist of the following units:

- 1 **STORMCAST ETERNALS** or **CITIES OF SIGMAR HERO**
- 5 other **DISPOSSESSED**, **FREGUILD** or **IRONWELD ARSENAL** units in any combination
- 5 other **STORMCAST ETERNALS** units

UNIT SELECTION

The 'other' units in each army must each 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.

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.

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

THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle is fought on the docks of Excelsis, and appropriate terrain features should be used to represent this. Units cannot make any part of a move into or through the areas marked black on the map.

SET-UP

The demolisher sets up their army first, wholly within their territory and more than 9" from enemy territory. The Excelsis player sets up their army second, wholly within their territory.

FIRST TURN

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

APPETITES OF DESTRUCTION

The demolisher must record the number of models that are slain by attacks made by the **MEGA-GARGANT** units in this battle. The Excelsis player must record the number of wounds and mortal wounds that are allocated (and not negated) to the **MEGA-GARGANT** units in this battle.

THE GARGANT TIDE

At the end of each battle round after the first, if Derko Walrusbiter is on the battlefield, the demolisher can pick 1 **MEGA-GARGANT** unit that has been destroyed and roll a dice. On a 4+, a new replacement unit with half the Wounds characteristic of the unit that was destroyed (rounding up) is added to the demolisher's army.

AELVEN FLEET COUNTER-ATTACK

Starting from the third battle round, at the start of each of their hero phases, the demolisher must roll a dice for each **MEGA-GARGANT** unit on the battlefield. On a 1, until the demolisher's next hero phase, that unit must use the bottom row of its damage table when determining its Move characteristic. On a 2-4, until the demolisher's next hero phase, that unit cannot shoot. On a 5+, that unit is unaffected.

ARTILLERY PLATFORMS

This battle is fought over 3 artillery platforms that represent the final defences of Excelsis's fortifications. For

rules purposes, each artillery platform is treated as an objective. At the start of the battle, each artillery platform is treated as being controlled by the Excelsis player. In addition, control of an artillery platform cannot be gained by the demolisher while there are any **Order** units that have 5 or more models within 6" of that artillery platform.

BATTLE LENGTH

The battle lasts for 5 battle rounds, until the demolisher controls all 3 artillery platforms, or until all of the units in the demolisher's army have been destroyed.

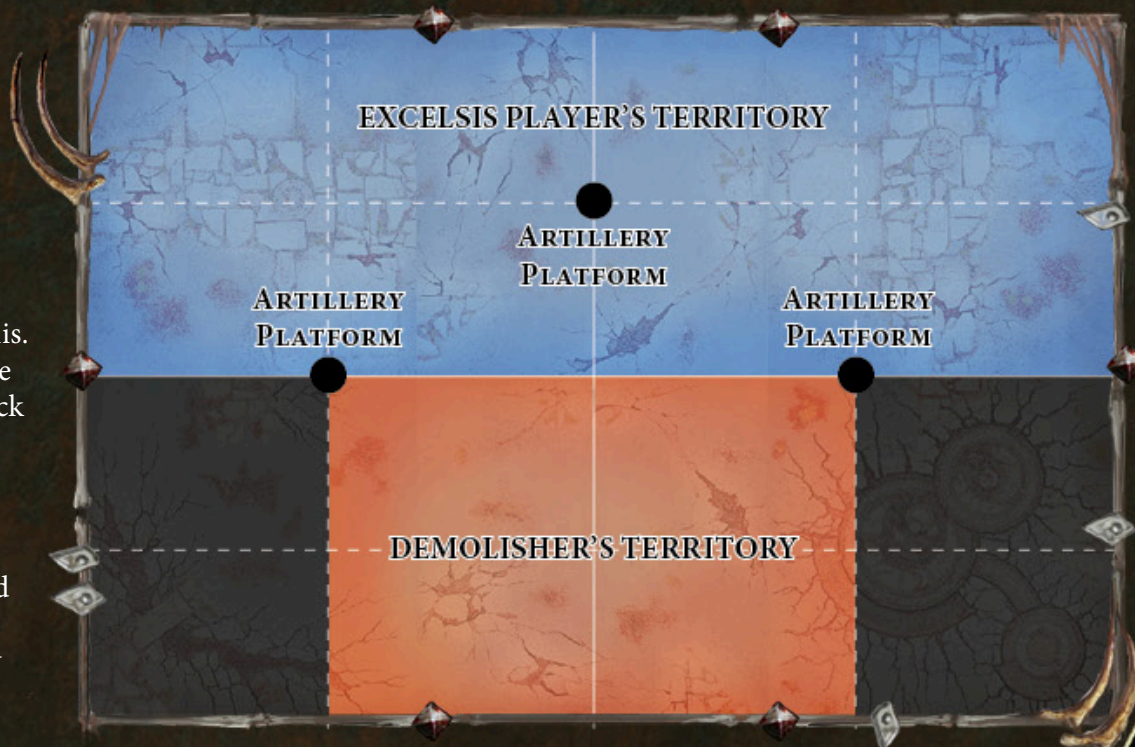
GLORIOUS VICTORY

If all 3 artillery platforms are controlled by the demolisher, the demolisher wins a **major victory**.

If 2 of the artillery platforms are controlled by the demolisher at the end of the battle, the demolisher wins a **minor victory**.

If all of the units in the demolisher's army have been destroyed, the Excelsis player wins a **major victory**.

If 1 or none of the artillery platforms are controlled by the demolisher at the end of the battle, the Excelsis player wins a **minor victory**.





BATTLEPLAN 4

THE SECRETS OF EXCELSIS

THE ARMIES

One player is the demolisher. Their opponent is the Excelsis player.

Demolisher Army

The demolisher must use a Gloomspite Gitz army that has Skragrott as its general. It must consist of the following units:

- Skragrott, the Loonking
- 4 other GLOOMSPITE GITZ units
- 1 TYRANT (Glottor Bhulk, Ogor Mawtribes allied unit, pg. 81)
- 1 other OGOR GUTBUSTERS allied unit

Excelsis Army

The Excelsis player must use an Excelsis army that has a STORMCAST ETERNALS or CITIES OF SIGMAR HERO as its general. It must consist of the following units:

- 1 STORMCAST ETERNALS or CITIES OF SIGMAR HERO
- 3 other DISPOSSESSED, FREEGUILD or IRONWELD ARSENAL units in any combination
- 3 other STORMCAST ETERNALS units

UNIT SELECTION

The 'other' units in each army must each 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.

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.

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

THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up 9 markers as shown on the map to represent glimmering shards (see 'Glimmering Shards'). This battle is fought amid the ruins of Excelsis, and appropriate terrain features should be used to represent this.

SET-UP

The players alternate setting up units one at a time, starting with the demolisher. Players must set up units wholly within their own territory and more than 9" from enemy territory. 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.

GLIMMERING SHARDS

The glimmering shards are treated as objectives in this battle. At the end of each of their turns, players can seize 1 glimmering shard that they control that is within 1" of a friendly unit. The glimmering shard is then removed from play. A player cannot seize more than 1 glimmering shard per turn.

BATTLE LENGTH

The battle lasts either for 5 battle rounds or until all of the glimmering shards have been seized.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

At the end of the battle, each player must calculate their destruction score

(page 69). Then, each player must determine their **final destruction score** by multiplying their destruction score by the number of glimmering shards they seized during the battle.

The player with the highest final destruction score wins a **major victory**.

If both players have the same final destruction score, the player who seized the most glimmering shards during the battle wins a **minor victory**.

If the players are still tied, the battle is a **draw**.



ANVIL OF DESTRUCTION

The Mortal Realms are home to many great warlords, but few are as large as those of the Ogor Mawtribes and the Sons of Behemat. Now you can create heroes of your very own for these two factions and truly make a name for them on the battlefield.

Alongside this edition of Flashpoint: Broken Realms, the might of Destruction is yours to wield with rules that give your own Tyrant and Kraken-eater Mega-Gargant heroes the larger-than-life personas they rightfully deserve! This article is the latest

in a series that expands upon the hero creator rules of the Anvil of Apotheosis found in the *General's Handbook 2020*. Here you'll find troves of devastating weapons, abilities and more to allow you to harness the wanton destruction of your collection!

The rules in this section will enable you to create a unique hero of your own design for either the Ogor Mawtribes or the Sons of Behemat. 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. 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 tools of Destruction.
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 2 to choose from: the **Tyrant** for the Ogor Mawtribes and the **Kraken-eater Mega-Gargant** for the Sons of Behemat. 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.

Siege of Excelsis Campaign: If you are playing through the Siege of Excelsis campaign (or any campaign), you can use the warscrolls for Glottor Bhulk and Derko Walrusbiter found on page 81. In addition, you could use the Anvil of Apotheosis from the *General's Handbook 2020* to make the warscroll for Bullag the Thief.

Narrative Play Games: Your hero is perfect to use in narrative battles of Age of Sigmar. If you do so, your opponent could also create a hero using the Anvil of Apotheosis from the *General's Handbook 2020* or one of the other articles in the series we have published in *White Dwarf*.

If you and your opponent have both created heroes, another idea is to play through a campaign. After each battle, both you and your

opponent gain D3 destiny points, with the winner of the battle receiving 1 additional destiny point. You can each spend these destiny points on new abilities and characteristic enhancements for your heroes. Over the course of the campaign, you will see your heroes grow into mighty champions!

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

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



7

TYRANT

Melee Weapon:	(Add the following melee weapon profile to the warscroll):
MELEE WEAPONS	Range Attacks To Hit To Wound Rend Damage
Gulping Bite	1" 1 3+ 3+ - 1
[Ability]	You can pick 1 Big Name from the table over the page and add it to the warscroll. This model cannot have more than 1 Big Name.
Optional Rule:	You can pick 1 command ability from the table below and add it to the warscroll.
KEYWORDS	DESTRUCTION, OGOR, OGOR MAWTRIBES, GUTBUSTERS, HERO, TYRANT



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KRAKEN-EATER MEGA-GARGANT

Missile Weapon:	(Add the following missile weapon profile to the warscroll):		
MISSILE WEAPONS	Range Attacks To Hit To Wound Rend Damage		
Hurled Debris	18" 3 4+ 3+ -1 D3		
Damage Table:	DAMAGE TABLE		
	Wounds Suffered	Move	Save
	0-12	12"	4+
	13-18	11"	4+
	19-24	10"	4+
	25-30	9"	5+
	31+	8"	6+
[Ability]	(Add the following to the warscroll):		
	Longshanks: When this model makes a normal move, it can ignore models that have a Wounds characteristic of 10 or less, endless spells, magmic invocations, judgements of Khorne and terrain features that are less than 4" tall at their highest point. It cannot finish the move on top of another model or within 3" of an enemy model.		
	Son of Behemat: If a spell or ability would slay this model without any wounds or mortal wounds being inflicted by the spell or ability, this model suffers D6 mortal wounds instead.		
	Crushing Charge: After this model makes a charge move, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 1" of this model. On a 2+, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds if it is a MONSTER, or D6 mortal wounds if it is not a MONSTER.		
Optional Rule:	You can pick 1 Trait of the World Titan from the table over the page and add it to the warscroll.		
KEYWORDS	DESTRUCTION, SONS OF BEHEMAT, GARGANT, MEGA-GARGANT, MONSTER, HERO, KRAKEN-EATER		

COMMAND ABILITIES – OGOR MAWTRIBES

They Look A Bit Tasty! *This gluttonous champion orders their warriors where their appetite takes them, claiming any meat that is wrought from their frenzied attacks as their own.*

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly GUTBUSTERS unit wholly within 12" of a model with this command ability. Until your next hero phase, if the unmodified hit roll for an attack made by that unit is 6, that attack scores 2 hits on the target instead of 1. Make a wound and save roll for each hit.

The More the Merrier! *This brutish champion welcomes the challenge of any who think that outnumbering their warriors is a path to victory. Their unbeknownst charity will make for a bigger feast!*

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly GUTBUSTERS unit wholly within 12" of a model with this command ability. Until the end of that phase, when you pick that unit to fight, pick 1 enemy unit within 1" of that unit. If the number of models in that enemy unit is greater than the number of models in that GUTBUSTERS unit, add 1 to hit and wound rolls for attacks made by that GUTBUSTERS unit that target that enemy unit until the end of that phase.

Flatten 'Em! *This champion commands their warriors to move into the enemy in double time, using their momentum to get at the mouth-watering centre of the enemy ranks.*

You can use this command ability at the start of your charge phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly GUTBUSTERS unit wholly within 12" of a model with this command ability. Until the end of that phase, that unit is treated as a MONSTER for the purposes of the Trampling Charge battle trait (see *Battletome: Ogor Mawtribes*).

BIG NAMES - OGOR MAWTRIBES

Mawseeker	[Ability] Mawseeker: You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for attacks that target this model. Restrictions: TYRANT only
Kin-eater	[Ability] Kin-eater: You can re-roll battleshock tests for friendly GUTBUSTERS units wholly within 9" of this model. Restrictions: TYRANT only
Mountain-eater	[Ability] Mountain-eater: If any wounds inflicted by a melee weapon are allocated to this model and not negated, subtract 1 from the Damage characteristic (to a minimum of 1) of that melee weapon until the end of the battle. Restrictions: TYRANT only
Beastkiller	[Ability] Beastkiller: Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this model's melee weapons while it is within 1" of an enemy MONSTER. Restrictions: TYRANT only

TRAITS OF THE WORLD TITAN - SONS OF BEHEMAT

Fungus-induced Stagger: *This Mega-Gargant cannot resist a pre-battle tippie of hallucinogenic fungus ale. Stumbling their way across the battlefield, they take little notice of the pests that stand up to their staggered march.*

After this model has made a normal move, pick 1 enemy unit with a Wounds characteristic of 2 or less that was passed across by this model and roll a dice. On a 4+, D3 models from that unit are slain.

Heartgorger: *This Kraken-eater carries the hearts of felled monsters and beasts that have crossed their destructive path and devours them to reap the benefits of the raw vitality they bear.*

Once per battle, at the start of the combat phase, you can say that this model will consume its stash of hearts. If you do so, until your next hero phase, if the unmodified save roll for an attack that targets this model is 6, the attacking unit suffers 1 mortal wound after all of its attacks have been resolved.

Ground-splitting Stomp: *This Mega-Gargant slams their titanic foot into the earth to disrupt the enemy's movements.*

Once per turn, at the start of the enemy charge phase, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 12" of this model. Your opponent must roll a D6 instead of 2D6 when making charge rolls for that unit until your next hero phase.





STEP 3 - TOOLS OF DESTRUCTION

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

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

The 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 Jagged Cleavers, the Attacks characteristic would be 2 and it would cost 3 destiny points in total.

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

OGOR MAWTRIBES ONE-HANDED WEAPON							
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage	DP
Jagged Cleaver	1"	1	4+	3+	-1	2	1
Bloodcursed Sword	1"	3	3+	4+	-	1	1
Rusted Tenderiser	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	2	2
Jagged Sickle	2"	3	4+	4+	-	1	1
Stone-carved Mallet	1"	4	4+	4+	-	1	1

OGOR MAWTRIBES TWO-HANDED WEAPON							
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage	DP
Thunderclap Mace	2"	1	4+	3+	-3	3	4
Iron-toothed Spear	2"	3	3+	4+	-	2	2
Fanged Broadsword	2"	2	4+	3+	-2	2	3
Hooked Blades	2"	3	4+	4+	-1	D3	2
Bladed Knuckledusters	2"	4	4+	4+	-2	1	2

SONS OF BEHEMAT ONE-HANDED WEAPON							
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage	DP
Retrofitted Club	3"	1	4+	3+	-3	2	1
Titan's Fist	3"	3	3+	4+	-	1	1
Titan's Stomp	3"	2	4+	3+	-1	2	2

SONS OF BEHEMAT TWO-HANDED WEAPON							
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage	DP
World Titan's Club	3"	1	4+	3+	-3	3	4
Flail of Wanton Ruin	3"	3	3+	4+	-2	2	3
Colossal Blade	3"	2	4+	3+	-1	D3	2

SHIELDS		
Trophy-strapped Shield	[Ability] Trophy-strapped Shield: Subtract 1 from the Bravery characteristic of enemy units within 1" of this model.	DP 1
Ironblaster Plate	[Characteristic Enhancement] Improve your hero's Save characteristic by 1. Restrictions: TYRANT only	DP 2
Stonehorn Shield	[Ability] Roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to this model. On a 5+, that wound or mortal wound is negated. Restrictions: TYRANT only	DP 3

STEP 4 - BESTIAL COMPANION

In this step, you need to decide whether or not your hero will have a bestial companion. There are 3 types of bestial companion: Minor Beast, Mounted Beast and Gargantuan Beast. A hero can only ever have 1 bestial companion picked for them.

A Minor Beast follows or guards your hero, such as a Frost Sabre or a Gnoblar familiar. A Mounted Beast

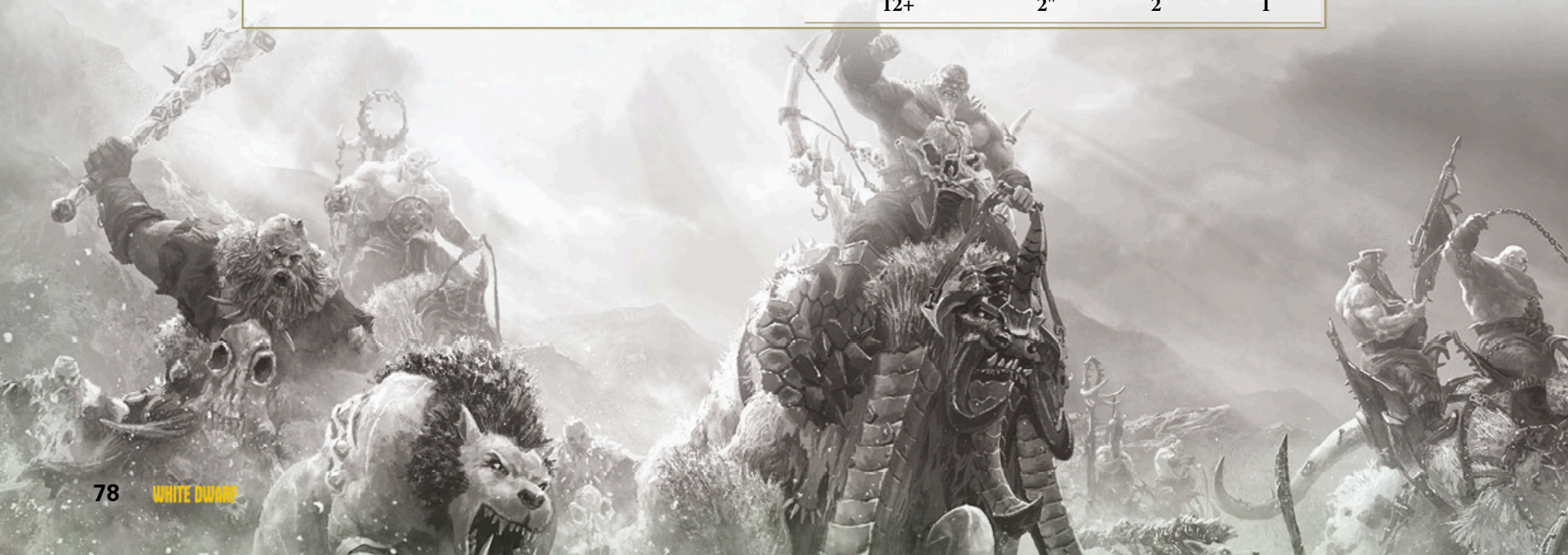
can be anything from a Mournfang to a Gore-grunta. A Gargantuan Beast is a truly colossal mount, such as a Stonehorn or Maw-krusha. If you do not want to choose a bestial companion for your hero, you can skip this step.

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

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

MOUNTED BEAST						
[Characteristic Enhancement] Add 2 to your hero's Wounds characteristic Change your hero's Move characteristic to 8" Restrictions: No MEGA-GARGANT						DP 6
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Claws	1"	2	5+	5+	-	1
Maw	1"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3
Add the following text to your hero's description: MOUNT: This model's Mounted Beast attacks with its Claws and Maw.						

GARGANTUAN BEAST																																		
[Characteristic Enhancement] Add 8 to your hero's Wounds characteristic Change your hero's Move characteristic to * Restrictions: No MEGA-GARGANT						DP 15																												
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.				<table border="1"> <thead> <tr> <th colspan="4">DAMAGE TABLE</th> </tr> <tr> <th>Wounds Suffered</th> <th>Move</th> <th>Claws</th> <th>Maw</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>0-3</td> <td>10"</td> <td>6</td> <td>5</td> </tr> <tr> <td>4-6</td> <td>8"</td> <td>5</td> <td>4</td> </tr> <tr> <td>7-9</td> <td>6"</td> <td>4</td> <td>3</td> </tr> <tr> <td>10-11</td> <td>4"</td> <td>3</td> <td>2</td> </tr> <tr> <td>12+</td> <td>2"</td> <td>2</td> <td>1</td> </tr> </tbody> </table>			DAMAGE TABLE				Wounds Suffered	Move	Claws	Maw	0-3	10"	6	5	4-6	8"	5	4	7-9	6"	4	3	10-11	4"	3	2	12+	2"	2	1
DAMAGE TABLE																																		
Wounds Suffered	Move	Claws	Maw																															
0-3	10"	6	5																															
4-6	8"	5	4																															
7-9	6"	4	3																															
10-11	4"	3	2																															
12+	2"	2	1																															
Add the following keywords to your hero's warscroll: MONSTER																																		
Add the damage table on the right to your hero's warscroll.																																		





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
Gnoblar Familiar	<p>[Ability] Gnoblar Familiar: Once per battle, during your hero phase, you can say that this model will consume its familiar. If you do so, heal 1 wound allocated to this model and remove the bestial companion from play.</p> <p>Restrictions: Minor Beast only</p>	DP 2
Belligerent Charger	<p>[Ability] Belligerent Charger: When determining the number of dice to roll for the Trampling Charge battle trait (see <i>Battletome: Ogor Mawtribes</i>), treat charge rolls made for this model of less than 7 as 7.</p> <p>Restrictions: Gargantuan Beast only</p>	DP 3
Tough 'Un	<p>[Ability] Tough 'Un: Unless the number of wounds allocated to this model is greater than half of its Wounds characteristic (rounding up), use the top row on its damage table regardless of how many wounds it has suffered.</p> <p>Restrictions: Gargantuan Beast only</p>	DP 3
Fleshgreed	<p>[Ability] Fleshgreed: At the start of each hero phase, if this model is within 3" of any enemy units, you can heal 1 wound allocated to this model.</p> <p>Restrictions: Minor Beast only</p>	DP 2
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 models 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 model and roll a dice. On a 2+, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.</p> <p>Restrictions: Gargantuan Beast only</p>	DP 2



STEP 5 - CHARACTERISTIC ENHANCEMENTS AND ABILITIES

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

CHARACTERISTIC ENHANCEMENTS & ABILITIES		
Unnatural Speed	[Characteristic Enhancement] Add 1" to your hero's Move characteristic.	DP2
Gluttonous Girth	[Characteristic Enhancement] Add 1 to your hero's Wounds characteristic.	DP1
Extra Armour	[Characteristic Enhancement] Improve your hero's Save characteristic by 1 (to a maximum of 3+).	DP 2
Ferocity	[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick 1 of your hero's weapons, Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that weapon.	DP 2
Weapon Master	[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick 1 of your hero's weapons. Improve the To Hit characteristic of that weapon by 1.	DP 2
Tyrannical Strength	[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick 1 of your hero's weapons. Improve the To Wound characteristic of that weapon by 1.	DP 2
Mighty Weapon	[Characteristic Enhancement] Pick 1 of your hero's 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. Improve the Rend characteristic of that weapon by 1 (to a maximum of -3).	DP 2
Guttural Force	[Ability] Guttural Force: If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with a melee weapon that targets this model is 1, the attacking unit suffers 1 mortal wound after all of its attacks have been resolved.	DP 3
Abnormal Mass	[Ability] Abnormal Mass: Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this model's melee weapons if it is within 3" of 3 or more enemy models when you pick the target unit(s) for its attacks.	DP 3
Brothers of the Great Banquet	[Ability] Brothers of the Great Banquet: This model can be given a command trait in addition to the model picked to be your general.	DP 3
Arcane Sustenance	[Ability] Arcane Sustenance: Each time a spell is successfully cast by a WIZARD within 12" of this model, after the effects of that spell have been resolved, you can heal 1 wound allocated to this model.	DP 3
Bludgeoning Blow	[Ability] Bludgeoning Blow: If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with this model's melee weapons is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target in addition to any normal damage.	DP 4
Grumpy Old Guard	[Ability] Grumpy Old Guard: At the start of the first battle round, before determining who has the first turn, you can pick 1 friendly OGOR GLUTTONS, IRONGUTS, LEADBELCHERS or MANCRUSHER unit in your army to be this model's retinue. Roll a dice before you allocate a wound or mortal wound to this model while it is within 3" of its retinue. On a 1-2, that wound or mortal wound is allocated to this model as normal. On a 3+, that wound or mortal wound is allocated to the retinue instead of this model. Restrictions: Cannot be taken by a HERO on Mounted Beast or Gargantuan Beast.	DP 3
Unstoppable Momentum	[Ability] Unstoppable Momentum: Ignore modifiers (positive and negative) when making save rolls for attacks that target this model. Restrictions: Cannot be taken by a HERO with a Save characteristic of 3+ or 2+.	DP 4
Fermented Eyeballs	[Ability] Fermented Eyeballs: In your hero phase, you can roll a dice for this model. On a 4+, heal up to D3 wounds allocated to this model.	DP 3



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GLOTTOR BHULK

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Stone-carved Mallet	1"	4	3+	4+	-1	2
Gulping Bite	1"	1	3+	3+	-	1
Description:	Glottor Bhulk is armed with a Stone-carved Mallet and a Gulping Bite.					
[Ability]	<p>Mawseeker: You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for attacks that target this model.</p> <p>Stonehorn Shield: Roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to this model. On a 5+, that wound or mortal wound is negated.</p> <p>COMMAND ABILITY They Look A Bit Tasty! <i>Glottor orders his warriors where his appetite takes him, claiming any meat that is wrought from their frenzied attacks as his own.</i></p> <p>You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly GUTBUSTERS unit wholly within 12" of a model with this command ability. Until your next hero phase, if the unmodified hit roll for an attack made by that unit is 6, that attack scores 2 hits on the target instead of 1. Make a wound and save roll for each hit.</p>					
Keywords:	DESTRUCTION, OGOR, OGOR MAWTRIBES, GUTBUSTERS, HERO, TYRANT					



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DERKO WALRUSBITER

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage	DAMAGE TABLE		
Hurled Debris	18"	3	4+	3+	-1	D3	Wounds Suffered	Move	Save
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage	0-12	12"	4+
Flail of Wanton Ruin	3"	4	3+	4+	-2	2	13-18	11"	4+
Description:	Derko Walrusbiter is armed with Hurled Debris and a Flail of Wanton Ruin.						19-24	10"	4+
							25-30	9"	5+
							31+	8"	6+
[Ability]	<p>Guttural Force: If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with a melee weapon that targets this model is 1, the attacking unit suffers 1 mortal wound after all of its attacks have been resolved.</p> <p>Longshanks: When this model makes a normal move, it can ignore models that have a Wounds characteristic of 10 or less, endless spells, magmic invocations, judgements of Khorne and terrain features that are less than 4" tall at their highest point. It cannot finish the move on top of another model or within 3" of an enemy model.</p> <p>Son of Behemat: If a spell or ability would slay this model without any wounds or mortal wounds being inflicted by the spell or ability, this model suffers D6 mortal wounds instead.</p> <p>Crushing Charge: After this model makes a charge move, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 1" of this model. On a 2+, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds if it is a MONSTER, or D6 mortal wounds if it is not a MONSTER.</p> <p>COMMAND ABILITY Fungus-induced Stagger: <i>Derko cannot resist a pre-battle tippie of hallucinogenic fungus ale. Stumbling his way across the battlefield, he takes little notice of the pests that stand up to his staggered march.</i></p> <p>After this model has made a normal move, pick 1 enemy unit with a Wounds characteristic of 2 or less that was passed across by this model and roll a dice. On a 4+, D3 models from that unit are slain.</p>								
Keywords:	DESTRUCTION, SONS OF BEHEMAT, GARGANT, MEGA-GARGANT, MONSTER, HERO, KRAKEN-EATER								



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. As the forces of Death and Destruction run rampant, the warlords of Order and Chaos set their sights on conquest.



SLAVES TO DARKNESS

HEDONITES OF SLAANESH

LUMINETH REALM-LORDS

CITIES OF SIGMAR

Four wars and seven months ago our warlords brought forth into this magazine, a new article, conceived in paint and plastic, and dedicated to the proposition that all armies are created equal (on a bi-monthly basis at around 500 points). Okay, look, we're stuck at home; we have to entertain ourselves somehow! And that's exactly what our four Age of Sigmar warlords have been doing, too. Over the last couple of months, they have worked tirelessly to bring their fledgling armies up to the 1,000-point mark. By some miracle, they have all managed to play some games with their forces, too (though not necessarily against each other). Here's what they've been up to.

THE CHAMPIONS OF ORDER

Martyn has added an Alarith contingent to his Lumineth Realm-lords army this month that includes Avalenor, the Stoneheart King. Talk about ramping up the violence! As the first warlord to paint a large monster, Martyn could be

said to have an advantage on the battlefield. It certainly seems that way in the games he's played! Meanwhile, Rich has continued to convert and paint an extraordinary number of infantry models for his Cities of Sigmar force, developing a strong narrative story for every one of his units in the process.

THE CHAMPIONS OF CHAOS

Having ventured forth from the Realm of Chaos, Miyuki and Calum represent the Dark Gods in this series. Miyuki has added not one but three Chaos Chariots to her Slaves to Darkness army, giving her arguably the most heavily armoured force of the four warlords. She has also been delving into magic in preparation for adding a sorcerer to her collection. Calum has been equally busy and has added the first mortal warriors to his Hedonites of Slaanesh warband. They have already spilt blood on the battlefield, too – some of it aelven, some of it their own. They just can't help themselves ...

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: Rich's Order of Morrda stand firm against Doug Anderson's Hedonites of Slaanesh, who are being summoned into the Mortal Realms by a rogue battlemage.
Bottom: Martyn's Lumineth are joined by Avalenor, who brings a whole world of pain to Calum's Hedonites. It's okay, they enjoy it really.

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 everything went a bit strange in 2020 and most of the warlords (and indeed the *White Dwarf* team) were confined to their own little realms for much of it. Fortunately, Martyn and Calum have both been working on-site at our head office, so they have been able to play regular (if bizarrely distanced) games against each other. Rich also works on-site and has been able to play a narrative game or two with his colleagues. Meanwhile, Miyuki is stuck at home with a hobby-mad family, so they have all been playing plenty of games recently, too. For the warlords, these smaller games have proven to be really useful, enabling them to learn how to use their armies on the battlefield and build up their knowledge bit by bit as they paint their new units. Fingers crossed they will all get to play each other one day!

LUMINETH REALM-LORDS

DEFENDERS OF MOUNT AVALENOR



MARTYN LYON

Having painted twenty infantry models for the last article, Martyn rewarded himself with something big to paint this month: a mountain. He was halfway up Snowdon when he remembered there was a much easier way to add a Spirit of the Mountain to his force.

Having beseeched the mountain spirits of Ymetrica for aid, Martyn's Lumineth Realm-lords army has been joined by the greatest of their kind - Avalenor, the Stoneheart King. Here we find out all about Martyn's latest painting project.

Martyn: Behold the wonder of the mountain in all its glory! Tremble before Avalenor, the Stoneheart King, for few can hope to withstand his wrath! Hark the guardian of Ymetrica, and know that his righteous fury will be the undoing of all who stand in his way!

THE HALLS OF THE MOUNTAIN KING

In case you can't tell, this month I've added Avalenor to my growing collection, and what an amazing centrepiece it is, too! The spirits of the mountains are fantastic miniatures and make for an excellent painting challenge. On the advice of fellow photographer Erik Niemz, I left the banners on the back of Avalenor off while painting, and I kept the head separate as well. I did consider leaving a few more panels off, but I've learned the hard way that sometimes too many sub-assemblies can make for problems down the road. Painting a large miniature such as Avalenor can be a daunting task, but on closer inspection, it's really just a bigger version of the Wardens I've already painted. If anything, the larger size can make it easier, as you can work with larger brushes and get a lot of surface area covered quickly.

ASSAULT OF STONE

As powerful as Avalenor is, he still needs guardians, and none are more appropriate than the Stoneguard. I knew I wanted a large unit of

these hammer-wielding warriors, so I decided to add ten to my army. I armed them with diamond pickaxes, as the chance to cause mortal wounds on a 6 to hit seemed too good to pass up! The banner in the unit has a really nicely sculpted image of a mountain longhorn, and it was excellent practice for one of my favourite models in the range, the Vanari Bannerblade, which I hope to add to my force in the coming months. The picks of the hammers were painted by layering thinned-down Volupus Pink over Corax White to build up a transition, with a fine edge highlight of Corax White to bring it all together.

HAMMER TIME!

Having painted a new contingent for my army, the next logical step was to test their sun-mettle (*groan* - Ed) in battle. It's been really useful painting a bunch of models and then testing them out in small games, as you can concentrate on learning all their individual rules rather than getting caught up in what your whole army needs to do. As usual, Calum provided an excellent matchup. We both deployed our armies in a central block and prepared for carnage. The game did not disappoint, and it swung heavily from a sure Slaanesh win to a convincing Lumineth victory (see opposite). Next month, fresh challengers await. The photography studio is replete with willing combatants, and all will know the power of the mountain before long.



THE 1,000-POINT MARK

The addition of the Alarith pushes my army just over the 1,000-point mark and gets me back on track with my army goals. Avalenor is an absolute powerhouse. His firestealer hammers have a flat damage of 5 when he's unwounded, so he makes quick work of enemy characters and units alike. He does get weaker as he gets wounded, however. Next month, I'll definitely be adding an Alarith Stonemage to my force, because as long as Avalenor is within 12" of him, his stats will never decrease. This revelation has left Calum with a permanently worried look on his face!

Units	Size	Role/Ally	Pts
Scinari Cathallar	1	Leader	140
Avalenor, the Stoneheart King	1	Leader, Behemoth	360
Alarith Stoneguard	10	Battleline	200
Vanari Auralan Wardens	20	Battleline	240
Rune of Petrification	1	Endless Spell	70
			1010



Avalenor is such a fantastic centrepiece model, and he adds a lot of presence to my force. The Stoneguard act as his bodyguards on the battlefield.

PLEASURE AND PAIN

My first 1,000-point game was against Calum and his Hedonites. My game plan was simple: let Calum come to me and weather the charge. Lumineth – particularly the Stoneguard – are more than capable of taking a few hits before wreaking havoc on their enemies. Luckily for me, Hedonites of Slaanesh move at an unnatural pace, and they found themselves within range of my newly painted hammers in short order. As a force hailing from Ymetrica, my Enduring as Rock ability means that my Alarith units change rend –2 and rend –1 to rend –, a huge benefit against Calum's rend-heavy Hedonites. The Fiends caused a lot of damage, but Avalenor survived, his counter-offensive causing more damage than Calum's forces could possibly recover from.



NEXT TIME ...

I've got a few models planned for next time. I've already started painting a Stonemage to add to the Alarith contingent of my force, but I also want to add to the core of my army. For this, I'm planning to paint a unit of Vanari Auralan Sentinels to accompany my Wardens into battle. Lastly, I want to paint the Light of Eltharion, which is one of my favourite models in the Lumineth range.

SLAVES TO DARKNESS

UEM-NAI'S WRATH



MIYUKI FOULKES

Working from home has proven an interesting challenge for Miyuki. She loves telling the other warlords about her Slaves to Darkness project in the team video chats. That is, when her son isn't invading the meetings. He is already a true servant of Chaos.

Three brothers, united in their allegiance to the Everchosen, seek glory and infamy. As their armies gather around the Uem-nai river in preparation for a grand invasion of the Mortal Realms, they are joined by a trio of Chaos Chariots. Miyuki tells all.

Miyuki: I was very pleased to finish the Start Collecting! Slaves to Darkness set last month, as it forms the core of my army. I wanted to take lots of pictures of my models and share them with my friends, but I've saved that reveal for the pages of *White Dwarf*. I was quite surprised how much easier the models were to paint than I had imagined, and this gave me confidence to move head first into my next project: three fearsome Chaos Chariots. But first ...

MINDSTEALER SPHIRANX

I actually began work on the Sphiranx at the same time as my starter set. Using black for the fur, it looks very natural and fits in well with the black armour of my warriors. The silver, gold and red that I have been using throughout my army were used as spot colours across the rest of the model. The Sphiranx represents a traditional samurai pet for one of my Chaos Lords.

THE CHARIOTS

I decided that the three Chaos Chariots would represent the three warbands that make up my force. To achieve this, I painted them three different colours – one gold, one silver, one black. I followed a traditional colour scheme for the silver-coloured chariot first (see opposite), which was really easy to achieve, as I didn't need to think about what colours to choose. The second chariot I painted was the black one. I used the

same colours as the Start Collecting force, so even though I didn't follow the colour scheme on the box, it was quite easy to match the colour palette I had already been using. The most challenging chariot was the gold chariot. Luckily, it was very similar to a Stormcast Eternals army I painted, so I did just a slight variation on that.

The chariots were the most challenging models I've painted so far. I tackled each of them in seven sub-assemblies. This made them a lot easier to paint, as I could focus on each part as well as easily access all the nooks and crannies.

THE STORY OF THE UEM-NAI

I don't feel like I am good at making my own story for my army, so I've started sketching a map of the area the Warlords are from – the Uem-nai – as I think this will help me imagine their background better. It will feel more realistic. I think if you are not used to writing your own background, try taking inspiration from another story you enjoy, history you are interested in or a place you have been to. Or sketch something about your army. It will help you visualise what you want to write about more easily.

From now on, you will start to see more variety in my force, as sections of it start to be made up from different factions. I think the chariots are a good introduction to my next additions.



THE 1,000-POINT MARK

I may only have painted four models this time, but they're all quite large ones, and between them they add a lot of points to my force and push it over the 1,000-point mark. In some recent games with my husband, I learned how to use magic in the Age of Sigmar. I kept forgetting to use it, as it takes place during the hero phase, but I kept looking for a magic phase! I'm making my own notebook with things to remember when playing, and it is really helping me learn faster. Now that I have the hang of magic, I'm planning how to add a sorcerer to my army.

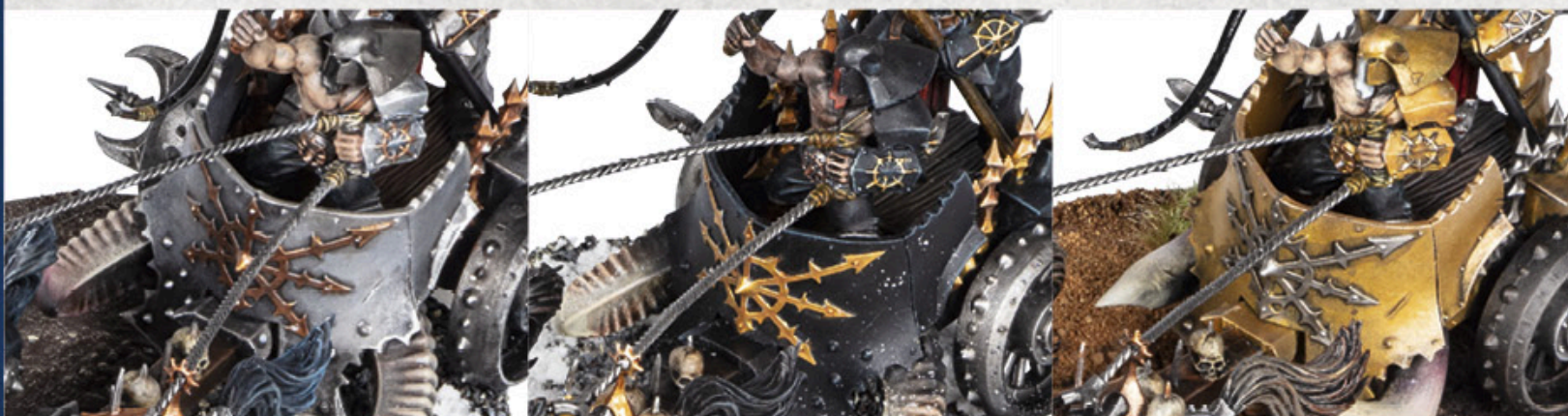
Units	Size	Role/Ally	Pts
Khayn Shaimurah, Chaos Lord on Karkadrak	1	Leader	230
Chaos Warriors	10	Battleline	180
Chaos Knights	5	Battleline	160
Chaos Chariots	3	Battleline	360
Mindstealer Sphiranx	1		100
			1030



The chariots represent each of my lords sending a war machine to join the warband. The Mindstealer also belongs (it might disagree) to one of the three brothers.

WHEN THREE TRIBES GO TO WAR

Because my army is made up of three different warbands, I decided to paint each of my chariots in a different colour. Here's how I painted them.



SILVER ARMOUR

For my silver chariot, I sprayed the chassis Leadbelcher and then applied an all-over wash of Nuln Oil. I then painted layers of Ironbreaker and Runefang Steel to make it really shiny compared to the darker metal of the wheels.

BLACK ARMOUR

The black chariot is painted the same way as my Chaos Warriors. I lightly drybrushed the armour with Corax White to pick out all the raised details and then washed it with Black Templar to blend the shadows and highlights together.

GOLD ARMOUR

The gold chariot uses a fairly standard gold recipe that begins with a basecoat of Balthasar Gold. I then shaded it with Reikland Fleshshade, followed by a layer of Gehenna's Gold and edge highlights of Runefang Steel.

NEXT TIME ...

Next time, you will see my Varanguard. I'm not sure if it will be one of the brothers or all three of them yet – it all depends how long they take to paint and what conversions I might decide to do on them. I've got a few ideas for basing I want to try out on them, too.

I've also planned out my custom hero for the Anvil of Apotheosis, so I think I will also have to start work on him in earnest.

THE ORDER OF MORRDA



RICH PACKER

Rich's army is growing by leaps and bounds, with another thirty-one models joining his force this month. Nearly all of them have been converted in some way, shape or form, and we're pretty certain that Rich has named them all, too. Bert is his favourite.

The army of Hallowstone Hold has expanded over the last couple of months, with both aelves and humans joining the ranks of the Order of Morrda. Rich introduces the Chamber of the Pale Rider and the potentially untrustworthy Blackhearts.

Rich: I love a good narrative to a battle, and I think one of the things that really helps capture the story are cool objective markers. After all, they represent what the armies are fighting for. For that reason, I detoured from my painting plan and painted nine of them. Six of them are prisms from the Nightvault Arcane Hazards set. They represent the Hallowstones – ancient relics of the World-that-Was that are vital to the Order of Morrda. I made the other three for a game against my friend and colleague, Doug Anderson (see opposite). I also added some new models to my force.

HELENA BONSANTÉ

I introduced Helena back in the first article for this series, but she has only just joined the army. Like the classic Amethyst Wizard that inspired her, my version also has a sword, a crystal ball and the same-colour robes and hair. Note the wavy dagger on her base. This is a hint at the pact between Morrda and the Order's mages, who specialise in wielding the Amethyst Wind. More about that in the future; watch out for the wavy daggers! I field her as a Sorceress. After using her in four games, my favourite spell from the Living City's Lore of Leaves is the Cage of Thorns.

THE BLACKHEARTS

The Blackhearts are Helena's retinue and are so named for her deceased father, Baron Flaubert, who was known as the Black-hearted Beast.

Anyone caught robbing the tombs beneath Hallowstone Hold are offered a choice: suffer hanging and damnation (for Morrda will not accept them into his peaceful realm) or a chance at redemption in the Blackhearts. The hooded heads (from the Dark Riders set) and nooses hint at their fate should they fail. This unit was my excuse to convert the awesome Necromunda Cawdor Gang models into Age of Sigmar warriors. I field them as a unit of Darkshards in games.

THE EYES OF MORRDA

These skilled warriors are from Lord Torallion's Chamber of the Pale Rider. They predominantly wear green, whereas the warriors of Prince Torannion's Chamber of the Bleak Raven predominantly wear purple. I like the Sisters of the Watch models a lot, so they are painted straight out of the box. Well, almost. Half of them are hooded to denote that they are the Limbwithers, the retinue of Dhonna Iyrtu, Priestess of Darkness, while the non-hooded models are the Doomsayers, the retinue of Anha Gregorii, Priestess of Doom. Dhonna is prone to dreams that send her on vengeful quests to hunt down Necromancers, while Anha believes it is impious to intervene in the deaths of others. Her dreams often take her to locations where people are sympathetic to Morrda's strictures. There she will witness the passing of souls and conduct funerals, taking only a tooth in payment.



THE 1,000-POINT MARK

I'm currently fielding Torannion as my general because he makes the Phoenix Guard into Battleline units. They're very resilient, and I augment that by giving Torannion the Druid of the Everspring Circle command trait so that he can cast Ironoak Skin from the Lore of Leaves on them. If the Phoenix Guard are my anvil, then the Sisters of the Watch are my hammer. The Living City battle trait Hunters of the Hidden Paths enables them to emerge on the enemy's flanks and inflict their eldritch arrows upon them. The Tree-Revenants' waypipes give me some objective-grabbing flexibility.

Units	Size	Role/Ally	Pts
Torannion Leafstar, Anointed	1	Leader	100
Helena Bonsanté, Sorceress	1	Leader	90
Dreamwalkers, Phoenix Guard	10	Battleline	160
Dreadknights, Phoenix Guard	10	Battleline	100
Blackhearts, Darkshards	10	Battleline	100
Doomsayers, Sisters of the Watch	10		160
Limbwithers, Sisters of the Watch	10		160
Tree-Revenants	5		80
			950



The ballistics aspect of the Order of Morrda. From front to back, the Limbwithers, Blackhearts (with Helena Bonsanté to the right of the unit) and the Doomsayers.



RESTORING A LITTLE ORDER

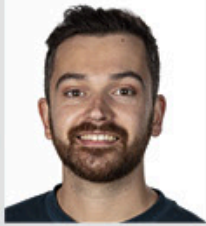
In my game against Doug Anderson, the Order of Morrda attempted to defeat a Hedonites of Slaanesh force that was being summoned through three profane portals by a renegade battlemage. We played a Meeting Engagement and used the Changing Priorities battleplan, so I created three objective markers to suit this narrative. They were a lot of fun to make. The scheme was inspired by a picture of how to paint flesh brands from the Hedonites of Slaanesh battletome (you can see one of the evil flesh pillars just above the Seeker Chariot in the top left of the picture). The game was awesome and came right down to the wire, with the Order of Morrda snatching victory through Auxiliary Objectives.



NEXT TIME ...

Having painted over fifty infantry models over the last few months, I fancy a change, so the next 500 points will include a monster. I will also introduce Lord Torallion Leafstar himself – a character I have featured in my armies since the days of Advanced HeroQuest (for those of you old enough to remember it!). I also plan to finish converting my Morrda-themed Stormcast Celestant-Prime ...

THE HOST OF EXCESS



CALUM MCPHERSON

Calum is one of the emissaries of Chaos in this series, and he has made it his mission to defeat Martyn's Lumineth on the field of battle. To that end, he's only painted models this month that have the word 'pain' in their title. We hope everything is alright at home, Calum.

Having summoned a horde of daemons to do his bidding in the previous article, Calum has begun to recruit mortal followers into his Hedonites force. The first to join his ranks are the much-feared Myrmidesh Painbringers.

Calum: After beginning the warlords challenge heavy on daemons, this month I have concentrated on adding some of the new mortal units to my army. The Myrmidesh Painbringers were, along with the Slaangor and new characters, the main reason I wanted to start a Hedonites of Slaanesh army in the first place. For me, they hark back to the old Slaanesh Chaos Lord on foot model from Warhammer Fantasy, which was one of my favourite models when I was younger.

PAINTING THE PAINBRINGERS

The approach I took to painting my new units was to use the same blues that feature on the daemons I've already finished. I was originally going to paint the tabards and cloth on the Myrmidesh the same blue as the trousers of Syll'Esske, but in the end, I decided to go with black instead. This was mainly due to the fact that I painted their armour silver with a blue wash, just like my previous models. Blue tabards would have meant there was just too much blue on them, so I went with black like the Daemonettes' leather straps. The Lord of Pain, on the other hand, wears little to no armour (he loves pain so much!), so I did paint his loincloth the same way as Syll'Esske's. I think maintaining that blue colour throughout the army has helped to keep what I have painted so far cohesive while clearly differentiating between the mortal and daemon parts of the army.

THE FANE OF SLAANESH

Right from the start, the story behind my army was of a mortal warband that was gathering to summon forth daemons of Slaanesh. With this in mind, I decided to paint the Fane of Slaanesh scenery piece this month to represent the locus of their power. It was a lot quicker to paint than most models, perhaps because I made a conscious effort to get it done just to be able to use it as a gaming piece. The centre of the portal is airbrushed the same way as my daemons' skin, using Night Lords Blue and Blue Horror. The metals are Iron Hands Steel washed with Akhelian Green and then drybrushed with Iron Hands Steel and Stormhost Silver. The gold is Retributor Armour washed with Guilliman Flesh and drybrushed Stormhost Silver. The vases and little bottles are painted with Incubi Darkness and highlighted with Kabalite Green and Sybarite Green. I used them as a test to see how I wanted to paint the vials on the Myrmidesh.

TO THE BATTLEFIELD!

I've been looking forward to seeing what the mortals can do on the tabletop, as they are an unknown entity to me. Their first game against Martyn was definitely informative, though not wholly successful (see opposite)! It's going to be fun working out what synergies the army has with these units added to it and whether I can find a specific way of fielding them that I enjoy most.



THE 1,000-POINT MARK

My goal in the long run is to paint enough mortal units to fulfil all my Battleline requirements, thereby allowing me to use my Daemonettes as summonable units. For this reason, I've decided to field a Lord of Pain as my general so that I can unlock the Myrmidesh as Battleline units. I plan to add some Blissbarb Archers next to carry on filling out my Battleline requirements (and also because they're really good!). Overall, the force is pretty fast-moving and hard-hitting, but I definitely need some larger stuff to counter enemy monsters, as my infantry can be easy to squash.

Units	Size	Battlefield Role	Pts
Syll'Esske, the Vengeful Allegiance	1	Leader	200
Lord of Pain	1	Leader	150
Daemonettes	10	Battleline	110
Daemonettes	10	Battleline	110
Myrmidesh Painbringers	10	Battleline	300
Fiends of Slaanesh	3		180
			1050

The Myrmidesh Painbringers and the Lord of Pain add some much-needed killing power to my force. The Fane of Slaanesh will also prove very handy in my future battles.



PERHAPS A LITTLE TOO MUCH PAIN ...

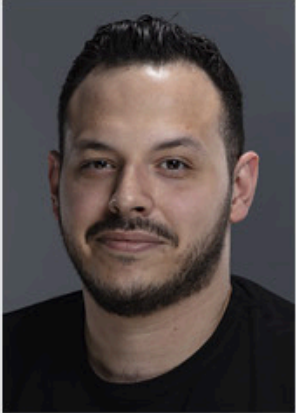
The game against Martyn was my first chance to use my new mortal models, so it was a great learning opportunity. My plan was to keep the Myrmidesh near the Lord of Pain so that his command ability could buff them. This worked well to begin with, and one unit of Myrmidesh took Avalenor down to half wounds in one round of combat! Unfortunately, Avalenor swiftly dispatched the Painbringers in his activation. The Lord of Pain's ability to reflect mortal wounds did help chip away at Avalenor, but again the Spirit of the Mountain pulverised him. For this game, we also made an objective that moved randomly around the board. I managed to claim it early on with my fast-moving Daemonettes but sadly could not hold on to it for the entire game.



NEXT TIME ...

For the next article, I think it's time to add something big and scary to counter Martyn's Avalenor. A Keeper of Secrets should do the trick! I've also just begun work on a unit of Blissbarb Archers, too, so hopefully I should have them done for the next article. I'm looking forward to playing some more games with my Hedonites over the coming weeks and working out how to use them all to best effect.

RULES OF ENGAGEMENT



LOUIS AGUILAR

Louis and the Warhammer Age of Sigmar rules team have been hard at work on all the Broken Realms books and Flashpoint content, not to mention other exciting projects. Louis tore himself away from all that hard work to tell us about the updates in *Broken Realms: Kragnos*, as well as who broke the realms and who's going to fix them. Or something like that.

Inside *Broken Realms: Kragnos*, you'll find a wealth of updates to existing battletomes that can give your army the boost you've been looking for. The Broken Realms series as a whole provides battletome updates to factions across the Age of Sigmar system and, most importantly, brings those that may have seen a decline in play back to the fore with new army builds and play styles.

The timing of narrative-driven books such as the Broken Realms series provides us with an ideal opportunity to improve and rework some of the rules found in our earlier battletomes. They are naturally released deep into the current edition of the system and are informed not only by the feedback of our players but also by the new directions the included factions are taking in the lore of the Mortal Realms. As such, we are able to pick out the biggest issues that need to be improved or those things we have been itching to address for some time.

So without further delay, let's get into some of the biggest changes from the battletome updates inside *Broken Realms: Kragnos*!



GLOOMSPITE GITZ

These different sets of subfaction rules premiered in *White Dwarf* magazine and have been refined to accommodate all of the changes we introduced over several Tome Celestial articles. Each of the subfactions focuses on three of the many ways of collecting Gloomspite Gitz miniatures and embellishes the abilities and traits that were established in *Battle tome: Gloomspite Gitz*.

BAD MOON LOONSHRINE

To accompany the new subfactions, we wanted to update the army's faction terrain feature so that each subfaction could return its key units. With this updated scenery warscroll, when you pick a unit that has been destroyed using the Moonclan Lairs ability, you can select the key units of each subfaction instead of picking between Stabbas or Shootas exclusively.

The survivability of the subfactions was a key driver in providing different ways of playing Gloomspite Gitz, giving the army a fighting chance of competing with more recent battletomes. This small addition allows players to engage with these units as intended, without punishing them because of their relatively weak warscrolls. Players are now less likely to be out of the fight with small units contesting objectives or tying up enemy units in combat toward the final stages of a battle.

THE JAWS OF MORK

Squigs, squigs and more squigs! The Jaws of Mork subfaction aims to bolster the otherwise random efficiency of an all-squig army. Running Riot allows players to re-roll the dice when determining the Move characteristic of their squig units. This is a significant improvement to the consistency of the army and no longer leaves players wanting when they roll too low to move within charge range or to secure objectives. At the very least, players should find that their ability to charge or threaten areas of the battlefield is now a consistently viable option in their turns.

ABILITIES

Running Riot: *The Jaws of Mork are all too eager to unleash themselves upon the enemy, for the sooner they begin their rampage, the sooner they can catch up to the Bad Moon and leap right over it.*

You can re-roll the roll that determines the Move characteristic of friendly JAWS OF MORK SQUIG units.

Rules of Engagement – curated by the Age of Sigmar games developers – focuses on the creation, design and evolution of the rules for Warhammer Age of Sigmar. This issue, Louis highlights the biggest battletome updates in Broken Realms: Kragnos!

GLOGG'S MEGAMOB

One of the biggest challenges that an all-troggooth army can face is keeping its limited number of units alive through to the endgame of a battle. Thankfully, **TROGGOTHS** all have a means of healing wounds allocated to them, but players have to rely on a 4+ roll to do so. The aim of this subfaction rules set is to add more reliability to the Regeneration effects of the army and let players play more aggressively with troggoths without worrying about their wounds coming back infrequently.

ABILITIES

Monstrous Regeneration: *The arcane fungal diet of Glogg's Megamob has boosted the regenerative powers of the troggoths to new heights.*

Add 1 to the dice that determines if a friendly **GLOGG'S MEGAMOB TROGGOTH** unit heals any wounds when it uses its Regeneration ability.



GRIMSCUTTLE TRIBES

After the release of *Battletome: Gloomspite Gitz*, it soon became apparent that the core battleline of an all-Spiderfang army was not performing as intended. The spider-focused army also struggled in battle with tougher factions. This naturally became the focus of the improvements that would be introduced in the Grimscuttle subfaction abilities. Deff Grotz of Shyish delivers an army-wide resistance to spells and endless spells, giving the **SPIDERFANG** the ability to shrug off any magic-centric armies that they face.

The real power of this subfaction comes from its command ability and command trait. Prophet of da Spider God allows the army to set up a killing blow to unleash upon the enemy in the combat phase. This ability treats all friendly **SPIDERFANG** units as being under the light of the Bad Moon without having to actually be in the position required. Suddenly, everything from Spider Riders all the way up to **ARACHNAROK SPIDER** units are inflicting their most devastating attacks on a 5+ instead of a 6. If timed correctly, the amount of potential mortal wounds this can generate will overwhelm any of the key units in your opponent's army or give the Spiderfang their finest hour when clinching control of an objective. If you combine

this ability with the subfaction's command ability, you will be able to call units tied up in combat to the same fight to focus attacks on the highest priority targets.

COMMAND ABILITIES

Masters of Feigned Flight: *The Grimscuttle grots are the masters of feigned flight, falling back before returning to attack once more. The fact that such retreats often aren't initially feigned helps a little.*

You can use this command ability at the start of your movement phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly **GRIMSCUTTLE SPIDERFANG** unit wholly within 12" of a friendly **GRIMSCUTTLE SPIDERFANG HERO**. Until your next hero phase, that unit can retreat and still charge later in the same turn.

Prophet of da Spider God: *So fervently does this shaman believe in the monstrous deity of the Deff Grotz that when he raises his squeaky voice in prayer, his followers really do seem to be blessed with the Spider God's potent venoms.*

Once per battle, in the combat phase, you can say that this general will unleash their battle cry. If you do so, friendly **GRIMSCUTTLE SPIDERFANG** models are treated as being affected by the light of the Bad Moon until the end of that phase.

SYLVANETH

Alarielle returns with a new warscroll that really gives her the power you would come to expect from the Everqueen. Lifebloom has been improved to capture Alarielle's unrivalled life-rejuvenating power and to keep this key piece of your army on the table for as long as possible. Living Battering Ram and Talon of the Dwindling have also been updated to provide Alarielle with more effective options in the charge and combat phases. Overall, these changes propel this 'God-level' unit to the presence she should have when she graces a battle and give the already popular anchor of the Sylvaneth faction some serious staying power.

ABILITIES

Lifebloom: *Alarielle calls upon the restorative energies of Ghyran to breathe fresh vitality into those who serve her.*

In your hero phase, you can heal up to 2D6 wounds allocated to this model. In addition, you can heal D3 wounds allocated to each other friendly **SYLVANETH** unit wholly within 30" of this model (roll separately for each unit).

Living Battering Ram: *A charging wardroth beetle tramples all in its path.*

Roll a dice for each enemy unit that is within 1" of this model after this model has made a charge move. On a 1, nothing happens. On a 2-5, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. On a 6, that unit suffers D6 mortal wounds.

Awakened Wyldwoods have also been updated to allow single trees to be set up in addition to rings of three tree models. This means that Sylvaneth players no longer face the challenge of finding space on the battlefield for their army's key utility piece. It bolsters the abilities of some of the other warscrolls from *Battletome: Sylvaneth*, like the Strangleroots ability of the Vengeful Skullroot endless spell or the Spirit Paths ability of the Treelords. We also changed the visibility conditions of the Awakened Wyldwood so that they no longer affect SYLVANETH units, opening up new opportunities for the army's missile units.

HEDONITES OF SLAANESH

Dexcessa and Synessa join the depraved carnival of Hedonites to do the Dark Prince's bidding in the Mortal Realms. These new named characters capture the physical and psychological excesses of Slaanesh and turn them into two powerful commanding units for your Hedonite hordes. Dexcessa is the definition of a 'lead from the front' hero, with strong melee attacks that are boosted after the unit fights for the first time. The Joyous Battle Fury ability encourages players to get this unit into combat at the earliest opportunity. Should they do so in the first battle round, Dexcessa will boast an impressive 14 attacks in the final stages of the game, and combined with the ability to run and charge, plus a constant -1 to hit modifier, they are sure to be at home deep in the ranks of your opponent's formations.

Synessa, however, leads the followers of Slaanesh from the back with a powerful ranged attack that can devastate units with a low or high model count and a versatile ability that allows them to ignore the range of command abilities when issuing them. Should the enemy get too close for comfort, Synessa can handle their own before other more combat-focused Hedonites can come to their aid.

ABILITIES

Joyous Battle Fury: *Once Dexcessa begins to fight, they become invigorated by the glorious thrill of combat.*

After this model has fought for the first time, at the start of each battle round, add 1 to the Attacks characteristics of this model's weapons for the rest of the battle. This effect is cumulative.

The Voice of Slaanesh: *Synessa can direct the words that they utter to reach the ear of whomever they want to hear them.*

If this model issues a command to 1 friendly unit, that friendly unit can be anywhere on the battlefield as long as it is visible to this model (the range of the command ability does not apply). If this model issues a command to more than 1 friendly unit, 1 of those friendly units can be anywhere on the battlefield as long as it is visible to this model (the range of the command ability still applies to the other units).

In addition, if this model successfully casts Whispers of Doubt or Pavane of Slaanesh (see *Battletome Hedonites of Slaanesh*), the HERO is visible to this model (the range of the spell does not apply).

CITIES OF SIGMAR

With so much of the focus on the free city of Excelsis in the narrative, this provided an ideal chance to bring one of Sigmar's most revered strongpoints to life on the tabletop. Among new command traits, artefacts of power and spells, you will find a set of battle traits that capture the influence the Spear of Mallus has over the city and the way its armies fight. Gift of Prophecy can provide essential support to a well-timed attack, be it a crucial volley from your Ironweld Arsenal artillery or a game-changing charge from your Demigryph Knights. To further the strength of an Excelsis army, the Riposte command ability can turn the tide against opponents looking to destroy your larger units. If you know one of your key pieces is about to withstand an onslaught of melee attacks, this command ability will turn any unmodified save rolls of 6 into mortal wounds dealt to the aggressor.

COMMAND ABILITY

Riposte: *Excelsis commanders are adept at anticipating the enemy's attacks, warning their warriors so they can deliver a deadly riposte.*

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly EXCELSIS unit wholly within 12" of a friendly EXCELSIS HERO. If the unmodified save roll for an attack that targets that unit in that combat phase is 6, the attacking unit suffers 1 mortal wound after all of its attacks have been resolved.

SERAPHON

Lord Kroak returns with an incredible new miniature, as well as updates to his spellcasting and survivability should he get into a pinch. The iconic Dead for Innumerable Ages ability has been revamped to really capture the unique nature of the master of the Slann and bring back his death-defying antics. Now with a Wounds characteristic of 18, this ability makes Lord Kroak more survivable as a key piece in your army but not so survivable that you won't need to keep him protected to see out the close of a battle. Finally, the increase in the scale of this unit really gives it the centrepiece presence it deserves, and it will shape how you form your other Seraphon units around him.

ABILITIES

Dead for Innumerable Ages: *Lord Kroak is no longer alive in the conventional sense; his ancient and withered form is preserved only by his indomitable spirit. As such, he is almost immune to all but the most devastating attacks.*

At the end of each phase, if any wounds or mortal wounds are allocated to this model, roll 3D6 and add the number of wounds and mortal wounds allocated to this model to the roll. On a 20+, this model is slain. On any other roll, all wounds and mortal wounds allocated to this model are healed.

Designer's Note: *If Lord Kroak suffers 18 or more wounds or mortal wounds before the end of a phase, he is immediately slain and no dice roll is made at the end of the phase.*

SKAVEN

The battletome updates for the skaven focus on the less popular units the army has to offer. Our aim is to make each unit in a battletome a serious thing to be considered by players who are building their armies, so weapon teams and Clans Moulder were ideal starting points to introduce some improvements.

WEAPON TEAMS are now able to hide within units of Clanrats or Stormvermin, meaning they can be moved toward the enemy (within optimal range of their weaponry) without being so susceptible to enemy attacks. This new rule adds some great flavour to the weapon teams and helps them reach their intended potential, encouraging players to consider their inclusion once again.

HIDDEN WEAPONS TEAMS

Clans Skryre weapon teams often lurk unseen amongst the ranks of large formations of Clanrats and Stormvermin, only revealing themselves once they are close enough to use the weapons that they carry.

When you select a **WEAPON TEAM** unit other than a **WARP GRINDER** to be part of your army, you can pick 1 friendly unit of **CLANRATS** or **STORMVERMIN** that has 10 or more models and is already part of your army to be the unit in which that **WEAPON TEAM** unit is hiding. Record this information on a piece of paper. Do not set up the **WEAPON TEAM** unit until it is revealed as described next. You can hide up to 1 **WEAPON TEAM** unit in a **CLANRATS** or **STORMVERMIN** unit for every 10 models in that **CLANRATS** or **STORMVERMIN** unit.

At the start of your shooting phase, you can reveal 1 or more hidden **WEAPON TEAM** units. If you do so, set up each hidden **WEAPON TEAM** unit wholly within 3" of the unit it was hiding in and more than 3" from any enemy units. **WEAPON TEAM** units can shoot in the turn which they are revealed as long as the unit they were hiding in did not run in the same turn (it could have retreated).

In addition, at the end of your charge phase, you can reveal 1 or more hidden **WEAPON TEAM** units that were hiding in a unit that made a charge move in that phase. If you do so, set up each hidden **WEAPON TEAM** unit wholly within 3" of the unit it was hiding in (it can be set up within 3" of any enemy units and can fight in the following combat phase).

Hidden **WEAPON TEAM** units are destroyed if the unit they are hiding in is destroyed before they are revealed.

We also took this opportunity to drill into the key units of Clans Moulder and boost the effectiveness of Hell Pit Abominations and Rat Ogors. The new Clans Moulder Mutations tables allow you to enhance one of these units with powerful new abilities that provide more roles for these units to cover in your army.

BEASTS OF CHAOS

Our aim with this new set of battle traits was to improve the utility of Gors and see them included more often in Beasts of Chaos armies. We also wanted **WARHERD** units to provide the punching power you would expect these savage beasts to have. Finally, the **THUNDERSCORN** received the Raging Storm battle trait, which allows you to both heal wounds they have suffered and deal mortal wounds to units they are locked in combat with. Like the new Warherd Charge battle trait, this ability is available to all units with the appropriate keyword and is further enhanced if the unit is a **HERO** or has 3 or more models.

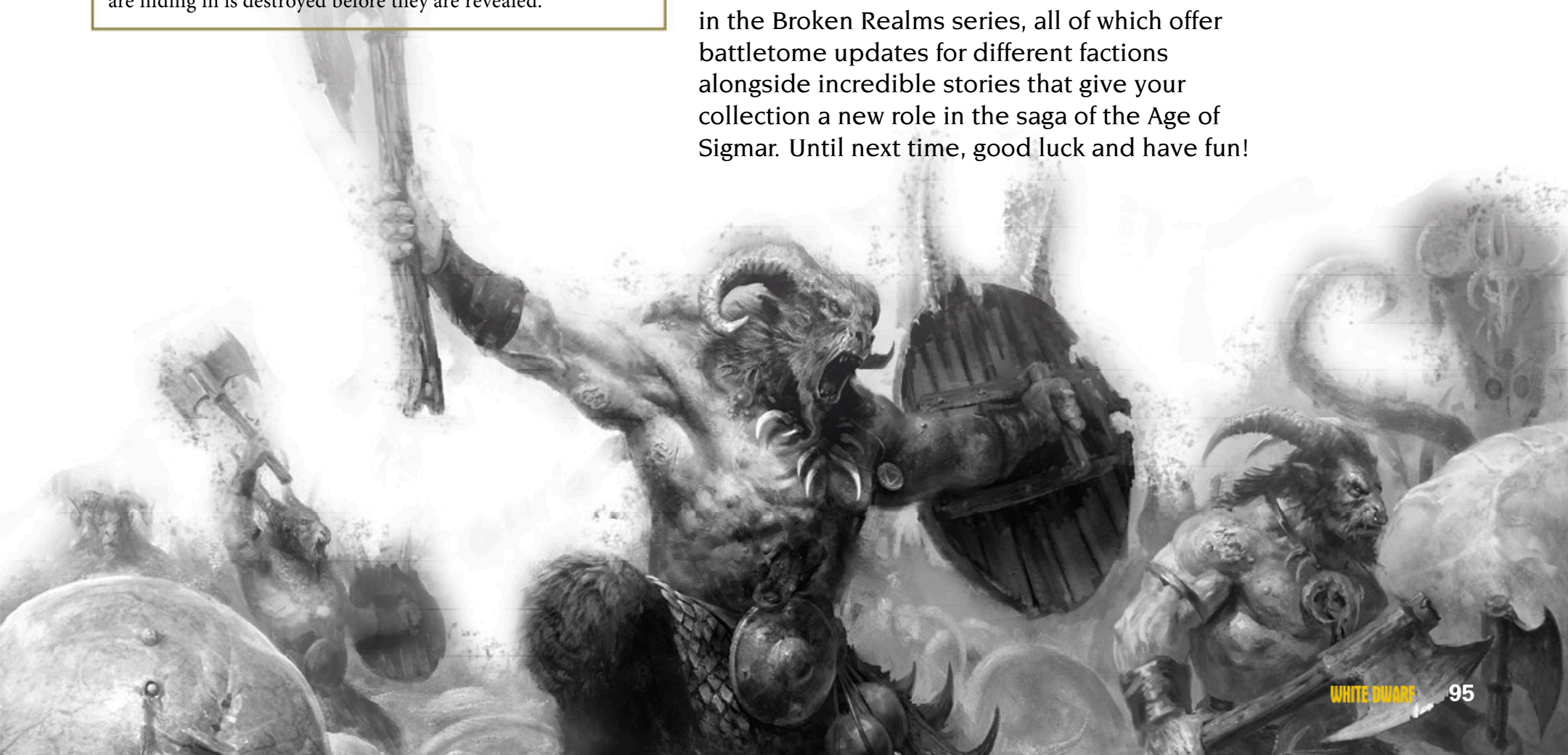
RAGING STORM

As lightning arcs down to the battlefield, the Thunderscorn are imbued with renewed vigour while their enemies are riven by lethal crackling energy.

At the end of the combat phase, you can roll a dice for each friendly **THUNDERSCORN** unit that is on the battlefield. Add 2 to the roll if the **THUNDERSCORN** unit is a **HERO** or has more than 3 models. On a 4+, you can heal 1 wound allocated to that unit.

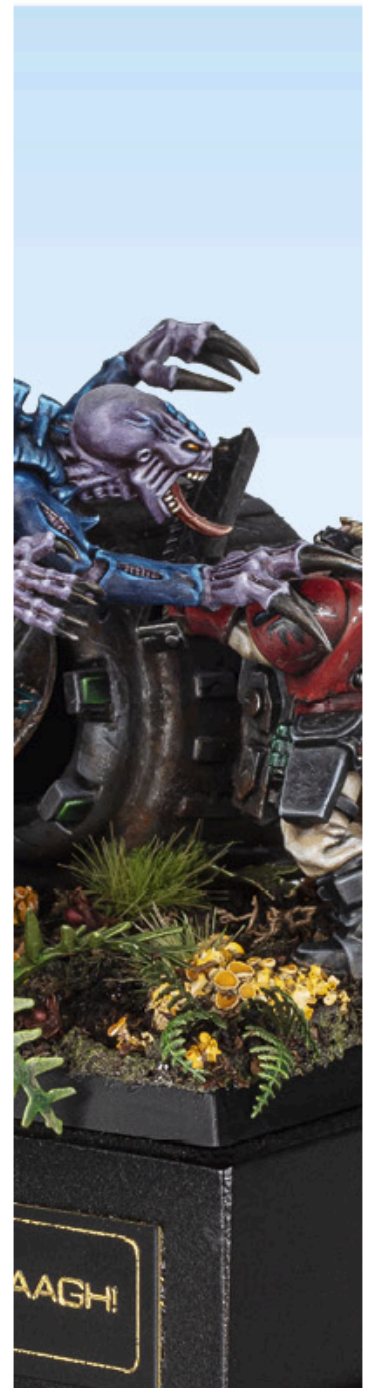
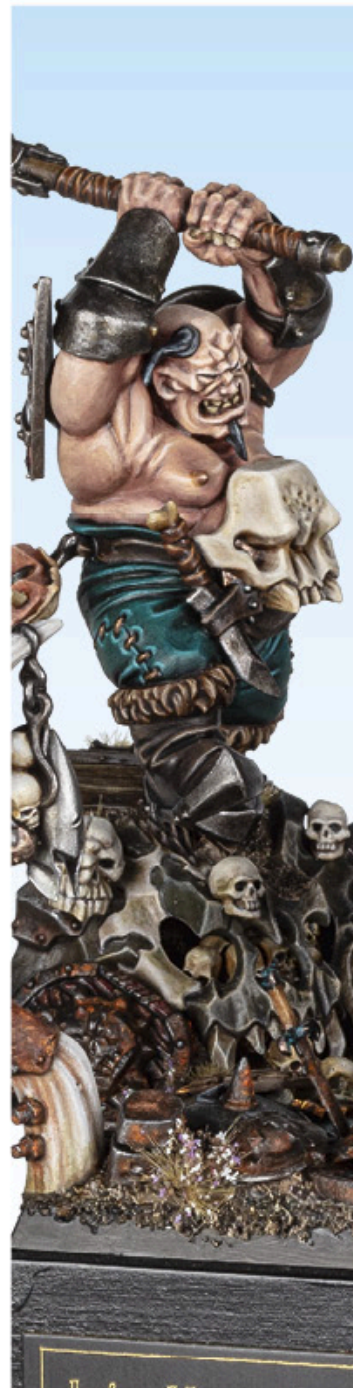
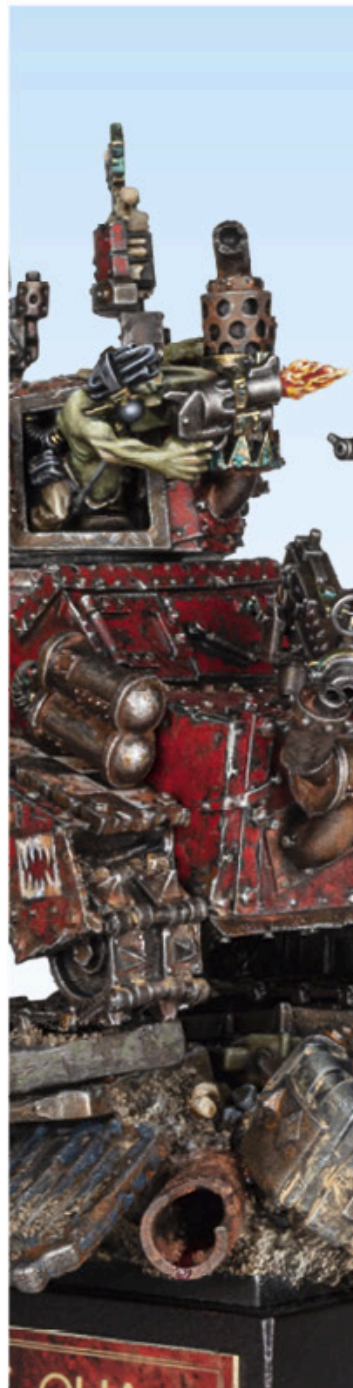
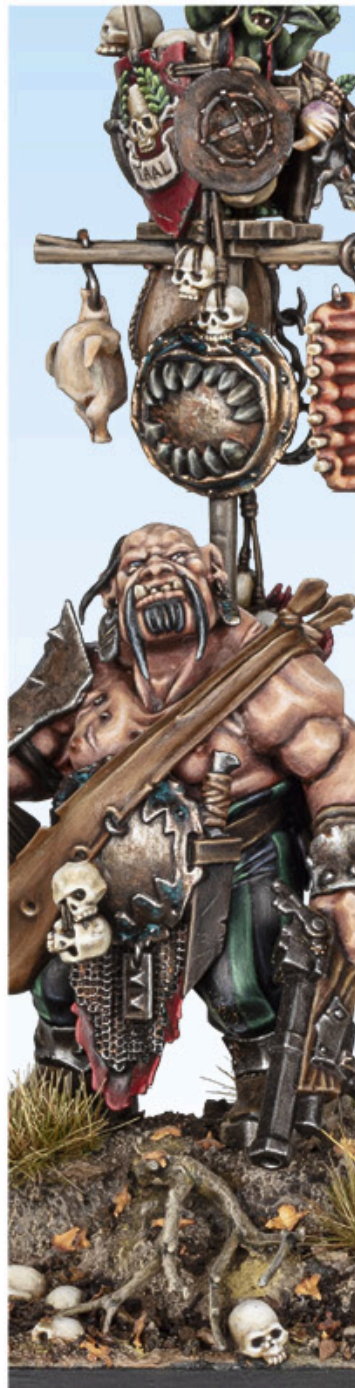
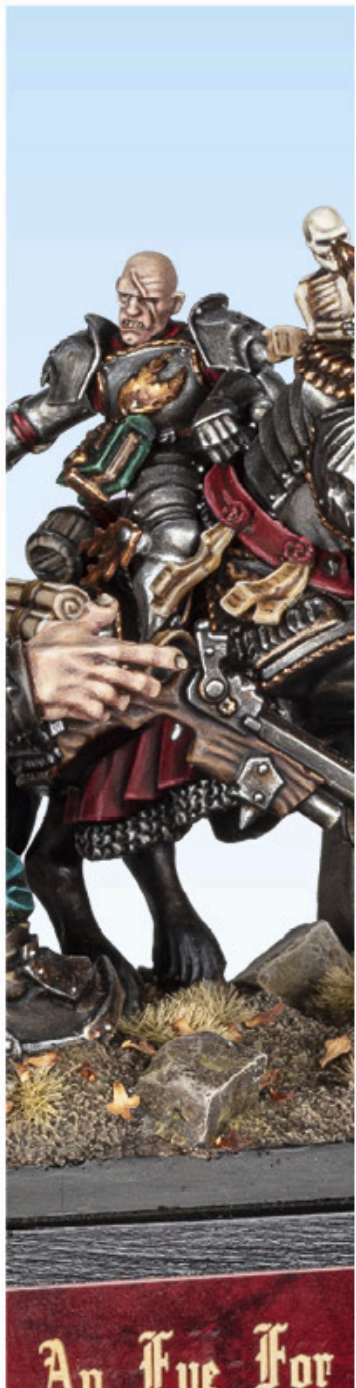
Then, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 1" of any friendly **THUNDERSCORN** units. Add 2 to the roll if any of those **THUNDERSCORN** units are **HEROES** or if there are more than 3 **THUNDERSCORN** models within 1" of that unit. On a 4+, that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

So concludes this designer's commentary of *Broken Realms: Kragnos*. We hope that you have found some useful information that will give you an edge in your next conquest of the Mortal Realms. Be sure to check out the other releases in the Broken Realms series, all of which offer battletome updates for different factions alongside incredible stories that give your collection a new role in the saga of the Age of Sigmar. Until next time, good luck and have fun!



THE MASTER DUELLIST

Golden Demon is the most prestigious Warhammer painting competition in the world, with countless painters from across the globe taking part. This month, we chat with many-time winner Mark Lifton about duels, dioramas and finding the spark of inspiration.



MARK LIFTON

Mark is a stalwart member of the Golden Demon community, having entered the competition since 1994. With twenty-eight trophies under his belt, he is best known for dominating the duel category over the last two decades.

White Dwarf: How did you get started in the hobby, Mark?

Mark Lifton: It all started a very long time ago! I got into model making with scale model kits. That seems to be the starting point for many hobbyists over a certain age! Then came a point when I started looking around for something different, something a bit more unusual. In those days there was no internet, so I trawled through catalogues and mail order books for inspiration. I found a Games Workshop catalogue somewhere, and the models immediately sparked my imagination. I could see a lot of potential for fantastical scenes that broke away from the reality of tanks, Civil War soldiers and Romans. There was a freedom there that I was really interested to explore.

I bought a copy of *White Dwarf* in a bookstore while visiting my nan in Wellington. I can still remember that seminal moment. There weren't many pages of miniatures in the magazine in those days, but the models that were featured were pretty fantastic. Some of those actual models are on display in the Warhammer World exhibition right now; I love pointing them out to my kids. And I still have some of the classic Chaos Knights from that era in my collection. They're lovely, characterful miniatures.

It wasn't long before I started painting armies, my first being a collection of Orcs. Army painting was the aspect of the hobby that really appealed to me, and I had grand ambitions of entering army painting competitions. Then I realised how long it would take to paint a whole army, and I set my

sights slightly smaller! That's when I spotted Golden Demon. Golden Demon 1994 was the first one I entered. Back in the day, you had to enter in store, win that category, then you could progress to the actual event.

WD: How did you do?

ML: Woefully! I thought my models were great, then I got there and realised I was not up to standard! The standard between then and now is light years apart, but even then I wasn't even close to what others were achieving. I knew I would have to up my game, push my skills and try again. And I did keep trying. I won two trophies in 1996: a silver and a bronze. I entered a Necromunda Escher gang and 'that' Ork buggy!

Looking back at them now, the buggy really was terrible, but I learned a lot from it. I put a lot of time into converting those models, and I absolutely loved doing it. I truly caught the painting bug after that.

WD: Conversions do seem to feature pretty heavily in your entries.

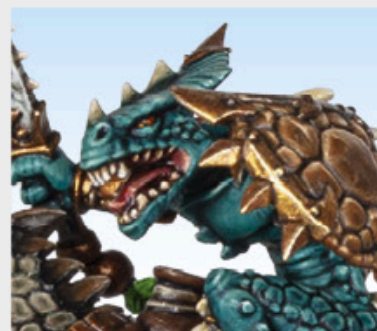
ML: The kitbashing side of the hobby is what really gets me going. I like looking at a kit or even an individual sprue and discovering the potential for a new miniature in it. Something that no one else has seen. I used to scour the catalogues and pages of *White Dwarf* looking for potential kits to chop up. I loved it when new sprues came out, because I'd raid them for bits.

THE FIRST CUT – GOLD AWARD 2011

After many years of entering Golden Demon, Mark's duel entry for 2011 not only won the category but made it into contention for the Slayer Sword. He missed out on the coveted prize by a narrow margin.



Mark: It's important to enjoy what you paint for Golden Demon, and having had fun painting a Saurus and Cold One in my 2008 duel, I wanted to paint another one. A bit of luck can be handy too sometimes. I had assembled a couple of mounts and riders together with adhesive putty in some exaggerated poses one evening just to see what I could come up with. When I came back to my bench the next day, one of them had keeled over in an interesting pose where the Cold One looked as though it had been hit. This ended up being pretty close to the pose I ended up with. I then had to focus on finding a figure delivering that blow. This came through the more traditional trial-and-error method. I'd been keen to use an Empire figure (some of my favourite figures), and I also wanted to use those awesome little Empire axes. First up, I created a figure wielding two axes. He looked great from some angles, but from others he just looked like he was Morris dancing. Let's just say he didn't survive the first cut (pun intended). The running archer body eventually helped me to tick all my boxes. Remember to look at your duel from all angles. If it doesn't look right from every angle, then it's not right!



While the Saurus Warrior is posed high up on its steed, Mark has made sure to paint its eyes so that their gaze is aimed downwards towards the Empire soldier. It may seem like such a tiny detail, but



without this level of interaction, the two fighters just wouldn't connect. Similarly, you can also follow the direction of the soldier's axe from top-right to bottom-left through the gash in the Cold One's neck.

There's also my duel obsession. It's by far one of my favourite categories at Golden Demon. With a duel, you're not just looking for one model to build and paint but two, and you have to find a way for them to work together, to interact. I love sitting there holding the miniatures and moving them around each other to find poses that will look evocative. The posing is arguably the hardest part of creating a duel, because it is always an action scene, and both models need to be clearly visible. There's an inevitability that at least one of the combatants will end up carefully balanced on a very small point, like a toe or a heel. Once the poses are established, you can then start adding all the extra details, such as cloth, chain, hair – elements that add a sense of movement and directionality to the piece.

WD: When did you first take an interest in duels?

ML: Back in my childhood. I loved looking at dioramas in military modelling magazines. I remember an 1800s gunship with crew around the cannon, and also a Zulu wars diorama. I was obsessed with creating something on that scale, but they often had hundreds of miniatures on them, and I knew I'd never quite be able to achieve that. I remember I took a Roman fort and some Napoleonic figures and turned it into the Alamo! Space and time were always a bit of a barrier, which is why I focused on the duel category. A duel is basically a concentrated diorama. Getting two miniatures into an evocative, believable scene that tells a story in a 50mm space is quite a challenge.

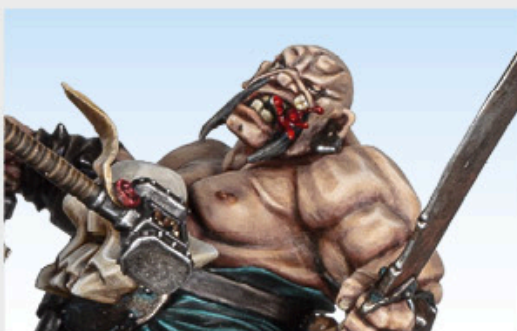
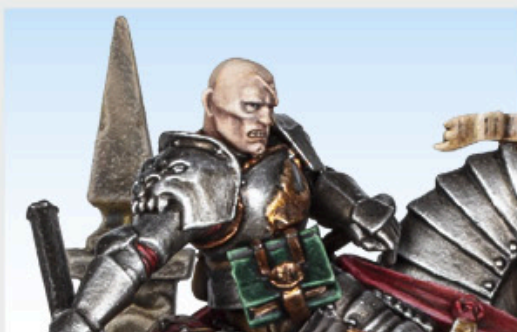
AN EYE FOR AN EYE (FATAL EXTRACTION) – GOLD AWARD 2013

Many of Mark's recent duels feature two titles. One title is shown on the front of the display plinth to match the most prominent duellist. The other title is shown on the back to accompany the victim.

Mark: This duel was all about finding ways to enhance the sense of movement and action. As already mentioned, the starting point for this duel was just a hand. I must have spent two or three evenings working out the perfect position for that pistol before taking the plunge to fix it in place. It sounds daft, but a fraction of a millimetre in any direction and it just looked wrong. For me, that little bit of frozen action makes so much difference. Another challenge was finding a stricken pose for an ogor. The solution came via the Mournfang cavalry legs, which bow

out to fit over their mounts. Being in two parts, they provided me with a variety of poses after a little surgery, though I was left with the tricky task (for me) of sculpting a groin and inner thighs.

For the assailant, I settled on a mounted Empire General, who took some serious kitbashing to model into a convincing dynamic pose. The trailing parchment on his hammer helped to emphasise the direction of movement into the ogor's face!



'For the general, I used a head with a scar across a blinded eye,' says Mark. 'The title for the piece – An Eye for an Eye ... – followed naturally. I debated whether the ogor should lose an eye too but settled on

a tooth, hence the duel's other title. I made a cast of the mouth with modelling putty then set about sculpting the blood splatter to fit. I also sculpted a tiny tooth – the subject of the extraction.'



WD: What's your process for creating a duel?

ML: Finding the bits is the first stage. A good example of this would be my duel between a Kroot and a Hormagaunt that I entered into Golden Demon way back in 2002 (*we actually featured it in Warhammer Visions 22 from 2015 if you're interested in looking it up – Ed*). I actually got given the Kroot frame at a store event, but one of the models' legs was snapped off at the knee. I tried to fix it but then noticed that the break was perfectly placed for a repose. It reminded me of a piece of art I'd seen in *White Dwarf* that depicted a Kroot delivering an uppercut with its rifle. That's how that duel came about. The Hormagaunt was already perfectly posed to look like it was being clobbered mid-leap.

Another good example is 'Fatal Extraction' (see opposite). That all started when I saw the Stonehorn Beastriders kit. The hand holding the chaintrap caught my eye immediately. With the chain removed, that hand looked just like it was dropping something. A gun maybe? That was the starting point for a whole diorama. In that example I worked backwards from the arm, finding a suitable body, then the right legs, head, and so on. Once I'd modelled the ogor falling backwards, I then needed to work out what I was going to do with regards to an adversary, and the whole process started all over again!

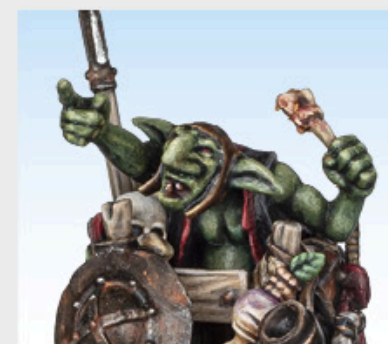
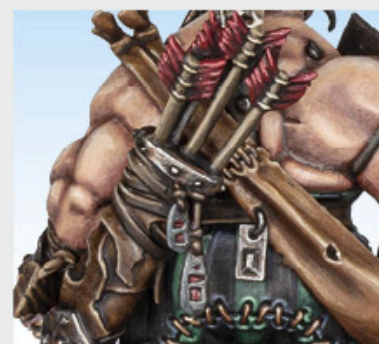
As I mentioned before, duels are action scenes. They capture a split second in time. Normally, a duel revolves around one character hitting

OGOR HUNTER – GOLD AWARD 2013

In a departure from his traditional duels, Mark entered and won the Warhammer monster category at Golden Demon in 2013. It seems Mark has a thing for ogors ...



Mark: The idea for this entry owes a lot to miniatures designer Steve Buddle and a bit of kitbashing he was doing at an event a year or so earlier. He'd taken the ogor gunner from the Ironblaster kit and filled his bandolier with skulls in place of cannon balls and then given him some arms holding weapons. That little seed of inspiration was all I needed. I added that lovely crossbow from the Stonehorn rider in one hand and a Mournfang rider's pistol in the other. The back pole and crow's nest give him extra stature as well as being a carrier for all sorts of gubbins to build his character and story. Getting the head tilt to match the location of the next victim being pointed to by the Gnoblar was key to the composition, as, although pretty static, he looks poised for action. Or at least considering it. The groundwork was based on a wooded bank that I drive past on my way to work every day. The silver birch seeds came from my garden along with some fine soil that I used to create the earth texture. The root was from some foraging whilst on a walk in Cornwall. It doesn't matter where I go, I'm always looking around for potential basing material. Free scenery is out there!



Mark used as many of the extras on the Stonehorn kit as he could on his Hunter. The model's quiver (now adorned with runic tokens) normally hangs from the back of the rider's icon pole. The Gnoblar in the crow's

nest comes from the Ogor Gluttons set, though Mark even converted this diminutive chap to be eating a drumstick of some kind. More packs and pouches were gleaned from various plastic kits.

another. Fortunately, a lot of Warhammer models are sculpted in the act of striking something, whereas virtually none of them are designed to look like they're being hit or dying. The casualty is always the harder one of the two to get right. In one of my most recent duels from 2018, the Khorne guy from Warhammer Underworlds was virtually perfect for what I had in mind, as he only needed a hand swap to complete his pose. His victim proved a bit more tricky to get right. He was originally modelled pushing over a beastman, but in the end I swapped his victim for a Blood Bowl Elf, which then became a Drukhari Kabalite. There was a better contrast in terms of the texture of the models and the colours I could use on them. Sometimes an adversary changes several times during the construction of a duel.

WD: Can you tell us a bit about your painting style?

ML: I often get told that my style is 'Eavy Metal', very clean and neat. I grew up with *White Dwarf* painting guides and tutorials, so that's what I wanted to emulate. But I also like things to look grubby and dirty, with chipped paint and rust all over them. I like to think I combine that traditional clean look with an extra layer of realism. In terms of my painting process, I tend to paint in very thin gradations from basecoat up to final highlight. It's very labour intensive, and I know I apply too many layers!

WD: Do you feel your painting style has changed over the years?

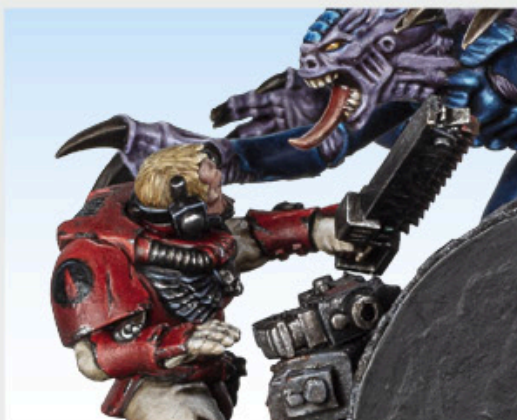
SO NEAR ... AND YET SO AAAGH! – SILVER AWARD 2016

Inspired by the game *Lost Patrol*, this duel's alternative name (which was too long for the title bar) is 'Well at Least I Got the Hatch Open' – a nod to the huge challenge of the Scouts winning the game.

Mark: I really enjoyed the oft quoted tales of the Scouts never achieving their *Lost Patrol* objective in *White Dwarf*, so I decided to make a duel out of it. The Scout has just typed the code into the control panel on the side of the escape pod, and the hatch is starting to open (it features a fully painted interior just in case the judges found the right angle – and a torch – to peak inside). But just at the point of achieving his goal, the Scout is pounced on by a Genestealer. In this split second of action, the Scout is caught trying to fend off the alien with his trusty

chainsword as he tries to pick up the bolt pistol that he placed on top of the control panel. As ever, getting the eyelines of the two figures to match up was key to the composition of this duel, especially in such a cramped space; the Genestealer is virtually on top of the poor Scout, who has absolutely no chance of escaping.

The drop pod is made from a medicine bottle top with a tank turret hatch for the opening. Most of the foliage is made from aquarium plants.



'I chose box-cover colour schemes for the two combatants but ones that also complement each other,' says Mark. 'Plus, I enjoy painting red. I challenged myself to get more contrast into the blue

on the Genestealer as well as a bit more implied shine than I would usually use in my painting. I also thoroughly enjoyed getting stuck into some weathering on the escape pod and the Scout's armour.'



ML: The painting standard at Golden Demon has increased exponentially over the last five years or so, with a lot of full-time painters from all over the world competing. You have to adapt if you want to keep up. I find that the duel category is a good place for me to compete, as my modelling skills and knowledge of the Warhammer background make up for my painting deficiencies. I occasionally dabble in other categories, like with the ogor hunter in 2013, but I think duel is a good battleground for me.

However, you can't get complacent when it comes to painting competitions. It can be hard breaking old habits, but it's good to try something new and try out new techniques, even if it is on a competition piece. In a way, it makes you even

more determined to get it right, because you have a specific goal in mind. I'm currently experimenting with Contrast paints to see what I can do with them and how I can work them into my colour schemes. I see a lot of exciting applications for them, and many Golden Demon painters are using them in very interesting and impressive ways.

A lot of people also talk about colour theory when they paint their models nowadays, but I don't consciously think about it. It wasn't something many people talked about or even understood when I started painting miniatures! I tend to get my inspiration from the world around me. I might see a pair of trainers and think 'that's a good colour combo' or a shop sign that has a

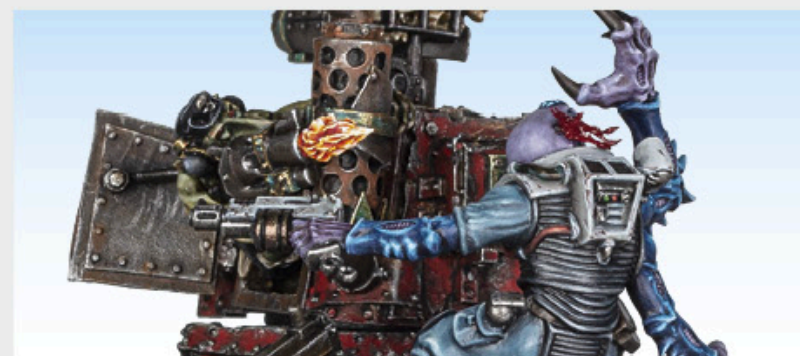
GROT-CHA - GOLD AWARD 2017

In a departure from the worlds of fantasy, Mark's entry for the Warhammer 40,000 Open Day was this Grot Tank and its uncharacteristically brave turret gunner.



Mark: I'd been looking for an excuse to paint a Grot Tank since I bought the set. My first concern was how to add scenery to the composition given that the tank pretty much filled the base on its own. I tried to get a lot of interesting bits of battle debris onto the base without overloading it, including a smouldering boot cut from a Flash Gitz back banner and spent shell cases from the same set. I also added a few weapons and features to the tank to give it an upgrade. I love turning Ork shootas into pintle-mounted guns.

The grot from the tank set needed a little surgery and an arm and weapon transplant to turn him to face in the opposite direction to his original pose and to get him holding onto the exhaust pipe. The muzzle flash is made from modelling putty. The stricken Genestealer Cultist is supposed to have been caught placing a bomb on the tank. Its falling pose was straight out of the box apart from the feet. The right one was transplanted from a Genestealer, while the left required a fair amount of cutting, adjusting and filling. The bomb spilling from the open hand originally came with a hand attached that I carefully carved off.



'I wanted the tank's paint job to look as battered as possible,' says Mark. 'I started with thin, rough, patchy layers of Rhinox Hide and Mourfang Brown over a black basecoat. After that, I applied

uneven patches of Khorne Red and then Mephiston Red – trying to keep it slightly mottled – before highlighting some edges in lighter reds and finally adding in the metallics and rust effects.'

AN AWARD-WINNING FAMILY

Mark isn't the only member of his family to catch the painting bug. At the age of nine, his Daughter Izzy painted a Fenrisian Wolf, which she won awards for at Euro Militaire and Salute. When his son Freddie got to a similar age, he also began to enter painting competitions. He entered his Poxshambler into the Warhammer 40,000: Vigilus event and won a gold award. A few months later, he entered a Poxwalker into the Youngbloods category at Warhammer Fest 2018 and walked away with a silver trophy. 'It's mostly just drybrushing and washes,' explains Mark. 'We keep the painting really simple, and it yields great results. We avoid models with too many buckles, belts and chains – tiny details basically. Models with lots of texture are ideal for younger painters. If I have one bit of advice for younger painters out there, don't think you have to paint a really elaborate model. It's often better to go for something simple and do it really well rather than struggle with something complicated.'

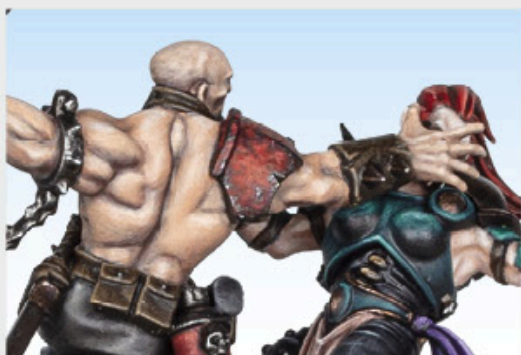


CHAOS RENEGADE VERSUS DRUKHARI KABALITE – SILVER AWARD 2018

At the Vigilus Open Day in 2018, Mark's duel depicting a fight to the death in the grim darkness of the far future featured one model from Warhammer Underworlds and another from Blood Bowl ...

Mark: This duel is a great example of spotting a hidden pose within a model. The falling Drukhar is one of the Elfheim Eagles Blood Bowl players tilted backwards. It needed no conversion other than the addition of a Drukhar equipment pouch and a splinter rifle dropping from the open hand. I did not even have to straighten out the bent foot, as it fitted into the detail of the Sector Mechanicus base that I used. It's so pleasing when that happens. The turned head was perfect to receive the open palm of the attacker.

The Chaos guy just needed a weapon swap, a holster and some packs and pouches added to his belt to bring him into the 41st Millennium. From a painting perspective, this duel was a bit of a challenge, as I've always had a mental block with painting black. But you should always push yourself to improve, so I did! I also tried to add more contrast to my metallics. I really enjoy painting with them. I use very thinned down paint, building up layers gradually and smoothly. I find this method seems to bring more of a shine to the metal.



Mark used Karsus the Chained from Garrek's Reavers to make his Chaos Cultist. The conversion involved swapping the model's axe for a power maul, plus the addition of a few choice pieces to the model's belt. Mark

used a similar technique when painting the cultist's armour as he did on his Grot Tank diorama. The warm, weathered red armour contrasts well with the cool, highly polished armour of his adversary.



good combination of shades and tones on it. The other day, I was walking past a pile of autumn leaves, and I picked up a load and took some pictures of them because I thought they were perfect for Nurgle skin tones. Yellows, greens, reds, browns, mottled colours, patterns and textures – perfect! I don't get a colour wheel out to make sure everything is technically correct. That's not what art is all about for me. I paint what I find pleasing to the eye. My eye, specifically. Many of my contest entries are painting using the same colours as the box art for the models. That strategy might not work in the single miniature category at Golden Demon, where you really need a model's paint job to stand out from the norm, but in a duel, it's the composition of the duel that does that for you.

WD: What advice would you have for anyone thinking of entering the duel category?

ML: You've got to get the interaction right between the models. Attention to detail is key; if that interaction is even a millimetre out, the duel won't quite work. We're working at such a tiny scale on such tiny models that if an eyeline is off or a gun muzzle not quite aligned with its target, the judges will notice. You can't compromise on this. On my Grot Tank duel, 'Grot-cha!', the part of the composition that took the longest was making sure that there was a believable amount of space between the two models – tougher than you'd think with so little space at the back of the tank. I had to rotate the turret as far as I could and make loads of tiny adjustments to the grot so that his pistol was still aimed at the Genestealer Cultist's head. I lost count of the number of times that the grot went pinging across the room as I flexed the resin a little too far. A millimetre this way, a millimetre that way ... it almost drove me mad!

FAVOURITE FRAME

Kitbashing is so much easier now that there are so many plastic kits around. One of my favourite frames is the Kroot frame. It's got loads of interesting stuff on it, from pistols and knives to pouches, packs and hanging chunks of meat. There are loads of goodies on it.



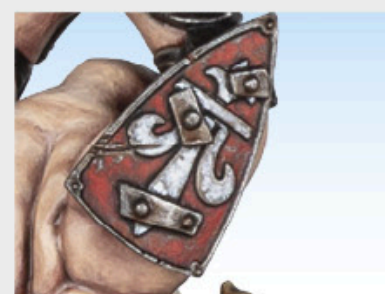
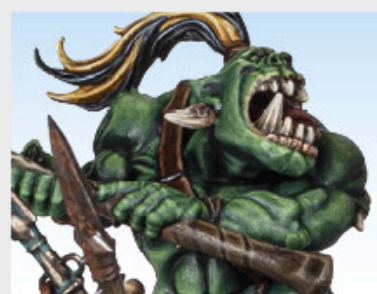
IT'S HAMMER TIME! (ORC-WARD) – GOLD AWARD 2018

Mark returned to Golden Demon in 2018 with yet another duel and another pun on the display base. Once again, the forces of Destruction feature heavily in his entry.



Mark: The setting for this duel is supposed to be at a boundary between territories, hence all the victory clutter from vanquished enemies. I did get a bit carried away with the base, but it was such fun piling it all on, and I especially enjoyed the cascade of skulls around the Stonehorn skull. The ogor's pose was created from the Mournfang rider legs left over from 'An Eye For An Eye'. They had been my plan B for toppling-over legs in 2013, but I'd noted back then that they also created a leaping pose depending on whether they were tilted forwards or backwards.

I probably should have called this piece 'If At First You Don't Succeed', given that it was originally entered in 2016. I had great fun building and painting the base, but with one month to go, I had the two combatants little more than basecoated. I have never been a quick painter, so despite my best efforts and some late nights, there were some very rushed areas that were obviously very much noticed by the judges. I decided to repaint the duel for 2018 – clearly a good decision in the end.



Mark has composed his duel very carefully, ensuring that the eye lines of the two combatants match up. The Savage Big Boss is modelled with his head tilted back and to the left, so Mark built up the base

beneath the orruk to angle the whole model upwards. He then modelled the ogor's head angled downwards so that from his vantage point he would still meet the gaze of his intended victim.

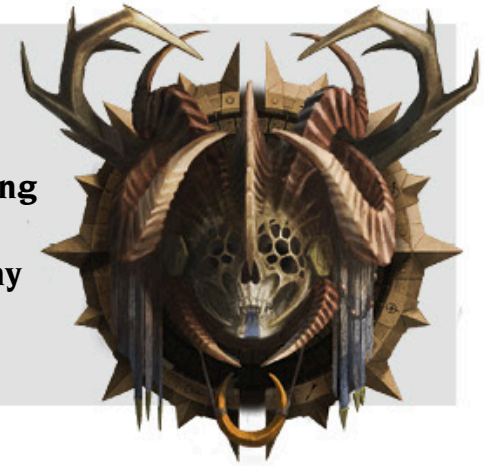


PATH TO VICTORY

In this Path to Victory article, the Boxed Games Studio take a walk on the wild side and embrace the savagery of Beastgrave. Here they offer deck-building tips and tactical advice on the two newest warbands: the Crimson Court and Hedkrakka's Mob.



We're back for another Path to Victory article, in which we go through some tips, tricks and tactics for the latest two warbands to brave the battlefield of Warhammer Underworlds. In Direchasm we've introduced the Hunger and Primacy mechanics, representing the overflowing anguish of Beastgrave infecting those fighting within its depths, and the two warbands we'll feature in this article – the Crimson Court and Hedkrakka's Madmob – interact with these mechanics more than any other warband. As you might expect, Hunger is a central mechanic for the vampires of the Soulbright Gravelords, while Primacy speaks to the savagery of the Bonesplitterz.



THE CRIMSON COURT

The Crimson Court is possibly the most elite warband in Warhammer Underworlds, numbering no fewer than four terrifying vampires. Led by Prince Duvalle, the Crimson Court are in search of good sport in Beastgrave, in the form of exceptional warriors that they can hunt, battle and defeat. They also feature a mechanic not seen anywhere else in Warhammer Underworlds: each fighter has three 'modes' – uninspired, Inspired, and Bloodthirst.

BLOODTHIRST

The eternal hunger of the Soulbright Gravelords is represented by what is really a trio of mechanics: the Curse, the Hunger and Bloodthirst. While a fighter from the Crimson Court is uninspired, the Curse means that at the start of each round, that fighter gains one Hunger counter. These work the same way as the Hunger counters your fighters can gain in other ways in Direchasm. The Hunger, meanwhile, is a reaction each of the uninspired fighters in the Crimson Court can make. It allows them to remove any number of their Hunger counters after their Attack action takes an enemy fighter out of action. So the Curse increases your fighters' Hunger, but they can use their reaction to remove their Hunger counters (by drinking the blood of their slain foes!).

What this means is that you have, to some extent, control over just how much Hunger each of your fighters has. This is useful in Direchasm, where there are a number of cards that work better if your fighters have Hunger counters, but in this warband it has additional significance. If a fighter from the Crimson Court has three or more Hunger counters, that fighter succumbs to their Bloodthirst. This has a different effect for each fighter, but essentially makes them even more ferocious. In addition, a fighter that has succumbed to their Bloodthirst cannot be on Guard. If, however, a fighter from the Crimson Court has no Hunger counters at the end of the action phase, that fighter becomes Inspired, gaining power in the same way as most of the fighters in Warhammer Underworlds.

When using the Crimson Court, then, you have a choice to make for the warband, or even for each fighter in the warband: will you allow them to succumb to their Bloodthirst, revelling in savagery, or will you have them master their hunger, fighting with all the intelligence and skill of vampire lords? You might decide this when building your deck, with a particular plan in mind for each fighter, or you might respond to the battlefield and your opponent, making the most of the warband's adaptability

to deal with a variety of challenges. Neither approach is better or worse, and this is one of the strengths of the warband and something that makes them great fun to use. Let's look at the fighters and how to get the most out of this unique mechanic.

PRINCE DUVALLE

Prince Duvalle is the leader of the Crimson Court and one of the most capable fighters that Warhammer Underworlds has ever seen. He's a level 1 wizard and a Hunter, and he has an excellent set of characteristics: Move 4, 1 and 4 Wounds with a Possessed Blade Attack action that is Range 1, 3 and 2 Damage.

This already fearsome fighter becomes even more terrifying when he succumbs to Bloodthirst or becomes Inspired. If he succumbs to Bloodthirst, his Possessed Blade becomes 2 and 3 Damage, making him more than capable of eliminating many of the fighters in Warhammer Underworlds with a single blow. If Duvalle becomes Inspired, his Possessed Blade instead gains Cleave, he gains an additional defence dice, and he gains the Fiendish Lure spell that he can attempt to cast as a reaction after his Attack action takes the target out of action. If it is cast, he can pull another enemy fighter closer, lining up his next target.

Using Prince Duvalle with Bloodthirst is fairly straightforward. His best targets are fighters with low Defence characteristics and high Wounds characteristics, although he can take a swing at anything really with a decent chance of success. A Damage 3 Attack action simply can't be ignored, and if you give Prince Duvalle Savage Strength (1) or another Damage upgrade, then he becomes a killing machine. His only weakness is his relatively low Dice characteristic. You can address this with an upgrade



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like Savage Visage (2) or Augmented Limbs (3), ensuring that Duvalle will almost never miss a target. If you have Hunger to spare, you could also consider the Keen Hunger (4) upgrade which will let you spend Hunger when you need to guarantee a hit. If you want a cheaper (if narrower) route to victory, you could consider the Ferocious Blow (5) gambit, which gives the first Attack action made by a friendly fighter in the next activation +1 Damage and Cleave if that fighter has one or more Hunger counters.

Using Duvalle Inspired is quite different. His Attack action is more accurate but less damaging, and he's more survivable at 2 W. Duvalle Inspired excels against numerous weaker foes, where his ability to strike accurately and then use his reaction to pull his next target closer can make him an extremely efficient fighter. Quicksilver Advance (6) can be very valuable here, letting Duvalle charge into position and then continue to make Attack actions. Deathly Majesty (7), an upgrade specific to Duvalle, reduces adjacent enemies' Dice characteristics by 1 when they target him, which can help to keep him safe when he's deep in enemy territory. Against stronger fighters, you may need to increase Duvalle's Damage characteristic. Mighty Strike (8) gives you an easy way to do this for a single action while the Vampiric Might (9) upgrade provides a permanent Damage boost.

However you choose to use Duvalle, he's very likely to be the most effective fighter in your warband, and you shouldn't shy away from putting him in harm's way if that is your most direct route to victory.

GORATH THE ENFORCER

Gorath the Enforcer is Duvalle's second-in-command and bodyguard, a towering vampire who has a huge impact on the battlefield. Like Duvalle, he's a Hunter and a level 1 wizard and a strong fighter to boot. Gorath begins the battle with Move 4, 1 W and 4 Wounds, and a Range 2, 2 D, 2 Damage Soulbound Mace that will be the end of many a weaker fighter. These already enviable characteristics are improved when Gorath either succumbs to his bloodlust or becomes Inspired.

When Bloodthirst overwhelms Gorath, he becomes Move 3 but gains an extra Wound, for 5 Wounds in total. This makes him extremely difficult to shift, particularly if you support Gorath with some cards that provide healing. Ferocious Resistance (10) is a good choice for this; you'll be rolling one magic dice for each of Gorath's wound counters, and one more because he'll have some Hunger counters, and for each roll of W you heal one damage. This can bring him back from the brink in an instant. You can also use Macabre Feast (11), which is great for healing a fighter with Hunger counters. However, it does remove Hunger counters, which could result in Gorath losing Bloodthirst, so use it carefully. One of the best options for a Bloodthirsty Gorath, though, is Deathly Apotheosis (12). This persisting gambit gives a fighter one Hunger counter at the end of each action phase and heals that fighter for one whenever that fighter gains Hunger counters –





perfect both for keeping Gorath mean and fighting fit. When you're using Gorath in this way, he excels at holding objectives in enemy territory while using his Range 2 Attack action to keep the pressure on your opponent. You can offset his more limited mobility by giving him the unique Enforcer's Cloak (13) upgrade. This upgrade allows Gorath to react to a fighter making an Attack action that targets him, appearing in a hex next to his would-be slayer. Perfect for catching those pesky archers!

If you instead want to use Gorath Inspired, his Soulbound Mace gains one point of Damage and Knockback 1, and he gains the Vile Transference spell Action, which allows him to transfer Hunger or wound counters between friendly and enemy fighters. This can be an extremely efficient action for eliminating a weakened enemy fighter, dealing the crucial last point of damage to them while healing a friendly fighter for one. However, Gorath Inspired is still a level 1 wizard, so it's not necessarily that reliable.

If you want to improve your odds of successfully casting Vile Transference (or any spell), a great option for Gorath is the Blood Chalice (14) upgrade. The Blood Chalice guarantees that Gorath will Inspire, as it removes the upgraded fighter's Hunger counters and means they cannot gain Hunger counters. It also makes Gorath a level 2 wizard, which greatly increases the chances of him successfully casting spells. If you plan to do this, you might consider including another spell or two in your deck, such as Dark Glamour (15), which lets you freeze an enemy fighter to the spot, and Hypnotic Aspect (16), which lets you double up on a 'Distraction' effect.

Of course, you could instead focus on Gorath Inspired's Range 2, 3 Damage Attack action, and who could blame you? This terrifying Attack action is hard to avoid and hard to survive, and with a little helping hand (see some of the cards recommended for Duvalle), Gorath can even make short work of enemy leaders. Gorath is the most effective fighter in your warband when faced with enemy fighters with high Wounds characteristics, so depending on how many supporting cards you have in your deck, you might want to focus your efforts on upgrading Gorath before Duvalle. It depends on the situation you find yourself in, and as you continue to play with the warband, you'll learn more and more about each fighter's potential and their best use in each situation.

VELLAS VON FAINE

Vellas von Faine is a consummate duellist, using all of her supernatural speed and skill to best opponents twice her size or to defeat overwhelming hordes single-handed. Those who have fought Vellas and lived to tell the tale – and they are few – swear that it was like fighting two or more assailants at once rather than a single vampire, so swiftly does she parry and strike.

Vellas has the same starting characteristics as Gorath and Duvalle, with Move 4, 1 and 4 Wounds, and she is also a Hunter. Her Paired Blades Attack action is a respectable Range 1, 2 , 2 Damage that makes her easily capable of dispatching weaker enemies. This is a role she excels in when she gives in to her Bloodthirst, as her Attack action gains Scything, allowing her to eliminate two or three enemy fighters in a single activation. You can increase her odds of success with the Mirror Duellist (17) upgrade, which gives her an additional supporting fighter. This has the added benefit of making her harder to hit, meaning she'll last longer in the thick of the action.

If you decide that you'd rather get Vellas Inspired instead, this is where her skill as a duellist shines. Rather than Scything, her Paired Blades gain Cleave and Ensnare, making them all but guaranteed to hit their target, and Vellas Inspired is always on Guard, which improves her chances of survival. Mirror Duellist is still a good





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option for Vellas Inspired, making her attack and defence rolls extremely reliable. Other than that, the best cards to support Vellas are ones that increase the damage she deals. Although she's extremely accurate, it will take two or more of her Attack actions to fell tougher enemies.

ENNIAS CURSE-BORN

The final member of the warband, Ennias, is a savage fighter, striking with his claws and teeth as often as with his mace. Like the other fighters in the warband, Ennias is a Hunter, but his characteristics are slightly different. He has a Defence characteristic of 1 instead of 1 . His Savage Assault Attack action is Range 1, 3 and 2 Damage, which for the arguably weakest member of the warband is still a great set of characteristics.

When Ennias succumbs to his Bloodthirst or becomes Inspired, his mobility greatly increases. Under the influence of Bloodthirst, Ennias has +2 Move for a total of 6, while when Inspired, Ennias gains the ability to fly over blocked and occupied hexes and avoid damage from lethal hexes. In both cases, it becomes very difficult to avoid Ennias, making him great for singling out and hunting down problematic fighters. Ennias Inspired also gains some accuracy – his Savage Assault hits on rather than – and a point of Defence, making him considerably more survivable.

To make the most of Ennias' mobility, you could give him the Vampiric Speed (18) upgrade, which will give him +1 Move, or +2 Move when he's succumbed to Bloodthirst (for a Move characteristic of 8!) or when he's Inspired. This makes Ennias capable of reaching any fighter on the battlefield. If you'd rather save your upgrades for the stronger members of the warband,

however, you could try Bestial Transformation (19), a gambit unique to the Crimson Court that gives a fighter's Range 1 Attack actions Cleave and Ensnare. This gambit persists as long as the fighter has no upgrades. It's very powerful, but it's a bit of a commitment, and whether or not you want this may depend on who you're fighting.

MASTERING HUNGER

Now that we've looked at the warband's unique mechanics and its fighters, let's look at the ways in which you can manipulate your fighters' Hunger counters to send them into the Bloodthirst state or Inspire them almost at will. There are a number of key cards here, and it's worth considering how each of them could add to your deck.

We've already looked at one of these – the Blood Chalice upgrade – which is a very strong card that lets you tap into the magical power of either Duvallé or Gorath. It also guarantees that the upgraded fighter will be Inspired and won't be in danger of becoming uninspired.

There are two key upgrades for gaining Hunger if you'd rather pursue Bloodthirst: Glutton for Gore (20) and Hungry Armour (21). Glutton for Gore lets your upgraded fighter quickly gain or lose Hunger counters – ideal if you want to get Bloodthirst quickly, or if you want to give a single fighter lots of Hunger counters to make the most of cards like Macabre Feast or Hunger for Success (22). Hungry Armour, meanwhile, allows a fighter to steadily gain Hunger counters (if you can give this to a fighter at some point in Round 1, they will normally succumb to Bloodthirst at the start of Round 2) and improves their survivability, which is very handy considering that a fighter in the Bloodthirst state cannot go on Guard.

There are also several gambits that can help your fighters quickly achieve their desired state. If you want your fighters Inspired, Blood Vial (23) is a useful ploy to play towards the end of a round, removing up to two Hunger counters from a fighter and healing them for one at the same time. It's worth pointing out that 'up to two' could be zero, if you want to use this card on a Bloodthirsty vampire without affecting their Hunger. Startling Competence (24), meanwhile, lets you remove one Hunger counter from a friendly fighter damaged by



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an Attack action, which could be just the thing to help you Inspire them at the end of the first round.

Driven to Hunt (25) is a powerful ploy if you want a number of your fighters to become Bloodthirsty. It lets you give one Hunger counter to each friendly fighter within two hexes of Duvalle (and this includes Duvalle) or push each other friendly fighter within two hexes of Duvalle one hex. It's a great card in a lot of situations, and with careful positioning of your fighters, it can allow you to ensure that your whole warband succumbs to Bloodthirst at the start of round 2 (if not sooner). Finally, the Dark Hunger (26) spell lets either Duvalle or Gorath give two Hunger counters to a fighter within four hexes (enough to

push them into Bloodthirst with the one they gain at the start of the round), and it also lets you remove one Hunger counter from the caster; you can get one fighter Bloodthirsty and one fighter Inspired with a single card.

Mastering the Crimson Court is something that will take time, but they're an extremely rewarding and fun warband to use. There are many more cards that interact with Hunger counters – we haven't touched on the objectives that you can score with Hunger counters in the right places – so have a look around and see what other tricks you can find to get the most out of this Bloodthirsty warband.

HEDKRAKKA'S MADMOB

Hedkrakka's Madmob are a very different warband to the Crimson Court. Where the Crimson Court view themselves as sophisticated and superior fighters, priding themselves for their poise and refinement as much for their martial prowess, the brawlers of Hedkrakka's Madmob just want to get stuck in, smash skulls and prove that they're the best that way.

Numbering four fighters, the Madmob are led by Hedkrakka, an unhinged prophet of Gork who is sure that his boyz' destiny is to hunt and slay Beastgrave itself. Of course, there's plenty of other stuff to hunt on the way! The warband has strong interactions with the Primacy mechanic that was introduced in Direchasm. Indeed, it's integral to how the warband functions. Before we get to that, though, let's take a quick look at each of the fighters.

HEDKRAKKA, GOB OF GORK

Hedkrakka is a powerful fighter, as befits a self-proclaimed prophet of Gork. He's a tough level 2 wizard, with Move 3 (4 when Inspired),

2 and 4 Wounds. He's also no slouch when it comes to attacking. He has a Range 2, 2 , 2 Damage Attack action in his Wurgog Staff (which gains an extra dice when he's Inspired), and he also has a spell Attack action that is Range 3, hits on and deals 1 Damage ... unless the target is adjacent, in which case it deals 2 Damage. When Hedkrakka is Inspired, it deals 3 Damage to an adjacent target. These Attack actions make Hedkrakka a versatile fighter, with options for attacking from one, two or three hexes away.

Hedkrakka is a very important fighter in your warband, as we'll see later on, and you'll want to do your best to keep him fighting fit. Luckily, his decent Defence and Wounds characteristics help you here, but it's always worth considering how you can further bolster him with your power cards. Kunnin' Beast Spirits (1) is a handy little spell when you can see an attack coming. It gives friendly fighters +1 Defence in the next activation. Similarly, Strange Portents (2) can be used to give Hedkrakka an effective Defence characteristic of 2 for an



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activation – not too shabby for a nearly naked orruk! For a more permanent way to preserve Hedkrakka, it's hard to find better than the Power of the Beast upgrade, which gives him +1 Wounds, or +2 Wounds while you have the Primacy token. You could also give him Spirit of the Beast, which can Inspire him and put him on Guard while you have the Primacy token. Guard is great for Hedkrakka because of his two defence dice, making him harder to kill than your average Inspired Stormcast Eternal.

TOOFDAGGA

While Hedkrakka is the spiritual leader of the warband, he usually leaves it to Toofdagga when it comes to bossin' the boyz around in battle. Toofdagga is a hulking Hunter with a Move of 3 (4 when Inspired), 1 (2 when Inspired) and 4 Wounds, as well a Range 1, 3 and 2 Damage Attack action. This already solid Attack action becomes quite terrifying when Toofdagga is Inspired, gaining an additional dice and the Savage ability, which means it has +1 Damage on a critical hit (really quite likely with four attack dice).

Toofdagga also has the Tireless Trackers ability, which is a very powerful trick to use at the start of the battle. When you do, you can push up to two other friendly Hunters (Wollop and Dakko, whom we'll come to shortly) one hex towards an enemy leader. With an aggressive deployment, you can find your fighters in position to make Attack actions without even having to charge

first. Even if you can't manage that, it's a great ability for putting pressure on straight away, and it can even help to grab you an objective or two with a bit of planning.

After bossin' the boyz around for a bit, Toofdagga's role is simple: he gets stuck in and starts stabbin'. Berserk Might (3) is a great upgrade to help him with this. It gives his Range 1 and Range 2 Attack actions Knockback 1, and also +1 Damage while you have the Primacy token. Feral Symbiote (4) is a good alternative that gives a permanent Damage increase, as long as you don't mind the additional risk of damaging Toofdagga. Killa Instinkt (5), meanwhile, is a unique upgrade for Toofdagga that gives his Range 1 Attack actions Cleave and Ensnare, making him incredibly accurate. Tooled up like this, Toofdagga should have no problem taking out Chaos Warriors, vampires, or anything else that crosses his path.

WOLLOP DA SKUL

Wollop da Skul is a Hunter that wields the warband's Big Chompa, a weapon that can take a bite out of anything. Armed with this axe, Wollop believes himself the equal of any fighter.

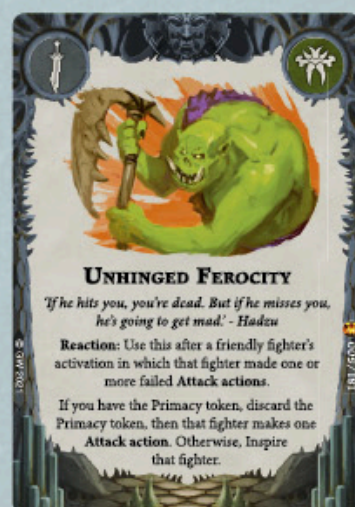
Wollop's characteristics are similar to those of the other members of the warband. He has a Move of 3 (4 when Inspired), 1 and 4 Wounds. Notably, his Defence characteristic doesn't improve, making him a bit more fragile than his two bosses. But when he Inspires, he does get



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the Lucky Warpaint ability, letting you re-roll his defence dice. His Big Chompa, meanwhile, is Range 1, 2 ⚡ and 2 Damage with the Leveller ability. This unique ability gives the Attack action +1 Damage if the target has a Wounds characteristic of 4 or more. In addition, when Wollop is Inspired, the Big Chompa gains Cleave. This makes him a versatile fighter. He can target weaker fighters in the hope of taking them down in a single hit, or he can seek out the biggest threats to take a nice, big chunk out of them.

While the Big Chompa is a very respectable Attack action, it's not as accurate as some, and this may be the first thing you look to improve on with Wollop. There's good support in the warband's cards, with the Brutal Beast Spirits (6)

and Da Big Waaagh! (7) gambits giving you ways to add dice to increase Wollop's chances of hitting his target. If he does miss, Unhinged Ferocity (8) either lets him make another Attack action or Inspires him, which isn't a bad consolation prize. Then there's the Spirit of Gorkamorka (9) upgrade, which is a great way to make Wollop more accurate for the rest of the battle, letting you re-roll one of his attack dice each time he makes an Attack action.

DAKKO SHARP-STIKKA

The final member of the warband, Dakko, is also a Hunter and has the same characteristics as Wollop. Instead of an axe, though, Dakko wields a Stinga Bow, which is Range 3, 2 ⓧ and 1 Damage. This certainly doesn't seem the most imposing Attack action, but it does have the Lotsa Arrers ability. This lets Dakko use this Attack action after his activation, as long as he has no Move or Charge tokens. This means you can attack twice with Dakko in quick succession, letting him punch above his weight. When Dakko is Inspired, his Stinga Bow gains an extra dice, and he gains the Lucky Warpaint ability in the same way as Wollop.

Despite Dakko's relatively unthreatening characteristics, he has an important part to play in the warband, particularly when you have some ground to cover between your fighters and some stand-offish opponents. Dakko's long range and unique ability, which we'll discuss later, make him essential in these more spread-out battles. To make sure he has an impact, you could consider giving him the Green God's Glare (10) upgrade, which will make his Attack actions more accurate, and you can use Stamina Reserves (11) to remove a Move token from Dakko to let him move faster or shoot faster, depending on what you need at the time. You could consider giving Dakko a Range 1 or Range 2 Attack action as well, in case he needs to get more up close and personal. A good choice would be the Tremendous Maul (12) Attack action upgrade, which benefits from the warband's synergy with Primacy. And on that note ...



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SAVAGE PRIMACY

The fighters of Hedkrakka's Madmob do not have a conventional Inspire condition; you won't find it on their fighter cards. Instead, Hedkrakka has an ability called Primal Portent that allows you to choose and Inspire a friendly fighter each time you gain the Primacy token. This means that to Inspire your fighters, you need to be gaining the Primacy token over and over and doing so while Hedkrakka is on the battlefield.

So how will you go about gaining the Primacy token? First and foremost, there are the conditions that apply to each player whenever the Primacy rules are in play.

A player gains the Primacy token after an activation:

- in which a friendly fighter's Attack action took a target with no Wound counters out of action.
- in which a friendly fighter's Attack action took an enemy leader out of action.
- if their warband holds four or more objectives.

While Hedkrakka's Madmob does have four fighters, it will be difficult to reliably hold four objectives – particularly when your orruks would rather be smashing faces in. This means that you'll more reliably gain the Primacy token by meeting the first two of these conditions: taking out unwounded fighters and taking out enemy leaders.



The Madmob have a few additional tricks on their fighter cards for gaining the Primacy token. The greatest of these is Primal Surge, an ability found on three of the fighters in the warband: Hedkrakka himself, Toofdagga and Wollop da Skul. The Primal Surge ability lets you gain the Primacy token after that fighter's Attack action takes an enemy fighter out of action. This differs in one key way from the usual method of gaining the Primacy token: it doesn't matter if the target was already damaged. This makes it far easier for Hedkrakka's Madmob to gain the Primacy token, as they can work together to bring down tougher foes without giving up a chance at Primacy.

The second of these tricks is found on Dakko Sharp-Stikka's card. Dakko is the arrer boy of the warband, and he has the Primal Tracker ability, which lets you gain the Primacy token after his Move action if he's holding an objective in enemy territory and there are no enemy fighters within two hexes of him. This is very handy when the other warband isn't playing ball and is hanging back rather than going toe to toe with your fighters, so be sure to look out for opportunities to use this ability for an easy shot at the Primacy token.

The warband also has the Primal Brutality (13) card, a gambit that simply gives you the Primacy token. However, it has an arguably more powerful alternative use in letting a friendly fighter make an Attack action in the power step at the cost of discarding the Primacy token. We'll look at why you might want to do this later on in this article.

There are a number of universal cards that are great for helping you gain the Primacy token, some of which you can use over and over. Of these, the best for the Madmob are probably Haughty Resistance (14) and Proud Runner (15). Haughty Resistance is an upgrade that means you can gain the Primacy token each time the upgraded fighter is damaged but not taken out of action by an Attack action, while the Proud Runner upgrade gives you the Primacy token each time the upgraded fighter finishes a Move action 5 or more hexes from where they started. Handily, it also increases the fighter's Move characteristic by 1. Proud Runner is best given to Dakko Inspired, as the combination of this upgrade and his Primal



Tracker ability means each time he makes a Move action, you should be able to get the Primacy token. His Range 3 Attack action means he'll also be able to contribute to the fighting at the same time, and often you'll be able to gain the Primacy token during his Charge action. Haughty Resistance is a good choice for Hedkrakka. It indirectly increases his chances of survival, and he's a crucial part of your warband.

There are also great gambits to help you get the Primacy token. Claim to Domination (16) is a useful one for an aggressive warband like the Madmob. This gives the Primacy token to whichever warband has the most fighters in enemy territory at the end of the next activation. It's a little bit of a gamble to use this, but when it works, it can feel like you've gotten away with daylight robbery. Invincible Aspect (17) is an alternative. It's a gambit spell which, while tricky to cast, has two powerful effects: you can heal a friendly fighter within two hexes for two, and gain the Primacy token. Finally, there's Feign Strength (18). This simply gains you the Primacy token, but if you have the token at the end of the phase, this card will make you discard it.

TUG OF WAR

So far we've looked at how the Madmob gain the Primacy token, but we also need to look at what you can do with it when you have it, and how you can get rid of it. After all, you can only gain the Primacy token (and by gaining it Inspire one of your fighters) if you don't have it! This means the Madmob needs to have ways to get rid of the Primacy token once they have it.

Handily, there's a whole suite of cards that let you gain some benefit from having the Primacy token – beyond the one glory point at the end of the round – and then let you discard it or give it away. Some of the best cards to have to hand when you have the Primacy token are Da Big Waaagh!, Never Tiring (19), and Armour of Confidence (20). If you have the Primacy token when you play Da Big Waaagh! or Never Tiring, their usually very brief effects last until the end of the round. Giving your warband +1 Dice and/or Move is a very powerful boost, and it's worth looking to make the most of it. The Armour of

Confidence upgrade is more straightforward: the upgraded fighter has +1 Defence while you have the Primacy token. Defence is a characteristic that it's hard to improve, so this card is a rare exception and fantastic for making a fighter more survivable in this warband.

Then there's the ways to discard or give away the Primacy token. While this seems like giving up a chance at a glory point at the end of the round, if you don't do this, you may struggle to Inspire many of your fighters. To ensure you can Inspire your warband, you need to have a good tug of war with your opponent(s). Here are some of the best cards to help you with that. Master of Ways (21) is a very powerful upgrade that lets a fighter 'teleport' to an objective token when you discard the Primacy token. This can really help you pile on pressure in enemy territory or deny an objective to an opponent. Primal Kunnin' (22) can be used just like Sidestep, but you can instead push your friendly fighter up to three hexes if you give an opponent the Primacy token. That's almost as good as a Charge action in most cases! We've already looked at Primal Brutality, which lets you discard the Primacy token for a free Attack action. Finally, Feign Weakness (23) is the perfect partner to Feign Strength in this warband – it lets you give the Primacy token to an opponent and gain one spent glory point.

Again, we've only scratched the surface here of what you can do with Hedkrakka's Madmob and Primacy. There are many other cards that support the warband and the Primacy mechanic, so don't be afraid to experiment and see what synergies you can find. The warband's aggressive play style and the demands of the Primacy mechanic are a fantastic match, and they are very satisfying to play.

END PHASE

That brings us to the end of this article. We'd love to know what you thought of it. Do you have some favourite cards or tactics that you think should be featured here? Is there a topic you'd like to see discussed in a future article? Let us know at whunderworlds@gwplc.com, and you might see your suggestions appear in *White Dwarf*.

THE HOSTILES OF THE CURSED CITY

The Cursed City has been overrun by the undead, its populace cowed by the half-feral vampire Radukar the Wolf. Here we take a closer look at the legions of undeath that have made the Cursed City their home and what you will need to watch out for during your games.



Hello and welcome back to Tales from the Cursed City, a series of articles focused on the latest version of Warhammer Quest. In this second article, we take a closer look at the various hostiles the mighty heroes of Ulfenkarn must defeat and offer advice on how to take them down. We'll begin from the bottom and work our way up to the greatest villain in the city – Radukar the Wolf.

CORPSE RATS

Ew. That's right, as if horrifically bloated sewer rats weren't bad enough, imagine ones swollen further on a diet of corpses and potent vampire blood; it's a nasty combination. By itself, a Corpse Rat poses little threat even to a regular human, never mind a hero of the calibre of those rallied in Ulfenkarn's defence. Their strength is in their numbers and the fact they are a vector for unspeakable diseases that will infect whomever they bite. Heroes bitten by a Corpse Rat are diseased, reducing the values on their dice until the disease is gone. This is, in

and of itself, rarely fatal; usually it just reduces the hero's efficacy a little. However, the danger arises as the hero becomes more injured in the course of a journey. Losing a dice is bad enough, but losing a dice in addition to having another dice score reduced to a 1 can greatly hamper a hero's ability to fight back or even escape harm effectively. Beware the Corpse Rat, hero, and never underestimate your foe.

BAT SWARMS

Bat Swarms are fast. Very fast. In fact, most of the time there is no escaping them whatsoever. This is important to bear in mind when facing these menaces. Even if they reinforce in a faraway location, you can expect these winged nightmares to bear down on your heroes with frightening speed. Bat Swarms are hardly the most dangerous hostiles you will face in Ulfenkarn's streets, but they are very capable of tying the heroes up while larger, more menacing hostiles make their way inevitably towards them. Bat Swarms are also extremely annoying to face.



Corpse Rats



Bat Swarms

Stabbing a swarm of fluttering horrors is no easy task, and even a worthy strike will kill only a small fraction of the bats that make up the swarm.

DEADWALKER ZOMBIES

Deadwalker Zombies are slow. They are so slow, in fact, that it is possible to outpace them completely, depending upon the layout of the combat map. You would be wise to consider doing so, especially at the beginning of your campaign. This advice may seem strange, as Deadwalker Zombies aren't very skilled and don't do particularly large amounts of damage. So why be scared of such creatures? Well, for a start they are rarely alone, and they usually turn up in sufficient numbers to present a significant threat. In addition, they are tougher than your average minion, boasting enough wounds that unless a hero scores a critical hit, they will likely just hew off an arm or a few fingers – an injury that, while inconvenient, will certainly not stop a Deadwalker Zombie.

Every creature that stalks the streets of Ulfenkarn is deadly, and despite a lack of speed and power, Deadwalker Zombies are no exception. Where these walking corpses pursue their foes, gravestones grind upwards from the cold dirt and act as unholy lodestones, causing more Deadwalkers Zombies to tear themselves free of the earth to join the hunt.

Matters, however, grow truly grave (excuse the pun) when night falls. The surging power of Shyish fills the Deadwalkers with more vigour than other creatures, and they double in both speed and damage. This can come as a real shock when you face it for the first time. As the light fades, Deadwalker Zombies suddenly race after your heroes with blistering speed and start ripping huge chunks out of them – a far cry from the shuffling monstrosities of before.



Deadwalker Zombies

GORSLAV THE GRAVEKEEPER

The gaunt giant known as Gorslav the Gravekeeper is a figure of terror in Ulfenkarn. Children are told that the Gravekeeper will take them if they don't behave, and there is more truth to this than most would dare admit. Gorslav does indeed take the living from their homes, but he does not care for their behaviour. His only impulse is to tend the corpse-gardens of his master, the Wolf, and provide fresh Deadwalker Zombies for his armies.

This narrative preludes what may be the most deadly ability in the game. While it's true that Gorslav is extremely tough to kill, and can swing his shovel in huge, murderous arcs, it is his unique 'Corpse-planting' ability that truly sets him apart from the other hostiles.

A hero who is caught in the Gravekeeper's grasp will find themselves unmercifully plunged deep into the cold, dark earth. This frightful predicament is difficult to escape from, and most heroes will need help if they are to dig themselves clear. And they will need to get out quickly. If they cannot free themselves, then their only destiny is that of an unfeeling Deadwalker Zombie, a fresh crop from the corpse-gardens of Ulfenkarn.

Unless Gorslav is busy burying a hero, whenever he activates, all Deadwalker Zombies on the board will also activate. He's a real force multiplier for these necromantic horrors, so the heroes will have to make the Gravekeeper's destruction a priority.

THE ULFENWATCH

The Ulfenwatch, unlike the other creatures that you will face on the streets of Ulfenkarn, are a disciplined military force. They march in lockstep, stabbing and beating those who would break the laws of the city. The heroes, being obvious lawbreakers, are primary targets, and so the Ulfenwatch chase and attack them with relentless vigour, hacking and slashing relentlessly.

The Ulfenwatch have several advantages over more feral undead, including numbers, Sergeants and Banner Bearers. In terms of numbers, they roam in patrols of up to six, which is scary enough at the best of times. To make matters worse, they can reinforce themselves by calling in slain members of the patrol to return to the battlefield, bringing them back to full strength instantly. Ulfenwatch Sergeants have more wounds than other Ulfenwatch, forcing most heroes to successfully hit them twice before slaying them. Actions are valuable in Cursed City, and if a hero has to swing twice to cut down an Ulfenwatch Sergeant, then they have fewer actions to slay the rest of the patrol. Be warned, for even a single Ulfenwatch can land a nasty blow. Finally, Ulfenwatch Banner Bearers must be slain straight away if possible. Do not, under any circumstances, allow one to survive when an Ulfenwatch patrol attacks. These 'inspiring' Ulfenwatch afford re-rolls on attacks to nearby skeletal watchmen, which more than doubles their combat effectiveness. As Ulfenwatch are already more accurate than your average undead, this ability is not to be taken lightly. You have been warned!



The Ulfenwatch

WATCH CAPTAIN HALGRIM

No mention of the Ulfenwatch is complete without reference to their leader, the traitorous Watch Captain Halgrim. This wight leads his warriors from the front lines, enhancing their movement, damage and even summoning more to the fight. This is by far the most dangerous aspect of the Watch Captain. If left to follow Halgrim's orders, the other Ulfenwatch on the battlefield will tear even a seasoned group of heroes to pieces. This means that if there is a strong Ulfenwatch presence on the battlefield, then Halgrim must be dealt with, and quickly, before the heroes are overwhelmed.

This is easier said than done. The good captain can take a decent amount of damage and hits pretty hard, especially if he unleashes the power hidden in his cursed weapons. At that point, even a hero in a full suit of armour had best be on the lookout.

VYRKOS BLOOD-BORN

Blessed with speed, strength and the duelling skills of their previous lives, the former nobility of Ulfenkarn are easily one of the most vicious enemies that the heroes will have to face. No shred of compassion remains in these blood-soaked monsters, and the heroes will be hard pressed to deal with a pack of three.

So what makes these killers so nasty? Well in truth, Vyrkos Blood-born have the best of everything. They have incredible speed, moving faster than even Bat Swarms

and striking at the heroes with contemptuous ease no matter where they hide.

Worse still, they also have power enough to bend an iron bar or crash through a brick wall. When a hero is struck by this formidable strength, it leaves a serious mark. And they will hit when they attack; these vampires, though obviously feral, are skilled fighters with some of the most accurate attacks in the game.

Finally, there is their resilience. While the Blood-born are hardy foes, being much tougher than a Deadwalker Zombie or any human, they will still be slain if a blade takes their head off or if they are ground to a pulp under an ogor's boot. To compensate, they are Shadowfast, enabling them to blur out of the way of incoming harm and completely ignore all the damage that might have been done. This is especially scary for heroes, because if the Vyrkos Blood-born is not slain, all their previously mentioned strength will be brought to bear.

The main advantage the heroes have over these terrors is that, for the first time, the heroes outnumber their enemies. Vyrkos are few in number, as Radukar was not one to give the dubious gift of undeath to just anyone. This means the heroes can focus their efforts and, with some luck, bring one down before they get to strike. This is never easy, though. The Blood-born are so fast that they usually get to rush the heroes and strike first, leaving lasting harm before they can be dealt with.



Vyrkos Blood-born



Gorslav the Gravekeeper



Watch Captain Halgrim

VARGSKYR

The biggest and most impressive model in the box, the Vargskyr towers over every hero who might be foolish enough to face it. It is easily the most lethal enemy the heroes have, short of the Wolf himself. Few weapons can truly deliver lasting harm to such a creature, and there is quite literally no escaping it. Worse still, it can unleash ear-shattering howls, use its fanged maw to bite massive hunks of flesh from its victims and perform great bounding leaps that make sure that no matter the distance, a Vargskyr will always catch its prey.

Fortunately for the heroes, Vargskyr are uncommon to say the least. The heroes will never face more than one at a time, as the creatures are suspected to be ferociously territorial and always hunt alone. This is good news, or at least as good as it gets; attempting to fight two Vargskyr would simply be a one-sided slaughter. The heroes will need magical treasures, advanced traits and specific empowerments to be able to deal with one effectively (see The Tools for the Task below). If they are unlucky enough to have one turn up before then? Run. Not that it will do you any good ...

THE TOOLS FOR THE TASK

Treasure cards can be found as the heroes explore Ulfenkarn on their journeys – powerful artefacts abandoned in homes and reliquaries after Radukar's purge of the city. Traits are gained by heroes as they increase in experience and gain levels, and empowerments are bought from Kolgo Nuggson aboard the Adamant. These are powerful, permanent enhancements to the hero's weapons and armour. Each will have their use as the heroes encounter more dangerous enemies during their quest.



KOSARGI NIGHTGUARD

Huge, immovable and bearing weapons that can cut even an ogor in two with a single blow, the Kosargi Nightguard are not to be messed with. The heroes must take great care with these monstrosities. Outside of Radukar the Wolf, these beasts deal more damage in a single blow than any other hostile, up to and including the named hostiles such as Gorslav the Gravekeeper and Watch Captain Halgrim. Once night falls and they become empowered, the Nightguard hit even harder, dealing more damage than even the best defence can cope with. To make matters worse, they are as tough as old boot-leather; they have a huge number of wounds and can reduce the damage dealt to them each time they are hit.

So what can the heroes do against these monsters? The best option is to gang up on them. Few heroes can deal enough damage to kill one of these creatures by themselves, and those who can are still capable of missing, so going it alone is rarely wise. Additionally, the Nightguard are slow and so can be avoided until the full force of the heroes' might can be brought to bear.

Just remember, don't let them hit you!

TORGILLIUS THE CHAMBERLAIN

There are few villains anywhere as dastardly and ... well ... villainous as Torgillus the Chamberlain. It was he who stole Octren Glimscrey's scholastic research and brought it to the attention of Radukar the Wolf. It is he who maintains a network of informants and spies across the city, quashing discord and rebellions before they can even start. He is an accomplished sorcerer as well as a master of dark arts and troubling sciences. His nightly experiments in his awful laboratory have left screaming spirits trapped in the walls of his very home, and none of his victims survive his attentions. In short, he's plain awful, and when he appears in the game, things get very nasty indeed.



Vargskyr



Kosargi Nightguard

The first thing you will notice about Torgillius is that he deals a lot of damage and, uniquely, can do so from far away. He has the only Ranged hostile weapon action in the game, and its Damage values are ferociously high. If a hero is struck by his necromantic bolts, then even a really solid Defence won't be enough to stop the pain getting through.

But, of course, what would a true villain be without minions to push around? Torgillius controls Corpse Rats and Bat Swarms and sends them in wave after wave against the heroes. If either of these hostiles are on the battlefield, then you can expect to see them time again while Torgillius lives.

Finally, he is a master magic user and can send hexes and chilling, soul-harrowing curses towards the heroes, confounding their chances of using their best abilities and dealing damage they cannot avoid.

In short, Torgillius is a hostile who needs to be dealt with quickly and efficiently. Or else!

RADUKAR THE WOLF

As we draw to the end of this article, we finally come to the main antagonist – Radukar the Wolf. The (mostly) undisputed ruler of Ulfenkarn, Radukar is the one you will need to defeat in order to claim victory in the campaign.

Radukar is a vampire lord of prodigious power, and I do mean prodigious. Some other hostiles can reduce the damage that is inflicted upon them, but this only occurs on the roll of a dice. With the Wolf, damage against him is reduced automatically, turning even horrendous wounds into minor scratches. This ensures that a single hero is rarely capable of dealing with the Wolf by themselves. To tip things further in the vampire's favour, damage inflicted on him can be reduced to 0, which means that some attacks against him will do nothing at all! In the end, heavy weapons and powerful magic will be required to punch through Radukar's undead flesh.

In addition, Radukar is a true powerhouse. When he hits, heroes stay hit. To make matters worse, his Vyrkos Barrowblade not only stuns its victims but curses them too. Cursing a hero or hostile means that subsequent blows hit much harder than normal. This ability allows Radukar to single-handedly butcher any hero placed in front of him in a few mighty blows. He attacks more often too, as his Brutal Assault action allows him to rush across the battlefield and tear into his victim twice instead of once, the first hit landing a curse and the second hit finishing off the target with contemptuous ease.

So what can the heroes do against this warmongering undead fiend? Well, not much, truth be told. Your best bet is to hit him with attacks that stun or curse him, allowing you to mitigate the impact of his extra actions and counteract his damage reduction. Better still, select empowerments that allow you to bypass the protection of his defensive ability. However, even the best and most skilled heroes can still be obliterated by his undead might on an unlucky dice roll.

Doesn't sound fair? Well, he is the villain of the piece after all. Best of luck!



THE FINAL WORD

So we draw to the end of this month's Tales from the Cursed City. Hopefully you enjoyed a look into the hostiles arrayed against the heroes and are now better informed about the threats you might face if you too are brave enough to enter the Cursed City.



Torgillius the Chamberlain



Radukar the Wolf



SAGAS OF THE REALMS

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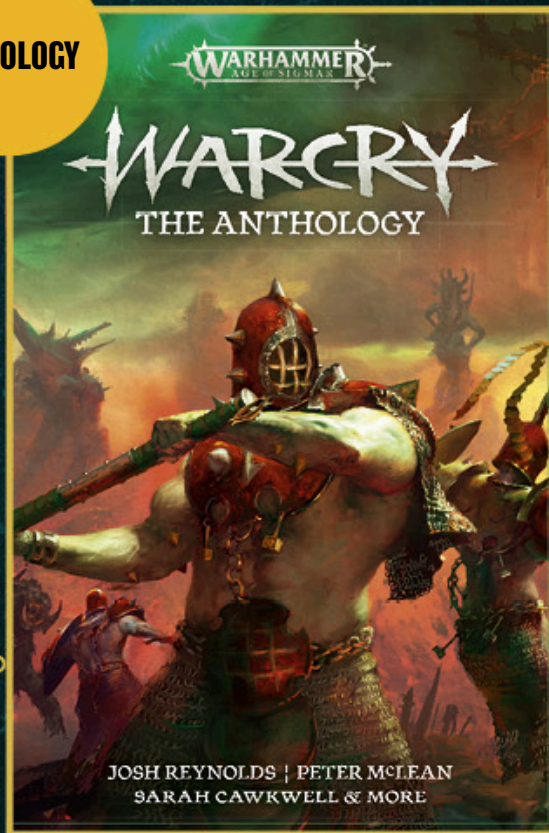
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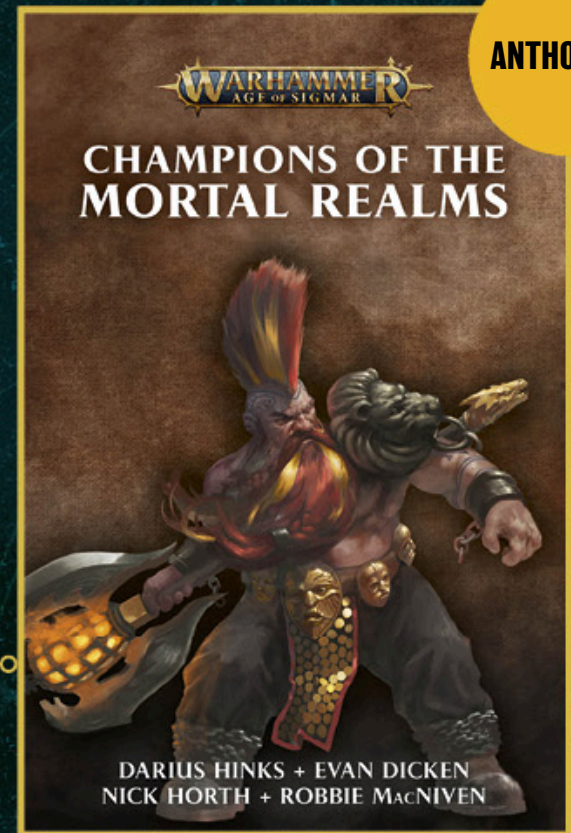
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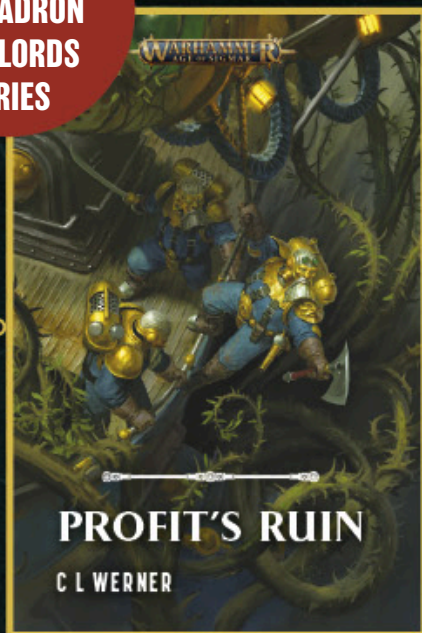


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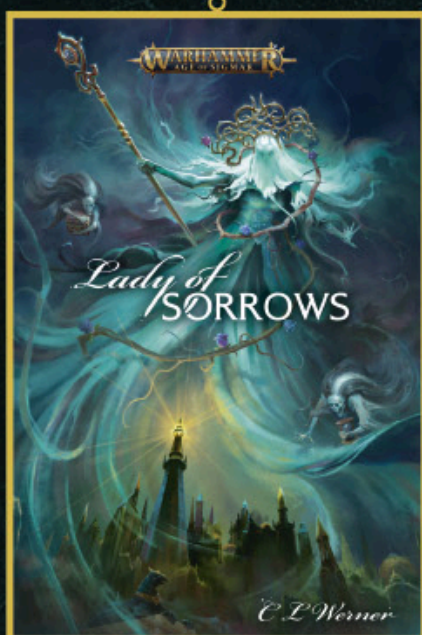
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A DYNASTY OF MONSTERS

Grungni, the Great Maker, returns to his people and judges them to have passed their time of trials. Re-joining the Six Smiths in High Azyr, he creates a new breed of warrior for the coming wars, the Thunderstrike Stormcast Eternals ...

FANGORN UNLEASHED

In this issue, the Middle-earth team branch out with a tactics guide for one of the larger Heroes in the Strategy Battle Game: Treebeard. Here they get to the root of what makes the Ent such a fearsome foe on the tabletop. They leaf nothing out. Burárum!



When it comes to the forces of Good in Middle-earth, they tend to rely on exceptional warriors, stoic leaders and cunning tacticians rather than the sheer brute force of Monsters that the Dark Lord can unleash on the Free Peoples. However, this is not always the case, as there are also some ancient and powerful races that wish to see darkness vanquished and peace return to Middle-earth.

Probably the most well known of such races are the Ents of Fangorn, and in particular their leader, Treebeard. Though they may look like walking trees, that is not actually the case – a fact that Treebeard is quick to correct Merry and Pippin on when they call him a tree! The Ents are in fact the ancient shepherds of the forests of Middle-earth, though by the latter years of the Third Age their numbers are few, and they reside solely within the forest of Fangorn.

Should they be roused to wrath, though, the Ents could be a powerful ally. It's fair to say that Treebeard was a rather large part of the story, saving Merry and Pippin from the clutches of Grishnákh and rallying the Ents to march upon Isengard following the discovery of Saruman's treachery. Without their selfless assault upon Isengard, it is likely that Saruman would have been able to rebuild following the events of Helm's Deep and assail Rohan once more.

As you might expect, a character with the stature of Treebeard makes for a mightily powerful Hero in the Strategy Battle Game, one that can use his tremendous strength to smash aside numerous Orcs, Uruk-hai, and all other minions of the Dark Lord that stand in his path. Over the next few pages, we'll provide you with a series of tips and tricks that you can use to get the most out of the mighty Ent in your own games.

THE ENTS ARE GOING TO WAR

Treebeard has a truly phenomenal statline in the game – one of the best the forces of Good have to offer. His Fight value of 8 is only bested by three models in the entire game: Gil-galad, the Balrog and the Dark Lord himself! This means that Treebeard is likely to win the majority of fights he is involved in, especially when he also has 3 Might points at his disposal.

But what happens when he does win a fight? How much damage can Treebeard actually dish out? Well, how does 3 Attacks at a staggering Strength 8 sound? Pretty impressive, right? Of course, Treebeard has the Monster keyword, meaning that he can utilise the same Brutal Power Attacks as other Monsters. Rend allows Treebeard to make his strikes against the Strength of an enemy model instead of their Defence. Is that pesky highly armoured Uruk-hai Captain getting in the way? No problem. Just Rend it, and Treebeard will wound it on a 3+!

Treebeard's high Strength also means that he is exceptional when it comes to using the Hurl Brutal Power Attack. When determining the distance a model is hurled, it travels D3+ the difference in Strength values in inches. As the average Strength value is 3, Treebeard will usually be hurling enemies D3+5" away!

Treebeard isn't particularly quick, though, having a fairly average move value of 6". However, being a Monster, Treebeard can use Barge to cover some extra ground in the Fight phase. If he wins a fight, he can choose to push each enemy in the fight 3" away from himself and then move another D6" – even allowing him to charge again. This is great for when the opponent tries to pin Treebeard down with only a single model or if he needs to smash his way through to an enemy leader or banner bearer.

There is one final Brutal Power Attack that Treebeard has at his disposal, one that only the Ents of Fangorn have: Bludgeon. This Brutal Power Attack allows Treebeard to pick up an enemy man-sized model in the fight and use them as a weapon to smash other enemies in the same fight. Both the model being used as the bludgeon and the model being hit take a Strength 8 hit, and if the target is slain, then Treebeard can hit another enemy model with the poor sap that is being used as a makeshift weapon – ouch! A common tactic for dealing with Monsters is to surround them and then hope to win the fight. If the Monster wins, they can only kill a handful of your own models. However, this Brutal Power Attack makes such tactics very risky, as there is a chance that Treebeard simply wipes them all out in one colossal attack!

RADAGAST THE BROWN

Whilst Fangorn often works best as a single faction, if you are looking for an ally to fight alongside your Ents, Radagast is a great choice. With plenty of Magical Powers, Radagast is the ideal Wizard to aid Treebeard. There aren't many things that can survive being Immobilised and then crushed by giant wooden fists!



Though surrounded by many Orcs, Treebeard is ideally placed to make the most of his Bludgeon Brutal Power Attack, crushing numerous foes in a single deadly attack!





An army of Ents is almost impossible to stop in its tracks, a lesson that Treebeard, Quickbeam and their kin are about to teach this band of Orcs that stand in their way!

QUICKBEAM

Generally speaking, Ents aren't the fastest moving models in the game and can get outpaced by quicker armies. A good way to get around that is to take Quickbeam. Not only does he move 8", but he can also use Heroic March to allow the rest of your force to cover the board much quicker!



DON'T BE HASTY!

Whilst Treebeard can make for an excellent ally to armies that need that extra bit punch on the front lines, the best way to get the most out of Treebeard and his Entish kin is when used as part of the Fangorn army list so that they benefit from their excellent Army Bonus: Don't be Hasty!

This Army Bonus means that Ent models are completely unaffected by special rules and Magical Powers that would prevent them from moving or move them against their will. This is a huge benefit, as it renders some of the main tactics for dealing with Monsters entirely useless when playing against a Fangorn army. Magical Powers such as Immobilise/Transfix or Command/Compel are usually used to prevent a model from moving or attacking, allowing other models to attack them without putting themselves at risk. But this won't work against the Ents, as they will simply shrug off such effects and continue their relentless march through the opposition. This also applies to Magical Powers such as Paralyse, Call Winds and Sorcerous Blast (though they will still take the hit from the latter), as well as special rules such as a Dead Marsh Spectre's A Fell Light is in Them, a Wood Elf Sentinel's Eldamar Madrigal, or Harry Goatleaf's Gatekeeper.

But that's not all. The Army Bonus also makes Ents immune to the Nature's Wrath and Wrath of Bruinen Magical Power.

So what does all this mean in practice? Well, what this means is that a Fangorn army is very difficult to stop, and your opponent will have to look past the usual tactics of the previously mentioned Magical Powers and special rules to find a new way to take on your Ents. This also means that you aren't going to have turns where Treebeard and your other Ents are going to be slowed down by those pesky magics and can instead focus on what is really important: smashing through the ranks of enemy models with sheer brute strength!

Being huge and ancient creatures, it is little surprise that Ents all cause Terror. Wouldn't you run away from a seventeen-foot-tall tree (not a tree!) that was moving towards you? This means that not every enemy model will be able to charge, as some will inevitably fail their Courage test, meaning that your opponent will often have to fight with fewer models than they had hoped. So what about when an opponent hides in woodland terrain? Not a problem. All Ents have Woodland Creature, allowing them to traverse forests and woods with ease!

MERRY & PIPPIN

For only 10 points, you can upgrade Treebeard to have both Merry and Pippin ride into battle upon him. Of course, this doesn't make Treebeard a cavalry model, but it does provide a number of benefits to the mighty Ent.

Firstly, this increases the number of models in your force and therefore increases your Break Point. This means that the enemy will have to kill even more Ents to break your army, and Ents are certainly not the easiest models to slay!

Also, whilst mounted, Merry and Pippin can throw stones from the safety of Treebeard's branches. Whilst these may not be the most effective missile weapons, it's still two extra shots per turn to launch at the enemy.

Merry and Pippin can also dismount from Treebeard. This is great for capturing objectives, as you can use a 10-point Hobbit rather than having to leave a 120-point Ent to hold objectives away from the fight. The Hobbits can also remount Treebeard by moving into base contact with him. This is ideal for getting them out of harm's way in a hurry or for having them dismount one turn, pick up an objective and then climb back up, keeping the objective safe in Treebeard's lofty heights!

**WITH ROCK AND STONE**

Merry and Pippin aren't the only ones who can throw stones; Treebeard is also quite adept at launching boulders at the enemy. A Shoot value of 4+ is pretty decent, but what makes these rocks worth throwing is the fact that Treebeard can launch them a whopping 18"! And what's more, when they do hit an enemy model, they will cause a Strength 10 hit. That will wound all but the most heavily armoured enemies on a 3. In some scenarios, you can afford to spend a bit of time lining up your Ents 18" away and hurling multiple rocks at an advancing opponent over the course of a few turns to thin their ranks.

Overall, Treebeard makes for a great model on the tabletop. He's hard to kill and packs a huge punch when in the thick of combat, and with a bit of luck, he can smash aside any models that try to get an edge by surrounding him. If you are looking for a very small, elite army in which each model is a true powerhouse, then look no further than a Fangorn army led by Treebeard.

So, there you have it – an in-depth look at the mightiest of the Ents of Middle-earth and how to get the most out of Treebeard in your future games. Just remember to take your time and think your strategy through when playing games with Treebeard; Ents don't take too kindly to hasty decisions, after all!

THE WHITE-BEARDED ANCESTOR

By David Guymer

As the Age of Myth draws to a close and the Age of Chaos reigns, the Maker faces many tough decisions. Will he intervene in the salvation of his people, or will he see them face hardship alone? Perhaps the future of the duardin race rests in the hands of another ...

For the God-King of Highheim I did capture the Winds Celestial, and forge them thus into bolts of thunder that he might wield in wrath. For Sigmar too did I mine the Broken World, construct the Apotheosis Anvil ere its lighting with Dracothion's flame, and lend thereafter the skills of the Six Smiths and the knowledge of working sigmarite. I did these things, for my debt to him is beyond repaying, and beyond speaking. I would have given more had he asked, but ask he did not, for Sigmar is wiser now than once he was, and unobtrusive in his wisdom. In metal and thunder did he wish his warriors clad, that they might be the blunt face of the weapon with which Chaos is struck from the Mortal Realms. I gave these things gladly. My oaths did demand it. And such baubles were easy for me to part with.

'My own people, I know, are made of sterner stuff...'

The Maker breathed light into the cold furnace. Golden dust sprinkled over the old coals, catching in the kindling and lighting. He raised his hands to them, warming his callused palms, and smiled, taking a fire iron to spread the heat and working a hand bellows to feed the flames. It felt good to be at work again. Since the fall of Elixia he had wandered long and far, but here he would build himself a new forge.

For the moment he worked alone. His apprentices had been bequeathed to the Forge Eternal in service of a debt that would never be repaid. The furnaces would remain unlit, with the exception of one.

For now.

The Maker took up his tools. Some of them would have been recognisable to any mortal smith. Hammers. Fullers. Reamers. Tongs. Others would have had them dumb with wonder and struggling to understand their purpose. The Maker had designed them himself, and had not made them for the working of metal.

Employing a set of tongs, he picked up a fuzzy ingot of potential. At the core of his creation's shape would be his own remembrance. A king of the duardin when they were still a united race. A teacher of men and a friend of aelves. The bane of Chaos. Works unfinished and grudges unsettled.

'Vengeance will be yours,' he muttered. 'When our foes are great, I will return to my people. When the foul

creatures of this world bay at the doors, you will take up your axe once more and your ire will rock the mountains.'

He held the mote to the anvil, and began.



'Who is this white-bearded wanderer? From whence does he come, that all duardin peoples recognise and know him? And where does he go when his act of charity is done...?'

Blood ran down the Skarn Karak in a pair of oozing rivers. Swifter than the magma that had once followed those courses it ran, and no less hot, for it was by no earthly bidding that it was liquid, nor any living warmth that bade it flow. No stone would this lava make when it cooled. No continent would it forge where it emptied into the Vitriol Sea. No. Follow these courses to their unnatural springs and one would find oneself broken and weary upon a vast plain of fresh-hewn bodies and broken shields, feet sinking into ground softened by spilled offal and gore, lungs labouring on air that was near-unbreathable for its thick, iron reek. To those warriors who were even then fighting, bleeding and dying on Skarn Karak to keep those mighty rivers running full, no such distinction between the Realm of Fire and the Blood God's own ruinous dominion existed.

The Maker, observing the battle from its adjoining peak, could forgive such foolish misconceptions.

But he knew better.

He had followed those rivers, had stood upon that plain, had gazed upon the seat of the Blood God himself and turned his boundless craft to the unmaking of his fortress of brass. And he had failed. Only the second time in his long, *long* memory that any metal had defied his will. He shook his head. Of all the regrets he had accumulated over his many centuries, that one remained perpetually keen.

Limping to the ridgeline, the Maker drew his heavy cloak about himself and looked out. Hordes of Khorne's Bloodbound heaved against the mountain, as if to take it by its magmic hair and bring it low. Across the distance that separated mountains, the Fyreslayers of the Skarravorn lodge were almost indistinguishable from

their foes. Both sets of warriors were equally robust and muscular, the duardin as ferocious in defence as the Bloodbound were in attack, their thick arms and torsos clapped in blood-red and gold, the ranks of both intermingling with a similarly violent, almost joyful abandon. Only the blue glint of spinel and sapphire – rare stones in that part of Aqshy but mined in abundance from the Skarn Karak – definitively gave away the presence of a Fyreslayer. Their hair, fed into extravagant red crests through tall helms, wobbled like a spreading inferno above the mountain-spanning melee.

The Maker sighed, feeling a familiar pang of old hurt. It was as though he looked down off that ridge and saw his brother.

In a way, he supposed, he did exactly that, and that was some comfort. He liked to believe that this was as his brother would have wanted it, if not exactly as he would have planned, for his brother never did *plan* much of anything. But the mind of a god was never an easy thing to unpick. And the faiths that grew out from them rarely behaved according to their intention.

He observed the battle for a time, chewing his beard in thought.

Fury met fury. Frenzy met resolve.

The Bloodbound had the numbers. By older gods of forgotten names did they have the numbers. But the Fyreslayers had good ground, fortified lines carving up the higher terrain, and the determination to hold on to every fire-blackened square inch of it. There was no shifting a duardin once he had it inside his skull that a particular fluke of geology was his own. That was as true for the Fyreslayers as it was for every other distant off-shoot of their ancient kin, and would remain so, long into the Maker's dim and uncertain view of his descendants' future.

A deathbringer managed to make her howl heard above the tumult, sanctifying her kills to Khorne as her whirling axe took heads and arms, before the battle's swells swallowed her again. A magmadroth reared onto pillar-like hind legs, lifting the runesmiter on its war-throne high over the melee. With a gesture, he turned the earth molten beneath the Bloodbound's feet. Bodies hissed and reddened as they made a bridge across the cooling rock, howling blood warriors soon overrunning even the great spawn of Vulcatrrix once more.

At the nearby rattling of scree, the Maker turned from the battle and looked down. A band of Bloodbound scrambled up the ridgeline not far from where he stood, no doubt looking to exploit the vantage for similar purposes to his own and attack the Skarravorn from the flank. A bloodstoker led them. He was a giant in dripping armour, his face a brutalised thing encased in a helm that appeared to have been made and fitted by the simple expediency of emptying a crucible of molten brass over the warrior's head.

That alone was enough to earn the Maker's pity. These berserkers had all been human once. No worse or better than others. A craftsman did not blame the wood that had been left outside to rot, nor the metal that had gone into an Azghorite forge. But shoddy work was unforgiveable. He'd not spent all those centuries sharing the secrets of smithing and stoneworking with the Mortal Realms to be mocked with such deliberately careless craft on his own doorstep.

It might have been his ire that allowed his presence on the overlook to be felt, or perhaps the bloodstoker was simply unusually perceptive for a follower of Khorne. The warrior lowered his whip and turned to look over his hugely muscled shoulder.

The Maker reached for no weapon, though he carried plenty. Nor did he make any attempt to restore the clever array of glamours that the bloodstoker had somehow managed to look through. He nodded once, casually as though in greeting, as if to confirm the startled recognition he saw in the sudden recoil of the warrior's muscular shoulders. The bloodstoker issued a yell to curdle the blood, then turned in a spray of grit and fled back down the mountainside.

Unnerved by their leader's behaviour, the saner elements of his warband quickly withdrew. The rest, unled, understrength, completely unrestrained, were gleefully torn apart by the Skarravorn.

Not one of them felt a hint of the Maker's presence at their backs.

'You could break this siege in an hour.'

The words came on a distant wind, and with them came an electricity that filled the Maker's beard. He glanced over his shoulder, and grunted. The ill-defined human shape of a lightning zephyr crackled alongside him.

'If you would but show your hand.'

'That's especially rich,' said the Maker. 'Coming from you.'

The mote fizzled in silence. Accepting the charge, as well it might.

'I cannot fight every battle.'

'No,' the Maker agreed.

A deep sigh fizzed through the thick, bloodied air. For a moment afterwards it felt almost fit to breathe. But only for that one short moment.

'Would that your brother was here beside us still.'

'Look around you.' The Maker gestured to the battle. 'He fights yet.' His eyes narrowed as he turned to look directly at the apparition of Azyr. 'Harder than you or I, I might say. If I were feeling harsh.'

'If I could have commanded his axe to the Burning Skies...'

'We all make our own beds. Even you.'

'Do you still blame me, old friend?'

The duardin smiled grimly. There was humour in it, but this was an Age inimical to laughter. 'He was always doomed, that one, since before you found us both shackled to that mountain. He would have had it no other way.'

'What is lost shall be remade.'

The Maker nodded, turning back to the battle. 'There's nothing that can't be remade.'

'Then join me now. Gather what remains of your people and lead them to the safety of Azyr while there are Realmgates still open to take them.'

While the Maker looked on from afar, the screaming horde of Bloodbound forced the vulkite fyrds slowly upslope towards prepared positions in the heights. A single youngflame caught out by the retreat battled the blood warriors mobbing him from all sides while the kin of his fyrd called out in impotent wrath. The Maker's heart quickened, just for a spell, as it recalled what it was to fear for living kin. The vulkites roared and pushed back against their slingshields, but there was no reaching the boy through such a berserker press.

'Let me take them,' said the voice.

The Maker said nothing, still watching as a white-haired old hearthkarl raised his axe up high above the crowd, hacked down a bloodreaver, and then took his place. Then he cut down another. And another. Advancing with every stroke until somehow there he was in the midst of the melee, fighting side-by-side with the lost lad. Under the cover of the elder's glittering axe, the pair withdrew to the fyrd, there to be welcomed by the songs and the acclaim of the youngflame's kin.

He nodded to himself. Sometimes there was no way forward. Until that way was found.

Pulling his hood up over his grey head, he turned to walk away. The lightning zephyr sputtered and faded as he walked through it and away from Skarn Karak. The future was not the Maker's to see, only to shape, but he knew that the strength of the Skarravorn would be equal to this test. Others would falter. It was true.

But there was nothing that could not be remade.

This time, it would not be remade by him.

'Masters of stone and metal and the makers of intricate machines are they...'

The Maker huffed his way up the Syarri mountain. He scowled to himself as he dragged his game leg up the harsh slope, his steel-capped walking cane skidding in the neglected road's grit.

Why does it always have to be mountains?

He had only himself to blame for it, he supposed. No one had forced him to teach their forefathers how to dig, and how to work the metals they brought to light. At least he did not think that anyone had. The memories were faded, like runes on an ancient's tomb, and he could not wholly recall them now. It might equally have been a good story he had once heard. Stories, particularly the good ones, had a power that way that even the gods might envy.

The last time the Maker had made this particular ascent it had been in the comfortable back seat of a steam wagon, bound for the newly opened gem fields with a bawdy company of miners from the gates of Xintil. The road then had been wide and paved with white marble, the slopes dotted with forts and ale-rests and little villages. Traffic in both directions had been heavy with workers and trade. Now, the marble slabs looked as though they had been pulled up one by one by gargants taught to wield picks. The homes of the duardin were rubble. And there was no traffic. Just the steady, hurried trickle of duardin running the other way, their kingdoms reduced to the packs on their back.

Even had the Maker not come cloaked in his usual guise of anonymity, he doubted whether any of those refugees would have looked up from the ground long enough, or cared enough, to notice him. They would likely not have had kind words for him if they did.

The Maker had seen every type of woe that had been levelled against his people. Grief and hardship were no strange sights to him now, if they had ever been. But there were no obvious signs of battle here. No armies had fought over this mountain.

The realm itself rejected them.

Leaving the path for a spell, the Maker limped up a loose incline to a rugged shelf where the view was better and sighed at what he saw.

The neighbouring peaks across the vale were crumbling. The entire vista seemed caught in a state of a deconstruction as the magic that had ordered them so perfectly now turned dark and wild. One mountain had cracked like a clay gourd, the white light of Hysh blazing out along the fissure lines. Another hung in mid-air, millions of tons of blasted rock drifting very slowly apart. The peak which he now climbed had weathered the worst of the Spirefall – the Lumineth displaying characteristic egocentrism and élan even in



naming the implosion of their civilisation – but this was a calamity beyond even the tenacity of stubborn folk to endure.

He cast a last, sorrowful look across the vale. There had been beauty here once. An order and a symmetry that had both baffled and delighted him. And oh, how his aelven host and counterpart had delighted in his stubborn attempts to unpick this one landscape's hidden meaning.

With a sigh, he returned to what was left of the road. Where his feet fell, broken slabs became whole again. At least for as long as it took him to move on. As the old saying went, there was no point setting the flags before the walls were up. He could not fix the mountain. Or more to the point, he could, but he did not see the point in doing so.

The Lumineth were not nearly done with destroying themselves just yet.

His journey to the upper reaches of Skarrabryn, as the mountain was known, took four days from start to end, but the Maker took no reckoning of the passing time. He knew where he wanted to be and when, and so tended to be in the right place at the time he meant.

The gates of Brynt-a-Bryn, light of lights, the seat of the duardin kings in Syarr, were sixty feet tall and supremely defensible, set hard into the mountain. The scarp before it had a wild and rocky beauty of its own, a naturally cut ladder of outcroppings and ledges connected by stone bridges and the winding of the road. Duardin families thronged every available scrap of level ground. Pitching tents. Herding beardslings. Loading wagons. Even more streaming through the open gates despite the muscular efforts of duardin ironbreakers and aelven warriors in sun-yellow robes and gleaming mail to marshal the flow.

Wandering over the final crumbling arch bridge brought him to a craggy berm crammed with idling steam wagons. The lead engine was fetched up across the bridge with the rest bottled in behind. The small rear compartment behind the riveted iron dome of the boiler was laden with loose goods and overfull chests. A pair of hard-worn boots stuck out from the engine's undercarriage, a few silver-grey wisps of magnificently long beard poking out with them.

A meaty fist emerged from behind the front wheel, and waggled some kind of spring-loaded adjustable spanner in the Maker's direction.

'Hand me a *fut*-grade socket wrench, would you?'

The Maker's eyebrow lifted in surprise. He turned to look behind him, but there was no other helper or apprentice that the duardin might have been speaking to. Everyone else nearby was either hurrying off down the hill on foot or busy with their own vehicles. He

looked down. A pack full of tools lay unfurled over the pitted stretch of road parallel to the wagon's running board. The Maker nodded.

A good set of tools. Well kept.

The hand snapped its fingers. 'Come on, come on.'

The Maker picked out the *fut* from the selection of socket wrenches and passed it down. The hand took it.

'Thank you kindly.'

The chassis rang to the sound of clanks and bangs. There was a liquid gurgling, followed by a muffled shout of triumph. The hand reached out with the newly greasy tool and banged on the wagon's side.

'Done! Off with you now, but go easy if you mean her to hold out until Xintil!'

The engineer slid himself out. His overalls were smeared from collar to ankles in oil. His face was black and shiny, just a few white strands of a fulsome beard and scruffy mane of hair showing through. Behind him the wagon juddered, the steam boiler whistling as pistons and cylinders began to chug. The carriage rocked from side to side, but that, the Maker reckoned, had as much to do with the excitement in the front cabin than any action of the duardin engine. The engineer glowed with satisfaction, smearing filthy hands on a slightly less filthy bit of rag, and looked up. His eyes, bright circles of white in his dark face, glazed slightly as they passed across the Maker.

'Thank you kindly,' he muttered again, tugging once on his beard before bending to wrap up his tools.

The Maker nodded towards the wagon. 'They're about to leave without you.'

'It's not my wagon,' the duardin said. He nodded his gratitude once more as he gathered up his large bundle and started off down the line to where another vehicle appeared to be suffering from boiler trouble. He traded shouts with the elderly matron on the front bench as he clambered up onto the back to inspect the valves.

The Maker was surprised to find that he was smiling.

An uncomfortable prickling sensation grew across the back of his head, a feeling he had grown so unaccustomed to he did not recognise it at first.

Being watched.

He turned, and his eye caught that of an aelf guard. The warrior was clad in bright sunmetal and silver, a surplice of dazzling white flapping in the mountain breeze, and a tall helm with a shining plume. The aelf's slender form conveyed elegance and grace, but

at the same time a tremendous sense of power that even the Maker, perhaps especially the Maker, could not overlook.

A moment passed as the two figures regarded one another across the busy berm. The smile returned to the Maker's face and grew. The aelf dipped his silver helm.

The Maker limped through the crowds to join him at the gate. 'I almost didn't recognise you under that getup. We've not spoken since that business with your brother and your distant cousins took you from Highheim.' He looked up at the tall aelf. 'You've changed.'

'We all have,' said the aelf, his voice light, but rich. Like a precious metal. 'I hear that even you have forsaken Mount Celestian.'

'Forsaken is a stronger word than I'd use. But aye, the white halls were feeling somewhat empty these days.'

The aelf looked over the crowds, his vantage taking in the entire sea of heads and the jagged peaks of the mountainous vista beyond the precipice. His helm swayed lightly, side to side, like a blind man trying to fix something in his mind.

'Your people will be missed.'

'Is that praise for my folk I hear?'

The aelf glanced at him sharply.

The Maker laughed. 'Go on, say it. Say it and whatever boon you have come here to ask of me will be yours.'

The aelf looked away. 'What makes you believe that I wish a boon?'

The laughter faded. The Maker's expression became stern. 'Why else does anyone ever seek out the duardin? There were duardin in the mountains of Syarr long before there were aelves, you know. But there was room enough for all, and so the kings of Brynt-a-Bryn welcomed the coming of the Lumineth as partners and friends.'

'This is our realm,' said the aelf, but softly. 'It was not in your power to have denied us.'

The Maker shrugged off the argument. 'And then along you come and wreck it all.'

'If this was a disaster that could be averted with a blade alone then I would gladly offer you mine. For aelf and for duardin. The legions of the Prince of Lust cover nine of the Ten Paradises, all except the innerlands of Xintil where the fortress-cities of the God-King still hold. These I can fight, and will, but the realm...' The silver helm turned back to the Maker. Sightless eyes regarded the duardin levelly. 'The realm I cannot mend. But you could.'

'Maybe I could. What became of the supposed skill of the aelves?'

'My brother might have been capable,' said the aelf. 'But he has withdrawn. He blames himself and meditates on the true moon and will do nothing to save his children.'

The Maker shook his head. 'How many children will that one create and then cast aside?'

'My brother sees too keenly,' said the aelf. 'He perceives every flaw in everything and is incapable of overlooking it once found. He was made to see the wisdom of mercy before and will again, but not before considering every alternative first. I hoped that you would see it sooner. Stay. Present yourself to your people and convince them to remain. If you will mend this realm then I will hold this Paradise.'

The Maker frowned, giving the offer its serious due.

He watched as the old engineer he had aided earlier clambered finally into the front bench of his own cart, a pair of younger apprentices still loading guns and equipment and gold-bound ledgers of lore into the rear. Other duardin, driven and on foot, waved and shouted their thanks. No profession was more respected amongst the duardin, even in its more warlike Aqshian offshoots, than that of the maker. Standing on the front board, the whitebeard turned to the gate and raised a fist in greeting and farewell.

The Maker nodded in return. 'Best of fortune on your journey,' he said.

'Perhaps I will see you again in Azyrheim,' the duardin called. 'I'm thinking of founding an engineering school, and I'm sure I'll have need of a duardin who knows his *fut* from his *odro*.'

The Maker waved him off. 'Away. It's a long way from here to the Azyr gates of Xintil.'

The Maker watched the steam wagon puff across the bridge, part of a long train of steam and iron snaking its way down the dying scarp.

'So much will be destroyed,' said the aelf, watching too. 'So much that will never see the light of Hysh again.'

'Aye,' said the Maker, but beneath his great beard and the depths of his hood he was smiling again. 'You're not wrong.'



'Under the stewardship of their ancestors will they prosper...'

He prodded the cold ash with the steel tip of his cane. Digging. As he had once taught mortals to dig. He muttered an old ditty as he worked, words that came from the innermost depths of his own mortal youth and

which even he did not recall the meaning of now. He grunted as his efforts exposed the dark wooden curve of a barrel. He crouched beside it stiffly. An immortal wasn't immune to his body's cares. He simply suffered them for a little longer.

On his knees, he took the rim of the unearthed keg and heaved. It came up with a gush of soot. The Maker coughed. Something sloshed inside. The sturdy wood had not been breached, but the heat would undoubtedly have ruined its contents. There was something written on the barrel. A sigh escaped his lips as he cleared away the grime on his thumb. Half a dozen bold Xs were all that the fire had left.

This had been a cask of the good stuff.

Above him, the wooden skeleton of the Bearded Dragon inn and brewery sagged against the dreary grey of the hill. Between the beams of rib and spine, the silver-plated moon of Ayadah hid itself from the shameful sight behind fleeting scraps of cloud. The humpbacked mounds of the neighbour hills rang with discordant laughter and the occasional piercing screech as the colourful armies of the Changer pursued the last of the Edrundour duardin into the Copperback Hills. But even that sound was muted. As though the country had turned its back on their suffering as their god had, and cared to hear it no longer.

The Maker ran his hand over the burned lettering on the barrel. There was a murmur of power, the faint and distant note of hammers striking metal or chisels working wood, and where his hand passed, the runic symbols shone clear and golden.

'Duardin will drink here again some other day,' he muttered, not intending it for a promise, but his kind could speak in no other way. 'When your roof is mended and your cellar stocked with ales this good I will stop here and sup again.'

'You come too late, Maker.'

Ash and gravel crunched under his knee as he shifted. He looked over his shoulder. The burnt remains of a duardin lay near to where the bar must have been. The corpse was fresh, as judged by the age of the wreckage he lay under, but the fire had already made him a skeleton. An axe lay on the ground beside him. In a rare moment of generosity towards bad work he made approving note of the more recent notches on its blade.

The old brewer had not burned alone.

'They are with me now.'

The voice came from the corpse. A faint amethyst wisp-light illuminated the black sockets of his eyes. A small portion of that light trickled from his gaping mouth, dimming and brightening with his whispered words.

With a wince, the Maker rose.

'You are growing old.'

The Maker nodded. 'That's the way of it. I wasn't expecting to hear your voice out here, old spectre. I heard you'd pulled back to Shyish and shut the gates.'

'Death is everywhere, never more so, and I am Death.'

'Even the aelf-god and the great green stood by Sigmar at the last.'

'And where were you? His closest ally?' The skull twisted slowly around to face him. Burnt flesh creaked and dry bones popped.

'No, no, none of that.' The Maker planted the foot of his cane on the corpse's cheekbone and held it in place. 'Have you no respect for the dead?'

'The dead are mine to possess. Mine to do with as I will. That was the concession that all the Pantheon made to me. Long before the barbarian king ever raised his grand folly above Mount Celestian.'

'I keep my promises, old bones. I thought you knew me better than that.'

'I am not ignorant of what Sigmar builds in secret.'

'Not much of a secret then, is it?'

Amethyst fire glared coolly from the corpse's eye sockets. *'He cheats me. They all cheat me. You mask your guile with jests and vulgarity, but you cheat me too. I know it. And all will know the fullness of it in time. Or am I to believe it coincidence that he plunders the souls of the dead and near-dead for his great work while leaving the duardin underworlds unmolested?'*

The Maker shrugged. He made to leave. Released from under his cane, the skull pivoted towards him.

'I respected you, Maker. You, alone amongst all the others, I thought would understand. You, who would address the impermanence of mortality with stone and iron, shackle your wayward impulses with the hidden gears of your own industry. You, alone, I respected. Even as you cheat me of my due.' The lights in the skull's deep, fire-blackened sockets flickered hungrily. *'Do you even know how many duardin have joined me in my realm since the last of the gates to Azyr were sealed?'*

The Maker's expression became stern. He knew the exact number.

'I know that Sigmar offered sanctuary to them all and you declined. I know also that the Luminous God offered the same.'

'A bunch of gossips is what you all are,' the Maker growled. 'And yet you wonder why I left Highheim.'

'Why? Why send them to me instead?'

'I've nothing to say. I ask you to please begone from my fallen kin and leave me to grieve the ruination of my realm in peace.'

'Aid me as you aided him,' the voice hissed. The wisp-light deepened with the sudden intensity of its words. *'Give me the keys to the duardin underworlds, and with such tools will we remake Shyish into a fortress of Order as will endure unto the end of things.'*

'No.'

'I will find them if I must. I will break them, and devour their guardian spirits and false-gods as I have all others.'

'No you won't, or you wouldn't have bothered to ask. Because though you clearly don't know me nearly half as well as I thought you did, I do still know you. Now...'
Shuffling about, he rested the foot of his cane back on the mail vest draped over the duardin skeleton's ribcage. 'I asked you to get out of my kinsman's body and leave me in peace. I even said please.'

'All things that are dead belong to me. Whether they come to me singly or in their trillions, they are mine, and I know when one is absent. You hope to hide something from me. I see through you.'

'I'm not asking nicely now.'

The Maker's power was not greater than that of the Undying King, and most certainly not where it pertained to the spheres of Death. Theirs was a rivalry for a new and untested Age. Its limits had yet to be measured.

But the Maker was here.

Nagash was not.

The arcane metallurgy of his cane blazed as it became a conductor of godly power. The skull screamed, its jaw falling open and fusing stiff as the wisp-light fought, flickered, and then was snuffed out.

The Maker coughed again, withdrew his cane, and then leant on it. A shuddering out-breath of what later generations would call aether-gold glittered in the air in front of his face.

The brewer's bones gleamed. They had been turned to solid lead.

'Rest in peace,' the Maker muttered, and left.



'He will remind them of the old ways...'

The sky turned red, the final sunset at the end of days. Blood dripped down the delicate spires of the Ahramentian mage-lords, windows of reflective glass rattling in silver fixtures, and steam bubbling up from ornamental lakes and swimming baths. Thick clouds

rolled in from across the vast savannah, stacking over the great airborne city into the shape of a colossal brass axe. And beyond that hard edge of blood-red cloud, through the thinning skies and the warping optics of Chaos, there lay the hint of something even more terrible.

A sharp red face. Horns. Yellow eyes ablaze with unspeakable hatred.

The deity looked down on the Ahramentian capital from its high place above the Realm of Fire, reached out across the cold cosmic void, and pronounced its end.

From a hundred miles away, the Maker heard the city scream. The cries were not of horror. That would have been explicable and a thousand times less awful. Rather, every voice in the city from its lowliest slave to its mightiest mage-lord looked up into the harsh face of that god of gods and screamed their rage. Even the Maker himself, insulated by divinity and distance, felt the same inconsolable urge to take up arms and bloody himself in pointless battle against that thing. Indeed, he may even have suffered it worse. He, after all, alone in that place, had some power to avert what was coming. Or at least to draw the butcher's ire for a moment or two.

Lightning bolts and fireballs and beams of light jagged upwards from the city's mage towers and splashed across the Blood God's brass vambraces and blood-hardened skin. The sky shuddered with the terrible wrath of gods.

The axe descended.

Ahramentia fell.

The Maker swept up his cloak as the shockwave from the act of city-murder rolled out from its epicentre. Grasses burst into flame, trees were torn up by their roots, the dust of a screaming wasteland, newly born and wrathful, hurling itself at whatever it could hurt. In a matter of seconds it reached the Maker. The wave hit like the fist of Drakatoa, the living avalanche, dust and debris smashing against an invisible golden shield.

Though the onslaught had come on quickly, it took an age to stop, falling away gradually until the Maker felt it safe enough to lower his cloak. Red sand slid off. A small hill of it had heaped up around his boots.

The clouds split and thundered, and a blood rain started to splatter over the youngest, angriest desert in the Realm of Fire. The Maker drew up his hood. A hundred miles away, the sundered halves of Ahramentia crashed to the ground. Its final death came in near silence, cushioned by deadening sand.

The Maker felt its tremors through his boots. He was, he realised, standing on the last intact piece of Ahramentia: a single, immaculately preserved paving slab, shielded by the making power of his feet.

There was a whimper from behind and he turned.

A mother in a scarlet shawl was crouched over two young beardslings. Behind her, an old longbeard in a splinted mail vest stood with a stout axe over his shoulder, too proud or too stiff-kneed to cower. His white hair was singed and still smouldering, a pair of scorched red rings making his eyes unnaturally wide. He was staring upwards, swaying like a statue that had been prodded with an axe.

'Blessed Grungni,' the mother whispered in the youngsters' ears.

The Maker winced. 'Go on,' he offered gently. 'There are parts of Golvaria and Callidium that haven't fallen yet. Maybe you'll find one of the lodges around Vostargi Mont willing to take you in.'

'The Fyreslayers?'

The Maker shrugged. 'Why not? They are duardin, are they not?'

The mother opened her mouth to answer, but found she had none.

'We were going south,' the longbeard managed to croak.

'The Blood God has just ended your empire, friend. Plans can change.'

'South,' he said again, firmer this time. 'I'll run, aye, in good time. Only after I've seen to the wards on Ringol Magemaker's tomb and am sure that my grandfather sleeps through his doom as was promised him.'

The Maker had walked far these last decades and had seen much, but he found himself touched by the old longbeard's stubbornness nonetheless. He adjusted his hood, and for a brief moment permitted the four duardin a true glimpse of what lay beneath it.

The longbeard staggered, but still did not kneel. The beardslings stared up with open mouths. They would forever remember this moment, the time their grandfather had stood before the Maker himself and received his blessing. It was a story they would retell and lend power to, long after every account of Ahramentia's fall had faded.

'You could have saved them all,' the longbeard muttered.

'This time,' the Maker conceded, resetting his hood. 'What of next time, and the time after?'

The longbeard had no answer for him.

The Maker tugged lightly on his beard, and bade them all farewell.

'...and he will guide them towards the new.'

Karak-a-Zaruk, last and mightiest of the old duardin strongholds in the empire's Chamonic heartlands, had left its final gambit a shade late.

Warriors in iridescent armour galloped down its wide-paved roads under banners that changed from moment to moment. Mutated dragons with multicoloured scales, a terrible wisdom in their eyes, descended from on high to deposit Kairic acolytes into the highest and most inaccessible tiers, laying fortresses low with mild swipes of their claws or the changing fires of their breath. Even from the sewers, the city's former pride, iron grates that had prevented skaven and Moonclan invasions for centuries flowed with a kaleidoscopic slurry. Where that weird ectoplasm oozed onto the street, it lifted itself up and ran, becoming a giggling legion of long-armed, crook-legged horrors, capering into the doomed city and spraying it at random with pink fire.

In those arcane fires even the hardest granite and most patiently forged duardin steel shimmered and turned liquid. And once the stout dwelling or proud icon was naught but a reflective pool of uncannily twitching metals, some new horror would pull itself out, as if from a hot bath, shake its overlong fingers, and run shrieking after its daemonic brethren.

The Maker saw it all.

He saw it and he did nothing.

Between the third and second tiers, the gates were crowned by a triumphal arch that lionised Karak-a-Zaruk's final victory over the Dyrwood Ironjawz and the civilising of Odrenn. It was already failing as the Maker passed under it. No sooner was he through than it finally gave. The commemorative stonework of the right-hand pier burst with a sound like a discharging rifle. Marble sprayed across the victory courtyard as the keystone, carved into a heroically bearded bust, parted company from its haunches and toppled.

It fell straight towards him.

'A little obvious, aren't we,' he muttered, extending a measure of his power and nudging the giant stone aside.

The column listed as it fell, as if of its own natural accord rather than his, passing a beard's-length to his left and crashing into the roof of a meat vendor's outdoor terrace that just happened to be sheltering a large group of duardin. The Maker cursed as broken tiles and powdered red clay showered the doomed duardin.

But when the stoutest amongst them looked up they saw to their amazement that the roof above their heads was miraculously undamaged. The formerly triumphant arch lay in a thousand pieces over the thoroughly obliterated remains of everything else in their street. But by a



tremendous fluke of luck, the destruction ended right at the terrace's brushed steel gate.

Without lingering to count their good fortune, warriors in red cloaks with bone-white wooden shields shepherded their charges off the strangely preserved terrace and onto the devastated street. From there, they fled uphill as fast as duardin legs could bear them, towards the assumed if dubious safety of the fourth tier.

'I see you.'

The words came less as a voice and more as a feeling. It was everything and it was everywhere. It made every grain of debris in the courtyard tremble.

And not just the debris.

'See me.'

The words bounced off every weakened cornice and defiled capital, each echo subtly twisting their message until they meant the opposite of what had originally been inferred, or perhaps nothing at all.

'Here we are.'

Revealing himself here, after all these years of wandering, might have been a mistake. But then what exactly was the point of being a god if you could not bend your own rules from time to time? Karak-a-Zaruk was one of the last duardin cities still free. It was certainly the largest.

There were things, despite those same wanderings, that he still wanted, hoped, *needed* to see.

An avian shriek came from what was left of the archway, and a burst of crawling magicks cleared the rubble barring passage from the second tier. An enormous winged creature swathed in a silken shroud and holding a wizard's staff stepped through the wreckage. Standing twenty feet high where its stooped neck met its hunched shoulders, the Lord of Change towered over the Maker.

Until the Maker decided that it ought to be otherwise.

The daemon sorcerer cringed back, but did not flee.

'I'll not insult us both by asking if you know who I am,' said the Maker, unfurling his cloak and drawing a weapon. It would have been indescribable to mortal eyes. It was a great-mace and a blunderbuss and every weapon in between, none of the above and a little bit of all.

The greater daemon, of course, saw it for what it really was. Its screams cut abruptly short as its head and shoulders exploded like a jellyfish crushed under a rock, but there was something equally satisfying about

watching its chest gout ichor before crumbling back into aether.

He lowered the weapon.

A rumble of mirth, or wrath, or perhaps both, passed through the groaning stonework. Tiles slid away from broken roofs with a clatter like rain drumming on a metal shed. Paving slabs worked themselves loose and rose to wobble a foot above the road.

'This isn't a fight you want,' said the Maker, raising his weapon defensively. 'It's not your war. Leave me to my business and I'll not interfere in yours.'

A small group of duardin still sheltering in the shop behind the terrace screamed as the building began to quake.

'Get on!' the Maker yelled at them, waving the stubborn fools after the clan warriors and their kin. 'Get out!'

At his urging they upped and ran, and not a moment before time. The last one out was an old longbeard with a padded jack and a crossbow cradled in his arms, shouting directions to the others as the streets ahead of them morphed and changed. The door lunged out to bite him as he fled. It missed by inches and he did not look back. Probably wise.

Some things could never be unseen.

The house was rippling with change, colours shimmering as it transformed into a jellied mass, windows running together into a singular iridescent mass of eyeballs. The floor heaved and shuddered as its foundations tore up out of the ground as squirming tentacles. The Maker blasted one that rippled too near for his comfort, but another just as quickly tore loose of the ground. The entire structure rose up as it mutated to best resemble the impossible creature that had chosen to inhabit it with this morsel of its being, and which now looked out from behind those clustered eyes. It grew. And then it grew. Until that eye was all the realms, and the Maker was forced to step back from it and lift his gaze higher to keep it all in view.

There was nothing he could have seen in the sky behind it that should have been able to make him grin.

Yet grin he did.

From the summit of the ninth and uppermost tier, a thing never before seen in the Mortal Realms was taking off. A fleet of crude but ingeniously fashioned vessels rose from the spiderweb of steel bars that festooned the city's inner walls. They were airships, but these craft harnessed neither lighter-than-air gases nor the power of steam to drive their flight. They used endrins, burning the by-waste of the Maker's own forge to produce lift and power and, in so doing, they had achieved a feat of science that had not been taught to them by the Maker.

They had risen, literally, to the challenges of the era. They had outgrown their infancy and surpassed him.

As he had known, *hoped*, they would.

The godling did not turn to look. It did not need to.

'What do you think you see?' said the wordless voice.

'I see nothing. Only hope. But maybe in this my eyes see further than yours.'

The Maker lowered his weapon. One day, perhaps, there would come a time to use it. But not today.

He limped backwards, leaving Karak-a-Zaruk to burn and its conqueror to plot and rage while its people fled to the skies.

The duardin would fight another day.



'History is recorded by the victors. This much is true and has always been known. But who are the victors? The victors are those who endure the longest.'

The Maker swung his hammer, the sound of it hitting the anvil ringing out through the deep underhalls of the Iron Karak. The hammer swung, and swung again, the echoing *bangs* telling a story of their own, one that grew with each retelling as it echoed through the steel vaults. The air became hazed with his exertion, aether-gold enough to lift every sky-port in the Mortal Realms and keep them aloft for fifty years drifting like shining dust.

How long he had laboured there he could not say. Centuries, almost certainly, but it did not matter. It took as long as it took. As any good smith knew.

The substance he hammered against his anvil was formless and ephemeral, and yet was harder in its own way than sigmarite or celestite. It was the Legend of the White-Bearded Ancestor, the accumulated stories and lore of all the duardin peoples. It resisted shaping, but he was Grungni the Maker. He could work any material, if given enough centuries to work at it in peace.

He nodded finally, breathless and weary from his labours, and set down his hammer and tongs. He reached out to his creation.

Its hand grasped his.

The reforged duardin stepped out from the anvil and, for the first time since the departure of the Six Smiths to Sigmaron, the Maker welcomed a near-equal to his forge. The duardin, still white-hot from the heat of his making, dipped his head in greeting. The Maker returned the welcome in kind.

'Father,' the duardin grunted.

'You remember...?' said the Maker.

'Everything.'

'Then I fear you've the advantage on me. The ages have taken so much.'

The duardin looked down at his hands, staring at them not in wonder so much as in fascination at another master's work.

'I'm not sure what to call you, now you're here,' said the Maker. 'You've worn so many names. Not least the one by which I once named you.'

The shining duardin looked up.

A fierce aura blazed off him, a brilliant halo of silver-white that burned through his long white beard and wild mane of hair. He would cool in time, but always would he be greater than the mere sum of his forms. To the Maker he was potential, vivid and pure, all things to all duardin.

'You know my name.'

The Maker smiled. 'Aye. I suppose I do. And so do they.' He gestured to the great door of his forge. It was locked, even though he was alone in this fastness, far from friend and foe alike. Habits died hard. 'The duardin have become strong through their trials. As I had always trusted that they would. But they have also become divided. It's time for them to feel my hand again, to remake that which was once whole. But we duardin aren't so quick to forgive a wrong done to us, and the wrong I did to them was great indeed. The centuries that have passed since the Age of Myth have been too long and bloody for them to follow me again, and Grinnir is not yet ready to return. There's only one thing they all share in common, one duardin who can unite them all.'

Grombrindal sighed and picked up his axe. 'Best make a start then, hadn't I?'



INSIDE THE STUDIO

And so we come to the last few pages of the magazine, where we get to show off some of the studio team's latest hobby projects. This month, most of the space has been taken up by us Dwarfers as we set each other the challenge of painting some models from Warhammer Quest: Cursed City. You can see a few of our first models over the page along with our updated hobby bingo sheets. We are halfway through the year now, and Matt is the only Dwarfier to have filled in at least half of his card, but Sophie, Lyle and Dan are not far behind. We hope you're playing along at home already, but if not, there's a small version of the bingo sheet over the page if you want to join in. Lastly, we hope you enjoy the free stuff in this issue – those decals are certainly going to come in handy!

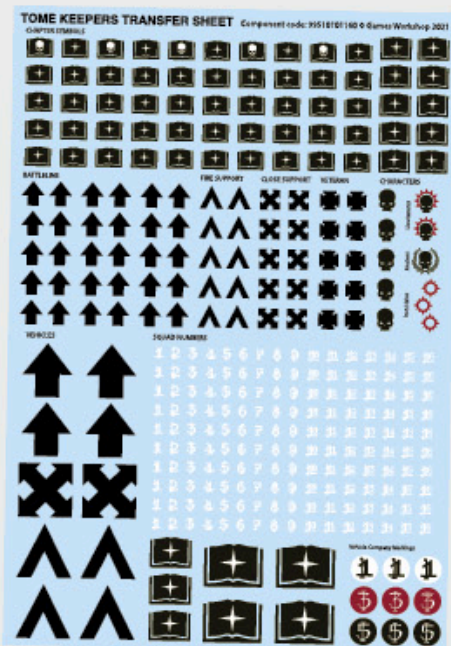
A WARLORD'S GAMING ROOM

Ever get hobby envy? We certainly did when we saw Rich Packer's gaming room! Like the other warlords, Rich has struggled to play games during this series, but he has managed to get one or two in. The wall of cabinets on the right of the picture is full of painted armies. Makes one feel quite green with envy!



FREE STUFF!

Everyone likes free stuff, right? Well, this issue contains two wonderful free gifts: a poster for the Warhammer 40,000 first-person action game Darktide and a transfer sheet for our very own Tome Keepers Chapter. The transfer sheet features a mighty 317 transfers, including Chapter symbols (the books) for both infantry and vehicles.



A BATTLE-BROTHER'S BATTLE JOURNAL

In the spirit of the Tome Keepers, Lyle has created a journal for his Crusade army. He découpage'd a piece of Chapter art onto the cover of the Warhammer 40,000 Crusade Journal and filled the interior with custom-made datasheets for each unit in his Crusade force.



DEAN LETTICE'S NECRONS

Having painted over one hundred Orcs recently, Dean has returned to the war zones of the far future to add some new models to his Novokh Dynasty Necron army. The latest additions to his crusading force are an Overlord (who looks a lot like Imotekh ...) and five Lychguard who seek to uphold the dynasty's reputation for combat brutality.



As we come to the end of the magazine, we take a look at the games people have been playing and the models they've been painting in the studio over the past month. This issue: Space Marines, quad guns, angry Necrons, a big gribblie, Cursed City models and free stuff!

ULFRICH GRAYMANE, LORD OF THE MOON EATERS

Sophie has converted Ulfrich Graymane, Chapter Master of her Space Wolves successor Chapter. His body comes from a Wolf Guard Battle Leader, his thunder hammer from a Wolf Guard Terminator, his cape from a Gravis Captain and the shield on his back from a Dreadnought. Phew!



D1
KITBASHED
MODEL



D3
VEHICLE OR
MONSTER

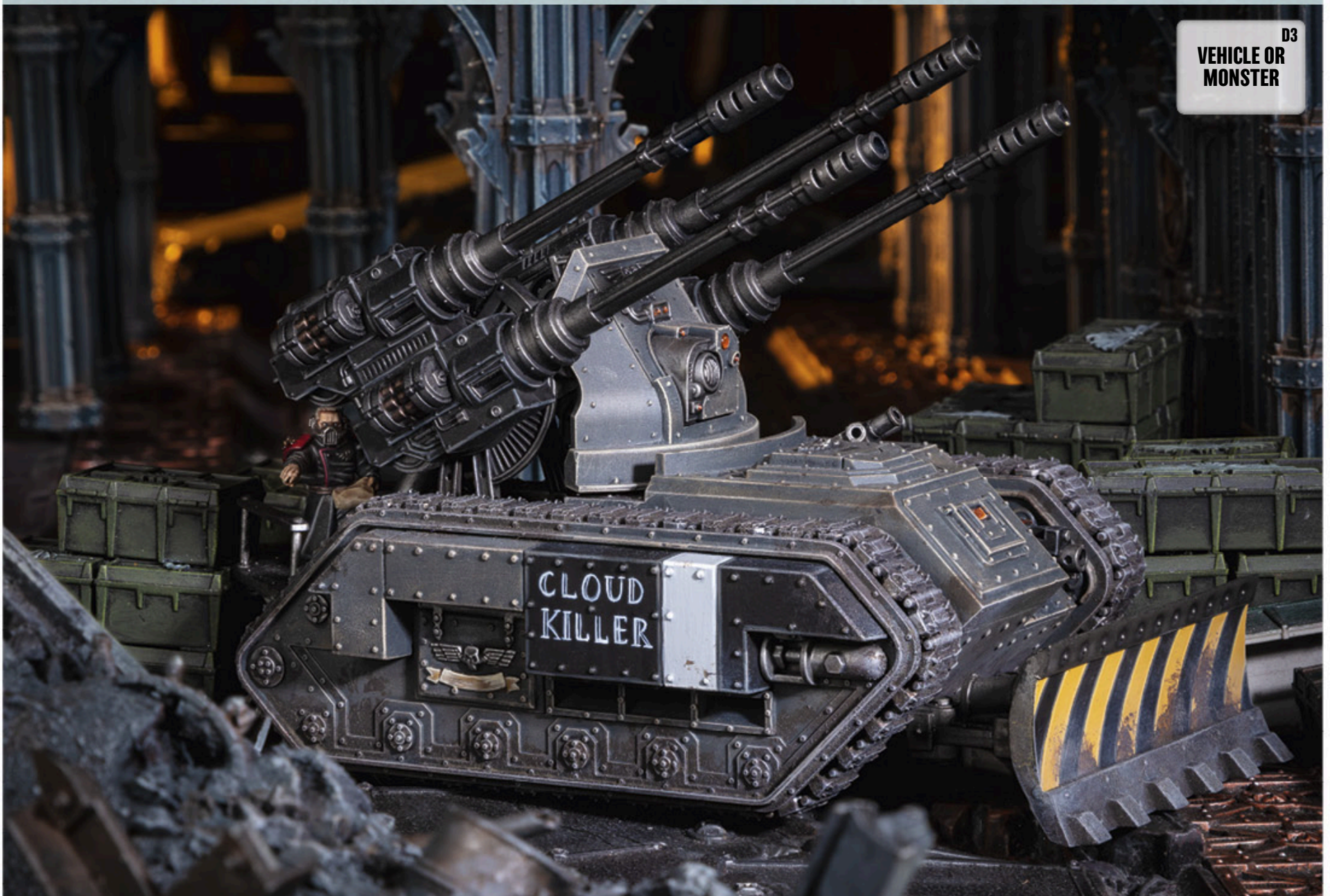
THE TOME OF FUNK(O)!

To celebrate his love of all things Tome Keepers, Lyle also painted his Funko Pop! Intercessor as one! He basecoated it Ushabti Bone, followed by Screaming Skull and White Scar for the highlights and Mournfang Brown mixed with Lahmian Medium for the shading. The decals are Tome Keepers vehicle transfers. Lyle counted the Pop! as a monster for the hobby bingo challenge.

THE CLOUD KILLER

Dan painted this Hydra for Armies on Parade 2020 after Matt suggested that he paint something that wasn't a Leman Russ for a change. The model is built straight out of the box, but Dan added an extra crewman and converted the gunner to match the other crew in his Athonian tank regiment. The tank's grey armour is basecoated Skavenblight

Dinge and then drybrushed Steel Legion Drab, Baneblade Brown and Screaming Skull – a process that takes about fifteen minutes in total. He doesn't even wash the brush between drybrushes. The Hydra is named Cloud Killer due to the fact that roughly half its shots hit enemy aircraft, while the other half end up somewhere in the weather.



D3
VEHICLE OR
MONSTER

HOBBY BINGO

In December, we introduced our White Dwarf Hobby Bingo resolutions. Here's how we're getting on. Let us know how you are doing at team@whitedwarf.co.uk!

SCORING TABLE
Box: 10
Line: 50
Entire grid: 400

A1 HERO OR CHARACTER	B1 ANY MODEL	C1 UNIT OF 2+ MODELS	D1 KITBASHED MODEL	E1 HERO OR CHARACTER
A2 ANY MODEL	B2 FORTIFICATION OR SCENERY	C2 VEHICLE OR MONSTER	D2 UNIT OF 2+ MODELS	E2 UNIT OF 10+ MODELS
A3 UNIT OF 10+ MODELS	B3 KITBASHED MODEL	C3 ANY MODEL	D3 VEHICLE OR MONSTER	E3 FORTIFICATION OR SCENERY
A4 UNIT OF 2+ MODELS	B4 VEHICLE OR MONSTER	C4 HERO OR CHARACTER	D4 UNIT OF 10+ MODELS	E4 ANY MODEL
A5 HERO OR CHARACTER	B5 UNIT OF 10+ MODELS	C5 LORD OF WAR OR BEHEMOTH	D5 ANY MODEL	E5 HERO OR CHARACTER

IN BRIEF



LYLE LOWERY - 110

Lyle has completed eleven squares on his bingo sheet after painting bats, rats, cats andimps from Cursed City. He's also completed his Funko Pop! Intercessor, which he has painted as a Tome Keeper, complete with transfers!



SOPHIE BOSTOCK - 160

Sophie completed three squares this month, taking her up to eleven. Her latest creations include the Chapter Master of the Moon Eaters, plus a trio of Vyrkos Blood-born and Jelsen Darrock for Cursed City.



JONATHAN STAPLETON - 70

Jonathan's been taking a break from painting while he looks after a small child. Actually, he has been painting some models, but they're all big ones for A Tale of Four Warlords. Hopefully they'll be ready for next issue!

BEN HUMBER - 50

Ben has now completed five squares, with his latest model being Brutogg Corpse-eater. Ben painted his skin with a mix of Gorthor Brown, Screaming Skull and Wazdakka Red. His armour is Leadbelcher washed with Nuln Oil and stippled lightly with watered-down Fire Dragon Bright.



C4
HERO OR CHARACTER

MATT HUTSON - 270

Matt has completed seventeen squares on his sheet, his latest model being Cleona Zeitengale. He undercoated her with Wraithbone spray then painted the red areas Flesh Tearers Red and the white ones Apothecary White. The cream areas are Flayed One Flesh shaded with Seraphim Sepia.



E1
HERO OR CHARACTER

DAN HARDEN - 160

Dan has filled in eleven squares, the two most recent being Watch Captain Halgrim and the Ulfenwatch. He undercoated them Grey Seer, painted the metal Iron Warriors and the cloth Thunderhawk Blue, then washed all the models with Space Wolves Grey before picking out the details.



A2
ANY MODEL

E2
UNIT OF 10+ MODELS

THE GREATEST DEVOURER

White Dwarf Translator Dirk Wehner has continued his painting streak by painting the largest Tyranid monster he could find – Forge World's Hierophant Bio-Titan.

Dirk: I painted the Hierophant for my Tyranid army when the Forge World Compendium came out. My Tyranid colour scheme – Hive Fleet Charybdis – has a pretty realistic vibe, which I think makes them look so much scarier. I start by drybrushing Castellan Green over the whole model. It is then highlighted with Death World

Forest and Elysian Green, which are also layered on the upper extremities, the head and the tail. I add layers of Ogryn Camo and Ushabti Bone to those areas to finish them. The claws and teeth are layered with Rhinox Hide, Steel Legion Drab, Zandri Dust and Screaming Skull.

The Bio-Titan's base is a thin wooden disc almost 12" wide! I used the old Battlescape terrain piece as part of my base design, as the crashed Rhino really helps put the size of the Hierophant into perspective.



NEXT ISSUE

FLASHPOINT: OCTARIUS

NEXT ISSUE
ON SALE
16 JULY

