

WARHAMMER

TOMB KINGS



WARHAMMER ARMIES





TOMB KINGS



By Mathias Eliasson
v.1.5

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Compiled & Edited by: Mathias Eliasson

Cover Art: Dave Gallagher

Art: John Blanche, Alex Boyd, Kevin Chin, Paul Daimon, Dave Gallagher, Neil Hodgson, Nuala Kunrade, Adrian Smith, Karl Kopinski, Dan Scott, Daarken, Jarred Owen, Kenneth Ericksson, Ted Bargeon, Miloš Radojkić, Diego Gisbert Llorens, Minguell Solanes, Jon Sullivan. **Book Design:** Mathias Eliasson. **Additional Material:** Jervis Johnson, Bill King, Graham McNeill, Space McQuirk, Anthony Reynolds, Gav Thorpe, Stefan Wolf. **Previous Editions by:** Robin Cruddace, Alessio Cavatore.

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *Warhammer: Tomb Kings*, your indispensable guide to the ancient and wrathful denizens of the cursed Land of the Dead. This book provides all the information you'll require to play with a Tomb Kings army in games of Warhammer.

WARHAMMER – THE GAME OF FANTASY BATTLES

If you are reading this book, then you have already taken your first steps into the Warhammer hobby. The Warhammer rulebook contains all the rules you need to fight battles with your miniatures, and every army has its own army book that acts as a definitive guide to collecting and unleashing it upon the tabletop battlefields of the Warhammer world. This book allows you to turn your collection of Tomb Kings into a vengeful legion of Undead seeking to reclaim their past glories.

TOMB KINGS

The Tomb Kings are the true monarchs of the Undead. They ruled a vast and mighty civilisation at a time when other men were still barbarians, and now, thousands of years after their deaths, they have been awakened. Rising from their sarcophagi, the mummified Tomb Kings possess the same thirst for conquest that drove them in life. They are coming to reclaim their rightful dominion over the kingdoms of the living, and woe betide any that stand in their way.

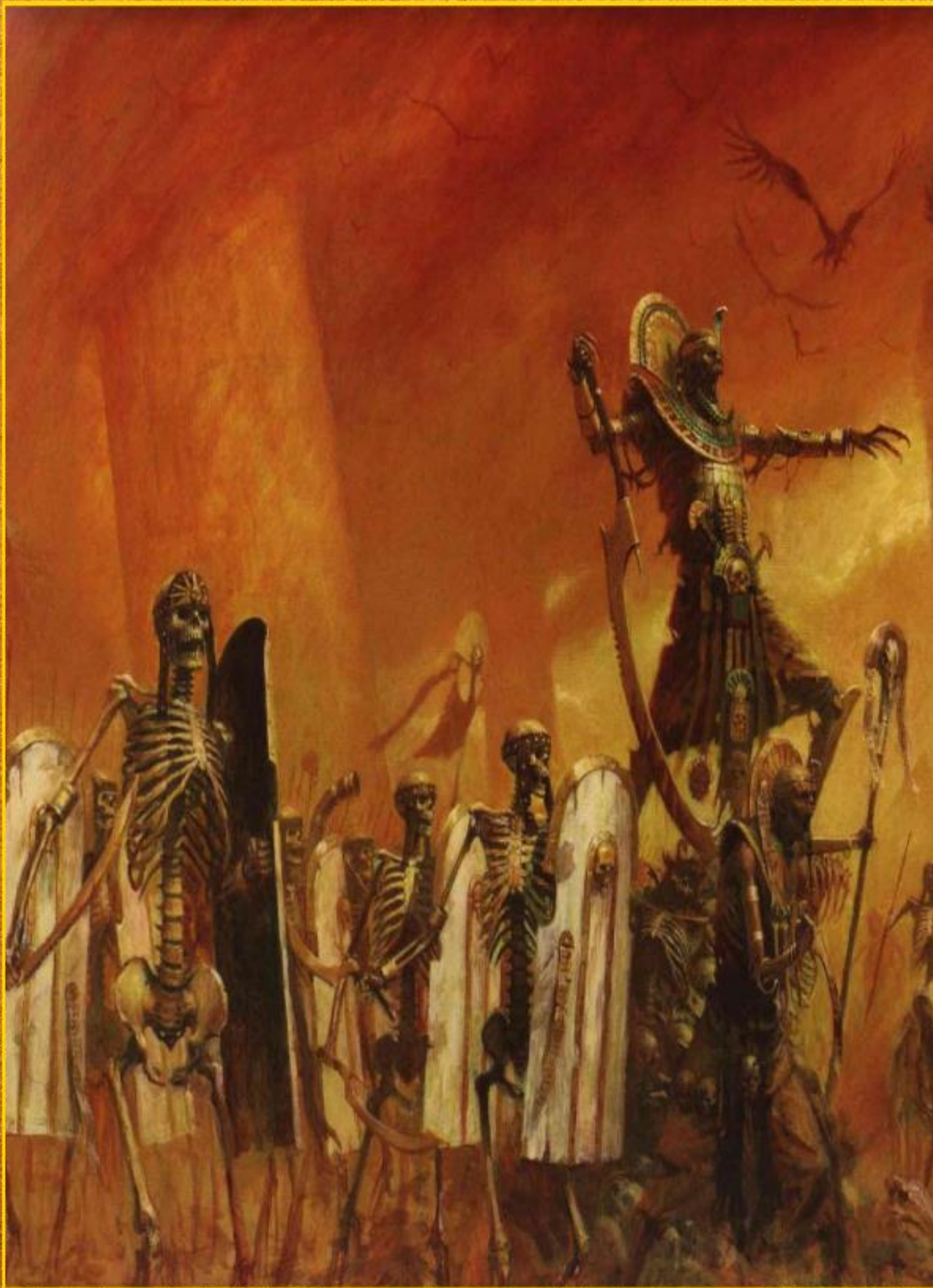
A Tomb Kings army arrayed on the battlefield is a spectacular sight to behold. The undead legions comprise rank upon rank of skeletal soldiers – great phalanxes of gleaming bone decorated with bronze and gold – regiments of Undead cavalry and gilded chariots, mummified heroes and immortal kings, and towering war-statues carved in the images of mythical monsters and ancient gods. The Tomb Kings are a merciless and implacable force, one that will not stop until its foes have been utterly crushed.

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

Warhammer: Tomb Kings contains the following sections:

- **Kings of the Dead.** This section describes the history of the Tomb Kings, including the rise of Nehekhara, its kings' obsession with mortality, and the treachery that cursed the entire realm to undeath. Also included is a map of the Land of the Dead and descriptions of the many bloody conquests fought as the Tomb Kings and their legions battled to restore majesty to their former kingdoms.
- **The Legions of the Tomb Kings.** Each and every troop type in the Tomb Kings army is examined here. You will find a full description of each unit, alongside complete rules of any special abilities or options they possess. This section also details the spells of the arcane Lore of Nehekhara and the Treasures of the Necropolis – magical artefacts that are unique to the Tomb Kings – along with rules to use them in your games.
- **Tomb Kings Army List.** The army list takes all of the characters, warriors, monsters and war machines presented in the Legions of the Tomb Kings section, and arranges them so you can choose an army for your games. Units are classed as characters (Lord or Heroes), Core, Special or Rare, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of the game you are playing.







KINGS OF THE DEAD

Across the arid deserts of Nehekhara, vast legions of skeletal soldiers rise up from beneath the baking sands to slaughter those that trespass into their domain. It is a lifeless realm with endless dunes stained red with the blood of savages and barbarians. This is the Land of the Dead, where mummified kings are cursed to rule in perpetual unlife. But it was not always thus.

There once was a time when the ancient kingdom of Nehekhara stood as the crown of human civilisation; a golden age when its cities shone with majestic splendour, its armies conquered entire nations and its kings ruled as gods amongst men.

But this great realm was razed millennia ago through treachery and sorcery; the living perished in an instant, and the dead rose from their tombs. This is the tale of those times...

THE TOMB KINGS

Far to the south of the Old World lies a desolate, wind-swept desert. No living thing stirs in this place, but it is far from uninhabited. This is Nehekhar, the cursed Land of the Dead, and the domain of the Tomb Kings.

AN EMPIRE OF SAND

Nehekhar was once a land of magnificent architecture and noble dynasties. Their civilisation was wealthy beyond imagining when the men of the Old World still dwelt in caves and mud huts. Its warrior kings led golden armies against the barbarian tribes that envied the splendour of Nehekhar, and the greenskin hordes that constantly threatened their realm. They fought their wars with phalanxes of spearmen that stretched across battlefields as far as the eye could see, with regiments of archers that darkened the skies with arrows and with battalions of deadly chariots that rumbled across the land. The Nehekharans crushed all before them in displays of martial brilliance until their realm reached from the lizard-infested Southlands to the monster-haunted forests of the north. However, the vain kings refused to let mere death cheat them of their lifetime's accomplishments or rob them of their worldly possessions. It was the belief of every Nehekharan king that, upon his death, he would be mummified in an elaborate ceremony and interred within a magnificent burial pyramid. Here they would await the Day of Awakening, when they would arise into a golden paradise filled with all their subjects and belongings,

which were necessarily entombed alongside their lords, and here would they reign supreme for all eternity. Over time, their necropolises became bigger and grander than the towns of the living. It is said that the honoured dead buried beneath Nehekhar outnumber those that breathe in the Old World twice over; and the dead do not rest easy...

Today the empire of Nehekhar is a barren sea of sand dunes, a scorching desert studded with the morbid architecture of a civilisation obsessed with death. Beneath the thin white sands and deserted valleys lie countless gilded artefacts and trinkets buried amongst drifts of human bone. Each of the many thousand tombs that dot the arid landscape contains a king's ransom in jewellery and gem-studded weaponry. Every year, armies of the avaricious and the adventurous march deep into the heat-blasted deserts, intent on ransacking the legendary wealth of these inhospitable lands despite rumours of the vengeful dead buried beneath their feet. Every year the sands are stained once more with the blood of the foolish, for the rumours of spirits abroad in the deserts are true – the long-dead soldiers of ancient Nehekhar stand ready for battle at all times.

RULERS OF THE DEAD

Nehekhar was ultimately brought low by the megalomania of its kings and the betrayal of its High Priest, Nagash. So steeped in evil ambition was Nagash that, through his necromantic magics, he laid a terrible curse of undeath over all the lands. The entirety of Nehekhar withered and died, cursed to an unquiet death from which there could be no true respite. To this day the name of Nagash is whispered in hushed tones across the world, for he is perhaps the most powerful sorcerer ever to have existed, and death is no escape from his power.

Through blasphemous necromantic magic, the entire population of Nehekhar was cursed to a living death. The corrupt sorcerer Nagash instigated a great catastrophe that at once destroyed every living thing in Nehekhar, and raised the dead from their tombs. The Tomb Kings arose from their sleep of oblivion prematurely, albeit immortal and more powerful than ever. The once-proud rulers of Nehekhar have been reborn into a mocking travesty of life. They have awoken from the slumber of death to discover that they are repulsive Undead creatures; bone-dry cadavers whose once palatial realms are but a shadow of their former splendour. They found Nehekhar plagued by hordes of barbaric invaders; its ancient cities and proud statuary crumbling from long centuries of warfare and its bountiful riches plundered by countless tomb robbers. The Tomb Kings now fight to restore their vast empire to its former majesty, striking forth from the desert to reclaim the world from the living.



The Tomb Kings' trusted advisors were their Liche Priests – wizards of great power whose sole task in life was to prepare the kings' tombs and ensure their lasting immortality. When a king died, his Liche Priests would embalm his body in an elaborate funeral ceremony and inter his remains in preparation for the Day of Awakening. The undying Liche Priests, withered and frail from the passing of untold centuries, are now responsible for watching over Nehekharra and for reawakening the armies of the Tomb Kings to glorious conquest.

THE CURSE OF UNDEATH

The Tomb Kings reign from their necropolises as they have always done, imitating the life they once knew. Many Tomb Kings behave as if nothing were awry, ruling as if they were still beings of flesh and blood. Perhaps some are truly unaware that they are Undead, whilst others are in denial of their cursed existence or have been driven mad by the sight of their own hideous visage. A Tomb King may demand a bowl of sweet figs and a goblet of fine wine, seemingly oblivious that the contents of such a meal would spill through their desiccated bodies onto the floor. When the proffered meal arrives, a Tomb King will simply stare at the fruit, wondering what such a thing is for, until it either rots to dust or a vestigial memory surfaces allowing a moment of clarity to reassert itself. In that instant, the Tomb King recalls all the pride, majesty and greatness of what he was and the cruel parody of what he has become. Realising that he will never know the taste of food, the quenching relief of cool water, the sensation of touch or any other simple joy ever again, the Tomb King will enter a fit of incandescent rage. Ancient and wrathful, all that is left for the Tomb Kings is their hunger for power, their thirst for conquest and their need for vengeance. The Tomb Kings are unremitting in their eternal war upon those who have the temerity to live whilst their rightful rulers languish in undeath.

Theirs is the wrath of the cheated, for they were promised an eternity of beauty, but were instead reborn in the form of hideous, leather-tough cadavers. The Tomb Kings enact a terrible vengeance upon those who would plunder the treasures of their arid homelands.

THE UNDYING LEGIONS

In ancient Nehekharra, a ruler was only as powerful as his force under arms. Thus, the kings maintained vast legions and proclaimed their victories proudly so that rivals would know of their strength and tremble. In this way, the names of many legions became legendary. King Nekhesh's Scorpion Legion, for example, halted several barbarian invasions and felled their foes with spears whose tips were fashioned from the black claws of giant scorpions. Similarly, Prince Sekhef's Heralds of Death were feared for their grisly standard, from which the skulls of a dozen conquered kings hung, cursed by the Liche Priests of Numas to wail in perpetual torment. These and a thousand others have now awakened from death, striking fear into the hearts of their enemies once more.

It was the duty of every soldier to serve his king, not only in life but beyond into death. Countless thousands of loyal warriors were buried alive in the great tomb pits of the ancient kings. Assembled in serried ranks as though on parade, the legions of each king were entombed with all the weapons and regalia of war needed to protect their lord in the next life – bronze-tipped spears, curved swords and sturdy shields. Many archers were also buried with their masters, together with huge stockpiles of magically blessed arrows. Alongside the foot soldiery of the king's legions were regiments of cavalry and gilded chariots, which awaited the day when they would gallop out of the mortuary-pyramids and crush their enemies once again.



When the Tomb Kings advance to war, they do so with these vast legions at their command, a breath-taking sight of gleaming bone, gold and bronze. The Undead warriors stride unfalteringly across the searing desert and through howling sandstorms as they close in on their foes. Vast phalanxes of skeletal soldiers advance towards their terrified enemies in relentless unison, fighting with a supernatural discipline that no mortal man can hope to match. Slowly but implacably, the legions of the Undead drive their foes before them, guided as always by the unyielding will of their Tomb King.

There are some necromantic spells that reanimate long-dead corpses, creating Undead automatons that serve the necromancer in a mindless fashion. Such is not the way of the Tomb Kings' soldiers; each Skeleton in the numberless legions is inhabited by the soul of an ancient Nehekharan warrior. Through the magical





THE LONGEST SIEGE

The great Awakening occurred in Zandri during the season of Inundation, when the peat river was in flood. Zandesh III arose from his sarcophagus and went forth from his ruined pyramid chamber to receive the acclamation of his awaiting troops. On all four sides of his pyramid the soldiers had arisen and now stood to attention awaiting orders. Nothing had changed except that the king and his army were no longer of living flesh.

Ptep the Liche High-Priest who had served the king many years ago and performed the rituals day after day in the mortuary temple for two thousand years, greeted his lord.

"Hail mighty king, lord of Zandri, ruler of entirety, whose reign shall last for millions of years. Behold! Your army stands ready at your command."

Two centuries after Zandesh had been entombed, another king of a succeeding dynasty had constructed his walled pyramid partly over the ruined monuments of Zandesh and worse, had stolen some of the finely worked stone of his predecessor to build it. Zandesh gazed up at the great portal of this upstart's tomb with his inlaid eyes of lapis lazuli. He ground his skeleton teeth and clawed the bandages from his mouth to speak.

"This edifice offends your majesty! Know, that I alone rule in Zandri for all eternity I shall not suffer a rebel. Go forth my legions, break into this tomb, seal up the vaults and put to death the priests who dwell therein!"

The army saluted their master with an eerie rattle as two thousand armed skeletons raised their weapons. Then they marched forth, regiment by regiment, across the rubble and sand towards the great portal of the tomb of Memnesh IV. As they did so a deafening fanfare of ancient copper trumpets sounded from within the walls of the offending pyramid. All along the battlements the skeleton archers of Memnesh IV appeared in their thousands. Memnesh had been a great fighter and leader in his time and had had conquered many tribes in the lands that had surrounded the kingdom. The Liche High-Priest of the mortuary temple of Memnesh IV appeared on the portal rampart.

"Know that Memnesh IV has arisen to commence his reign of millions of years as the sole ruler of Zandri. Who comes forth to challenge his rule!"

The skeleton forces of Zandesh III besieged the fortified tomb of Memnesh IV for two hundred and ninety-nine years. In the three hundredth year Zandesh finally recovered the finely carved obelisks that had once decorated his own tomb. Memnesh in his overwhelming desire to build the finest pyramid that had ever stood had stolen these stones lust before his death and struck out the hieroglyphs which spoke of Zandesh and had replaced them with his own. The fortress tomb of Memnesh was then razed to the ground and his body cast to the vultures and jackals.

incantations of Liche Priests, spirits of loyal soldiers are summoned from the Realm of Souls and bound within corporeal remains. These warriors are not, then, slaves to the will of an evil wizard, but dutiful soldiers who unswervingly obey their king's commands in death, just as they once had in life. However, without the extensive mummification techniques and magical wards of preservation laid upon the bodies of the Nehekharan royalty, the Skeletons of the Tomb Kings' legions perceive the world very differently to mortal men. They retain only the most pertinent aspects of their former lives: the endless years of training and discipline, the martial skills honed on countless fields of battle and, above all else, their oaths of fealty to their king. Personality and ambition are ephemeral, and even their names have faded like half-forgotten dreams.

THE ETERNAL ARMIES

Should a commander be brave or foolish enough to trespass into Nehekharan and lead his men into the sacred vales of the kings, he would witness a terrible phenomenon. As the punishing midday sun blazes down upon the interlopers, the sands begin to shift, and thousands of spearpoints pierce the endless tracts of desert like a cursed crop thirsting after a rain of blood. Rising up from the dusty womb of the Nehekharan earth come the undying legions; rank upon rank of Skeleton Warriors ready to kill once more in the name of their merciless commanders. Sun-bleached skulls surface all around, sand spilling from empty eye sockets as they break the surface of the deserts. Holding curved khopesh blades, armoured and bejewelled forms awake from their slumbers, forming up into elite regiments with a preternatural discipline and coordination that living warriors could never hope to match. Undead archers nock and loose volley upon volley of arrows as they march from their graves in eerie unison. Fully-formed cavalry units burst from the ground in explosions of sand and bone-dry earth, spears lowered as their skeletal mounts gallop towards the intruders. Cresting the dunes come units of lightweight but deadly chariots, the blades upon their wheels whirring as the pride of the Nehekharan soldiery careens towards the foe with petrifying speed. These are the fabled charioteers of Tomb Kings, the harvesters of the foe, who scythe down the living as mortals reap the wheat of the field.

THE TOWERING STATUES

To protect the corpses of the kings throughout eternity, the ancient Nehekharans wrought magnificent statues to guard over their royal tombs. These towering sculptures, made in the images of gods, kings and mythical creatures, were placed in and around the necropolises. Titanic warriors hewn from cliff-faces and giant beasts built from whitest marble, darkest obsidian and blood-forged gold stood sentry beside every entranceway. Ranks of imposing Ushabti – statuary carved in the images of a pantheon of ancient gods – lined the labyrinthine corridors of the burial pyramids.

Monstrous sphinxes loomed over the sacred sarcophagi of the Tomb Kings themselves and countless other, more terrifying statues, lay buried and forgotten beneath the baking sands.

The Liche Priests learned long ago that the same incantations used to summon forth warrior-spirits could be adapted to animate the hulking stone forms of Nehekharas fearsome statuary. Ever since, when the Tomb Kings have made war upon their enemies, constructs of animated stone have fought beside them. These imposing figures wade through the ranks of mortals, crushing their opponents with terrible blows as enemy arrows and sword-strokes rebound harmlessly from their rock-hard frames.

A CONQUEROR'S WRATH

And yet these are merely the initial defences of the lands of Nehekharas, those who protect the outlying tombs and settlements from the greedy and the insolent. The true glory of the armies of the Tomb Kings is only now being revealed.

Setra, the almighty God-King of Khemri, is upon the path of conquest once more. Cheated of the eternity of paradise promised him by the Liche Priests who call forth his armies, the Lion of the Desert intends to reclaim the lands that once belonged to him, forcing the usurpers of the Old World to kneel before his might.

At Setra's behest come millions-strong legions of Undead warriors, marching in unending tides from the black mouths of tomb-pyramids so tall that each gilded peak shimmers in the skies like the last flare of a dying sun. From the sands boil black clouds of skull-carapaced scarabs and sarcophagi cast in the form of scorpions that sting and slice into the soft flesh of the living. Out of the tombs come towering god-statues, jerking and lurching towards the foe with an unnatural stop-start gait. They and their kind have been brought to unlife by the infallible incantations of the Liche Priests, magisters of the dead who bind and tame the unruly Winds of Magic with the ease that lesser wizards might tame familiar spirits. Alongside these stone sculptures come hulking, skull-faced constructs of bone and precious metal, each adorned with a treasure chest's worth of gemstones and ornate curios. Some carry great curved scimitars, some massive jewelled bows strung with sinew, some even carry obelisks proclaiming the greatness of their owners, with which to smash the foe. One thing these living statues have in common - all are terrifying opponents at close quarters.

Not all the undead constructs of Nehekharas are humanoid. Prowling, leonine monsters and stooped behemoths clad in the raiment of kings loom above the seas of Skeleton Warriors that march inexorably towards the lands of Man, each gigantic war-beast imbued with strength enough to cast down the pitiful castles of the lesser civilisations. Above them, bone-ribbed war-barques sail majestically above the sands in mockery of the laws of nature, banks of oars stirring the dry air, whilst flocks of giant vulture-like Carrion circle in their wake in a parody of flight.

The sun killed most of us. Two hundred of our finest entered this cursed desert and searched for weeks. And for what? A stupid bauble! Why did m'lord send so many of us? Why is it so important?

Barely thirty of us survived to find the tomb - well hidden on the side of a stark red stone cliff. Our "fearless leader" demanded the honour of entering the tomb first. He stepped five paces before the pit opened. We never heard him hit the bottom, but we could track his progress by his fading screams. His younger brother, second in command, insisted we continue. This trinket must be something!

By the time we found the main chamber many more had died in devious traps or at the fangs or claws of the many cobras and scorpions infesting the cursed place. We crept cautiously across the floor, our eyes straining as our torches sputtered in the gloom. In the hands of a jackal-headed statue, lay an ornate headpiece. Was this our objective? Was it worth its price in lives?

Our leader mounted the steps and gently lifted the crown from its resting place. Suddenly, the sound of grinding stone filled the echoing hall, and horrors beyond imagination stepped out of the newly opened niches...



Before them all come the Tomb Kings themselves, thundering across the sands in great gilded war-chariots. They yearn to drive their enchanted blades deep into the hearts of those that oppose them, for after their long sleep they are filled with the need to conquer and destroy. Mummified and ancient beyond imagining, undying and vengeful, the Tomb Kings are unremitting in their eternal war upon those who have the temerity to live in the sun whilst their rightful rulers languish in the twilight of undeath. Their legions are breath-taking to behold – to compare the shambling armies of the northern necromancers to those of Nehekhara is to compare a tarnished bracelet to a jewel-studded crown. These are the true monarchs of the dead. Their merciless armies are beyond counting, and they are coming to reclaim their rightful dominion over the kingdoms of the living.

RE-CONQUEST OF AN EMPIRE

The reborn Tomb Kings look upon their shattered lands and skeletal legions, and they are greatly angered. Nehekhara was once a powerful and proud nation, and its enemies cowered before the might of its kings and the strength of their armies. Year upon year its borders expanded, and with the conquered wealth magnificent monuments were raised to honour kings and gods.

From their tombs the Tomb Kings have re ordered their kingdoms. Their peoples, mostly interred without the benefit of royal magic, are little more than automatons. Undead armies wheel and manoeuvre with ingrained

military instinct, continually re-fighting old wars or pursuing new ones amidst the dry deserts. The terrible spell that created them binds them to their land but offers no succour. Those that perish in battle rise each dawn whilst even those that are destroyed entire, burned to smoke or vaporised by sorcery, live on as spiteful spirits that can be heard in the wailing of the wind and groaning of great stones in the mountains. If the Tomb Kings take any comfort it is only in the recreation of their ancient empires – a shadow of former existence that evokes memories of the lives that they once led.



The Tomb Kings have vowed that all of Nehekhara must be restored. They will not stop until every city is rebuilt, every land re-conquered and every stolen treasure, even the most insignificant of trinkets, is recovered. At their behest, legions of merciless skeletal warriors rise from the sands of Nehekhara and march forth to reconquer the world.

So as it once was, so will it be again.





A QUEST INTO THE UNKNOWN

Dusty, tattered robes brushed along the stone floor as Rastaph shuffled from the deep shadows of the mortuary-temple, leaning heavily on a staff clenched in his skeletal hands. Stepping into the burning sunlight, he raised his deathly face to the sky, staring with milky eyes into the heart of the sun. In a dry, rasping voice, he intoned the ritual words of devotion to the mightiest of all the gods, riding his burning chariot across the skies. Rastaph appealed for the holy aid of the sun god in the forthcoming battle against the interlopers who dared enter the holy lands.

Turning heavily, Rastaph gazed over the sand to see the gleaming army of his holy king, Kerathop the Second. His liege was standing proudly on his royal war-chariot, directing his legions into formation. It was a well-practised battle line, the long dead warriors having fought in hundreds of wars over the millennia, and they moved in perfect unison as they wheeled forwards, raising their spears as one and linking their shields.

Rastaph whispered to the desert-spirits, and instantly a wind picked up where a moment before the air was still. Sand began to swirl around him, gently at first but growing stronger by the second. Raising his arms, Rastaph lifted his cloak around him like a pair of tattered wings as the wind began to whirl around him fiercely, until the biting sand completely obscured him from view and he became as one with the elements. The focused sandstorm began to move, carrying Rastaph with it as it whipped across the open sand towards the army of his Tomb King.

Duke Theuderic wiped his forehead with a cloth before tossing it to an attendant squire. He accepted his gourd as it was passed to him, allowing himself only a mouthful of the tepid water. It barely moistened his dry, sun-baked lips. He held his arms outstretched as another squire tightened up the buckles on his shoulder guards, and tried vainly to brush the sand from between the armoured plates. Waving him away, Theuderic walked towards Lady Aliette. How the fair damsel managed to keep herself looking cool and calm even in these harsh conditions, he didn't know. He bowed to the lady, who curtsied in return, a flash of fey light glinting in her cool eyes.

"Shall I lead the knights in prayer, m'Lord?" she asked, her voice as smooth as velvet.

"If you would, Lady Aliette," Theuderic replied. The Duke looked over his faithful knights as they dropped to their knees and bowed their heads, helmets held under arms. He saw the young paladin Marc, bearer of Theuderic's heraldic standard, give him a quick smile and nod before he closed his eyes for prayer. Such belief was written in the shining eyes of the knight that he could not help but feel that his quest must end in success.

Turning on his heel, Theuderic dropped one knee to the hot sand. Before he closed his eyes, he stared across the desert. Partly hidden in the haze of heat that blurred the horizon and a swirling cloud of dust and sand, the army of the cursed, dead foe was manoeuvring into position. He kissed the tress of fair, blonde hair that was pinned to his cloak, and closed his eyes. Lady Aliette's voice carried out across the desert as she began to invoke the blessing of the Lady of the Lake.

King Kerathop the Second turned his skeletal face towards the form of the liche priest Rastaph materialising within the cloud of swirling sand. The whirling eddy of wind dropped to sudden stillness, sand falling to the ground, and Rastaph bowed his head in respect to his king.

"The gods are with us this day, priest?" spoke King Kerathop, his voice unfathomably deep, dry and sepulchral, filled with undeniable power and authority.

"They are, my king. Yet another victory shall be carved into the walls of your chamber for all time."

The ancient Tomb King made no response. He turned to gaze along the battle line, seeing his warriors standing statue-still, awaiting his commands. They had fought faithfully at his side during their lifetime, and death was no end to their loyalty. For all eternity they would serve him, guarding him and fighting those who would be his enemy.

Raising an arm, tightly bound in preserving cloths, he raised his ceremonial blade. As one, the formations of soldiers stood sharply to attention.

"Join the ranks, priest."

Lowering his weapon so that it pointed towards the heathen foe across the battlefield, he led his army of the dead into battle.



THE RISE OF SETTRA

In the bygone ages, far to the south of the Old World, there existed a human civilisation of such grandeur that its rulers saw even the sun as their servant. Nehekhara it was called, the jewel of the deserts; the sun shone on their every deed, and all the world was laid before them like an orchard of exotic fruit ready to be plucked. No one knows what it means, it is in the lost tongue of the first human civilisation. The name is still used in Arabia as Nehekhariya. Indeed the primitive nomadic ancestors of the Arabians, known to the people of Nehekhara simply as 'desert dwellers' were frequently conquered and enslaved by the kings of Nehekhara and so the name became engraved into their legends.

Nehekhara was at its most powerful two and a half millennia before the coming of the barbaric hero-deity Sigmar, a time when the other Men of the world were still primitive and savage. Even today, the great nations of Mankind, such as the Empire and Bretonnia, pale in comparison to the once mighty realm of Nehekhara. The ancient myths and legends of these people, carved on the tombs and monuments of their cities, say that the Nehekharans were so favoured by the heavens that the first of them were nurtured and taught by the gods themselves. Few can truly know how, or why, the tribes came to settle in these harsh lands. Study of their most ancient hieroglyphs suggest that they were led by servants of the gods, who broke free from a life of servitude, settling as freemen in the hot dry lands where their captors were reluctant to follow.

THE TIME BEFORE MAN

According to the myths and legends of Nehekhara, in the times before men, gods walked the world as mortals. It was believed by the ancient Nehekharans that when the Desert Gods first arrived in the Great Land, they fought the armies of vile Daemons and foul spirits that lurked there in great battles that lasted for many centuries. In numerous inscriptions, carved on the tombs and monuments of ancient cities, it is written that Ptara, the Sun God and King of the Nehekharan pantheon, led the final battle against the dark powers.

Riding a resplendent golden chariot, he drone the darkness back; even the most powerful Daemon recoiled from the touch of his divine light. Ptara and the Desert Gods were victorious, and the evil ones retreated north to escape destruction.

Legend says that the Desert Gods then transformed the lands into a verdant realm and ruled there for thousands of years until the birth of the race of Man. It is said that these people were so favoured by the heavens that Ptara himself bestowed upon them the fertile land that would later be called Nehekhara. In exchange for their worship, the deities offered to protect and watch over those that dwelt in the Great Land. With the covenant made, the gods nurtured the people of the nomadic tribes, teaching them how to read, write and build great cities. Thus was the Nehekharan civilisation born.

The land of Nehekhara was really the flat, fertile plain of the great river Mortis, known anciently as Mortish. This mighty river flows from the mountains of the east, known nowadays as the Worlds Edge Mountains, to the sea, dividing into a delta of enormous extent. Here, the earliest human tribes learned the arts of farming by means of irrigation, writing in hieroglyphic signs and living in cities made of mud brick buildings. Only the inscrutable mage priests of Lustria are likely to have any idea when, why or how this happened.

Through centuries of work and culture, Nehekhara, known to its people as the Great Land, was built into a powerful civilisation. Its people built great cities out of white stone and carved marble. They constructed vast roads and fleets of ships to connect each city to its neighbours. Before the coming of Settra, the land of Nehekhara was divided. It was split into many separate kingdoms, each built around a great city. Mighty kings, whose every whim was law, ruled the people. Vast armies of disciplined soldiers were raised and trained in the king's name, and those that invaded their cities were mercilessly cut down.



STRIFE IN THE GREAT LAND

As the centuries passed, two powerful city states dominated the plains of Nehekhara. Both of these realms were wealthy and flourishing, with an abundance of manpower, agricultural produce and a wide ranging trading network. These two kingdoms were Zandri, located in the Delta and Numas (anciently known as Numash) far upstream within sight of the mountains. Each of these realms was ruled by a king, supported by a priesthood and nobility. Each raised a strong army from among his subjects. In those remote times, the kings were really just warleaders and the civilisation of Nehekhara had yet to reach its cultural zenith. Though Nehekhara prospered and its cities grew in size, wealth and influence, the kings thirsted for ever greater power. Apart from regular forays against the desert dwellers, in reprisals for coming out of the desert to steal flocks, the kings of Zandri and Numas had no one to fight except each other, so they did this with great enthusiasm. Wars were common as the kings sought to expand their realms, seizing precious fertile lands from their neighbours.

Over the following years, the Crown of Nehekhara, a symbol of rulership over all of the Great Land, passed from king to conquering king. Dozens of kings rose and fell during this time, so many that their names are not remembered, but it is known that none had the strength to prevail or maintain power for long.

With every Nehekharan city's military might turned upon its neighbours, the Great Land was open to attack from invaders. The city of Lybaras was almost completely destroyed by the scaled creatures that lurked within the southern jungles. Numerous greenskin hordes and barbarous tribes of men descended from the north, destroying and slaughtering as they rampaged unchecked across Nehekhar. During this time the Great Land was also stricken with drought and plague. No single city's army, exhausted as they were from disease, starvation and unremitting civil war, could hope to hold back the tide alone, but the arrogant and distrustful kings refused to put aside their differences to form a lasting alliance, bow their knee to another or halt in their pursuit of domination over their rivals. The first great civilisation of Man stood on the brink of destruction. Unless the Nehekharans could be unified, they would all perish.

SETTRA THE GREAT

The Nehekharan priesthood saw the strife in the Great Land as a sign that the gods were angered, but their warnings and protestations to the warring kings fell on

deaf ears. That all changed with the coming of Settra. It is not known to which dynasty he belonged, if any. He began his career as a prince, and was probably entrusted with command of an army. He may even have come from some minor settlement. According to his own inscriptions, the gods of the desert prophesied his rise to power. Whatever the circumstances, he was undoubtedly a mighty warrior and great conqueror, probably the greatest, apart from Alkhadizzar, his remote successor.

Of all the kings of Nehekhar, none could match the splendour, cruelty and arrogance of Settra. He was like unto a god in human form, tall, handsome and proud beyond measure. He was a vain and egotistical man, and demanded not only the obedience, but also the adoration of his subjects. However, Settra was no fool, and when he listened to his priests he realised that only a leader who could command the respect of the gods would earn the full adulation of the people. To this end, Settra, alone amongst all the kings of Nehekhar, paid homage to the ancient gods; early in his reign he ordered the restoration of temples and erected many magnificent statues to be built in their honour.





On the first anniversary of his coronation, Settra beseeched the gods to restore Khemri to its former glory and grant him the strength to conquer his rivals, sacrificing his own children in a grand ritual to show his commitment and prove his worth. The next day, the Great Vitae River flooded for the first time in several decades. With the waters, disease was washed away from Khemri and the crop harvest was plentiful for the first time in living memory. This was seen as a sign by both the Nehekharan priesthood and the populace of Khemri that Settra was indeed chosen by the gods. So it was that Settra became the first Priest King of Khemri, a ruler who commanded not only the unswerving loyalty of his people and his legions, but who also wielded the power of the gods.

Settra was a powerful king who had fought alongside his father's legions for many years before ascending to Khemri's throne. He was a ruthless warlord, and his keen tactical and strategic sense was matched only by his courage and martial skill. One by one, Settra brought the other great cities of Nehekhara to heel, leading his legions from the front where he could sate his own battle-lust and thirst to conquer. First Numas fell, then Zandri surrendered, thereby uniting the entire river valley of Nehekhara and binding it into a single kingdom. With every victory more warriors flocked to his banner. Before long, Settra commanded the largest and most devout army that Nehekhara had ever known. Vast legions of battle-hardened soldiers marched across the land at Settra's command, and no mercy was shown to those who dared opposed his might.

Under Settra's inspired and unparalleled generalship, all the kings of Nehekhara were conquered, forced to

swear oaths of fealty, pay tribute and acknowledge Khemri as the preeminent city of the land once more. Having subjugated his rivals through bloody conquest, Settra had ended the civil war and the Time of Strife.

Soon after, he decided to build a completely new capital city at the point where the delta met the upper river valley, the border of the two former kingdoms. This marked his unification of the land and demonstrated his sovereignty over both regions. The city was to be his residence, where his great palace and eventually his magnificent tomb, would be built. It would also be the mightiest fortress in the land, where his vast army would be marshalled, ready to crush any rebellion and hold down his numerous subjects, this city was called Khemri. It is not known what the name means or whether it is the name of the village which was expanded into a city on the king's orders. This city rapidly grew to become the greatest city in Nehekhara and for a time, during Settra's long reign, the entire land of Nehekhara was renamed Khemri, to satisfy the vanity of the king.

The other cities were each governed by their own king, though all were expected to show loyalty and pay tribute to the king of Khemri itself. Together, these kings led their golden armies, crushing all before them in displays of martial brilliance. They subdued the tribes in the surrounding lands, drove back the greenskin hordes that plagued the realm, and ruled from the western Deserts of Araby to the eastern Sea of Dread. At the height of Nehekhara's power, it had expanded and conquered lands as far north as what is now laughably called the Empire, south into the primordial jungles of the Southlands and even east into the foreboding Dark Lands. The kings' armies marched across the world subjugating all before them, and their vast fleets of galleys and war barques terrorised the Great Ocean. It was only with the coming of a mighty and powerful King that this was achievable.

NEHEKHARA PROSPERS

Few rivals emerged to oppose the great king, and those who did were crushed mercilessly, either at his own hands, or by those of the Herald Nekaph, his imposing champion. Settra's agents would root out and quell any trace of dissent and the merest hint of rebellion that threatened the stability of their lord's realm, and soon none dared to even think of defying the King of Khemri. Thereafter, Settra reigned as the undisputed king of not just Khemri, but of all Nehekhara, and for many decades he suffered no challenge to his rule. He was a powerful warrior and a mighty leader, feared across half the world.

Though Settra was a ruthless and tyrannical ruler, Khemri, and indeed the whole of Nehekhara, entered a golden age of prosperity under his rule. The war-ravaged cities were quickly restored, and many grand monuments were erected to not just the gods, but now also to the honour of Settra. Mighty legions of soldiers were raised to secure Nehekhara's ever-expanding

borders and repel the many mutated monsters and savage barbarians that had sunk their claws into the Great Land during the Time of Strife.

Yet Settra was not content with merely restoring the kingdoms of his ancestors. The armies of Nehekharah spread far and wide, conquering the surrounding lands and enslaving their tribes. Settra's war fleets ravaged realms across the seas, and his armies brought the terror of the Priest King of Khemri to many distant lands. Foreign cities fell, faraway lands were conquered and vast riches were brought back to the Great Land from as far afield as the jungles of Lustria. Nehekharah reached the peak of its power and influence during the reign of Settra, and his name was feared across half the world.



THE UNREACHABLE VISION

There was nothing that could stay Settra's hunger for war, nor his thirst for conquest, and for many years the armies of Nehekharah swept across the world. Settra's vast kingdom stretched across the lands, but for all his victories and accomplishments, the Priest King was unsatisfied. It is said that in the fortieth year of his reign, with his body beginning to show the first signs of old age and frailty, Settra stood in the peaks of the Black Mountains, upon the very edge of his empire, and surveyed all that he had conquered. He then turned and gazed upon the distant lands that lay on the other side of the mountain and roared in anger. It was with bitter disappointment that Settra realised that even if he lived for a hundred years, there would still be realms beyond his grasp.

Settra simmered with rage, for he knew that one day he would be defeated, not by a mortal foe, nor by any superior army – for surely there were none – but by the cruel passage of time and his own mortality. Settra knew that his dreams of global conquest were unreachable in his mortal lifespan, and though the fires of ambition still burned brightly within his heart, his body would wither and fail him before he could see his vision fulfilled. Worse, Settra recognised that death might rob him of all he had achieved: his lands, his people, and his power. Over the following months he became ever more obsessed, demanding audiences with the wisest priests and scholars in the land to discuss how the intolerable problem of his mortality might be overcome. In his arrogance, he vowed that the grave would not claim him, and set in motion events that would forever change his kingdom.

DEFENCE OF MAHRAK


Mh'kasda looked down from the city walls at the dust cloud that signalled the advance of the nomad army. Every decade it seemed these tribes united and raided the towns and cities of Nehekharah. Over the centuries Bhagar had become accustomed to such raids. These nomadic barbarians had never once managed to breach the city's defences and Mh'kasda was not about to shame his family name by being the first royal guard to allow such an attack to succeed. As the mounted horde reached the city's perimeter, Mh'kasda could clearly hear the high pitched hollers that served as their war cry. It reminded the loyal warrior of just how barbaric these black-garbed southern tribesmen could be.

As soon as the enemy came within range, Mh'kasda signalled for the archers lined on the wall to fire. Their gold armour gleamed resplendent in the bright rays of the sun as they raised their bows. With disciplined synchronicity they pulled back the bow strings and, as one, unleashed a storm of arrows into the skies. Dozens of the nomads fell as the arrows found their mark, followed by more casualties moments later, as a second volley of arrows struck home.

At a second signal the captain ordered the city gates to open. Marching out in tightly formed ranks the cavalry emerged. Separating into two groups the first, armed with spears and bright turquoise shields, lowered their weapons and charged into the rapidly approaching tribesmen. The poorly armed nomads stood little chance as the highly trained soldiers smashed into their force. Within moments the tribesmen's attack faltered before breaking, and as the nomads fled from the battle, the second formation of cavalry surrounded them. With deadly accuracy the mounted archers shot the invaders from their steeds, leaving only a handful of survivors.

Within the hour the nomad tribes had scattered, leaving their injured to perish in the harsh rays of the desert sun amongst the bodies of their dead kinsmen. Already the massive vultures of the Nehekharan desert circled in a downward spiral from high in the clear blue skies. Come the morning the scorpions and swarms of insects would strip the bones of what little the vultures left. The desert sands would soon leave no trace of the dead, and the city would continue as normal, without the threat of invasion. Mh'kasda turned around to face the palace, raising his weapon in salute at the king. Bedecked in his golden armour truly befitting his high status, the king raised his sceptre in recognition of Mh'kasda's victory.





Being an Essay on the Army of Rahmohtep – the Scarab King of Numas

While perusing the countless stacks of crumbling volumes in the very bowels of the Imperial Library (searching fruitlessly for any mention of the rumoured 'Gnoblyns' of the eastern mountains), I happened upon a reference to 'The army of the dread Scarab King of Numas'. This throwaway line written by the famed adventurer and explorer Jacob Stackeldhorf peaked my interest, yet frustrated me for days. Other than this one reference, I couldn't find any more written on this mysterious, long dead king.

My frustration at being unable to find any further mention of this ancient king was starting to affect my sleep (though that could possibly be attributed to Frau Weirde's incessant weevil cough). 'I must know who he was!' thought I. Apologies are due to the always helpful Bookmaster Halle and his team of librarians (particularly young browbeaten Wendelen), who, in their patience, did endure my frustration induced grump.

It was only when taking a leisurely stroll through the archives of the great Museum of Antiquities trying to get my mind off the infuriating reference that I happened upon a breakthrough of sorts. In a little used corner of one of the depository backrooms, covered in mouldering sheets, was a collection of curious items procured some years ago by the museum from some disreputable Strigany traders. Though these items had lain here for over a decade, the overworked curator of the museum, Schrotterfeld, had not yet had the luxury of time to examine them properly. Great was my astonishment when I peeled away the cloth to see items of the ancient civilisation of Nehekharu - replete with countless scarab motifs!

Amongst the treasure trove there were swords of strange design, scarab-adorned black and gold shields and banner tops, along with what I presume is the front of an ancient chariot, and various pieces of adornment and other intriguing bric-a-brac. There was even an entire skeleton of a long dead warrior. Unbelievable! This warrior was still adorned in his ornate, scarab armour. Surely this was not mere coincidence - these items must surely have some association with the so-called Scarab King. Even though this skeleton was richly decorated, he was not bedecked as a king to my mind - I would hazard a guess that he was one of the king's closest bodyguards. But I am getting ahead of myself - first I had to be sure that these relics were from the Scarab King's army.

Seeing that one piece was a broken tablet covered in picture-writing, I immediately endeavoured to secure the aid of my long-time friend, the most scholarly (if often somewhat inebriated) Allun Gartner, expert in the field of translations and specialist in the written languages of Araby and ancient Nehekharu. He did indeed confirm that the name Rahmohtep was mentioned in this text! Indeed, he assured me that these items were taken from the so-called Scarab King's own burial chambers, and that he recognised the symbol for the ancient city of Numas. My excitement could barely be contained!

The next weeks were a frenzy of activity. While Allun continued with his translations, I scoured all my usual sources for any details of where and when these items were 'retrieved' from the great Nehekharan city of Numas. After almost a month of research, including dealing with some rather nefarious individuals (I'm certain the Strigany stole my favourite far-eastern silk handkerchief). I think that I have put


together a picture of who this king was and what his army was like. From the information I have garnered about his tomb, I believe I have determined much about him and the warriors that he commanded - for he was buried with his entire army - legion upon legion of warriors who it appears were slain when their king was buried so as to serve him for ever. With only minimal conjecture and fiction, I have built up a detailed picture of what this king's army must have been like in its time. Such a shame that this proud and highly advanced civilisation has died out - I would dearly have loved to have seen his army marching in all its glory. It must have been an impressive, awe-inspiring sight indeed.

King Rahmohtep – The Scarab King of Numas

King Rahmohtep was once the proud and warlike king of the fair city of Numas. It would seem that Numas at the time of his rule was a plentiful city. The lands around the city were very fertile, fed by the bountiful River Vitae - not at all like the foul dark river (now known as the River Mortis) and the sandy wasteland it is today. In the ancient picture-writing that adorned Rahmohtep's tomb, it is said that he entered into a pact with an unnamed scarab-headed god, and that this god provided Rahmohtep with great physical strength and battle skills.

It seems that Rahmohtep was a brutal and ruthless ruler, and was respected and feared by both his enemies and his friends. These characteristics mirror those of the unnamed Scarab God. It is strange that this god is never truly named. I would hazard a guess that this deity's name is never mentioned for some superstitious or religious reason - possibly writing his name would invoke the god's anger? Inscriptions of Rahmohtep show a broad-shouldered, dark-skinned warrior who towered over his comrades. His face was often obscured with a scarab mask, and he appeared to favour wielding a massive curved sword. Indeed, in some reliefs he is shown cutting through a dozen foes with one sweep of his weapon, as he races past them on his ebony and gold chariot. With Rahmohtep's aggressive expansionist policies, the influence of Numas grew and it took the lands off many other kings. Under Rahmohtep, Numas' borders extended far to the north, through the Lush Plains to the edge of the Silver River, as well as to the mountains to the east. In securing these lands, Rahmohtep's army battled many rival kings, as well as barbarians and Greenskins. The Scarab King always fought at the very front of the battles, and always he was victorious.

As such, Rahmohtep was a powerful king within Nehekharu, and during his reign, Numas became an incredibly important power in the land, second only to Khemri. Indeed, it would appear that Numas and Khemri were great rivals at this time, and a great many battles were fought between these bitter rivals. Rahmohtep's nemesis was the Khemrian king Rakaph III, and it seems that the two met on the field of battle more than once. However, while Rakaph grew old, outliving all his sons, Rahmohtep still seemed to be in the peak of health, so say the inscriptions. The people of Numas took this as a sure sign of their lord being especially favoured by the gods of the sky. It is said (in Khemrian texts) that Rahmohtep coveted the Khemrian throne, and that he would do anything to seize it. When the ageing warrior-king Rakaph eventually passed from this world, struck down in battle, it is said that the Scarab King intended to take control of Khemri itself. Rakaph had no heir, so many feared that the age of Khemri was over.



However, in an unprecedented move, the strong-willed Queen Rasut took the throne. Indeed, many believed she had been the true power in Khemri for years. None dared to stand against her, for her influence was far reaching (and it was rumoured that amongst her lovers was the most famed assassin of Khemri). Queen Rasut herself rode out to battle against Rahmohtep riding within her golden, royal chariot, and although the Scarab King was never defeated in battle, he could never overcome Khemri.

When Rahmohtep eventually died (some sources indicate he was poisoned by a member of his own family), a great mortuary pyramid befitting one of the greatest kings of Numas was constructed. The temple-shrine and its surrounds also had to be large enough to house the core of his army - for his loyal soldiers were put to death (or perhaps more likely, they took their own lives) on the tragic death of their king. I believe that some six thousand men are interred with him. Despite wielding so much power, and being so advanced in so many ways, the Nehekharans were superstitious people who had many strange beliefs. The most fundamental beliefs of these so-called tomb kings was that they would rise from death and awake as immortal, glorious beings, and that at this golden time in the future they would need their warriors at their side. Amazing that so much energy went into this belief.

The Army of Rahmohtep

From various writings, tablets and accounts from explorers. I have even been able to determine the size and composition of the Scarab King's army, breaking down as follows. (Note, however, that this is a list of what is actually buried with the king his entire army would most likely have been far greater, including subjected warriors from rival kings. According to the records, tribes from outside of Nehekharas also fought alongside him forces, including Ebonian and Kahied auxiliaries. However, only the 'core' of army would have been interred with him. As such, this host numbering some six thousand could reasonably be assumed to be roughly a tenth of the size of the armies he truly had at his disposal).

I. Two hundred and fifty of the king's elite 'Scarab Legion', which appears to be his personal guard. They were interred with their lord in the central chamber of the Scarab Pyramid, and were said to serve as his guards even in death. I believe that the skeleton that is in the museum is one of these tomb guardians (though thankfully he hasn't come to life! Interestingly, rumours of the dead walking in that land do seem to persist). It seems that before one could be considered to enter the hallowed ranks of the Scarab Legion, a soldier had to prove himself through numerous feats of skill and bravery in battle. The brutal initiation ceremony involved extensive ritual scarring and the letting of blood in dedication to Rahmohtep and the Scarab God. These rituals were led by Rahmohtep's high commander, Pedjet, who was said to fight like a daemon in battle.

The members of the Scarab Legion were the most richly outfitted of all within the army, and seem to have been treated like minor royalty. Their every need was catered for and, when not marching to war, they lived lives of luxury. Nevertheless, they were never softened by such luxury, and were much feared for their ferocity and fanatical devotion to their king. Their armour and equipment is trimmed generously with gold, and they wear much ornamentation, including many gold and jade scarab motifs and numerous gold rings, which appear

sometimes to have been worn through skin piercings (including piercings of the flesh on chest, abdomen and head).

II. Five hundred and fifty chariots, members of the so-called Riders of Ksar. It would seem that Ksar is an ancient elemental god of Nehekharas that took the form of a hot, desert wind. Armed with spear and bow, his charioteers were much feared and held a position in Numas almost on par with the Scarab Legion. Their numbers were split roughly into seven groups of fifty, each led by one of Rahmohtep's most trusted commanders. These groups of fifty were broken down into units of five or ten, each led by a 'first charioteer'.

III. One thousand cavalry, led by the horseman commander Djakai, a dark-skinned, brilliant tactician who was said to have come from lands somewhere to the south-east of Nehekharas. These cavalry included lightly armoured horsemen armed with bows, who may have acted as scouts, and heavier armed warriors who may have acted as shock cavalry, in support of the main warrior blocks.

IV. An astounding number of regular warriors are said to be buried here - it is recorded that seventeen regiments, each consisting of two hundred and fifty men, are buried with their lord. I find this number staggering, yet can see no reason to doubt it. It is said that each of these regiments consisted of smaller companies (probably of fifty men), and that each company was often armed differently. The majority of warriors seem to have been armed with the bow, or with spear and tall shield. These formed the fighting bulk of the army of Rahmohtep, and his battles were won primarily due to their unwavering discipline and commitment to their lord. Even when hugely outnumbered, these regiments held out and did not flee, knowing that their commanders, exceptional tacticians all, would counter-attack with chariot and horse to break the foe.

V. Fifty so-called 'Ushabti'. This confounds me, for I have only ever seen this word when it refers to large statues that are adorned with the heads of gods. Why they are recounted in the annals as being a part of Rahmohtep's army. I cannot fathom. From paintings inside Rahmohtep's tomb, it seems that these statues fought alongside the regular troops. Obviously, this cannot be true. I would hazard a guess that these pieces of artwork were done to impress and build up the awe in the king. If the king could have his enemies believe that the statues of the gods themselves would fight on his side, then truly they would fear him.

I shall leave my brief investigations at that for the time being, though I shall certainly endeavour to discover more about this ruthless and successful king of old. Perhaps I could even commission an expedition to his temple-tomb to gather more artefacts - maybe even to bring back the body and sarcophagus of the king. I hope the rumours of curses are not true! I have come to the conclusion during this research that a bizarrely high proportion of my sources that have had anything to do with these artefacts have since died.

Indeed, the original discoverers of Rahmohtep's tomb never returned, or died soon on their return to the Empire. Many seem to believe in this 'curse'. Thank Shallya, I am not a superstitious man. If I were, then I might well believe that I myself am cursed - but such is married life, I fear. May Sigmar, Ulric and Shallya protect you.

THE MORTUARY CULT

THE LEGACY OF KING SETTRA

Settra became obsessed with unlocking the secrets of immortality so that he could rule over his lands for all eternity. Determined to overcome this intolerable situation, he ordered his priests to find a way to ensure that he would live forever. Settra was consumed with his quest to find immortality and to live in the paradise he had created for all eternity. He founded the Mortuary Cult and demanded that his wisest and most powerful priests devote their efforts to discovering the secrets of preventing his passing. The priests of Khemri did as Settra bade them, and for years they brewed potions and recited incantations determined to decipher the riddle of everlasting life. They travelled into unknown lands in search of the secret that would overcome death.

In their research, the priests learned much, and they used their powers to extend Settra's life far beyond its natural span. However, they could not halt the passage of time indefinitely – they were merely postponing the inevitability of death while their lord's mortal body became ever more frail. The priests of the Mortuary Cult were naturally reluctant to reveal these limitations to their King, whose wrath was legendary, and continued to search for the secret of eternal life, though they held little hope of discovering it. The priests wisely decided to keep some of what they discovered to themselves. By means of incantations learnt through mysterious and ancient sources, the priests used their knowledge to extend their own lives for centuries. Nevertheless, they could not halt the passage of time indefinitely and were merely postponing the inevitability of death while their bodies became frail and withered.

The priests journeyed for many years throughout the world. They studied all aspects of death, and over the years they learned much, and their powers grew. Using their arcane knowledge, the priests extended the length of their own lives, even as they continued their work. They learned how to preserve a corpse from decay, until the art of mummification had become very elaborate indeed. With the passing of the years, the hierophants of the Mortuary Cult had even begun to experiment with harnessing the Winds of Magic – the power of the gods themselves.

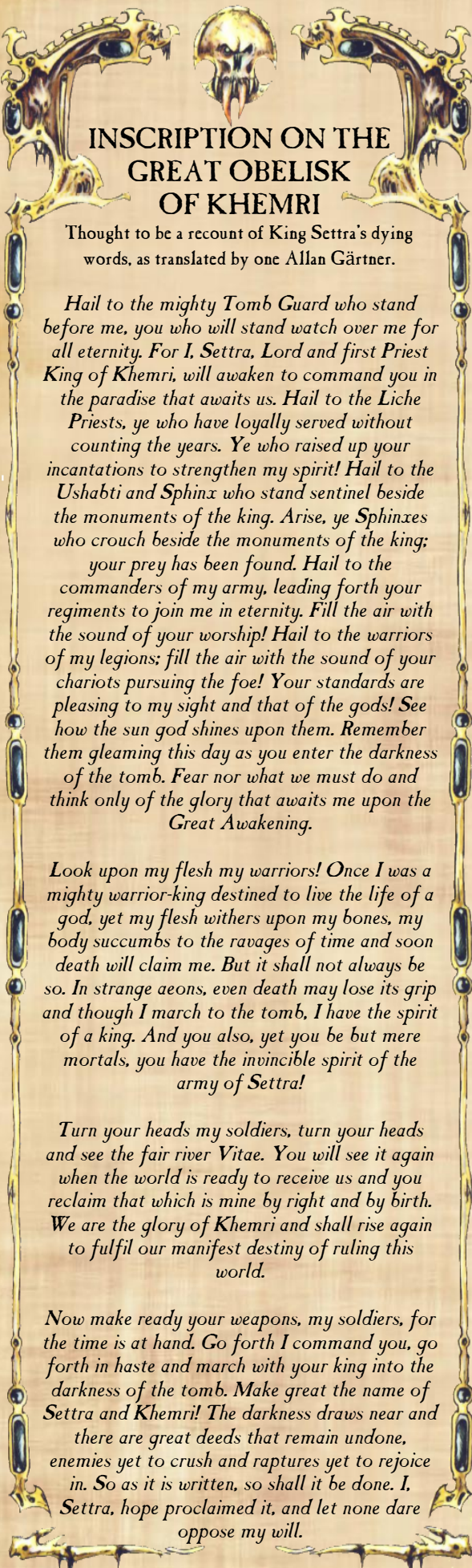

Though they made incredible progress, it was to no avail; true immortality lay beyond their power. Great was Settra's wrath, for though the priests' magic kept him alive far beyond the span of a mortal Man, they could not prevent his death. However, the Mortuary Cult had devised a vast lore of magical incantations and rituals, which they claimed could bridge the gap between the mortal world and the Realm of Souls. They believed that with careful preparation and the proper incantations, it might be possible for the dead to

return to life in imperishable bodies – though it may take many centuries to perfect and perform the necessary rituals. Left with no other choice, Settra commanded that a vast burial tomb be constructed for his body to rest within until the Mortuary Cult finished their work and he could be reborn into the eternal existence he so craved.

THE PYRAMID OF SETTRA

Despite to the best efforts of the priests, Settra could not be saved from death. As he lay dying, full of anger and pride to his last breath, the priests of the Mortuary Cult promised him a golden paradise that, upon his awakening, he would rule for millions of years. When the king perished, it was with a curse on his lips. Powerful incantations were intoned over his corpse and he was embalmed in a great ritual. Preserved against decay, the body of Settra was entombed beneath the earth within a mighty sarcophagus in the heart of a majestic pyramid of shining white stone. The monument was so bright that it hurt mortal eyes just to look upon it. The pyramid was vast and it towered over the city of Khemri. It was the largest and most magnificent monument ever created in Nehekhara, for no simple cairn would befit a king as mighty and powerful as Settra. All of his treasures, along with his most loyal servants and bodyguards, were also interred within his pyramid. Settra's mighty legions, which had carved out his realm at his behest, were arrayed deep beneath it in colossal tomb pits. Loyal even unto death, these soldiers were buried alive in preparation for the Day of Awakening when Settra would arise and lead





INSCRIPTION ON THE GREAT OBELISK OF KHEMRI

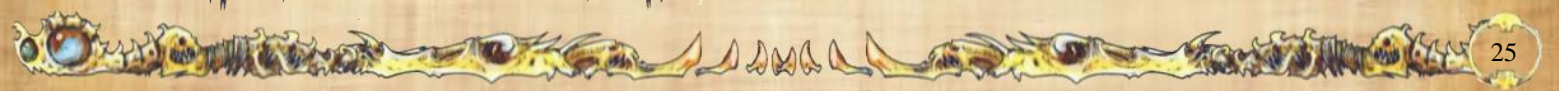
Thought to be a recount of King Settra's dying words, as translated by one Allan Gärtner.

Hail to the mighty Tomb Guard who stand before me, you who will stand watch over me for all eternity. For I, Settra, Lord and first Priest King of Khemri, will awaken to command you in the paradise that awaits us. Hail to the Liche Priests, ye who have loyally served without counting the years. Ye who raised up your incantations to strengthen my spirit! Hail to the Ushabti and Sphinx who stand sentinel beside the monuments of the king. Arise, ye Sphinxes who crouch beside the monuments of the king; your prey has been found. Hail to the commanders of my army, leading forth your regiments to join me in eternity. Fill the air with the sound of your worship! Hail to the warriors of my legions; fill the air with the sound of your chariots pursuing the foe! Your standards are pleasing to my sight and that of the gods! See how the sun god shines upon them. Remember them gleaming this day as you enter the darkness of the tomb. Fear nor what we must do and think only of the glory that awaits me upon the Great Awakening.

Look upon my flesh my warriors! Once I was a mighty warrior-king destined to live the life of a god, yet my flesh withers upon my bones, my body succumbs to the ravages of time and soon death will claim me. But it shall not always be so. In strange aeons, even death may lose its grip and though I march to the tomb, I have the spirit of a king. And you also, yet you be but mere mortals, you have the invincible spirit of the army of Settra!

Turn your heads my soldiers, turn your heads and see the fair river Vitae. You will see it again when the world is ready to receive us and you reclaim that which is mine by right and by birth. We are the glory of Khemri and shall rise again to fulfil our manifest destiny of ruling this world.

Now make ready your weapons, my soldiers, for the time is at hand. Go forth I command you, go forth in haste and march with your king into the darkness of the tomb. Make great the name of Settra and Khemri! The darkness draws near and there are great deeds that remain undone, enemies yet to crush and raptures yet to rejoice in. So as it is written, so shall it be done. I, Settra, hope proclaimed it, and let none dare oppose my will.



them to war once more. At the head of the funeral procession strode Nekaph, Settra's most loyal servant, mummified at the right-hand side of his beloved king, in order to serve him in the next life.

The Liche Priests of Khemri had never discovered a way of avoiding death but they believed that with proper magic and careful preparation it might be possible for the dead to eventually return to life in imperishable bodies. The Liche Priests told Settra this as he lay dying, promising him eternal life upon his awakening.

For thousands of years afterwards, the priests of Khemri tended the funeral flames outside the sealed tomb, nurturing Settra's immortal spirit with sacrifice and incantations in preparation for the Day of Awakening. No tomb before or since has ever had such powerful hieroglyphs of warding and incantations of protection heaped upon it. During this time, the priests of the Mortuary Cult continued to develop their understanding of magical incantations in the hopes of finally unlocking the secrets of immortality and of bringing about the time of Settra's resurrection. Their lives extended long beyond those of other mortal men and, because of their longevity and unsurpassed wisdom, the Liche Priests, of Khemri enjoyed dominion over the land of Nehekhara second only to that of the Kings themselves.

THE TIME OF KINGS

Following Settra's death, many kings and dynasties came and went, though there was never one as powerful or influential. Upon their death, these too were entombed within towering pyramids to await when they would reawaken into paradise. However, without Settra's stern control and merciless leadership, no single Priest King had the ability to rule over all of Nehekhara. Thus, the individual cities vied and competed with each other over riches and status. Though Nehekhara did not revert to the all-out civil wars of the Time of Strife, skirmishes between neighbouring cities were not unheard of. During this centuries-long era, known as the Time of Kings, the borders of Nehekhara were as changing as the shifting dunes. What existed was a feudal state where power and territory were decided by strength of arms. A king was only as powerful as the size of his armies, and so vast legions were raised with each passing decade.

This long age was a time of prosperity for Nehekhara. Though the expansion of the Great Land did not proceed at the same pace as it had during the reign of Settra, every now and then a warrior-king would extend his realm, either by conquering his neighbours or by pacifying some of the savage lands surrounding Nehekhara. Armies of highly disciplined warriors and fearsome chariots warred against the Priest Kings' enemies. In the west, the crude desert nomads were subjugated and their chieftains forced to send tribute to Khemri in the form of slaves, gold, and precious stones. In the north and the south, the Priest Kings



fought many battles against tribes of greenskins, barbaric men and crocodilian lizard-warriors. These wars brought much wealth and many exotic materials to build the royal tombs. Slave gangs toiled like ants, hauling their prizes back to the necropolises. Gold was taken from the strongholds of the bearded mountain-dwellers, precious jewels from reptilian temple-cities, exotic stone from as far away as distant Cathay, and fresh slaves from the primitive lands to the north that would one day become known as the Empire. Almost the entirety of this conquered wealth was spent in raising larger legions of soldiers and in the construction of ever-more elaborate tombs. None could stand against the might of Nehekhara and they ruled supreme across the lands.

WILL OF THE GODS


The kings of Nehekhara were seen as the living receptacle through which the will of the gods was made known. None dared challenge their will and they ruled with absolute authority. Second only to these rulers were the high priests. Often the true power of each city was held within the hands of these dedicated servants of the gods. In truth, most kings were content to leave affairs of government to their high priest whilst they took command of the armies to wage glorious war against rival rulers. It was the duty of each high priest to ensure that the gods were recognised and worshipped in accordance to their status. This meant constructing temples and maintaining the strict worship of each god. The priests would see to it that their gods

were appeased with gifts so that the kingdom may be blessed with high fertility or a good harvest.

Traditionally the firstborn son would be granted accession to the throne but political intrigue within the palace was rife and many princes would fall to the day-to-day backstabbing and corruption of palace life. Many princes were encouraged to join the army and they would ride to war at the fore of the troops, mounted in magnificent chariots and seeking glory in the eyes of their king.

For those not born into nobility, life was hard in the cities of Nehekhara. Most people would work in the fields under the glaring heat of the fierce sun. It was a simple life but one of hard toil. Even the freemen of the kingdom would be expected to serve a certain amount of time each year aiding in the construction of the kings pyramid. If they were rich enough they were able to send their slaves in their stead. Each king would choose the location of his tomb at an early age and then work would begin. Thousands of slaves would toil from dusk until dawn, shifting the huge blocks of sandstone from the quarries to the location of the tomb.

Petty wars between the kingdoms were common but the kings would also seek to prove their glory by conquest of the nomad tribes, or Greenskins that dwelt within the mountains. As their armies returned victorious they would often bring back captives. These prisoners would be sent to work on the pyramids and it was common to see Orcs, Trolls and Ogres amongst



other strange beasts aiding in the construction of tombs. Giants were particularly favoured by the slavemasters and were treated with great respect. They were able to lift the heaviest of stones with ease and perform tasks that were impossible for the other slaves. The Giants were given the choicest provisions and kept in a life of luxury. When one of these towering mortals died their remains were interred with great ceremony

The longer the lifespan of a king, and the more prosperous his reign, the more resources he was able to dedicate towards the construction of his tomb. Each king could be judged by the magnificence of his resting-place, and those who had a particularly glorious reign would line the route to their tomb with marble pillars and golden statues of the gods.

LOYAL SERVANTS

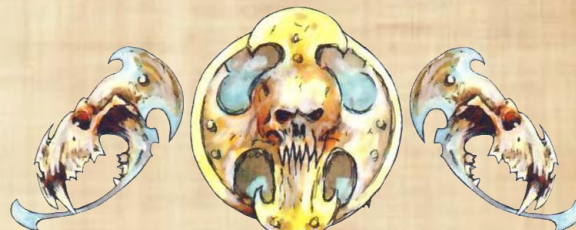
When a king died, his people would begin a week of great mourning. During this time the king's body would be embalmed and his personal wealth and treasures gathered. The king's most loyal servants would pay their respects to the dead king and drink from his chalice in order that they might accompany him into the afterlife. The chalice contained a potent poison that would kill these favoured companions instantly. To die in such a manner was seen as a great privilege as it would mean they too would be granted immortality. On the final day of mourning a huge procession would follow the king's sarcophagus to the pyramid. The high priests would then begin the solemn burial ritual. The king's guard would accompany their lord into the pyramid and as the final words of the ritual were chanted, the doors to the crypt were sealed. Customs varied as to the manner in which the warriors would join their king in the afterlife. Some would drink from a small vial containing the same poison as the chalice, others would be buried alive in great chambers that would fill with sand. In this manner each king would be entombed with an army to accompany him into the afterlife.

Over the centuries that the kings ruled in Nehekharu each necropolis grew in size. The wealth contained within these necropolises must have been immense, but even in times of great disorder such was the faith of the people of Nehekharu, that they never sought to steal from the tombs. To do so was a concept beyond their beliefs, and even during great wars when kings sacked each other's towns the dead were left to rest in peace. These kings knew that one day they too would rest in such tombs, and to encourage such actions would be against their future interests.

THE MORTUARY CULT GROWS

All the Priest Kings of Nehekharu shared the same lust for worldly wealth and power, and had the same ambition to defy death and rule for all eternity. However, just as with Settra, none could escape death's embrace, so they maintained the Mortuary Cult in order to reawaken them after their passing. During this time, the power and influence of the Mortuary Cult grew.

The first generation of priests, whose skills were comparatively rudimentary, died after prolonging their lives far beyond their natural span. They passed on their knowledge to the next generation who exceeded them in both wisdom and expertise. In this way, the Mortuary Cult's skill accumulated until the fifth generation of priests discovered the secrets of binding their souls into their bodies and did not die. After long years of perseverance and endless research, they had finally unlocked the secrets of eternal life, and though they had not perfected the necessary incantations, the ability to awaken the deceased kings from the sleep of death was almost in their grasp as well.



However, the priesthood, whose members had become known as the Liche Priests, were very careful to keep the secrets of their magical lore to themselves. They had gained unprecedented power and enjoyed a dominion over the lands of Nehekharu second only to that of the royalty themselves, and they were reluctant to give that status up. The Liche Priests reasoned that, so long as the Priest Kings had need of the Mortuary Cult to reawaken them into a golden paradise, nothing would change and they could officiate in perpetuity. Whilst the Liche Priests continued to develop their lore of magical incantations, they witnessed the rise and fall of dynasties, and still they did not die. However, as the centuries passed by, the Liche Priests began to discover the unpleasant difference between eternal life and eternal youth.



THE NECROPOLISES

Nehekhara became a society completely obsessed with death and immortality. Deities such as Djaf, the god of the dead, and Usirian, the god of the Underworld, became as widely worshipped as Ptra, the king of the gods. Skulls and skeletons became common symbols of immortality and everlasting life, and such motifs were emblazoned on the shields, banners and chariots of the Priest Kings' armies. Heroic warriors were rewarded not with riches and luxuries in life, but with the promise of mummification upon death and the chance of sharing in their lord's eternal rule. It was not just the culture of Nehekhara that changed as the Mortuary Cult grew in power; as the Nehekharans' obsession with death flourished, the architecture and landscape of the Great Land irrevocably changed as well.

Over time, the shining cities of the dead outgrew the meagre cities of the living – all the efforts of the people were expended in building and maintaining the tombs of the Kings, and the entire culture of Nehekhara came to revolve around preparing the way to their reawakening. Soon lesser nobles demanded similar rites and their tombs were built alongside the royal pyramids. Throughout the whole land of Nehekhara, monuments of the dead rose above the cities of the living.

Every Priest King demanded that his pyramid outdo the efforts of his predecessors in order to prove his superiority. Though none had the audacity to surpass the majesty of the Great Pyramid of Settra, ever-bigger monuments were raised to honour the achievements of the kings. Titanic statues were carved to stand guard over their remains, keeping them secure through all eternity. Before long, all efforts of the people were expended in building and maintaining the necropolises. Necrotects directed the construction as Liche Priests oversaw the mummification rituals that the Priest Kings believed would one day lead to their resurrection. Soon, lesser nobles demanded similar rites and had tombs of their own constructed beside the royal pyramids. Over centuries, as hundreds of royal lines and their armies were entombed, the shining necropolises of the dead outgrew the now meagre-looking dwellings of the living. No expense was spared in paving the path for immortality, and the splendour, wealth and power of Nehekhara was breathtaking to behold.



However, none could imagine that all this majesty would be destroyed by a single man...

Naseef quickly tucked the gold necklace in the folds of his robes, unfortunately his sleight of hand had not gone unseen.

"Stop thief!" the stall owner shouted, reaching out a thick hairy hand to grab the small street urchin. Naseef was already gone though, snaking his way full sprint through the busy crowds. The market place was heaving with people and Naseef hoped to lose himself within the throng. Unfortunately for Naseef, a number of guards were patrolling the area. Spotting the youth, they immediately gave chase. Naseef nimbly weaved through the crowds, ducking under a tall white robed individual who deftly balanced a huge terracotta jug on his head. Behind the fleeing youth the sound of crashing pottery sounded as the burly guards collided into the unfortunate water seller. The smell of roasted locust wafted through the air and the cries of the stallholders, selling ivory and spices, vanished behind Naseef as he sprinted up the steep steps of a temple. Within the magnificent structure the priests, bedecked in ornate gold trappings inlaid with jewels, ritually burned incense to appease their gods. For a moment Naseef was tempted to grab one of the gold statuettes, but to incur the wrath of the heavens was too much even for this desperate thief. He tore out from the temple and carried on down the labyrinth of narrow lanes.

These sandy streets were the homes of the hundreds of citizens of Mahrak. For the most part they were empty during the day, the occupants busy working the land or aiding in the construction of the great pyramids. Come nightfall they would bustle with life as the drinking dens and smoking houses opened and the workers wound down from the day's hard toil. Naseef, continuing his flight, looked over his shoulder. The guards were nowhere to be seen. He smiled and slowed his pace, but in risking a glance behind him he had failed to see the huge guard emerging from a side street, until it was far too late. Naseef collided with the warrior clad in gold armour. The small thief fell to the floor and the necklace fell from his robes. Picking Naseef up roughly, the guard held the struggling youth with an iron grip.

Naseef clutched the bandaged stump that had once been his left hand. The laws of Nehekhara were strict, only his age had saved him from losing his head. Now his hopes of one day joining the elite ranks of the king's guard were just shattered dreams. The shackles around his legs dragged heavy in the sand, and with his remaining hand he grasped hold of a long length of rope. A whip cracked loudly overhead and, along with two dozen fellow slaves, Naseef pulled the huge block of stone closer to the king's pyramid.

THE SAGA OF THE DEATH SCARAB

To Exalted Lord Ptrā, he who walks the sky and in whose eyes the night stars dwell. To your great glory I: Karitamen, Despot of the Conquered Lands, destroyer of Orcs, ruler in justice and master in war, commend myself. To the divine God Usirian, he whom we all adore, I also commend myself. By the reliable stroke of thy stylus may the order for a life of long days issue forth; may my feet grow old by walking in thy divine presence.

I, claim blood of royal descent, spat forth from thy divine matter most High God Ptrā. By your ineffable will, I have been brushed by the silver feathers of learned Tahoth. I who learnt well the ways of the stylus, yea, and the scrolls of my forefathers, serve and shall ever serve the invincible King of Kings Amenemhetum he who is called "The Great."

By his will have I this, my kingdom, carved red from the hands of the Green Races. For, from my first step upon my lands, I have laid them low with my own sword, when all others fled in fear, I have stepped forth to battle. Full 10,000 I slew with mine own blade. I who know no defeat have driven the Orcs before my war chariot. I who have fed Djaf, master of Jackals, a full 250,000 ears count this the least of my works; for does not Usirian, he whom we all adore, not gather up such with but one breath of his divine lungs?

With my second step, the strength of Geheb's hounds, my legion, letting forth a great roar, rushed forth and slew full 20,000 barbarian men. I who flayed their pale skin earned the love of Amenemhetum with this victory, and he raised me up. Thus I became King, and the backs of a full 100 savages were not enough to contain the map of my holdings.

Thus with my third step, the peoples of my Kingdom did love me and called me deliverance and justice. Yea, and the spirit of yellow-eyed Basth moved within them, and they called that should I reign for a full 1000 years it would be too short a time. They named me Karitamen, the King that can not be killed, he that rolls victory before him like the beetles of the desert.

Look now upon the Chronicles of the Death Scarab and know well, O Gods, how we loved our King. For by the grace of Ptrā, with his first step, he slew the Orcs, and with his second, the wild peoples, and with his third, he brought great joy to his lands. Yet with his fourth, he stepped from the proper path.

He that is called the Death Scarab was filled with the poison of Sokth, the dead-eyed God of the scorpions. There was spitefulness in his heart—improperly did he tamper with the rites of the Cult of Djaf, and the secret knowledge of the wise, and put down in writing the ways

of he whose face is never shown, the great God Usirian, he whom we all adore. During his reign, he composed untruthful stelae, insolent writings, concerning the rites of purification for the great journey, and left them to posterity. The golden eyes of the Hawk-headed Phakth, he who places his hands upon the scales of justice, moved among us.

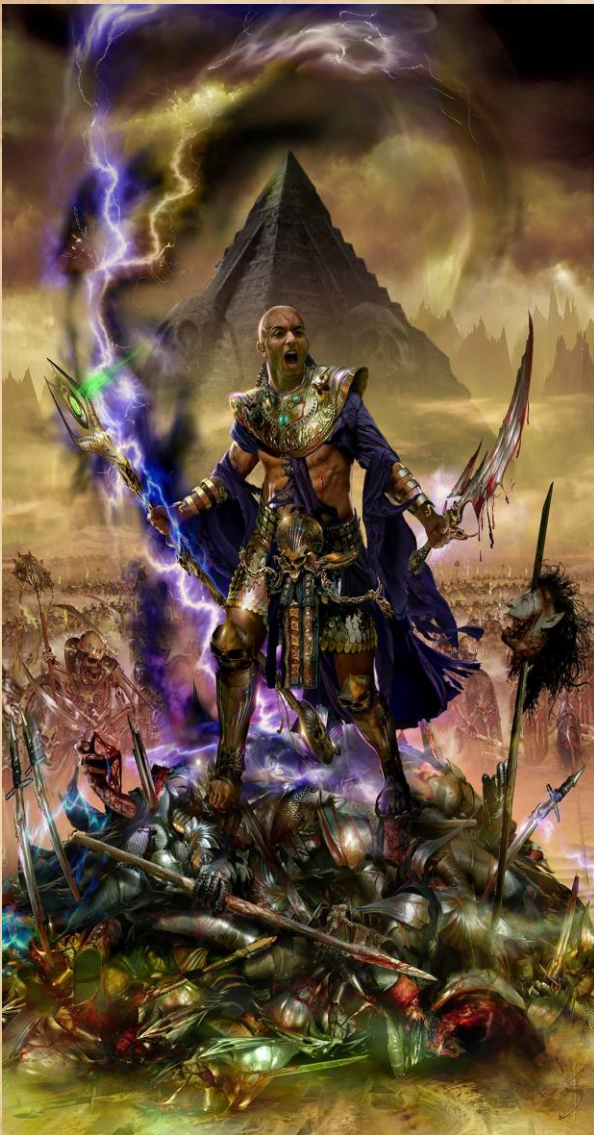
We, the nobles of this Kingdom, whose decisions are venerable, regarded him with anger and knew his grave faults. We who numbered a full 7,000 rose upon the wings of Phakth to draw the poison from the heart of Karitamen, he whom we once loved, yea, and as the hawk spies the serpent within the precincts of the sacred places, so saw we one who slithered in the manner of Qu'aph and poured poison into the king's liver. This Tetrahon—may his soul forever feed the servants of Ualatp—fell before our swooping blades. Yea, and though lovingly we opened Karitamen's innards to the healing light of Ptrā, the evil was too great for the disc of the sun to cleanse.

Thus we end this Chronicle of the King That Once Was, he that is called the Death Scarab, he whom we call upon Asaph to clasp to her enchanting bosom. We petition you Asaph, Ptrā, and great God Usirian, he whom we adore, hold him here, that he may ever be about to step fourth his seventh step, the first upon the Great Journey That We All Must Take.



THE TREACHERY OF NAGASH

The fall of Nehekhara, and the tragic destruction of its people, was brought about by the ambition of a twisted priest named Nagash. As the firstborn son of King Khetep of Khemri, Nagash was destined to serve in the Mortuary Cult whilst his younger brother, Thutep, ascended to rule following their father's death. Nagash was an exceptionally gifted student, and due to his talents and heritage he quickly became one of Khemri's High Priests, but this did not sate his thirst for power. Filled with pride and greed, Nagash coveted the throne held by his brother and set into motion a plot to seize the crown for himself. Nagash began to corrupt the religious incantations of the Mortuary Cult, and he gathered together a dozen like-minded acolytes, of which a cruel noble named Arkhan was the foremost. One night, as the clouds covered the moon, Nagash murdered Thutep's bodyguard before entombing the young king alive within the Great Pyramid of their father. The next morning, blood still staining his hands, Nagash placed himself on the throne, and none dared confront him.



THE ARCH-NECROMANCER

The reign of Nagash was a time of terror for all the people of Nehekhara. The usurper king sought to increase his own power by means of devilish sorcery; a blasphemy that the people of Nehekhara felt certain would incur the wrath of the gods. Nagash had learned the art of Dark Magic from a cabal of shipwrecked Dark Elves, captured and imprisoned within his father's pyramid on the eve of his funeral. Nagash tortured the pale-skinned foreigners until they divulged the secrets of their mystical powers. Nagash, already an expert in the mysteries of the Mortuary Cults, proved a more than apt pupil. He conjured evil daemons to do his bidding and learned many dark secrets in this way. After only a few years, Nagash had surpassed his tutors' powers, and he destroyed them in a deadly magical duel as they tried to escape.

Nagash began to experiment with necromancy, combining his mastery of Dark Magic with his knowledge of death from the Mortuary Cult. He committed his findings into nine accursed tomes – the Books of Nagash – the most powerful source of necromantic magic in the world. One of Nagash's chief successes was the creation of the cursed Elixir of Life, distilled from the blood of virgins. With it, Nagash had finally unlocked the secret of eternal youth. He reinvigorated himself, prolonging his fading youth. He allowed Arkhan, his trusted vizier, and his other principal lieutenants, to imbibe the elixir. It granted them immortality and incredible strength but, unable to recreate the potion themselves, they were little more than slaves to Nagash's sinister will.

THE BLACK PYRAMID

To increase his power and maintain dominance over the land, Nagash ordered the building of a vast black pyramid. Whilst the populace of Khemri believed this to be just another burial tomb, it was in fact a structure that would channel and harness the Winds of Magic to Nagash's every whim.

"In that dread desert, beneath moons' pale gaze, the dead men walk. They haunt the dunes in that breathless, windless night. They brandish their weapons in mocking challenge to all life, and sometimes, in ghostly dry voices, like the rustling of sere leaves, they whisper the one word they remember from life, the name of their ancient, dark master.

They whisper the name... Nagash."

- From the Book of the Dead
by Abdul ben Rachid

The pyramid became Nagash's obsession, and its construction quickly drained Khemri's resources, forcing the necromancer to wage war to capture building material and replenish his workforce. Nagash demanded great quantities of gold and slaves from other cities to be sent in tribute to Khemri. That which was not given freely was taken by force, and several cities were brutally conquered by Nagash.



Marble the colour of midnight was brought from afar, and innumerable slaves toiled day and night for fifty years until the Black Pyramid of Nagash towered above all other monuments in the whole of Nehekhara, rising hundreds of metres into the sky. Such was Nagash's arrogance that he had built for himself a tomb that dwarfed even the Great Pyramid of Settra. The broken corpses of countless slaves were built into its foundations, and mystic sigils of power were woven into the Black Pyramid's walls. Even in the baking desert sun, the pyramid was cold to the touch, and not even starlight reflected off its magic-saturated surface. Upon its completion, the Winds of Magic blew more strongly across Nehekhara, and Nagash's mastery of Dark Magic and necromancy increased ten-fold. However, the tribute exacted by Khemri was so great that the poverty-wracked cities of Nehekhara had begun to fall into ruin. Eventually, the other Priest Kings rallied against the tyranny of Khemri. They refused to submit to Nagash any longer, and they began to draw their plans against him.

THE WAR OF THE DEAD

To face the defiant Priest Kings, Nagash used his infernal powers to raise a legion of Skeleton Warriors. This was the first time that the dead were made to walk at the will of another, and the horror of it caused many mortal soldiers to flee before the Undead armies. City after city fell before Nagash, and though the living warriors of Nehekhara fought bravely, every soldier who fell only served to swell the ranks of the Undead. Nagash believed it was only a matter of time before the Priest Kings relented and bent their knees in supplication once more, but his arrogance was to prove his undoing, for he underestimated both their resolve and pride. After many long years, the remaining Priest Kings threw all their strengths and hopes into one final gambit, and the combined armies of seven kings marched upon Khemri.

It was not only flesh and blood warriors who besieged Khemri, for beside the Priest Kings' armies strode towering statues. Faced with destruction by Nagash's sorcery, the Mortuary Cult had finally decided to take action and put their centuries of magical research into practice on the battlefield. In a grand ritual, they summoned the spirits of ancient heroes from the Realm of Souls and bound them into the numerous statues that lined the passageways of the necropolises. The god-like Ushabti, towering Necrolith Colossi and powerful Khemrian Warsphinxes were awakened, ready to be directed to war. With creations such as these fighting at their side, the living warriors of Nehekhara were emboldened, and they crashed into the Undead legions with devastating force.



Under azure skies the two forces met in battle – the golden hosts of the Priest Kings, bolstered by living statues and gigantic sand-borne war-constructs, fought against hordes of animated corpses bound to Nagash's will. The battle raged back and forth. Every new moon gazed balefully down upon a fresh crop of atrocities, for Nagash was without mercy. After a titanic battle, Nagash's forces were defeated by the Army of the Seven Kings. Khemri was besieged, and then sacked. Nagash's immortal lieutenants, who had taken refuge in the cursed Black Pyramid, were dragged out of their sarcophagi into the sunlight one by one, and executed by the vengeful Priest Kings. However, Nagash managed to escape before the Priest Kings found his tomb thanks to the sacrifice of Arkhan, who stalled the attackers long enough for his master to flee. With a curse on his lips, Nagash vowed to turn the entire world into a kingdom of the dead, and travelled north to plot his revenge. The cursed Black Pyramid was abandoned and for centuries it remained a haunted place shunned by all.

ALCADIZAAR THE CONQUEROR

For hundreds of years, the Priest Kings continued to rule Nehekhara, but the corruption of Nagash had forever tainted the land, and it never truly recovered. The individual city rulers had exhausted their populace in overthrowing Nagash, and they now had to contend with famines, civil wars and marauding barbarians from distant lands. The treachery of Nagash had also tarnished the authority of the royal lines, and it was not until several centuries later that a truly powerful king arose. Alcadizaar, a ruler the likes of which had not been seen since the days of Settra, ascended to the rule of Khemri. Under his wise and charismatic leadership, Alcadizaar bound the Great Cities under his rule, and Nehekhara began to prosper once more.

THE CURSE OF LAHMIA

The treachery of Nagash was hard to forget, and since his Reign of Terror, the Mortuary Cult was watched closely. The Liche Priests were forbidden from deviating from their age-old lore of incantations, which had remained unchanged for centuries. However, the lords of the city of Lahmia hungered for power over their rivals. They saw in Nagash's sorcery the means not only to dominate all of Nehekhara, but also the chance to live forever and sever their dependence on the Mortuary Cult. To this end, they stole one of the blasphemous Books of Nagash from the Black Pyramid, and over the course of centuries they secretly become adept practitioners of necromancy. The queen of Lahmia, Neferata, embraced the malign magic and used her powers to consort with daemoniac entities. She created a tainted version of Nagash's elixir, extending her life indefinitely, yet cursing herself for all eternity. Not possessing the skill or knowledge of Nagash, Neferata and her court were struck by an unquenchable thirst for mortal blood. Lahmia had become the birthplace of the Vampires – fell creatures whose individual strength and unholy power were greater than that of a dozen men.



Fearful that necromancy would bring about the wrath of the gods, King Alcadizaar made war on the tainted Vampire queen. Alcadizaar gathered legions from every other Nehekharan city and forged them into a single massed army that he led against Lahmia. Thousands of chariots raced across the land ahead of vast regiments of archers, mighty phalanxes of spearmen and battalions of giant war-statues. Against such a host, not even the accursed Vampires could prevail, and the power of Lahmia was smashed. The pale queen fled, accompanied by those she had embraced into her cursed vampiric existence.

THE DEAD RETURN

Unbeknownst to the Vampires, they had been guided by the implacable will of Nagash since their creation. Residing far away in his fortress, Nagashizzar, amid the mountains to the north-east of Nehekhara, the arch-necromancer recognised the spawn of his own ancient evil and was gladdened by the corruption of Lahmia. Here were worthy champions, their damnation a tribute to his dark genius. Drawing them to him, Nagash welcomed the Vampires, and they became his dark captains – fell creatures clad in dark shadows whose actions were guided by the strength of their master's will. Nagash sent the vampires to make war upon Khemri, and he vowed to turn the entire world into a kingdom of the dead. Through them, Nagash began a new offensive against Nehekhara, and the two sides fought numerous battles – the outcomes of which would pave the way for the necromancer's inevitable return.

Beside the Vampires came the dead warriors of a vast host, Skeletons drawn from the tombs and cairns of the northern lands by the power of Nagash's sorcery. Nagash resurrected his trusted servant, Arkhan the Black, who won many victories in his master's name. War assailed Nehekharan for years on end, and the land was irredeemably scarred. However, Nagash underestimated his former countrymen. Alcadizaar the Conqueror was the greatest general of his age, and he led the unified army of Nehekharan against Nagash's evil for all their long years of battle. Under his leadership, the living legions of Nehekharan never yielded, and finally, during the Battle of the Golden Skull, the Undead hordes of Nagash were repulsed from Nehekharan. The Vampires scattered throughout the world to escape destruction, and without their magic and leadership, their armies of Skeletons crumbled. Nagash had been defeated. There was much rejoicing throughout Nehekharan, though the evil sorcerer himself still walked the land. His corrupt necromantic magic, was still new and not yet perfected, and his power was not as great as it would later become.

THE VENGEANCE OF NAGASH

Enraged at the constant failure of his captains to wrest power from the Priest Kings, Nagash unleashed a terrible plague that poisoned the River Vitae, polluting the deserts and draining all life from the land. Looking out across the vista of diseased corpses, the Great

Necromancer raised an army of the dead of immense size. Alcadizzar was quickly defeated and brought in chains to Nagash.

Such was Nagash's bitterness, so great the potency of his thwarted ambition that he chose to end all life in Nehekharan rather than see anyone else hold power over the land. He polluted the Great Vitae River, poisoning it until it turned thick and dark, tainting the lands that relied on its life-bringing waters. Forever after it was known as the Great Mortis River. Pestilence and disease ran rampant across the Great Land. Within a few weeks, those who had succumbed to the terrible plagues outnumbered the living. The city streets were choked with corpses as fully nine-tenths of the Nehekharan population perished. Mourning for his lost people, Alcadizaar sat upon his throne as his kingdom was destroyed – for all his skill at arms, he was powerless. He watched as his friends and advisors died, then his children and finally his wife Khalida, named after the revered Queen of Lybaras. As Nagash's Undead forces marched upon Khemri, there was only a meagre defence, for most of the population had already perished. Brushing aside the city's plague-ravaged guard with impunity and walking past the fortress walls and siege-barracks unchallenged, his Skeleton Warriors broke into Khemri's royal palace and dragged Alcadizaar away to rot in a dungeon cell. For the first time in centuries, Nagash sat upon the throne of Khemri.

However, Nagash did not linger in Khemri for long. Filled with insane visions of power, he returned to Nagashizzar and began to cast the greatest and most terrifying spell ever conceived. He intended to enact

THE REALM OF SOULS

The Realm of Souls is the revered afterlife of the ancient Nehekharans. It was believed that upon death, the deceased's spirit would enter the Realm of Souls – also known as the Underworld or the Netherworld. Here the Kings of Nehekharan would reside in fantastic palaces until such time as a golden paradise worthy of their status was prepared, whereupon they would rule for a million years. It would be filled with all their servants, soldiers and worldly possessions, and so these were necessarily buried beside their monarch upon his death.

However, not all inhabitants in the Realm of Souls would be afforded such luxury, for in the lowest levels, the cursed and the damned would be subject to an eternity of torture for their sins. Only the wretches, the unworthy and the traitors of Nehekharan society were condemned thus, and the idea that those of noble blood could be damned to such a fate was unthinkable.

The Liche Priests of the Mortuary Cult believe that their magical powers originate from the Realm of Souls. With the proper incantations, the Liche Priests are able to summon forth the spirits of deceased warriors from this mystical plain and bind them into corporeal bodies to fight for Nehekharan once more.



the Great Ritual, a spell powerful enough to resurrect every corpse across the globe and bind them under his control. With them, Nagash would command an unstoppable army of the dead that he could use to conquer the entire world. To power his Great Ritual, he consumed vast quantities of warpstone and summoned all the energies stored within his cursed Black Pyramid. As Nagash chanted within his fortress to the north-east of Nehekhara, the sky began to darken for hundreds of miles around and the ground shook. As his spell reached its crescendo, a great wave of power surged from the sorcerer's body, washing over the lands of Nehekhara and stealing the life from everything in its path. Crops shrivelled and animals perished within seconds. The last people of Nehekhara fell to the ground, their skin withering as if they had aged a century in the blink of an eye.

Within minutes, there was not a single living creature in the entirety of Nehekhara. Such was Nagash's execration of Alcadizaar, who had thwarted his plans for so long, that he spared the imprisoned king to witness the horrifying fate that had befallen his former kingdom.

"There will be no escape, no blessed oblivion. I can end your life as easily as I can extinguish a candle, and before your corpse is cold. I can reach out and grasp your soul. You will be my slave for all eternity, and I shall laugh at the depths of your pain. Such is the power of Nagash."

- Nagash, to King Alcadizzar

THE DEATH OF NAGASH

Whilst the Great Ritual scoured the land of life, some things remained undetected far beneath Nagashizzar. While Nagash was channelling his great spell, drunk with magical power and lost in dreams of triumph, Alcadizaar, the last mortal king of Nehekhara, was mysteriously freed from his prison below Nagashizzar by a group of hunched, heavily cloaked, rat-like creatures. A powerful blade, made of purest warpstone, was pushed into his hands, and the emaciated king stumbled into Nagash's throne room just as the sorcerer was reaching the climax of his mighty ritual. Through sheer force of will, Alcadizaar fought his way into the throne room at the heart of Nagashizzar. He summoned the strength to swing his baleful sword and cut off the Great Necromancer's hand at the climax of the ritual. With a tortured wail Nagash melted away, his great spell boiling out of control and crackling across the lands. As Nagash died, the energies of his accursed spell spiralled out of his control and swept across his homeland. Alcadizaar fought his way out of Nagash's lair, filled with horror at the obscenities he had seen, and having witnessed the death of his beloved realm, his body and mind burning with the Chaos-tainted magic of his blade, and eventually fell into the Blind River and drowned.

However, this was not the end of Nagash, for he was the greatest Sorcerer of his day if not all of all time - and whilst the Black Pyramid endured Nagash's spirit could always find refuge there. His evil was gradually absorbed into the Black Pyramid and his body reborn in the sorcerous sarcophagus that lay deep within. This new life could never be described as life in any normal sense - rather it was a kind of living death or unlife - monstrous and unholy.



THE SIEGE OF THE DEAD

The early morning sun sparkled from the tips of twenty thousand spears, glittered across sixty thousand gilded and shone radiantly from five thousand chariots. The army Alcadizaar the Conqueror was spread out across the dunes like a sea of gold and white.

At their back was the massive city wall of Khemri, seventy feet of black granite and green marble rising directly from the sands of the desert, and beyond lay the great city itself picked out in blues, yellows and white. The Black Pyramid loomed over the landscape, casting its great shadow across the lands that had once quailed in fear at the mere mention of a name Nagash.

Now Alcadizaar stood in defiance of the ancient enemy, his army mustered from the furthest corners of Nehekhar. He had the finest charioteers from his own city of Khemri, deadly archers from Zandri, and the elite Sphinx Legion from Quatar. His right flank was guarded by the Sun Cohort of Prince Imrathepis, guardians of the Gates of Numas. On his left were the chariots of the Jackal Squadron of Mahrak, long time adversaries of the traitorous Lahmians. At the front of Alcadizaar's army stood trumpeting tuskas, the dark-skinned Ebonian auxiliaries gathered in loose formations around their massive, grey war beasts.

Such a host had not been gathered for many centuries, but now the ancient threat returned. Word came from the east that at the head of the dead army rode Arkhan – Sorcerer of the Black Tower, thrice-cursed undying general of Nagash. With him came Wsoran, dread blood-drinker of Lahmia who was impervious to mortal weapons and could defeat a hundred men singlehandedly. At their back was the army of Lahmia, raised from their graves to march to war once again. If Alcadizaar were

to fail in his duty today, all of Nehekhar would be plunged into an era of darkness and death. The vampires would feed upon his loyal subjects, his great palaces would become charnel houses and the long sleep of his ancestors would be defiled by black sorcery.

Alcadizaar watched the rising sun. As he contemplated the battle to come, the distant sky began to darken. A great cloud of blackness seeped over the horizon, leeching all the light and vitality from the air. The sun itself turned dim and soon was lost and the chill of night swept across the desert. He could sense the fear of his soldiers, and heard their disquieted murmurings.

With unnatural speed, the dark storm clouds gathered overhead. In the gloom that was left, the army of the dead advanced. In macabre mockery of the Nehekharan host, chariots of melded bone and sinew raced alongside skeletal cavalry. Archers with their flesh long stripped by carrion advanced with bows bent. Above the sea of bone, ragged banners fluttered in an unearthly breeze and the air itself warped and shifted with magical energy.

Alcadizaar was filled with a deep anger as he watched the shambling horde approach. He thought of the terror that his people had lived under for centuries: the silent threat that had loomed like the shadow of the Black Pyramid over numerous generations of Khemrians. Here and now he would end that threat. He would crush Arkhan's army and cut off the head of Wsoran. He would mount their corpses on the front of his chariot and ride at the head of his host across the mountains to raze the city of Lahmia.

Raising his golden-edged sword into the air, he signalled the advance.



THE TOMB KINGS AWAKEN

The only things that moved within the dead cities were the withered and ancient Liche Priests. Their bodies, already extended far beyond their natural life span, seemed to be unaffected by the curse of Nagash. Though they could not guess it yet, they had become immortal at last – though in a manner none could have foretold.

As Nagash's powerful sorceries coursed across Nehekara, countless corpses stirred and rose, animated solely by the dark will of the necromancer. With his destruction, their source of animus vanished and they fell like marionettes whose strings had been mysteriously cut. Nagash's foul magic also penetrated the tombs of the kings and reverberated throughout the charnel pits of the dead cities. However, protected and shielded to a degree by the wards and incantations placed upon their pyramids and necropolises, Nagash's spell affected the long-dead kings and their buried legions differently.

After centuries of entombment, the stiffened corpses of monarchs and heroes awoke. The mummified kings rose from their resting places. Legions of Skeleton Warriors burst forth from their sand-filled tomb pits, ready to do their liege's bidding. While the skeletal

warriors were little more than automatons awaiting their lords' directions, the kings and princes awoke from their long sleep of death with their memories and faculties intact due to the incantations of preservation performed on their embalmed bodies. They emerged from their tombs in horror. Where the ancient kings had been promised eternal life with golden bodies in a paradise where they would rule supreme, they instead awoke to find themselves clad in desiccated flesh and rotten vestments, with their cities shattered, their lands desolate and their kingdoms all but destroyed – little more than ruins poking out from beneath the sand dunes.



At the same time the dead of all the long ages rose from their graves. The armies and retainers of the Tomb Kings that had been interred with their masters awoke and, because of the ancient burial-spells, remembered their duty though understood perhaps only a little of the horror that had befallen them. The graves of labourers and the charnel pits of the slaves gave up



their dead, and the prayers of centuries and charms about their necks perhaps served to remind them of what they once were. Yet more that awoke on that day were as mindless as the stones of their tombs and they milled about without purpose or direction. The recent dead gazed about their homes and it was as if the whole land had become a deathly imitation of all that had gone before.

The Tomb Kings were mightily angered to discover that they had been treated in this way - and there were a great many of them. Whole dynasties rose as one, ancient rivals and bitter enemies side by side. Old animosities stirred in their silent hearts. Fathers and sons, patricides, regicides, and usurpers whose sins had been forgotten long ago looked upon each other and once more remembered all that had gone before. But most of all their anger was reserved for Nagash. They saw the Black Pyramid and felt the dark winds of sorcery that blew about its shining black walls and understood that they had been betrayed.



THE WAR OF THE KINGS

There had been countless kings during the long history of Nehekhara. The fires of ambition and pride that had driven them in life still resided in their ancient bodies, and they instantly set out to reclaim their empires as best they could. Kings who were great and powerful in life, who had reigned unchallenged for centuries, now awoke from death in a land where they were but one amongst hundreds, for the tradition of embalming the dead had existed for countless generations and those who were great and powerful in life were now but one amongst many. All believed the right to rule the land was solely theirs, and none would relinquish their perceived power. Dynasties that were built upon the shoulders of more powerful monarchs were forced to confront their founders, and there were long battles in the necropolises as king fought king. Undying legions arose at their command, and many thousands of Skeleton Warriors were destroyed as the Undead Tomb Kings struggled for supremacy. Of all the tombs and pyramids, only one remained silent and untouched by the fighting - the Great Pyramid of Settra the Imperishable. The wards heaped on the white burial monument had protected the mummified corpse of Settra from Nagash's tainted sorcery, and its occupants still slumbered in the sleep of death, oblivious to the tumult of battle taking place outside the pyramid walls.

As the battles raged, the Liche Priests looked on. They had survived the rise and fall of Nagash, whose sorcerous power they could not match, but it looked like the warring Tomb Kings were going to destroy what remained of Nehekhara. The head of the Mortuary Cult, Grand Hierophant Khatap, oldest and wisest of the Liche Priests, took it upon himself to restore order. As king smote king, Khatap broke the seals to Settra's pyramid and began to recite the incantation of awakening.

SETTRA AWAKENS

In Khemri, the battle between rival kings lasted for two days before the tomb of Settra opened and the King himself, first and mightiest of all the Kings of Nehekhara, marched from his resting place into the blazing sunlight accompanied by thousands of his personal guard.

In undeath, Settra hungered for the domination of his fellow Tomb Kings, and he would suffer no rival to his rule. Settra waded into the carnage. His Herald, Nekaph, stood as ever by his side. Together, they led Settra's elite Tomb Guard and quickly carved a path through the rival Skeleton legions. Settra struck down dozens of lesser Tomb Kings who stood against him, powdering their bones to dust and destroying them utterly, and his Tomb Guard overwhelmed all opposition. Not even Arkhan the Black, with his command of dark sorcery, could prevail against Settra's strength of arms, and he was forced to flee Khemri. Before long, all the Tomb Kings bowed their heads to Settra the Imperishable - the undisputed ruler of all Nehekhara.

THE REIGN OF MILLIONS OF YEARS

Settra returned to his throne room and commanded the Liche Priests to explain to him why the awakening had gone awry, and so long before the right and proper time. Settra's fury was great; his cities were in ruins, his treasures had been plundered and much of his kingdom had been lost to foreign invaders. The golden paradise he was promised did not exist, and worst of all, it appeared as if the ancient gods had abandoned Nehekhara. Grand Hierophant Khatep cowered before the outraged king and told the history of Nehekhara since his passing over two thousand years before. As best he could, Khatep told Settra of the spell that the foul Nagash had cast, cursing Nehekhara for all time.

Settra listened with a barely controlled rage simmering within him. Once he had learned all he could from Khatep, he commanded that the Tomb Kings return to their eternal rest. The Liche Priests were expelled from his sight, for Settra in his vanity believed that his own powers far surpassed those of the Priests who had lied to him. They were given the duty of watching over the tombs and Nehekhara itself and to awake the kings as needed. Settra vowed that he would stay vigilant, taking stock of the world and waging war as was his wont. Never again would he slumber, lest his kingdom slide into ruin.

Settra set about restoring his former empire without delay. In particular, he watched for the return of the hated Nagash, who had cursed his realm, for he knew that the necromancer might yet reappear in the world and that Nagash's sorcery could still threaten his immortality.

So it was that Nehekhara became the Land of the Dead and Settra the Imperishable renewed his rulership, which would become known as the Reign of Millions of Years.



SETTRA'S VENGEANCE

From the crest of the wind-torn mesa, King Settra the Imperishable registered his approval with an almost imperceptible nod. Arrayed about him were two hundred of his Royal Guard, their gilded chariots untouched by the dust of the Badlands. Below him the bleak plain was covered from end to end in endless regiments of skeletal soldiers, perfectly arrayed in the battle formation known in Nehekhara as the Lion's Jaws. Not one of his warriors was a hair's breadth out of place. The Orc tribes would be no match for the discipline of Settra's legions.

The Black Gulf was choked with Nehekharan war barques and broad-decked galleys, the undead armies they bore formed up on the beaches of the once-fertile lands that the greenskins had infested. Even now teams of skeletal figures, swarming like insects, hauled the statuary of Settra's desert realm ashore from the largest ships in the armada. The faint drone of the Liche Priests' incantations carried upon the winds to the Tomb King's position, and the statues jerked into life, seawater cascading from their colossal limbs as they formed into regiments of their own.

Across the broad plains of the Badlands came the crude Orc tribes, their inestimable numbers swelled by hordes of hulking Trolls. Behind them came tusked war beasts and groaning, creaking engines of war pulled to the front lines by a clan of armoured Giants. Settra's ravaged lips curled in contempt as he bade his herald signal the advance. The barbaric greenskins had never been afraid of a fight.

With military precision, the Nehekharan legions marched forward in clockwork unison, a hundred thousand skeletal warriors spreading outward across the snow-covered wastes to envelop the vanguard of the Orc horde. As Settra had known they would, the greenskin tribes took the bait.

The frenzied Orcs sprinted forward, cries to their primal gods resounding from the cliff upon which Settra and his chariots had taken position. The Tomb King raised his blessed blade and, with a single grand gesture, he bade the storm clouds part.

And part they did. The sun god Ptah blazed down onto the battlefield, reflecting from the gilded shields of Settra's warriors and dazzling the Orcs at that critical moment. The eyeless legions of Nehekhara stepped forward and thrust with their spears as one, and the Orc vanguard was decimated in that single instant. Then, with a great crash of sword and axe upon shield, the two battlelines slammed together.

To the west, a tribe of tattooed Savage Orcs were somehow holding their own as towering Bone Giants ploughed into their lines, the rampage of the undead goliaths awesome to behold. Swarms of burrowing Tomb Scorpions burst out from the parched earth only to be smashed apart by the stinking mass of Trolls who in their turn were torn to pieces by war constructs of ivory and bone. Then came the Black Orc elite, their Warlord mounted upon a vast wingless wyvern that stormed towards the Nehekharan lines with drool dribbling from its maw. At last, thought Settra. The Tomb King and his charioteers charged straight off the edge of the mesa, each chariot's descent marked by twin lines of flame as they galloped through the air at full speed towards the leader of the Orc hordes. Victory was near.





TALES FROM THE OASIS

Welcome to my humble camp, please be seated and refresh yourself. One of my serving girls will see to all your needs, for here at the Oasis of a Thousand and One Camels all are friends. This paradise of the desert is the last refuge in a god forsaken land, here the living may seek rest, safe in the knowledge that come dawn they will still be breathing. Out there in the great desert of Nehekhar, the dead outnumber the living a thousand to one, and only the brave or the foolish dare trespass on their land – are you brave or foolish my friend? My name is Suli and I am but a humble trader, but my knowledge of these lands is great and perhaps before you venture into the desert of the dead you would take heed of my words.

Countless times have I travelled through the lands of Nehekhar, and yet still each time my belly fills with fear. Just half a day's ride from this very spot lies the ruins of Bel Allad. Once it was a thriving city and the home of my family. That was before the coming of the sleepless ones. As a child I had heard stories of the dead that did not rest. They were as fanciful as the stories of djinns in bottles or of carpets that could sail the skies. Then one accursed summer the breeze that blew the fresh air, cooled by the Great Ocean, suddenly changed direction. For months we were ravaged by an unbearable hot wind that brought with it sandstorms from the east. The fields that surrounded the city failed to produce a harvest and mighty dunes grew around the city walls. Yet even as the people of the city began to perish from starvation and thirst, we still remained hopeful that the storms that burned our throats and flayed our skin would abate.

Then on the eve of the festival of Djaf I witnessed such horror that to this day it still haunts my dreams. Crowds lined the streets in celebration, then without warning the skies grew dark. As if summoned by foul sorceries, a swirling dust storm raced towards the city walls. It reached up to the very heavens themselves, sweeping our cattle into the skies. My people desperately sought shelter, but even as the storm passed our torment was not ended. From the east there came a swarm of insects, the dull hum of their wings growing louder and more intense with each second they drew closer. With savage ferocity they attacked us and I lie to you not, some of these beasts were larger than a man. They burst from the ground itself and the streets became a living carpet of death. They engulfed my people and those who still could fled in fear. Only a handful of us survived and of those few only I, Suli, dares venture back to these lands.

It was a few years later that I returned, a young lad in the employ of my uncle as a camel driver. Our small party had traversed the desert for many days, at times making camp with the nomad tribes who know each and every place to gather water from the accursed dry sands. We had been hired as guides by the manservant of a collector of antiquities for a considerable sum. They wished to make their way to the ancient ruins of the once great city of Khemri. Little could I believe my eyes when I first saw the great pyramids. For many miles a huge black monolith loomed on the horizon dwarfing a second golden pyramid beside it. Even in the harsh glare of the desert sun I felt a coldness surround me as I stared at that dark construct of he who shall not be named.

As we drew closer I was astonished to find that the entire city consisted of hundreds, if not thousands, of smaller pyramids. When I say small, please understand, even the most insignificant of these constructions reached a hundred feet into the sky. They littered the desert like a small mountain range and from the top of a dune I could make out a vast labyrinth of alleyways interlacing between the ancient tombs.

We made camp in the old city, insignificant in size compared to the necropolis of the dead. It is the safest place in the region, for they say the dead do not venture within its walls. The stranger who had hired our services left the camp at sunset with just a whip for his protection. A reckless urchin, I could not help but follow him.

He and his servant crossed the dunes and entered the forbidden city. I was eager to follow but my uncle commanded that I stay. Three days passed and we grew weary of waiting. My uncle told me that we would leave come morning and, with this knowledge, that night I crept away from the camp into the necropolis. The tracks of the stranger were easy to follow, for in the city of the dead even the wind is silent. After many hours of weaving in and out of the narrow streets, sometimes following the tracks in circles, stopped dead in front of a pyramid.

Its entrance lay open but fearful to enter I hid outside, hoping that the stranger would emerge with a hoard of ancient gold and gems. Many hours passed and I fell asleep, dreaming of the wealth I would soon possess. I was woken by a hand on my shoulder; sleepily I opened my eyes, thinking it to be our heroic employer. Instead, before me stood a horror that will be engraved upon my mind to my dying day. A being dressed in ceremonial robes, its brow adorned with a fine gold crown, stood over me. She, and I use the word loosely, was clad in half decayed bandages, and her two lifeless eye sockets stared into my very soul. A bloodied, jewel-studded blade hung at her side. In one hand, bony fingers grasped the severed head of the stranger. I leapt up, my mouth uttering prayers to the gods, and sprinted away, running through dozens of skeletal figures who snatched at my clothes. Arrows fell about me, but I was fast and had youth as an ally. Weaving and dodging through the streets, I escaped from the terrible vision.

I do not know how many hours I ran through that vast labyrinth. I can only thank the gods that I found a route out from the necropolis, for there are many who have not been so fortunate. My uncle found me lying face down in the sands. Exhausted and panic stricken I told him of the dead that walked and of the fate of the stranger. We left immediately and to this day my uncle has never returned to the lands of the dead.

After such an encounter, why do I still travel these lands? I ask myself that same question over and over. Whilst awaiting the return of the unfortunate stranger, my head had filled with visions of gold and treasure. From that moment I think my fate was sealed. Riches, my friend, are a strong antidote to fear, and believe me I have seen the riches that these barren lands hide. Many are the expeditions that I guide through these deserts. The seemingly empty lands are filled with an

abundance of paradises, buried beneath the deep sands. It is all there for the taking, you just need a good guide and a heart of stone to conquer the fear that will strike through your soul.

Should you wish, for a comparatively small fee I will guide you through the desert. Without my help you will surely not even make it past the Pools of Despair. What foul magics created those mirages I know not, but they have led many to their deaths. As your supplies of water begin to run low suddenly a lush oasis appears before you. Men are driven mad as they strive to reach these false visions. Only four days ago I passed the remains of one such poor individual. His canteen was filled with sand and he had died scooping handfuls of the desert into his mouth, thinking it to be cool water.

I see from your expression that you still doubt your need of my assistance. Even should you make it past the endless mirages and visions, then where would you head? To the north perhaps, where lie the ruins of Zandri. Here the Great Ocean meets the desert and at the mouth of the River Mortis lies this ancient port. Once the great and noble King Amenemhetum ruled over this city. During his reign he built a vast fleet and sailed the oceans, conquering the lands across the seas in the name of Ualatp, the vulture god. His kingdom extended deep into the lands to the north and under his rule Zandri became a fabulous and wealthy place. Now the city is all but destroyed, and the streets are quiet.

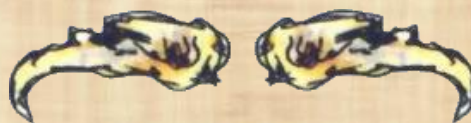
The seas around Zandri are a different matter though. When the Dark One woke the Tomb Kings they waged war on each other. In death, as he had in life, Amenemhetum was content to be ruler of the oceans. I have seen the King's ships sail the coast with my very own eyes. Ancient vessels, but still as glorious as they were when the King still lived. Even in death it is said he continues to raid the world, his ships ceaselessly sailing the seas, rowed by skeleton slaves doomed to an eternity at the oars. No coast is safe and even the most experienced captains know to steer clear when they sight his fleet. The coast around the Mortis Delta is filled with the sunken wrecks of pirate ships that have foolishly attacked his fleet in search of treasure.

Perhaps you would strike out to the east, for here lies the city of Numas. It is a treacherous route and one which the traveller should tread carefully. You would find yourself passing the Springs of Eternal Life. However, although your canteens would by this time be running low, do not feel tempted to drink of the water. I have witnessed a man do so and, trust me, the immortality he was granted was not one that I envy. No sooner had his lips touched the water than I stood horrified as, before my eyes, his skin withered and he perished in mere seconds. I was rooted to the spot as I watched his skeleton form march into the desert, heedless of my presence. Now I imagine he serves the Tomb Kings, an undying slave at their command.

In Numas they know my name and welcome me, but I am one of a handful of people that is allowed passage through the city gates. In Numas, life has returned to the desert and once again crops grow around the city. Numas is a marvellous place, and over many centuries the pyramids have been restored to their former glory. But do not be fooled into thinking that the people there would welcome you. The Scythans were once a nomad tribe who came to Numas to worship their god. They believe that the Prince of Numas is a manifestation of their god and so have dedicated themselves to his service. Each day they tend to the

necropolis, guarding the tombs from those who would seek to defile them. The Prince now rules over the living and the dead and both live in strange harmony. These black-robed nomads patrol the deserts, warning Prince Tutankhanut of any intruders to his realm. In return the nomads are allowed to live in the city under the protection of soldiers who do not sleep. Though why any would feel safety when their lives are guarded by those who are dead is beyond me.

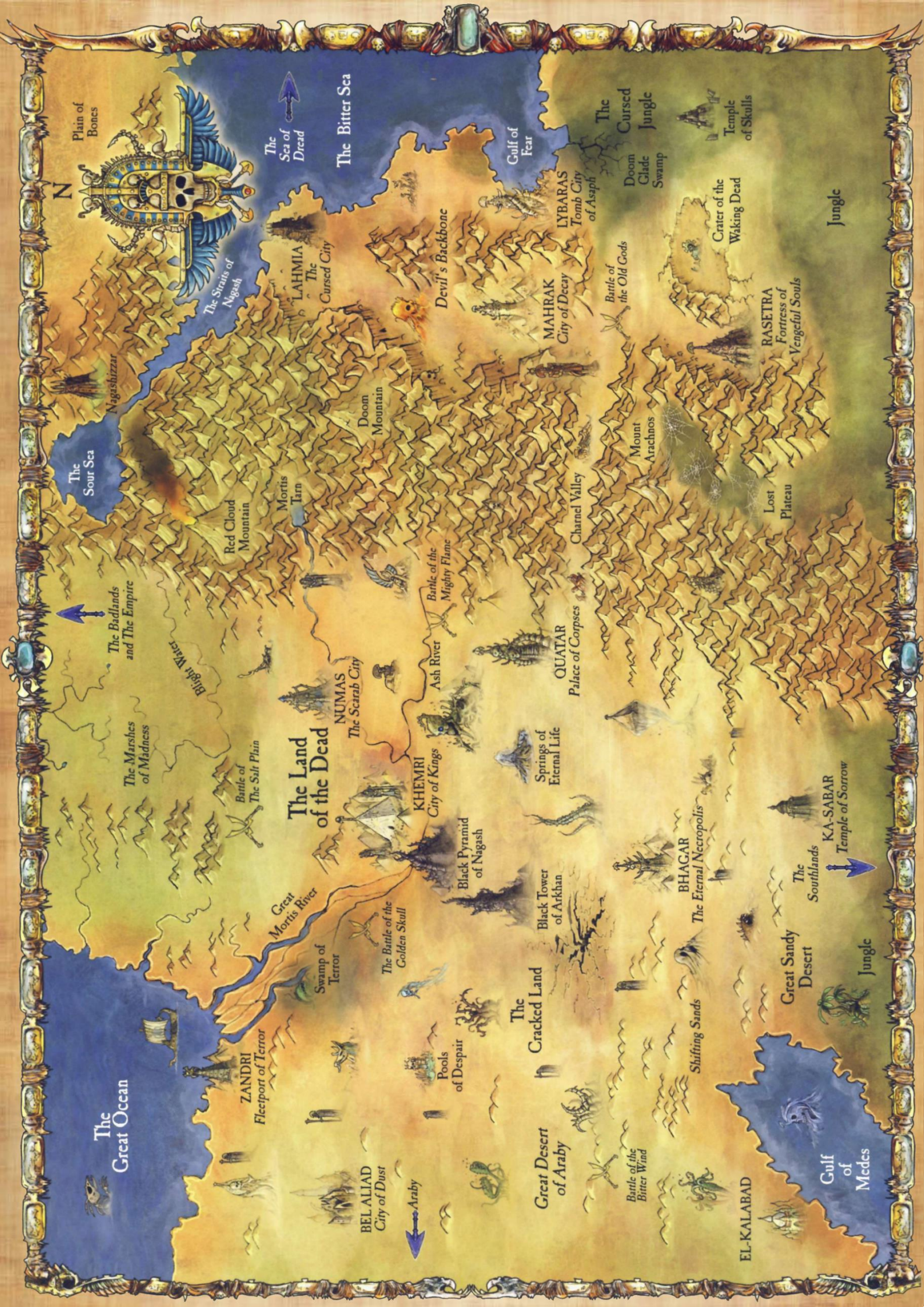
When the Prince goes to war, his chariots race alongside the white Arabian steeds of the Scythan warriors: living and dead fighting side by side. I have heard it said that when a Scythan warrior dies, his body is left in the desert for the carrion to pick his bones clean. After forty days and nights his skeleton is carried back to the tombs where it is prepared so that he may continue to serve the Prince in death as he did when he was alive.



The realm of Nehekhara is indeed massive. Past the mountains lie the cities of Mahrak and Beremas and, of course, the famed temples of Lahtnia. It was there that Queen Neferata ruled over the people for centuries. To get to these cities, though, you must first brave the Charnel Valley, also known as the Valley of the Kings, but named by the nomads the Valley of the Dead. Here at the entrance to the valley lies the magnificent palace of Quatar. Built into the very walls of the canyon pass, it is a truly awesome sight. I have travelled far and wide across this land but never seen such a magnificent piece of architecture. Great pillars carved from the valley rockface line the hundreds of steps that lead to the palace gates. Throughout the entire length of the valley are carved colossal statues, representations of the kings and gods. It is said that a powerful priest has taken residence in the palace and he has learned the secret to bring the statues to life. If you are wise then you would stay clear of that place – no living soul dares travel through the Valley of the Dead, for of the many who have set forth into the valley none have ever returned. Even should you survive, ask yourself what you would seek in Lahmia, for only evil has ever been born in that land of woe.

There is one place that no amount of money could tempt me to take you to. Be wary of marching to the south for there an evil exudes across the desert sands. It is here that Arkhan the Black built his tower. Arkhan who fought at the side of He Who Shall Not Be Named. Arkhan, who slew countless tribes and even gave his own life to protect the greatest evil that has ever set foot in this land. After his death, the tower lay dormant; a shattered, empty husk that even the scorpions avoided.

Recently I have word from the nomad tribes to the south that the tower is inhabited once again. No one can be certain who lives in the tower now, as each dawn, when the sun's rays cross the dunes, the tower vanishes from where it stands to appear in some other location in the desert. The nomads say that Arkhan has risen and once more seeks to cast his shadow across the land. This is grave news for all, for if Arkhan the Black has returned then all should fear lest his master soon follow. If this is true then all in this land should take heed. The Tomb Kings whom we fear so greatly could soon prove to be our only salvation.



Plain of Bones

The Sea of Dread

The Bitter Sea

N

The Straits of Nagash

LAHMIA
The Cursed City

Devil's Backbone

LYBARAS
Tomb City of Asps

The Cursed Jungle

Temple of Skulls

The Sour Sea

Nagashizzar

Red Cloud Mountain

Doom Mountain

MAHRAK
City of Decay

Battle of the Old Gods

Crater of the Waking Dead

Jungle

RASETRA
Fortress of Vengeful Souls

The Badlands and The Empire

Bilgi Water

Battle of the Salt Plain

The Land of the Dead

NUMAS
The Scarab City

Ash River

Battle of the Mighty Flame

QUATAR
Palace of Corpses

Charnel Valley

Lost Plateau

The Marshes of Madness

Battle of the Salt Plain

The Land of the Dead

NUMAS
The Scarab City

KHEMRI
City of Kings

Battle of the Mighty Flame

Springs of Eternal Life

Black Pyramid of Nagash

Black Tower of Arkhan

BHAGAR
The Eternal Necropolis

KA-SABAR
Temple of Sorrow

The Great Ocean

ZANDRI
Fleecport of Terror

Great Mortis River

Swamp of Terror

The Battle of the Golden Skull

Pools of Despair

The Cracked Land

Great Desert of Araby

Battle of the Bitter Wind

Shifting Sands

EL-KALABAD

Great Sandy Desert

The Southlands

Gulf of Meides

Jungle

THE LAND OF THE DEAD

In ages past, the land of Nehekhara was fertile, populous and prosperous thanks to the waters of the Great River of Life whose annual floods irrigated the fields and guaranteed a bountiful harvest. Now it is a realm of desolated ruin, where not a living thing stirs. Razed by the enchantments of Nagash's Great Ritual, the Land of the Dead is now a ghost-haunted region, where unquiet spirits flit around the great mortuary temples and dark pyramids. Their cries can be heard screaming in the wind as they cross the vast tracts of Nehekhara's baking deserts, preying on those foolish enough to enter the cursed land in search of treasure.

Nehekhara is a hostile realm where the searing heat of the desert sun is the least of a wandering traveller's worries. The waters of the Great Mortis River are poisonous and blood-coloured, providing no relief to the thirsty. There are regions of quicksand that can swallow regiments whole and choking sandstorms that strip the flesh from bones in mere seconds. Whirlwinds of dust, skulls and ravenous desert insects scour through the land, and rivers of flesh-eating beetles crawl across the desert, consuming everything in their path. There are vast plains of bones and skulls that come to life without warning, skeletal fingers reaching up to drag anything alive on the surface into a sandy grave below. A few oases still exist, scattered throughout the arid desert, but they are all tainted; instead of fresh water they are filled with bubbling pools of blood. Most are the abodes of foul monsters, and those that are not are lined with parched, malevolent trees that strangle their victims and suck every drop of moisture from their bodies.



Nehekhara is a wilderness of ever shifting sands, a land of constantly changing topography. The rolling dunes are punctuated only by the bones of a dead civilisation, half-submerged cities that are slowly devoured by the sands over the aeons, and listing pillars that proclaim the greatness of dead kings. There are waterfalls of sand that defy the passage of time and flow backwards. There exist dunes and basins large enough to accommodate entire armies, and many of the Tomb King's legions lie beneath the surface in such places – awaiting the magical incantations of Liche Priests to awaken them from their deathly slumber. A sandstorm might unearth a monolithic statue, or even an entire buried city, lost and forgotten under the dunes, only to be engulfed and concealed again a few days later. Such hidden places are said to include the mysterious City of Bronze, a complex rumoured to be covered in glyphs carved by beings older than Nehekhara itself.

In addition to open deserts, where sand stretches as far as the eye can see, there are vast necropolises and numerous places where one can hardly move for all the statues and sculptures, each covered with grisly images of death. These monuments are vaster and grander than anything the Old World can boast, and foremost amongst them are towering figures resembling the great kings and angry gods of Nehekhara – fearsome statues that come to life and smite trespassers with impunity.

THE BARROW KINGS

Scattered throughout the Old World and beyond lie ancient cairns; the burial places of early kings and their most loyal warriors. They are the last remnants of an ancient people predating the coming of Sigmar. Little is known of them, for they did not record their histories in written form, relying on a tradition of storytelling. These barrows are mounds of earth piled over a tomb, usually accessed by a single entrance. They range greatly in size, and some of the largest can be seen on the skyline for many miles around. Macabre and superstitious stories surround these mounds, and those who live near them go out of their way not to walk in their shadow. Bedecked in bronze armour, rumours say that these ancient kings stride from their burial mounds in the darkness, their warriors, loyal beyond the grave, marching at their side. It is said that the ancient druids of these people, figures of particular power and authority within the society, still walk the earth, directing mysterious powers and incantations against those who would desecrate the ancient kings' resting places. Scattered throughout the wilder lands are towering statues, and though weather beaten and old, many of them still resemble the nature gods and spirits that were once worshipped. It is said that these megalithic statues arise on nights of the new and full moons to stalk the darkness at the whim of the ancient druids. Some have speculated that there appears to be some link between these people and the ancient Nehekharians, although scholars have thus far been unable to provide much evidence to prove this claim.

When the Tomb Kings awoke, they ordered their Undead minions to rebuild the cities of old and fill them with the markets, wares, boats, and other things that they remembered from life. As few trees grow in the Land of the Dead, many of these things are fashioned from stone, gold or fused bones. Skeletal men walk the lands fulfilling seemingly pointless jobs such as fetching stagnant water, harvesting crops long since withered or else rowing barges across the Great Mortis River. Armies of Skeletons are forever patrolling the borders of their realm as they did in life, relentlessly striding across the arid landscape in search of enemies and intruders.



Travellers still make their way to these desolate houses of the dead. They come in search of the treasures that lie hidden by the sands, locked deep within the ruins of the tombs. Yet these expeditions are not for the faint hearted. Even should the brave treasure hunter survive the harsh barren deserts, they must face the terrors that dwell within the cities of the dead. Nagash's spell awoke the kings from their sleep of death, and now they watch over their former kingdoms in a sleepless vigil. Few who venture forth in search of their fortunes return, and of those who do, most have been driven insane by the macabre horrors they witnessed.



RAIDERS OF THE LOST TOMB

Mikel looked on as Heinrich dosed a gloved hand on a dust-covered goblet. Raising it close to his eyes. Heinrich inspected the vessel, wiping grime from its surface. Apparently satisfied, Heinrich dropped it into the heavy leather satchel worn over his shoulder, and shuffled deeper into the crypt.

Mikel glanced around anxiously, his torch sending flickering shadows dancing over the walls, and he flinched at the movement. The light revealed all manner of strange carvings on the walls, swirling patterns that entranced the eye, and strange wide-eyed figures with decorative headdresses.

"I think we should go, Heinrich." Mikel whispered, wincing as the sound of his voice shattered the silence. He felt as though the weight of the earth piled above was pressing down on his chest. His breathing was ragged, and despite the chill, his face was wet with perspiration.

Heinrich snorted in derision, and bent to examine something on the floor.

"Get outside and keep watch then. But you aren't getting a full share of what I find."

Uncaring about what could be looted from the burial chamber, Mikel half ran down the long, thin corridor towards the welcome sight of the stars. Stepping from the cairn, he breathed in the cold air deeply, running a hand over his clammy forehead. Passing clouds hid the full moon for a moment, and shadows deepened. In the darkness there was movement, and Mikel's felt his heart skip a beat. From the other cairns, spread in a semi-circle around the largest of the burial mounds, came the sound of many slow, deliberate footfalls. Adorned in strange, ancient bronze armour, a parade of long-dead soldiers marched from the darkness of the crypts and arranged themselves into fighting formations. Strange totems were held by some of the skeletal soldiers, and others held silent bronze horns to fleshless lips. From one of the larger burial mounds a bronze chariot emerged, pulled by the horrific vision of a pair of horses, flesh long since having fallen from their bones. As one, the skeletal legion began their advance, moving creakingly towards Mikel, skeletal hands clutching ancient weapons. Footsteps sounded behind him.

"We ha-have t-to go, Heinrich," he stammered. Hearing no reply, Mikel turned.

Heinrich staggered into view, and Mikel let out a groan of horror. The skin on Heinrich's face was grey and lined, as if he had aged a decade in the brief moments since he saw him. Heinrich raised a wrinkled hand, nails long and curling, towards Mikel in a silent plea. A heavy bronze blade suddenly chopped into Heinrich's neck from behind him, nearly severing his head from his body. With a gurgling sigh he fell to the ground, blood fountaining from the terrible wound. Standing in the gloom was a mighty figure, bedecked in intricately carved, age-old bronze armour. No sound issued from Mikel's throat, though inside, his soul screamed. Staring into the empty sockets of the once great king, he got the distinct impression that a cold intelligence still resided within this being. Mikel remained silently screaming and unmoving, even as the first blades pierced his body. He dropped to the ground, to be trampled into the icy earth. Only then, with all evidence of the intruders gone, did the ancient warriors return to their cairns, to guard their abodes silently for the remainder of eternity.

The kings protect their wealth, emerging from their tombs to battle against those who would steal or undo their glory. Some travellers speak of armies of skeletal warriors waging war against each other. The kings still seek to prove who truly has the power and might to rule the ruined cities. It is said ancient fleets still patrol the waters of the Great Ocean, and without the need for food or water they have the ability to strike at will, anywhere on the face of the world. Some have claimed that these dead kings have emerged from burial mounds within the heart of the Empire, and it is not unlikely for when Nehekhara was at the zenith of its power its cities had spread across the face of the world. Who knows what terrors will emerge from the hundreds of tombs scattered across the world?



Numerous Undead creatures wander the deep desert, from swarms of small but deadly desert scorpions to giant centipedes, each the size of a sphinx. Great flocks of Carrion circle high above, and packs of ravenous sand sharks swim beneath the surface of the dunes. In the centuries since Nagash's Great Ritual, many foul monsters have been drawn to the magically tainted realm. There are now Manticores, Cockatrices and even Dragons inhabiting the Nehekharan desert. Nomadic bandits make a living by plundering the tombs of ancient kings, and marauding Orc tribes continuously rampage across the Land of the Dead in search of battle and plunder. Nehekhara may be a barren realm, but it is far from empty or uninhabited.

STRONGHOLDS OF THE UNDEAD

The original mud-brick fortresses of the inhabitants of Nehekhara have long since crumbled into dust, and their stone fortresses are covered by heaps of windblown sand. It matters not, for these forts of the living are not needed by the undead dwellers of these lands. The Undead armies of Nehekhara are regiments of this long forgotten civilisation entombed to serve their masters in the undeath.

The strongholds of Nehekhara are huge sepulchres which have endured the ravages of time. The pyramid of the stronghold shown here serves as the keep of the fortress, its inner chambers are impenetrable except through a dangerous and heavily guarded entrance shaft.

The entrance passage is often flanked by two great bastions, remains of the temple at the gate of the tomb. These bastions contain inner chambers and stairways leading to flat roofs which the Undead can use to mount their defence from.

The pyramid sepulchres often appear to have no gates to guard their entrance. There are, however, colossal stone blocks positioned by means of a device which uses flowing sand to move them into place. These bar the entrance and entomb intruders, who will end up joining the ranks of the skeleton garrison themselves.

Tomb forts are often in a ruinous condition. Some are so crumbled that there are many ways in for the mole determined tomb robbers who have raided it over the millennia. Indeed, the forts are usually besieged by those intent on stealing the treasures of the tomb kings.



Ibn Sullan froze. The entrance to the tomb lay only a hundred yards away, flanked by skull pillars and itself carved by long-dead artisans to resemble the decayed face of some ancient and evil ruler. Not for the first time in his long, thirsty journey through the desert lands, to relieve the burial chambers of Khemri of their treasures, Ibn blessed himself although alone out here, his all-seeing all-powerful god seemed very far away.

The treasure-hunter wiped the sweat from his brow and peered through the shimmering heat-haze at the dark doorway. Was it just a mirage caused by the desert, an illusion created by heat-stroke, or was there really something moving within the entrance to the half-buried necropolis?

And then the Liche Priest emerged from the darkness into the midday sun. Dressed in the ceremonial robes of a long-forgotten age, the Liche, its hideous face pallid and drawn yet still recognisably human, began to intone the awakening rituals of its ancient cult in a language as dead as the civilisation of Nehekhara.

In petrified horror Ibn watched as an army of the dead poured from the gaping skull-mouth doorway. Skeletons, the bodyguard of the interred ruler bearing weapons of ancient design, although no less effective for all that; yet more skeletal warriors mounted on the carrion-polished bony frames of undead steeds, some bearing tattered, dusty banners, other deathless horses pulling chariots constructed from the calcified remains of unknown monstrous creatures; and the vengeful lords of Khemri, doomed to an immortal existence trapped within the wasted bodies of pitch-daubed mummies. The muster of a Tomb King was marching to war.

Ibn had heard tales told in hushed whispers on moonless nights at desert watering-holes, that the mummified Tomb Kings of Nehekhara fought in death as they had in life, for domination of the necropolis cities of that parched land. But he had not paid any heed to the truth of such stories - until now.

Still more Skeletons rose from the sands of the desert, bone-white talons, picked clean by flesh-eating scarabs, breaking the surface of the arid land to drag fleshless corpses from the unmarked graves of a battlefield.

Ibn Sullan heard the approach of the Tomb-King's enemy before he saw the warhost crest the dunes to the east. The opposing force was an awesome sight.

As far as the eye could see along the horizon stood line after line of soldiers and war-chariots, waiting for the signal to attack. But these opponents had long ago been freed from the restrictions of flesh and mortality. Like the force that had issued from the mortuary chambers before him, this invading army was an army of the Undead.

A double-beat on an out-sized, skin-covered skull echoed across the burning plain. As one the enemy advanced. The Skeletons' tarnished armour glinted through the flickering distortion of the sun-scorched air as the battalion of bones strode purposefully, and yet with no will of its own, towards the necropolis. Before the walls of the necropolis the two sides met.

Ibn watched for over an hour as the two Undead armies clashed on the sands before the tomb complex, not daring to move from his hiding place. Dry bony joints clacked and rattled as the two sides fought, while hoarse cries rasped from parchment-dry

throats. As the soldiers of the Tomb Kings collapsed in piles of skulls and bones, mere moments passed before the shattered Skeletons rose up again to carry on fighting for their immortal masters.

Who knew what ancient feud was being re-enacted here, on the burning sands of Nehekhara? An enmity so bitter and intense in life that it compelled dead men to rise from their burial places and continue the incessant conflict millennia later on the parched plains of the Land of the Dead.

White-hot pain lanced through his body and, in a spasm of agony, Ibn whirled round. His shock-opened eyes saw the skeletal figure looking down at him from the rock with its leering death's-head grin, the bones of its ribcage and spaces between in perfect silhouette against the yellow sky. It was only then that the Arabian looked down at the shaft that had transfixed his body. His vision blurring, he saw his own blood run along the spear to the tip before dripping onto the sizzling-hot sand. Then the darkness of eternity took him.

The body of the tomb robber twitched. Stiffly it sat up and looked down at the spear protruding from its body almost curiously, as if it was surprised to see it there, and then carefully pulled it free of the dead flesh. At the will of another, more potent mind, incalculably-old, the corpse rose to its feet, the spear gripped firmly in its dead hand, and joined with the rest of the Tomb King's army as it prepared to vanquish its enemy once again, as it had done century after century after century.



REALM OF THE DEAD

For many centuries the cities of Nehekhara remained uninhabited ruins. Many are buried beneath the dunes and surface only occasionally before being reclaimed by the sands. The rest of these ruins remain uninhabited monuments to a long forgotten era. Only the scorpions and beetles now dwell within the once great cities.

The sprawling necropolises of the Tomb Kings are skull-engraved monuments of death that dominate the skyline of Nehekhara. Within are dozens of Tomb Kings, countless generations spanning several dynasties. However, it is rare for any city to be ruled by more than a single Tomb King at any one time. When a Tomb King falls in battle, the Liche Priests may awaken another to rule in his stead. Alternatively, a Tomb Prince may ascend to the throne, or the fallen king's remains may be placed within his pyramid to restore his form over several decades. Though the Tomb Kings are immortal and may reign for centuries at a time, all eventually need to return to the sarcophagus in their pyramids to rest. Settra the Imperishable, alone amongst the Tomb Kings, possesses the strength of will needed to remain awake all the time, and he rules eternally from the city of Khemri.

KHEMRI, CITY OF KINGS

Khemri, the Great Necropolis, is the jewel in the crown of Nehekhara and seat of Settra the Imperishable. It is the oldest, largest, proudest and most powerful of all the ancient cities that now stand half-covered in the desert sands. Khemri is many times the size of the largest human city and still awe-inspiring despite the vagaries of the millennia. In life, Settra ruled from here with an iron fist, his wealth beyond imagining. In death he hungers still for domination of his fellow Tomb Kings, and will suffer no rival to his rule. Truly the majesty of King Settra was such that it can never truly be erased. The God-King has vowed that his realm will be restored to its former glory, even if it takes the blood and sweat of all the nations of the world to accomplish it.

Under the rule of Settra each king was required to pay tribute to the king of Khemri. Most tribute took the form of gold, gems or Slaves and Khemri because the centre of power. During the course of Nehekhara's long history many of the tomb kings from other cities would prove to be more glorious, or wealthier than the kings of Khemri, yet the true power of the land was always found within the palace of Khemri.





The monuments built in this grand necropolis are vast and majestic to behold, crafted by the most skilled Necrotects in the land. Graven images of gods and monsters peer down from every rooftop, and statuary marks the corner of every dust-scattered street.

Throughout Nehekharas long history, the greatest of all the kings were those of Khemri. It became established early on that whoever ruled the City of Kings was the mightiest sovereign in all the Great Land, he to whom the other kings would pledge allegiance and offer tribute. In the heart of Khemri lies the lavish royal palace in which Settra the Imperishable sits upon a throne made of gold, soul-diamonds and a wealth of other gemstones worth more than the combined treasures of a dozen lesser kings. Beside this court of power looms one of the most magnificent structures ever created by Mankind – Settra's Great Pyramid. Within this ivory edifice, Nehekharas fearsome legions await the king's command, standing ready to march to war and destroy his enemies. However, even this majestic monument, rising hundreds of times the height of a man, is dwarfed by the Black Pyramid of Nagash – a wonder and a terror to all who behold it, lying silent and ominous on the outskirts of Khemri.

ZANDRI, FLEETPORT OF TERROR

The Tomb Kings' domain is not limited to the endless sands – they also bring war to the seas. The coast around the Mortis delta is filled with the sunken wrecks of numerous pirate ships – fools that have attacked Zandri in the search of untold riches. In the city's harbours at the mouth of the Great Mortis River, ancient barges that writhe with dark energy still float, manned by Skeleton crews who bend their backs at the oars to the resonant boom of drums and the cracks of their taskmaster's whips. Along the waters of the miles-

wide Mortis River, and across the Great Ocean to the north, the Tomb Fleets bring the terror of Nehekharas to distant realms. These imposing armadas set out laden with skeletal legions and vengeful rulers thirsty for conquest, and return with blood-slick weapons and recovered treasures, plundered from Nehekharas in ages past.



LYBARAS, TOMB-CITY OF ASAPH

Though smaller than the other cities of Nehekharas, Lybaras is no less a vision of decayed splendour. Vast temple complexes tower into the sky, and every burial pyramid is topped with gold. Lybaras is the resting place of High Queen Khalida, renowned for her enchanting beauty, martial pride and her deep-rooted hatred of Nagash's tainted race of Vampires. Since Khalida's reign and tragic murder, Asaph, goddess of vengeance and magic, has become the city's patron. Carvings of her beloved asps adorn every surface of the city's funeral monuments, and these serpentine engravings constantly writhe across the stonework, hissing at any who walk in their shadow and spying on any who dare explore the streets. Of all Nehekharas' cities, Lybaras has the most independence from Khemri's rule. This is due, in no small part, to its distance and isolation from Settra's court. Lybaras is surrounded on three sides: by the mountain range known as the Devil's Backbone to the west, the Cursed Jungle to the south and the sulphuric waters of the Gulf of Fear to the east. The only negotiable path lies to the north, past the tainted ruins of Lahmia, where the spirits of the damned lurk and feed upon any who enter.

Throughout Nehekara's history the city of Lybaras was seen as the epitome of all that was held noble about the Khemrian way. Whenever the rulers of Khemri marched their armies east, seeking to impose their will upon the rebellious kingdoms, they could always depend upon the support of the rulers of Lybaras.

THE CHARNEL VALLEY

The Charnel Valley was known long ago as the Valley of the Kings. At one entrance to the foreboding valley stands the alabaster palace of Quatar, while at the other sits the necropolis of Mahrak, the City of Decay. Throughout the Charnel Valley's entire length stand colossal statues, exquisite representations of powerful gods and mighty kings, carved from the face of the thousand-cubit high valley wall. Few living souls dare to travel into the Charnel Valley, and none have ever returned, for these statues do not sit idly by – they constantly patrol the valley in search of trespassers, crunching the thick carpet of bones and skulls littering the valley floor to dust beneath their heavy footfalls. It is said that the greatest Necrotects of Nehekara now reside within the Charnel Valley as they work tirelessly to re-sculpt the visages of these magnificent monuments, eroded by centuries of wind-swept sand and battered from endless years of warfare.

THE BLACK TOWER OF ARKHAN

This fell tower was built by Nagash's trusted vizier at the height of the Reign of Terror. Isolated deep in the Cracked Land, the Black Tower offered Arkhan a refuge where he could develop his mastery of Dark Magic. Constructed in union with the accursed Black

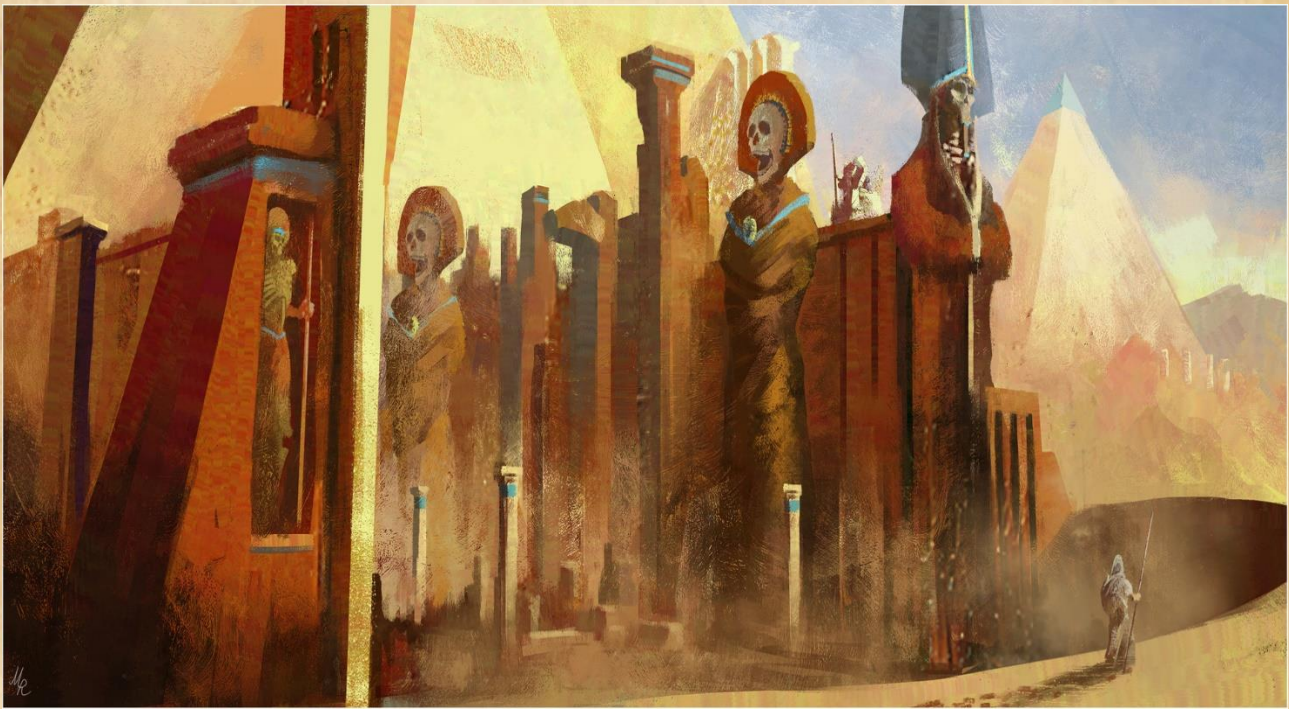
Pyramid, Arkhan's infernal spire and the lands that surround it are saturated with magic, and many vile things dwell in its shadow. Following Nagash's defeat by the Army of the Seven Kings and Arkhan's mortal death, the Black Tower was abandoned, and for centuries it remained a haunted place, shunned by all. Only evil spirits stirred inside its catacombs. Upon Arkhan's return to Nehekara, he raised an army of Skeletons to guard against his Tomb King rivals and carved out a realm of his own. Arkhan rules from the Black Tower, maintaining an uneasy truce with the monarchs of Nehekara through the power of dark sorcery. Whatever his true motives, Arkhan the Black is a powerful ally for those who can afford his price...



QUATAR, PALACE OF CORPSES

The city of Quatar, also known as the White Palace, was renowned as being a highly religious place. Such was the fervour of worship here, the priests ordered images of the gods carved into the rock sides of the canyon itself. It is said that these giant statues, towering over five hundred feet high, were guardians of the city. The great temple, made entirely from white marble quarried from the surrounding mountains, was home to more priests than in all of the other cities combined. It stood at the entrance to the Valley of the Kings, and before entering this pass through to the eastern kingdoms, travellers first had to pray at the great temple. Quatar is ruled over by the Vizier Sehenesmet and guarded by an army of artificial beasts and giants.





MAHRAK, THE CITY OF HOPE

To the east on the far side of the Valley of the Kings lay Mahrak, the City of Hope. The sick and dying would make great pilgrimages to this wondrous place. It was said that if they bathed within the great spring at the heart of the city then their ailment would be cured. Mahrak was the last of the cities to bow down to Settra's rule. Even at the height of Nehekhara's power the cities to the east retained a fierce independent streak. The rulers of Lahmia and Mahrak would often openly oppose the commands of the kings of Khemri, refusing to pay tribute and waging war against other kingdoms. Yet Khemri also had a staunch ally to help them on the east.

NUMAS, THE SCARAB CITY

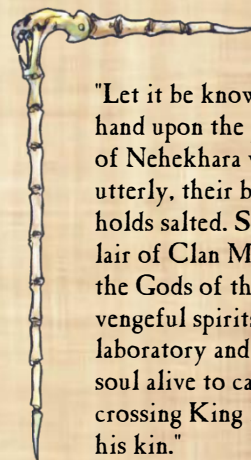
As each city initially started as individual kingdoms it is unsurprising they all retained unique characteristics. The cities to the north were very different to those in the south or east. Most of the northern cities were militaristic, designed to face the constant threat of invasion from the northern tribes and the Greenskin hordes. Mighty walls surrounded Numas, the greatest of the northern cities, and it is said that every citizen had to serve in the king's army. It is recorded that there were many other cities even further north than Numas but what became of these kingdoms after the fall of Nehekhara few can say.

Numas was built originally before the time of Settra, thousands of years ago, by king Khesek. This dates it as one of the first human cities ever to be built. It is located near Khemri, further up the Great Mortis River towards its source. It was originally built due to its proximity to very fertile lands just south of the Great Mortis River and north of the Ash River. This location encouraged its foundation and its people were fed in plenty.

RASETRA, FORTRESS OF VENGEFUL SOULS

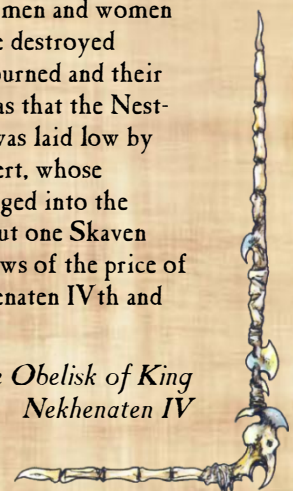
The city of Rasetra to the southeast was famed for its exotic wealth. Much of its affluence came from the gold and gems that were found within the mountains. From the dense jungles, trade caravans would emerge with all manner of jewels and outlandish foreign charms and trinkets. Ancient hieroglyphs seem to suggest that these kings bargained with numerous other civilisations, including the Elven folk and even a strange race of lizard creatures.

In life, the men of Rasetra were known for their skill and savagery in battle, from years of fending off Lizardmen raiders. Their chariots were pulled by great jungle lizards, and they were known to use Thunder Lizards as beasts of war in larger battles.



"Let it be known that those who lay a hand upon the proud men and women of Nehekhara will be destroyed utterly, their bones burned and their holds salted. So it was that the Nest-lair of Clan Mange was laid low by the Gods of the Desert, whose vengeful spirits emerged into the laboratory and left but one Skaven soul alive to carry news of the price of crossing King Nekhenaten IVth and his kin."

- *Inscription on the Obelisk of King Nekhenaten IV*



The Pyramid...

Ankhatep stood atop his Great Pyramid and scanned the horizon, the freezing night wind whipping around his mummified body. He felt nothing though; after all, he had been dead for countless centuries. Ankhatep knew his land well: he had grown up here when the people of his youth used the great river to irrigate the fertile land. That though had been so long ago...

His eyes came to rest on the lights that shone on the horizon. It was less a settlement, more of a collection of tumbledown shacks and tents around a mud and clay well.

The well...

Ankhatep hated the water and cursed the living ones who relied on it. The water drew warriors to the area - warriors who in their audacity came to steal his burial treasures. He had seen the new warriors arrive as the sun set last and he knew that later that day they would come.

Fools...

In life, Ankhatep had commanded a vast army of fanatically loyal warriors, in death nothing had



changed. His personal bodyguard, a whole legion, had been sealed into his Great Pyramid when he was laid to rest. Now they stood ready for his commands once again.

"I can sense them, my Lord." Shabar, the Liche Priest had come to his master's side. Ankhatep ignored the priest, lost in his own world of sorrow and bitterness. Shabar waited patiently. His master's propensity for violence towards those who interrupted his thoughts was well known. Despite the reliance of the Tomb Kings on their Liche Priests, Shabar was the third to serve Ankhatep since the Great Awakening.

The sun had broken the horizon when Ankhatep deigned to reply. "Gather my warriors." His voice was barely a whisper, carried away in the breeze, but Shabar had no problem hearing his master. Centuries of familiarity had seen an almost telepathic link develop between master and servant.

"By your divine command: Shabar replied, and returned into the blackness of the pyramid.

Ankhatep could clearly see the approaching invaders. Twelve arrogant mortals walking to their doom; "Will they never learn?" Ankhatep mused...

Two hours passed and the once cold wind was replaced by the scorching heat of the still rising sun.

"Why do they keep coming to their certain doom?" Ankhatep's mind pictured all those that had come before: all those whose sun-bleached bones now littered the desert around his Great Pyramid. Ankhatep could hear the droning of Shabar as he read the Chant of Awakening deep inside the pyramid. These mortals would pose no problem to his guards, but Ankhatep thirsted for battle. He entered the maze of corridors within the pyramid, picked up his gold-hilted scimitar and waited.

Shabar's monotone suddenly stopped, punctuated by the rattling of dozens of bones. Phelias and Ptarn, Ankhatep's two loyal lieutenants came to his side as his warriors filed behind. He looked at each of them and wordlessly stepped towards the pyramid's entrance. They followed, each clutching an elaborately engraved halberd.

As they stepped into daylight the mortals stifled gasps of fear and astonishment. This would be a short fight...

DYNASTIES OF KHEMRI

LEGENDARY KINGS OF NEHEKHARA

Before the time when Settra prevailed over them there were many kings in many places and their names are not remembered, save for NEHEK of whom it is said that in his time no one lived in cities. Then afterwards came ZAKASH who was king in Zandri. In his time, it is said, writing was invented. Then came many kings until the time of KHESEK who subjugated the desert dwellers and founded Numas. Then after him came HEKESH. He made war on many kings. Thereafter there was strife in the land. With the coming of Settra, the great rulership of Khemri became as law. Here be a record of the kings of blessed Khemri.

THE DYNASTIES OF KHEMRI

1st DYNASTY

SETTRA

(C -2500 Imperial Calendar)

So it is said of Settra: He conquered the entire had of Nehekhara from the mountains, to the sea. He levied tribute upon all the people of the great river. He appointed princes and bound them under his rule. He founded the mighty city of Khemri as his residence. His wealth and power was great. His heart was vexed that he should be mortal and die. Therefore did he establish the Priesthood of the Awakening and caused to be built a Pyramid of Eternity. He was the first king to be wrapped for his awakening to his reign of millions years.

AHTAF I

So it is said of Ahtaf: He desired a pyramid as great as that of his father but half the kingdom rebelled against him. The prince of Zandri and the prince of Numas raised themselves up as kings.

KHUTEF

So it is said of Khutef: He made strong the kingdom and did not pay tribute to any king.

AHTAF II

So it is said of Ahtaf II: He caused to be built a strong fleet of ships.

UTEF

So it is said of Utef: In his time the priests learned great secrets and did not die.

WAKHAF

So it is said of Wakhaf: In his time the desert dwellers were repelled.

SEKHEF

So it is said of Sekhet. He caused discord among the priests.

NEKHESH

So it is said of Nekhesh: In his time there was strife in the Necropolis.

2nd DYNASTY

RAKAPH I

So it is said of Rakaph: He pacified the land of Khemri and restored the priests of the former kings.

RAKHASH

So it is said of Rakhash: He desired much gold. He led a mighty army beyond the mountains. He established the stronghold of Rastra. He received the tribute of the lands of Mahrak, Lybaras and Lahmia.

RAKAPH II

So it is said of Rakaph: He subjugated the lands of Mahrak, Lybaras and Lahmia and placed princes over them.

PHARAKH

So it is said of Pharakh: He caused to be dug the Canal of Abundant. Ten thousand laboured for ten years and the land prospered exceedingly. Mighty was his pyramid in the Necropolis.

RAKAPH III

So it is said of Rakaph: He reigned for many years so that no prince lived to succeed him. In his time the desert dweller were repelled on three occasions.

QUEEN RASUT

So it is said of Queen Rasut: She seized the throne for herself, so that no king of Zandri or Numas should reign in Khemri. None dared oppose her. She exalted the priests and rewarded the soldiers. Her infant son was placed upon the throne on her demise but he did not live to see his third year.

3rd DYNASTY

KHETEP

So it is said of Khetep: He was the regent of Queen Rasut's infant son, and he took the throne upon his death. He caused to be built the Great Pyramid which is in the Necropolis of Khemri. One million slaves laboured for twenty five years upon the orders of the king. All kings fell open their knees before Khetep in his time. The land of Nehekhara prospered as never before.

THUTEP

So it is said of Thutep: He was entombed in the Great Pyramid of Khetep, his father, while yet alive and the throne was seized by his brother.

NAGASH

So it is said of Nagash the Accursed One, foremost among priests and greatest in learning: He seized the throne of Khemri from the rightful king, his brother. Arkhan was his Vizier. He caused the third part of the priests of the Necropolis to turn from their former ways. He caused to be built the Black Pyramid which is in the Necropolis of Khemri. Innumerable slaves toiled for fifty years upon his orders. He was overthrown by the army of the Seven Kings.

4th DYNASTY

LAHMIZZAR

So it is said of Lahmizzar, King of Lahmia: He began the war against Nagash and caused the kings, of Zandri, Numas, Mahrak, Lybaras and Rasetra to follow him. He was slain by the hand of Nagash.

LAHMIZZASH

So it is said of Lahmizzash: He continued the war against Nagash and led the other kings and besieged Khemri. He caused Khemri to be backed. He caused Nagash to flee and Arkhan to be slain and the Great Necropolis to be desecrated. He purged the Priesthood. He caused the name of Nagash to be struck from inscriptions. At this time, the beloved of Nehekhara, Queen Khalida Neferher, was slain in the court of the Lahmians, and their dark secret remained undiscovered.

LAKHASHAR

So it is said of Lakhshar: He ruled Khemri.

LAHKASHAZ

So it is said of Lakhshaz: He ruled as king in Khemri. In his time, the kings of Zandri, Numas, Mahrak, Qatar and Rasetra made war on each other and there was rebellion in Khemri. The king was defeated and slain.

5th DYNASTY

SETEP

So it is said of Setep: He made himself king of Khemri. He restored the Necropolis and replenished the priesthood.

6th DYNASTY

ALKHAZZAR I

So it is said of Alkhazzar: He was the general of King Setep. The king made him his heir so that he ascended to the kingdom. He caused to be raised a mighty host of chariots. In his time, Numas was subjugated.

ALKHAZZAR II

So it is said of Alkhazzar II: He marched against Zandri and received its tribute. He caused the desert dwellers to fear Khemri.

ALKHARAD

So it is said of Alkharad: He fought against Mahrak and Lybaras and brought Rasetra under his rule. He received the tribute of unknown tribes.

ALCADIZAAR THE CONQUEROR (IC -1200 Imperial Calendar)

So it is said of Alcadizaar the Conqueror: He bound the entire land of Nehekhara under his rule. The kings of Zandri, Numas, Mahrak, Lybyras and Rasetra offered up their tribute to him. He was a wise ruler so that there was great prosperity and reuniting throughout the land. In his time, Nagash came against the land, but Alcadizaar, the king, prevailed against him. Cursed Lahmia was sacked and all the people were enslaved. Thereafter plague beset the entire land and the river flowed red with blood. Every living thing that was in the land suffered, and many died, save for the Liche Priests who are beyond death, and the land became desolate. Nehekhara became a land of the dead. Then Nagash came forth for a second time and the king could not prevail over him, because nine tenths of his people had perished and those who remained sickened unto death. Then the king was carried off in chains to the palace of Nagash. Thereupon Nagash wasted the land and awakened the kings resting in the Necropolis. However, it is said that in the darkness, Alcadizaar rose up and slew Nagash, saving the kings from forced servitude to cursed Nagash. Such was the greatness of Alcadizaar. Thus ends the living line of Khemrian kings.

7th DYNASTY

THE AWAKENED ONES

SETTRA THE IMPERISHABLE (C -1151 Imperial Calendar to present)

So it is said of Settra: He was awakened before his rest of millions of years was completed. He arose with his army and knew that his former realm was desolate. He made himself mighty over the other kings of former times which had awakened. He repelled Arkhan the Black who contended with him for rulership over Khemri. He contended against the awakened kings of Zandri and Numas so that they tremble at his name! Bitter civil war wracks the lands of Nehekhara, but he who was the first king of Khemri is to be its last for evermore. Mighty as he, and he overthrows the strongholds of the desert dwellers. Wise ruler who causes the gods to rejoice! He whose rule is everlasting!

AN AGE OF KINGS

-c.2500

The Rise of Nehekhara - During this time there were many kings and few of their names are remembered. The cities of Numas and Zandri were founded. The kings warred upon each other and there was much strife in the land.

-2,500

Settra is crowned as the first of the Priest Kings and conquers the entirety of Nehekhara. With his coming, the great rulership of Khemri becomes law, and Nehekhara enters an unprecedented era of prosperity and expansion.

-c.2460

Allowing his victory over the Orcs of the Bloody Fang tribe, Settra becomes vexed that he will one day grow old and die. Settra founds the Mortuary Cult and commands its priests to discover the secrets of immortality.

-2390

Settra names Nekaph as his personal champion. Over the following decades Nekaph secures the unconditional surrender of over a dozen foreign cities. Scores more refuse to submit to Settra's rule and are subsequently destroyed.

-2383

The King of Bhagar revolts against Settra's rule. Order is quickly restored when the Herald Nekaph travels to the city and slays the rebellious king.

-2350

Settra perishes, and his body is interred within a magnificent pyramid in preparation for a time when he will arise to his Reign of Millions of Years.

-2350 to -1950

The Time of Kings - Dozens of kings come and pass following the death of Settra. Upon their deaths, they are mummified and entombed in ever more elaborate pyramids along with the still-living soldiery of their legions.

-2000

The Birth of Nagash.

-1968

A fleet of Dark Elves is driven off course by storms and are shipwrecked in Nehekhara. Nagash captures and imprisons the pale-skinned foreigners and learns the secrets of Dark Magic from them, proving a more than apt pupil. Having learned all the Dark Elves have to teach him, he defeats their leaders in a sorcerous duel and has the survivors entombed alive within the Great Pyramid at Khemri.

-1950 to -1600

The Reign of Terror - Nagash murders his brother and seizes the throne of Khemri. Nagash begins to prolong his fading youth by distilling an elixir from human blood, a perversion of the arts practiced by the Priests of Nehekhara. He recruits certain depraved noblemen to rule under him. They start to see themselves as gods and the city's population as cattle. As their life spans extend beyond those of ordinary mortals, the nobles shun the light and seek out cool dark places to hide from the burning day. Nagash orders the construction of the Black Pyramid, one of the largest structures ever built by Man. The Black Pyramid dwarfs even the Great Pyramid of Khemri. Nagash and his vizier, Arkhan, raise armies of Skeletons to war against the Priest Kings.

-1600

The Kings of Nehekhara become afraid of Nagash's power and, to thwart him, form a great confederation led by Prince Lahmizzar of Lahmia. After years of warfare, Nagash is pushed back into his Black Pyramid in Khemri. A mighty battle ensues in which Lahmizzar is slain. His son takes charge of the unified armies of Nehekhara, and Nagash's power is finally broken. Arkhan is killed covering his master's retreat. Nagash flees north to plot his revenge. Though some believe that Nagash's books were destroyed, at least one of them is taken to Lahmia.



-c.1600

Nagash's wanderings take him to Cripple Peak, a mountain by the shores of the Sour Sea. Cripple Peak contains a massive chunk of glittering warpstone, the largest in the world. Nagash begins to experiment with warpstone, but so corrosive is the influence of this huge chunk of pure Chaos that Nagash is forced to use ever more potent necromantic magics to hold onto his unlife.

-1600 to -1200

Dynasties rise and fall, each trying to rebuild their lands following the treachery of Nagash. Nehekhara reverts to a feudal state.

-1563

The royal line of Numas is murdered by Prince Apophas. The populace rebels and Apophas is executed, his bones cursed to the depths of the Underworld.

-1520

Neferata, Queen of Lahmia, recreates Nagash's Elixir of Life, birthing the race of blood-drinking Lahmians. Queen Khalida of Lybaras becomes aware of the evil of the Lahmians, but she is slain by Neferata. Thus, the Vampire's secret remains secure.

-1500 to -1350

Nagash realizes that, used in small quantities, warpstone can be a powerful aid to his dark sorcery. Lacking followers, he animates corpses and skeletons to aid him. He uses his Undead slaves to excavate mines beneath Cripple Peak and to create Nagashizzar, the Cursed Pit, a giant underground fortress full of alchemical laboratories, barracks, foundries, and armouries.

Dust and slag from the mines soon turns the land all about to waste, thus creating the Desolation of Nagash.

Primitive human tribesmen start to worship him as a god, which eventually leads to their devolution into the corpse-eating race of Ghouls. Within a few hundred years, Nagash has built a powerful empire around the shores of the Sour Sea.

-1350 to -1250

The Skaven are drawn by the huge mass of warpstone at Cripple Peak and launch a war against Nagash, but the Great Necromancer is now so powerful that his legions drive them back. Eventually, a settlement is reached between Nagash and the Council of Thirteen. The Skaven lure several tribes of Orcs and Goblins into the Cursed Pit in return for warpstone mined below Cripple Peak.

-1222

A great earthquake exposes a rich seam of gromril within the Misty Mountains. Nagash forges his fabled armour from an alloy of this gromril and lead.

-1200

Alcadizaar the Conqueror is crowned King of Khemri. He binds the entire land of Nehekhara under his charismatic rule and conquers the ancient city of Ka-Sabar from the desert tribes. Nehekhara begins to prosper once more.



-c.1185

Ramhotep, the greatest Necrotect of Nehekhara, finishes construction of the Sepulchre of the Heavens in Quatar. As a reward, the master artisan is mummified alive and interred within this magnificent monument.

-1170

The Kings of Nehekhara become aware of the evil in Lahmia. The Vampires are defeated and driven out by an alliance led by the Priest King Alcadizaar. The entire cursed city is reduced to rains by Alcadizaar's forces, and the Vampires are forced to flee north to Nagashizzar. Some of the oldest trueborn Vampires, including the honourable Abhorash, the doomed Ushoran, and Neferata herself, scatter and flee all over the world and become the first Vampires of the various bloodline families. Others, including Wsoran, the first of the Necrarchs, join with Nagash.

-1163

Nagash returns and launches sudden war on Nehekhara. He resurrects Arkhan the Black who joins the Vampire in leading a vast army of the dead against the Priest Kings. The Kings are now united under King Alcadizaar who prevail against them. Because of his formidable leadership, Nagash's assault is eventually defeated.

-1152

Nagash unleashes a plague upon the land of Nehekhara. His own Undead forces are immune, but the folk of the land die in droves. A new army of Undead invades the lands of Nehekhara and sweeps all before it, with the Priest Kings being unable to stop him. Alcadizaar is imprisoned and Nagash sits upon the throne of Khemri. Alcadizaar is brought in chains to Nagashizzar to be tormented by Nagash.

-1151

The Great Ritual – After consuming prodigious amounts of warpstone, Nagash begins an immensely powerful spell. This spell kills all living things in Nehekhara and begins to awaken the dead, cursing the realm of Nehekhara to undeath. Sensing the danger they are in, the Skaven free King Alcadizaar. Before the ritual's completion, Nagash is slain by Alcadizaar who cuts down Nagash and flees with the Crown of Sorcery. The great spell spirals out of control and the Tomb Kings stir from their slumber. Alcadizaar vanishes from history. The Priests of Nehekhara are unaffected by the spell and become truly undying Liche Priests. The Tomb Kings awaken and are angry that their land is in ruin and that they did not awaken to the paradise they were promised.

-c.1151

The War of the Kings – Bitter fighting wracks Nehekhara as the Tomb Kings battle each other for supremacy. Khatop opens the Great Pyramid of Khemri and awakens Settra, who smites his rivals and brings all under his rule. The king go forth against the accursed Arkhan, causing him to flee into the uttermost wastes. The Necropolis is purged on the orders of the king. The Nagashites are put to death except for those who escaped the wrath of the king.

-1150

The acclamation of Settra, the king, as foremost among the Awakened Ones in the land of Nehekhara, and Lord of the Necropolis. The Lords of Zandri, Numas and Rasetra brings tribute. So begins Settra's Reign of Millions of Years.

-1149

Arkhan the Black, repelled from Khemri by Settra, attacks the city of Bel-Aliad, beginning what Arabyan chroniclers will later call the Wars of Death. For the next thousand years, Arkhan raids the lands of Araby from the desert wilderness that surrounds them. The once mighty civilization that ruled these lands is reduced to a few weakened city-states and a handful of desert tribes.

-1147 to -1020

The body of Alcadizaar is discovered by Kadon, who wrests the Crown of Sorcery from the dead king's grasp. The Undead empire he creates is eventually overrun by the Orc Warlord Dock Redeye.

-1014

King Settra and King Rakash go forth to overthrow the rebels in the Necropolis of Mahrak.

-975

Apophas is reborn as the Cursed Scarab Lord and begins to roam the world in search for the one soul that will released him from his eternal torment.

-917

Nehekhara is invaded by Lizardmen from the Southlands who are searching for lost plaques looted from their temples in ages past. The reptilian warhost smashes aside skeletal armies at both Ka-Sabar and Bhagar as they continue to march ever deeper into the Land of the Dead. They are finally defeated at the City of Kings when Liche Priests focus the rays of the sun through the mirrored prisms atop Khemri's gold-capped pyramids.

-875

Strife in the Necropolis of Zandri.



-642

The Black Marw tribe of Ogres descends upon the city of Quatar, intent on a feast of bread made from the ground bones of ancient kings. Several tombs are demolished and countless hundreds of Skeleton Warriors are smashed asunder by the Ogre horde, before an army of statues marches out of the Charnel Valley and utterly destroys the invaders.

-596

King Alkharad awakens and do battle against the Orcs and Goblins in the War of Bones.

-455

Regicide in Khemri – King Qu'a of Zandri and King Rapesh of Numas form an alliance and attempt to overthrow Settra. The King of Khemri is only saved from an assassin's magical blade by the intervention of his bodyguard, Nekaph. The rebel kings battle against Khemri's legions for seven days and seven nights, but Settra prevails, and the defeated kings slink back to their tombs. Settra orders their pyramids toppled and commands his Tomb Guard to drag their mummified corpses from their resting places whereupon they are set ablaze, and their charred skeletons are shattered beneath the heavy wheels of Settra's golden chariot.

-236 to -241

The Chariot Wars – King Behedesh of Zandri utterly destroys both the Black Wolves Goblins and the Gouging Tusk Orcs in a merciless campaign that concludes in the heart of the Badlands with an epic battle involving over seven thousand chariots.

-40

Nagash is reborn exactly 1111 years after he was destroyed. He attempts to force the Tomb Kings of Zandri and Numas to obey his orders, but the kings of these places harken not to his evil words. Under the leadership of Settra, the Tomb Kings force him to retreat to Nagashizzar. Upon his arrival, Nagash finds his fortress overrun by the Skaven and drives them all out in a single night. Over the next three decades, numerous Skaven counterattacks are repelled by Nagash's forces. Nagash rebuilds his Undead realm and preys on the barbarian men of what will later be called the Empire.

-39

Arkhan come forth from the desert to follow his accursed lord. Settra rise to do battle against the heretics. All the Tomb Kings follow Settra. Then the evil ones are pursued out of the land of Nehekhara and into the wilderness regions. In his arrogance, Settra turns against the other Tomb Kings and is defeated in a battle that lasts for seven days and seven nights. He retreats to Khemri.

Nevertheless, he is still the undisputed ruler in Khemri, and his Undead empire is still the largest and most powerful in Nehekhara.



-30

Nagash forges his Iron Hand.

-15

Arkhan the Black crushes a huge Skaven horde at the Battle of Death Rock. The defeat is so devastating that the Skaven give up attempting to recapture the Cursed Pit.

15

Nagash discovers that the Crown of Sorcery is now in the possession of Morath. He travels north to reclaim his crown, but Morath is defeated by Sigmar before Nagash can retrieve the crown. Nagash raises a huge Undead army and attacks the humans led by Sigmar. At the Battle of the River Reik, Nagash is felled by Sigmar, and his army is almost completely destroyed.

101

The War Fleets Sail Forth – Settra seeks to restore his dominance of the oceans as well as the lands, and he instructs that his war fleets be brought forth from the tomb pits and made sea worthy once more. Settra's Undead fleet begins a new campaign of raids and attacks the coast of what would later become known as Bretonnia, and takes hundreds of prisoners back to Khemri.

102

The return of the war fleet of Khemri bring captives to be set to work. The king command that wells for pure water be sunk and irrigation canals be dug so that Khemri might be restored as in former days. These things are done and the king's heart is gladdened.

111

Arkhan the Black returns to Nehekhara. He reclaims the Black Tower and carves out a realm of his own, establishing an uneasy truce with the other Tomb Kings.

c.120 to 170

King Setep of Bhagar invades the Border Princes and he reclaims much lost territory.

210 to Present

The War of the Hammer – A mighty throng of Dwarfs march upon the city of Mahrak to retrieve a revered heirloom, the Hammer of Algrim. During the attack, the Dragon Slayer Drong Sternbeater is turned to sand when he charges headlong into a trio of Sepulchral Stalkers. Outraged at such an unworthy death, a thousand Slayers go berserk and blindfold themselves before descending upon Mahrak to avenge Drong's death. Amidst the carnage, the Hammer of Algrim

is retrieved, and the Dwarf return to Karak Azul, considering the matter at an end. However, the Hammer of Algrim contains a single disc of bronze belonging to King Alkharad whose skeletal legions immediately set forth to reclaim it. Over the following centuries, the hammer exchanges hands over three dozen times.

369

Prince Dhekkesh goes forth against the Lizardmen.

483

King Lakhshar's legion is inexplicably destroyed whilst returning from its victory against the Crooked Moon Goblins. The Tomb King's remains are discovered by Nekaph who finds a single Necrosphinx standing immobile amidst a sea of broken bones and shattered skulls.

638

Dwarfen tomb robbers come to violate and pillage the tombs of kings.

666

A host of Daemons invades Nehekhara, and Settra's army is hard pressed to halt the onslaught. Aid arrives when a High Elf army, led by Prince Stormrider, offers an alliance. The spears of the Glittering Host and the Golden Army fight side by side, and the Daemons are vanquished before Nagash's Black Pyramid.

873

Rasetra is attacked by the dragon-sized spiders of Mount Arachnos and saved only due to the magical intervention of a mysterious stranger.

963

Strife in the Necropolis of Numas.

c.1000 to Present

Count Schuwaltz of Aeverland hears hushed tales of treasures heaped in the ancient tombs of Nehekhara and he gathers together an army of mercenaries to march into the Land of the Dead. Schuwaltz's expedition is ambushed on its return to the Empire by legions of Skeletons that burst from the ground. Only a single bloodied soldier survives to make it back to the Empire. His ramblings of dead men walking are dismissed as desert-madness, but his mutterings of golden artefacts are spread far and wide. Thus begins centuries of unbridled greed, where countless armies, adventures and tomb robbers from across the world travel to Nehekhara to find their fortunes.

1167

Zandri is assaulted by a Black Ark of Naggaroth. The Dark Elves' numerous War Hydras are only killed when Necrolith Colossi drag them into the Great Mortis River and drown them beneath the poisonous waters.

1175

Settra leads a large raiding force against Bretonnia. He is met at Savage Point by a Bretonnian fleet led by Admiral Henri Lamorte. Settra's fleet is soundly defeated, but he escapes, vowing vengeance.

1248

Count Otto von Luitpold's prized antiquity collection is unsealed and put on display in the Altdorf museum, including the priceless Golden Death Mask of Kharnut. Sensing the presence of the ancient artefact, a dozen Tomb Kings awaken from their slumber and together they lead their combined armies into the heart of the Empire to retrieve it.

1275

The Lamorte family crypt is pillaged by grave robbers who steal the long dead body of Henri Lamorte in an apparently motiveless crime. Soon after, however, there are reports of a new and highly skilled Wight Lord terrorizing the lands.

1321

Kalandrithir, the Great Golden Drake, awakens from his millennia-long hibernation in the World's Edge Mountains. For reasons unknown, the vast Dragon descends into the Land of the Dead and topples dozens of Quatar's pyramids, obliterating whole dynasties of Tomb Kings whilst they slumber. Kalandrithir continues tearing the necropolis asunder until a Necrolith Colossus shoots the ancient creature through the heart with a single shot from a giant golden bow.

1437

Sorcerers from the desert dwellers of Araby come seeking scrolls. They ransack the Necropolis of Zandri and slay many Liche Priests who are guarding the scrolls. Then they come to Khemri and break into the tombs of kings causing them to awaken in wrath. Great slaughter is made among them.

c.1452

High Queen Khalida of Lybaras awakens when Manfred von Carstein returns to Lahmia in search of a lost relic of great magical power. The Vampire Lord's horde is cut down by volleys of poisonous arrows as Khalida battles with Count Manfred himself, wounding the Vampire and forcing him to flee.

1452

A mighty horde made up of numerous warriors of unknown tribes, clad in iron, come into the land of Nehekhara from the lands of the desert dwellers. They fight against the Tomb Kings of Zandri but do not turn not towards Khemri. Having passed across the desert, they disappear into the wilderness. Some among them despoil tombs and seize gold and scrolls of the priests.

1681

The Night of the Restless Dead. Nagash returns to life once again, 1,666 years after he was slain by Sigmar. For one night, throughout the known world, the dead stir, walk the land, and sow terror and confusion among the living. Entire villages and towns are overrun and destroyed before the night of terror ends.

1726

King Rakaph does battle three times against the desert dwellers of Araby and seize tribute.

2001

King Settra goes forth with his entire army against Numas and overthrow the rebellious ones before they have arisen from the tomb vaults. The stones which had been taken from the Pyramid of the King in former days are brought back into Khemri and the Pyramid of the King is restored.

2225

Led by Graf Helmholtz, Templar Grand Master of the Knights of the Blazing Sun, an army of the Empire marches upon Numas. Though King Pharakh falls in combat against the Grand Masten the Graf is himself slain when the cursed Apophas appears and claims his soul.

2253

King Qu'a set out from Numas into the high country and seizes the places of gold from the Dwarfs. The Dwarfs come down into the Necropolis at Numas to despoil the tombs and fight against the army of five Tomb Kings. Great is the slaughter in Numas.



2350

Arkhan the Black forms a temporary alliance with High Queen Khalida, and together they travel into Sylvania. As Khalida smites the Vampire Lord Mandregan, Arkhan recovers the Staff of Nagash from his coffin.

2505 to Present


An increase in the amount of magic surging around the world awakens increasing numbers of Tomb Kings.

2506

The Tileans come into Nehekhara seeking to despoil the Necropolis and carry off gold. They despoil the tomb in the Necropolis of Zandri. King Behedesh and King Memnesh fight against them many times, desisting not in the attack while they remained in the land.

2521

Settra the Imperishable embarks upon his great purge and begins a new age of conquest, seeking to enlarge his realm to encompass the entire world. The armies of Nehekhara mass behind him and thus the great expansion begins.



The clatter of metal crashing on stone echoed through the corridors of the ancient dust-filled tomb. Inside an ornate gold sarcophagus, the entombed king opened his shrivelled eyelids, revealing two black, empty soulless sockets.

"Leave it Gribbit, that stuff ain't worth nuffin", a high pitched, raspy voice called out to its comrade.

"Shut it Ragwort, da boss likes big swords and dis one is dead shiny." a second voice called back.

Gribbit stepped over the huge pile of fallen spears and shields carrying a curved golden blade that was as long as he was tall. He scurried up to his Goblin colleague who was rooting around in a chest full of jewellery and gems. Ragwort was already throwing the valuable necklaces around his neck and only stopped when he felt his knees buckle with the weight.

The small dark chamber was suddenly illuminated as the torches on the walls flared into light. Both of the Goblins froze, staring at each other, eyes wide in fear. Burdened by their ill-gotten treasures, neither Goblin was able to flee fast enough to escape the sword, as it swept down in an arc severing the heads of the two thieves with one fell swipe.

The bandage-clad figure left the ransacked chamber, walking down corridors that had not been disturbed for centuries. Reaching what appeared to be a blocked passageway he laid bony hand on the wall, pressing his long white digits into a recess on the surface. Stone grated heavily on stone as a doorway framed by light appeared before him, the bright glare of the desert sun banishing the darkness of the corridor.

From his elevated position high on the pyramid, the Tomb King watched the dust cloud of an army marching to the north, away from his necropolis. The smaller pyramids lay broken and the once proud colonnade of statues that led to the necropolis had now been unceremoniously toppled. The Undead king watched as a lone figure climbed up the steep steps to where he stood. As the ancient human, dressed in fine ceremonial robes reached the top, he rested his weight on his staff in an attempt to catch his breath. The Tomb King turned to face his servant, addressing him in an ancient tongue.

"Priest, summon my army."

King Phar stood unmoving upon his ornate war chariot. In the distance the Tomb King heard the deep, heavy pounding of tribal drums alerting the Orcs to his army's approach. He had experienced that same sound many centuries ago when blood flowed within his mortal flesh. Back then, those same drumbeats had chilled his blood with the thought of the coming battle. Now he felt nothing but cold contempt for these pitiful creatures. In over two thousand years they had not developed as a civilisation and he would be glad to purge them from the face of the world. The greenskins poured out from the camp's crude wooden gate. At first they seemed an undisciplined shambling horde, but the Tomb King knew better than to underestimate their instinctive warlike abilities. Within minutes a solid wall of greenskins faced his army and advanced forwards. Guttural chants sounded out over the pounding of the drums as the Orcs went to war. From Phar's commanding viewpoint, the neat and disciplined ranks of his own army were dwarfed by the advancing, teeming horde.

"Your majesty." King Phar turned to face the Liche Priest who addressed him. "What is your will?"

The king turned his crowned skeletal head towards his archers. He raised his sword and with that signal the skeleton archers loosed their arrows skyward. Before the first cloud of arrows had descended into the Orc ranks, a second volley was airborne. King Phar watched with satisfaction as arrows that appeared to be sailing over the heads of the enemy twisted in mid-flight, careering down into the centre of the Orcs' formations. Dozens fell with the first volley, followed by more seconds later. Within minutes, the once solid wall of Orcs was in disarray as the onslaught of enchanted missiles continued to fall, Orcs began to flee back towards their camp and within the first few minutes of battle it appeared as though the Orc army had been defeated.



Then from the Orc camp came the heavy pounding of hooves on soil. Bursting from the gates rode a mighty Orc. Mounted on a huge boar and clad in an assortment of thick plate armour, he bawled at the panic stricken Orcs, who now turned once more to face the King's army. Undaunted by the hail of arrows that rained down amongst their ranks, the Orcs again marched forward, quickening their pace as they closed in on Phar's loyal soldiers. The King signalled to his troops again and the skeleton archer formations closed their ranks, forming into defensive blocks. Gaps in the solid line had now been opened and the rumble of wheels and clatter of skeletal hooves sounded across the battlefield as the King's cavalry and chariots rode forwards. Suddenly, a dark shadow sped across the ground, growing larger by the second. Phar looked up to see a huge bat-like creature sailing down towards the newly reformed skeletons. With a mighty crash, bone splintered and broke as the creature descended into the midst of his force. He spied a second shadow and this time could make out the form of a winged Goblin diving to his doom. This time the suicidal creature crashed behind the formation, leaving a bloody pulp of metal, flesh and canvas on the dusty ground. Phar spotted a small line of Goblins behind the Orc lines, flapping huge canvas wings in anticipation of launching themselves skywards from a huge catapult contraption. Uttering an ancient incantation, Phar was more than satisfied to see the ground around the catapult crack and split as a huge scorpion rose from out of the earth. Its massive pincers sliced one of the machine's crew in half before its immense stinger thrust forwards, repeatedly striking the small Goblins who fell to the floor, convulsing as the poison took hold. The sudden attack terrified the doom divers who ran in panic, flapping furiously in a vain attempt to get airborne and out of reach of the monstrous beast.

By now the Orcs were so close to the front line that King Phar could see the grizzly trophies that hung round their necks. Amongst the teeth and skulls that adorned their necks was the odd gold neckpiece, ancient treasures from Phar's own collection. Calmly, the King reached out and grasped a huge flail from a weapon rack on the front of the chariot. It had been a long time since Phar had used this weapon and its weight felt good in his hands. The weapon's ornate carved handle ended with a series of chains, from which hung the skulls of conquered enemies. For a brief moment the skulls crackled with small flashes of lightning. Spurring his steeds into action, Phar's chariot rolled slowly forwards, gradually picking up speed.

Following his lead, the rest of the army marched as one awards the Orcs. The King signalled to the chariot next to him. A gold armoured icon bearer nodded in acknowledgement and waved his long staff, topped with a crescent and engraved own the length with hieroglyphs that told of the bearer's heroic feats. In life, the icon bearer had been Phar's mightiest champion and the King's own personal bodyguard, now in death he still rode to war at his Kings side. The dusty ground the Orcs right flank cracked and split apart as a dozen skeletal steeds rode from the ground itself. They charged into the surprised Orcs' flank and with this shock attack, the King signalled for the rest of the army's chariots and cavalry to charge. The decorated constructions smashed into the ranks of the greenskins, gold trimmed wheels crushing the Orcs beneath them. Orcs fled before the combined onslaught and spears thrust through their unprotected backs. Phar's chariot rolled over several bodies before smashing into the boar riders, who had been taken by surprise by the severity of the charge. Phar spotted the Orc warboss, and steering the steeds towards the massive foe, he swung his flail in a wide arc above his head. The warboss leapt off his boar to avoid the collision. A crunch of wood followed as the chariot splintered the impact with the huge beast.

Within seconds the Orc was on his feet and swinging his massive crude choppa at Phar's head. The Orc's blow fell wide and the King brought his flail down in a powerful sweep. With a sickening crunch the skulls smashed into the Orc before he could strike, shattering even his thick-boned head. Seeing their warboss fall was more than the greenskins could take, and as their courage failed them the cowardly savages fled to the safety of the mountains.

As his warriors picked the jewellery off the corpses and carried it back to the Liche Priest. King Phar surveyed the land around him. During his reign he had cleared much of this mountainous region of Orc tribes. Soon the time would come when he would conquer these lands again, but for now he was satisfied that the Orcs would think long and hard before disturbing his sleep once more.

Back in the ruins of Mahrak, the torches in the small tomb chamber slowly burned out and the recovered treasures in the alcoves of the pyramid vanished in the darkness. Encased in his sarcophagus. King Phar once again closed his eyes, his arms crossed upon his chest, and grasped in one hand was the flail, now adorned with a new skull with huge fang-like teeth.



THE LEGIONS GO TO WAR

The battles of the Tomb Kings are many, and were a thousand scribes to toil for a thousand years they could not recount them all. Here are just a couple of these epic tales.

THE WAR OF SAND AND SNOW

Settra the Imperishable had ruled as the Undead king of all Nehekhara for over a millennia when an army of marauding tribesmen from the frozen north made landfall on the baking shores of Nehekhara. The barbaric warriors plundered several tombs before the Skeleton Warriors of Settra's legions began to rise from the sands to bar their escape. Even as the Marauders prepared to face this threat, the skies began to darken. The barbarians gazed to the heavens, and a heartbeat later, a cloud of arrows fell amongst them that cut down hundreds of warriors. In the wake of the volley, vast flocks of Carrion descended upon the wounded and the dying, razor-sharp beaks tearing open throats and bellies. The tribe's chieftain, Valgar the Butcher, ordered a savage counter-attack, unleashing packs of bloodthirsty Warhounds that tore the Carrion apart in a frenzied gnashing of teeth. Valgar then redressed his surviving warriors' ranks and prepared to meet the approaching Skeleton battle line.



Axes clashed with spears as the two forces collided, but wherever Valgar fought, the Undead were hewn by his axe or crushed beneath the hooves of his daemonic steed. Despite Valgar's fearsome skill, his forces were vastly outnumbered and his own warriors were growing tired, their strength sapped by the punishing glare of the desert sun. In the distance, Valgar could see a single figure emerge through the heat-haze, a majestic warrior riding forwards on a golden chariot. Valgar raised his rune-covered axe to the air and bellowed a challenge to the new-comer – a challenge that was answered with a rumble of thunder.

That figure was none other than Settra the Imperishable, and he smashed into the invaders with the wrath of ancient gods, driving a bloody path towards Valgar. As the two generals collided, Settra swung his enchanted blade in a mighty arc that decapitated Valgar's daemonic mount in a single blow. Even as Valgar's steed was slain from beneath him, the chieftain's axe glowed with baleful energy, and it was suddenly wreathed in sorcerous flames. The axe bit deep into Settra's chest and set his form ablaze. Before Valgar could enjoy his victory, Settra's body exploded into a ravenous swarm of beetles that stripped the chieftain's flesh from his bones before flying back to the Great Pyramid of Khemri to regenerate the Tomb King's immortal form. Amidst the carnage, Valgar's lieutenant, Khagul Bloodfist, stooped down to pick up Settra's regal crown before rallying the surviving tribesmen and driving a path through the skeletal shield-wall back to the coast. Only a dozen Marauders managed to survive and escape back to their frozen realm, bloodied, but rich beyond their wildest dreams.

Settra's Revenge

It was a decade before Settra remerged from his sarcophagus, his body restored but his heart burning with the need for vengeance. The men of the north had not only dared to enter his realm, soiling the desert with their barbaric feet, they had the temerity to face him in battle, even going so far as to strike him down. However, most heinous of all crimes had been the bold act of laying their lowborn hands upon the Crown of Nehekhara – a deed that brought with it a sentence of death. Settra the Imperishable would punish the barbarians for their insolence by staining the snows of their homeland red with their blood.

The King of Nehekhara turned to his Liche Priests and ordered them to awaken his vassal kings; the combined might of Khemri's armies was going to war. Settra's war fleets sailed north, towards the frozen wastelands, laden with legions of Undead soldiers and war-constructs. The King of Nehekhara swore that only when every last gold coin was recovered, and every one of the barbarians who had escaped his wrath a decade ago was slain, would he return to Khemri.

Each of those men had become a chieftain in his own right, with the wealth they brought back from the Land of the Dead securing them much power and many followers. Several had become Champions of Chaos and now they led whole tribes of merciless warriors and mutated monsters. Settra's warhost collided with the iron-clad Warriors of Chaos across the entire length of the northern lands.

Enormous statues strode relentlessly through driving blizzards, and regiments of Skeleton Chariots tirelessly ploughed through snow-drifts in their hunt for the guilty. Untold thousands of men were slaughtered upon the swords and spears of Settra's host as tribe after tribe was destroyed. Dragon Ogres were cut down by powerful Ushabti, Trolls were turned into pillars of sand by Sepulchral Stalkers and grotesque Giants were slain by the monstrous claws of ferocious Necrosphinxes. Driven by Settra's unyielding will, the legions of Nehekharan were unstoppable. Within five years only one of the dozen Marauders remained alive, and only a single treasure – the Crown of Nehekharan – remained unclaimed. Settra's revenge was almost at hand.

LEGIONS OF LEGEND

Throughout the dynasties of Nehekharan, there have been many courageous legions whose names and deeds are inscribed on the walls of the necropolises beside those of their ancient kings. Many were easily recognised for their distinct appearance. The nobleborn warriors of Rasetra's Crocodile Squadron were wealthy fighters who decorated their chariots with the hides and teeth of the exotic jungle creatures they had slain. The Khepra Guard carried ebony shields studded with bronze scarabs. The Golden Host of Mahrak, whose swords were made from precious metals, have, in death, become their namesake by walking through a pool of molten gold to gild their bones. There are countless others, from the Sphinx Legion of Numas to the Zandri Blackshields, however, the most feared of all were the Hawk Legions of Settra. In unlife, these loyal soldiers remain deadly and implacable foes. Time and again they have set forth from Khemri to conquer; and they have returned victorious, their turquoise shields spattered red with the blood of their enemies.

Viktor gazed out over the plain and his heart sank. Countless ranks of warriors were calmly arraying themselves for battle, forming up in regiments, dragging bizarre war engines into position and driving their chariots out to the flanks. They moved with a single will, in complete silence save the clatter of ancient arms and equally ancient bones, for this was an army of the dead.

The Dead and the Damned

After a long trek across the Hellwurm Glacier, Settra's legions clashed with the warhost of Khagul Bloodfist – the last and most powerful of the Marauders and the one who had stolen Settra's crown all those years ago. In the intervening years, Khagul's victories had seen him become a mighty Champion of Chaos, imbued with the power of Dark Gods whose names men fear to speak. Khagul commanded a great horde of Chaos, for his fame was such that tribesmen and warbands from leagues around flocked to his blood-drenched banner. It was not only the Chaos Gods who had noticed the deeds of this warrior, for Prince Apophas, the Cursed Scarab Lord, saw in Khagul a soul that might be the equal of his own; a spirit that could buy his freedom from the tortures of the Nehekharan Underworld. So it was that whilst Settra led the fight against the assembled Chaos horde, carving his way through their armoured ranks, Apophas ambushed the unsuspecting Khagul.

The Chaos Champion had just finished dismembering a Tomb Scorpion when he was suddenly enveloped by a swarm of black beetles, which obscured his vision before coalescing into a shape resembling that of a man. The figure clutched a dagger in one hand, and his leering skull seemed to stare into Khagul's very soul. Without pause, Khagul's bodyguard launched themselves at the assassin, but the figure opened its mouth and vomited forth a surge of insects that drowned them beneath chitinous bodies. Apophas





stalked towards his target, and Khagul readied his axe. The Chaos Champion hacked at the figure with frenzied swipes, but it was to no avail. Every time Khagul cut into Apophas' body a tide of scuttling scarabs would flow over the wound. In frustration, he raised his axe high above his head, preparing to strike the assassin's skull from its shoulders but, before the stroke fell, Apophas had slashed his dagger across the champion's throat. Khagul's blood burst forth in an arterial spray, and he slumped to his knees. Apophas drew the warrior's soul from his mortal body, capturing it before dragging it into the Underworld for all eternity.



With the death of Khagul, the cohesion the Chaos warhost crumbled. The northern tribesmen reverted to their crude, berserk nature, and they were easily dashed against Settra's disciplined battle lines. The King of all Nehekhara smashed into the ranks of mortals time and again, leaving a trail of fire and death in his wake. Against this onslaught, the hearts of men faltered, and the barbaric tribesmen turned tail and fled, only to be run down by regiments of Undead cavalry that Settra had positioned for just such a task. Only the armoured warriors of the Chaos host stood their ground, and they fought against Khemri's war-statues in a clash of steel and stone, but when Settra's chariot legions smashed into the Chaos Warriors' flanks, they too were massacred. It would be two more days before Settra's legions butchered the final remnants of the Chaos horde, the bloody campaign ending when Settra himself charged through a hailstorm to slay a lightning wreathed Shaggoth. The snow plains were littered with the bodies of dead, and from amidst the corpses Settra retrieved the bloodstained Crown of Nehekhara.

Settra's treasures had finally been recovered, and those who had wronged him now lay dead at his feet. Such was the fate for any who dared oppose the will of Settra the Imperishable.

THE WRATH OF KING PHAR

King Phar of Numas arose from his sarcophagus angry that his slumber had been disturbed. However, when his Liche Priests informed him that tomb robbers had plundered his treasure vaults, his wrath found new focus. Furious at the desecration, King Phar summoned his army to war. He could sense that his treasure lay in distant lands, and the discovery of several Night Goblin corpses within the royal treasure vaults was all the proof he needed. With all due haste, the legions of King Phar filed out of his pyramid and headed into the Badlands.

Unbeknownst to King Phar, he was being manipulated by the schemes of Thanquol, a nefarious Skaven Grey Seer. The Skaven sorcerer had long been searching for a means of destroying the Orcs and Goblins that dwelt within the Dragonback Mountains – the formidable Blackclaw tribe. Despite several Skaven assaults, Thanquol could not oust the greenskins from their fortress-lair or get at the warpstone meteorites rumoured to have crashed into the mountain the previous year. Instead of risking his own life in another dangerous assault, Thanquol devised a plot whereby another would battle with the Orcs on his behalf – the dread legions of the Tomb Kings. Thanquol only needed to lure the dead man-things to the Dragonback Mountains, which he did by hiring Clan Eshin agents to infiltrate the pyramid of the ancient dead and steal numerous talismans and amulets. The shadowy agents left evidence of the Blackclaw tribe within the pyramid, and in the dead of night they planted the stolen treasure about their greenskin scapegoats.

Assault on the Badlands

The legions of King Phar stood arrayed before the Orc stronghold of Dragonback Mountain, regiments of Skeletons standing perfectly still in serried ranks as they awaited their Tomb King's command. Above the sea of bone, golden banners glinted in the sunlight and ragged papyrus scrolls fluttered in the unearthly breeze as the air itself warped and shifted with magical energy. King Phar stood unmoving upon his ornate war chariot. In the distance, the Tomb King heard the deep, heavy pounding of tribal drums alerting the Orcs to his army's approach. He had experienced that same sound many centuries ago when blood flowed within his mortal flesh. Back then, those same drumbeats had chilled him with the thought of the coming battle. Now he felt nothing but cold contempt for these pitiful creatures, and he would be glad to purge them from the face of the world.

Gaston caught his sleeve and pointed to the distant temple. Something else was moving there, moving towards them. Something huge, but thankfully unclear in the haze of heat and dust that hung over the scorched land. Somehow Viktor knew he wouldn't be cheered when he got a good look at it. How could it be that only an hour ago he had been running coins through his fingers like washing his hands in a golden stream? All had seemed well, no sign of life anywhere. He smiled bitterly, still no sign of life, just this vast host of skeletal monstrosities between his pitifully small army and the safety of their ships.

There was nothing for it but to act and act quickly. Barking orders to the captains of regiments, Viktor rode along his hastily forming battle line. At least they were a lot faster than the dread horde they faced. With courage and luck they would be able to smash a hole through the enemy and, forming up as a moving square, keep fighting their way to the ships. He had heard better plans in his day, but there was not a great deal of choice.

Good. Everything was ready. Everyone knew their places and the desperation of their plight. There was only one order to give: Charge!

From atop the pyramid the lone deserter watched in awe as the ragged and sunburnt mercenaries surged forward. As they advanced the guile of Viktor's plan was revealed. Instead of charging in a mass, the centre of the mercenary line advanced quickest, the flanks moving in towards the centre to form first an arrowhead that smashed into the Undead line, then a column that pushed its way through. The slothful reactions of the Skeletal host left most of their army without a foe to fight, both flanks staring with empty sockets as their opponents redeployed. For a moment it looked as if the plan might even work, then the advance faltered. Skeletons erupted from the sands before the regiments that had broken through the line, forming new blocking units as fast as the old ones were cut down. Fallen mercenaries clutched their swords once more with dead hands and turned on their former comrades. It was a massacre.

The greenskins poured out from their ramshackle fortress. At first they seemed an undisciplined horde, but the Tomb King knew better than to underestimate their instinctive warlike abilities. Within minutes, a solid wall of greenskins faced his army and advanced forwards. The Tomb King turned his crowned skeletal head towards his Skeleton Archers. Raising his golden-edged sword, he signalled them to loose their arrows skyward. Before the first cloud of arrows had descended into the ranks of the Orcs and Goblins, a second volley was airborne. King Phar watched with satisfaction as arrows that appeared to be sailing over the heads of the enemy twisted in mid-flight, careening down into the centre of the greenskins' formations. Hundreds fell with the first volley, followed by more seconds later. Then King Phar's catapults fired, and the sky was ablaze with screaming skulls. These terrifying missiles smashed into the savage horde with horrific effect, felling even the mighty Trolls that lumbered beside their greenskin masters. Within minutes, the solid wall of Orcs and Goblins was in disarray, and they began to flee back towards their keep. It appeared as though they had been defeated.

Then, bursting from the gates, there rode a mighty Orc Warboss. Mounted on a huge boar and clad in crude iron armour, he bawled at the panic-stricken Orcs, who then turned to face the Tomb King's army. Phar signalled to his troops again, and regiments of Skeleton Warriors closed ranks into perfectly formed defensive blocks, the sun shining off many thousands of bronze spear points.





Following King Phar's lead, the phalanxes of his army marched as one towards the brutish, braying hordes. The Orcs smashed into the Skeleton Warrior's shield wall with ferocious force, yet the undying soldiers did not take a single step back. Uttering ancient incantations, King Phar's Liche Priests replenished the ranks of the fallen, and slowly but surely the legions of Nehekhara began to cut the savage hordes down. Where the imposing Ushabti fought, scores of greenskins were hewn, but these formidable statues were soon shattered by green bolts of Orcish sorcery. Uttering an ancient curse, King Phar was more than satisfied to see the ground around the Shaman crack and split as a fearsome Tomb Scorpion rose from out of the earth. Its massive pincers sliced the Orc Shaman in half before its immense stinger thrust forwards, repeatedly striking a gaggle of smaller Goblin wizards who fell to the ground, convulsing as the liquefying poison took hold.

At an unseen command, the dusty ground to the Orcs' right flank burst open in a fountain of soil as dozens of Necropolis Knights emerged from the barren earth. They charged into the surprised Orcs and laid into their foe with merciless efficiency. At the very instant that the serpentine cavalry appeared, the skeletal battle line parted as King Phar led his chariot legions into the fray. The rumble of wheels and clatter of skeletal hooves sounded across the battlefield. Many hundreds of the gilded constructions smashed into the ranks of the greenskins, gold-trimmed wheels crushing untold

numbers of Orcs and Goblins beneath them. Greenskins fled before the combined onslaught, and spears thrust through their unprotected backs. Phar's chariot rolled over several bodies before smashing into the Orc Warboss's boar riders, who had been taken by surprise by the severity of the charge. King Phar steered his chariot towards the massive Warboss and swung his flail in a wide arc. With a terrifying display of strength he crushed the Orc's skull. Seeing the life of their chieftain drain away was more than the greenskins could take and, as their courage failed them, the brutes fled to the safety of the mountains.

As his warriors reclaimed golden artefacts from the slain, King Phar surveyed the corpse-strewn land around him. During his mortal reign he had cleared much of this mountainous region of Orc tribes. The time would come when he would conquer these lands again, but for now he wished only to return his treasures to their alcoves in Numas.



Ambush at the Salt Plains

King Phar's legions had not escaped the fighting unscathed, however. Having observed the battle, Thanquol reasoned they would be easier pickings and saw no reason why he should have to give up the bejewelled riches his agents had stolen after all. As King Phar returned to Numas, his forces were ambushed by the Grey Seer's army. The Skaven lay amongst the many temple ruins that littered the Salt Plains to the north of Numas, and when the unsuspecting regiments of King Phar's army entered range, they unleashed their infernal machines of war.

Arcs of warp lightning smashed apart dozens of golden chariots, and eldritch flames consumed whole regiments of Tomb Guard, their embalmed bodies set ablaze like tinder. Doomwheels trampled over the Tomb King's forces, crushing swathes of Skeletons to powdered bone as hundreds of mutated warbeasts rampaged into the Undead battlelines. Such an attack would have left mortal opponents stunned and demoralised, but the soldiers of King Phar's legions no longer knew of such concepts, and silently they reformed their ranks to face this threat. However, the Skaven war machines were but a prelude to the full brunt of the attack, for countless thousands of Skaven warriors boiled out of the darkness, a black tide of mangy fur and rusty blades that spilled over the bone-dry land. From Phar's commanding viewpoint, the neat and disciplined ranks of his own army were dwarfed by the teeming horde. Grey Seer Thanquol, leading from the back as any Skaven leader should, viewed the same scene from atop a shattered temple complex and rubbed his claws in glee; soon his enemies would be destroyed.

Lost in his dreams of triumph, Thanquol did not at first notice when the sky began to darken, for a great cloud of dust and sand seeped over the horizon. Only when a black, vulture-like shadow passed overhead, and vengeful spirits could be heard shrieking in the wind, did the Grey Seer pause to look behind him. Despite the searing heat of the desert day, what he saw made his blood run cold as ice. A second army of Skeletons had strode out of Numas, and the ancient incantations of the Liche Priests had lent their bleached limbs an unnatural swiftness. Phalanxes of Skeletons surged forwards as fast as the desert wind. However, it was the towering statues that advanced in their wake that truly terrified Thanquol; he saw a dozen Khemrian Warsphinxes striding abreast through the rising dust clouds. At the centre of this approaching army, standing atop a magnificent gilded Warsphinx, rode the regal form of Lamhirakh, son of King Phar and Tomb Prince of Numas, who had arrived to complete his father's trap.

King Phar was ancient beyond counting, and though wrathful that his sacred treasures had been plundered, he realised that the greenskins were not responsible. The Tomb King knew that Orcs and Goblins had little interest in golden talismans, especially not when there was an array of heavy bladed swords and mighty golden flails to steal instead. Now that the Skaven, the true thieves, had revealed themselves, he would see to their punishment.

The Trap is Sprung

Having distracted the ratmen long enough, King Phar nodded to his Tomb Herald, standing as ever by his side. The deathless champion raised an elaborate standard, set with gilded skulls amidst a bedrock of blood-rubies, high into the sky before striking the ground with its golden haft. Magical light flashed from the point of impact, and thunder rumbled across the skies. For a moment, all was obscured by a howling whirlwind of sand, but when the dust settled, innumerable Skeleton Warriors had dragged themselves from their sandy graves below, answering the summons to fight beside their king once more. With his forces replenished, King Phar advanced into the tumult of the combat in front of him, driving his enchanted blade deep into the flesh of any living thing that stood in his way.

The musk of fear hung heavy around the Skaven as the two Undead forces closed about them. King Phar's forces relentlessly drove the hordes towards the Khemrian Warsphinxes. The ratmen crashed against the towering statues like a black sea against indomitable cliffs and they died in droves. A Doomwheel careened around and charged the first of the gigantic constructs, but the stone edifice smashed the infernal contraption into matchwood beneath its heavy claws. Hundreds of Skaven were burned alive as the leonine statues roared, belching forth cones of flame; ratblood stained the Salt Plains as the Undead crew brought their weapons down in sweeping arcs.

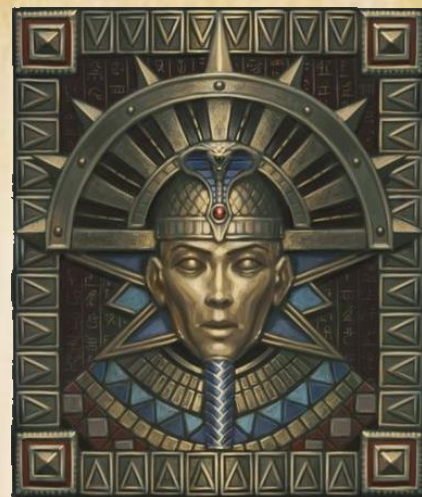
Caught between the two armies, the Skaven were methodically butchered.

Panicked and desperate, Thanquol played his final gambit. Even as the Khemrian Warsphinxes pummelled the Skaven hordes underfoot, a single black-robed figure leapt out of the verminous sea and darted up the stone flanks of the golden monster at the formation's lead. Before any could react, a Skaven Assassin plunged a warpstone-poisoned dagger into Prince Lamhirakh's throat. No sooner had the ancient prince been killed than the assassin yelped in agony as a terrible curse wracked his body and his blood turned to sand in his veins. Though the destruction of Prince Lamhirakh did little to halt the advance of the Skeleton regiments, it allowed Thanquol the time he needed to escape and flee. The rest of his minions were not as quick, nor as fortunate.

Slowly, but inexorably, the two jaws of King Phar's legions clamped shut. The Liche Priests called upon the power of ancient gods, and magical light shone from the Skeleton Warriors' empty eye sockets as they cut their fear-stricken foes down with supernatural vigour. With the last Skaven slain by his own hands, King Phar returned to Numas content that the vile ratmen would think long and hard before disturbing his slumber again.







THE LEGIONS OF THE TOMB KINGS

The ancient armies of the Tomb Kings are vast beyond counting. Loyal even in death, legions of skeletal infantry, cavalry and chariots advance at the side of their mummified lords as a diverse array of giant stone effigies stride across the battlefield to smash their foes asunder. With such armies, the Tomb Kings crush their enemies and conquer whole kingdoms.

In this section, you will find details for all the different troops, heroes, monsters and war machines used in a Tomb Kings army. It provides the descriptions, imagery, characteristics profiles and special rules necessary to use all the elements of the Tomb Kings army, from Core Units to Special Characters, and from magic weapons to the arcane Lore of Nehekhara.

ARMY SPECIAL RULES

This section of the book describes all the different units used in a Tomb Kings army, along with the rules necessary to use them in your games of Warhammer. Where a model has a special rule that is explained in the Warhammer rulebook, only the name of that rule is given. If a model has a special rule that is unique to it, that rule is detailed alongside its description. However, there are a number of commonly recurring 'army special rules' that apply to several Tomb Kings units, and these are detailed below.

UNDEAD

All units with the Undead special rule have the Animated Construct, Fear, and Unstable special rules. However, they may make march moves if they are, or are joined by, a character with the My Will Be Done or Sworn Bodyguard special rule.

THE HIEROPHANT

Your army must include at least one Wizard to be the army's Hierophant. If your army includes several Wizards, this will be the one with the highest Wizard Level. If two or more models have the highest Wizard Level, choose which of them will be the Hierophant. Remember to tell your opponent which one is the Hierophant at the start of the battle. The Hierophant must use the Lore of Nehekhara.

The Hierophant uses his powers to bind the souls of the dead to the mortal realm and restore the bodies of fallen warriors. The Hierophant, and all models in the same unit, have the Regeneration (6+) special rule.

If the Hierophant is destroyed, the magical animus of the army starts to dissipate. At the end of the phase in which the Hierophant is removed as a casualty, and at the start of every friendly turn thereafter, all friendly Undead units (except characters) on the battlefield must take a Leadership test. If the test is failed, the unit immediately suffers a number of Wounds equal to the amount by which it failed the Leadership test, with no saves of any kind allowed. These Wounds are distributed as if from a shooting attack.



If, at the start of any of your turns following the death of the Hierophant, there is one or more friendly Wizard Characters on the table who know spells from the Lore of Nehekhara, then one of these models may be designated the new Hierophant by passing a Leadership test. If passed, he becomes the new Hierophant following all the normal rules, and no unit in the army needs to take the Leadership test to avoid losing Wounds while he remains alive.



TOMB KINGS BATTLE STANDARD BEARER

In addition to the normal rules for the army battle standard, units of Undead within 12" of their battle standard suffer D3 Wounds less than they normally would due to the Unstable special rule, or following the death of the army's Hierophant.

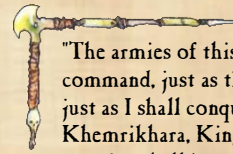
RESURRECTING FALLEN WARRIORS

Some magic spells and items can restore lost Wounds and even resurrect fallen warriors in an Undead unit. Wounds regained in this way follow a strict order.

First, the musician is resurrected, and then the standard bearer, displacing rank-and-file models as required. Then rank-and-file models with multiple Wounds (including command figures) are healed to their starting value. Resurrected command models displace rank and file models as required. Finally, any remaining Wounds resurrect rank-and-file models. In the case of multiple-Wound rank-and-file models, the first resurrected models must be fully healed before another can be resurrected.

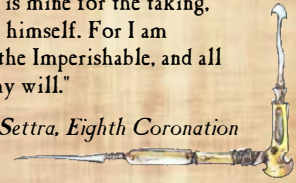
Resurrected models are added to the front rank until it reaches at least a full rank – additional models can then be added to the front or rear rank. Raised models may never displace enemy units; if there is not enough room, any excess models are wasted.

A unit cannot be taken beyond its starting size unless specified, and no single model can ever exceed its starting Wounds value. Unless specifically stated otherwise, spells and magic items that restore lost Wounds cannot heal characters. If a character has joined a unit, only the unit will recover lost Wounds.



"The armies of this desert nation are mine to command, just as the world is mine for the taking, just as I shall conquer death himself. For I am Khemrikhara, King Settra the Imperishable, and all eternity shall bow before my will."

- King Settra, Eighth Coronation



ARROWS OF ASAPH

Units with the Arrows of Asaph special rule never count any bonuses or penalties to hit when shooting, regardless of the source of the modifier.

ENTOMBED BENEATH THE SANDS

A unit with this ability has the Ambushers special rule, with the following exceptions.

When these units enter the battle in the Remaining Moves sub-phase, they do not move onto the board as reinforcements in the normal way. Instead, when a unit that is Entombed Beneath the Sands enters the battle, place a small marker (such as a coin) anywhere on the battlefield, but not in impassable terrain or within 1" of a deployed unit.

Roll a scatter dice and an artillery dice. If you roll a Hit on the scatter dice, the marker stays in place. If you roll an arrow, move the marker the number, in inches, indicated by the artillery dice in the direction shown. If the marker is under a friendly unit, impassable terrain or a building, place it 1" away from the closest edge of the unit/terrain.

Once the final position of the marker is established, place the emerging unit in a legal formation such that it touches the marker, facing any direction. If the marker is under an enemy unit, you may place your unit into base contact with the enemy unit in their front arc; your unit will count as charging this turn.

If you roll a misfire, or if for any reason some of the models in the unit cannot be placed, then the unit does not emerge. Instead, remove the marker and roll on the Mishap table. If a unit emerges successfully, it may act normally this turn.

Only characters that have the Entombed Beneath the Sands special rule can be deployed within such units. If you have several units Entombed Beneath the Sands, then repeat this process, one unit at a time.

ENTOMBED BENEATH THE SANDS MISHAP TABLE

- 1-2 Reclaimed by the Desert:** The entire unit is destroyed and treated as casualties.
- 3-4 Buried Too Deep:** The unit is delayed and does not emerge – but you'll be able to try again next turn to see if it arrives, following the same process.
- 5-6 Shifting Sands:** The unit enters the battlefield from any point on a randomly determined board edge, moving on using the rules for reinforcements.

TOMB KINGS

Tomb Kings are the ancient, long-dead rulers of Nehekharu. There have been countless kings during the long history of that ancient land. Each city was ruled by a separate dynasty and these were ousted from power and replaced by others over the span of centuries. The Tomb Kings regularly waged war upon each other to spread their influence over the entire land of Nehekharu. Greatest of all the kings were those of Khemri, which was the largest and most proud of the ancient cities. It became established early on that whoever ruled in Khemri was the mightiest king in Nehekharu, to whom the other kings would pledge allegiance and offer tribute. All the kings shared the same lust for worldly wealth and power, and the same ambition to defy death. To this end they founded the Mortuary Cult in order to reawaken them after death. They directed the building of great pyramids surrounded by extensive necropoli as strongholds for all eternity, and ordered that they be mummified and entombed within to preserve their physical bodies for all time.

Their mummified corpses have been awakened by magical incantations, and their bodies are now inhabited by their undying, vengeful spirits. The Tomb Kings have been reborn to a mocking imitation of life, transformed into hideous cadavers whose kingdoms have been plundered and lost. Bitter and twisted, the Tomb Kings' rage fuels an unremitting need to conquer; they are the true monarchs of the dead, and they are coming to reclaim their rightful dominion.

Upon their first death, the Tomb Kings were embalmed in elaborate ceremonies. Their bodies were wrapped in pitch-soaked bandages inscribed with magical wards and incantations meant to preserve their corpses for all eternity. Bedecked in gleaming crowns and the regalia of kingship, they retain all the majesty that they exuded while alive. Amulets and talismans of gold inset with precious stones, hang around their necks, and they

often wear the breastplate of a military commander strapped over their death-shroud wrappings. Entombed within the same deep chamber is their kingly chariot and steeds, ready for them to ride forth from the tomb shaft into the light of day. Despite the skills of the Liche Priests, the Tomb Kings now resemble dried skeletal husks. They are, however, possessed of an incredible strength and can withstand injuries that would slay a mortal man outright. The only known way to truly destroy a Tomb King is to set their bone-dry forms ablaze.

Revived by the rituals of the Liche Priests, a Tomb King awakens from the sleep of death possessing all the ambition and lust for power he had in life and are bent on restoring their ancient realms. Every Tomb King seeks to reclaim his plundered treasures and restore his ancient glory. If this means the subjugation and destruction of foreign lands, then the Tomb King's army, loyal even in death, rises from its rest at his command and is ready to march at his side once again. Although it is the magic of the Liche Priests that animates the Tomb King's army, it is by the indomitable will and force of personality of the Tomb King himself that they move and fight. Every Tomb King is an aggressive warlord, able to instill their warriors with their own unyielding vigour.

The Tomb King stood on a mound of Elven corpses watching as his Skeletal troops pursued the fleeing foe. The Zombie Dragon belched noxious fumes, desiccating entire units. The Bone Giant had at last reached the battle lines, pulverising flesh and armour with a tree torn from the earth. When the Liche Priest Dragon rider had flown above the battlefield, Valoriel's head skewered on his spear, the entire High Elf army lost all hope and ran for their lives. The Tomb King surveyed the battlefield. Even now the mangled corpses that littered the ground were beginning to stir, destined to be his slaves forever...



A powerful curse hangs over the mummified royalty of Nehekhara, striking down those who seek to do them wrong. Countless tales abound of tomb robbers aging a lifetime in mere seconds, dropping dead as their blood magically turns into sand or they are engulfed in a ravenous swarm of desert locusts that strip flesh from bone. The most horrible fates are reserved for those that dare strike down these ancient lords in combat – those who would willingly, and foolishly, bring about such a demise are truly damned.



TOMB PRINCES

Tomb Princes are the sons of the Tomb Kings. Each of the kings of ancient Nehekhara had many heirs, doubtless the result of their extensive harems, but only one could succeed their father to the throne. This was typically the second son of the king, for the firstborn were given to the gods to serve in the Mortuary Cult.

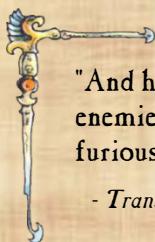
The king's younger sons served as the generals and lieutenants of his armies and enforced his will over his subjects. Some died heroically in battle, and their bodies were brought home to be mummified according to the same rites and entombed in a place within the king's pyramid, as befitted captains of high rank. They also wear amulets and are entombed with their chariots, favourite steeds and weapons of war. There they await in the sleep of death, ready to recommence their military duties at the time of their awakening. Others lived on to serve their brother as officers and were thus entombed in his pyramid to continue to serve him after death.

The Tomb Princes rest in their vaults beside the great tomb chamber of their sovereign in an eternal council of war, waiting for the moment of awakening when they shall resume command of their contingents. Those few who, through jealousy or intrigue, attempted to usurp the throne were denied the privilege of mummification and their bones were thrown to the carrion of the desert.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tomb King	4	6	3	5	5	4	3	4	10
Tomb Prince	4	5	3	4	5	3	3	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Flammable, Undead.



"And he did smite and destroy his enemies with great vengeance and furious anger."

- Translations from inscriptions in the tomb of King Amenemhetum of Zandri



The Curse: All Tomb Kings have dire curses inscribed on the entrance to their tomb and repeated on their mummy wrapping, artefacts or sarcophagi. These vary a lot in their effect depending on the gods and daemons invoked by the sacred hieroglyphs. The curse is called down on anyone reckless enough to despoil the tomb or destroy the Tomb King's mummy.

If a model with the Curse rule is removed from play, then the enemy unit responsible – by inflicting the final wound, for example – will immediately suffer D6 Strength 5 hits (if the model was a Lord) or D6 Strength 4 hits (if the model was a Hero). These Wounds are distributed as for shooting hits.

In close combat, any Wounds inflicted count towards the combat result. If more than one unit is responsible for the destruction of the model with the Curse (it is destroyed by the combat result in a multiple combat due to its Unstable rule, for example), then all guilty units are affected. If the model is killed in a challenge, then only his opponent is cursed, and not the whole enemy unit.

My Will Be Done: Any unit of Undead accompanied by a model with this rule uses the character's unmodified Weapon Skill in place of its own (use the highest Weapon Skill if the unit is joined by several characters with this rule).

If all characters with the My Will Be Done rule in the unit are killed, the unit immediately reverts to using its own Weapon Skill. This special rule has no effect on mounts or any other characters except Tomb Herald – these always use their own Weapon Skill.



LICHE PRIESTS

In their desire to defy death, the kings of Nehekharu founded the Mortuary Cult and appointed the priesthood, of which the Liche Priests are all that remain. They know the rituals needed to draw forth spirits from the Realm of Souls and bind them once more into corporeal bodies. It is the Liche Priests who rouse the Tomb Kings and their courts from their slumber and awaken their armies for war. Liche Priests are also the keepers of Nehekharu's arcane lore. Through ritualistic incantations, they call upon the power of ancient gods to bestow blessings upon the warriors of the Tomb Kings, infusing their ancient bones with magical energy. Similarly, Liche Priests cast terrible curses upon their foes, summoning vengeful desert spirits to feast on their souls.

Since its founding, the Mortuary Cult was commanded to study the arts of mummification and communion with the gods. Steadily, over many centuries, the priests learned how to preserve a corpse from decay until the art of embalming had become very elaborate. The priesthood also devised a vast lore of magical incantations and rituals intended to bind the souls of the dead kings back into their royal bodies.

The first generations of priests, whose skills and knowledge were rudimentary, died after prolonging their own lives far beyond their natural span. They passed on their knowledge to the next generation of priests who exceeded them in wisdom and expertise. In this way, their knowledge accumulated until the fifth generation of priests who did not die, though their bodies slowly withered away until they were little more than living corpses. Thus the entire priesthood became the Liche Priests, able to officiate the Mortuary Cult of their king in perpetuity, and they held great power in the land. Indeed, they were the only subjects of the king who could not be executed, since he depended on their knowledge and loyalty in order to live beyond his own death. In this way the priesthood became a formidable power behind the throne. Liche Priests acted as advisors and viziers to the kings of Nehekharu, and their status was second only to that of the ruling families.

Each necropolis, with the burial pyramids of the Tomb Kings at its core, has a temple dedicated to Nehekharu's Mortuary Cult, and it is here where the Liche High Priests preside served by many lesser priests. Only the High Priests have been initiated into the deepest secrets of the cult. The priests have many duties to perform in the necropolis apart from the Ritual of Awakening, including such tasks as renewing the seals upon the portals of the tomb vaults, remaking inscriptions which have become eroded by wind-blown sand, determining the moment of awakening and consulting the spirit of the Tomb King by means of oracles. They continue to perform these duties for centuries because they cannot die a natural death. Little more than long decayed corpses, their dry, wizened skin, resembling that of a mummy, is stretched like old parchment over their brittle skeleton.

Long ago, the Liche Priests used their accumulated knowledge to trap their own souls within their bodies, and in doing so they extended their lives far beyond those of mortal men. However, whilst their spirits never passed into the Realm of Souls, their bodies have withered with the passing of centuries, and it is their spirit alone that now animates their forms. Without realising it, the entire priesthood cursed itself – not to eternal life, but to eternal undeath. Liche Priests' physical bodies are now little more than withered corpses.

Hunched and frail, their dry, wizened skins are stretched like old parchment over their brittle skeletons. Each is garbed in an elaborate headdress, and clutched in their skeletal hands are ritual knives and rune-inscribed staves, which act as both the Liche Priests' crutches and symbols of office.

The Liche Priests believe the Winds of Magic to be the breath of their gods, a power that connects the mortal world to the realms beyond. The magical incantations of Nehekharu's Liche Priests have been perfected over millennia, and they have remained unchanged since that time. The wording of each and every incantation is recorded on dusty papyrus scrolls written in the mysterious hieroglyphs of Nehekharu's ancient language. Uttered in long, monotonous rituals, the incantations of the Liche Priests must be precisely pronounced, for the slightest mistake can incite the wrath of the gods. It is not unknown for the angered deities to snap the bones of the offending Liche Priest, set his form ablaze or even rend his soul asunder as punishment – such are the risks when harnessing the power of gods.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Liche High Priest	4	3	3	3	4	3	2	1	8
Liche Priest	4	3	3	3	3	2	2	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: Liche Priests are Wizards who use spells from the Lore of Light, Lore of Death or Lore of Nehekharu.

SPECIAL RULES: Undead.



NECROTECTS

Necrotects were the artisans of ancient Nehekhara. They were not common labourers, but architects of extraordinary skill whose ambitions far outpaced what could be achieved in a mortal lifespan. In death, the Necrotects have lost none of their frenetic drive. They are filled with a compulsive need to pull down the inferior, vulgar cities of their enemies and supplant them with vast monuments of their own design.

The skills of a Necrotect were in high demand, for every king needed monuments to pronounce his majesty and a vast tomb to house his mortal remains upon his death. Indeed, Necrotects were so valued that, upon completing their work, they were rewarded with a ritual execution followed by an elaborate embalming ceremony. Many Necrotects were entombed within the same pyramids they had built, buried with the tools of their trade and an intricately carved death mask made by their own hands. The reasoning behind their sacrifice was twofold. Firstly, the king would need artisans to fashion palaces of gold in the next life. Secondly, it ensured that no rival kings could hire their services to commission a more elaborate tomb for themselves. Many Necrotects went to their graves willingly, perhaps for the honour of their beloved king, or because they were unable to live knowing that nothing they created would ever surpass their lord's tomb. Other Necrotects, particularly those whose creative desires still burned strongly, tended to meet with unfortunate accidents such as falling through rotten scaffolding, tripping on slippery stairwells, or drinking poisoned wine.

Necrotects were stern taskmasters who oversaw tens of thousands of Nehekharians as they toiled under the blazing sun. Under their gaze, an army of masons carved huge slabs of rock out of cliff faces before vast columns of slaves dragged the stones across the desert and hauled them into position. All Necrotects were foul tempered, and they would dispense summary punishment at the slightest provocation. They hated anything and anyone that threatened their art. In death, much of their work lies broken or damaged by the greed of tomb robbers and invading armies. Necrotects have been driven to a blinding rage by the wanton desecration of their beloved masterpieces, and they have sworn to have revenge. In battle, Necrotects lead the Tomb King's regiments like the work gangs of old. They exude the same aura of hatred they possessed in life, and their mere presence instils a magical state of fury in the Undead warriors of Nehekhara. Necrotects no longer need to extort their followers to work faster, and they reserve the lash for those who would defile their art instead, attacking these ignorant wretches with the crack of a whip strong enough to split open backs and leave spines exposed to the elements.

Necrotects saw to the fine details of construction personally, for only they possessed the skills necessary to carve the likeness of the gods into their sculptures and engrave intricate hieroglyphs onto their surfaces. These were not merely ornamental, for the Necrotects were schooled by the Liche Priests in the ways of crafting potent symbols of preservation. Necrotects may not know

the full range of the Liche Priests' incantations, but they could inscribe powerful wards nonetheless. In unlife, Necrotects constantly repair their work, for many hieroglyphs have faded through the passage of time. When a Tomb King awakens, the Necrotects redouble their efforts as they attempt to finish their work. They tirelessly restore the great war-statues that stride to battle alongside the Tomb King's skeletal legions, renewing the hieroglyphs of protection. In battle, as Necrotects chant sinister mantras, these inscriptions glow, and the cracked stone of these animated statues flows to repair itself.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Necrotect	4	3	3	4	4	2	3	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Flammable, Hatred, Undead.

Wrath of the Creator: The Necrotect confers the Hatred special rule onto his unit. If he leaves the unit, or is slain, the unit immediately loses Hatred.

Stone Shaper: Any friendly unit of Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Cavalry, Monstrous Beasts or Monsters within 12" of one or more models with this special rule gains the Regeneration (6+) special rule.



SKELETON WARRIORS

As the punishing midday sun blazes, the sands begin to shift, and thousands of sun-bleached skulls pierce the endless tracts of desert – sand pouring out through empty eye sockets as the Undead break the surface. Rising up from the dusty dunes come the eternal legions of the Tomb Kings; rank upon rank of Skeleton Warriors ready to kill once more in the name of their immortal monarchs. Holding curved swords and long spears, ancient forms awake from their deathly slumbers, forming up into vast regiments with a supernatural discipline that few living warriors can hope to match.

The mighty armies of Nehekhara, made up of regiment after regiment of valiant soldiers, swore oaths of eternal loyalty before the gods to serve their monarch in life and beyond into death. Thus, the bones of those who perished in battle were collected from the field of war and interred in the great tomb pits of their king's necropolis by the Liche Priests. In those days it was considered the duty of a warrior to follow his King even in death. Soldiers who yet lived after their liege lord had died marched on, as if in a victory parade, to the

necropolis on the day of the king's entombment. They strode into cavernous vaults and mighty walled courtyards, their Master of Arms leading from the front, each regiment deployed ready for death in the tomb vault prepared for it. Here they stood in regiments with their full paraphernalia of war with all the weapons needed to protect their lord in the next life – spears, swords and shields, everything that would be needed to serve in the king's eternal army. These are laid out around the pyramid of the king in regular lines, just as the tents of his mighty army surrounded his when on campaign. The soldiers were arrayed in their ranks and the leaders, standard bearers and musicians stood at the head of their troops. Arranged in ranks, icons held proudly, the legions were entombed alive. No soldier flinched as the great stones were heaved into position, blocking out the light of the sun. Bravely, these warriors stood to attention as hot sand was poured into the tomb pits until the tops of standard poles disappeared from sight. There they remained until summoned by the incantations of the Liche Priests to heed the will of their king once more. Thousands upon thousands of troops were buried alive in the great pits of the Kings of Khemri.

Many Skeleton Warriors wear a handsome, gold-edged breastplate with their King's icon prominently placed at the throat. Etched, gold-chased bracers and greaves and a rune-inscribed golden helm complete the armour. They each carry a curved sword, its guard and pommel made of gold and, and a long bronze dagger hangs at their gold-link belts. Several warriors had personal decorations as well, rings and pendants and bracelets or more elaborate belts or a second hand weapon of personal significance. Their eye sockets have the red glow of the Undead, but in these warriors, the glow is a sharp pinpoint, as if tiny red eyes glared out from their skulls, and the light has a clear intelligence.

The Skeleton Warriors of Nehekhara are not mindless automatons slaved to the will of an evil necromancer. They are instead animated by the souls of their former bodies. The incantations of the Liche Priests summon the spirits of long-dead soldiers from the Realm of Souls and bind them into corporeal forms. However, without the extensive mummification lavished upon their lords and betters, the spirits of these warriors do not retain the full memory of their former



existence. Upon awakening from their death-sleep, the only things that every one of these Undead soldiers can recall with perfect clarity is their unswerving loyalty to their king and the ways of war that were drilled into them in life. Thus, the skeletal regiments of Nehekhara obey every command of their Tomb King without hesitation – as they served him in life, so they serve him in death.

The Skeleton Warriors of Nehekhara are the backbone of a Tomb King's army. These soldiers of the Tomb Kings, loyal for all eternity continue to practise their ways of war as they did in centuries long past. Highly disciplined in life, the foot soldiers of the Tomb Kings fight in highly organised ranks. Under the shadow of gold-topped banners, vast phalanxes of skeletal troops advance in perfect unison towards the enemy, their polished weapons dazzling in the desert sun. As one, the skeletal soldiers turn and raise their large shields, presenting a hedge of deadly spear points to their foes. At an unseen command the Undead

advance, wordlessly slaying those in their path without any thought of mercy. Skeletons are implacable warriors that know neither fear nor fatigue. Only a mortal who can overcome his fears and steady his trembling sword arm may land a blow that can destroy such unnatural creatures.

At battle's end, the Skeleton Warriors walk back, alongside their king, to their tomb pits. The only soldiers to break ranks are those that gather up the splintered bones of their former comrades, carrying the broken remains back to their tombs as the living might carry the bodies of fallen heroes. Upon their return, the Skeleton Warriors are once more buried until their sovereign has need of them again.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skeleton Warrior	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5
Master of Arms	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	2	5

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Undead.

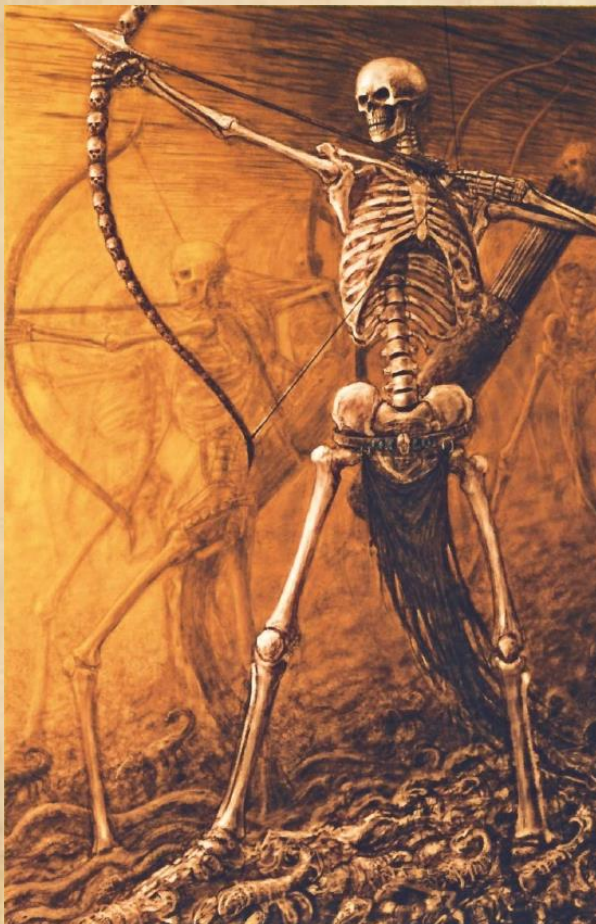


SKELETON ARCHERS

The Skeleton Archers of Nehekara nock and loose volleys of arrows as they advance towards their foe without ever breaking stride. Raising their bows as one, the archers fire, reaching into quivers for another arrow before the first salvo has even reached the zenith of its trajectory. These Undead archers unleash great clouds of death that darken the sky moments before falling amidst the ranks of the enemy. Riders are pitched from mounts, and swathes of enemy infantry fall dead as bronze tipped arrows rain down upon them and pierce their bodies.

The kings of ancient Nehekara knew the importance of delivering death from afar, and all of them maintained legions of highly disciplined archers. Many archers were buried with their masters together with a great stash of ammunition. They live again to send their flint, bronze and iron tipped arrows against the foe. Loyal soldiers for all eternity Skeleton Archers continue to practice their ways of war as they did in centuries long past. Awakened from the tomb pits of their king's necropolis by the magical incantations of the Liche Priests, every Skeleton Archer arises with a bow still clutched in one hand and a quiver of arrows held in the other.

There was a strong tradition of archery in ancient Nehekara, and hunting was a popular sport amongst young princes. However, upon reaching adulthood, a prince was expected to leave behind such pastimes and



devote his life to ruling his people. It became tradition for a newly crowned king to honour the greatest marksmen amongst his legions with his royal bow. This chosen warrior was bestowed the title of Master of Arrows, a position that held much prestige amongst the common soldiery. However, it was said that should the Master of Arrows miss his target the first time he fired the bow on the field of war, his life was forfeit – such was the punishment for betraying the king's trust.

Skeleton Archers are unencumbered by the large, heavy shields of the Tomb Kings' other legions, allowing them the freedom needed to fire their long, curved bows. This leaves them with little protection against the swords and axes of their enemies, but any foe wishing them harm must first cross the killing ground, weathering a hailstorm of lethal arrows every step of the way. Only the most heavily armoured of foes can withstand such withering salvos. Less protected targets may instead turn and flee from the onslaught, but once an enemy has entered the sights of Skeleton Archers, the Undead will not stop until their foes have been killed. Skeleton Archers will relentlessly pursue their opponents, for hundreds of leagues if needed, loosing a volley of arrows every time their retreating foes re-enter range. Whilst their enemies will grow weary, the Undead warriors no longer have such concerns and will only pause in their advance when the last of their quarry lies dead. Surrounded by the arrow-pierced bodies of their slain enemies, these Skeleton Archers will then stand perfectly still, awaiting the orders of their king. If that order is not forthcoming, they stand motionless and forgotten beneath the glare of the desert sun, until they are buried by the shifting desert sands.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skeleton Archer	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5
Master of Arrows	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Arrows of Asaph, Undead.

BLESSED ARROWS

Every arrow fired by the Skeleton Archers of Nehekara has been blessed by Asaph, the goddess of vengeance and magic, so that they seek out their foes with unerring accuracy. When loosed, these arrows swerve in mid-air, darting towards their prey with the speed of a striking snake. The ritual bestowing each arrow with Asaph's blessing is long and arduous. The wooden shafts are inscribed with incantations using the claws of dune scorpions and the black feathers of desert vultures are used to fletch them. The most important part of the ritual is performed by chanting acolytes in the heart of Asaph's sacred temples, where bronze arrowheads are forged and cooled in the blood of a hundred sacrificed serpents.

SKELETON HORSEMEN

The Tomb Kings' excellent cavalry were entombed with their fiery desert steeds. Regiments of Skeleton Horsemen race across the sandy plains of Nehekhara mounted on the fleshless remains of their once-proud steeds, weapons lowered as they gallop towards their foes. These once gallant riders fight with spears and swords and ride the tattered remnants of finery that once distinguished them as squadrons of the royal household. Skeleton Horsemen drive their heavy spears into their foes with bone-jarring force, using well-aimed thrusts that punch clean through torsos and rip open throats in a spray of blood. Those not impaled by the cavalry rider's razor-sharp spearheads are trampled into the ground by the thundering hooves of skeletal steeds.

Skeletal steeds instinctively obey the will of their riders, displaying the same supernatural discipline as the soldiery of the Tomb Kings' army. Only occasionally do these Undead horses twitch their heads as a vestigial memory of life surfaces. Even though their flesh has long since vanished, skeletal steeds are as powerful as they were in life, and they can crush a man's skull with a single kick.

Unencumbered by heavy armour or barding, a Tomb King's skeletal cavalry legions maintain a punishing pace as they traverse the scorching deserts of Nehekhara. Skeleton Horsemen often form the spearhead of a Tomb King's army and, as such, they are amongst the first of the Undead warriors to engage the foe. These vanguard warriors are not heavily armoured knights, but fearless raiders who launch devastating attacks where their opponents are weakest, luring the enemy into overextending their reach before withdrawing to strike again. However, Skeleton Horsemen are not completely without protection, for they carry large, sturdy shields in battle to deflect the panicked blows of their foes.

It is said that the Tomb Kings were the first rulers to have regiments of horsemen in their armies. Cavalry were a relatively late addition to the armies of ancient Nehekhara, for horses needed a great deal of water to survive the desert heat. As such, steeds were expensive – worth considerably more than the soldiers who rode them. Only those warriors who had proven themselves, and slain a dozen foes in mortal combat, were inducted into the ranks of one of their king's valued cavalry legions. These warriors would then spend the rest of their lives fighting from the saddle, drilled under the tutelage of the king's Master of Horse – a grizzled veteran bearing the scars of several bloody campaigns. In life, these champions often formed part of the Tomb King's council of war, for their knowledge and experience of mounted warfare were second to none, and their expertise was highly valued. The oldest Tomb Kings have few if any horsemen or chariots; those that came after had more chariots than horsemen while the

youngest (relatively) Tomb Kings had more horsemen than chariots in their armies. The later kings recruited many fierce riders from among the desert dwellers, ancestors of the Arabians.

When the Liche Priests summon the Tomb King's army from their sandy graves, fully formed cavalry columns stride out of the pyramids at the head of the foot legions. When the enemy is sighted, the cavalry regiment's horn blower signals the charge and a deep unsettling discord reverberates about the desert. This otherworldly sound shakes the dust from statues, and a disquieting feeling of dread permeates across the battlefield. As one, the Undead steeds gallop towards their quarry, the skeletal riders on their backs raising their shields and lowering their spears in perfect unison. Paralysed with fear, it is a brave foe indeed that does not flee as these deathless horsemen bear down upon them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skeleton Horseman	4	3	2	3	3	1	2	1	5
Master of Horse	4	3	2	3	3	1	2	2	5
Skeletal Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

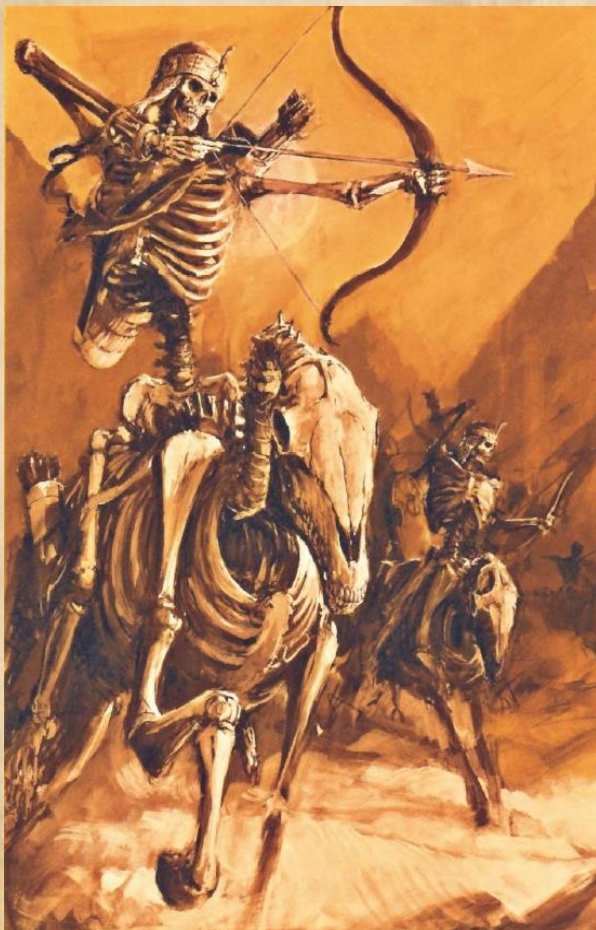
SPECIAL RULES: Fast Cavalry, Undead.



SKELETON HORSE ARCHERS

The Skeleton Horse Archers of Nehekhar are likened to an angry desert wind, one that appears suddenly and leaves only the dead and the dying in its wake. Skeleton Horse Archers move relentlessly across the battlefield, firing volleys of magically blessed arrows into their foes before turning about and escaping retribution. As the Undead cavalry turn, they disappear from view as they ride into the cloud of dust thrown up by the hooves of their skeletal steeds. Before the cavalry archer's stunned victims can recover their wits, the Undead horsemen reappear, loosing another deadly salvo.

The horse archers of ancient Nehekhar were very different to the other living warriors in the king's army. They were not soldiers, raised and trained within the vast cities of Nehekhar, but nomadic tribesmen that dwelt in the deep desert. Such warriors knew the ways of the parched plains better than any city-born man, and with their swift mounts, they could traverse the shifting dunes without fear of getting lost. Such was their skill on horseback that they were said to have been born in the saddle and their marksmanship, unhindered by the jarring motion of their galloping mounts, was renowned throughout Nehekhar. The kings had great need of such warriors and guides, and they would pay much gold to hire their services as



mercenaries. It was not until the reign of Rakaph III, of the second dynasty, that horse archers became a permanent feature in the armies of Nehekhar. Rakaph granted these tribes the freedom of the desert, the protection of his grand armies and as much gold as their chieftains could carry, in exchange for an annual title of warriors who would swear an oath of unswerving loyalty and obedience to the king. Ever since then, the kings of ancient Nehekhar maintained strong contingents of horse archers amongst their armies.

Skeleton Horse Archers are the outriders and scouts of the Tomb Kings army. Whereas mortal horses need regular rest and water, skeletal steeds cross the vast tracts of open desert at a relentless pace. Even in death, these Undead horsemen maintain an innate ability to track and hunt their quarry through the shifting dunes, and no sandstorm can obscure their targets from them. As scouts, Skeleton Horse Archers hinder the movements of the enemy and harass their flanks in fleeting, yet bloody skirmishes. These attacks do much to slow the advance of the Tomb King's enemies, pinning them in place while the Tomb King manoeuvres his own warriors into position.

When Skeleton Horse Archers attack, they strike without warning or mercy. The first an enemy soldier knows that he is in danger is when a black fletched arrow plunges into the throat of the man next to him, the gurgling cry of pain a ghastly prelude of the slaughter to come. An instant later another comrade falls to the ground, an arrow shaft protruding from his blood-slick chest as his pierced heart empties its contents onto the desert sands. With every passing second more arrows find their mark, falling amongst the enemy like a deadly rain. As the Skeleton Horse Archers close upon their foes, their enemy sees them for the first time, appearing through the haze of the desert heat like a terrifying mirage. At a silent command, the skeletal riders urge their Undead mounts forwards and the archers' grinning skulls turn to face the panic-stricken survivors. With eyeless sockets never wavering from their targets, the Skeleton Horse Archers raise their weapons and draw back bowstrings once more. As mortal warriors turn and flee for their lives, the last thing they ever feel is the searing agony of an arrow slamming into their backs.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skeleton Horse Archer	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5
Master of Scouts	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5
Skeletal Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Arrows of Asaph, Fast Cavalry, Undead.

SKELETON CHARIOTS

The pride of a Tomb King's army is his charioteer legions. Once they were the nobles of the ancient land of Khemri, following their kings in glorious battle. Now they are imprisoned in a never-ending pursuit of a glory that they can never enjoy. Their advance is heralded by a cloud of dust thrown high into the air as they drive across the sands. Moments later, units of these deadly machines crest the dunes, their wheels whirring as they careen towards their foe. The legions impact with bone-shattering force, wave after wave of chariots crushing bodies beneath heavy wheels as their Undead crew lay about the disorientated foe with lethal effect.

Nehekhara was the first great civilisation of Mankind and the place where men first used horse and chariot in battle. These fought in massed units and were considered the elite of the army, and only the nobility were permitted to fight as charioteers. This was a great accomplishment, for horses had only recently been bred as beasts of war, but it was considered undignified for those of noble blood to touch such lowly brutes, let alone ride them. However, with the invention of the chariot, the ruling classes of Nehekhara could take to battle with

the speed of a stallion. The ancient armies of Nehekhara included vast forces of swift, lightly built chariots usually drawn by a pair of horses, and each carried an arsenal of weaponry. To fight from such an armoured platform was thought to be the height of civilised warfare. As such, only royalty and nobility were permitted to fight as charioteers. As befitted their status, charioteers were bedecked in fine armour, precious metals and valuable jewels. Their chariots were created by skilled artisans, often gilded in gold and covered with images of skulls, bones and other symbols of the Mortuary Cult.

The fighting quality of the king's charioteers was a reflection of his own power and martial prowess. As such, the king entrusted the training of these regiments to the Master of Chariots. These scarred warriors were typically a minor blood relation to the



THE BATTLE OF USIRIAN'S OBELISK

The ambitious Skaven Warlord, Stabitt Lashtail, had long sought to investigate rumours of an ancient Nehekharan obelisk raised long ago at a locus of great power. His network of spies had informed him that the monument had been unknowingly built on an ancient site that was an incredibly rich source of warpstone. Local superstition commonly believed the curious phenomena that often occurred within sight of the obelisk to be the actions of Usirian himself, but was it divine intervention, or merely the side-effect of a such a vast deposit of warpstone?

Having secured permission (and more importantly, funding) from the dread Council of Thirteen, Stabitt had emerged from the labyrinthine tunnels of the Under-Empire at the head of a small army and a veritable legion of slaves. He intended to topple the sacred Khemrian edifice and make off with as much of the buried warpstone as possible before their intrusion could be discovered.

Whether Usirian had indeed blessed Numas and intervened, warning the city's Liche Priests to rally to the monument's defence, is not clear. All that is known is that a terrible battle took place at the site of Usirian's Obelisk. With no Skaven ever returning to Skavenblight to tell the tale, the Council of Thirteen are still unsure if Stabitt was killed, or if his plan succeeded and he made off with the ill-gotten gains.

royal family, such as a cousin, and thus had the aristocratic superiority to back up his years of fighting experience. The Master of Chariots was a ruthless disciplinarian, and under his command, the noble-born charioteers were drilled until they were elite warriors fit to fight in the king's name. They would ride into battle fierce and proud, the legion's standard carried high as they bore down upon their foes.



Ever since their invention, chariots have been the chosen means of transport for the kings of Nehekhara. Upon awakening from their deathly slumbers, Tomb Kings have continued to lead their armies to war from atop these ancient machines. Not only does a chariot have an armoured carriage, to protect him from harm as he slays his foes with every sweep of his enchanted blade, it also provides him an elevated platform. This grants the Undead monarch a superior view of the battlefield, enabling a Tomb King to better witness the movements of enemy formations and direct his own troops to inflict the most damage.

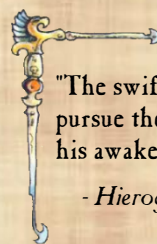
These elite chariot squadrons were entombed beside pyramids' of the Tomb Kings of Nehekhara, ready to

serve their lords upon their awakening, and trample over their foes as they had done in his mortal reign. Of course these poor warriors were not mummified as was the King and so they and their steeds are now nothing more than skeletons. Despite this, these ancient warriors are as important to the armies of the dead as they once were to the armies of the living. The mere sight of Skeleton Chariots arrayed for war and riding to battle is enough to strike fear in the hearts of all who oppose them. As the chariots rumble towards their quaking foe, slowly gathering speed until they are ready to charge, that fear turns to outright panic as the pride of Nehekhara crashes into them and the slaughter begins.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skeleton Chariot	7	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-
Skeleton Charioteer	-	3	2	3	-	-	2	1	7
Master of Chariots	-	3	2	3	-	-	2	2	7
Skeletal Steed	-	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour save 6+).

SPECIAL RULES: Arrows of Asaph, Undead.



"The swift charioteers of the king. They who pursue the foes of the sovereign on the day of his awakening."

- Hieroglyphic inscription over the tomb pits of the Skeleton Charioteers of Settra.



TOMB GUARDS

The Tomb Guard are the partially mummified remains of the king's elite guard. They are exceptional warriors, maintaining all the discipline and martial skill they had in life. In battle, the Tomb Guard form unwavering ranks of armoured warriors. They have spilled the blood of their enemies for countless centuries, and numerous armies have been dashed against their implacable shield walls.



The bravest and best soldiers served as bodyguards and palace guards for the ancient kings of Nehekhara during their lifetime. Elevation into the ranks of the Tomb Guard was perhaps the only way that a warrior not of noble-birth could ever hope to enter the royal palaces. The Tomb Guard lived in comparative luxury, each having a dozen slaves to tend to their wargear so they could keep their attentions focused on their sacred duties – the preservation of the king's life and dominion. However, worldly wealth was the least reward granted these warriors, for in respect of their position, they were honoured with the privilege of sharing his immortality. Upon their death, or that of their lord's, they were mummified by the Liche Priests and buried in close proximity to their king's sarcophagus within the regal pyramid itself, as if they were nobles. Just as they guarded the palace in life, so now they guard the inner sanctum of the necropolis in death.



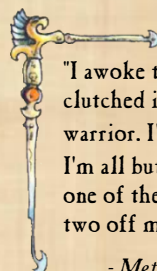
These soldiers died in battle long before their master and their bodies were recovered from the battlefield, and entombed in the pyramid as it was under construction. The prospect of sharing in the eternal beauty and immortality of their king, and serving him for all time, inspired these soldiers to heroic acts of bravery. They would die where they stood rather than retreat and charge against the most hopeless odds without thought of their own survival. Time and again this selfless heroism would bring victory to the king's army and earn a place in his pyramid for the honoured fallen.

If Skeleton Warriors are a sign of the Tomb Kings' expected discipline and skill of their warriors, Tomb Guards are un-living proof. The elite warriors of their time, the Tomb Guards retain much of their memories and are unwaveringly loyal to their master. Chosen from the greatest of his mortal servants, they gladly gave their lives to protect their King on his journey into the Underworld.

Tomb Guards are, in effect, greater and more powerful versions of Skeleton Warriors. They are tougher, faster, and deadlier, retaining much of the fighting skills they had in life. Like the Skeleton Warriors, they benefit from the advanced procedures of the Mortuary Cult, enabling them to keep their intellect and training. They are ruthless and efficient, slaughtering any who dare set foot in the tomb. They are exceptional warriors, maintaining all the discipline and martial skill they had in life. In battle, the Tomb Guard form unwavering ranks of armoured warriors. They have spilled the blood of their enemies for countless centuries, and numerous armies have been dashed against their implacable shield walls.

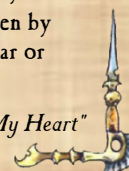
Tomb Guards appear as Skeletons except they have parchment thin flesh covering their bones. Their eyes are twin globes of fiery red light that narrow to pinpricks. Their mouths are stretched in a gaping grin, revealing the broken brown teeth of their skulls.

The Tomb Guard were entombed with the finest armour and weapons. Their bodies were further decorated with gold bracelets, headdresses and scarab-shaped brooches that fastened parchments proclaiming their deeds of bravery and devotion. The Tomb Guard



"I awoke to the prodding of a bronze headed spear, clutched in the hand of an armoured skeletal warrior. I've have seen such sights in my days that I'm all but jaded to terror, but being awoken by one of the Undead surely took another year or two off my life."

- Metrious Null from "The Quest for My Heart"



rest, until awakened, in their stone sarcophagi, arranged upright around the royal tomb chamber of their king. Here they stand to attention as palace guards until the time comes when they are again needed. If intruders violate the tomb, they will awaken and defend their slumbering lord. If the king rouses from his death sleep, ready to go forth to conquer the lands of the living, they arise and form an honour guard at his side.

Although the Tomb Guard were rewarded with a form of mummification, the embalming rituals used were nowhere near as elaborate as the ceremonies that the Tomb Kings and Tomb Princes underwent. However, the Tomb Guard have been reborn with immortal bodies far stronger and more resilient than the flesh and blood forms they wore in life. Furthermore, Tomb Guard retain more of their former personalities than the massed soldiery of skeletal warriors. They awaken with memories of heroic deeds, bloody victories and the unyielding will to destroy their king's enemies still burning strongly in their minds. Above all they remember their duty to protect their Tomb King from harm, and any that threaten their charge are slain, cut down without pause.

As befits warriors of their standing, Tomb Guard were gifted with finely crafted suits of boiled leather armour and bronze scale studded with jewels and precious metals. They carry lavishly crafted shields, inlaid with

skulls, bones and other symbols of death, showing their allegiance unto death. In battle, the Tomb Guard wield weapons that have had powerful incantations of cursing imbued into them, with which they carve through the ranks of their enemy, cutting through necks and felling their foes with every blow.

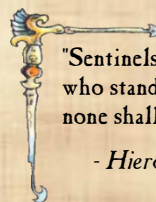
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tomb Guard	4	3	3	4	4	1	3	1	8
Tomb Captain	4	3	3	4	4	1	3	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Undead.

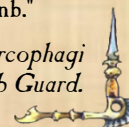
Tomb Blades: *Tomb Guard were excellent soldiers during their lives and gifted with powerful weapons that had incantations of cursing imbued into them.*

Models with this special rule have the Killing Blow and Magical Attacks special rules.



"Sentinels at the portal of eternity, mighty ones who stand before the king, valiant heroes whom none shall pass, guardians of the king's tomb."

- Hieroglyphic inscription over the sarcophagi of Settra's Tomb Guard.



TOMB HERALDS

Tomb Heralds are the captains, leaders and foremost warriors of the regiments of Skeleton soldiers which were buried around the pyramid of their king. Although not always accorded the full rites of mummification, loyal officers who displayed exceptional valour and prowess in battle were honoured with the privilege of burial with their king, at the head of the regiments they commanded in life. Exceptionally valorous warriors might be rewarded with mummification, so that their superior fighting prowess might be preserved for all eternity.

A Tomb Herald is the personal champion and trusted bodyguard of a Tomb King. Obedient to a fault, these mummified warriors cut down their lord's enemies without pause or hesitation, slicing through flesh and bone with every strike until all their foes lie dead or dying at their feet. Tomb Heralds were selected from the ranks of the elite Tomb Guard, devout warriors who had honed their skills through years of warfare. Every candidate for the rank of Tomb Herald first had to pass numerous trials of bravery and loyalty to prove worthy of the honour.

Anyone wishing to harm a Tomb King must first get past his Herald, a sworn bodyguard who moves to intercept a mortal blow, heedless of the danger. A Tomb Herald was not just a bodyguard, but also a soul-guard – his life was intrinsically bound to that of his charge, for upon his king's death he was expected to slit his own throat and serve his monarch in the Realm of Souls. A Tomb Herald was then embalmed and buried at the right-hand side of his lord in order to watch over and protect the king's spirit for all eternity. A Tomb Herald's



golden armour was placed over his death shrouding and his enchanted blade placed in his hand. Thus, when the Tomb King awakens from his sarcophagus, his most loyal retainer is already standing at his side, ready to slay his liegeland's foes and enforce his will over the lands once more.

A Tomb Herald had many duties aside from the protection of his king. Disputes between Tomb Kings of different cities would be settled by a ritual duel between their nominated champions, and the Tomb Heralds often fulfilled this role. Sometimes these battles were fought to first blood, but such were the Tomb Heralds' skills in the art of slaughter that the first blow struck was often a killing strike. A Tomb Herald was also the envoy and harbinger of his Tomb King. Only when given the duty of bearing their lord's commands to distant parts of the realm would a Tomb Herald leave his charge's side, but when they did, they were empowered to speak with the king's voice. Thus, to disobey the orders of a Tomb Herald was treason, and was met with death at the champion's own ruthless hands.

The king's personal icon is often carried into battle by his Tomb Herald. This honour is reserved for only the greatest and most trusted of warriors, for each banner is a priceless heirloom. These lavish standards were crafted by master artisans, encrusted with a fortune of jewels and inlaid with finely lacquered wood, gold and lapis lazuli. Emblazoned upon their imposing surfaces are images of death and immortality, and pennants declaring the king's conquests hang below them. The passing of centuries has not tarnished the magnificence of these icons, and they are held as high as they were in ancient times, proudly announcing the deathly majesty of the Tomb King and his eternal army. However, the Tomb King's personal icon is not only a symbol of his wealth and power; they were also magical relics infused with powerful incantations meant to preserve and protect his legions in the next life. It was even said that the breath of Nehekhar's gods touched these icons, blessing them with a portion of their power. The king's most trusted warrior thus protected these artefacts, for superstition had it that if they fell in battle, the gods themselves would curse the king for all eternity.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tomb Herald	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Flammable, Tomb Blades, Undead.

Sworn Bodyguard: If you have any Characters with the My Will Be Done special rule in your army, you must nominate one of them for the Tomb Herald to protect at the start of the game. The same character may not be nominated by several Tomb Heralds – the oath is a sacred one between a master and his chosen champion. Whenever the nominated character suffers a Wound (before saves are taken) and the Tomb Herald is in the same unit as him, roll a D6. On a 1, the Wound is resolved as normal, but on a 2+ the Wound is intercepted, and re-allocated to the Tomb Herald. No more than one Wound can be re-allocated to each Tomb Herald in each phase. Wounds in a challenge can't be re-allocated – it is a duel of honour, and the Tomb Herald may not interfere.

TOMB BARQUES OF USIRIAN

When the legions of the Tomb Kings march to war then above them, bone-ribbed Tomb Barques sail majestically above the sands in mockery of the laws of nature, banks of oars stirring the dry air, whilst flocks of giant vulture-like Carrion circle in their wake in a parody of flight. Built in the likeliness of the many vessels that once sailed up and down the bountiful river Vitae and provided every city and village along its banks with gods from near and far, the Tomb Barques serve a very different purpose.

When a soul starts out on its journey into the Underworld to have its worth judged and its place in the afterlife assigned, it is said, that at some point it will come onto the banks of a river not unlike the mighty flows of the Great River Vitae, the River of Souls. It is here that the necessity of a way across it arises, for should a soul step into or even fall into the River of Souls, then it will be forever damned to an eternity of nothingness, as it is magically sucked underneath the gloomy waters.

There are large barques for the common people of Nehekhara, which transport several hundred souls with each eerie crossing. For the nobility and the kings, themselves, however, such mundane transports are beneath them. Thus, they had large barques of their own built during their lifetimes, so that they might serve them as a way to not only cross the River of Souls, but to travel the entire journey atop their lavishly decorated decks, tended by dozens of servants and protected by their finest warriors. To protect them against the horrors lurking in the River of Souls and the perils on the way to the Gates of Usirian, the barques were inscribed with mighty hieroglyphs of protection

THE BATTLE OF THE NECROPOLIS

Count Schvaltzt, one of the border princes, heard tale of the fabled Land of the Dead which lay across the sea to the south. Most interesting to him was the rumour of great treasures heaped up in the ancient tombs, just waiting to be taken. The Count was badly in need of funds to raise an army and fortify his castle, so he decided to send a small expedition to seek and bring back treasure from the necropolis of Zandri, the pyramids of which were spied by one of his ship's captains, whilst he sailed along the desert coast.

The force which the Count sent was fairly small and is likely to have included mercenaries. Only one survivor returned to tell the tale. They had indeed found tombs, full of golden artefacts, but their desecration had awakened the long dead dwellers of the necropolis. The expedition was attacked by overwhelming forces of skeleton soldiers led by their mummified king, and wiped out. Their bones remained among the sands to slowly bleach in the sun.

and enchanted with wards containing the power of the gods of Nehekhara. The soldiers accompanying their liege into the afterlife were amongst his best, having trained for this journey their entire life and even the barques themselves were outfitted with modes of defending themselves, either by enhancing the warriors fighting spirit or unleashing swarms of ravenous Khepra beetles to devour everything in the way. The way towards the golden afterlife in Usirian's realm is riddled with the souls of the damned and cursed, criminals on their way to an eternity of torment. Knowing what is to come, they desperately seek ways to escape their looming predicament and many of them have the audacity to try and board the magnificent Tomb Barques of their kings. Khepra beetles sense the presence of such wretched souls and should one of them really have the intent to carry through with this blasphemous act, then the Khepra beetles nesting in the barques' keel will swarm forth and descend upon the bold intruders, hastening their eternal demise.

Haven awoken to unlife, the Tomb Kings ordered the Liche Priest to bring forth the Tomb Barques out of the Burial Pits, for they no longer will serve their intended purpose. Now they lazily drift upon the Wind of Shyish, high over the Tomb Kings' forces, imbuing the endless ranks with the same power meant to protect their rulers in the Underworld.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tomb Barque	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-
Skeleton Crew	-	3	3	3	-	-	2	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour save 6+).

SPECIAL RULES: Arrows of Asaph, Fly (5), Undead.

Hieroglyphs of Protection: The Tomb Barque and friendly units within 6" of one or more Tomb Barques have a Ward save (6+).

Wards of the Gods: At the beginning of each of your turns, you may choose one of the following Wards. Each Ward lasts until the beginning of your next turn.

- **Ward of Qu'aph:** The Tomb Barque becomes Ethereal.
- **Ward of Sokth:** Enemy units within 12" of the Tomb Barque must re-roll 6's when rolling To Hit in close combat.
- **Ward of Tahoth:** All friendly Wizards within 6" gain the Loremaster special rule.

Khepra Beetles: Enemy units in base contact with the Tomb Barque suffers 2D6 Strength 2 hits at the start of each close combat phase.

CASKET OF SOULS

Within the tombs of the mightiest kings there lies a casket sealed with pitch and inscribed with hieroglyphs of malediction and warning. Within this sacred sarcophagus resides the tormented souls of those who have committed the sacrilege of inciting a Tomb King's wrath. Whether consumed by ravenous Tomb Swarms or cut down by the Tomb Guard, the spirits of those thus condemned have been ensnared by the dire power of the casket and trapped within it for eternity. Powerful inscriptions ensure that these souls may never leave their binding prison until the moment comes when the casket is opened.

A Casket of Souls is not physically carried into battle, but is summoned through the incantations of a Keeper of the Casket – a priest of the Mortuary Cult whose sole responsibility is the custodianship of this revered object. As a Keeper of the Casket intones the proper chants, a fountain of skulls bursts from the ground below. These gush forth, forming into a mound that spills over revealing the Casket of Souls atop a dais of bone, with a nimbus of sorcerous energy swirling around its infernal form, and two Undead guardians by its side. The power surrounding the Casket of Souls is such that nearby Liche Priests can infuse their incantations with a portion of its energy.



If the seals of a Casket of Souls are broken and the lid opened, blinding light spills from the casket as countless lost souls scream into the air, seeking freedom from the madness and torment of their confinement. Such an escape will never come while the casket is intact, for the pull of the damned sarcophagus is so great that it draws the souls back within no matter how hard they try to light it. Crazy and desperate, these insubstantial spirits plunge through the hearts and minds of those nearby, hopelessly seeking an escape. As the screaming forms of these souls pass through the physical bodies of living creatures, the life force of that creature is sucked dry. They feel an intense pain deep within them, and their bodies age centuries with every passing second. In mere heartbeats, they are little more than a dried shell and they fall to the ground. Far worse than physical death, those who perish in this manner are condemned in soul as well as body. As the spirit begins to rise from their fallen body, they too become ensnared by the power of the casket, becoming just another of the countless lost souls held within its unholy confines for an eternity of torment. The spirits affect even creatures that do not truly age or have a soul, as the magical energies that bind them together or keep them on this plane of existence are absorbed. A Casket of Souls is a devastating weapon, for all who look upon it risk eternal damnation and imprisonment.



Only the attendant Keeper knows the incantations that will open the casket, and if he is interrupted the souls of the damned are instantly sucked back inside. If a Casket of Souls is ever destroyed, the tortured souls will escape their confines in a raging maelstrom of destruction, feeding on anything caught in the magical backlash as they wreak their vengeance.

"Lord of the Earth, Lord of the Sky, Ruler of the Four Horizons, Mighty Lion of the Infinite Desert, Great Hawk of the Heavens, Radiant Sun, King of the Shifting Sands, Reigning Till the End of Time, Eternal Sovereign, Vanquisher of Enemies, He who Holds the Sceptre, Khemrikhara, Settra the Imperishable!"

- A selection of the names and titles of Settra, first and greatest of the Tomb Kings of Khemri

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Casket of Souls	-	-	-	-	10	-	-	-	-
Keeper of the Casket	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	8
Casket Guard	4	3	3	4	4	1	3	2	8

TROOP TYPE: War Machine.

SPECIAL RULES: **Tomb Blades** (Casket Guard only), **Undead**, **Ward Save (4+)**.

Light of Death: *When the Casket of Souls opens, tortured spirits leap from foe to foe, leaving a trail of death in their wake.*

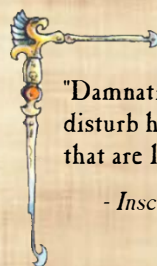
Innate bound spell (power level 5). The Casket of Souls can use this spell as long as the Keeper of the Casket model is alive, and the Casket of Souls has not moved this turn. *Light of Death* is a **magic missile** with a range of 48". The target unit must take a Leadership test on 3D6, adding the results together. If the test is passed, nothing happens. Otherwise, for each point the unit failed the test by, it suffers an automatic Wound which Ignores Armour saves, distributed as for shooting attacks.

Once the Leadership test has been resolved, roll a D6: on a 3 or more, choose another unengaged enemy unit within Line of Sight and 6" of the initial target – the tortured souls leap to that unit, which must also suffer

the effects of the *Light of Death* spell. Keep rolling for further victims (each within Line of Sight and 6" of the last target struck), until the roll is failed or there are no more viable targets. A unit can only be the target of *Light of Death* once per Magic phase.

Covenant of Power: If you have a Caskets of Souls on the table at the start of your Magic phase, you add D3 power dice to your pool. For each additional Casket, you may add an additional power dice.

Unleashed Souls: If a Casket of Souls is destroyed, roll a D6 for every unit (friend or foe!) within 12" of the Casket before it is removed from play. On a roll of 4+, that unit immediately suffers D6 Strength 6 hits, distributed as for shooting. These are magical attacks, and no armour saves can be taken against them. After resolving the effects of Unleashed Souls, remove the Casket of Souls as normal.



"Damnation eternal awaits those who would disturb his rest! Here be the souls of those that are lost..."

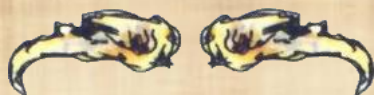
- Inscribed on the Casket of Souls within the tomb of King Setep.



SCREAMING SKULL CATAPULTS

When the Tomb-Kings awoke they ordered the more obviously cognate of their undead slaves to rebuild the cities of old and fill them with the carts, boats, markets and other things that they remembered from life. As no trees grow in the land of the dead all these things must be made from stone or bone. The same is true of the gigantic catapults constructed to bombard the armies and cities of the Tomb-Kings' rivals.

The catapults of a Tomb King's eternal army are akin to the stone throwers of other races, but instead of flinging rocks at the foe, they throw volleys of flaming skulls. The Liche Priests cast terrible curses upon every one of these skulls, enchanting them so that they scream hideously as they are hurled through the air, rising to a deafening crescendo just before they strike their target. These are the very death screams of the skulls' former owners, the wailing shrieks of those slaughtered on the field of battle and the agonised cries of prisoners captured at the moment of their execution. Many battle-hardened warriors are driven to the edge of insanity by the blood-curdling sound. This horrific ammunition bursts into hellish, ethereal flames when it is launched, and as the skulls arc through the air, they blaze an eerie trail of green-fire behind them. Most of these skulls explode on impact, sending fragments of splintered bone in all directions and engulfing those nearby in a wash of balefire. Others smash into their target with horrifying force, infernal flames spilling out of empty eye sockets as the skulls chew through armour and warm flesh alike.



Every Screaming Skull Catapult is crewed by a trio of Skeleton Warriors. They load and fire their war machines with silent efficiency, unperturbed by the dreadful sound of their ammunition. The artisans of ancient Nehekhara wrought Screaming Skull Catapults into the very image of destruction. The catapults' arms were shaped to resemble twisted bones, and their cradles were fashioned into vast skeletal claws – the so-called hands of death. The chassis of the catapults were carved to resemble the skeletal remains of a vicious desert predator, and sprouting from their spines are great towers of skulls. These are the remains of enemy champions, nailed to the mast of the catapult as grisly trophies. There they wail in perpetual torment until plucked from their fastenings and fired at the enemy. Even the stoutest heart trembles with fear knowing that such a fate awaits them should they fall against the Tomb Kings.

It is said that King Behedesh of Zandri was the inventor of the Screaming Skull Catapult and he ordered many to be built during his reign. He used these extensively in many wars and had them mounted

on his numerous war galleys, which gave him domination of the great River Mortis during his mortal lifetime. Most famously, he used them to defeat the rulers of Araby who rebelled against him. These treacherous kings refused to submit to Behedesh's will. When he had extended his rule along the western bank of the river, but had yet to subdue the kings and rebels encamped on the eastern bank, he gathered a great many catapults together and hurled over the skulls of his decapitated enemies who had been captured in earlier battles. This demoralised his opponents and caused their army to lose heart when the final onslaught came. When their armies were bombarded by the skulls of their own comrades, they fled and their cities burned. The king wished to repeat this tactic again against other, more redoubtable enemies. Therefore he instructed the priests to devise a spell to be written on the skulls of decapitated rebels in hieroglyphic signs that would make the enemy tremble with fear. This the priests demonstrated to the king. They enchanted the skulls so that they screamed hideously as they were hurled through the air – it was the very death scream of the rebel at his moment of execution. The skulls were also daubed in resins that burst into eerie, ethereal flames as they flew. The king was indeed impressed and decreed that henceforth the heads of all rebels would be reserved for these catapults.



At every battle's end, the catapult crews scoured the battlefield for the bodies of slain foes, decapitating any they found and carrying the severed heads back to be cursed by Zandri's Liche Priests. However, such was not the fate for the rebel kings. Behedesh decreed that these traitors were to be mummified alive and strapped atop his catapults so that they could watch the destruction of their cities first hand. Even now, many centuries later, some catapults still have withered corpses bound to their timbers. Whether these are the same renegades that opposed Behedesh, or the remains of other tormented souls, has long been forgotten. Occasionally, a muffled sound, as faint as the rustling of dried parchment, ushers from their cadaverous lips, begging for mercy. However, the skeleton crews are oblivious to their pleas, and even if they were not, they could not be heard over the banshee wailing of their ensorcelled ammunition.

When King Behedesh was approaching death, he gave instructions that his catapults should be entombed as an essential part of his necropolis army. They had brought him more than one victory in life and he expected them to do so again, beyond death. Since termites would inevitably eat the timbers of ordinary catapults buried in pits in the desert, the king ordered catapults to be made from the bones of gigantic beasts, dragons and sea monsters. The limb bones of these creatures, being the size of tree trunks, would be resistant to the effects of time and burial in sand. The successors of Behedesh followed his example. Many centuries later, other kings who extended their rule over Zandri, ransacked the necropolis and found some of the burial pits containing the catapults. These were looted and taken away for re-burial in their own necropolises, together with scrolls on which were written the incantations of awakening and the hieroglyphs of enchantment to be inscribed on the skull ammunition. The dry-screams of living skulls can be heard as they are propelled through the air

spreading confusion amongst the enemy ranks. The skulls land in amongst the enemy, biting, screaming and smashing apart in a deadly manner whilst giggling hideously.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Catapult	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-
Skeleton Crew	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Stone Thrower).

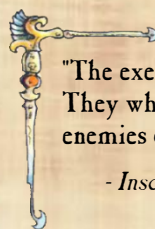
SPECIAL RULES: Undead.

Screaming Skulls: All shooting attacks made by a Screaming Skull Catapult are magical and have the Flaming Attacks special rule. In addition, any unit that suffers one or more casualties from a shooting attack by a Screaming Skull Catapult must take a Panic test as if it had taken 25% casualties.

UPGRADES:

Skulls of the Foe: *Some Screaming Skull Catapults fire the cursed skulls of fallen enemies, making the tormented screams of the grisly ammunition all the more terrifying.*

This upgrade adds an additional effect to the catapult's Screaming Skulls. If a target unit takes a Panic test as a result of being hit by the Skulls of the Foe, then they must take the test with a -1 penalty to their Leadership.



"The executioners who decapitate the rebels. They who hurl the wailing heads of the enemies of the king."

- Inscription above the tomb pit of the Skull Catapults in Zandri



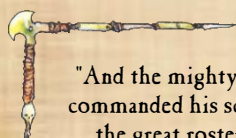
BONE THROWER

A Tomb King's Bone Thrower is a device fashioned from bones and designed to hurl osseous missiles upon the enemy. As with the larger artillery pieces the undead build smaller bolt throwing machines and for the same reasons their chief material is bone. These machines are based upon those once used by the living armies of the Kings and long-since crumbled to dust. It is essentially a big crossbow made of bone... a very big crossbow indeed! The missiles it fires are as long as spears and can skewer a whole line of troops.

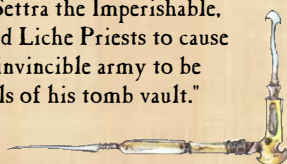
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bone Thrower	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-
Skeleton Crew	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Bolt Thrower).

SPECIAL RULES: Arrows of Asaph, Undead.



"And the mighty King, Settra the Imperishable, commanded his scribes and Liche Priests to cause the great roster of his invincible army to be inscribed upon the walls of his tomb vault."



BASTETHI

The ancient Nehekharan Kings often kept great cats as pets, using them to protect their homes or aid them when hunting. Upon the death of the king, his favoured companions were often entombed with him, guarding their master in death as they did in life. As all felines were considered divinely favoured, they were carefully preserved, with as much effort going into their mummification as that of their Human lords. This included carefully prepared bands of linen, inscribed with hieroglyphs of praise for Basth, Goddess of Grace, Love and Cats. These inscriptions preserved not only the body of these great felines but also their agility and speed. Now they strike even quicker in Undeath than they did in life.

They are deadly combatants, retaining some of their animal cunning and regal bearing. Guardian Undead similar to the Bastethi have also been found amongst the ancient barrows of the Old World, particularly in the Border Princes. Scholars still debate whether these barrows are evidence of a Nehekharan colony in the Old World or if the primitive inhabitants of the region were merely imitating the practices of the great civilisation to the south.

These Undead felines are reservoirs of necromantic power, causing other Undead near them to become more dangerous, even raising nearby corpses as Skeletons. Necromancers sometimes seek out Bastethi in order to strip them of their power or use them as servants, but to date, only the Undead Liche Priests of Nehekharan have managed to secure their loyalty.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bastethi	8	4	0	4	4	2	4	2	6

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Flammable, Undead.

Necromantic Reservoir: A unit of Bastethi is considered to be a Level 2 Wizard that knows the spells *Djaf's Incantation of Cursed Blades* and *Ptra's Incantation of Righteous Smiting* from the Lore of Nehekharan. This doesn't stop other Wizards from knowing those same spells. The unit receives an additional +1 to cast for each rank of 5 or more models in the unit, after the first, to a maximum of +3. Each time the unit casts a spell, you must nominate one Bastethi as the caster for the purposes of line of sight, range, etc. In the event that a Bastethi unit rolls a miscast, do not roll on the Miscast table. Instead, the unit suffers D3 Wounds which Ignores Armour saves. If the unit is targeted by a rule that affects a Wizard, your opponent must choose one Bastethi as the target.



"We found them just inside the entrance of the tomb. There were two of them, lying in alcoves on either side of the tunnel. They stood as we approached, bronze tipped claws scraping against the stone floor. Despite the stained, yellow bandages wrapped around their bodies, they maintained a sort of regal grace. Gold torcs encircled their necks, and green emeralds shone in their eye sockets, reflecting the light of our torches. Suddenly, they leapt at us, displaying a speed and agility not usually found in Undead minions. I barely had time to fire my pistol before they were upon us."

- Heinrich Johannes, procurer of ancient artefacts

"While Heinrich stripped the dead cats of their gold and jewels, I began to examine the faded hieroglyphs still visible on the walls. As I had expected, they depicted the ancient Nehekharan Gods ruling over their subjects. In every picture, there could be seen a cat, who the Nehekharans believed served as the messengers, guardians, and spies of the Gods. The Tilean scholar, Rosillito Ippolini, believed these peoples kept various types of felines as pets, hoping that they would bring good luck or the blessings of the Gods. It would seem that they chose to maintain this custom in death."

- Professor Eliot Denheim, adventuring scholar

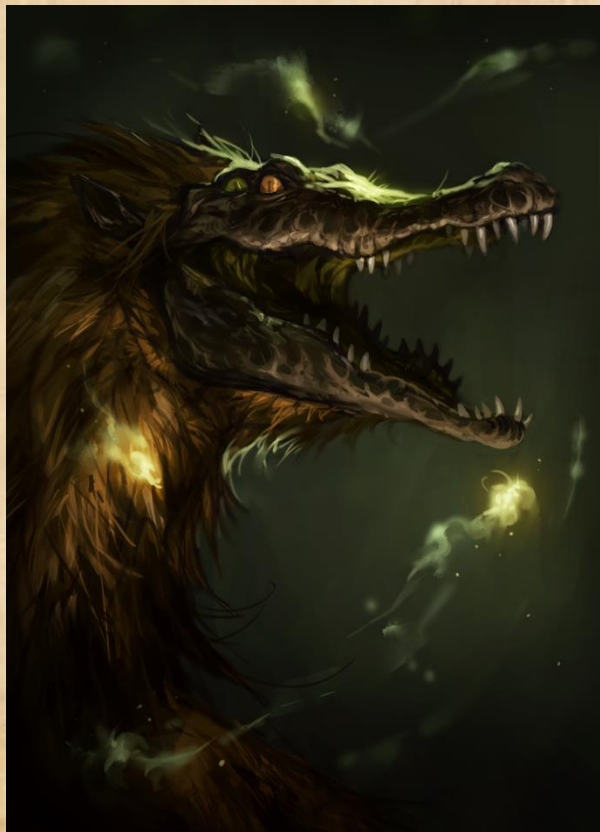


AMMUTS

Ammuts are massive but bizarre creatures, an amalgam of several iconic beasts of Khemri. The head of a crocodile up front, the mane and torso of a lion, and the hindquarters of a hippopotamus lead to an almost comical appearance. They are covered in fur ranging from sandy-coloured to dark brown, with shorter fur on their back and a long mane behind its head down to the shoulders. Its large snout and fearsome face are layered in reptilian scales. The wickedly curved claws on the creature's forepaws pale in comparison to the danger of its mighty jaws.



Ammuts are beastly but cunning creatures that consume souls in an attempt to satisfy their insatiable hungers. They are scavengers from the realm of Usirian, the Underworld. There they roam the depths in search for the tasty morsels of the ones found unworthy and damned by the God of the Underworld – murderers, cowards, thieves and the like. Although their power pales in comparison with the terrible Dread Abyssals, they are still to be feared. Ammut never tire, and once one notices a creature that it considers suitable prey, it's unrelenting – stalking its prey for



hundreds of miles if need be before running it down. The only way to truly escape an Ammut once it selects you as its quarry is to confront and defeat the beast.

After Nagash's Great Ritual, Ammut and all the other beastly denizens of the Underworld were found wanting, as the flow of souls started to diminish first and then slowly trickled to a halt. Starved of their most favourite prey and unable to perish in the Realm of Usirian, the Ammut grew restless, wandering about the various levels of the Underworld and fighting each in a futile attempt to sate their bottomless hunger, only to be materialize again after some time, starting the cycle anew.

It was the High Priest Henut of Numas who first wrote down the words and ritual to summon forth the ravenous creatures and to bind them to his will. The ritual itself is an arduous and long one, requiring the blood of someone outcast and shunned by society. One might think that a person like this is very hard to get by in the Land of the Dead but to the Nehekharans anyone who disturbs the peace of their burial complexes and trespasses into their lands is considered a criminal. As such the Liche Priests are provided with a steady stream of suitable subjects, since the looters and tomb robbers seem to be never-ending. Once summoned, Ammut are bound to the will of the Liche Priests so far that they join the armies of the Tomb Kings when they march to war, prowling ahead or on the flanks looking for the souls of the evil and wicked, tasty morsels they have been denied for so long.

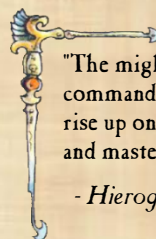
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ammut	7	4	0	5	5	3	2	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Killing Blow, Magical Attacks, Natural Armour (6+), Scouts, Unstable.

Feast of Souls: When the Ammut causes a successful Killing Blow, it regains one Wound lost earlier in the battle.

Hunter of the Evil and Wicked: The Ammut may re-roll failed To Wound rolls against models from the Forces of Destruction.



"The mighty army of the Necropolis, awaiting the command of their lord. Valiant soldiers all, who rise up on the day of battle at the call of their lord and master."

- Hieroglyphic inscription over the tomb pits of the Skeleton Legions of Settra



CARRION

Carrion are giant Undead birds of prey that feast on the carcasses of the fallen. Their broad wings, covered in feathers as black as midnight, darken the sky and spread the shadow of doom upon those dying in the desert. Carrion can smell blood from leagues away, and they are drawn to battlefields like moths to flame. Wherever Carrion are seen to fly, death and carnage are surely nearby.

Carrion resemble the black desert vultures that inhabit the plains of Nehekhara, but they are far larger and more dangerous creatures. Carrion are repulsive scavengers that stand taller than a man and have vast wingspans. They have bodies that are decayed and bloated with death. Putrefied ropes of muscle hang from their frames as they fly with slow, sorrowful strokes of tattered wings. Bones poke through the rotten skin of Carrion, and gashes in their distended bellies often expose the skeletal contents of their last rotting meal. Carrion are bald headed creatures, and in life they would push their long necks deep within their prey's bodies, emerging slick with blood and viscera. They have razor-sharp beaks used to rip flesh from their victims and crack bones for the marrow within. The feet of these Undead scavengers are tipped with viciously hooked claws that can rend and tear their prey apart with frightening ease.

Carrion lived in the mountains to the east of Nehekhara and also the deserts to the west. Huge numbers of Carrion also nested in the towers and spires of Nehekhara's tomb-cities. After a great battle, with the slain strewn over the stricken field of war, the Carrion descended to feed in flocks so vast that they blotted out the light of the sun. Their broad wings were said to darken the sky, spreading the shadow of doom



upon those dying in the desert. After a great battle, with the slain strewn over the stricken field, the Carrion descended and blotted out the light of the sun.

King Nekhef claimed to be the first ruler to use Carrion in his army of eternity. According to inscriptions, the Carrion were sacred beasts, agents of Ualatp, the vulture-headed god of scavengers, who bore the spirits of lost warriors to the sky to fight in endless battles against the Daemons of darkness. This belief led to the priests burying many corpses of Carrion in the necropoli of each Tomb King from the time of Nekhef I onwards. Each one was accompanied by a soldier who had trained to ride the beast while both still lived. These troops acted as messengers and also as a vanguard for the king's army as it marched across the parched plains. Nothing on the ground below could be concealed from the piercing gaze of these fearful birds. Thus when the carrion were entombed, they were given eyes of polished obsidian with which to see again when they served the king once more, at the time of awakening. As the revered birds eventually died out, only those that were entombed remained. At the will of the Liche Priests, these revered avian creatures are imbued with magical essence and once again take to the skies, their horrifying forms spreading fear amongst those who feel the chill of their shadow.

Once awakened from the slumber of death, the Carrion never again return to rest within the tombs and vaults of the pyramids. Instead, they soar above the lands of Nehekhara as they did in life, never tiring in their search for prey. Being primitive beasts, Carrion are driven by the need to feed their insatiable appetites, and they will go to great lengths to find their next meal. These ugly creatures learnt long ago that when armies clash they leave a swathe of corpses in their wake, and so when the Tomb Kings go to war, they are accompanied by great flocks of Carrion that circle high above.

Carrion will feast on the flesh of anything they can find. These scavengers are not fussy eaters and will gorge themselves on both freshly slaughtered corpses and cadavers that have festered for too long under the baking heat of the desert sun. Because of their immense size, Carrion will also prey upon the living. When Carrion hunger for live prey, they prefer to hunt the wounded and weakened, for in life they were notoriously cowardly birds, hesitant to battle foes that were able to fight back. When their victims are isolated and outnumbered, however, their ravenous hunger overcomes their craven nature and, with a hissing cry, they swoop down upon the enemy, eviscerating them with flurried swipes of their talons.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Carrion	2	3	0	4	4	2	3	2	4

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly (9), Scouts, Undead.

"The Carrion of the Desert, whose mighty outstretched wings darken the sun on the day of slaughter."

- Part of an invocation chant of the Liche Priests used at the Temple of the Sun in Khemri.

TOMB SWARMS

The tombs and pyramids of the necropolises are infested with the dried husks of scorpions, scarabs and countless other poisonous creatures of the desert. These gnaw at the mummy bandages and artefacts hidden in the tombs. Though long dead, the mere presence of the Liche Priests and Tomb Kings fills their empty shells with animation, and they scuttle from their hiding places around the mortuary temples and beneath the scorched sands. The Liche Priests have long since gained mastery over these creatures, and they can summon them forth at will through their magical incantations. They do this to guard their necropolis against intruders, especially tomb robbers. Anyone who dares to enter a tomb to rob it of its treasures, risks being stung to death by the scorpions. Those who penetrate the labyrinthine passages of the tombs will suddenly find their way out barred by a seething, black mass of venomous arachnids, claws and tails raised ready to attack. Lift the lid of a sarcophagus and hundreds of angry, scurrying scorpions will swarm out all over you! The victims are rapidly eaten, for flesh and blood is a rare delicacy for the creatures of the necropolis.

When the Tomb Kings' legions stride to war, they are accompanied by a scuttling swarm that spreads across the land in a black tide of crawling bodies. Those foolish enough to stand against a Tomb Swarm will drown beneath an unstoppable wave of Undead beetles, biting, clawing and burying themselves into the warmth of living flesh. The victims are poisoned by hundreds of bites and stings, and those who gasp for air or cry out in fear are quickly silenced as a deluge of insects surge down their screaming throats, muffling cries of pain as they are devoured from the inside out as the vicious creatures quickly consume flesh, clothing and bone.



Tomb Swarms are drawn to the magic animating the Undead, but it is to the Liche Priests and Tomb Kings that they are most keenly attracted. Not possessing a spirit of their own, they are easily controlled by the implacable will of the Tomb Kings. Left to their own devices, they revert to an instinctive lurking behaviour, making them ideal guards for the pyramids of slumbering Tomb Kings. Trespassers foolish enough to dislodge a capstone will find themselves quickly overwhelmed by a surging swarm of creatures. They are drawn to the warm blood of the living, trying to feed a hunger that no amount of flesh can ever sate. A Tomb Swarm's victims, poisoned by hundreds of bites and stings, are rapidly consumed as the vicious creatures eat through skin, clothing and bone alike.

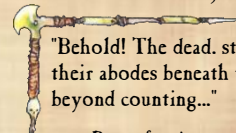
There can be no escape from a Tomb Swarm, for the size of the creatures is such that they can crawl through the smallest of gaps without hindrance. Tomb Swarms can easily travel under the shifting sands of Nehekhar's desert and burrow beneath the feet of their unsuspecting prey. Without warning, a Tomb Swarm can erupt through cracks in the ground, flowing over the surface like a flood, dragging their victims kicking and screaming beneath the sands with the sheer weight of scuttling bodies.

Of all the dead creatures that make up the bulk of a Tomb Swarm, two had special significance in ancient Nehekharan society. The flesh-eating, skull-carapaced Khepra beetles were believed to be messengers of Usirian, god of the Underworld. They were his agents in the mortal world, and through their eyes would Usirian know the sins of all men. It was whispered that those who displeased Usirian were punished in death. Forbidden to enter the golden paradise of the afterlife, they were instead condemned to the lowest depths of the Netherworld where a hive of Khepra beetles would burrow into their immortal bodies and gnaw on their insides for all eternity. The other creature of importance was the black-clawed desert scorpion. The scorpion is the form chosen by Sokth, the god of treachery and murderers. Ancient Nehekharans believed that the scorpion would not sting one of Sokth's murderous followers, so those accused of killing another were pushed into a pit of scorpions. If a victim somehow managed to survive his trial by scorpions and drag himself out of the pit, then it was taken as sign that they were indeed favoured by Sokth and hence guilty of their crime – the punishment for which was death by being thrown into a pit of snakes. Those who perished died in agony as scorpion venom coursed through their veins, but they were at least innocent.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tomb Swarm	4	3	0	1	1	8	1	8	2

TROOP TYPE: Swarm.

SPECIAL RULES: Entombed Beneath the Sands, Poisoned Attacks, Undead.



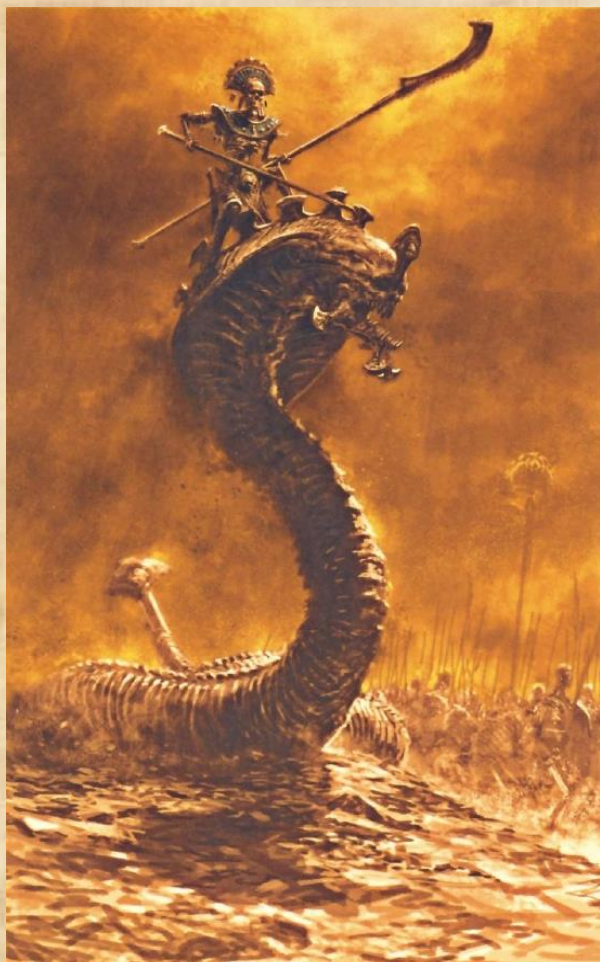
"Behold! The dead, stinging ones shall come forth from their abodes beneath the sands and their numbers shall be beyond counting..."

- Part of an incantation used by the High Priest Karrahut to summon a voracious swarm to consume his enemies, recounted in hieroglyphs in the great Necropolis of Bahgar.

NECROPOLIS KNIGHTS

Necropolis Knights are elite warriors who ride atop giant snake-shaped statues. They are tethered to their mounts by a sharp hook, held firm in one mummified hand as the other wields a heavy spear that carves through mortal flesh. Their monstrous mounts shatter bones with every swipe of their lengthy tails and sink scimitar-sized fangs deep into soft flesh.

Necroserpents were built to guard the entranceways of the Mortuary Cult's temples. They are vast in stature, and even coiled they stand at least twice the height of a man. Though the Necroserpents standing sentinel outside some mortuary temples depict images of skull-vipers or double-headed blood-asps, the vast majority of these statues are created in the image of a hooded Khemrian cobra, for Qu'aph, the Nehekharan god of Cobras, took this as his corporeal form. Qu'aph was said to have preyed on the Dragons that dwelt in the Great Land before the coming of Man. The god would lie in ambush beneath the surface of the desert before lunging towards his prey and sinking his spear-sized fangs into their scaly throats. The venom of the Khemrian cobra is so potent that even a single drop is enough to kill a dozen warhorses or scores of fully grown men. Those bitten die with a rictus grin of agony on their faces as every muscle in their body contracts to the point where their own bones and teeth snap and break. The fangs of the Necroserpents mysteriously drip with this very same poison.



At the base of every Necroserpent is a pedestal in which there is a hollow alcove. Within each rests the sarcophagus of a Necropolis Knight. In their lifetimes, these warriors served in the sacred ranks of the Tomb Guard. They were all loyal soldiers and battle-scarred veterans, however, the constant years of violence and slaughter had become so deeply ingrained in these warriors' psyches that their bloodlust threatened to overcome their famed martial discipline. Such soldiers would break ranks without warning and could no longer be trusted to stand their ground whilst a foe still lived – actions that placed the life of the king in mortal jeopardy. When faced with the dishonour of exile, many committed ritual suicide, but some instead chose an agonising death for a chance to serve their king again in his eternal army. These brave soldiers would slit their palms and smear blood onto the belly of one of the giant Necroserpents before holding the wound under the venom dripping from their fangs. As the poison wracked their bodies, it was believed that Qu'aph would judge their souls, and those that were found worthy would be reborn in the next life as Necropolis Knights – warriors blessed with the skill, power and strength of the gods. Upon their death, these elite warriors were mummified and buried with their full panoply of war beneath the very same statue that they had sacrificed themselves before.



When Necropolis Knights are awakened to serve in the Tomb King's eternal army, the Necroserpents coiled above their resting places magically slither to unlife as well. Rider and mount are animated by the same warrior spirit, and they move as one being, riding to war in perfect ranks of terrifying cavalry.

Necroserpents travel beneath the ground at a relentless pace, emerging from the depths with sand cascading off their forms, warriors standing proudly upon their hooded backs with spears lowered, ready to spill the blood of their foes. Serpentine bodies weave through the battlefield, blades, fangs and tails lashing out in all directions, leaving a trail of death and woe in their wake. There are few who can stand against the charge of a Necropolis Knight, for they are incredibly powerful and difficult to destroy. As mount and rider share the same soul, only by destroying both can an opponent truly defeat a Necropolis Knight and few foes are equal to such a task.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Necropolis Knight	4	4	3	4	4	1	3	2	8
Necropolis Captain	4	4	3	4	4	1	3	3	8
Necroserpent	7	3	0	5	4	3	3	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Natural Armour (5+), Poisoned Attacks (Necroserpents only), Tomb Blades, Undead.

SEPULCHRAL STALKERS

Sepulchral Stalkers were created by the ancient Nehekharans to delineate the borders of a king's realm. Over the centuries, the Sepulchral Stalkers have been swallowed by the shifting sands of the desert, and they now lie hidden beneath the dunes. Sepulchral Stalkers are statues that have the body of a snake and the upper torso of a man. Atop the statues' curved spines sit inhuman skulls, inside which glow eerie, baleful lights. Lying beneath the surface of the desert, they wait for intruders to pass by before launching a devastating ambush. When the trap is sprung, several horrifying, snake-like forms burst from the ground to surround their prey. The Sepulchral Stalkers impale their foes on ornate staves before they even realise they are under attack. However, it is not for the skill with which they wield these weapons that Sepulchral Stalkers are so feared, for those who gaze into their eyes are turned into pillars of sand, standing as still as statues themselves until a gust of wind blows them apart and scatters the grains into the desert.

The incantations required to awaken Sepulchral Stalkers are complicated and difficult. First, a Liche Priest must collect the remains of a fallen Nehekharan warrior, one whose skeletal body is broken beyond all hopes of repair. The Liche Priests then walk out into

the open desert under a full-moon, where they scatter these fragments on the ground, casting powdered bone to the wind as they speak a magical incantation. At the ritual's end, they throw the eyes of a desert cockatrice onto the sand, and the offerings sink beneath the desert surface. The spirits of the warriors' remains are thus bound into the stone frame of one of the buried Sepulchral Stalkers. They are imbued with powerful enchantments and compelled to patrol the lands against invaders for all eternity.

Sepulchral Stalkers can burrow underneath the desert as quickly as they can move across its surface. They are instinctive hunters who can sense their prey trudging across the ground above, and they can prepare their ambushes without ever being seen. Those who are foolish enough to face Sepulchral Stalkers are magically transformed into sand. Even foes who only catch a momentary glimpse of these creatures may find that one of their limbs crumbles in a shower of golden grains before their eyes – those that stare any longer seal their own doom. Sepulchral Stalkers are said to be the desert's vengeance made manifest, and as suddenly as an attack begins, it ends. A lucky survivor might just witness the tip of a tail burrowing back under the dunes as the Sepulchral Stalkers leave in search of other prey.

It is claimed by foolhardy heroes that a Sepulchral Stalker can be tricked into staring at its own reflection, for these monsters are not immune to the sorcerous enchantments of their own stares; rumours abound that they can be defeated with only a polished breastplate or a mirrored shield. However, it is perhaps safer to attempt to creep up behind a Sepulchral Stalker and strike off its head, but even then care must be taken not to look at the decapitated beast, for in death, a vestigial hint of arcane power remains in their infernal eyes.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sepulchral Stalker	7	3	3	4	4	3	3	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Entombed Beneath the Sands, Undead.

Transmogrifying Gaze: This is a shooting attack with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12"	4	Ignores Armour saves, Killing Blow, Magical Attacks, Multiple Shots (3)

When rolling To Wound, substitute the target's Toughness with its Initiative value. This attack does not suffer any To Hit penalties.

USHABTI

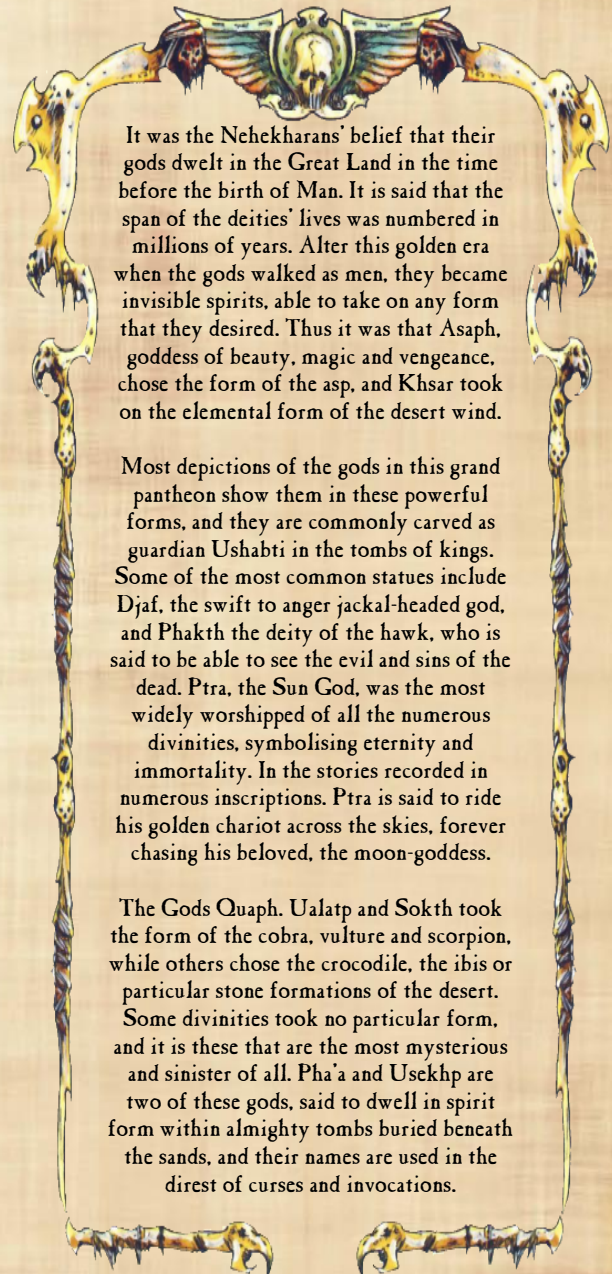
Carved into the likenesses of the gods and goddesses of Nehekhara, Ushabti stand as guardian statues around the perimeters of the necropolises and within the passageways of the great pyramids of the Tomb Kings and usually do their duties from atop plinths situated at the perimeter of the tomb. Standing three times the height of a man, they are imposing monuments, and all who pass beneath their shadows tremble.

Like most Nehekharan statues and carvings, Ushabtis are carved from solid stone, marble and even jade and then plastered, painted and decorated with filigreed gold and dazzling polished jewels. However, they do not have metal weapons or armour – gems may be affixed in appropriate spots, but otherwise, the entire Ushabti is crafted from the same block of stone.

Under most circumstances, an Ushabti is just a statue, albeit an imposing one. In times of need, the Liche Priests imbue the Ushabti with tremendous power through complex incantations and charms. By intoning ancient rituals, the statues shudder to life. As the chants are completed, the Ushabti step from their plinths and dashes with the sound of cracking stone, silent and ready to be directed to war where they destroy all in their path. When awakened, an Ushabti's eyes glow with a golden light. They cannot speak or

make any sound other than by their footsteps or by striking another object. In ancient times, the warriors of Nehekhara took great strength from the fact that the Ushabti fought with them, for who could not be inspired by the physical representations of the gods marching into battle by their sides?

The rituals needed to animate these towering god-statues are far more difficult and complex than those needed to awaken the legions of Skeleton Warriors. As a result, Ushabti are far more resilient than the skeletal warriors of the Tomb King's eternal army, and their warrior-spirits are bound with far more powerful magic.



It was the Nehekharans' belief that their gods dwelt in the Great Land in the time before the birth of Man. It is said that the span of the deities' lives was numbered in millions of years. After this golden era when the gods walked as men, they became invisible spirits, able to take on any form that they desired. Thus it was that Asaph, goddess of beauty, magic and vengeance, chose the form of the asp, and Khsar took on the elemental form of the desert wind.

Most depictions of the gods in this grand pantheon show them in these powerful forms, and they are commonly carved as guardian Ushabti in the tombs of kings. Some of the most common statues include Djaf, the swift to anger jackal-headed god, and Phakth the deity of the hawk, who is said to be able to see the evil and sins of the dead. Ptra, the Sun God, was the most widely worshipped of all the numerous divinities, symbolising eternity and immortality. In the stories recorded in numerous inscriptions, Ptra is said to ride his golden chariot across the skies, forever chasing his beloved, the moon-goddess.

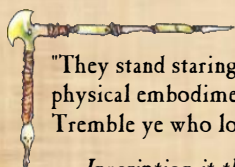
The Gods Quaph, Ualatp and Sokth took the form of the cobra, vulture and scorpion, while others chose the crocodile, the ibis or particular stone formations of the desert. Some divinities took no particular form, and it is these that are the most mysterious and sinister of all. Pha'a and Usekhp are two of these gods, said to dwell in spirit form within almighty tombs buried beneath the sands, and their names are used in the direst of curses and invocations.

While animated, an Ushabti houses the spirits of the dead. Despite this, they have no real intelligence. They are objects created for a purpose, and they can follow basic commands. An Ushabti can tell the difference between Undead and living, construct and natural, and even between Nehekharans and foreigners. They can recognise their animators without fail and only obey commands from those animators unless ordered to do otherwise.



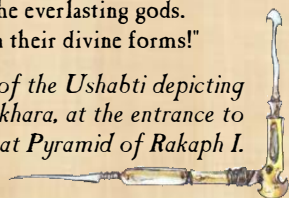
In the ancient language of Nehekhara, the name Ushabti translates literally as 'chosen of the gods'. Indeed, the divinities do not consent to any mere mortal inhabiting statues made in their image. Only the most powerful souls, those of particularly brave warriors and heroic champions, are judged worthy enough to animate an Ushabti's sculpted form. Thus, Ushabti are possessed by the souls of Nehekhara's mightiest heroes. Ushabti stride through the battlefield like gods of war, infused with the temperament and strength of their form's pantheon deity. Their statuesque bodies can withstand enormous damage, and they are incredibly strong. With a single hand, an Ushabti is capable of crushing an enemy's steel helmet, and its contents, with contemptuous ease.

Ushabti wield huge ritualistic weapons that their particular deity prefers, from large-bladed staves that would take the combined strength of three mortal men to lift, to great bows that fire arrows the size of spears. These mighty weapons are as elaborately crafted and decorated as the Ushabti who brandish them, their gilded surfaces engraved by a dozen sculptors with intricate patterns and hieroglyphs. In battle, Ushabti wield their massive weapons effortlessly. Every sweeping arc of their blades cutting a bloody swathe through their foes and every arrow fired punching through their targets in an explosion of bone and gore.



"They stand staring into the sun for eternity, the physical embodiments of the everlasting gods. Tremble ye who look upon their divine forms!"

- Inscription at the base of the Ushabti depicting the great gods of Nehekhara, at the entrance to the Great Pyramid of Rakaph I.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ushabti	5	4	3	4	5	3	3	3	8
Ushabti Ancient	5	4	3	4	5	3	3	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Arrows of Asaph, Undead.

EQUIPMENT:

Great Bow: *The spear-sized arrows fired from these mighty bows can punch through an armoured knight with ease, and inflict grievous wounds on even the toughest foes.*

Longbow. Shots from great bows are resolved at Strength 5.

UPGRADES:

Aspect of Djaf, God of Death: The unit gains the Killing Blow special rule.

Aspect of Geheb, God of Earth and Giver of Strength: The unit gains the Strength Bonus (1) special rule.

Aspect of Phakth, God of the Sky and Bringer of Justice: The unit gains +1 Movement.

Aspect of Sobk, God of Water and War: The unit may re-roll To Hit rolls of 1 with shooting and close combat attacks.

Aspect of Asaph, Goddess of Magic and Vengeance: The unit gains the Magic Resistance (2) special rule.



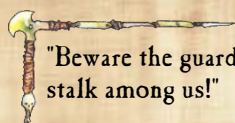
TOMB SCORPIONS

Tomb Scorpions are powerful creations of the Liche Priests, giant constructs carved and moulded into representations of the giant, mystical creatures said to guard the entrance to the Nehekharan underworld. They are formed from a combination of materials: stone, wood and metal, fused together with the bones and shells of long dead mighty creatures that are scattered beneath the sands of the desert. Through laborious and precise incantations, the Liche Priests join the materials into a single form.

Tomb Scorpions are carved and moulded into the representations of the giant, mythical scorpions that are said to guard the entrance to the Nehekharan Underworld. These fabled creatures are said to protect the Realm of Souls from the predations of dark Daemons who wish to feed upon the spirits of dead kings.

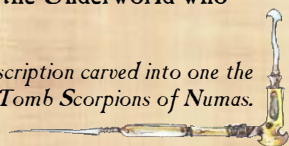
Tomb Scorpions also serve as sarcophagi or tomb itself, for the shell of each construct is formed around the cadaverous body of an ancient Liche Priest. Although Liche Priests are unable to die a natural death, many have perished through wounds sustained in battle. Those that fall are embalmed and interred within a Tomb Scorpion. Canopic jars containing their vital organs, or what withered remains are left of them, are embedded within the scorpion-tombs in a ritualistic pattern that symbolises death. However, some remnant of a Liche Priest's spirit always remains trapped within their mummified corpses. Through incantations, these embers are rekindled, infusing the inanimate shells of the Tomb Scorpions with power. This magical source also provides Tomb Scorpions with a degree of protection against the spells of enemy wizards, whose sorcerous bolts of energy unravel and fade as they are absorbed harmlessly by the Undead constructs' carapaces.

Each scorpion-shaped sarcophagus is inscribed with hieroglyphs of preservation, and a ceremony of awakening is spoken by a Liche Priest to animate to them. If the ritual has been performed correctly, the Tomb Scorpion will become infused with the residual power of the corpse within it. This ritual is exceptionally complex and lasts from moonrise until the first rays of dawn. The slightest mistake or mispronunciation can have dire consequences; a swarm of Undead scorpions may burst out of the desert and sting the Liche Priest to death, or desert spirits may turn the wizard's body inside out and feast on his withered remains. At the very least the ritual will fail and must be recited from the very beginning. Occasionally, despite every syllable being uttered correctly, some of these ancient ones no longer respond to the incantations of awakening. That these constructs are truly dead is doubtful, as a spark of power can still be felt radiating from their carapaces. Rather, it is thought that by binding their souls to the mortal plane, the Liche Priests cheated the god of the Underworld out of his rightful due. Thus it is thought that this jealous deity is not always willing to give up his long awaited prizes by allowing the spirits of Liche Priests to leave the Realm of Souls.



"Beware the guardians of the Underworld who stalk among us!"

- Part of a hieroglyphic inscription carved into one the great Tomb Scorpions of Numas.



If the ritual has been performed correctly, the Tomb Scorpion will become infused with the residual power of the priest held within it. Tomb Scorpions often stand dormant for centuries on end, and become buried by the shifting sands. When the Tomb Kings go to war, the Liche Priests send out their call, and the Tomb Scorpions awake, clawing their way to the surface to fall upon their enemies with mighty claws and stinging tails. It is truly a terrifying sight to behold the sands shift and part as the monstrous creations work their way to the surface!

When the Tomb Kings go to war, the Liche Priests send out their magical call and summon the Tomb Scorpions into wakefulness. Those Tomb Scorpions that respond to the incantations will travel for leagues beneath the ground before clawing their way to the surface and falling upon their enemies with razor-sharp claws and stinging tails. Burrowing beneath the surface of the desert, they attack suddenly and without warning, exploding into the fray in a shower of sand. They are lethal foes, for a Tomb Scorpion's tail carries a potent sting that can incapacitate the largest foes, and they have powerful pincers that can slice a man in half. As they scuttle forward on eight segmented legs, they hack apart anything in their path. It is a truly terrifying sight to behold the sands parting to reveal the monstrous form of a Tomb Scorpion, and very often, the last thing their enemies will ever witness.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tomb Scorpion	7	4	0	5	5	4	3	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Entombed Beneath the Sands, Killing Blow, Magic Resistance (1), Natural Armour (5+), Poisoned Attacks, Undead.



KHEMRIAN WARSPHINX

Khemrian Warsphinxes are giant leonine statues that wade through the ranks of their foes, crushing them underfoot as if they were nothing more than bothersome insects. They are almost impervious to harm, and their stone-hard hides protect them from all but the truest strikes; anything less than a direct hit from a war machine is likely to glance harmlessly away. Atop each Khemrian Warsphinx is an ornate howdah in which several Tomb Guard ride. These elite warriors direct their mount's actions as if it were an extension of their own mummified bodies, laying into the foes below with great, double-handed spears. Atop each Khemrian Warsphinx is an ornate howdah in which several Tomb Guard ride. These elite warriors direct their mount's actions as if it were an extension of their own mummified bodies, laying into the foes below with great, double-handed spears.

Warsphinxes were first constructed in Khemri to guard the entranceways to the kings' inner sanctums. Over time, the rulers of other cities demanded similar guardians, and before long Warsphinxes stood sentry within every burial pyramid. Here, inside the vast amphitheatre chambers, they are said to roam, preying on intruders whilst the king slumbers. Some kings even had a Warsphinx constructed to stand watch over their own sacred sarcophagi, and these were especially

lavish and ornate. Upon awakening, a Tomb King would ride his royal Warsphinx into battle, leading his army out of the burial chambers and into the blinding light of day.



As with any Nehekharan sculpture, no two Khemrian Warsphinxes are quite alike. The Necrotects were always looking to build grander and more impressive creations than those of their predecessors. Some Warsphinxes have scorpion tails filled with potent venom, whilst others breathe fire, immolating their foes in blazing conflagrations. It is rare indeed for a new Khemrian Warsphinx to be constructed, and most of those that are seen prowling alongside the Tomb Kings' armies have existed for thousands of years. If one of these giant constructs is somehow destroyed in battle, its sacred pieces are gathered up by skeletal work gangs and dragged back to the cities of Nekehara to be restored and resculpted by the Necrotects of the necropolises.



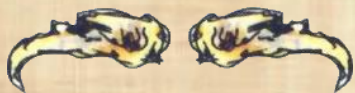
Khemrian Warsphinxes are terrifying foes to face, and enemies that do not flee before them are swatted aside by stone claws or torn apart by fanged jaws made of jade, obsidian or another precious metal. However, this is just a fraction of their full destructive power. When a Khemrian Warsphinx rears up above its prey, those lurking in its shadow are doomed. As the leonine monster crashes down, it smashes its boulder-sized limbs into the ground with appalling force. The resultant shockwave knocks foes off their feet, pulping organs and splintering bones. Those that survive this earth-shattering impact find themselves in a crater of broken, twisted bodies. However, there can be no hope for anything caught directly underneath the point of impact. All that remains of these crushed unfortunates is a fine, red mist that sprays over the victim's stunned comrades. Thus the Khemrian Warsphinx has earned a fearful reputation as one of the most destructive creatures in the world.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warsphinx	6	4	0	5	8	6	1	4	8
Tomb Guard Crew	-	3	3	4	-	-	3	1	8

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: **Tomb Blades** (Tomb Guard Crew only), **Undead**.

Thundercrush Attack: After its crew have attacked, a Khemrian Warsphinx may exchange all of its Attacks to make a single Thundercrush Attack (though it can still Stomp). Roll To Hit against the highest Weapon Skill amongst the enemy models in base contact. If this Attack hits, place the small template anywhere so that it is touching the Khemrian Warsphinx's base. Any Infantry, War Beast or Swarm models that lie underneath the template (friend or foe) suffer a single Strength 3 hit. The model under the template's central hole instead suffers a single Strength 9 hit with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. Other troop types underneath the template are too big to be crushed, and don't suffer any hits.



UPGRADES:

Envenomed Sting: *Many statues have a scorpion's sting, dripping with a virulent poison that can boil a victim's blood.*

All normal Attacks made by a Khemrian Warsphinx with this upgrade have the Poisoned Attacks special rule.

Fiery Roar: *A Khemrian Warsphinx's ferocious roar is born from the heat of a thousand funeral pyres.*

A Khemrian Warsphinx with this upgrade has a Strength 4 Breath Weapon with the Flaming Attacks special rule.



THE CRIMSON KING

Imrathepis, the Crimson King of Numas, was an aggressive and brilliant general. His stalwart legions were easily recognised by their blood-red banners and shields, and Imrathepis himself rode to war atop a magnificent Khemrian Warsphinx whose flanks were deep scarlet. In his mortal lifetime, King Imrathepis fought beside Akadizaar the Conqueror, and he was one of the great ruler's chief lieutenants. The Crimson King was present during many pivotal battles, including the subjugation of Ka-Sabar, the pacification of the Black Boar Orc tribes and the sacking of cursed Lahmia, where Imrathepis bested several Vampires in personal combat.

In undeath, King Imrathepis' thirst for battle was no longer tempered by the wisdom of Akadizaar. Upon awakening from his sacred sarcophagus, the Crimson King immediately set about reclaiming the lands he had conquered in centuries past. Imrathepis and his legions swept north through the Badlands like a hurricane of blood. From atop the armoured platform of his Khemrian Warsphinx, the Crimson King slew scores of greenskin savages. Imrathepis would lead every charge from the front, driving his curved, golden-edged blade deep into the flesh of his enemies as his Khemrian Warsphinx, dripping with the blood of the slaughtered, waded through the hordes of Orcs and pulped their bodies underfoot. The impetuous king then drove his Undead legions eastwards into the Mountains of Mourn, forging through the windswept passes in search of more foes to vanquish.

King Imrathepis' arrogance was to be his undoing, and he was finally defeated by the Ogres of the Thunderhoof Tribe. Imrathepis mistakenly believed the Ogres to be nothing more than simple brutes. The Crimson King was therefore completely unprepared when the Ogres ambushed the Undead by unleashing a herd of stampeding Rhinoxes within the narrow confines of Daggertooth Valley. The skeletal warriors of the Crimson King's legions were crushed to powdered bone by the great cave beasts, and only Imrathepis, standing atop his carmine Warsphinx, survived. Though his mount had been buffeted and its stone body was cracked, the great Khemrian Warsphinx did not yield. Alas, Imrathepis was now alone and surrounded by the entire Ogre tribe. Howling a curse, the Crimson King and his battered mount drove on regardless, smiting a score of Ogres before finally succumbing to the hammer-blows of the tribe's Ironguts. After the battle, the Ogre's Tyrant, Folgut the Corpulent, snapped the Tomb King's leg off and fashioned it into a toothpick before returning to his mountain lair.

However, the royal line of King Imrathepis did not end there, and Prince Rakaph III, dynastic heir to the Crimson King, set off from Numas a mere decade later to enact his father's revenge. Rakaph III led not one, but a dozen Khemrian Warsphinxes into the Mountains of Mourn to destroy the Thunderhoof Ogres. The hulking leonine statues trekked to the summit of Cragg Rock, which overlooked the Ogres lair, before battering their stone limbs into the mountainside, causing a titanic avalanche that buried the entire Thunderhoof Tribe beneath several thousand tons of rock and ice.

NECROSPHINX

Necrosphinxes are nightmarish beasts of destruction that glide through the air in bounding leaps before falling amongst their terrified prey, scything down the living as mortals reap the wheat of the field. None can stand against such terrifying beings, and only when all before them have been butchered will they stop.

A Necrosphinx is a bizarre and horrifying statue – a strange amalgamation of the mythical beasts that are said to inhabit the Nehekharan Underworld, maintaining order amongst the honoured dead. A Necrosphinx has a torso and face of a man, and is armed with gigantic, scything blades that can sever the neck of a Dragon in a single slice. Many also have a scorpion-like tail, better enabling them to stand sentry against the predations of evil. Finally, sprouting from the statue's back are a pair of ornate wings which mimic those of the falcons that circle the highest levels of the Underworld, keeping watch so that the souls of the damned may not escape. It was believed that by combining all these forms the ancient Nehekharans were creating the ultimate warrior, one that possessed the strength to destroy all their enemies. However, many of the Mortuary Cult's Liche Priests believed these sculptures to be an abomination, whose presence would curse the land, for surely such beasts had no right to exist on the mortal plane. Following a century of plague and famine, the superstitious kings of Nehekharah agreed that the Necrosphinxes were to blame, but none dared destroy them in case it angered the gods of the Underworld. Instead, vast pits were dug in the desert in which the Necrosphinxes were buried and all but forgotten with the passage of time.



A Necrosphinx did not see the light of day again until millennia later, when a mighty Orc Waaagh! swept down from the Badlands into Nehekharah. The greenskin horde attacked with a score of monstrous Wyverns at their head, destroying everything in their path. As the Waaagh! Pushed towards Khemri, Settra himself ordered the Mortuary Cult to reawaken the ancient Necrosphinxes. More fearful of Settra's wrath than anything else, the cowering Liche Priests obeyed and began a week-long magical ceremony. Upon the ritual's completion, a deep rumble reverberated throughout the desert. Moments later, fountains of bone-dry earth exploded from the ground as a dozen Necrosphinxes broke the surface. Without pause, the stone monsters pounced upon the greenskins, slaughtering the savages with every sweep of their massive claws. Not even the mighty Wyverns could halt their murderous rampage, for the nightmarish statues cut through the greenskin's monsters' thick, scaly necks with single strokes of their razor sharp pincers. All Necrosphinxes have since been reclaimed from the desert sands to stand proudly in the sun once more, forming an important part of the Tomb King's eternal army, and wherever they travel they spread death and destruction.



While all war statuary is animated by the loyal spirits of a Tomb King's servants, the Necrosphinx gains animus from something far more sinister. What pact the Liche Priests made to bring the Necrosphinx to unlife is a secret known only to the Mortuary Cult. The Liche Priests do not think that a Necrosphinx is animated by the soul of a valiant warrior like the other warstatues that walk beside the Tomb King's skeletal legions. Instead, they believe that the sinister gods, Pha'a and Usekph, breathed life into these horrifying creations. These malevolent deities are said to dwell within mighty tombs beneath the sands, buried by the other gods for their destructive ways. If the Liche Priests are right, then the mysterious gods have finally found a means by which to vent their fury upon the world. Whatever the truth, deep within every Necrosphinx is the burning need to destroy, and the incantations of servitude laid upon them are the only things that keep them from turning upon their creators and tearing Nehekharah asunder.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Necrosphinx	6	4	0	6	8	6	1	5	8

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly (7), Killing Blow, Undead.

Decapitating Strike: Before rolling To Hit, nominate one of the Necrosphinx's Attacks to be made with the Decapitating Strike ability, and roll it separately. This special Attack strikes at Strength 10 and has the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.

NECROLITH COLOSSUS

Towering over the Tomb King's skeletal legions, mighty statues of venerated heroes and ancient kings stride to battle. These stone giants are the Necrolith Colossi, and none can stand against them. A Necrolith Colossus is not the animated skeleton of a single creature, but a massive warrior built from the bones of mighty desert creatures, bound together with wood and metal by the magic of the Liche Priests.

In ancient times, before the rise of Settra and the founding of the Mortuary Cult, many were the legends told of the time when the gods walked the earth, and how they were served by a race of giants, beings of immense stature that walked the land and smiting all who stood in their path. According to half-forgotten inscriptions, these giant warriors were left by Nehekharas's gods to stand watch over the lands, immortal sentinels who would guard their realms against evil Daemons. So it is thought that the most ancient of the Necrolith Colossi were created by the gods themselves. However, the ancient Nehekharans constructed countless more – hewing their forms from mighty pillars of rock and carving them directly into the faces of cliffs and pyramids. Every necropolis in Nehekharas is now watched over by at least one of these imposing figures.

THE WAR-STATUARY OF NEHEKHARA

It was not just the elite soldiery of Nehekharas's legions that achieved great status in ancient times. The names of countless war-statues are recorded on the surfaces of tombs and sarcophagi as well.

The Bone Giants of Bhagar were such creations, magnificent Necrolith Colossi whose bodies and limbs were carved from a white marble said to be indistinguishable from actual bone. Time and again the Bone Giants strode out to battle, and not even the bravest heroes could stand against these skull-faced giants of death. The Alabaster Army of Quatar was perhaps even more feared, for their ivory ranks crushed whole armies underfoot. These towering Ushabti fought like the gods they portrayed, and they would return after a battle won to stand once more in the alcoves of the White Palace, their flanks still slick with the blood of the slain.

The Emerald Sentinels of Lybaras, the Golden Warsphinz of King Anubekh, the Skull Guardian of the Charnel Valley, the list of legendary constructs goes on. However, all these statues are said to be eclipsed by the size and majesty of the Hieroscorpion of Khemri, whose titanic form, as large as a burial pyramid, was forged from jet obsidian and blood-cooled bronze. This gargantuan creation prowls the deserts to this day, preying on any who dare trespass into the Land of the Dead.

Outside the ancient cities of Nehekharas, Bone Giants stand as motionless sentinels, guarding important valley entrances and gateways from rampaging monsters and enemy warbands for aeons at a time. Such power is instilled in the Bone Giants that they do not need the incantations of the Liche Priests to prompt them into wakefulness, and will react immediately to the presence of unwelcome strangers, striding relentlessly towards them, smashing them into the sand with their heavy weapons.

When the Liche-Priests built the tombs of the Kings of Khemri they realised how much more effective it would be to employ larger and stronger creatures to do all the heavy lifting. Upon the orders of Settra, the priests of Nehekharas sought ways to bring forth these mighty servants again to serve the new kings of the land. Far and wide they searched, speaking to many skilled in the arts of magic and famous for their artisanship. Some travelled to the mountains to speak with the Dwarfs in their great halls, while others ventured north and west to converse with the few Elven folk who still dwell on this side of the ocean. In time, they returned and began their magical experiments.

Over many years they learned how to bind the Winds of Magic into inanimate bone, metal and wood. Through spells written on scrolls and sacred glyphs carved into their creations, they gave them a vestige of life. These creatures moved and were possessed of a cruel



intellect, but had no will of their own, and were wholly subject to the will of their masters. Greatest of all their creations were the Necrolith Colossi. Once the tombs were complete any giants that remained would be cast aside into the brimming charnel pits their purpose complete. When Nagash cast his terrible spell of awakening the giants crawled faithfully from their pits - bizarre amalgams of bone and sinew with sufficient awareness to do only the most rudimentary tasks.

Made to resemble immense heroes of old, Necrolith Colossi stand noble and proud. Their forms are covered in skulls, bones and mortuary ornamentation. Indeed, such was Nehekharu's obsession with death and immortality that some Colossi have even been carved to resemble giant skeletons. Necrolith Colossi were armed with traditional weapons and armour on a mighty scale. Breastplates, vambraces and sometimes great crested helmets were hammered onto the stone bodies of these constructs, each lavishly decorated and engraved. It is a rare thing to create a new Bone Giant, and most of those that are at times seen marching to battle alongside the Tomb Kings' armies have been in existence for thousands of years. If one of the constructs is destroyed, its sacred pieces are gathered up and used to recreate it.

As the knowledge and skill of the priesthood grew, they turned their talents towards binding the souls of Nehekharu's foremost warriors into these vast statues, for who could face such a creation in battle? The incantations of summoning required were long and arduous, demanding the combined power of a score of Liche Priests. Such is the magic instilled into Necrolith Colossi that once spirits are bound within their mighty frames, they will never again need the incantations of Liche Priests to prompt them into wakefulness. Necrolith Colossi will react immediately to the presence of unwelcome strangers and move to strike them down.



Stirring from their vigil, they shake loose the sand and dust that has settled on their immense forms and stride relentlessly towards the intruders.

A Necrolith Colossus is armed with traditional weapons and armour, only on a massive scale, carrying vast bows or giant swords that stand taller than a Troll. A Necrolith Colossus is a supremely powerful foe, and its weapons can carve through an armoured knight and his barded steed in a single stroke. In battle, Necrolith Colossi are terrifying to behold. These towering warriors stride the battlefield spreading terror and death. Few are the foes that can face these unnatural monsters, for they do not feel pain, they do not know fatigue or fear. The desert itself trembles at their passing, the impacts of their heavy footsteps sounding a mighty drumbeat that heralds impending doom. They are nigh impossible to stop, crushing foes beneath their feet and sending dead and broken bodies flying in all directions. Able to feed on the escaping life force of those they slay, the Bone Giants can carve through enemy regiments with a single devastating charge.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Necrolith Colossus	6	3	2	6	7	6	1	5	8

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Arrows of Asaph, Undead.

Unstoppable Assault: *A charging Bone Giant is a terrifying sight to behold, smashing into the enemy and sending them flying with powerful blows.*

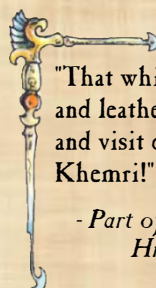
In the turn in which a Necrolith Colossus charges, every unsaved Wound that it inflicts in close combat immediately allows it to make an additional Attack, up to a maximum of +5 Attacks. Note that these additional Attacks also benefit from the Unstoppable Assault rule, but Stomps do not.

EQUIPMENT:

Bow of the Desert: *Only the Necrolith Colossi can wield these massive bows, which fire enormous arrows that rip through the ranks of the enemy.*

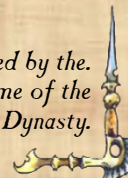
A Bow of the Desert fires like a Bolt Thrower with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
48"	6	Multiple Wounds (D3)



"That which was stone, arise! Bone and bronze and leather and tar, creature of power awake and visit destruction on the enemies of Khemri!"

- Part of the awakening ritual performed by the High Priest Khanna during the time of the Second Dynasty.





HIEROTITAN

A Hierotitan is a gigantic animated statue whose face is carved in the likeness of one of the Nehekharan deities of death. These idols radiate a sinister aura of magic, and it is said that those who stand within their shadow can hear the cruel laughter of ancient gods.

Hierotitans were constructed to stand within the uppermost chambers of the Tomb Kings' burial pyramids. It was believed that they would act as spirit guides for the souls of deceased kings, responsible for ushering the eternal sprits of monarchs between the mortal world and the Realm of Souls. No expense was spared in sculpting a Hierotitan, a towering effigy whose form was lavished with gold and gems. In one hand, a Hierotitan carries an elaborate staff, which bears the hieroglyph of the sun god and lights the Hierotitan's path as it walks in the abyss that separates the mortal world from the Realm of Souls. This light wards away the evil spirits that dwell in the dark, Daemons who would otherwise prey on the souls of those wandering the void. The Hierotitan's other hand grasps a giant pair of scales. According to legends, it is upon these scales that the king's soul is judged by the god of the Underworld to see if it is worthy enough to enter the realm of the honoured dead, or whether it is to be cast into the fiery pits of the Netherworld. Both these items are wrought with powerful incantations, for the fate of the king's eternal spirit depends upon them. In battle, the Hierotitan can infuse his staff with the light of the sun god, causing those caught in the dazzling rays to burst into flames. Likewise, the Hierotitan can unleash the power contained within its foreboding scales, and ethereal claws will stretch out and rip their foes' souls from their bodies.

Interred within the chest of a Hierotitan is the mummified body of an ancient priest. These were the high priests of the Mortuary Cult that lived and died as mortal men, before the time when their knowledge was such that they could walk the lands of Nehekharra for all time. In their lifetime, these priests studied the art of communion with the gods. Thus, as they served their king in life, so their soul would continue to serve him in death. It is the magically attuned spirit of the deceased priest that allows the Hierotitan to walk in two worlds at once, acting as a conduit between the two realms.

To a Hierotitan, the world appears as a dream. Their very presence on the battlefield creates a direct link between the mortal world and the Realm of Souls through which the gods hear the rituals of the Liche Priests. When a Hierotitan strides across the land, the incantations of the Mortuary Cult are leant great power. Entire regiments of enemy soldiers are dragged beneath the sands at the uttering of the simplest incantation, and a single syllable read from a magical scroll can summon a vast plague of desert locusts that envelops and consumes their foes.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hierotitan	6	3	2	6	7	6	1	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Undead.

Spirit Conduit: *Hierotitans act as magical loci for the army's Liche Priests.*

While a friendly Undead Wizard is within 12" of one or more Hierotitans adds +D3 to the casting result of each spell he attempts to cast (roll for the bonus each time).

EQUIPMENT:

Icon of Ptrra: *An Icon of Ptrra is said to illuminate the path to the Realm of Souls with the sun god's own light.*

Bound Spell (power level 3). An Icon of Ptrra contains the spell *Shem's Burning Gaze* (see the Lore of Light).

Scales of Usirian: *The souls of those who gaze upon the Scales of Usirian are judged by the god of the Underworld, and those that are found unworthy are condemned to oblivion.*

Bound Spell (power level 4). The Scales of Usirian contain the spell *Spirit Leech* (see the Lore of Death).



THE CRATER OF THE WAKING DEAD

Such was the rivalry between King Imanotep of Mahrak and King Ushtep of Rasetra that they drove their Undead legions across the desert to end a feud that mortal death had not settled.

The two armies clashed in a giant crater situated between the two cities, and the mummified rulers met in personal combat beside a half-buried Hierotitan. The Tomb Kings dueled for hours, but their immortal bodies never grew weary and the thrill of battle soon ebbed to be replaced with a joyless bitterness. In frustration, the warring Tomb Kings vented their anger upon the gods, blaming them for their cursed existence and uttering a string of insults. These words did not go by unheard, for the Hierotitan in whose shadow the monarchs were fighting was literally a conduit between the mortal plane and the Realm of Souls. The deities heard the profanities as clearly as if they had been uttered to their faces, and their anger was great.

The gods cursed the rival Tomb Kings to wage an endless war. Countless thousands of skeletal warriors now battle across the vast crater, chariots smashing into each other and crushing their foes into the dust. However, the crater is saturated with magical energy, and the instant a Skeleton is cut down its broken bones mend anew and the warrior staggers to its feet, ready to continue the fight. The battle has now raged for over three millennia, and in the centre of the crater are the two ancient kings – locked in a perpetual duel. It is said that a hundred Hierotitans now line the crater's edge and the gods themselves watch the eternal war unfold through their eyes.

KHEMRIC TITAN

Beneath the shifting and endless sands of Nehekharu dwell age-old secrets and timeless horrors to freeze the soul of any who dare disturb their slumber, and many are the legends and whispered tales that are gathered about them. Of these one of the most fabled and feared is that of the gigantic scarabs and carrion-beetles said to dwell beneath the sands. While there are those who scoff at stories of scarabs the size of fortress keeps raising up wrathful sandstorms against all who intrude upon the ancient lands of the Tomb Kings of Khemri, there are too few beyond the Lands of the Dead who know that a terrible truth lies behind them. Known to the loremasters of Tilea and the Empire as Khemric Titans, these giant arcane constructs of stone and onyx, bejeweled and enamelled with the wealth and glory of a bygone age, tower above even the dreaded Necrosphinx in size, animated by the mightiest incantations of the fallen glory of the south.

It is unknown how many were fashioned in ancient days, and how many even of those few have survived, but it is known they were set to slumber as guardians far away from the funeral armies of their kings of old, set to stand watch over sites of terrible evil and the

haunts of foul monsters from the dawning of the world, and there are few forces of creatures able to contest them in battle. The root of their great power stems from the fact they are no mere beast of animate stone, for contained within a Khemric Titan is the resting place of a long dead hero of Khemri, and something, more rarely, an entire dynasty of warrior kin, fallen satraps of the great kings who were heroes while they drew breath, sworn to guard the borders of their lord's domains in death as they were in life. The funerary incantations of these shrines of eternities are lodestones for the winds of magic, gathering and storing their tremendous power there over the years, and when the winds of magic grow tempestuous they flare into life and unbidden by any Liche Priest the Khemric Titan walk.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Khemric Titan	8	2	2	6	8	10	1	*	8

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly (7), Impact Hits (D6), Natural Armour (5+), Undead.

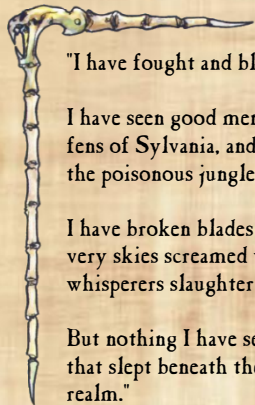
Shrine of Eternities: *The Shrine of Eternities, in which the resting place of the long-dead lord within the Khemric Titan is located, is swathed with funerary incantations and ritual spells to animate the monolithic creature. The arcane power of a storm of magic fires these ancient spells to life, granting them destructive force on the battlefield.*

Once per magic phase the Khemric Titan can unleash a Bound spell. One of the following may be chosen:

- **The Gaze of Dust:** Bound Spell (power level 5). This is a **magic missile** with a range of 24". It causes a Strength 6 Hit which penetrates ranks in the same way as a Bolt Thrower.
- **Wrath of the Sands:** Bound Spell (power level 3). This is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". The target suffers -2 To Hit when shooting and -1 to their charge distance rolls until the start of the caster's next Magic phase.
- **Reawakening of Ancient Might:** Bound Spell (power level 3). This is an **augment** spell that targets the Khemric Titan itself. When successfully cast, it restores one Wound previously suffered during the battle.

Curse of the Fallen: *Should the Khemric Titan be slain it shatters apart, unleashing the potent incantations and magics bound within its frame in a deathly blast of power that can age anything caught in its howling grip into dust in mere seconds.*

If the Khemric Titan is slain by any means, all enemy units within 6" from suffer 2D6 Strength 2 hits which Ignores Armour saves.



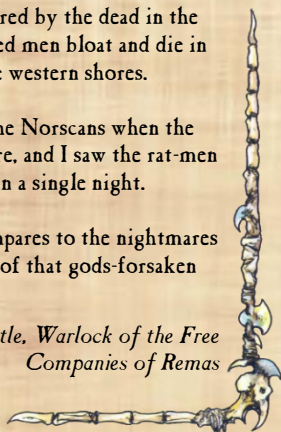
"I have fought and bled in half a hundred battles,

I have seen good men devoured by the dead in the fens of Sylvania, and watched men bloat and die in the poisonous jungles of the western shores.

I have broken blades with the Norscans when the very skies screamed with fire, and I saw the rat-men whisperers slaughter a city in a single night.

But nothing I have seen compares to the nightmares that slept beneath the sands of that gods-forsaken realm."

- Sargas Redmantle, Warlock of the Free Companies of Remas



Khemric Titan Special Attacks: *Khemric Titans are strange creature-constructs whose inhuman minds perceive and deal with threats in a manner seldom explicable to mortal minds, and have at their disposal a host of means to do so, each more horrific than the last.*

In order to determine what happens, each Close Combat phase that the Khemric Titan is in combat, pick a single unit in base contact and roll a D6 on the table below:

D6	Result
1-2	Reaping Blades: <i>The Khemric Titan lashes out with its massive scythe-bladed forelimbs, cutting through the enemies like a sickle through ripe wheat.</i> The Khemric Titan inflicts D6 Strength 6 hits on the enemy unit.
3	Flesh-eating Scarabs: <i>The Khemric Titan unleashes a swarms of flesh-eating scarabs from its jaws. These are capable of stripping the bones of living creatures clean in seconds.</i> The Khemric Titan inflicts 3D6 Strength 2 hits on the enemy unit.
4	Breath of Night: <i>The air around the Khemric Titan is filled with crawling darkness redolent with the chill of the grave, filling mortal souls with panic and terror.</i> The Khemric Titan does not attack, but instead automatically wins the combat with a combat resolution of 2 (unless this would be higher from other sources).
5	Devouring Jaws: <i>The Khemric Titan's obsidian and onyx mandibles yawn open to devour its enemies, slamming shut with enough force to shatter stone and crush steel.</i> The Khemric Titan inflicts a Strength 6 hit with the Heroic Killing Blow special rule on all enemy models in base contact.
6	Soul Slaying Hunger: <i>The Khemric Titan releases its most dread power and becomes a howling gate to the realms of the dead, able to suck the souls of the living into the pitch black abyss beyond.</i> The Khemric Titan inflicts 2D6 hits on the enemy unit. Roll a D6 for each hit, on a 5+ it inflicts a Wound with no armour saves allowed and the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. This is a Magical Attack.



SETTRA THE IMPERISHABLE

God-King of Khemri, Ruler of Nehekhara

Settra the Imperishable is the King of all Tomb Kings. He is a ruthless leader whose thirst for conquest knows no bounds. Settra's power is far greater than any other Tomb King, and his unyielding will is such that he never needs to return to his sarcophagus to rest. Instead, he chooses to remain awake, the ruler of a devastated land. The immortality he lusted after in life is now his, and the civilisations that flourished in his absence feel his wrath.

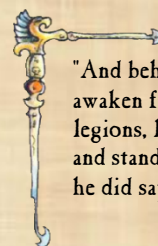
Settra was the Priest King who founded Khemri, the ancient city which spawned both Nagash and Arkhan the Black. He was also the first of the Priest Kings to have his body buried in a pyramid, the likes of which now dot the plains of the blighted and misbegotten land of the Tomb Kings. He was a vain and egotistical man when alive, long to hold a grudge and hateful of anyone who questioned his actions or motives. He cared little for the suffering his actions caused others, and it is said that populations of entire villages died while working as slave labour to build his pyramid.

Of all the kings of Nehekhara, none could match the splendour, cruelty and arrogance of Settra, first Priest King of Khemri. Under his inspired leadership and

unparalleled ruthlessness, the many kings of Nehekhara were conquered and forced to pay tribute and acknowledge Khemri as the greatest city of the land. The tribes of the surrounding lands were conquered and the armies of Settra spread far and wide, enslaving all before them. His war fleets ravaged realms across the sea, bringing the terror of the Priest King to many distant lands. Settra was a vain and egotistical king, demanding tribute and adoration from all his subjects and, though he was a tyrannical ruler. Khemri entered an unprecedented golden age of prosperity under his rule.

Settra's kingdom stretched across the land, but for all his conquests, he was unsatisfied, knowing that one day death would rob him of all he had accomplished. In his arrogance he vowed that the grave would not claim him and proclaimed that he would cheat- death, setting his wisest and most powerful priests towards working on a means of preventing his passing. The priests journeyed for many years throughout the world, searching for a means of keeping the great king from death, but to no avail. Great was Settra's wrath and though the priests' magic kept him alive far beyond his mortal span, they could not prevent his death. As he lay dying, the priests promised the great king that it would one day be possible for him to return from beyond the grave and live forever in a golden paradise where he would reign eternally. When the king died, it was with a curse on his lips and his body was taken to the great Pyramid of Khemri where he was entombed beneath the earth to await the appointed time for him to awaken.

Were it not for the twisted ambition of the evil necromancer, Nagash, Settra's plans might have come to fruition. As Nagash's powerful spell coursed across the lands of Nehekhara, legions of warriors and kings from ancient times stirred and rose from their sepulchres. Where the ancient kings had been promised eternal life in a paradise where they would reign supreme, they instead awoke to find themselves clad in rotted vestments and desiccated flesh with their lands in ruins and kingdoms destroyed. The fires of pride and ambition still burned within their breasts and they set about reclaiming what remained of their kingdoms.



"And behold, the almighty god-king Settra did awaken from his sleep of blessed oblivion. His legions, long buried beneath the sands, did arise and stand to attention, awaiting his order. And he did say 'War', and the world did tremble..."

- Grand Hierophant Khatap



Battles raged throughout Nehekhara until the great Pyramid of Khemri opened and Settra emerged into the blazing sunlight. Great was his fury, at this disastrous reawakening and he set about reconquering his lost realm, overwhelming all those lesser kings who stood against him and forcing them to swear terrible oaths of fealty.

Having passed into the realm of death, Settra knew now that his priests had lied to him and kept much of their magic for themselves. His power was now far greater than theirs and he cast them from his lands, ordering his vassal kings to return to their tombs and await his call to arms. He would remain awake, king of a devastated land; ready to begin the reconquest of the empire that was once his. Immortality was now his, and the new races that had flourished in his absence would now feel his wrath.



Following Nagash's defeat at the hands of the doomed Priest King Alcadizaar he quickly managed to bring the Undead population of Khemri under his control. When Nagash returned to life in his black pyramid at Khemri, he expected the Undead he had raised with his spell to obey and follow him. By this time Settra had been ruling the city for hundreds of years, and he was far too proud and arrogant to submit to any other ruler. Settra led his armies against Nagash and the small number of Undead followers Nagash had been able to bind to his will, catapulting Khemri into civil war. Battles raged across the decaying streets and buildings of the city and through the necropolises that surrounded it as the forces of undeath fought against each other in a terrible silent contest. Nagash was soon joined by Arkhan the Black and the army under his control, and sought aid by visiting the other cities of the dead Tomb Kings. This proved a costly mistake, for the other Tomb Kings were united in their hatred of Nagash for what he had done to them and their realm. The Tomb Kings formed an alliance under the leadership of Settra, and against such overwhelming forces Nagash and Arkhan had no choice but to retreat north to Nagashizzar.

Fortunately for all living creatures the alliance of the Tomb Kings and the huge Undead armies under their control did not last long. Settra was as vain, self-centred and evil in death as he had been in life. As the first of the Tomb Kings he felt that all of those that followed owed allegiance to him, and he was outraged when they refused to carry on obeying his orders after Nagash had been banished.

Determined to impose his will on the others, Settra turned his army on his former allies. The battle that resulted raged continuously for seven days and nights, the combatants neither tiring or growing dispirited, and with the losses to each side being made good as

Undead warriors that had been slain were restored once more to unlife. With the teaming living dead population of Khemri under his control Settra was by far the most powerful of the Tomb Kings, but he was heavily outnumbered by the combined forces of all of the other Tomb Kings, and finally he was forced to retreat or face complete annihilation. As Settra led his forces back to Khemri he cursed his enemies and vowed revenge against all of them.

Since that time Settra has continued to spread his evil empire, sending his armies to battle against the other Tomb Kings, and launching his fleets to raid the coasts of Tilea, Estalia, Bretonnia and Araby. These raids have earned Settra a fearsome and evil reputation, for the Undead fleets do not raid in order to steal gold, corn or other booty, but in order to capture the living. The unfortunate victims are dragged off to Khemri to be slain in horrifying rituals so their bodies can swell the ranks of Settra's Undead host. Often Settra will lead the raiding force himself, landing his army on the coast and cutting a bloody swathe through the lands of the living, leaving burning towns and villages devoid of all life in his wake. The army will then return to the fleet with a rich haul of living victims, and disappear as silently and as quickly as it appeared.

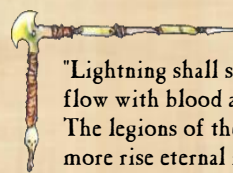
Settra rides to war upon his magical chariot, the Crown of Nehekhara resting majestically upon his head as a symbol of his might. Settra is a bloodthirsty and skilled warrior, and he drives his enemies before him without pity, scything through the ranks of mortals with every sweep of his blessed blade.

Settra alone among the Tomb Kings knows the secrets of the Liche Priests. He understands their language, but to his eternal frustration, Settra has never been able to fully master their magical arts. Though he has not forgiven the Mortuary Cult for their lies, Settra still has need of their abilities to summon forth his vassal kings and maintain his realm. However, it is a foolish Liche Priest who thinks he can wield power over the King of Khemri. Any that invite Settra's wrath, Liche Priest or otherwise, are torn limb from limb.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Settra	4	7	3	5	5	4	3	5	10
Chariot of the Gods	7	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-
Skeletal Steed	-	2	-	3	-	-	2	1	-

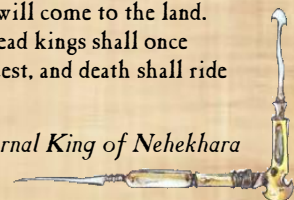
TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Special Character).

MAGIC: Settra the Imperishable is a Level 2 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of Nehekhara.



"Lightning shall sunder the skies, the rivers will flow with blood and war will come to the land. The legions of the long-dead kings shall once more rise eternal in conquest, and death shall ride beside them."

- Settra, The Eternal King of Nehekhara



SPECIAL RULES: Flammable, My Will Be Done, Undead.

Settra the Great: *One of the best generals and strategists to have ever lived, in life it was Settra's mastery on the battlefield that allowed him to conquer the other Nehekharan cities. In death, it is that same remarkable will and genius that moves his undying army.*

If you take Settra the Imperishable, he must be your army's General. Settra's Inspiring Presence has a range of 18".

The Curse of Settra: *Should Settra's mortal vessel be destroyed, it explodes into a ravening swarm of flesh-eating khepra beetles which bite and sting the enemy before flying back to his pyramid to slowly regain his immortal form.*

In addition to the normal Tomb King's Curse, if Settra is killed by any means, then every enemy unit within 2D6" suffers 2D6 Strength 2 hits.

Chariot of the Gods: *This mighty chariot carries with it the blessings of all the gods of Nehekhar, and its wheels blaze with mystical flame.*

Settra rides a scythed chariot drawn by four skeletal steeds. Impact Hits from the Chariot of the Gods have the Flaming Attacks and Magical Attacks special rules.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Scarab Brooch of Usirian (Talisman)

Made in the image of a skull-carapaced khepra beetle, this talisman surrounds the wearer with the protective energies of Usirian, god of the Underworld.

The Scarab Brooch of Usirian grants Settra the Ward Save (4+) and the Magic Resistance (1) special rules.

Blessed Blade of Ptra (Magic Weapon)

This revered weapon has been blessed by the sun god, Ptra. The blade's white-hot edge, infused with the heat of the desert sun, sets the air itself ablaze, and glows so brightly that it blinds Settra's foes. In battle, Settra strikes down his foes with darling flashes of light that blind the enemy and scorches their skin.

Polearm. This blade gives Settra the Always Strikes First, Armour Piercing (1) and Flaming Attacks special rules. In addition, a character or monster that suffers one or more unsaved Wounds from the Blessed Blade of Ptra suffers -1 to its rolls To Hit (both shooting and close combat) for the remainder of the game.



Armour of Golden Magnificence (Magic Armour)

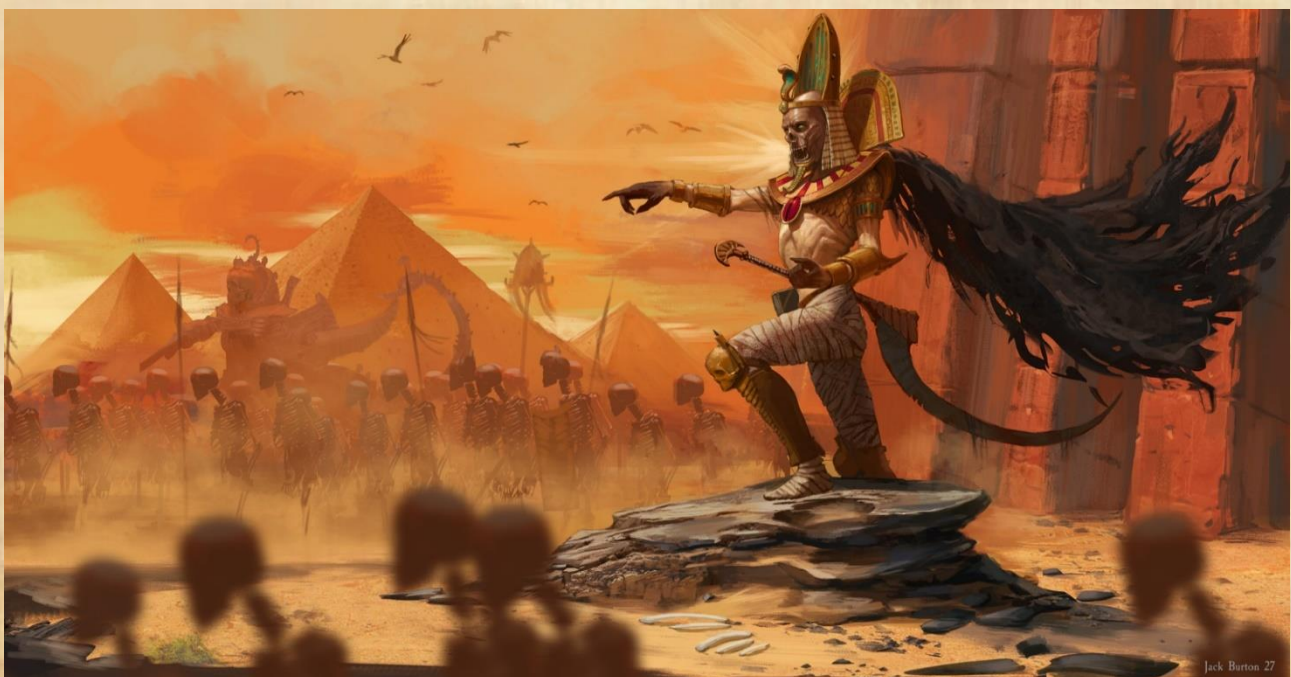
Settra wears a suit of age-old, kingly armour that was said to have been crafted and worn by the Jackal god, Djaf, when he walked the land. It is impervious to the ravages of time, and nothing can tarnish this shining golden armour.

Heavy armour. This armour save cannot be modified in any way, and may even be taken against mundane attacks that normally do not allow armour saves.

Crown of Nehekhar (Enchanted Item)

The crown that Settra wears represents his kingship over the entire land, and incorporates several crowns in one. This crown carries with it the blessing of all the gods and goddesses of Nehekhar, and is topped with a golden cobra that rears and spits whenever enemies are near. This regal headdress allows Settra to instil his unyielding will into all those nearby.

Settra the Imperishable's My Will Be Done special rule affects all friendly Undead units within 8" of him, not just the unit he has joined.



HIGH QUEEN KHALIDA NEFERHER

Beloved of Asaph, Tomb Queen of the Eastern Deserts

High Queen Khalida Neferher, the Warrior-Queen of Lybaras, was highly respected across all the lands of Nehekhara and adored by her subjects. Her intelligence, temper and bravery were as legendary as her beauty, as was her intense sense of honour and justice. Her reign was tragically short, cut down as she was in her prime. All of Nehekhara mourned her passing, for they knew she would have brought great glory to the empire.

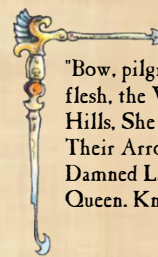
Khalida was killed by her cousin Neferata, the Queen of Lahmia, in ritual combat during a great celebratory feast. The sensuously beautiful and alluring Queen of Lahmia had falsely accused Khalida of treason and attempts of assassination, and proclaimed these allegations loudly during a banquet feast. Khalida had risen to personally defend her honour, and in her anger had refused to nominate a champion, accepting the challenge personally. Neferata desired the death of Khalida, for the Warrior-Queen had grown suspicious of Neferata and her Lahmian court. Indeed Khalida was right to be suspicious, for Neferata had been studying the blasphemous texts of the sorcerer, Nagash, and had

drunk from the cursed elixir of damnation – she had been reborn into a cursed existence, becoming the first of the vampires, and if Khalida was not silenced then the Lahmians' deadly secret would become known.

The two women fought before the shocked nobility, their blades weaving a delicate and deadly dance. Khalida was a skilled and powerful warrior, and yet she could not match the preternatural speed or unholy strength of Neferata and was struck a mortal blow. As she lay on the tiled floor, her blood flowing from a terrible wound in her stomach, Neferata sunk her sharp teeth into Khalida's neck, sucking deeply. Biting hard on her own tongue, the Queen of Lahmia placed her lips over Khalida's, and her vampiric blood flowed down the dying Queen's throat.

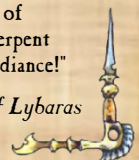
As the life began to leave her dying body, Khalida knew that the cursed blood now flowed through her veins. In desperation, she cried out to the gods to save her from the same abominable fate that had taken hold of Neferata. The Goddess of the Asp heard her pleas and appeared to the dying Queen in a divine vision. The blessing of the Goddess purified the vampiric taint from Khalida's veins even as it drained the remaining life from her. In sorrow she was borne back to Lybaras.

The priests and priestesses of the Asp Goddess undertook the burial of the Queen, for they recognised that the blessing of their divine mistress was upon her, even in death. Khalida was embalmed and placed in a seated position within a specially made reliquary within the temple of the blessed Asp in Lybaras. There she sits unmoving, her face concealed behind a beautiful death mask created in her likeness. In times of dire need, when her homeland is threatened, the power of the Asp Goddess infuses her ancient limbs. Gracefully, she rises from her seated position, and glides across the temple floor, commanding the tall heavy doors to open with a delicate motion of her hand. Her flesh slowly starts to return to its former beauty, gradually becoming as pale and hard as pristine white marble. Her famed archer legions, buried in vast tomb pits beside the temple, arise at her bidding, marching alongside their immortal Warrior-Queen as they did in life, bringing death to those that intrude upon her realm.



"Bow, pilgrims, bow before the Wisdom of Asaph made flesh, the Voice of the Vengeful, the Lioness of the Hills, She Whose Legions Blot Out the Sun With Their Arrows, High Queen Khalida, Guardian of Damned Lahmia, the Watchful Soul and the Serpent Queen. Kneel, so that you might bask in her radiance!"

- Djubti, Liche Priest of Lybaras



High Queen Khalida is the embodiment of the asp goddess, and divine energy flows through her limbs and healing her wounds so that she looks increasingly statue-like and is filled with unnatural beauty and allure. Venom runs in Khalida's veins, and she moves with the speed of a striking asp. Only when all her foes lie dead at her feet does she lead her legions back to Lybaras and sit upon her throne again. However, though Khalida sleeps, her soul is troubled. Deep within the High Queen burns a loathing for those tainted by Nagash's vile sorcery, and only when the last Vampire has been slain will she finally rest in peace.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
High Queen Khalida	6	6	3	4	5	3	9	5	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

CURSE OF THE TOMB KINGS

The Tomb Kings of Khemri are well-known for their efforts in protecting their last resting places with intricate traps, tricks, and magical wards to ensure their successful journey to life after death. Many of their Priests were not only very knowledgeable about how to mummify a corpse but also how to mix rare herbs and potions. Most scholars believe this disease was created by the Priests of Khemri at the request of the Tomb Kings. To ensure any tomb raiders would receive their proper punishment, the Priests sprinkled the contagion laden powder throughout a crypt before it was sealed.

Anyone entering the tomb would inhale the powder and succumb to the disease. A few days after being exposed to the dust, the victim begins to suffer paranoid delusions, feeling absolutely certain that retribution will be visited upon him for despoiling a sacred tomb. Everyone appears to be an enemy, even friends and family members. Victims often commit suicide or are sent to an insane asylum before they can shake off the effects of the illness. It is possible for the disease to spread to anyone that touches items coated with the powder that have been removed from a tomb.

Khemri scholars believe this disease may have been one of the reasons for the madness that devastated the kingdom under the rule of Ankenat I. This king's shortlived reign ended almost overnight as legends say that a murderous uprising occurred, and thousands were slain. Another outbreak was reported in Nuln when the famous explorer Hans der Kartur returned from Khemri to display the treasures he had uncovered from King Ankamun's tomb. Hans was forced to leave the city when over 100 people who had seen his items on display went mad.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, The Curse, Flammable, Hatred (Vampire Counts), My Will be Done, Poisoned Attacks, Regeneration (4+), Undead.

Blessing of Asaph: *During her life, Queen Khalida's army relied heavily on her well-trained bowmen, and even now the asp goddess smiles on Khalida and her followers.*

If Khalida is included in your army, any unit of Skeleton Archers, Horse Archers or Chariots may be upgraded to gain the Poisoned Attacks special rule for all shooting attacks for +2 points per model.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Venom Staff (Arcane Item)

From the shriek of a Terrorgheist to Festus's Vials of Putrescence, there are few weapons as strange as the Venom Staff of High Queen Khalida. This tall staff, which at a glance appears to be a simple rod of metal fashioned in the image of a snake, is actually something entirely more dangerous. The Venom Staff has the power to writhe and lunge at Khalida's foes, acting as if a live animal. Worse even than that, however, is that it spits at her enemies, unleashing volleys of magic energy imbued with the power of the Khemrian goddess Asaph.

Bound Spell (power level 5). The Venom Staff contains a **magic missile** with a range of 24". If successfully cast, the target takes 2D6 Strength 4 hits.



GRAND HIEROPHANT KHATEP

Liche Lord of Khemri

Khatop is the Grand Hierophant of Khemri, the head of the Mortuary Cult's hieratic council, and he alone knows all its secrets and unwritten lore. Khatop is the oldest and wisest of all the Liche Priests and the first member of their order to truly deny death's embrace, if not the ravages of time. He is ancient beyond memory, cadaverous and hunched over as if he carries the weight of epochs upon his shoulders.

Following the casting of Nagash's Great Ritual, civil war threatened to destroy Nehekharu. Khatop therefore took it upon himself to restore order. He broke the magical seals of the Grand Pyramid of Khemri and awoke the greatest of the Tomb Kings – Settra. At the end of the mighty incantation Settra arose and smote any who opposed him. Before long all bowed their heads to Settra, and though he once more sat upon the throne of Khemri, his wrath was great. Settra was angry foremost with the Mortuary Cult, believing they had whispered lies about the extent of their powers. In his fury, he exiled Khatop from Khemri and forbade him to set foot within any of the great cities until such time as he could fulfil the Mortuary Cult's ancient promise and reinstate the golden age of Nehekharu. Thus, Khatop wanders the deserts in search of scrolls, inscriptions and relics of power that he believes will restore his beloved kingdom to its former glory.

Khatop roams the Land of the Dead to this day, lending his aid to the Tomb Kings when he can. When King Dhekesh of Mahrak battled with the Lizardmen of the south, their ferocity proved too great for his skeletal legions. As reptilian soldiers smashed through ranks of Skeletons, and towering war-statues were hewn by powerful magics, Mahrak stood on the brink of destruction. Then, through a whirling cloud of

dust a single figure appeared and he intoned a single word that silenced the sorceries of the enemy. This stooped being then raised his copper staff, and across the battlefield the broken bones of thousands of fallen Skeletons were whole again. The Lizardmen found themselves surrounded and outnumbered, and the sands were soon awash with their blood. Before King Dhekesh could greet the mysterious strange; he had vanished back into the dust-storm. This and a hundred other such tales have been attributed to Grand Hierophant Khatop, the Liche Lord of Khemri.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Khatop	4	3	3	3	4	3	2	1	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Grand Hierophant Khatop is a Level 4 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of Nehekharu.

SPECIAL RULES: **Loremaster (Lore of Nehekharu), Undead.**

Grand Hierophant of Khemri: If you take Grand Hierophant Khatop, he must be your army's Hierophant. He gives his unit the Regeneration (5+) special rule rather than Regeneration (6+). Additionally, Khatop restores 2D6 Wounds with the *The Restless Dead* Lore Attribute.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Liche Staff (Arcane Item)

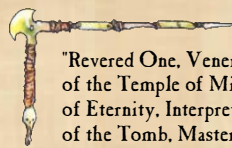
This ancient copper staff is inscribed with the names of all the gods and goddesses of Nehekharu and it grants Khatop mastery of their magical power.

Khatop can declare that he is using the Liche Staff immediately after rolling the dice to cast a spell, even if the result indicates a miscast. If Khatop uses the Liche Staff, he re-rolls all the casting dice used in the attempt. Khatop can use the Liche Staff once per turn.

Scroll of the Cursing Word (Arcane Item)

This scroll curses those who utter vile sorceries, filling their mouths with dung beetles or replacing the air in their lungs with scorching sand.

One Use Only. This works exactly the same as a Dispel Scroll. In addition the caster must immediately take a Toughness test. If the test is passed, nothing happens. If the test is failed, the enemy Wizard cannot cast any more spells that turn, as he spits out a mouthful of foul-tasting insects. If the test is failed on the roll of a 6, the caster immediately suffers D3 Wounds as well, with no saves of any kind allowed.



"Revered One, Venerable One, lord of Secrets, High Priest of the Temple of Millions of Years, Keeper of the Pyramid of Eternity, Interpreter of Mysteries, Prophet of the Lord of the Tomb, Master of Awakenings, Bearer of the Serpent Staff, Khatop the Enduring"

- Names and titles of Khatop, Liche High Priest of Khemri.



ARKHAN THE BLACK

The Liche King, Dark Lord of Nagash

Arkhan the Black was the first and most loyal of the evil Nagash's followers. He grew up with Nagash in the ancient city of Khemri and was the first person apart from Nagash to partake of the elixir which granted Nagash and his followers eternal life. Arkhan helped lead the coup which brought the arch-necromancer to power, and he was the first, after his lord, to imbibe the Elixir of Life. Arkhan was the most adept of Nagash's pupils in the study of dark sorcery, and he quickly rose to become the necromancer's trusted vizier and principal lieutenant. When the Priest Kings formed an alliance to attack Nagash, Arkhan was Nagash's principle lieutenant in the many battles that followed. He led many armies and fought numerous battles against Nagash's enemies, and was never once defeated in open battle.

In the end, however, the sheer numbers of the Priest Kings' armies proved too much for Nagash's forces, and they were forced to retreat to Khemri where they were besieged. When Nagash's capital city finally fell to the Priest Kings' armies, Arkhan led a suicidal counter-attack which gave Nagash the opportunity to

escape. Arkhan and his bodyguard fought to the last man, hopelessly outnumbered and surrounded on all sides. When the last of his bodyguard was slain Arkhan fought on alone for over an hour, heolding back the Army of the Seven Kings through feats of martial prowess and powerful sorcery, standing atop a growing pile of bodies.

Arkhan finally fell, not to a hero's sword, but to a single spear hurled by an unknown soldier. Arkhan stared in horror at the spear shaft protruding from his chest, knowing that it had pierced his heart. With his dying breath, he threatened that a terrible curse would befall any who touched his corpse, and with that, he slumped to the ground. Within seconds, dark flames had consumed Arkhan's flesh leaving behind only a blackened skeleton. Whilst the rest of Nagash's followers were beheaded and burnt, none dared risk desecrating Arkhan's remains, and so they covered them under a cairn of stones instead along with those he had slain. He was the only foe they honoured in this way. The rest of Nagash's followers were beheaded and burnt, and their ashes scattered to the winds. For generations Arkhan's body lay under this cairn of stones, long forgotten by all but Nagash.

Nagash did not forget his most able lieutenant, or that he had died so that he could escape. While Arkhan rested in his rough stone tomb, Nagash built a mighty Undead empire and returned to finally defeat the Priest Kings and their followers. Once the Priest Kings were defeated Nagash cast an immensely powerful Necromantic spell which woke all of the dead warriors that lay in the Priest Kings' realm.

When the spell was cast Arkhan was reborn as the Liche King. With a mighty roar he hurled aside the stones of the cairn and stood once more, both less and more than he had been in life. Arkhan became the first of the creatures known as the nine Dark Lords of Nagash. These fell beings were in ancient times the foremost of Nagash's captains and apprentices and the most feared hunters of his enemies, and still walk the world bringing despair and destruction to the living.

When Nagash was defeated by the last surviving Priest King Alcadizaar just hours after casting the great spell, Arkhan gathered a vast Undead army from those creatures that had been awakened by Nagash's spell. Determined to wreak revenge on all living creatures for the destruction of his lord and master, Arkhan turned south towards the nearest living opponents he could find. For generations Arkhan and the Undead host under his command battered the kingdoms of Araby, in what the Arabian chroniclers came to call the Wars of Death.



For countless generations, Arkhan the Black vented his anger on the lands of the living, butchering the inhabitants of the world from the kingdoms of Araby in the west to the fledgling Empire in the north. Arkhan and his army inhabited the desert wastes that surround the lands of Araby, uncaring of the sweltering heat and total lack of water which would have destroyed any living army. From here they would swoop on an unsuspecting Arabian city, destroy it and burn it to the ground. and disappear back to the desert from whence they had come.

When Nagash was finally reborn, Arkhan turned his army about and marched north to rejoin him and resume his position as his chief lieutenant and second in command. From that day until this Arkhan has remained Nagash's most able and trusted general, leading Nagash's Undead legions against many opponents. However, Arkhan the Black retained his master's unquenchable thirst for dominion over the realms of Nehekhara above all else, and he finally returned to the Land of the Dead. From his cursed Black Tower, Arkhan has carved out a powerful realm. The other Tomb Kings tolerate Arkhan, for he is a powerful ally to those who can afford his price.

Of all the rulers in the Land of the Dead, Arkhan's greatest rival remains Settra the Imperishable. The two have fought against each other a dozen times, and though Arkhan's army cannot rival the might of Settra's, neither can the King of Nehekhara overcome



the Liche King's dark sorcery. Their battles thus end in stalemate, and only when Arkhan bows his head and utters false promises of fealty does Settra return satisfied to Khemri. Whilst Arkhan feigns servitude, he is secretly plotting for a way to hasten the inevitable return of Nagash. To this end, he has scoured the globe in search of the Great Necromancer's enchanted items, for a fraction of his evil will still resides within each. Arkhan the Black wields his master's own magical staff, plucked from the clutches of the Vampire Mandregan, and with it he channels the Winds of Magic to his whim. However, Arkhan's most prized possession is the Liber Mortis, one of the nine Books of Nagash that hold the secrets to necromantic magic. One day Arkhan the Black will succeed in resurrecting his dark master, and on that day the Tomb Kings shall be destroyed, and the world shall drown in death.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Arkhan the Black	4	4	3	5	5	3	3	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Arkhan is a Level 4 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of Death, even if he is your army's Hierophant.

SPECIAL RULES: **The Curse, Flammable, Undead.**

MAGIC ITEMS:

Tomb Blade of Arkhan (Magic Weapon)

The flesh of those slain by this dread blade burns away, leaving behind only a charred skeleton enslaved for all eternity to Arkhan's dark will.

For every unsaved Wound caused by this blade to an enemy in close combat, Arkhan's unit immediately recovers a Wound for each one inflicted, as described in Resurrecting Fallen Warriors.

Staff of Nagash (Arcane Item)

This staff was created by the Arch Necromancer Nagash to harness the reservoirs of dark magic stored within the accursed Black Pyramid.

At the end of the opponent's Magic phase, you can store up to three unused dispel dice from your pool in the Staff of Nagash. At the beginning of your next Magic phase, add these dice to your power dice pool. If Arkhan the Black is removed as a casualty before your next Magic phase, these power dice are lost.

Liber Mortis (Arcane Item)

This accursed tome is one of the fabled nine Books of Nagash, the most potent source of necromantic magic in the world.

Whilst Arkhan the Black has the Liber Mortis he gains +1 to cast, +1 to dispel and one additional spell. If the Liber Mortis is ever destroyed, Arkhan the Black immediately loses a randomly determined spell.

KING PHAR

Ruler of Mahrak

When Settra first began his domination off the Kings of Nehekhara he faced fierce resistance from rival kingdoms. Under his skilled generalship, Settra's armies were able to conquer all opposition before them, until they marched east through the Valley of the Kings. Word had spread of Settra's coming and one King was determined to defy this all conquering army. Under his rule the lands around Mahrak had been scoured clean of the greenskin menace and the city had prospered. An arrogant and proud leader, King Phar deemed himself too important to bow down before any mortal. He was able to ambush Settra's force as they marched through the Valley of the Kings, preventing the army from taking his beloved city.



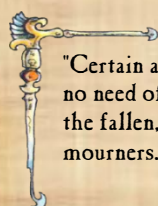
For decades his people held out, besieged many times by the armies of Khemri and, even with his dying breath he cursed the name of Settra, remaining the only King who refused to pay him tribute. Finally, with Phar's passing, Settra's armies were able to conquer Mahrak and the last free city of Nehekhara fell under Settra's rule. Phar was among the first of the Kings to rise from his eternal slumber. Upon awaking, such was his fury that his successors had bowed down to the lineage of Khemri that he broke into the tombs of his descendants as they woke. Ordering their pyramids toppled, he dragged their mummified corpses from their resting places, burning them and shattering their charred skeletons with his mighty Flail of Skulls. Even in death, King Phar continues to fight against Settra, and his Undead legions wage war against all who try to subject him to their will.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
King Phar	4	6	3	5	5	4	3	4	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: The Curse, Flammable, My Will Be Done, Undead.

King Phar the Proud: King Phar has to be the army's General. No other Lords with the My Will Be Done special rule are allowed in an army lead by King Phar.



"Certain and eternal vanquisher of armies, I have no need of monuments save the tomb stones of the fallen, nor praises but the wailing of the mourners."

- King Phar, Ruler of Mahrak



MAGIC ITEMS:

Flail of Skulls (Magic Weapon)

The Flail of Skulls is made from the gilded skulls of conquered enemies, most often kings. Enemies struck by the skulls are lacerated and savaged by their sharpened teeth and bleed profusely from their wounds.

Attacks made with the Flail of Skulls have the Strength Bonus (2) and Multiple Wounds (D3) special rules.

Armour of Eternity (Magic Armour)

Forged from the bronze of Mahrak and, cooled in the blood of the giant Lybrasian scorpion and gilded with red and gold from Lahmia, the ancient breastplate known as the Armour of Eternity can turn aside even the strongest blow.

Light armour. Enemy models must re-roll successful rolls To Wound against the King Phar.

Shield of Ptra (Magic Armour)

This mystical shield contains the energy of the Sun God Ptra, unleashed in a blinding flash of light.

Shield. Phar gains the Parry (6+) rule even while mounted. If he makes a successful Parry save, all models in base contact with him suffer -1 To Hit for the remainder of the turn, or the next turn if they have already attacked this turn.



AMANHOTEP THE INTOLERANT

The High-Handed Avenger of Zandri

King Amanhotep the Intolerant, known as the High-Handed Avenger of Zandri, was one of the most spiteful and unforgiving of all his kind. During the time of the Desertblood Crusades, a regiment of Bretonnian Knights returned from Nehekhara with the remains of what they believed to be Duke Cheldric, a hero whose daring quest into the Land of the Dead was the stuff of legend. However, the Knights had actually returned to the Old World with the mummified body of King Amanhotep the Intolerant, who awakened after unknowingly being paraded up and down the length of Bretonnia and carried across a score of battlefields by zealous Battle Pilgrims. Amanhotep's wrath was great indeed, and he singlehandedly slaughtered the inhabitants of dozens of towns before returning to his sarcophagus in Zandri.

THE CURSE OF ZANDRI

Even by the standards of the Undead fleets of Nehekhara, the Curse of Zandri is a strange and wondrous gift. It is propelled through the waters by hundreds of skeleton oarsmen, undying soldiers whose strength is drawn from the tides of magic so that they will never tire in their task. The Great Blade of Kharpesh, forged anew, has been mounted as the Curse's prow. The blade bears the most potent curses the Liche Priests of Zandri can muster; aside from the physical damage it can inflict, any craft that it strikes will find itself plague by the most terrible misfortunes.

Along the flanks of the Curse are massive statues of the Nehekharan gods, given unlife in order to hasten the demise of their prey. Gigantic Screaming Skull Catapults line its deck, ready to rain shrieking death into the decks of Amanhotep's enemies, and eight-foot stakes of sharpened dragonbone shoot out from the triangular apertures in its flanks as the Curse draws near to its prey.

The most lethal weapon at the Curse of Zandri's disposal is the tomb complex it bears to war, a mystical structure capable of harnessing the rays of the sun god Ptru. The mirrored pyramidal tomb projects searing energies from its crest in a coruscating column of light – a column align with the legendary Jewel of the River Mortis set into the Curse's arcing stern. At a single word from King Amanhotep, the sunlight stolen by the Jewel shoots out in a blinding beam of raw energy that can swathe even the mightiest of enemy vessels in flame. With such power at his bidding, Amanhotep seeks to make examples of these who would defile his lands.

Yet it was the city of Zandri that Jaego Roth chose to raid in order to secure his new fortune. When Captain Roth was in search of the bounty he needed to muster the sea-lords of Sartosa to his cause, he undertook a daring raid into the southern seas, fighting his way through the perilous Neheharan waters and making landfall on the borders of the coastal city of Zandri. Using the Heldenhammer as a sea-going fortress, Captain Roth mounted a lightning raid upon the tomb-structures that clustered around the walls of the city of Zandri itself.

Though these tombs were the resting places of lesser nobles, they contained enough treasure to make a merchant prince weep – treasure to which the audacious Roth and his men helped themselves, narrowly escaping the desert revenants and animated statuary that rose to block their escape.

Roth was not fool enough to believe that he would escape retribution entirely, but in seeking to recruit more allies to his cause with stolen gold, he had earned a powerful and determined enemy. King Amanhotep, a miser in life and a madman in death, knew the location of every gold coin and jewel in his empire. Vowing revenge, he summoned the mightiest war barque in his navy, the Curse of Zandri, and commanded that the tombs Roth had raided be taken apart, stone by stone, and rebuilt into the warship itself.



Thousands of Skeleton Warriors and living Ushabti statues laboured night and day to build pyramids, obelisks and colossi into the war barque's hull. The hooded Necrosphinx of Zandri was torn down and reconstructed as the Curse's figurehead, and the four Necrolith Colossi of the city walls were built into its hull, ready to power the warship forward or sweep the decks of enemy vessels clear with massive ritual halberds when the time of battle came. The Liche Priests of Necrotects of Zandri used their ancient magic to bind the animated titans fast to the vessel's sides, and King Amanhotep himself oversaw the mounting of the Great Blade of Kharpesh upon its prow.

Finally, the arcing structure that rose above the mighty warship's deck was rebuilt to hold a gigantic sapphire – the fabled Jewel of the River Mortis, heirloom of the sun god Ptru himself. By channelling the solar energies harvested by King Amanhotep's pyramidal tomb into the Jewel, the Curse of Zandri could direct a great beam of burning light from its arcing stern into an enemy vessel.

The Curse was complete – a warship built specifically to locate and destroy the impudent humans who had raided Zandrian property. Amanhotep vowed that for every ounce of gold stolen, he would consume a human pirate's soul. Under the blinding sun he swore an oath that he would find Roth and destroy him utterly as a lesion to the upstart civilisations of the north.

Through the divinations of his Liche high Priests, Amanhotep learned that Captain Roth was on a quest of his own. The human sought to destroy one of the Vampire Counts that had once reamed the Land of the Dead. Using the ancient star-magic of Nehekharu, Amanhotep journeyed through the stormy seas to the Galleon's Graveyard. There he made pact with the Vampire Count, intending to use him as bait until his quarry revealed himself.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Amanhotep	4	6	3	5	5	4	3	4	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: The Curse, Flammable, Hatred, My Will Be Done, Undead.

The Light of Ptru: At the start of each of your Shooting phases. Amanhotep may unleash the Light of Ptru from the Curse of Zandri. This is fired from the table edge of the Tomb Kings player's deployment zone. The Light of Ptru uses the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
48"	7	Flaming Attacks, Magical Attacks

Roll an Artillery dice to determine the number of hits caused. If a Misfire is rolled, the attack fails and you may not fire it the next Shooting phase.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Crook and Flail of Radiance (Magic Weapon)

These gleaming, golden weapons represent the high status of the bearer, and all in his presence are humbled by the aura of majesty these weapons convey. Only the most powerful and influential leaders, from the Tomb Kings and the Tomb Princes, can bear these sacred symbols of rulership.

Two hand weapons. These weapons gives Amanhotep the Always Strikes First special rule and +1 to his Combat Resolution score.

Armour of the Ages (Magic Armour)

This armour imbues its wearer with the ability to continue fighting even when horrendously injured.

Light armour. When Amanhotep is reduced to his last Wound, he gains a Ward save (3+). This has no effect if he suffers his last Wound as a result of an attack that causes Multiple Wounds.

THE RAZING OF ALCANBLAD

When the mayor of Alcanblad returned from his southern expedition carrying a mysterious bronze mask, he had no idea of the curse this placed upon his descendants. A century later to the exact day, the residents of Alcanblad awoke to find an insidious mist surrounding the town, and out of it strode the Undead. A warning bell was rung and the militia quickly mustered alongside Talabheim state troops garrisoned there. But even as a defence was hastily arranged the skeletons and statuary advanced upon the terrified citizens. The Tomb Kings only goal was to reclaim the death mask of Rultris, which the residents of Alcanblad had foolishly set within a monument to the mayor who had doomed them all.

Rultris himself had risen to claim back his death mask, and with him he brought his favoured Necrotect, who had pledged that he would raise a monument of his own over the ashes of the thieving barbarians. Rultris rode upon the back of his Khemrian Warsphinx, the Golden Sivax, and it was this onyx creature that wrought many deaths, pulverising the bodies of Alcanblad's defenders. Its onyx hide proved nigh on impossible to crack. But when a lucky shot from the Volley Gun, Big Bess, did strike home, the Necrotect began to chant and runes he had carved in the beast before the battle glowed, forcing the onyx to mend, sealing fractures and smoothing over the damage caused by the war machine.

Usirian had marked the soul of the Light Wizard, Zakeriah, who was in the midst of conjuring a spell when Prince Apophas coalesced before him. The Light Wizard and his Warrior Priest guardian disappeared in a dense cloud of Scarabs, never to be seen again.

The Flagellants had foreseen their doom and so charged forward in a deranged manner, only to be toppled like wheat against a harvest scythe as they fought the Ushabti. Behind the combat another unit of Ushabti, this time armed with gigantic bows, fired from their prime position on the hill and struck the five-foot arrows into the Knights of the Blazing Sun. Over half were slain in the deadly volleys, but before they could mount a charge, a monstrous statue of black marble hit them in the flanks...

SEHENESMET

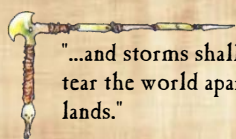
Vizier of Quatar

The tomb-city, Quatar, is famed for its towering statues, many of which are colossal representations of the gods and mighty kings of the past. Before the curse of Nagash swept across Nehekharu like a plague, the city of Quatar was renowned as the centre of worship for the ancient Nehekharan gods. Named the White City, Quatar stood at the entrance to a wide pass across the Worlds Edge Mountains, called the Valley of the Kings. Here great statues stood guard over the pass, and any wishing to travel east or west across the mountains had to travel through Quatar and pay homage at the many temples that filled the city. No king ever reigned in Quatar, instead it was the only city to be ruled by the priesthood, and the head of their order was known as the Vizier.

Now Quatar lies in ruins, brought low by the treachery of Nagash. The once beautiful city is a desolate place, haunted by wailing spirits. As the winds of death unleashed by Nagash swept over the city, the priests and worshippers were infected by a horrid plague that bloated their bodies, burned their skin and choked them to death on their own blood. The streets were littered with the dead until finally nothing truly alive stirred within the high walls. Now Quatar is known as the Palace of Corpses, and only a single creature lives within its boundaries.

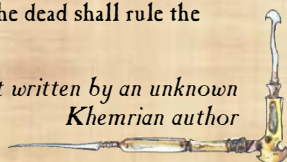
He is Sehenesmet, the last and greatest of the Viziers of Quatar, and master of magic and artifice. He alone of the priests survived the onslaught of Nagash and has spent the long millennia since the fall of the old kingdoms creating, rebuilding and caring for the monoliths of the city, intent of restoring the might of Quatar.

Since the priests did not have whole armies entombed with them when they died, as the Tomb Kings did, there are few soldiers for Sehenesmet to command. Instead, he has constructed a vast legion of Ushabti, Bone Giants and Tomb Scorpions to serve him. With this unnatural force he continues to guard the passage across the mountains, long since renamed the Charnel Valley. Unmatched in this field, Sehenesmet has refined his incantations so that he can animate and control a great many of these constructs at any given time. It is he who inscribed the powerful incantations of awakening and binding upon the towering monoliths that guard the entrance to the famed Valley of the



"...and storms shall sunder the skies, and war will tear the world apart, and the dead shall rule the lands."

- From a heretical text written by an unknown Khemrian author



Kings, and his realm of walking statues is talked of in the lands of Araby in hushed tones. It has been said that he has even animated the great stone guardian of Quatar, shaped in a hybrid form of lion and eagle.

Now at the pinnacle of his power, Sehenesmet has perfected his arcane art and interred his own body with that of a Bone Giant to lend him the strength so that he may undertake more ambitious and grander projects. He strides the world on massive legs, and unbelievable strength flows through his immortal body. Combined with his powerful incantations, there are few who can stand against the ancient Vizier and live to tell the tale.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sehenesmet	6	3	2	6	7	6	3	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character).

MAGIC: Sehenesmet is a level 2 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of Nehekharu.

SPECIAL RULES: Hatred, Magic Resistance (2), Undead.

Master Stone Shaper: Sehenesmet follows the normal rules for Stone Shaper, but grants Regeneration (5+) rather than Regeneration (6+).

The Stone Host of Quatar: If Sehenesmet is the army's General all units of Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Cavalry, Monstrous Beasts or Monsters counts as Core/Special units rather than Special/Rare units. However, all other Core/Special units will counts as Special/Rare units instead.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Sacred Crook of Shapesh (Magic Weapon)

Sehenesmet took all of the religious symbols and statues from the great temple of Shapesh, god of the underworld, and melted them down to make this staff. It is shaped in the image of the crook Shapesh uses to herd the souls of the dead to their resting places and holds the power of life and death.

Great weapon. Keep track of the number of unsaved wounds inflicted by the Sacred Crook in each Close Combat phase. In each Tomb Kings Magic phase, the power of the Crook may be unleashed as a magic missile with a range of 24" that cannot be dispelled. The unit suffers a number of Strength 4 hits equal to the number of wounds currently 'stored' in the Crook. Once unleashed, the number of wounds stored in the staff are returned to 0 until Sehenesmet inflicts more wounds. In addition, it increases the range of Sehenesmet's spells with 6".

PRINCE TUTANKHANUT

The Golden Prince of Numas

Tomb Prince Tutankhanut was the only son of the wealthy King Ahken of Numas was famed throughout Nehekhara for his handsome features. Tragically, the young prince was slain before he had even come of age at fifteen. He had been hunting lions, for he was renowned as a particularly skilled bowman, even when speeding along the plains on his war chariot. Separated from his hunting party, a crude spear hurled by a savage northern tribesman smashed into his chest and threw him from his chariot. Adored by his wealthy father, prince Tutankhanut was given an elaborate burial. When the young King awoke from his death sleep he was horrified at his withered skeletal form. According to the Nehekhara beliefs in the afterlife the gods would bestow each king with a body of gold. Tutankhanut was furious to find this was not the case and demanded that his priests fashion him such a body.

Under his rule, life has returned to the desert and once again crops grow around the city of Numas. Numas is a marvellous place, and over many centuries the pyramids have been restored to their former glory. It is populated by the Scythans, a formerly nomad tribe who came to the city to worship their god – for they believe that the Prince of Numas is a manifestation of their deity and so have dedicated themselves to his service. Each day they tend to the necropolis, guarding the tombs from those who would seek to defile them.

Prince Tutankhanut now rules over the living and the dead and both live in strange harmony. These black-robed nomads patrol the deserts, warning their divine ruler of any intruders to his realm. In return the nomads are allowed to live in the city under the protection of soldiers who do not sleep. It's said that when a Scythan warrior dies, his body is left in the desert for the carrion to pick his bones clean. After forty days and nights his skeleton is carried back to the tombs where it is prepared so that he may continue to serve the Prince in death as he did when he was alive.

When Tutankhanut arises from his tomb, resplendent in his golden body and death mask, the still living people of Numas hearken to his call, perceiving him as blessed by the gods. When the Prince goes to war his chariots race alongside the white Arabian steeds of the Scythan warriors: living and dead fighting side by side. Tutankhanut has led his army to many victories. Fighting in the thick of battle his golden form deflects even the most powerful attacks.

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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Arrows of Asaph, The Curse, Flammable, My Will Be Done, Undead.

Scythan Warriors: If your army contains Tutankhanut you may include units of Scythan Warriors. These follow the unit entry and equipment of Skeleton Horse Archers, but do not have the Arrows of Asaph and Undead special rules. They instead have the Immunity (Fear) special rule and use the following profile:

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Scythan Warrior	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Arabian Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Scythan Warriors always treat Tutankhanut as the army's General for all purposes.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Blade of Ahken (Magic Weapon)

This highly ornamented curved blade once belonged to King Ahken of Numas, and its edge shimmers with blue energy that can shatter armour.

Polearm. Attacks made with this blade have the Ignores Armour saves special rule.

Golden Ankhra (Talisman)

Shaped in the Nebekharan symbol of eternity, the Ankhra surrounds the wearer with protective energies.

The Ankhra gives Tutankhanut a Ward Save (4+).

Golden Eye of Rah-nutt (Talisman)

This sigil was carved into the war chariot of the Tomb King Rah-nutt, and imbued his chariot with great power. It is said that arrows and spears bounced off the chariot's sides as Rah-nutt rode into battle.

The Golden Eye increases Tutankhanut's Ward save to (3+) if he rides in a Chariot.



ANNALS OF THE REIGN OF MILLIONS OF YEARS

Settra's Reign of Millions of Years is considered to have begun with his awakening approximately 1150 years before Sigmar, by the Imperial Reckoning. Thus Settra and the other Tomb Kings awakened at this time are in their 3500th year their everlasting reigns. Many kings have awakened at various intervals since the great awakening, and thus date their reigns from that time. Needless to say, many awakened kings claim sovereignty over the same Necropoli and, when not actually at war with each other, remain in uneasy peace or temporary alliance.

The Liche Nests of Nehekhara have compiled annals of the reign of the awakened Settra since the beginning, and these are recorded on scrolls and also inscribed in hieroglyphic script on the walls of various restored temples in the Necropolis.

PRINCE APOPHAS

The Cursed Scarab Lord

Apophas was a jealous prince who lusted after the throne of Numas. To this end, he slit the throats of the entire royal line while they slept and proclaimed himself king. However, the people of Numas rebelled against him, and those loyal to the murdered king broke into the throne room and dragged the usurper to the temples to be judged. Of all the crimes in Nehekhara, the most terrible was regicide. Typically, those who attempted to seize the throne were denied the privilege of mummification, and their bones were thrown to the carrion of the desert. Denied access to the lands of the honoured dead, these unfortunates were consigned, at best, to the torturous depths of the Nehekharan Underworld, or at worst, to utter oblivion. Apophas' crimes warranted a more severe punishment; he was entombed alive within a sarcophagus filled with flesh-eating scarabs. It is said that his death screams could be heard through the temple walls, but when the lid was opened, there was no trace of the beetles. All that remained was a skull picked clean of flesh. Before this was thrown into the deep desert, it was inscribed with a single magical hieroglyph cursing Apophas' soul for all eternity.

Upon his death, Apophas' soul was claimed by Usirian, god of the Underworld, to be tormented in perpetuity for his crimes. However, being of noble birth, Apophas was able to strike a bargain with Usirian, promising that, in exchange for his release, he would claim for the god a soul to stand in his stead, a perfect match for his own. Usirian agreed, and thus Apophas was reborn as the Cursed Scarab Lord.

Apophas appears from a swarm of beetles that flow up from the ground until they reveal a black-swathed figure in their midst. Apophas is not a reanimated corpse but a desert revenant whose body is formed from a writhing swarm of scarabs. Atop this undulating mass, his skull looks upon the world in search of his chosen victim – a soul he believes can buy his freedom. In Apophas' hand is the same blade he used to slit the throats of his family, and it drips with their blood to this day. Only by slaying the perfect soul with this weapon can Apophas hope to earn his freedom.

The scarabs making up Apophas' form scuttle over rubble and through gaps in ruins without impediment. Apophas' body can even burst apart in an explosion of chitinous wings, flying across the battlefield before reforming into the mocking semblance of a man. Apophas sweeps aside those that stand between him and his prey, and when he opens his jaw, a tide of insects erupts forth to drown his foes. No matter how hard his enemies swipe and hack at his horrifying form, insect bodies flow over to fill open wounds and re-grow lost limbs. Apophas is utterly implacable, and he will not stop until his victim lies dead at his hand.

Apophas then binds his target's spirit in a mystical soul-cage before returning to the depths of the Underworld. Here the soul is placed on a pair of scales and compared with Apophas' own cursed spirit. However, the truth is that no two souls are ever equal, and the scales are never balanced. Though he doesn't know it, Apophas has doomed himself to roam the lands for eternity.

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

UNIT TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Entombed Beneath the Sands, Fly (10), Regeneration (4+), Strider, Terror, Undead.

Desert Revenant: Prince Apophas cannot join any units, and he cannot be your army's General. When rolling to enter the table using the Entombed Beneath the Sands special, you may re-roll the Artillery dice.

Scarab Prince: Prince Apophas' body is made of a scuttling tide of scarabs that he can vomit over his foes. Apophas has a Strength 2 Breath Weapon. In addition, if Apophas is ever destroyed (by any means), then before removing the model all enemy units within 2D6" of him immediately take 2D6 Strength 2 hits, distributed as for shooting.

Soul Reaper: As soon as Prince Apophas is placed on the table, nominate one enemy character on the battlefield – this is the soul marked by the god of the Underworld that Apophas must claim. Apophas re-rolls any failed To Hit and To Wound rolls against the chosen character.



THE HERALD NEKAPH

Emissary of Settra

Nekaph is Settra's chosen herald, his personal champion and most trusted servant, loyal unto death and beyond into the next life. When Settra left the mortal realm, Nekaph was the first to commit suicide, and his body was entombed beside his lord. When Settra the Imperishable awoke from his centuries of slumber, Nekaph's mummified form was already standing by, prepared to fulfil his king's indomitable will and smite his enemies once more.

The Herald Nekaph was not born of noble birth. Indeed it was whispered that he was not even born of Nehekhara blood and that his parents were from the uncivilised tribes to the north of the Great Land. Thus, as Nekaph grew into a man and joined the legions of Khemri's army, he was considered by all to be little more than an uncouth barbarian. Despite his heritage, however, Nekaph's strength, feats of skill and unswerving loyalty to his king were unsurpassed. Nekaph distinguished himself in battle time and again, and before his eighteenth year he was inducted into the prestigious ranks of the elite Tomb Guard. Within two years, Nekaph had risen to command Settra's royal guard, and soon after he was appointed as his personal herald, for there was no more incorruptible a warrior in all of Nehekhara. As a mark of Settra's trust in his chosen champion, Nekaph was gifted the Blade of Mourning – an unmistakable symbol of Settra's power and a weapon that the ruler of Khemri himself once wielded on the field of battle.

Nekaph was a formidable man in life, renowned for his powerful physique and uncompromising sense of duty. Even unarmed, Nekaph was deadly, and he could cave in the skulls of his opponent's with a single blow of his fist. Though he slew many enemies at the behest of Settra, it was only when he fought duels on behalf of his king that the Herald Nekaph's true warrior potential was reached, for he would fight all the harder knowing that the honour of his lord was at stake – something far more important than his own life. Nekaph would deflect the blows of his opponent with consummate skill before delivering a fatal blow of his own. Nekaph was not only a mighty warrior, he was also possessed of a great intelligence. This is an essential quality in any Tomb Herald, for they must be able to remember their lord's many and elaborate titles. Indeed, such was Settra's power and achievements that reciting his entire list of titles took Nekaph almost two hours.

Nekaph rides from city to city, as he did in life, at the head of one of Settra's eternal legions. When they arrive at the enemy's gates, Nekaph halts and demands an audience with the city's rulers. When the cowering leaders come forth, the Emissary of Settra addresses them and offers them a single

chance to surrender. Though his jaw does not move, and no discernible sound ushers from his lipless mouth, Nekaph's trembling foes hear a deep voice echoing in their heads. Rulers of nations quake with fear as Nekaph demands their fealty, and they realise that their doom has arrived. Those that refuse to kneel before the might of Settra, or those that foolishly choose to attack Nekaph's assembled legion, must face the unbridled wrath of Khemri. Leading from the front, Nekaph advances towards his foes, cleaving them asunder with every blow of the Blade of Mourning. As the bodies of the enemy stack up and the Undead legions continue their implacable advance, the defenders realise the futility of their resistance – but the Herald Nekaph shows no mercy. The time for surrender has long since passed, for once battle has been joined no parley can be entered into. Defiance is met only with death and, at the battle's end, the head of another conquered king will lie beneath the Blade of Mourning.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
The Herald Nekaph	4	5	3	4	4	2	3	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Flammable, Sworn Bodyguard, Tomb Blades, Undead.

Settra's Champion: If able to, Nekaph must always issue and accept challenges. When fighting in a challenge, Nekaph gains a Ward save (5+), and his Killing Blow will take effect on any To Wound rolls of 5+.

Herald of Despair: Enemy units in base contact with Nekaph roll one additional dice when taking a Leadership test, discarding the lowest result. This has no effect on units with Immunity (Psychology).

MAGIC ITEMS:

Blade of Mourning (Magic Weapon)

Forged in the heart of Settra's, the Blade of Mourning leaves sorrow and despair in its wake.

If a unit suffers at least one wound from the Blade of Mourning and loses the combat, any negative modifiers to the unit's Leadership for the subsequent Break test are doubled.

Vambraces of the Sun (Enchanted Item)

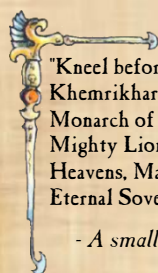
These ancient armbands of intricately decorated bronze are infused with the intensity of the sun. In battle, this harnessed power dazzles the wielder's opponents.

All enemy models that attempt to strike Nekaph suffer -1 To Hit in close combat.

Amulet of Neru (Enchanted Item)

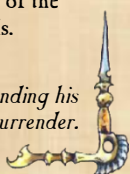
Shaped like the rising moon over the dunes, the Amulet of Neru projects a disruptive magical energy that counters the defences of the foe.

All Talismans, Enchanted Items and Arcane Items belonging to enemy models in base contact with Nekaph cease to function while they are in base contact.



"Kneel before the might of Settra the Imperishable, Khemrikhara, King of Nehekhara, Lord of the Earth, Monarch of the Sky, Ruler of the Four Horizons. Mighty Lion of the Infinite Desert. Great Hawk of the Heavens. Majestic Emperor of the Shifting Sands. Eternal Sovereign of Khemri's Legions."

- A small fraction of Nekaph's speech demanding his foe's unconditional surrender.



RAMHOTEP THE VISIONARY

Necrotect of Quatar

Ramhotep the Visionary was perhaps the greatest Necrotect in history. His craftsmanship was second to none, and it is said that his statues in the Valley of Kings were so lifelike that the kings of Nehekara believed the gods themselves had returned to the mortal world. He designed the Grand Necropolis of Rasetra, the Monuments of Eternal Death in Zandri, the Monoliths of the Great Plains and many other architectural wonders. However, Ramhotep took credit for not one of these grand monuments, for to do so would have been tantamount to signing his own death warrant.

In ancient Nehekara, the finest artisans were commissioned to build grand burial tombs and upon completion they were expected to commit ritual suicide. Ramhotep was aghast at the thought, for it would deny the world of the beautiful creations he had yet to make. Thus, Ramhotep would manipulate the more arrogant Necrotects of the age to take his place. Ramhotep posed as an eager student to the renowned Ramakat the Creative, as a pupil to Emrah the Artisan, and as an assistant to a dozen other legendary architects. These great artisans were stricken with bloodlotus addiction shortly afterwards, consumed in a drug-addled stupor as Ramhotep crafted a mask in their image – one so perfect that none could tell the difference. Ramhotep assumed their identities and oversaw the construction of many magnificent monuments. Each time, shortly before the project's completion, he disappeared and a very confused Necrotect was sacrificed and interred within the tomb in Ramhotep's stead. It is said that they protested loudly – but these were dismissed as the ravings of a mad artist.

In life, Ramhotep was consumed by a frenzied compulsion to create and build. No matter how quickly his underlings accomplished their tasks, it was not fast enough for Ramhotep, for there were always more ambitious and grander projects that needed his attention.

However, Ramhotep's vision reached past his mortal lifespan, and as he withered in old age, he realised that the only way he could finish his work was if he was granted the honour of mummification. Thus, after several decades of careful anonymity Ramhotep removed his mask and agreed to build a pyramid that would rival the majesty of the Great Pyramid of Khemri. Thousands of work gangs slaved and died under the desert sun to build the Sepulchre of the Heavens in Quatar, and none dared slacken their pace in his presence, for Ramhotep was quick with the lash and would dole out fierce punishments to those who would jeopardise his art. In his final days, before the last cornerstone was heaved into position, Ramhotep fashioned for himself a death mask and prepared himself for his interment. The Vizier of Quatar was mightily pleased with the pyramid and rewarded Ramhotep with an exquisite burial ceremony. For countless centuries afterwards, the artisan's corpse rested within his splendid monument.

Few of Ramhotep's works have endured unscathed through the ages. Half of his creations lie forgotten beneath the sands, and those that have remained have been battered by centuries of war and eroded by time and sandstorms. Upon awakening from his death sleep, Ramhotep was horrified, and he set about excavating and restoring his marvels at once. Ramhotep's skill in undeath is as great as it was in life, and the statues that receive his attentions are restored to their former majesty, striding into battle as if they were carved only yesterday. He works relentlessly to maintain his masterpieces, and such is the likeness between these effigies and the gods they represent, that the ancient pantheon blesses them and protects them in battle. With this army of walking statues, Ramhotep intends to pull down the cities of those who defiled his work, slay the inhabitants of these uncultured civilisations, and construct his greatest monument to date: a vast mausoleum built from the bones of his foes. Those who stand in his way feel the lash of Ramhotep's whip, and their flesh parts from their bones as the ancient architect vents his frustration and anger.

RAMHOTEP'S REVENGE

When an Empire army from Reikland invaded Quatar in the Imperial year 2141, they damaged dozens of Ramhotep's works as they looted the city's tombs. This desecration was bad enough, but when the Steam Tank Deliverance smashed through Ramhotep's Terracotta Wall, the Necrotect entered a fit of apopleptic rage, and he swore he would have his revenge. Ramhotep worked for over a century to complete the restoration of his Marble Army, an awe-inspiring host of hundreds of towering constructs. Such was the demented architect's need for vengeance that, in exchange for eight jade Warsphinxes, he enlisted the aid of Arkhan the Black, who raised a mighty bridge of bones through dark sorcery to span the Black Mountains. Ramhotep's statuesque army marched across, and the cities of Ubersreik and Grünburg were all but destroyed, despite the fact that every soldier to have been involved in the destruction of his precious masterpiece had been dead for at least 170 years.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ramhotep	4	3	3	4	4	2	3	2	7

UNIT TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Flammable, Frenzy, Hatred, Stone Shaper, Undead, Wrath of the Creator.

Frantic Fervour: Ramhotep confers the Frenzy special rule onto the unit he accompanies. While he remains in the unit, the unit can never lose its Frenzy.


Master Artisan: At the start of the game, select a single friendly unit of Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Cavalry, Monstrous Beasts or Monsters. The models in this unit have been restored and embellished by Ramhotep, and re-roll all failed armour saves during the battle.



THE LORE OF NEHEKHARA

THE RESTLESS DEAD (Lore Attribute)

Each time a Wizard successfully casts an augment spell from the Lore of Nehekharra at a friendly, Undead unit, the target(s) of the spell immediately recovers D6+1 Wounds' worth of models, as described in Resurrecting Fallen Warriors. Ch, MI, MC, MB can only recover D3 Wounds, and Mo can only recover a single lost Wound in this way per spell.



Khsar's Incantation of the Desert Wind (Signature Spell)

Cast on 5+

Harnessing the power of Khsar, god of the desert winds, the Liche Priest summons forth a sandstorm that engulfs the undying warriors of Nehekharra and carries them across the battlefield.

Khsar's Incantation of the Desert Wind is an **augment** spell with a range of 24" that targets a friendly Undead unit. If unengaged, the target can immediately make a normal move (but not march or reform) as if it were the Remaining Moves sub-phase. The Wizard can choose to have this spell target all friendly Undead units within 12". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 10+. No unit can be moved by *Khsar's Incantation of the Desert Wind* more than once per turn (though they still benefit from the Restless Dead Lore Attribute).

1. Djaf's Incantation of Cursed Blades

Cast on 7+

As the Liche Priest utters this ancient mantra, he imbues the weapons of the Nehekharan warriors with the essence of Djaf; the jackal-headed god of the dead, who hungers for the souls of the living above all things.

Djaf's Incantation of Cursed Blades is an **augment** spell with a range of 18". The target unit's close combat Attacks gain the Killing Blow special rule until the start of your next Magic phase. If the target unit's Attacks already have the Killing Blow or Heroic Killing Blow special rules, these will take effect on any To Wound rolls of a 5 or 6 whilst this spell is in play. The Wizard can instead choose to extend the range of this spell to 36". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 10+.

2. Neru's Incantation of Protection

Cast on 9+

As the Liche Priest intones this blessing, his foes find their sword strokes mysteriously turned aside as Neru, wife of Ptrra and goddess of protection, reaches out to shield Nehekharra's warriors from the evils of the night.

Neru's Incantation of Protection is an **augment** spell with a range of 18". The target unit gains a Ward save (5+) until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can instead choose to extend the range of this spell to 36". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 12+.

3. Ptrra's Incantation of Righteous Smiting

Cast on 9+

As the verses of this incantation are spoken, a fierce light emanates from the empty eye sockets of the Nehekharan Undead as the power of Ptrra infuses these warriors with the speed and fury to smite their foes.

Ptrra's Incantation of Righteous Smiting is an **augment** spell with a range of 18". All models in the target unit gain +1 Attack (including mounts) and the Multiple Shots (2) special rule (excluding war machines) until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. If they already have the Multiple Shots special rule, they may instead fire an additional shot. The Wizard can instead choose to extend the range of this spell to 36". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 12+.

4. Usirian's Incantation of Vengeance

Cast on 10+

Skeletal hands burst from beneath the surface to drag those above into a grave as the Liche Priest invokes the names of Usirian.

Usirian's Incantation of Vengeance is a **hex** spell with a range of 18". The target unit suffers -D3 to its Movement (to a minimum of 1) and treats all terrain (even open ground) as Dangerous Terrain, testing every time it moves (including when charging, fleeing, pursuing, moving compulsorily, etc.) until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can instead choose to extend the range of this spell to 36". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 13+.

5. Usekhp's Incantation of Desiccation

Cast on 11+

As the Liche Priest intones the curse of desiccation, every syllable strips the moisture from his victims' bodies, sapping their vitality.

Usekhp's Incantation of Desiccation is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". The target unit has -1 Strength and -1 Toughness (to a minimum of 1) until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to reduce the target's Strength and Toughness by D3 (to a minimum of 1) until the start of his next Magic phase. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 22+.

6. Sakhmet's Incantation of the Skullstorm

Cast on 15+

A whirlwind of skulls tears across the battlefield, devouring everything in its path in the name of the goddess Sakhmet.

Remains in play. *Sakhmet's Incantation of the Skullstorm* is a **magical vortex** that uses the small round template. Once the template is placed, the player nominates the direction in which the Skullstorm will move. To determine how many inches the template moves, roll an artillery dice and multiply the result by the caster's Wizard level. If the result on the artillery dice is a misfire, centre the template on the caster instead; the template moves a number of inches equal to the caster's Wizard level, in a random direction (if you roll a hit, the template remains where it is). Any model under, or passed over by, the template suffers a single Strength 5 hit. In subsequent turns, the Skullstorm travels in a random direction and moves a number of inches equal to the roll of an artillery dice (if a misfire is rolled, the Skullstorm dissipates and is removed). A Wizard can infuse the Skullstorm with more power, so that it uses the large round template instead. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 25+.



TREASURES OF THE NECROPOLIS

BLADE OF ANTARHAK

50 points

Magic Weapon

Forged for the Tomb Prince Antarhak of Numas, this magical weapon draws the life energy from the slain and suffuses the wielder with the stolen essence. Those whose bodies are pierced by this cursed blade age decades in mere seconds, their once powerful frames reduced to withered husks in the span of a few heartbeats. As the foe's vitality is sapped, the wielder's wounds heal, and a semblance of youth returns, if only temporarily, to their time-ravaged features.

For every unsaved Wound inflicted by the Blade of Antarhak, the wielder immediately regains a single Wound lost earlier in the battle. If the bearer is already at his starting number of Wounds and inflicts another unsaved Wound with this weapon, he gains the Regeneration (4+) special rule until the end of the next player turn.

DESTROYER OF ETERNITIES

40 points

Magic Weapon

The bloodthirsty King Nekhesh was the first to wield this massive, ornate blade in battle, smashing his foes in all directions and severing limbs and heads with every sweeping blow. Imbued with powerful incantations, the blade of this weapon is impossibly sharp. The sword was also used to ritually execute captured foes of the king, and it can cleave through armour, muscle and bone with equal ease.

Furthermore, this weapon is said to destroy the souls of its victims, thereby denying them any hope of reaching the afterlife. The Destroyer of Eternities was thus greatly feared in ancient Nehekhar, and to be slain by its cursed blade was considered a fate infinitely worse than mere death.

Tomb King on foot only. Great weapon. Attacks made with the Destroyer of Eternities have the Heroic Killing Blow special rule. The wielder can choose to exchange all of his Attacks to make a special 'Sweeping Attack'. If he does so, all enemy models in base contact with the wielder suffer a single automatic hit (with Heroic Killing Blow). In a challenge, only the models engaged in the challenge count as being in base contact with the Tomb King.

SCORPION ARMOUR

40 points

Magic Armour

This armour is decorated with designs of the Scorpion God, and is infused with protective energies.

Light armour. The character can never suffer more than one wound due to combat resolution. If the wearer is with a unit, up to half the wounds suffered due to combat resolution can be allocated against the character, which are then ignored save for the first one.

COLLAR OF SHAPESH

25 points

Talisman

This was created by a High Priest of Osir in ancient Ka-Sabar. Its powerful charm protects the wearer from harm, although the god of the Underworld, not to be thwarted, will duly steal the life from another.

For each unsaved Wound the bearer suffers (before calculating any Multiple Wounds), roll a D6: on a 4+ the Wound is transferred to any friendly model in base contact of the bearers choosing, with no saves of any kind allowed. These Wounds still counts towards combat resolution as normal. If there are no friendly models in base contact, then this rule has no effect.

GOLDEN DEATH MASK OF KHARNUT

50 points

Enchanted Item

According to Nehekharan beliefs, in the afterlife the gods would bestow each king with a body of gold. Thus, when Prince Kharnut awoke from his death-sleep he was horrified at his withered, skeletal visage and demanded the Mortuary Cult fashion for him a magnificent golden death mask. However, when the mask was being sealed around Kharnut's head, a drop of molten gold fell upon the Prince's embalmed body, immolating him in a fiery blaze. The Prince's spirit was not destroyed, but was mystically bound within the expressionless mask. The golden Death Mask of Kharnut has witnessed the doom of thousands over the centuries, and the taint of death hangs heavy upon it, gripping the hearts of all who gaze upon it.

The model wearing this mask causes Terror. In addition, enemy units within 6" of the wearer cannot make use of their general's Inspiring Presence special rule or their Battle Standard Bearer's Hold Your Ground special rule.

CLOAK OF THE DUNES

35 points

Enchanted Item

This fabled cloak is said to have been created by Khisar the Faceless, the god of the desert who took on the form on the elemental wind. The Cloak of the Dunes is infused with the magic of the deserts, enabling the wearer to transform himself into a whirling cloud of sand and move rapidly across the battlefield. As the bearer moves across the desert, a cone of sharp sand follows in his wake that can strip flesh from bone.

Infantry character on foot only. The wearer of the Cloak of Dunes has the Fly (10) special rule. In addition, if the bearer moves over an unengaged enemy unit in the Remaining Moves sub-phase, that enemy unit immediately suffers 2D6 Strength 2 hits, resolved as for shooting attacks. The bearer can move over several enemy units in the same turn if you wish, causing damage to every unit. The same target unit cannot be affected more than once in the same turn.

NEFERRA'S SCROLLS OF MIGHTY INCANTATIONS

30 points

Arcane Item

Neferra, High Priestess to King Khutef committed her lifetime of knowledge to eight enchanted scrolls so that it would never be lost. The ink with which the hieroglyphs were inscribed was mixed with the blood of sacrificed slaves, each drop being individually blessed in a week-long ritual. Each scroll took over a decade of painstaking work to complete, but the raw power imbued within them can transform the simplest incantation into an unstoppable hurricane of power. Neferra was so paranoid that a rival might steal her sacred scrolls that she also wrought powerful curses onto the parchments that would bring about an unwitting thief's destruction.

One use only. A Wizard can declare that he is using Neferra's Scrolls of Mighty Incantations immediately before casting a spell. If he does so, the Wizard must add a number of extra bonus dice, equal to his Wizard level, to the power dice he is going to roll (you still need to roll at least one dice from the power pool). The bonus dice do not count as power dice. However, a roll of any double (except 1's) when initially casting a spell using them will count as rolling a 6 for the purpose of Ultimate Power.



ENKHIL'S KANOPI

15 points

Arcane Item

Within this inauspicious clay vessel is the ancient heart of High Priest Enkhil, removed from his corpse when he was embalmed and entombed within the great necropolis of Mahrak. Enkhil was a jealous and powerful priest when alive, and his undying essence is contained within his shrivelled heart to this day. When the vulture-headed lid is opened, this canopic jar sucks the swirling magical energy from the air, drawing the power into the vessel itself. Enkhil's Kanopi is much sought after, as it can not only thwart the sorceries of enemy wizards, but also strengthen a Liche Priest's own incantations.

Bound spell (Power Level 3). If cast successfully, roll a D6 for every 'remains in play' spell on the tabletop: on a 2+ that spell is automatically dispelled. For each spell that is ended in this way, add D3 power dice to your power pool.

BANNER OF THE HIDDEN DEAD

60 points

Magic Standard

Belonging to the fabled Hawk Legion, the elite army who guarded Settra before his mummification, the Banner of the Hidden Dead summons the souls of one of their regiments from their honoured place in the Underworld. Wrought with powerful incantations, the ancient dead are called to this banner like moths to a flame. The magic of the banner then binds these souls into the skeletal remains of warriors who have long lain buried and forgotten beneath the sands. At a wordless command, skeletal soldiers punch through the desert surface, forming into perfect ranks or long-dead charioteers burst forth from the dunes for the first time in millennia, ready to wage war once more for the glory of Nehekhar.

Nominate one of your units of Infantry, Cavalry, Monstrous Cavalry or Chariots with the Undead rule that has yet to deploy, whose total points value is no greater than 200 points. That unit gains the Entombed Beneath the Sands special rule. When this unit arrives on the battlefield you must place its 'Entombed Beneath the Sands' marker within 12" of the Banner of the Hidden Dead. If the bearer of this banner is destroyed before the hidden unit emerges, the entire hidden unit is destroyed and removed as casualties.

In addition, every unit with the Entombed Beneath the Sands special rule that attempts to emerge whilst its marker is within 12" of the Banner of the Hidden Dead (including your nominated hidden unit) can re-roll the scatter and artillery dice when emerging. Note that you must either re-roll both, or neither of the dice.



STANDARD OF THE UNDYING LEGION

30 points

Magic Standard

This great standard was once the ornamental decoration above the tomb of King Lahmizzar's Jackal Legion, the elite Tomb Guard of Quatar. Every one of these warriors, the fiercest of all the king's army, swore their oath of eternal servitude under the shadow of this banner; slitting their palms and daubing the standard's top – a likeness of Djaf, the jackal-headed god of the dead – in their own blood. The spirits of Lahmizzar's legion live on within this ancient icon to this day. Whenever the Standard of the Undying Legion is taken forth into battle, these warrior-spirits restore the fallen and inhabit their bodies to fight again and fulfil their undying pledge.

Bound Spell (power level 5). This banner contains an **augment** spell that targets the bearer's unit. If successfully cast, the bearer's unit immediately recovers D6+2 Wounds' worth of models, as described in the Restless Dead and Resurrecting Fallen Warriors.







TOMB KINGS ARMY LIST

The immortal Tomb Kings are driven by an unquenchable need to conquer their enemies and reclaim their former realms. As a commander of a Tomb Kings army, it is by your will that the Undead legions of Nehekara awaken from their slumber of death and stride into battle once more.

This section of the book helps you to turn your collection of Tomb Kings miniatures into a legion of Undead soldiers ready for a tabletop battle. At the back of this section, you will also find a summary page, which lists every unit's characteristics profile, for quick and easy reference during your games.

USING THE ARMY LIST

The army list is used alongside the 'Choosing an Army' section of the Warhammer rulebook to pick a force ready for battle. Over the following pages you will find an entry for each of the models in your army. These entries give you all of the gaming information that you need to shape your collection of models into the units that will form your army. Amongst other things, they will tell you what your models are equipped with, what options are available to them, and their points costs.

UNIT CATEGORIES

As described in the Warhammer rulebook, the units in the army list are organised into five categories: Lords, Heroes, Core Units, Special Units and Rare Units.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Each army list entry contains all the information you need to choose and field that unit at a glance, using the following format:

SKELETON WARRIORS

4 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skeleton Warrior	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5	Infantry
Master of Arms	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	2	5	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Undead

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

Options:

- May upgrade one Skeleton Warrior to a Master of Arms.....10 points
- May upgrade one Skeleton Warrior to a musician.....5 points
- May upgrade one Skeleton Warrior to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may take spears.....½ point per model
- The entire unit may wear light armour.....1 point per model

- 1. Name.** The name by which the unit or character is identified.
- 2. Profiles.** The characteristic profiles for the model(s) in each unit are provided as a reminder. Where several profiles are required these are also given, even if they are optional (such as unit champions).
- 3. Troop Type.** Each entry specifies the troop type of its models (e.g. 'infantry, monstrous cavalry' and so on).

- 4. Points value.** Every miniature in the Warhammer range costs an amount of points that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield.
- 5. Unit Size.** This specifies the minimum size for each unit, which is the smallest number of models needed to form that unit. In some cases units also have a maximum size, or can even comprise just a single model.
- 6. Equipment.** This is a list of the standard weapons and armour for that unit. The cost of these items is included in the basic points value.

- 7. Special Rules.** Many troops have special rules that are fully described earlier in this book or in the Warhammer rulebook. The names of these rules are listed here as a reminder.
- 8. Options.** This is a list of optional weapons and armour; mounts, magic items and other upgrades for units or characters, including the points cost for each particular option. Many unit entries include the option to upgrade a unit member to a champion, standard bearer or musician. Some units may carry a magic standard or take magic items at a further points cost.



LORDS

SETTRA THE IMPERISHABLE

545 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Settra the Imperishable	4	7	3	5	5	4	3	5	10	Chariot (Armour save 6+, Special Character)
Chariot of the Gods	7	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-	-
Skeletal Steed	-	2	0	3	-	-	2	1	-	-

Magic Items:

- Blessed Blade of Ptrra
- Armour of Golden Magnificence
- Crown of Nehekhara
- Scarab Brooch of Usirian

Mount:

Chariot of the Gods

Special Rules:

- The Curse of Settra
- Flammable
- My Will be Done
- Settra the Great
- Undead

Magic:

Settra is a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Nehekhara.

HIGH QUEEN KHALIDA NEFERHER

285 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
High Queen Khalida Neferher	6	6	3	4	5	3	9	5	10	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic Items:

- Venom Staff

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Blessing of Asaph
- The Curse
- Flammable
- Hatred (Vampire Counts)
- My Will be Done
- Regeneration (4+)
- Poisoned Attacks
- Undead

ARKHAN THE BLACK

330 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Arkhan the Black	4	4	3	5	5	3	3	3	9	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Light armour

Magic Items:

- Tomb Blade of Arkhan
- Staff of Nagash
- Liber Mortis

Special Rules:

- The Curse
- Flammable
- Undead

Magic:

Arkhan is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Death.

Options:

- May be mounted on a Skeleton Chariot (replacing the riders).....45 points
- May have 2 additional Skeletal Steeds.....5 points
- May have the Fly (9) special rule.....25 points
- May have the Terror special rule.....25 points
- May be upgraded to have scythes.....3 points

GRAND HIEROPHANT KHATEP

340 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Grand Hierophant Khatep	4	3	3	3	4	3	2	1	9	Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Liche Staff
- Scroll of the Cursing Word

Special Rules:

- Grand Hierophant of Khemri
- Loremaster (Lore of Nehekhara)
- Undead

Magic:

Grand Hierophant Khatep is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Nehekhara.

KING PHAR

250 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
King Phar	4	6	3	5	5	4	3	4	10	Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Flail of Skulls
- Armour of Eternity
- Shield of Ptrra

Special Rules:

- The Curse
- Flammable
- King Phar the Proud
- My Will Be Done
- Undead

Options:

- May be mounted on a Skeleton Chariot (replacing the crew).....45 points
- May be upgraded to have scythes.....3 points

LORDS

AMANHOTEP THE INTOLERANT

295 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Amanhotep the Intolerant	4	6	3	5	5	4	3	4	10	Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Crook and Flail of Radiance
- Armour of the Ages

Special Rules:

- The Curse
- Flammable
- Hatred
- The Light of Ptra
- My Will Be Done
- Undead



SEHENESMET

425 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Sehenesmet	6	3	2	6	7	6	3	4	8	Monster (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- The Sacred Crook of Shapesh

Special Rules:

- Hatred
- Magic Resistance (2)
- Master Stone Shaper
- Stone Host of Quatar
- Undead

Magic:

Sehenesmet is a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Nehekharu.

TOMB KING

170 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Tomb King	4	6	3	5	5	4	3	4	10	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- The Curse
- Flammable
- My Will Be Done
- Undead

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....4 points
 - Spear.....4 points
 - Great weapon.....8 points
 - Polearm.....8 points
 - Flail.....8 points
- May take a shield.....4 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Skeletal Steed.....18 points
 - Skeleton Chariot (replacing the crew).....45 points
 - May be upgraded to have scythes.....3 points
 - Khemrian Warsphinx (replacing the crew, see Rare Units for options).....225 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points



LICHE HIGH PRIEST

165 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Liche High Priest	4	3	3	3	4	3	2	1	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Liche High Priest is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Light, Death or Nehekharu.

Special Rules:

- Undead

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 4 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Skeletal Steed.....18 points
 - Tomb Barque (replacing one of the crew).....120 points
 - Casket of Souls (replacing the Keeper of the Casket)...130 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points

HEROES

PRINCE TUTANKHANUT

210 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Prince Tutankhanut	4	5	4	5	5	3	3	3	9	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Bow
- Heavy armour

Magic Items:

- Blade of Ahken
- Golden Ankhra
- Golden Eye of Rah-Nutt

Special Rules:

- Arrows of Asaph
- The Curse
- Flammable
- My Will Be Done
- Scythan Warriors
- Undead

Options:

- May be mounted on a Skeleton Chariot (replacing the crew).....45 points
- May be upgraded to have scythes.....3 points

PRINCE APOPHAS

130 points

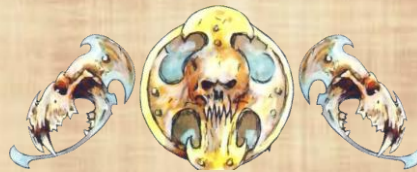
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Prince Apophas	4	4	3	4	3	4	1	5	8	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Desert Revenant
- Entombed beneath the Sands
- Fly (10)
- Regeneration (4+)
- Scarab Prince
- Soul Reaper
- Strider
- Terror
- Undead



THE HERALD NEKAPH

165 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
The Herald Nekaph	4	5	3	4	4	2	3	3	8	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Light armour

Magic Items:

- Blade of Mourning
- Vambraces of the Sun
- Amulet of Neru

Special Rules:

- Flammable
- Herald of Despair
- Settra's Champion
- Sworn Bodyguard
- Tomb Blades
- Undead

Options:

- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Skeletal Steed.....12 points
 - Skeleton Chariot (replacing the crew).....45 points

RAMHOTEP THE VISIONARY

100 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Ramhotep the Visionary	4	3	3	4	4	2	3	2	7	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Flammable
- Frantic Fervour
- Frenzy
- Hatred
- Master Artisan
- Stone Shaper
- Wrath of the Creator
- Undead

HEROES

TOMB PRINCE

90 points

Profile

Tomb Prince

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

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- The Curse
- Flammable
- My Will Be Done
- Undead

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....3 points
 - Spear.....3 points
 - Great weapon.....6 points
 - Polearm.....6 points
 - Flail.....6 points
- May take a shield.....3 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Skeletal Steed.....12 points
 - Skeleton Chariot (replacing the crew).....45 points
 - May be upgraded to have scythes.....3 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points



LICHE PRIEST

65 points

Profile

Liche Priest

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

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Liche Priest is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Light, Death or Nehekara.

Special Rules:

- Undead

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Skeletal Steed.....12 points
 - Tomb Barque (replacing one of the crew).....120 points
 - Casket of Souls (replacing the Keeper of the Casket)...130 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points



HEROES

TOMB HERALD

60 points

Profile

Tomb Herald

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

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Flammable
- Sworn Bodyguard
- Tomb Blades
- Undead

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
 - Spear.....2 points
 - Great weapon.....6 points
 - Polearm.....6 points
 - Flail.....6 points
- May take a shield.....2 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Skeletal Steed.....12 points
 - Skeleton Chariot (replacing the crew).....45 points
 - May be upgraded to have scythes.....3 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

ARMY BATTLE STANDARD

One Tomb Herald in the army may carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. The Battle Standard Bearer can have a magic banner with no points limit. However, a model carrying a magic standard can only carry other magic items up to a total of 25 points.

NECROTECT

60 points

Profile

Necrotect

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

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Flammable
- Hatred
- Stone Sharper
- Undead
- Wrath of the Creator

Options:

- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points



CHARACTER MOUNTS

Profile

Skeletal Steed

Skeleton Chariot

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

7 - - 4 4 3 - - -

Troop Type

War Beast

Chariot (Armour save 6+)

Special Rules:

- *Skeletal Steed*: Undead.
- *Skeleton Chariot*: Undead.

CORE UNITS

SKELETON WARRIORS

4 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skeleton Warrior	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5	Infantry
Master of Arms	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	2	5	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Undead

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

Options:

- May upgrade one Skeleton Warrior to a Master of Arms.....10 points
- May upgrade one Skeleton Warrior to a musician.....5 points
- May upgrade one Skeleton Warrior to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may take spears.....½ point per model
- The entire unit may wear light armour.....1 point per model

SKELETON ARCHERS

8 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skeleton Archer	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5	Infantry
Master of Arrows	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Arrows of Asaph
- Undead

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Bow

Options:

- May upgrade one Skeleton Archer to a Master of Arrows.....10 points
- May upgrade one Skeleton Archer to a musician.....5 points
- May upgrade one Skeleton Archer to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may wear light armour.....½ point per model

TOMB SWARMS

40 points per base

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Tomb Swarm	4	3	0	1	1	8	1	8	2	Swarm

Unit Size: 2+ bases

Special Rules:

- Entombed Beneath the Sands
- Poisoned Attacks
- Undead



CORE UNITS

SKELETON HORSEMEN

10 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skeleton Horseman	4	3	2	3	3	1	2	1	5	Cavalry
Master of Horse	4	3	2	3	3	1	2	2	5	Cavalry
Skeletal Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Spear
- Shield

- Fast Cavalry
- Undead

Mount:

- Skeletal Steed

- May upgrade one Skeleton Horseman to a Master of Horse.....10 points
- May upgrade one Skeleton Horseman to a musician.....5 points
- May upgrade one Skeleton Horseman to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may wear light armour.....1 point per model



SKELETON HORSE ARCHERS

11 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skeleton Horse Archer	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5	Cavalry
Master of Scouts	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5	Cavalry
Skeletal Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Bow

- Arrows of Asaph
- Fast Cavalry
- Undead

Mount:

- Skeletal Steed

- May upgrade one Skeleton Horse Archer to a Master of Scouts...10 points
- May upgrade one Skeleton Horse Archer to a musician.....5 points
- May upgrade one Skeleton Horse Archer to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points

SKELETON CHARIOTS

48 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skeleton Chariot	7	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour save 6+)
Skeleton Charioteer	-	3	2	3	-	-	2	1	7	-
Master of Chariots	-	3	2	3	-	-	2	2	7	-
Skeletal Steed	-	2	0	3	-	-	2	1	5	-

Unit Size: 3+

Equipment (Crew):

Options:

Crew: 2 Skeleton Charioteers

Drawn by:

2 Skeletal Steeds

- Spear
- Bow
- Javelins
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Arrows of Asaph
- Undead

- May upgrade one Skeleton Charioteer to a Master of Chariots.....10 points
- May upgrade one Skeleton Charioteer to a musician.....5 points
- May upgrade one Skeleton Charioteer to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May take a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may be equipped with scythes.....3 points per model

SPECIAL UNITS

TOMB GUARD

10 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Tomb Guard	4	3	3	4	4	1	3	1	8	Infantry
Tomb Captain	4	3	3	4	4	1	3	2	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Shield

- Tomb Blades
- Undead

- May upgrade one Tomb Guard to a Tomb Captain.....10 points
- May upgrade one Tomb Guard to a musician.....5 points
- May upgrade one Tomb Guard to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may take polearms.....2 points per model

NECROPOLIS KNIGHTS

55 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Necropolis Knight	4	4	3	4	4	1	3	2	8	Monstrous Cavalry
Necropolis Captain	4	4	3	4	4	1	3	3	8	Monstrous Cavalry
Necroserpent	7	3	0	5	4	3	3	3	8	-

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Spear
- Light armour

- Natural Armour (5+)
- Tomb Blades
- Poisoned Attacks (Necroserpent only)
- Undead

Mount:

- Necroserpent

- May upgrade one Necropolis Knight to a Necropolis Captain.....10 points
- May upgrade one Necropolis Knight to a musician.....5 points
- May upgrade one Necropolis Knight to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may take shields.....3 points per model
- The entire unit may have the Entombed Beneath the Sands special rule.....5 points per model

SEPULCHRAL STALKERS

48 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Sepulchral Stalker	7	3	3	4	4	3	3	3	8	Monstrous Beast

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

Equipment:

- Polearm
- Medium armour

- Entombed Beneath the Sands
- Transmogrifying Gaze
- Undead

TOMB SCORPIONS

75 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Tomb Scorpion	7	4	0	5	5	4	3	4	8	Monstrous Beast

Unit Size: 1+

Special Rules:

- Entombed Beneath the Sands
- Killing Blow
- Magic Resistance (1)
- Natural Armour (5+)
- Poisoned Attacks
- Undead



SPECIAL UNITS

USHABTI

42 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Ushabti	5	4	3	4	5	3	3	3	8	Monstrous Infantry
Ushabti Ancient	5	4	3	4	5	3	3	4	8	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Arrows of Asaph
- Undead

Options:

- May upgrade one Ushabti to an Ushabti Ancient.....10 points
- The entire unit may replace one of their hand weapon with one of the following:
 - Great bows.....free
 - Polearms.....3 points per model
 - Great weapons.....3 points per model
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Aspect of Djaf.....3 points per model
 - Aspect of Geheb.....3 points per model
 - Aspect of Phakth.....3 points per model
 - Aspect of Sobk.....3 points per model
 - Aspect of Asaph.....3 points per model

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Light armour



CARRION

20 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Carrion	2	3	0	4	4	2	3	2	4	War Beast

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Fly (9)
- Scouts
- Undead

BASTETHI

20 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bastethi	8	4	0	4	4	2	4	2	6	War Beast

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Always Strike First
- Flammable
- Necromantic Reservoir
- Undead

AMMUT

52 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Ammut	7	4	0	5	5	3	2	3	8	Monstrous Beast

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Feast of Souls
- Hunter of the Evil and Wicked
- Killing Blow
- Magical Attacks
- Natural Armour (6+)
- Scouts
- Unstable



SPECIAL UNITS

SCREAMING SKULL CATAPULT

100 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Screaming Skull Catapult	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	War Machine (Stone Thrower)
Skeleton Crew	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

Special Rules:

Options:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

- Undead
- Screaming Skulls

- May be upgraded to fire Skulls of the Foe.....20 points

Crew:

3 Skeleton Crew

BONE THROWER

35 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bone Thrower	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	War Machine (Bolt Thrower)
Skeleton Crew	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

Special Rules:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

- Arrows of Asaph
- Undead

Crew: 3 Skeleton Crew

TOMB BARQUE OF USIRIAN

125 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Tomb Barque	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour save 6+)
Skeleton Crew	-	3	3	3	-	-	2	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment (Crew):

Special Rules:

- Spear
- Bow
- Light armour

- Arrows of Asaph
- Fly (5)
- Hieroglyphs of Protection
- Khepra Beetles
- Undead
- Wards of the Gods

Crew: 5 Skeleton Crew



RARE UNITS

KHEMRIAN WARSPHINX

225 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Khemrian Warsphinx	6	4	0	5	8	6	1	4	8	Monster
Tomb Guard Crew	-	3	3	4	-	-	3	1	8	-

Unit Size:

1 Khemrian Warsphinx and 4 Tomb Guard Crew.

Special Rules:

- Thundercrush Attack
- Tomb Blades (Crew only)
- Undead

Options:

- May be upgraded with any of the following:
 - Envenomed Sting.....10 points
 - Fiery Roar.....30 points

Equipment:

- Spear (Crew only)
- Medium armour

NECROSPHINX

250 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Necrosphinx	6	4	0	6	8	6	1	5	8	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Decapitating Strike
- Fly (7)
- Killing Blow
- Undead

Options:

- May be upgraded with Envenomed Sting.....10 points

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Medium armour



NECROLITH COLOSSUS

200 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Necrolith Colossus	6	3	2	6	7	6	1	5	8	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Arrows of Asaph
- Undead
- Unstoppable Assault

Options:

- May take one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....10 points
 - Great weapon.....10 points
 - Bow of the Desert.....10 points

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

HIEROTITAN

205 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Hierotitan	6	3	2	6	7	6	1	3	8	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Spirit Conduit
- Undead

Equipment:

- Icon of Ptrá
- Scales of Usirian
- Light armour



RARE UNITS

KHEMRIC TITAN

320 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Khemric Titan	8	2	2	6	8	10	1	*	8	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Curse of the Fallen
- Fly (7)
- Impact Hits (D6)
- Khemric Titan Special Attacks
- Natural Armour (5+)
- Shrine of Eternities
- Undead



CASKET OF SOULS

135 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Casket of Souls	-	-	-	-	10	-	-	-	-	War Machine
Keeper of the Casket	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	8	-
Casket Guard	4	3	3	4	4	1	3	2	8	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Great weapon (Casket Guard only)
- Light armour

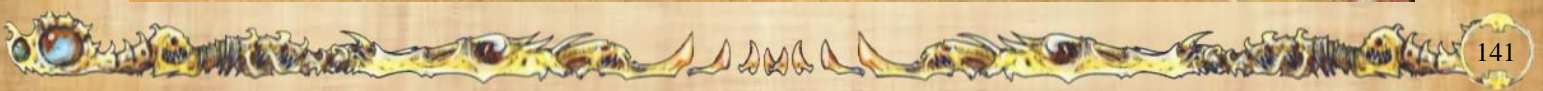
Crew:

1 Keeper of the Casket and 2 Casket Guard

Special Rules:

- Covenant of Power
- Light of Death
- Tomb Blades (Casket Guard only)
- Undead
- Unleashed Souls
- Ward save (4+)





SUMMARY

LORDS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Amanhotep the Intolerant	4	6	3	5	5	4	3	4	10	In
Arkhan the Black	4	4	3	5	5	3	3	3	9	In
Khalida Neferher	6	6	3	4	5	3	9	5	10	In
Grand Hierophant Khatep	4	3	3	3	4	3	2	1	9	In
King Phar	4	6	3	5	5	4	3	4	10	In
Liche High Priest	4	3	3	3	4	3	2	1	8	In
Sehenesmet	4	3	2	6	7	5	3	4	8	Mo
Settra the Imperishable	4	7	3	5	5	4	3	5	10	Ch
- Chariot of the Gods	7	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-	-
- Skeletal Steed	-	2	0	3	-	-	2	1	-	-
Tomb King	4	6	3	5	5	4	3	4	10	In

HEROES	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
The Herald Nekaph	4	5	3	4	4	2	3	3	8	In
Liche Priest	4	3	3	3	3	2	2	1	7	In
Necrotect	4	3	3	4	4	2	3	2	7	In
Prince Apophas	4	4	3	4	3	4	1	5	8	In
Prince Tutankhanut	4	5	4	5	5	3	3	3	9	In
Ramhotep the Visionary	4	3	3	4	4	2	3	2	7	In
Tomb Herald	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	3	8	In
Tomb Prince	4	5	3	4	5	3	3	3	9	In

CORE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Skeleton Archer	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5	In
- Master of Arrows	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5	In
Skeleton Chariot	7	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-	Ch
- Skeleton Charioteer	-	3	2	3	-	-	2	1	7	-
- Master of Chariots	-	3	2	3	-	-	2	2	7	-
- Skeletal Steed	-	2	0	3	-	-	2	1	5	-
Skeleton Horse Archer	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5	Ca
- Master of Scouts	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5	Ca
- Skeletal Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5	-
Skeleton Horseman	4	3	2	3	3	1	2	1	5	Ca
- Master of Horse	4	3	2	3	3	1	2	2	5	Ca
- Skeletal Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5	-
Skeleton Warrior	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5	In
- Master of Arms	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	2	5	In
Tomb Swarm	4	3	0	1	1	8	1	8	2	Sw

SPECIAL UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Ammut	7	4	0	5	5	3	2	3	8	MB
Bastethi	8	4	0	4	4	2	4	2	6	WB
Bone Thrower	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	WM
- Skeleton Crew	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5	-
Carrion	2	3	0	4	4	2	3	2	4	WB
Necropolis Knight	4	4	3	4	4	1	3	2	8	MC
- Necropolis Captain	4	4	3	4	4	1	3	3	8	MC
- Necroserpent	7	3	0	5	4	3	3	3	8	-
Screaming Skull Catapult	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	WM
- Skeleton Crew	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5	-
Sepulchral Stalker	7	3	3	4	4	3	3	3	8	MB
Tomb Barque	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-	Ch
- Skeleton Crew	-	3	3	3	-	-	2	1	7	-
Tomb Guard	4	3	3	4	4	1	3	1	8	In
- Tomb Captain	4	3	3	4	4	1	3	2	8	In
Tomb Scorpion	7	4	0	5	5	4	3	4	8	MB
Ushabti	5	4	3	4	5	3	3	3	8	MI
- Ushabti Ancient	5	4	3	4	5	3	3	4	8	MI

RARE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Casket of Souls	-	-	-	-	10	-	-	-	-	WM
- Keeper of the Casket	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	8	-
- Casket Guard	4	3	3	4	4	1	3	2	8	-
Hierotitan	6	3	2	6	7	6	1	3	8	Mo
Khemrian Warsphinx	6	4	0	5	8	6	1	4	8	Mo
- Tomb Guard Crew	-	3	3	4	-	-	3	1	8	-
Khemric Titan	8	2	2	6	8	10	1	*	8	Mo
Necrolith Colossus	6	3	2	6	7	6	1	5	8	Mo
Necrosphinx	6	4	0	6	8	6	1	5	8	Mo

MOUNTS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Skeleton Chariot	-	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-	Ch
Skeletal Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5	WB

Troop Type Key: In = *Infantry*, WB = *War Beast*, Ca = *Cavalry*, MI = *Monstrous Infantry*, MB = *Monstrous Beast*, MC = *Monstrous Cavalry*, Mo = *Monster*, Ch = *Chariot*, Sw = *Swarms*, Un = *Unique*, WM = *War Machine*.









TOMB KINGS

For thousands of years the Tomb Kings have lain within their ancient burial pyramids, but now they have awoken and they seek vengeance on those who have disturbed their slumber. Loyal even in death, legions of implacable skeletal soldiers stride to war at the command of their mummified rulers. Beside them come regiments of Undead cavalry, ranks of deadly chariots and the towering statues of monsters and gods carved out of unyielding stone. With such forces at their command, the Tomb Kings will conquer all who dare to stand against them.

Inside you will find:

- A Bestiary describing every unit, monster, hero and war machine in your army.
- An army list to arrange your collection of miniatures into a battle-ready force.
- A comprehensive section that details the land of the Tomb Kings, their culture and their history.

Warhammer: Tomb Kings is one of a series of supplements for Warhammer. Each book describes in detail an army, its history and its heroes.

A supplement for

WARHAMMER

The Game of Fantasy Battles