WARHAMMER WARRIORS OF CHAOS













By Mathias Eliasson v.1.4

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to Warhammer: Warriors of Chaos, your definite guide to the mortal servants of the Chaos Gods. This book provides all the information you'll require to play with a Warriors of Chaos 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 Warriors of Chaos into a bloodthirsty horde of killers seeking to destroy the world in the name of their Dark Gods.

WARRIORS OF CHAOS

From the frozen reaches of the north come the Warriors of Chaos, an army of battle-hardened killers with hearts of iron and souls as black as coal. Hell-bent on slaughter and destruction, they fight for glory and the favour of their Dark Gods. Armed and armoured with hell-forged steel, these servants of the Ruinous Powers possess inhuman strength granted to them by their unholy patrons. Feared above all other foes, they are men of steel and fire, unrelenting in their dark and glorious quest to conquer the world in the name of their blasphemous gods. They are led to war by Champions of Chaos; unholy men who have willingly sold their humanity to the Ruinous Powers. These chosen warriors draw the gaze of the Chaos Gods as they slaughter in their name, and with great victories come mighty rewards, potent mutations and even immortality. Be warned, for though the path of Chaos can lead to a destiny greater than mortal minds can comprehend, it can also quickly result in insanity and death. After all, the capricious Gods of Chaos are nothing if not fickle, and the only certainty for those who swear allegiance to them is eventual damnation: Many are condemned to a gruesome end, twisting and deforming into a mindless Chaos Spawn.

When a Chaos incursion comes pouring out of the northern wastes, the world trembles. Champions of the Dark Gods lead their warriors against the realms of men. Barbaric Marauder tribes stride through the snows with the names of their terrible gods on their lips. Alongside

them march regiments of armour-clad Chaos Warriors, flanked by baroque-armoured Knights and a host of foul, Chaos-tainted monsters. Mighty Sorcerers weave terrifying spells of destruction. In the wake of these brutal armies comes the Realm of Chaos itself; bleeding ever outward until it threatens to engulf the lands of the sane in anarchy and misrule. The servants of the Dark Gods of Chaos never tire in their dark quest to drown the world in a tide of blood, and with every victory, the end of the world comes a little closer.

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

Warhammer: Warriors of Chaos contains the following sections:

- The Rise of Chaos. This section describes the origins of Chaos and the eternal battle that has since ensued. It contains information about the warriors who serve Chaos and the Ruinous Powers they worship. Also included is a description of the blasted landscape of the northlands, and many of the fell deeds, epic sagas and bloody battles waged by unholy champions in the name of their Dark Gods.
- The Hordes of Chaos. Each and every troop type in the army is examined here. You will find a description of each unit and character, alongside the rules for any special abilities or options they possess. This section also includes the Gifts of the Gods rewards bestowed to Chaos Champions by their dire patrons. Finally, you will find the Dread Artefacts of Chaos magical items unique to the Warriors of Chaos and all the rules for using them in your games.
- Warriors of Chaos Army List. The army list takes all of the characters, warriors, monsters and war machines presented in the Hordes of Chaos 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.









THE RISE OF CHAOS

Know ye now that the time of mortals has come to an end. In the north stirs a power unlike any other. The hand of Chaos has cast a vast, impenetrable shadow upon the world, and it cannot be banished or defeated. The puny princes and lords of the world will gather their pitiful armies — but it will avail them not. The Warriors of Chaos will fall upon them and crush them utterly.

The moment of dark glory fast approaches, and there is nothing you can do sane kneel before the Chaos Gods while there is still time. But be quick, for time itself drains away and the stars fade from the sky. The bitter spawn of night crawl from the darkness to possess the world, and with their final triumph, all life will descend into a seething mass of lost and screaming souls. Fools take refuge in faith or madness, for no other hiding place remains.

Mortals despair! The reign of Chaos has begun.

THE COMING OF CHAOS

Who can say when Chaos first cast its darkness upon the world? Only the most ancient scrolls of the High Elves in the great Tower of Hoeth dimly recall the beginning of the rule of Chaos. Most of this knowledge is now lost; wars, natural disasters, and the passing of time has destroyed most of what was left of such scrolls. The High Elf Loremasters believe that there was once a time when all things were pure, orderly and serene. The creatures that inhabited the world lived in harmony, governed by the rules of nature. But this golden age of order was destined to end in tragedy.

The onset of Chaos lies in the distant past, in an age when the world was young and the creatures that inhabited it lived in harmony. It was during this time that the world was visited by an ancient and almighty star-faring race known only as the Old Ones. None can say for sure why the Old Ones came, but their arrival was to change the world forever.

Although the knowledge of their presence is all but lost in the present day, many of the races which now inhabit the world can trace their origins back to this time. The Old Ones travelled the stars by means of interdimensional gateways, spanning incredible distances in the blink of an eye, and draw upon the inexhaustible energy of the warp to power their magic. One of these gateways was placed at each of the



opposing poles of the world, millennia before the dawn of Man. On the other side of their gateways was another world, an unimaginably vast alternate realm that connected all points in the material universe. It was and still is a world consisting purely of psychic energy, generated by the emotions and thoughts of the creatures of the real universe.

Though this otherworld has no substance, it is not an empty void, for it is inhabited by entities of cosmic power. It is a realm of pure energy, where creatures can be called into being by thought alone. This parallel dimension acts as a dark mirror to the hopes, dreams and emotions of the beings who dwell in the material realm. The strongest of these emotions coalesce and take shape, growing in size until they become roiling seas of passion that attain a sentience of their own. These are the Gods of Chaos, beings of immense power that fuel the struggles of the younger races from beyond the veil, and they would prove to be the undoing of the Old Ones.

THE GREAT CATACLYSM

It was the collapse of the northern gateway that led to the creation of the world as it is today. For a time, the Old Ones ruled unaware of the dangers that lurked patiently in the ether-dimension. Though none (except perhaps the Chaos Gods themselves) know how, a critical mass was reached within the realm that lay beyond the Old Ones' polar gateways — and they collapsed in an epoch-shattering implosion.

The foundering of the gateways that hung above the poles was a cataclysm that brought the paradise of the Old Ones into ruin. The terrible catastrophe tore apart the eldritch machineries of the gates, causing them to crash down to earth in a burning hail of star-metal. Vast chunks of the evil substance known as warpstone – the undiluted stuff of magic and change made manifest – coalesced in the material world, one of which was so large that it formed the sickly green moon that men call Morrslieb.

From the dark reaches of the wrecked gateways poured the sorcerous Winds of Magic and great plumes of scintillating warpstone dust. Nature itself was corrupted, and the skies were choked by the cloud of particles that spread across the world and mutated every living thing it touched. Thus were the monsters of the world brought into being – but the spiritual corruption wrought upon the survivors was worse. When the gateway collapsed it created a portal to another dimension where the unspeakable creatures of Chaos dwell. They emerged through the gateway and challenged the order of the Old Ones.

As their portals collapsed, the Old Ones disappeared. It is unknown if they died in the cataclysm, if they perished in the terrible conflict that ensued, or if they simply fled the world and abandoned it to face its fate

alone. In any case, the disaster irrevocably damaged the mortal realm, transforming it into a world saturated with magic and monsters, twisted by the corrupting touch of Chaos.

THE FOLLOWERS OF CHAOS

Where once there were gates there are now gaping wounds in the fabric of reality, a great ring of darkness edged by arcane machinery covered with runes of unimaginable potency through which the dread masters of Chaos gaze, manipulating the lands of mortals. Rather than fight against these immortal and omniscient essences, the Men that live in the shadow of the northern gate began to worship them as deities. Of all the races that dwelt in the world, humans were the most susceptible to the lures of Chaos; the most eager to pursue the path of damnation for unimaginable power. Humans lust for change and this has led to the present human dominance over many parts of the world. Although few men are aware of this, it is their drive and ambition that feeds and makes the gods of Chaos grow bloated with power. Man brings all his vigour and fanaticism to the service of Chaos. That service brings power to the gods of Chaos, and in return they corrupt and twist their followers.

The nature of Chaos is neither good nor evil, it simply mirrors the survivalist emotions of the intelligent beings in the real universe. Thus, the predatory entities of Chaos, be they gods or Daemons, exist because living things generate these emotions. So when the human mind turns to petty and evil thoughts the powers of the Chaos gods grow and coalesce into hideous forms shaped by human lust, greed, anger and fear.

It may come as a surprise to find that the Chaos Gods value their human followers far above their own minions, the daemons that serve them and Creatures of Chaos whose forebears they created. None-the-less this is so, for daemons and Creatures of Chaos have little choice about their nature, and the only way the Chaos Gods can increase their power and hasten the destruction of the world is by recruiting men or other intelligent free-willed creatures to their cause. Some of



these souls are easily won, brigands, bandits and outcasts who would willingly follow any leader that brought them plunder and offered them protection. Such individuals are all too common in the Old World but there are few strong willed and powerful enough to turn into true Chaos Warriors.

The fell Gods of Chaos ask for total and complete devotion from their mortal followers, and they grow strong upon the conflict and bloodshed they unleash. In exchange, the Ruinous Powers offer their champions their dark blessings – gifts that make the faithful mighty indeed. For the chosen few, those whose heaped sacrifices draw the gaze of their unholy patrons time and again, no reward - not even that of immortality – is beyond their grasp. So it is that countless bloody offerings are made to the Chaos Gods every day in the hope of earning their favours, and the names by which the Northmen know them are screamed upon a thousand battlefields. The banners borne by the Warriors of Chaos bear otherworldly sigils that sear the eye, and their flesh is branded and scarred with the sacred runes of their divine masters. In the Warriors of Chaos, the Ruinous Powers have a willing army to fight their never-ending war against order and reason.

AN ETERNAL WAR

Since the fall of the Old Ones, Chaos has battled to bring the realm of mortals to ruin. While Chaos expends much of its energy in the internal struggle between the aspects of itself, time and again the armies of Chaos gather to wrestle the world from the grasp of its current masters. For Chaos is impatient, and while the humans would deliver the world into the hands of the Chaos gods in any case, the arrogant Dark Gods lust for the moment when the world will be totally under their control.

For eight thousand years, Chaos has struggled to bring the free people of the world to ruin. Countless lives have been lost, kingdoms toppled and entire cities wiped from the face of the world. When Chaos Gods stir their forces for an assault, the Realm of Chaos itself swells and expands over the land. The glory-hungry Champions of Chaos gather their warbands and descend from the north to destroy all who dare stand in their way. Grotesque monsters, created by the mutating substance of Chaos, emerge from their lairs to join the rampaging hordes, eager to share in the carnage and destruction and destroy all who dare to stand in their way. Very few survive the rampaging hordes that Chaos can call upon. The forces of Chaos will end their slaughter only when the mortal realm is on its knees before their foul gods. They work to bring about the End Times when, it is said, the Realm of Chaos will swallow the globe entirely, and the gods will feast for eternity upon the hatred and fear of all mortal creatures.

"All life consists of highly organised matter, governed by the laws of nature. Thus all life is a struggle against Chaos, a struggle that is ultimately destined to be lost."

Albrecht of Nuln

The clatter of soldiers in the alleyway alerted Marius to his peril. Hurriedly he gathered four black candles and bundled them into his voluminous robes. With his heart racing he fumbled for the secret catch by the fireplace. Long fingers quickly found the mechanism and a wooden panel snapped open with a muted click.

"Open up in the name of the Emperor," roared a voice which he knew to be that of Falconius Captain of the Theogonist's Guard.

Without waiting for a reply the soldiers began to batter upon the door with their heavy halberds. Marius was never a man to take a risk where none was necessary: that portal had been installed just three years ago when he made his first pledge to the Dark Gods. Behind its two inches of Drakwald oak he had summoned daemons with rites so evil it made him shudder to recall. The door was hound in iron, and two black iron bolts secured it in place. He knew that he would be safe for the few minutes he needed to reach his hidden chamber.

Marius hounded into the hidden passage and up the steep stairs that took him up to his secret lair. The wooden panel clicked shut behind him plunging the narrow stairway into darkness. Marius knew every step intimately and barely slowed his upward flight. The small chamber was formed within a portion of the attic and lay directly above his private rooms. There were no windows, but a little daylight leaked through the gable end and by this means he was able to find the flint and tinder with which he lit the candles brought from below.

The room was a clutter of ancient books and sinister curios. Ancient tapestries lay heaped upon the floor and piles of crumbling scrolls were stacked by the walls. In a clear patch on the uneven clay floor Marius had enscribed a twisted sigil of power – the Mark of Tzeentch, the Great Sorcerer of Chaos. In the flickering light of the candles the sigil writhed like a thing in pain.

"Kithelabar!' cried the Sorcerer, "Come to your master."

With a squeal like a suckling pig a small misshapen creature emerged from behind a pile of mouldering fabric. It might have been a bat, for it had long leatherty wings, but at the knuckle of each wing it bore tiny clawed hands. Its head was black and porcine, its bps long and flecked with rank spittle. Kithelabar jumped from its hiding place and sprang into Marius' arms licking excitedly at the Sorcerer's face.

Marius calmed the small creature, stroking its dark leathery flesh until it settled upon his shoulder. The creature's acrid odour reminded Marius of the scent of fresh blood, and he had spilled enough in his time to know that smell.

In the room below, the oaken door fell with a boom that shook the house to its foundations. Within a moment soldiers were within the Sorcerer's study, tossing aside his desk and hooks and bursting open his chests and lockers. Marius, safe in the chamber above, listened quietly to their din and then sensed the silence of confusion as the soldiers found their quarry was gone. Then he heard a sound that he recognised, the growling and humourless voice of the Grand Theogonist himself.

"Stand back," ordered the voice, "Sigmar will guide us to the abomination."

For a moment the house was silent and Marius knew that he would soon he discovered. It would take more than a secret panel and hidden catch to keep out the likes of the Grand Theogonist of Sigmar, Volkmar the most potent enemy of Chaos in all of Altdorf. Hurriedly Marius sought out the small casket for which there was no key. Three years ago he had put it upon a shelf together with the darkest of ancient Grimoires the Liher Daemonicus. At the time he had sworn to himself that he would touch neither even if his life depended upon it.

Now the casket felt strangely warm to his touch and the runes upon its silver case swirled and danced as his trembling hands met the delicately worked metal. The casket bore a lock but no hole for a key, for it needed none, one thing alone would unlock that unholy box.

Marius heard the familiar sound of a muted click and knew that Volkmar had discovered the hidden panel that led to his lair. His heart pounded as his lips worked at an unholy prayer. Kithelabar squealed in panic as the creature caught scent of men in the passage below.

Slow and wary footsteps mounted the steep stairway. The noise of steel against steel echoed in its narrow confines. Marius's stomach tightened with terror. He feared death as much as any mortal, yet the casket held something infinitely more terrifying. Until now he had always fancied he would have the better of it in the end, that he could somehow cheat fate and find the forgiveness of Sigmar.

Had he but foreseen this moment, would he have made the pact that hound him so subtly to the Great Sorcerer of Chaos?

A final step brought Falconius into the chamber. For an instant the Captain stood silhouetted against the shifting candle-light, blinking uncertainly, barely able to contain his own fear. He saw at once that Marius was there, hunched over a small casket that glowed with a radiance of its own. Upon the Sorcerer's shoulder there perched a foul creature, a familiar of uncertain form but hairless and vaguely bat-like. The thing shricked and its black eyes glowered malevolently at the soldier as he raised his sword.

"Hold there Sorcerer and be silent!" cried the Captain of the Theogonist's Guard. "But a single word and you die this day."

Falconius strode into the room his sword held before him like a ward to the Sorcerer's power. Another soldier appeared behind him and others hesitantly crept up the stairway.

A sudden and powerful anger welled within the Sorcerer Marius. Confronted by his pursuers at last, all fear left him and he was overcome with indignation. How dare this feeble sell-sword challenge him, he who had devoted his life to the study of the arcane arts. What power did steel have over him when the power of Tzeentch, the Great Sorcerer of Chaos, flowed like fire through his veins? He seemed to grow and straighten in stature and the black candles that lit the room burst into writhing flames of blue and pink.

"Foo!" cried Marius, his voice echoed round the chamber strong and clear. He made a gesture as quick as lightning that sent Falconius sprawling upon the floor. Sparks of magic crackled and spat over the soldier as he lay twisting in agony. A smell of hot metal filled the small room and blue smoke swirled about the Sorcere's head. The other soldiers gaped in confusion, unsure whether to rush forward or turn and flee.

Marius breathed deeply of the magic soaked air. As his lungs filled he felt a surge of power and an exhilaration that was unlike anything he had experienced before. His mind seemed to expand beyond the confines of the room, so that it was as if he were looking down upon the scene from a great height. He saw the shuddering body of Falconius as if it were a tiny shrunken thing and he heard his own laughter like the boom of a distant drum.

"Oh Foul and Corrupted Fiend know ye not what base evil thou halt embraced and even now succour." Volkmar stepped past the trembling soldiers his gaze fixed upon the Sorcerer. The Grand Theogonist betrayed no sign of terror for he had confronted and defeated the evil of Chaos many times and he had learned long ago to trust in the righteous power of his god. About his neck hung a tiny golden hammer which he clasped in his right hand, holding it between himself and Marius.

Kithelahar hissed evilly and the daemon cringed as it caught sight of the potent symbol of Sigmar. Marius felt his own power suddenly ebb, as if the very faith of the Grand Theogonist were a barrier to him. Spell work would not save him now. He had expended no little energy already and Volkmar was an adversary too powerful for such as he. He felt panic rise within his breast.

"Oh Great Master!" he cried out, turning his voice to the heavens, "I make the Dark Promise at last." Beneath his feet the sigil of Tzeentch glowed brightly, its shape shifting faster and faster like a serpent formed of pure light. The silver casket whose lock bore of no key rose into the air and hovered before him. The room filled slowly with a din like a daemon's cry so that the men within dropped whatever weapons they held and clasped their hands about their ears. All that is, except for Volkmar, who resolutely hung on to the tiny golden hammer of Sigmar, though it plainly pained him to do

"Sigmar," shouted the Grand Theogonist,
"Sigmar have mercy on us all."

"Tzeentch," bellowed Marius, "Changer of the Ways, Great Sorcerer of Chaos, take your servant's body and soul, I embrace damnation now and submit myself to your irresistible will."

"Oh damned fool!" cried Volkmar above the turmoil of daemonic voices, "In but a moment thou shalt be beyond redemption. Repent now and die a mortal death while there is still time."

The casket opened and Marius saw what was inside. Of all those in that cursed room, only Volkmar himself could see Marius's face for that brief second before the end. Ever afterwards the Grand Theogonist would fall silent if the fate of Marius should he mentioned and others would whisper, "Quiet that name! For he saw the man's face that witnessed his own damnation."

SLAVES TO DARKNESS

The people of the Old World live in constant fear of Chaos. To them it is a two-fold danger – armies of unnatural creatures prowl the borders of civilised lands, waiting for any opportunity to attack, while the corrupting influence of Chaos threatens their society from within.

Of all the many threats that the Old World must face, none strike fear into the hearts of Men like that of the followers of Chaos. Slaves to darkness all, they have given their allegiance to the Ruinous Powers, some willingly, some because they felt they had no choice. Their forms are many and terrible, from twisted Beastmen to the Daemons of the Chaos powers themselves. Worse still for the folk of the Old World are the many Mutants and willing followers of the Chaos Gods that came from their own race before joining the Lost and the Damned.

In the far north lies the land of the everlasting ice. Here, amongst the mountain peaks and unwelcoming hills, Chaos reigns supreme. It is a land that few of the soft inhabitants of the Empire or Bretonnia could endure. In winter the cold is so great that it can freeze a man within moments. The land lies under the shadow of Chaos, and the sun is rarely seen. Its landscape is riven with deadfalls and chasms and the earth often trembles, creating new dangers and burying the unwary. Warpstone dust from the Realm of Chaos twists the beasts that live here into new, horrifying shapes. To this day it spreads outward across the

northern hemisphere, poisoning great swathes of frozen continent with the stuff of raw change. Its corruption is evident in those who live in its shadow; a benighted region called the Shadowlands.

Yet even here, in the most unwelcoming of all the lands, men live. Tribes of humans, if they can be called such, inhabit the mountains and the valleys. Such a deadly land breeds deadly men. Only the strongest survive here, and they earn their right to live by fighting the monstrous creatures of the land. There is only room for the strong and the weak are doomed to perish. These northerners are tall men, powerfully built, with large, well-muscled frames and long limbs. How long they have been here no-one knows, but they are an ancient people. Some of the monoliths, erected to glorify the deeds of the champions of their gods are extremely ancient, predating the time of Sigmar.

The devotees of Chaos are the most intimidating of all mortal warriors. The songs and legends of the world describe them as nigh-unstoppable, for one who has seen the Northmen fight will carry the sight to his grave. The northern tribes are forged of hardy stock, born into an arctic wilderness where mercy and compassion are replaced by harsh violence and unforgiving justice. Their natural mettle is further tempered by a lifetime of battle.

Vast, merciless and darker than midnight was that army, and the mere sight of it struck fear into the hearts of the bravest of us. Above the black-dad regiments whipped the banners of the Blood God, decorated with twisting runes which seemed to writhe as if alive. Cold steel glittered amongst their ranks, and they were led by their Champions whose weapons screamed for blood. They marched towards us in full armour without tiring, without slowing. They beat great drums that made the earth shake as they marched.

Arrows we fired did not deter them. We prepared a shieldwall and they smashed it aside as if the soldiers within it were small children. The cavalry that charged them was crushed. No swordmaster could best even one of them in single combat. They shrugged off wounds that would have slain any mortal man in an eyeblink. The skulls of our comrades they carried in their belts.

And I still remember their warcry. "Blood for the Blood God! Skulls for the throne of Khorne!" Even as they died they still chanted, drowning out the screams of the dying and the blaring of our horns, "Blood for the Blood God!" And at the end of the day only I survived, buried under a mound of the corpses.

These are the Warriors of Chaos. Tremble o sun, cry out your pain o earth! For these are the enemies we must defeat if our world is to be saved.

Regardless of station, each Northman is possessed of a ferocious battlelust. This is not because of some terrible blight of the soul, but rather a result of the harsh landscape in which the Northmen live. The land is as hard and barren as stone, forcing the tribes to roam far and wide in search of the spoils of war. Each summer the wolfships of the Northmen set sail and whole tribes of Marauders pillage the coastlands of the world. Savage, war-like Humans who revere the Chaos Gods above all others, these raiders sweep into the civilised countries to the south, reaving and slaying.

Battle is a way of life to the hardy warriors of the northlands. They share their land with the most heinous of monsters and when otherwise idle they spend their time fighting each other. They are tough blood-thirsty barbarians at heart, but they are also respectful of the gods who, in their eyes, give them their strength and direct them to glorious conquest. To fight well is to honour the gods and glorify the tribe. Great warriors are taken in death to live amongst the gods and are worshipped as gods themselves. The tribes see themselves as agents of the Dark Gods, destined to triumph over the lesser people of the south, to destroy, sacrifice and ultimately to rule in the name of Chaos.

Although it is commonplace for raiding armies to trouble the lands of Kislev and the northern parts of the Empire, it is rare for the tribes to act in any cohesive way. When that does happen, usually due to an extreme

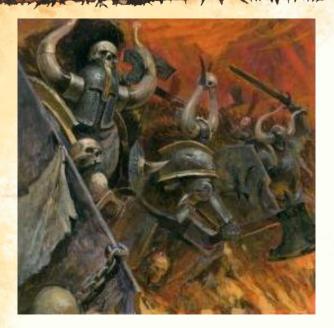
outpouring of magical energy from the north, the whole civilised world is placed in the greatest peril. This has happened several times in the history of the world and most notably during what became known as the Great War against Chaos over two hundred years ago. Only the sudden and dynamic unification of the Empire and the aid of the High Elves of Ulthuan saved the human realms of the Old World at that time, though Kislev was devastated and the city of Praag destroyed.

THE MEN OF THE NORTH

The tribes of the northlands are called Marauders by the civilised folk of the south. Their domain stretches across the great steppes and throughout the rocky land of Norsca and encompasses many savage tribes of men. These peoples together make up the barbarian hordes of the north whose incursions to the south comprise the greatest threat to the civilised nations of the world.

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





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

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

The men of the north tend to wear their hair long, cultivate great masses of facial hair on their craggy faces, and their unruly manes are shaven into topknots or even stranger designs. Their skin is tough as leather and weatherbeaten from years of battling through ice blizzards and sailing storm-wracked oceans. They protect themselves from the fury of the elements with furs cut from the backs of wolves, bears or even deadlier nameless beasts that roam the wilderness. Upon their heavily-thewed arms they wear crude jewellery and sport tangled masses of scar tissue. Many Northmen bear grisly tokens and tattoos that they believe will keep them safe from harm, ward off baleful energies or attract the gaze of the gods. They are usually correct, for those who live on the threshold of the Realm of Chaos are right to be superstitious.

Of all the skills that men associate with civilisation the barbarians excel only in the making of weapons, for the Mountains of Frost and Dusk are rich with mineral deposits. The northmen would present a dire threat to the world were they not so divided and continuously warring against each other. It is indeed fortunate that their lands are separated from the Old World by the mighty Mountains of Frost.

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

Because they live close to the vast polar source of magic, the influence of magical energy is especially strong amongst them. Its warping power blows strongest close to the pole, and the Marauder tribes live within its domain. When the wind of magic blows hard it brings mutation and change to the people and their animals, strange deformed creatures shamble from the darkness, and daemons walk the land sustained by the magically enriched atmosphere. When the wind blows strongest all life is corrupted, or destroyed, and the northern tribes push south in response driven by what is both the will of the Dark Gods and a howling storm of magical energy.

THE LOST AND THE DAMNED

More than the threat of armies of black-armoured warriors tumbling out of the blasted Chaos Wastes, or the nefarious threat of Cultists decaying the moral fibres of Imperial life, it is the threat of mutation that terrifies Old Worlders. It is the most personal of the threats that the Ruinous Powers pose, the erosion of the self into the seething foulness of Chaos. One can never tell who hides some strange corruption of the flesh beneath a baggy shirt or under filthy breeches. A neighbour could conceal some bizarre abomination in their cellar, and everyone listens for the horrible shrieks of a new mother spawning a twisted beast. The threat of physical contamination is ever-present, and all Old Worlders keep a watchful eye for the telltale signs of corruption.

Who can say for certain why mutation occurs? Some suggest moral failing. Some claim it is a curse. Others suggest it is punishment for mortal sin. Regardless of the cause, mutation occurs with startling frequency, and though the Witch Hunters and honest citizens do their parts to destroy Mutants wherever they appear, their efforts are not enough to slow the tide of corruption threatening to contaminate the Old World.

OF GODS AND MEN

The men of the Northlands have many different gods and each tribe has its own special deities and spirits, but all recognise the four great gods of Chaos as the masters of all lesser gods. The Northmen do not think of their gods as evil, as do the superstitious men of the south, but as mighty and unknowable entities that are every bit as individual and unpredictable as mortals. They quite reasonably maintain that such powerful creatures are beyond the moral judgement of mere men. It is seen as every warrior's duty to honour the gods, and every god's right to reward and destroy according to his divine inclination. Such things are self-evident. The desolate harshness of the northern wastes does not encourage the luxury of introspection and study into matters arcane. The gods simply exist, as undeniable as the wind and the night, impossibly powerful entities that mould the clay of human flesh and frozen earth into grotesque new shapes at a whim. To resent this state of affairs would be like resenting the sunset or moonrise or other forces of nature.

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

The Dark Gods are mighty forces that stand behind the tribes of Chaos, rewarding the brave, confounding their foes, and destroying the weakling gods of the southlands. They play with the lives and dreams of

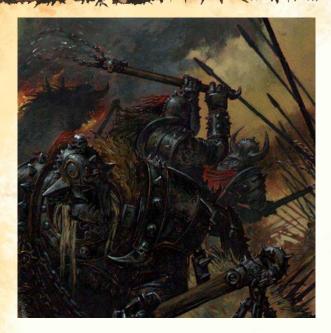
men much as a wicked child plays with a teeming anthill, for to the gods mortal lives and ambitions are as short-lived and insignificant as insects. They are feared by all the races of man, even those who whisper their names in the dead of night. Barbaric and primal, the Dark Gods stand in stark contrast to the refined, sophisticated, and civilised deities of the south. Many legendary tales exist of wars in the heavens between the gods of men, Dwarfs and Elves.

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

THE PANTHEON OF CHAOS

The unwitting creations of Mankind's most powerful subconscious emotions, the Chaos gods may be summarised (if imperfectly) as rage, hope, despair and pleasure. They are Khorne the Blood God, whose bellows of rage echo across the multiverse; Tzeentch the Changer of the Ways and master of the weave of time; Nurgle the Lord of Decay whose rotting carcass oozes corruption; and Slaanesh the Dark Prince, neither male nor female, whose beauty is such that the merest glimpse will bind a mortal to his eternal service. Some Marauders follow the Great Nameless god, Chaos Undivided, but these are much rarer. When the volcanoes that rise amongst the mountains spew forth fire and brimstone it is seen as a sign from their gods who, they believe, live farther north, beyond the Mountains of Dusk.





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

These four are called by many different names, titles and guises throughout the north. Nonetheless, all tribes recognise the four gods no matter what their names, and almost all tribes take one of the four as their patron, recognising the other deities but giving themselves completely to one power above all – the father and protector of their kindred. These are the most outlandish and devout of all Warriors of Chaos, for they enjoy great favour in return for their total dedication. Though mortals such as these may enter into this unholy pact to permanently ally themselves with a god and harness the power such association brings, they inevitably devolve as they progress further upon their dark path. Ultimately they will become little more than an extension of their god's immortal will.

The lesser gods, of whom there are so many it might be better to think of them as spirits or daemons, are often peculiar to individual tribes. In many cases they were once great heroes of the tribe – chieftains or other individuals favoured by the gods whose deeds were so heroic that, instead of dying, they became immortals and now live with the god of their tribe in eternal glory.

All of these gods have their sorcerers and holy places, shrines, and temples throughout the north. Many of the northern tribes are nomadic and their temples are visited rarely, perhaps only once a year when great ceremonies are performed to honour the tribe's patron. Though these holy places stand empty for most of the time, no Northman would be so disrespectful or stupid as to desecrate a temple of Chaos. To the men of the

north, their sorcerers are priests as well as warriors, and are amongst the most important of all the members of the tribe.

Although the gods of Chaos are indeed foul, there are those who willingly choose to serve and follow them. The promise of easy power and the seductive blandishments of Chaos can prove too strong for many minds. And so there are those willing to ally themselves with the Dark Powers of Chaos. It is when the men of the north give themselves over wholly to the Dark Gods that they become true Warriors of Chaos. These are men that have left the comforts and concerns of a normal life behind forever, selling their humanity to the Ruinous Powers in exchange for the raw strength to dominate and destroy. They have no family other than those that fight at their side, no love save that they reserve for their blades. A Chaos Warrior is no longer truly human – he is instead a living weapon; given body and soul to the gory business of slaughter. Followers of Chaos give up all vestige of their former Humanity and become Champions of Chaos – the warriors and sorcerers who ravage across the Chaos Wastes in the name of one Dark Power or another.

Talenchar, Sorcerer of Tzeentch, smiled a crooked little smile. Harwulf, the Chieftain of the Bloodwolf warband sat opposite him on the red mat. Harwulf had been most emphatic that if the tribes struck now the accursed followers of Slaanesh could be crushed.

Talenchar had readily agreed. Harwulf had laid out his battle plans, showing that nothing could stop the tribes from utterly defeating the foe. Talenchar had taken one look and pronounced the plan flawless. Harwulf had reminded Talenchar that he still held Talenchar's daughter hostage against treachery. Without even blinking Talenchar had acknowledged this fact.

Sweating slightly despite the cold, Harwulf had brought Talenchar's attention to the amulet which protected him from magic. Talenchar tried not to smile as he observed that yes. Harwulf was immune to his powers.

Thoroughly unnerved. Harwulf had stood up to go and Talenchar had bidden him a safe journey. From within the tent he could easily hear Harwulf's vast bodyguard form up around their leader.

When the Tingling of their horses bridles had died away.
Kessi, truthspeaker for the Blacksnake warband, had
emerged from his hiding place. He seemed upset. He
wanted to know why Talenchar had agreed to everything
that Harwulf had said; did this mean that the alliance
between Slaanesh and Tzeentch was over? Angrily, he
went to sit down, but Talenchar reached out a hand to
stop him. "The rug has been poisoned." he said. "Harwulf
will never see his home."

"But what of your daughter?" the Slaaneshi leader asked.

"I have no daughter. Now please explain to me this plan of yours. I have other people that I must talk with."

TRIBAL SUPERSTITIONS

The Northmen are an extremely superstitious people. They believe in omens, portents and signs in the skies. Even the lowliest of warriors will carry a trinket or two to ward against magic, or to bring about the favour of the gods. These range from traditional charms, such as a rabbit's foot bound with hag's hair or rune-etched raven's beaks, to more esoteric talismans that are beyond the reach of normal men. It is thought that the dried tongue of a Plaguebearer gives one power over disease, whilst the fang of a Flesh Hound will grant the bearer the courage to face any foe, and the eye of a Cockatrice will draw precious gemstones into your path. Many tribesmen have their skin tattooed with symbols of malign power or branded with runes of abjuration to further court the favour of their dark masters. Others cut their own flesh before battle and daub patterns upon themselves with hot blood, believing these signs of devotion protect them from death's cold claw. Whether these protective measures work or not is immaterial, for the Northmen believe in them as surely as the sun rises, and what more can one ask of folklore and tradition?

Because of the omnipresence of the Dark Gods in the north, the men who carve out their existence there are devout worshippers of Chaos indeed, offering up the

The dark figure stomped into the centre of the encampment, his intricately designed and stylised black armour glinting the flickering firelight. He wore a heavy fine pelt over his broad shoulders, and his face was obscured by a leering, bestial skull-helm. Swinging his head from side to side, he glared at the tribesmen, who fell back before his awesome presence.

He stamped his staff into the blackened earth, charms and bones rattling ominously. With one gauntleted hand, he reached up to his enclosed helm and pulled it free. A shock of jet-black hair fell to his shoulders. His face was pale and drawn and his cheeks covered in ritual scarring, intricate arcane designs that were carved deeply into his flesh. His eyes were completely black and reflective, and the hardened tribesmen flinched and looked away from his unearthly gaze.

Rising his staff high into the air, he roared at the night sky. Dark lightning flickered at the corners of his midnight as the heavens answered his call, deep, rumbling echoes sounding over the plains. The darkness gathered around him like a whispering cloak, shadows coifing out from the surrounding gloom to hover behind him. The twisting blackness reached out with amorphous tendrils, their icy touch sucking the warmth from the warriors' bodies, and making the fire shrink out of existence.

In darkness the Sorcerer spoke, his voice as though there were a dozen people speaking the same words from his throat.

As one, the tribesmen fell to their knees before the sorcerer, one who was truly touched by the mightiest of gods.

deaths of those they slay on the battlefield with each passing day. Mutation is commonplace in the northlands, but – unlike the lands of the Empire in the south, where such disfigurement is abhorred – the people of the far north see it as a mark of divine favour. To the northlanders, their dark gods are a vital and glorious part of their lives. A Northman communes with his deities directly, dedicating body and soul to his gods rather than offering prayers at the behest of sanctimonious priests or narrow-minded patriarchs.

The northmen carve great wooden totems to their pitiless gods, and fight endlessly in their honour. Blood flows under the cold stars as the tribes fight with each other and the bands of Beastmen and Orcs that roam the land. Beyond the Mountains of Dusk is the Realm of Chaos, the domain of their gods. The Chosen Ones, the greatest amongst the northmen, can cross the mountains and the Tainted Sea when called by the gods to serve as Chaos Warriors, the retainers of the Chaos Gods. Each northman aspires to join them, and strives to distinguish himself in the service of his god.

It is said that the tribes wait for an Arch-Champion: a mighty lord blessed by the Chaos gods who will gather all the tribes under his banner. He will be served by Daemons and Children of Chaos alike, and will eradicate the feeble nations of Men, Dwarfs, elves and others who resist Chaos. Every northman believes that this Champion will come from amongst his own tribe, and destroy their hated rival tribes as well as the weak Dwarfs and soft men of the Empire and Kislev. Marauders pray for a sign from their gods that it is time to raise their blood-soaked standards once again and march against the free people of the world. That day is not far away, for even now the Shamans dream of a terrible slaughter that is to come, and the warriors of the four totem gods sharpen their axes, eagerly awaiting the time when those gods will come to claim the world for their own.



THE ENEMY WITHIN

All normal men fear and abhor Chaos, and no city in the Old World would tolerate the presence of a Chaos follower. However, not all followers' of Chaos are so obviously marked that they are immediately obvious. Men live in perpetual terror of the enemy within, the hidden followers of Chaos who they fear will mass together and destroy them one day. They are quite right to be afraid, as there are many agents of Chaos at work within the cities of men, recruiting new followers. consulting their daemon masters by means of arcane rituals, and slowly but surely infiltrating the houses of the powerful. As the years pass they construct a secret network of corruption that extends from town to town and city to city. One day the Incursions of Chaos will come again, and the followers of Chaos within the cities of men will be ready to rise up and join the Chaos Champions, daemons, and Chaos creatures in the final battle for the Old World.

When the witch hunters and preachers of Sigmar warn the population of the Empire about the followers of Chaos, those who listen usually think of mighty Chaos Warriors clad in black armour and wielding daemonbound weapons. But not all of the slaves of darkness take such an obvious guise. Everywhere there are men willing to sell their souls for the promise of power. Many devotees of the Dark Gods lie hidden deep within human society.

In the Empire and other lands, decadent nobles bored with their lives, seeking excitement and self-gratification, turn to the worship of Chaos. Many powerful men crave immortality and pledge their souls to the Dark Gods in the vain hope that they may be elevated to daemonhood. The poor and desperate are willing to risk everything to gain an advantage in life. Taking the first step is always so easy.



"Why look north for Chaos, when it is among us? The very air we breathe, the water we drink, our neighbours, even our children, all carry the taint of corruption. And whether it manifests now or sometime in the years ahead, this horror will awaken and consume us all. There is no escape friends, for we are the lost and the damned"

— Reinhart, Raving Priest of Ulric

Those who succumb to Chaos do not begin with any intention of doing so, but the lure of Chaos is buried deep to the subconscious mind of humanity. How many wizards in their yearning for knowledge have delved too deep and unwittingly opened their minds to Darkness? How many warriors have turned into raging berserkers, finding that the howl of Khorne the Blood God is the answer they are craving for? How many hedonistic nobles, craving for luxury, succumb to the lure of Slaanesh?

Throughout the Old World there are countless cults devoted to Chaos. Some are isolated pockets of corruption, while others, like the Coven of Delights and the Cult of the Purple Hand, are vast organisations with hundreds of members. All of them present a dire temptation to the weak-minded.

Many cults are not overtly dedicated to the Dark Gods they are secret societies, gatherings of influential men, and many find out too late what they are involved in. By then the chance to go to the authorities has passed, since the churches of Sigmar and Ulric prosecute these cults tirelessly and anyone found guilty of worshipping Chaos, however misguided, will be burned at the stake – often alongside his family. There is no easy escape from damnation.

As the years pass, the hidden followers of Chaos become more influential. They worm their way into positions of power and authority, undermining society and waiting for the right moment to reveal their true identity. When the power of Chaos rises again, and the armies of Chaos Warriors and Beastmen come, the secret worshippers of the four Dark Gods will take up arms and rise against human civilisation in the name of the gods of Chaos.

Hidden just beneath the surface, Chaos is everywhere in the Empire. From the decadent cults of Slaanesh in Altdorf, to the secret temple of Khorne beneath the Imperial Barracks in Nuln, among the plague survivors who turn to Nurgle in thanks and supplication, to the power-hungry merchants making sacrifices to Tzeentch, there is almost no section of society that is untouched by the corruption of the Ruinous Powers. They have something to offer anyone who is not completely satisfied with his or her lot – and that is almost all Humans, whether in the Empire or without.

The cults vary enormously in size, strength, purpose, and membership, from tiny conspiratorial cells in the heart of the Empire to whole villages that have secretly given their allegiance to Chaos. Scholars, politicians, priests, craftsmen, farmers, soldiers, and members of



almost every other profession have come under the sway of Chaos in their time, and often recruited their fellows. Indeed, a number of clandestine groups have a charitable public face that they hide behind and many have joined a Chaos cult without realizing just what they were getting into. Some sects are dedicated to the overthrow of society, attracting revolutionaries and agitators in great numbers, whereas others are solely concerned with the pursuit of personal power, or simply the endless pleasures that can be found in the worship of Slaanesh.

The one thing all cults have in common is that their existence is concealed from the common eye, so that Witch Hunters and templars are not immediately alerted to their existence. Since the Empire has a number of different secret societies that have nothing to do with Chaos, this makes discovering actual Chaos cults to be a far more daunting task for those that seek to destroy them. Due to this necessarily widespread tendency towards secrecy and the relative independence of each cult, it is often the case that cults have wildly varying objectives, even ones that are in direct opposition to another cult. This sometimes leads to a cult fighting another cult, with or without realizing it. The Chaos Gods do not seem to mind, and even support such behaviour, just as they encourage the Chaos Marauders to raid each other's villages.

THE DARK TONGUE

The Dark Tongue, also known as the Black Speech, is the language of Chaos and sorcery as spoken and written by its followers and the practitioners of magic. It has undoubtedly earned its colloquial name because it is uttered in shadows by n those clad in robes of darkness. The Dark Tongue is a ritual language and the only manner in which the mysteries of Chaos can truly be expressed. It is the language of daemons and Chaos creatures which have the power of speech. Daemon names and the secret daemonic names of Chaos champions can only be spoken in the Dark Tongue, and the servants of Chaos learn to speak and write it for the conjuration of Chaos entities and to converse with daemons when they are summoned.

Chaos Warriors, Wizards and Cultists can communicate in the Dark Tongue, and most can carve the Runes of Chaos which are used to write it. The Skaven know the Dark Tongue, but find it impossible to pronounce properly; their own squeaky language, Queekish, is ultimately derived from the Dark Tongue. The Dark Elves also speak a related language known as Black Elvish, a cross between High Elvish and the Dark Speech. Dark Elves still use the pure Dark Tongue for their rituals and magic.

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

The core of the Dark Tongue is a collection of root words, heavily endowed with meaning. The root word is altered by the addition of prefixes and suffixes to bring out the various potential meaning, held within the root. Yet more meanings are yielded by mutation of the root itself. Although there are relatively few root words compared to other languages, such as Elven, there are innumerable potential root distortions with the Dark Tongue. Few human cultists will ever learn them all, but as a servant's command of the language increases, so too does his command of the forces Chaos themselves.

Chaos Runes

The Dark Tongue in the written form is a series of phonetic runes, each letter form representing a vocalised sound. As a written language, the Dark Tongue has far less powerful properties than when spoken, hence the practise of many magic users writing their spells into tomes and grimoires. It is only when these words are spoken out loud that they take on their full dimension and their power is restored. This also makes translation difficult, because no wizards will use exactly the same runts to represent the same word sounds – attempting to read another sorcerers text and

"What is death, but the ultimate change, the ultimate expression of Chaos? When I bring you death, I sanctify your meagre existence, change your formerly worthless life into something far more grand and magical..."

– Drakar Neth Shyish, the Fist of Chen, also known as Drakar the Questioner "Chaos cares not for self-preservation. for reason, or for truth. The essence of Chaos is change, and its worshippers believe that if that change is a violent one, then so much the better."

Teclis, High Mage of Ulthuan

mispronouncing a ritual or spell can often have hideous, usually fatal, consequences. Chaos runes writhe with a power of their own, and to look upon them at length can bring nausea, sickness and madness. It is because of this that many banners of Chaos bear such runes, to dismay and confuse the enemy.

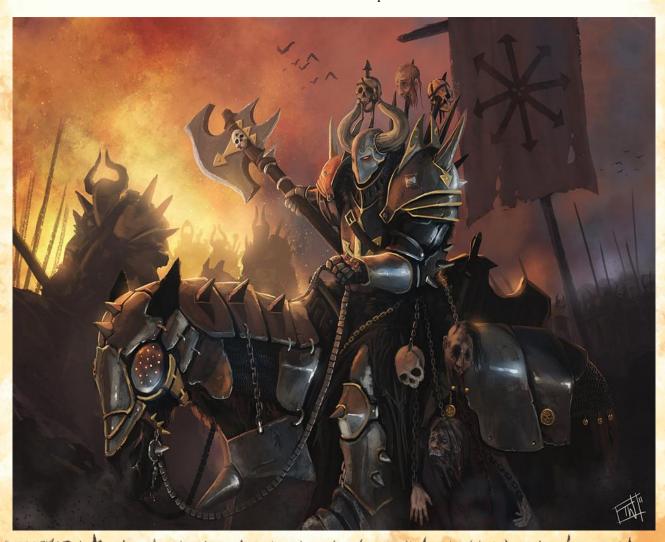
The inscriptions on Chaos Monoliths, and Beastman Braystones are all made using Chaos Runes. Runes are also used on magic weapons and items, and are daubed on Chaos temples and shrines. Each rune represents an individual Reward of Chaos, but there are also special phonetic runes which can be used to write any language including the Dark Tongue. Phonetic runes evolved when Chaos Wizards recorded their spells, incantations, and other occult works. Examples of the Dark Tongue and Chaos Runes are sought after by cultists and witchfinders alike, but where the cultists seek to collect and preserve, witchfinders are intent on expunging Chaos lore by erasing inscriptions and burning the texts. Despite these efforts, the Dark Tongue persists and flourishes, passed down by word of mouth and preserved on Chaos Monoliths.

The Chaos Language

The Dark Tongue is rich in words and phrases which express the mystical, arcane and complex cosmology of Chaos. Although it is convenient to attach basic meanings to these words, they are imbued with far greater and deeper significance. Each word really encompasses a myriad of associated meanings and concepts. For this reason, the Dark Tongue, in its pure and archaic form, has become the most powerful language of sorcery and ritual. Debased versions of the language have far less power to evoke the mysteries of Chaos.

The core of the Dark Tongue is a collection of root words. heavily endowed with meaning. The root word is altered by the addition of prefixes and suffixes to bring out the various potential meanings held within the root. Yet more meanings are yielded from the root by mutation of the root itself.

Although there are relatively few root words compared to other languages, such as High Elven for example, there are innumerable potential root mutations in the Dark Tongue. Few human cultists will ever learn all of them and so be able to unlock all the secrets held within the language. It is this characteristic of the Dark Tongue which makes it such an effective and potent means of expression for arcane and occult lore and lends it the haunting quality which gives power and eloquence to ritual incantations.



THE DOLGAN INVASION

The flickering mange glows of countless campfires surrounded the walls of Stravtrosgrad. Inside the wooden walls of the fort the acrid smell of burnt flesh permeated the night air. The sentries who stood atop the parapets tried in vain to ignore the screams of their captive comrades. In the darkness they could only guess at what honours befell the unfortunate victims. Each dawn revealed a fresh row of banners lining the perimeter of the enemy camp. It was a gruesome sight; the crude standards made from the flayed skins of their people. The banners displayed all manner of menacing runes, drawn in the blood spilled from the victims of the surrounding villages.

Dimitri pulled up the collar of his thick furlined coat and took a deep draught from a bottle of clear spirits, before offering it to his Boyar. The Boyars were the nobles of Kislev, descended from the great families that had settled the harsh lands to the north-cast of the Empire. Their forefathers had conquered trolls arid other foul beasts to scrape a living from the barren frozen wastes. Life in Kinky was tough but the people had become hardy and had adapted well to the rigour of the harsh winters.

"The Domovoy warned me that I would soon be facing my peril I should have listened to his words and left this accursed town." Dimitri stared out towards the Great Lake, the only dark patch amongst the sea of fires.

"You still put your faith in the words of spirits comrade?" Boyar Streltski shook his head at his second in command. "There is only one spirit that will give you the courage to fight this battle, my old friend." Streltsk I took the offered bottle and downed the contents, tossing it over the wall where it disappeared into a huge snowdrift. The drink burned as it slipped down his throat, but it warmed his insides, which was a welcome relief during the cold nights.

"These Dolgan." the Boyar cast his arm towards the enemy that besieged the small town. "Who is their leader?"

"They say his name is Gurkhan, a merciless and brutal warrior whose abhorrent form stands taller than any mortal man." Dimitri replied, his voice betraying the contempt he felt towards this enemy.

"That cannot be," Streltsk i's voice was raised and agitated. "Gurkhan wrested power from the Dolgan war chief Darok near hall a century ago. Even then it was said he was an old man, how can he still live?

Dimitri placed both his hands on the enraged Boyar. "I have never lied to you, my Boyar," the warrior's voice showed the smallest hint of anger at the accusation His Boyar had questioned his word and that was a slant against his honour. Dimitri quelled his emotions, he knew his friend meant no

offence. The peasants say that the one called Gurkhan walks with the favour of the Gods, and that the man who once fought Darok has changed. Tis said he no longer resembles a man but has taken the form of a hideous beast and all the Dolgan have united with other tribes to wage brutal war under his banner." Dimitri could tell the name of Gurkhan had not fallen easily on his lord's ears. He continued, trying to draw the topic of conversation away from the Dolgan leader

"There is still hope, my Boyar. Have you heard any word from the Tzarina Katarina yet?" Dimitri had heard that the raids of marauders were becoming frequent If rumours were true, then the northern outposts had already fallen. The Tzarina would send her armies to where they were most needed, but in these dark times there were many places that sought their aid.

"Alas no, I fear that my messengers were captured, for it has been too long. Had she heard of our plight then a relief force would already be here' The Boyar shook his head grimly. "Tomorrow, at first light we will take the initiative, tell the lancers to have their steeds readied and prepare the war wagons. We are the Kislev and we would rather die in battle than cower behind these walls like some caged animal."

As the first rays of the morning sun shone over the snow covered fields that surrounded the town, the sturdy wooden drawbridge crashed down over the frozen moat the heavy drumming of hundreds of hooves thundered across the plains as the Winged Lancers sallied out. Great feather crests fluttered behind them sending out eerie whistles that sent a shiver of fear through the enemy camp. The Dolgan quickly tried to gather their weapons and mount their steeds, surprised by the sudden assault.

Before any of the Dolgan warriors were ready the Winged Lancers galloped through the camp. These knights sacrificed the protection of full plate armour for speed and manoeuvrability. The skilled horsemen leapt over the few makeshift defences that had been erected at the perimeter of the marauders camp, driving their steeds into the heart of the enemy. The deadly lances that this elite cavalry were famed for skewered dozens of Dolgans before they even realised the danger. The northmen frantically tried to control their own horses, which reared in fear. Many broke free from Their tethers and bolted, further adding to the general panic that was rapidly spreading throughout the camp.

Four massive explosions sent the bodies of the savage warriors flying through the air, behind the attack of the lancers trundled two mighty war wagons, huge carts bristling with cannons and packed with bowmen.

Volleys of arrows fell amongst the barbarians, sending those few who had managed to mount their steeds tumbling to the ground. Moments later the war wagons smashed a path through the camp, the cannons sounding out deafening cracks as they blasted the Dolgans. The crew of these deadly armoured carts swapped their bows for spears, thrusting them at those enemies who had been fortunate enough to avoid being trampled beneath the hooves of the gnat horses that pulled the wagons. Many of the Dolgans who had escaped the horses suffered a worse fate as the huge iron clad wheels splintered their bones beneath each wagon's awesome weight.

"We have them on the run." Dimitri shouted to his troops from the platform of the leading wagon, encouraging the lancers to press home the attack. He let out a deep laugh before firing his pistol in the swarthy fact of a Dolgan warrior who had climbed onto the wagon. A sudden and swift movement from above caught his attention, and as he saw the threat a chill shiver ran down his spine.

In but a few moments the clear blue of the winter sky darkened. Menacing black clouds blotted out the rid of the dawn sun and the sound of thunder trembled through the hearts of the Kislevites. A great blast of forked lightning struck the highest tower of the fort, and silhouetted against the brief flash of light descended a figure of dread. The being wore long flowing robes, topped with a great horned helm. In one hand it held a huge shield adorned with a sorcerous image, in the other a sharp pointed lance engraved with fiery glowing runes. It was mounted on a large disc that shimmered with colourful magical energy. At the sight of this being's foreboding arrival the fleeing Dolgans turned, raising their weapons high. All around the camp one name was being chanted, in the harsh accent of the barbaric

"Zharkol, Zharkol." They called as one, fresh courage [lowing through their veins. With renewed strength they turned to face their attackers.

The figure on the disc glided towards the heart of the battle, bolts of scarlet lightning shooting from his fingertips. As each bolt struck the mounted lancers, the warriors were engulfed in a red inferno, the intensity of the unnatural fire fuelled by the souls of the victims. When the flames burned out, only the blackened armour and bones remained. The disc and its rider soared through the heart of the combat, the great blades surrounding the disc slicing through armour as though it were paper, ripping apart flesh and bone.

A cannon shot from the lead wagon landed yards short of the flying disc, the explosion of rock and soil unbalancing the Sorcerer for a moment. He regained his footing and now directed the disc towards this new target.
Zharkol turned all of his attention towards this threat. The Champion of Tzeentch chanted a dark spell No sooner had the last word passed his bps than a let of blue energy issued from the tip of his lance. The magical force smashed into the war wagon immersing the armoured vehicle in a ball of bright blue fire. The tightly packed crew screamed as flesh melted from their bones, which in turn shattered into a thousand shards.

With their sorcerer's name lips, the Dolgan surged around the remaining lancers, swamping the brave knights and dragging them from their horses to be butchered by cruel axes and maces.

From the battlements Streltski watched helplessly as Dimitri's wagon was in turn mobbed by the now bloodthirsty Dolgans. The enraged barbarians chambered over the armoured sides and hacked apart the brave men inside whom had no place to flee. Just as he gave the order to lift the drawbridge a welcome sound issued forth from the thick pine forest. The deep resonant blast of a horn echoed across the plains. It was the call of her Gryphon Legion, the most formidable cavalry in the realm. These knights were mounted on fully barded steeds, the helms of their full plate armour adorned with great feathered crests. Streltski looked towards the forest and a grin spread across his face. He watched with joy as the riders emerged from the dense green foliage. They were not alone, with them he could make out the huge forms of bears, lumbering behind. A huge bare chested and battle-scarred warrior rode the largest of these beasts, he in many ways resembled one of the huge beasts himself. The bears charged across the snow with remarkable speed for their size, both knights and bears smashing into the enemy flank simultaneously. Signalling for the remaining troops in the fort to sally forthm for the first time in days Streltski felt hope return to his heart. For a bang moment the dark skies that hung over the battlefield seemed to brighten.

The Dolgans found themselves under a bloody and ferocious attack. The knights of the Gryphon Legion were renowned for their valiance against the forces of Chaos. Streltstki could see that the reputation was not ill-founded. Their martial prowess, combined with the ferocious and brutal strength of the bears, soon had the Dolgans fleeing for their lives once more.

Zharkol again steered his disc down into the melee, the blades wreaking a bloody carnage. Flames of all colours exploded around the sorcerous disc. Again it looked as though his dark sorceries would prevail, for none could withstand the fury of his power unleashed. Then, one of the bears reared up to its full height and muck the disc with its great clawed paw, smashing the sorcerer from the skies. The disc crashed into the snow, Daemonic shapes bursting into being before vanishing hack to the twisted realm of their creation. Only an oozing pool of a black oily substance remained. Zharkol stood and

turned in an attempt to destroy the huge creature with magic, only to have the jaws of the bear clasp around his neck before he could utter an incantation. With the demise of the powerful sorcerer, the forces of the fort mined the combat, eager to avenge the death of their comrades.

From the far edge of the lake numerous eyes watched the battle unfold. Each eye focused on a different combat, revelling in the horror filled screams. The carnage was magnificent and the gods would be pleased. Now was the time to strike, now was the time to reveal the true splendour of Tzeentch's favoured.

The besiegers now found themselves surrounded. Dolgan warriors were tossed aside by the bears as though they were dolls, whilst the combined attacks of Streltski's force and the Gryphon Knights saw the marauders pushed back towards the great frozen lake. The snow-covered fields were now a carpet of red, the blood of both Dolgans and Kislevites merging together an death. With no safe place to retreat, the invaders found themselves pushed backwards onto the icy surface of the lake. Warriors easily lost their footing, simple errors proving fatal as their opponents showed no mercy, thrusting their swords down at the fallen marauders.

Streltski blocked the swing of an axe, thrusting his sword into the guts of his opponent. His revel-studded weapon was an ancient heirloom, handed down from father to son over many generations. Many were the foes it had slain and once again the blood of those who would threaten Kislev ran down the blade. As he pulled his sword free from the fallen warrior Streltski noticed a large shadow in the waters. It moved with great speed beneath the combat on the ice towards the rear of his force. But he had little rime to dwell on the mysterious form as he concentrated on parrying the attack of an axe that was about to cleave his head from its shoulders.

Suddenly a deafening crack sounded out across the lake. For a moment the combat ceased as the fighters realised she peril of their situation. Great cracks spread across the ice sheet and a scramble to reach the safety of the shore ensued. Warriors slipped in their haste to get to the edge and the horses on the lake reared, well aware of their mortal danger. Over the shouts and whinnying of horses, a mighty roar reverberated through the heart of Streltski. The edge of the lake splintered into huge shards of ice and from the freezing waters a monstrous beast emerged. With one mighty leap it landed at the rear of the Gryphon Legion's formation, numerous limbs, some ending in great pincers, making a chitinous sound. Its great tail lashed out sending dozens of Gryphon Knights and their steeds plunging into the ice-cold waters.

Once again the Dolgans shouted the name of their champion in a fierce war cry, but this time its name carried a more sinister menace. "Gurkhan, Gurkhan," they cried. All who heard them could tell that the leader of the Dolgans had come to do battle and again the skies opened as thunder and lightning rent the heavens asunder.

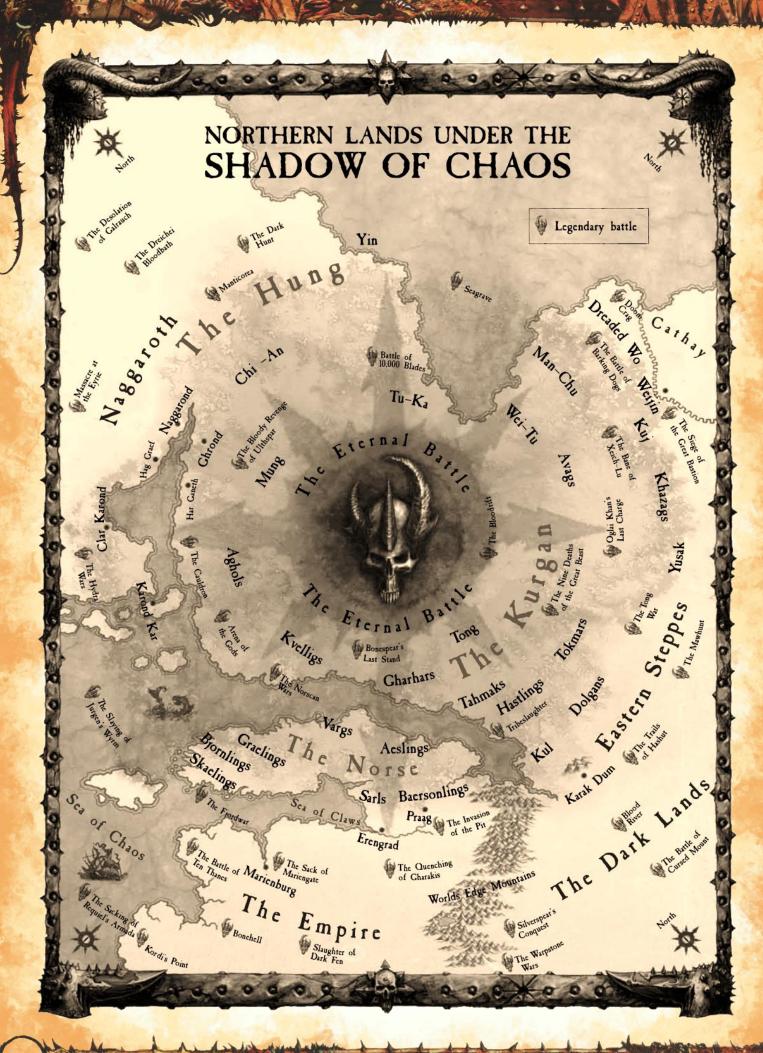
Now the Dolgans fought with a ferocity that even the strongest Gryphon Knight was helpless to match. Bur it was not the savage Northmen that turned the tide of the battle, for at the centre of the fighting towered the mighty beast. In his many hands he field enormous blades that cleaved apart dozens of Kislevites with each swipe. Even the hears cowered from this abomination, but they could not escape the attention of his multitudinous eyes. His great pincers snapped at the creatures, lifting them easily into the air as if they were mere cubs before casting their giant broken bodies back down, crushing Kislevites beneath them. Is was too much for the defenders who now fled from the carnage.

Streltski stood for a moment frozen with fear at the sight of the half human creature. The battle was lost and the sown would fall, but the proud Kislevite blood that ran through his veins allowed no option of surrender.

"Gurkhan," he called, pointing his blade at the foe. "You killed my father, prepare to die."

The huge behemoth stared for a moment at the rash challenger. For a second it recognised a glint in the eye of the noble Kislevite. He remembered fighting one who had a similar appearance many moons ago. That warrior had fought well; he had almost bested Gurkhan, but that had been in a time before the Champion of Tzeentch had been granted the favour of the gods. He had sacrificed thousands in their name and they had been generous with their gifts, granting him the strength to best any mortal foe.

The brave warrior charged forwards, the sword of his family raised high above his head. Gurkhan had felt the power of that blade once before and had no wish to experience its bite once more. He brought one of the many axes held in his numerous arms down in a mighty sweep to block the attack, letting out a menacing laugh as his powerful weapon shattered the bright blade in two He reached down picking up the warrior in a great claw to bring him close to his cold black eyes. Gurkhan wanted to relish the moment of death on the man's lace. Slowly his pincer closed, its razor-sharp edges slicing through the fur, then the armour, before cutting into Streltski's flesh. The severed torso fell onto the snow, landing beside the broken blade. Gurkhan roared. Victory had never been in doubt. Already the Dolgan warriors poured over the open drawbridge into the town. There would be many prisoners to sacrifice on the great pyre of Tzeentch. His god would again reward him well.



THE TRIBES OF CHAOS

The northlands that lie about the Realm of Chaos are home to many different tribes of men, with those who live closest to the Wastes being the most affected by the Chaotic energies that pulse out of that blighted land. All are hard-bitten and tough, for in the north, every day is a struggle to survive, not only against the freezing blizzards and electric storms of that realm, but also the dire creatures that roam the tundra in search of human prey. Close to the borders of the Realm of Chaos, life is impossible. The land is too cold and the mutating power of Chaos too strong. Nor is this borderland of fixed extent or uniform nature. The further from the pole, the weaker the radiant energy of Chaos – but that energy is constantly waxing and waning, spreading the power of Chaos southwards or temporarily loosening its grip. So it is that many northmen are nomadic, making their camp where they may and moving on whenever the dark energies of the land flow strong. These tribes range from groups of a few hundred nomads to hordes of barbarians that rival the nations of the Old World with their number.

North of the Mountains of Mourn, east of Norsca beyond the Frozen Sea, lays a great plain known as the Eastern Steppes, stretching many thousands of miles to the distant ocean. Empty of civilisation in any form, it consists of miles of empty grasslands speckled with the occasional stubby tree or black monolith erected to commemorate the death of a great Champion of Chaos.



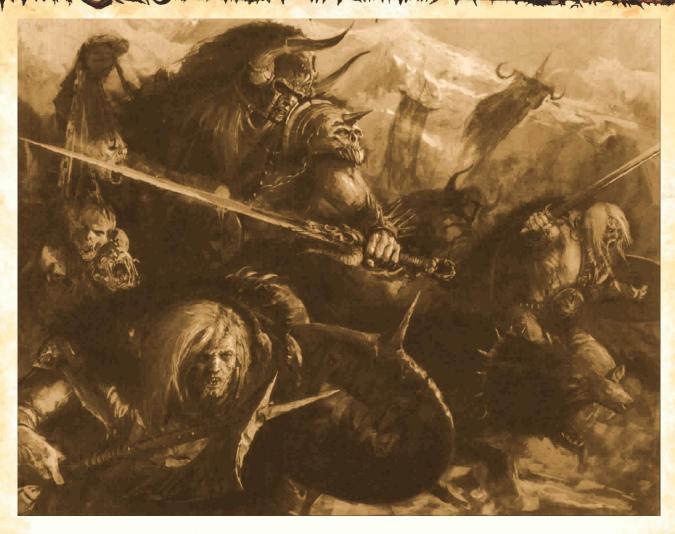
The Eastern Steppe is bounded in the north by freezing wastes and to the south by a vast and inhospitable desert. This cold and barren extension of the great northern steppes is home to fierce nomadic peoples, of whom the greatest and most feared are the Kurgan to the west and the horse-nomads of the Hung to the east. These races are themselves divided into many interwarring tribes, some even more barbarous and bloodthirsty than others.

The Northmen are great warriors, and not only the men for there are many amongst their womenfolk whose strength at arms and ferocity far surpasses that of the soft races of the south. Their lives are a constant battle against each other and against nature – for the lands of the north are home to many fierce, heavily mutated and irrationally violent creatures. As these lands are for the most part cold and barren, what food there is must be caught or hunted. A tribe's continuing existence depends upon the strength and courage of its warriors. In times of dearth, the battle for survival is a battle indeed.

Northmen have little concept of nationality or allegiance beyond their immediate family and tribe, but recognise no border other than the horizon ahead of them and will fight to the death for the slightest of reasons. They are nomadic by nature, and have little concept of nationality or allegiance beyond their immediate tribe. Nonetheless, so vast is the wasteland that surrounds the Realm of Chaos that several distinct clans and groups of tribes inhabit it, each with their own customs, beliefs and rituals. As might be expected of folk with such an affinity for Chaos, they are split into uncountable tribes, with those who live closest to the Wastes being the most affected by the Chaotic energies that pulse out of that blighted land. Scholars divide the Marauders into three main cultural and ethnic groups; the towering flaxen-haired Norse, the raven-haired and dark-skinned Kurgan, and the squat, powerfully built, horseriding Hung

THE NORSE

To the immediate north of the Old World live the Norse tribes: fierce barbarians, fur-clad and warlike – the very epitome of the warriors of Chaos. They are warriors at sea as well as on land – building longships in which they harass the southern lands and undertake journeys far to the west. Folk of the Empire know the Norse for those who sail their longships to attack the southern lands, clad in fur and steel, a fierce race whose sons love nothing better than to charge into battle wielding sharp axes. The Norse are constantly in bloody strife and war amongst themselves, pausing only to launch raids by land and sea upon the Old World, when they slaughter the defenceless, defile their holy places and enslave their children. The Norse have pale skin after the manner of men of the Empire. They are generally held to be especially tall and strong, and many have red or fair hair.



Society

The peoples of Norsca exist, on the promontory of land that juts from the northernmost part of Kisley, out around the Sea of Claws. Their mountainous sea-bound land is haunted by all manner of twisted monstrous creatures, notably mutant Trolls and Giants, and by nameless things that live deep under the mountains. They are bound in the west by the Sea of Chaos and in the north by a vast glacial shelf that marks the end of their territory and the beginning of the Wastes beyond. Their border with the Kislevites is long and indistinct. On the Kislevite side, however, it is marked by the twin fortress-cities of Erengrad and Praag, and the River Lynsk that forms the only natural demarcation between the two. Beyond the Lynsk is what is known as Troll Country, wherein travel and live foul creatures of Chaos, warbands of the Ruinous Powers and some of the hardiest Norscan families such as the Saris, the Baersonlings and the Brennuns.

Norsca is a cold and harsh land, a fitting punishment for the monsters, both human and otherwise, which live there. The mountains march right down to the seas, and snow lies always on the peaks that are haunted by ogres and trolls and altogether darker beasts that sleep beneath the earth. Norsemen means literally 'men of the north', and as such is not the name by which they call themselves, but rather a moniker their victims have given them. For these savages have no name for themselves as a single nation, for their race is made up of many different families and tribes, with little to

connect them but a similar tongue and way of life. Thus, such a warrior would never call himself a "Norseman", but instead a "Bjornling" or a "Varg", for their only loyalty is to their families and their kin.

Values

These families by which they are known are of vital importance to a Norseman, for if they anger their tribal kin or so displease the gods as to bring their wrath upon them, then they will be cast from their towns and into the wilds of the country. Few of these outlaws survive long for they will never be welcomed within another tribe, nor may they wander freely for they will fall prey to the warbands and creatures that infest the land. The lucky and the strong may be allowed to join the retinue of such a champion and thus sustain their lives for some small time further, before they fall in battle or their new master tires of them. A few make the arduous journey down to the Old World where they turn to brigandry, robbery and murder.

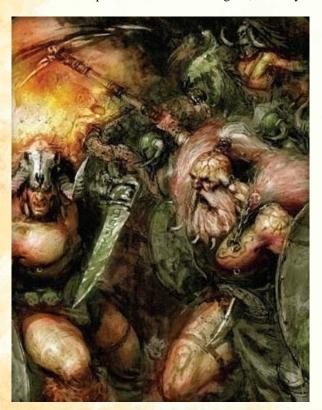
Blood feuds are common among the Norse and can last for many years between tribes and settlements. With their ruthless and barbarian ways, such feuds can occur within towns and villages as well as between different groups of close kin. When these take hold, they are settled quickly and bloodily, with little reference to law. The defeated are cast out with the majority's blessing, for the tribes know that they cannot survive with such dissention amongst themselves. This is another way by which a Norseman may be outlawed.

Norse Religion

But it is unto their unholy gods that the Norse owe their highest fealty. These vile people care nothing for faith and honour, but only for the material advantages that their Dark Lords can bestow. They worship as others of their kind, some devoting themselves to one particular blasphemy, while others maintain an allegiance to all. As the Norse live on the edge of the Umbra, their tribes often worship the Accursed Powers through the guise of lesser local gods. This does quell the fears of some of our kind who believe that theirs is no different from our own worship. But such belief could not be more misguided, as the idols the Northers worship are mere facets and guises of the four Ruinous Lords. Those that live the greatest distance from the Realm of Chaos are the least favoured of their gods – and the most likely to be seen openly in more civilised lands as a result.

Some of the coastal raiders of the Skaelings worship a deity they call Mermedus, a petty deity who makes his realm at the bottom of the Sea of Claws. Their icons of him depict a bulbous and ghoulish figure, bloated in death with the bulging eyes and drained composure of a man drowned in the sea. Supposedly he walks along the floor of the Sea of Claws, creating stormy waters and capsizing ships, dragging the raiders down deep to add to his chain-lines that he pulls behind him, so to imprison the drowned and the damned. As such, the Skaelings make sacrifices, both animal and human, and throw their weighted bodies into the deep in order that they might distract this god from destroying them all.

Whichever idol they worship, there is one thing that each one demands, the blood of its enemy. As such, some of the blood feuds that erupt between tribes and settlements have this difference at their base. For the Norse, there is no kingdom of Morr, there is nothing after death except for the realm of their gods, and they



will only travel there to be lauded and praised as true and strong warriors, or to be reviled and tortured as betrayers or cowards. Because of this, every Norseman fights with an insane fervour driven by this belief.

A Raider Culture

Such warriors are armed with deadly weapons and wear huge plates of iron armour, for it is in their smelting and working of iron that the Norse may be acknowledged. It is often remarked in the Old World that they are people with no talent or quality, except that in the forging of arms and in the spawning of men to use them. And such trade that exists between them and the warrior-bands to their north and the horse tribes to their east are centred predominantly on this, as those races have little such industry of their own.



But it is when the warriors of the north descend for a different reason that the Norse have true reason to bewail their existence. For when the Shadow expands across them and taints what little of life remains in their land, there are carried with it monsters and daemons and regiments of cruel warriors who care nothing for them. They do not see fellow worshippers of their blasphemous gods, but rather a life that can be taken in their god's name. Thus the Norse may stand and die or seek escape, and it is the case that when the Umbra expands towards the Old World, the greater horde advances behind countless bands of marauders who throw themselves at the cities of Kisley, in a despair to outrace the death that follows behind. To these the Kislevites show no mercy, and do exact vengeance for the marauders' countless predations during the times of peace.

"From the harsh snowlands they come. Blond of hair they are, and blue of eye, and tattooed upon the arms and face and chest. Others are ravenhaired, with cruel sneers, delighting in the pain, and misery they herald. From the north and east come these savage marauders, with slavering dogs on whipping leashes. Their eyes are mad with bloodlust, for blood they thirst for, driven forth on the whims of the gods they seek to appease. Clad in but few garments and wielding clumsy and brutal, axes and maces, they rage against the civilised lands of the south, burning, pillaging, and looting all before them to offer up as sacrifice to their uncaring masters beyond the gates of hell in the northern wastes."

The Liber Chaotica, penned by Richter Kless, Priest of Sigmar, declared insane. War. There is only war." — Kardos Aqshyash Phaos'y, Slave of Kharnath, also known as Kardos Bloodhelm

Norse and War

These intervening depravations are known not only to those heathen of Kisley, but to all the peoples of the coast. For it is in the character of the Norscan to be as at home on the waves as he is on land, and as they plough the seas they bring their terror with them. Their ships are constructed from the dark and polluted wood that grows plentifully in their lands. They fly sails that display the colours and symbols of their allegiance; at their bows are figureheads carved in the shape of the heads of disturbing creatures of the deep; and they adorn their sides with skulls and other trophies from their butchery. Even from their very birth these ships are steeped in blood, as they are launched over the living bodies of slaves and captives, to crush them as sacrifices to their sea gods to ensure good weather and fair seas.

There are many who hope these raiders would never return, but they have done, time and time again, across all the coasts of the Empire and their neighbours, round into the Tilean Sea and the Black Gulf. As such, villagers who know nothing of the greater darkness, who know nothing of the final damnation of man, know enough to garrison watch-towers to look across the waters and build signal-fires to warn of the coming of the Dragonships that roll in with the mists off the ocean. There, in the sense of the common folk with the clarity of their simple life, is the proper recognition of the adversity that threatens them.

THE KURGAN

The Kurgan are Human, at least in the sense they have the proper number of limbs, a head resting on a neck between two shoulders, and walk upright. But they are quite unlike other Old Worlders in appearance. The Kurgan have a swarthy complexion, with raven-dark hair and tanned, almost-brown skin, and black ever-so-slightly-slanted eyes. They have large frames, towering over other men, with bodies that are naturally muscular and powerful. They walk with an easy grace, fluid in motion, resembling the jungle cats of the Southlands in poise and stance. Even the females are strongly built with the same severe mien and dangerous attitudes.

The Kurgan are a people of mystery and fear, a savage race that ride such fleet steeds as to allow them to fly across the land as fast as birds. Their domains lie far from the Empire's borders and yet their speed of movement is such that one can never be sure where or when their next attack shall fall.

Those few cartographers who recognise the Kurgan's existence do consign them to a far corner of the map, but in fact their territory far outstrips that of any other human realm. Indeed, all the land that the Imperials call their own up to the World's Edge Mountains would fit many times within the area the Kurgan control.



The Eastern Steppes are massive plains with seemingly endless stretches of dry, treeless grassland, which lie beyond the great mountain range known as the Mountains of Mourn. They are bordered by the freezing wastes to the north, by a great desert to the south and by the mighty lands of Cathay far to the east. Over this vast territory there are many tribes, both of humans and of other races, but of the northern areas that lie within the Umbra, the Kurgan are undisputed masters.

In truth, however, not even this expanse gives proper extent to their dominion, for the Kurgan recognise no borders or boundaries, except perhaps for that ultimate frontier at the north. No obstacle can stop them; their driven mounts carry them like the wind over high mountains, great deserts and gushing rivers. They travel where they will, and there are few indeed who would dare oppose them.

Society

Equally at home in the saddle as on foot, they are a nomadic people that generally do not build lasting structures, although a notable exception to this are the great obelisks that some tribes erect to honour slain warriors. It is said that of all the warrior-people of the far north, the Kurgan are the most numerous, laying claim as they do to more land than the entire Old World. Their domain extends far to the east and to the south beyond the shadow of Chaos. Though their lands are not densely populated, for they are by nature a nomadic people, the number of Kurgan must still be truly astonishing.

"There is nothing if there isn't war." — Zar Uzelek, Yusak Chieftain



The Kurgan live in tribal families like the Norscans do, but these are not settled towns or villages, but rather travelling groups that wander the vastness of the Eastern Steppes and the Wastes with their livestock following the herds for food and waging war with rival tribes. They are led by chieftains who claim a special connection with their gods, who dictate to them the direction they ride. They travel with their entire families, so that it is literally the case for many of them to be born in the saddle. The Kurgan have no sense of a permanent home since the world is ever-changing. And so, they are content to wander and live off the land. As nomads, they rely on short, hardy steeds – noted for their speed and their ability to subsist on meagre fare – to hunt for wild cattle, antelope, and other natural wildlife.



A common mistake made by most Old Worlders is to lump the Kurgan into one group, and it's easy to make this mistake since the Kurgan are constantly on the move. In truth, the people named the Kurgan are several independent tribes with no fealty owed to any one chieftain or any concept of nation. They war with Kurgan and non-Kurgan alike, fighting each other in brutal wars to the point of extinction, much as they do when they raid Kislev, Norsca, and the Empire. Although there are countless tribes, the most famous include the Kvelligs, Gharhars, Tahmaks, Hastlings, Tokmars, Yusak, Khazags, Avags, Dolgans and the terrible Kul.

Though one may write the names of certain tribes upon a map, this will only give the narrowest indication of their true extent and location. For in the vastness of the steppe there are no confinements, and far greater reliance is placed upon the kin-band that the horsemen ride with rather than in the greater tribal name. To an extent, a Kurgan's tribe is those people with whom he travels, no matter their origins, and his property is what he carries with him, and his land is wherever he finds himself.

The Kurgans almost invariably travel on horseback, some with wagons to carry tents and altars, others without. There are a few groups who do not ride, who choose to either wander on foot, possibly because they have lost their mounts through some ailment or accident, or who have settled permanently in some forsaken spot. Why they would choose to completely alter their way of life in such a manner is unknown. Perhaps there is something of significance to the site. It is not completely unheard of for a tribe to seize and settle the land it has attacked, and then attempt to defend it, while they wrest riches from the earth.

Most though are almost constantly on the move, either along age-old routes between summer and winter lands, or seemingly at random across the Steppe. It is this fluidity that allows them the greatest favour when the Shadow creeps out and the dark legions march forth. It is the Kurgan that are most willing and able to join these cursed crusades, for they are able to bring to bear each and every one of their race.

For them there is nothing but advantage in attaching themselves to a larger horde, for they may ride ahead as scouts and take the easiest of the plunder, and when the horde is inevitably reversed or gain stayed, they may always escape the forces of retribution that move against them.

In this way, tribes of the horsemen may follow these hordes and then find themselves far from where they began when eventually they strike out on their own. Thus, they may be found all around the known world, these ravagers lie not contained in distant lands to be dealt with by stranger folk, hardier than the Old Worlders. Rather they may come to any town, any door, even while the blinkered folk slumber in their false security.

No border, no castle, no country can be a defence against the horsemen of the Shadowlands, for they care for none of them. They move at will across plains and hills and rivers, no barrier can withstand them, nor no levied troops restrain them.

It's believed that the Kislevites are actually descendants from this race. Ancient records and carvings suggest the Kislev tribe travelled south and west, perhaps fleeing some other threat. Evidence of their Kurgan heritage still manifests itself in the northern reaches of Kislev, mirroring many of the customs and practices of the Dolgans and Khazags. The northern Kislevites have strong nomadic tendencies and see their southern cousins as weakened, maybe even tainted, by the decadence of the Empire.

Values

In the Old World, there's much confusion as to who and what the Kurgan are. Some believe they are a breed of Mutants, closer to Beastmen than to Human. Others believe they are a race of super-Humans, being huge, muscular, and all warriors. Others still, especially those who've survived a raid, suspect they are not Human at all, being Daemons trapped in the flesh of men.



The fact of the matter is simple. The Kurgan reputation stems from those who encounter the warbands that descend from the Eastern Steppes to harvest slaves and destroy the works of civilisation. Since Old Worlders only ever encounter these people as antagonists, they believe that the entire race consists of nothing more than bellicose brutes bent on rapine and plunder.

In truth, the Kurgan have as much of a complex and rich culture as anyone else. They are a deeply spiritual people, seeing the works of their Gods in all things, from the whispers on the wind to the swaying grasses of the Steppe. Most of them show some taint of Chaos upon them, whether it be benign or otherwise, and these marks are flaunted and displayed to show the interest the lords of darkness have already shown in them. Theirs are dynamic Gods, beings who keep the world in its natural state: being one of constant change and perpetual flux. Everything is in the process of becoming. Thus, mutation is not an affliction but rather an evolution of divine will made manifest in the flesh. When a mortal gains some change in his form, he is said to be favoured by the tribal God and is accorded a place of special status. To hasten these changes, many of them go further and try to make their children even more grotesque by binding their skulls while young so they grow oddly, being elongated and malformed in the long and thin manner so distinctive of their people. Since the body is the physical expression of divine will, the Kurgan place special emphasis on strength and mastery of the physical form.



A Warrior Culture

Though there are differences between each of the tribes, most notably the God whom they serve, they all value strength over any other virtue. They are a people of hardened warriors. Courage, skill, and brawn are their celebrated traits. The most powerful warrior of the tribe is called the Zar, their name for the Chieftain. He holds his position by dint of his power, the favour of his divine master, and the loyalty of his warriors, which he earns by bestowing onto them gifts for their service. Facial scarring is the clearest sign of a Zar's ability, and once a battle is won, the Shaman (a Chaos Sorcerer) makes an incision on the leader's cheek.

Beneath the Zar are his bold and savage warriors that live to fight. After each battle, the Zar distributes the spoils amongst his warriors, and those who have his favour receive the best rewards. Gold, silver, and other precious metals are melted down and formed into arm rings. He with the most rings has achieved the most victories and is greatly respected and feared by the rest of his tribe.

When not waging war, the warriors serve the rest of the tribe as hunters. They ride off into the steppes to bring down antelope and wild cattle to feed the rest of the tribe. This is also an opportunity for a warrior to prove himself to his kin, and often times, Spawn and other creatures are brought back for great feasts. Not only do these efforts feed the tribe, but they also keep the warrior's skills sharp for when he is called to battle.

Slaves

The Kurgan are also notorious slavers. As part of the battle's spoils, they collect the survivors and tattoo them on the face with the marks of a particular Zar. The ink used almost always includes some amount of Warpstone to start the mutation process and to dissolve the slave's previous loyalties.

A slave is considered an investment. The Zar must feed and clothe his slaves, keeping them healthy and hale enough to serve him. In exchange for his efforts, he expects his slaves to fight. Rival tribes will pit their slaves against each other in fighting rings. Since they harvest slaves from the same places, it is all too common to have former comrades fight each other in bloody death matches. Those who win these contests are accorded more freedoms and greater status, and those with continued success can throw off the shackles of slavery to become a full member of the tribe, possibly even displacing the Zar himself.

Shamans

As the Gods are very active in the lives of the Kurgan people, their servants have incredible influence on the tribe. The shamans attach themselves to warlords who have had great success in battle, in a sense wedding themselves to a Zar. To gain the service of one of these Sorcerers is a sign of great favour by the Gods. Shamans conduct rituals, cast spells, and use foul sorcery to aid the warband in its forays against the hated Empire. Kurgan tribes dedicated to the Skull King have little use for magic, and, therefore, slay these Sorcerers wherever they are found.

Women

Women occupy a strange place in the Kurgan tribe. As a people, there is no concept of marriage, only of breeding. A woman selects her mates based on his fame and prominence on the battlefield. Women who birth sons of great warriors are accorded a special place in the tribe, whilst those who content themselves with the weak and the unsuccessful warriors are shunned until their sons prove themselves.

Though the men provide much of the food, the women also harvest food from the steppes. Each day is spent gathering grains to grind into flour and other foods culled from the flora as they pass through the land. At the end of the day, the women scatter seeds to replenish what they have taken for when they next pass through the land.

Kurgan Religion

The Kurgan venerate the Ruinous Powers. They see these Gods as aspects of the natural world. A stroke of lightning might be the will of Tchar, the Changer of Ways, whilst an outbreak of sickness is the blessing of Nieglen, Father of Plagues. Every stone, every plant, and the very clouds that float through the skies hold the secrets of the Gods.

"Why do we raid your lands? It is the will of the Gods."

– Zar Seizask, Kurgan Chieftain



The Kurgan as a whole do not focus on the worship of any one god in particular – this is up to each individual tribe. Even within specific tribes, it would seem that it is perfectly acceptable to worship whichever deity one wishes. Some tribes are even perfectly willing to accept deities from other parts of the world entirely.

No one Ruinous Power holds more sway than the rest. An individual tribe may uphold a single God or even a pair of them. Some tribes venerate all four and throw in a few other Gods as well. Generally speaking, the Kurgan know the Ruinous Powers by the names of Khorne, Loesh (Slaanesh), Nieglin (Nurgle), and Tchar (Tzeentch).

Kurgan and War

The Kurgan are renowned as great warriors, even amongst the other warlike people of the region. It is said that even their womenfolk are skilled with sword and axe, and eagerly seek out battle. It would seem that thousands of generations of hardship have made them physically larger than people of the Old World. Further accentuating this is the tradition of exposing imperfect and stunted offspring to the elements, thus eliminating weak bloodlines.

The Kurgan are raiders who attack with swift mounted charges, riding down their terrified foes. Occasionally they do raid as far as the Empire's borders, either as a massive horde riding south through Kislev, looting and burning as they go, or as temporary allies of one of the Norscan tribes.

For the Kurgan, it is their duty to wage war, for war brings about the greatest change of them all: Death. Such forays are opportunities for plunder, to advance one's position within his tribe, or even to gain the favour of the Dark Gods. Further west, the Kul, Dolgans, and Hastlings regularly harass Kislev, sending raiders through the high pass to savage the stanista scattered in the shadows of the mountains. The rest of the tribes conduct nearly constant warfare amongst themselves, stealing each other's women and supplies until some other tribe returns the favour. Even



though raiding is a large part of Kurgan life, many make forays into the Chaos Wastes, where they hunt for flesh or prove their might to their infernal masters.

Living a life of constant battle makes this people especially hardy and dangerous. Warfare is a cornerstone of their beliefs, and they see death in battle as the ultimate expression of divine glory. When the armies of Chaos gather in the north, the tribes of the Kurgan respond. They abandon their herding grounds to take up arms alongside the swollen hordes of Daemons and Mutants in their crusade to wipe out the Old World. This willingness not only stems from their sense of duty to the Dark Gods but also because such wars are advantageous. The destruction of an enemy city gives the Kurgan access to more resources and keeps their own population in check. And when the war winds down, the Kurgan are just as quick to break off from the horde to settle in their newfound land.

If anything, the Kurgan are thorough in the slaughter of their enemy. They butcher anyone who thinks to stand against them and pursue those who flee to the ends of the earth. Any survivors – those who don't succumb to their injuries – face a life of slavery and misery.

At the end of every battle, the Kurgan divide the spoils and pile up their kills on great pyres that burn for days. When the flames die down, they use their slaves to search for the skulls, which they pile into mounds. The Kurgan with the most skulls and who piles them the fastest is accorded a great honour: a scar on his cheek to mark his victory.

The Kurgan are often considered the most significant of Chaos's servants, being the most numerous and most willing to give their bodies and souls to the Dark Gods.

"There was so much killing and bloodletting that no one could number the dead. The Kurgan pillaged the temples and the shrines and slew the Priests and virgins. They so devastated this land that it will never rise again and be as it was before..."

- Marcia Naissus, "On the destruction of a city in the Border Princes" extracted from Liber Chaotica Regular exposure to these Chaotic peoples allows the Imperials and Kislevites to learn something about their bellicose neighbours, and the more Old Worlders learn, the more they come to realise that the Kurgan are not alone.

When the armies of Chaos gather to invade the Old World, it is the Kurgan that comprise the bulk, for they feel the call of battle in their blood. It is the warriors of the northernmost Kurgan tribes who are the fiercest and most likely to bear the unnatural gifts of their gods.

The Kul

The Kul are a brutal Kurgan tribe that lay claim to the wild lands north of the Worlds Edge Mountains and to the east of the Sea of Chaos. The name of this tribe is said to be recognised as far away as Cathay. They are ruthless raiders and plunderers, even more so than other Kurgan, and they constantly roam the lands, attacking where the spoils are richest and the foes most dangerous. They are known as slavetakers, and most who know of the Kul would rather die in the initial attack than be taken as one of their tortured slaves. They have no qualms about attacking other Kurgan tribes, for the Kurgan title is more a collective title that outsiders would tend to apply to them – the Kul are loyal only to the Kul.

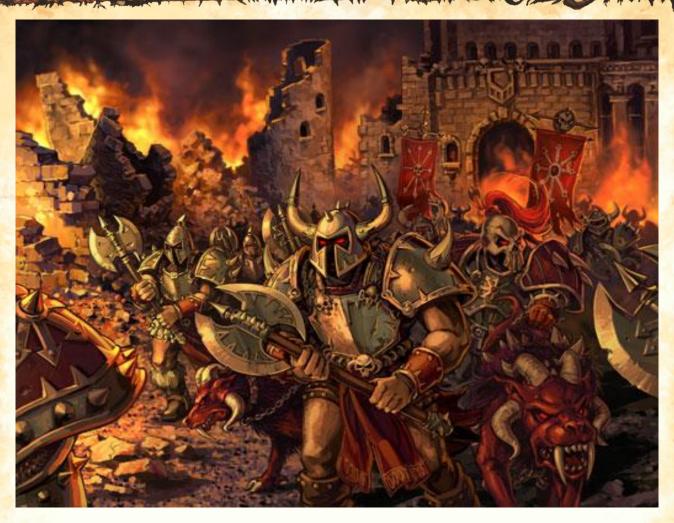
The leader of the Kul is known as Crom the Conqueror. If rumours are to be believed, he is a young and ambitious warlord whose martial prowess is great. The Kul respect personal combat above all else, and they excel at various forms of warfare – they swiftly become experts with any weapon they encounter, and being nomadic, they have encountered many. From sword and axe, to unarmed combat through to more obscure eastern blades, the Kul are undisputed experts.

By tradition, the Kul do not worship any one particular god, but prefer to pay homage to a great conglomeration of fell deities. They see this as having a power of its own, and one has to admire their simple logic in this regard – the Kul believe that if you pray to a hundred gods, then the chances of one of them listening is much greater than if you are praying to only one

The Draghars of Bane Khronus

The Draghars are a bloodthirsty tribe of Kurgan warriors who are the epitome of everything men of the Empire fear and hate about the northern barbarians. They are a truly barbaric people, using savage and bloody rituals and practices. The lands they claim as their own are believed to be somewhere north of where the Kul come from. Going by the rule that the further north, the more bizarre and deranged the warrior, these tribesmen come from very far north indeed!

In appearance, the Draghars have the typical Kurgan dark skin and raven hair, though you wouldn't know it from looking at them. Before battle, they engage in bloody rituals that they believe attract their god's attention. They are worshippers of Arhkar, a god that glories in the spilling of blood and the collecting of heads.



Blood must be spilled before battle – it may be the warrior's own blood, a slave's or another of the tribe, but each warrior must blood his weapon in honour of their god. With a foul concoction of lime, blood and fat, the warriors of the Draghars draw their hair and beards into spikes and thick braids. When congealed and dry, this makes their appearance truly terrifying. To compound the effects, the warriors are known to pierce their skin and flesh with blades and pins - often, the warrior will leave the sharp tool within their flesh, perhaps even drawing them out if they are rendered weaponless.

In great rituals before battle, the Draghars ingest a form of hallucination-inducing root (known colloquially as 'blood-heart root'), chewing the noxious substance until their teeth and gums are stained red. Visions assail them, and many claims to see their god watching over them. The crude priests of this tribe stalk around the near-comatose warriors and it is at this point when they begin to apply crude tattoos to the warriors. A good thing that they are drugged, too, for the crude method of tattooing hurt a great deal.

The whole point of these painful tattoos, the dyed and fixed hair and the ritual chewing of blood-heart root seems to be to further attract the attentions of the gods; the more tattoos, the brighter their hair and so on, then the easier their god picks them out in the confusion of battle. And the more blood-heart root ingested, the more likely that the warrior will see his god.

The Iron Wolves of Aelfric Cyenwulf

The Iron Wolves of Aelfric Cyenwulf are a particularly dangerous enemy for the men of the Empire. The Iron Wolves are reputed to have originally come from Norse stock, though they have lived amongst the other Kurgan tribes for so many generations that their bloodline is more Kurgan than Norse. Nevertheless, the Norse themselves would regard them as purely Kurgan, and the Kurgan themselves would see them as Norse. However, they see themselves as their own people. Their Norse heritage can be seen in the appearance of some of them, for occasionally they will have blue eyes, blonde hair and skin not as dark as most Kurgans. They also tend towards being a little taller and more noble in appearance than other tribesmen.

Those Iron Wolves with blue eyes are regarded as particularly favoured, for they see this as a blessing of their favoured god, who is said to be focused on change. They believe that their god is the one who causes all change in day to day life; be it the changing of the seasons, or the sudden rise of a chieftain. They give praise to this change, and embrace it, even though they know their god is often fickle and unpredictable. This tribe also honour and pay respect to wolves (hence their tribe name). Nevertheless, this honour doesn't stop them from slaying them, for many warriors wear great wolf pelts over their shoulders. Whether there is a wolf god that the Iron Wolves worship in its own right, if it is one of the aspects of their god, or if they just have reverence for what they see as a kindred spirit, is unknown.

"It is better to take your own life than to fall into the hands of the Kurgan."

- Karl Althaus, Imperial Pikeman

Aelfric Cyenwulf is the current leader of the Iron Wolves, and is a very powerful and ruthless High Zar, as he is known. He leads a massive army, for his tribe has taken over countless smaller ones and amalgamated them into his own. In battle, Cyenwulf tends to wage war by firstly spreading terror before him, making his foes fear to face him at all. He seeks to demoralise the foe, to undermine their determination and destroy their resolve.

It seems that the Iron Wolves have a strange reverence for their weapons. They believe that only once a warrior has proven himself before the tribe and their god is he allowed to wield the bigger and more brutal weapons. As such, the bigger the weapon one wields, the more honour and status he has attained. Some might say that size doesn't count, but for the Iron Wolves this is certainly not true. As such, Cyenwulf, being the most powerful of all the tribe, wields a blade of colossal proportions. It is rumoured that some of their most fanatical warriors, said to have been picked out by their god, enter fits of rage before battle is joined, and run into battle stripped of their armour.

The Iron Wolves are a warrior people born and bred, as are all the Kurgan, and it is their belief that one can only reach their blessed afterlife by dying heroically in battle. With such a belief, it certainly makes the Iron Wolves a fearful and well-motivated force. While men of the Empire might prefer to live quiet lives if at all possible, the Iron Wolves will continue to seek out battle until the end of their line – this is what makes them such a dangerous foe. To the Iron Wolves, and indeed all the Kurgan, to fight is a religious experience. It is not something they will stop doing until they, or all their enemies, are slain.



The Dolgans

The Dolgans are one of the largest and most powerful of all the nations of the Kurgan peoples, renowned for their fractious nature and insular hatred of other Northmen, for such is their location at the very borders of the civilized lands that it puts them in conflicts with marauding Chaos armies seeking to plunder the lands of the Old World for wealth, glory and sacrifices, killing anyone that stands in their way, whether they be civilized men or their fellow barbarian.

Like all Kurgan, they are horsemen and raiders par excellence, raiding and pillaging the lands of their neighboring tribes or going down south towards the lands of Kislev, coming either as immigrants or as invaders. Indeed, for such is their close proximity to the fertile lands of Kislev and their common customs and traditions with their cousins the Gospodar and Ungols, the Dolgans stand at a fine line between civilized men or vicious barbarians. Indeed, for whilst the northern Dolgans may appear more barbaric and primitive, the southern Dolgans are much more civilized and have since populated a significant portions of Kislevite cities.

As of today, the Kislevite Dolgans were already a people in decline, and their ways were looked down upon by most other tribes as being unclean, possibly because the Gods they worshiped bore a striking resemblance to those of the Chaos Wastes.



THE HUNG

The Hung are the third great grouping of Chaos Marauders, an oriental oriental-looking people — perhaps shorter and more squat than the people of Cathay but otherwise resembling them, and just as fierce as and more deadly than their larger counterparts. Separated from the Kurgan by the Great Desert, they are often contained to the lands north of Cathay or across the land bridge in the northern reaches of Naggaroth, in some of the most inhospitable lands known. The marauding hunters of the Hung is a people so numerous that they stretch across the continents of the world, and so fearsome that they hold entire realms of men and other races in a grip of terror.

Further even than the plains of the Kurgan lie the lands of the Hung. They intermingle with those of the Kurgan in the west, and are removed from Cathay to the south by a great desert that covers much of the border. However, through the Wastes their tribes stretch further, across the land bridge that connects the eastern realms to the New World in the west where they stretch down the Broken Lands, and across the wasteland bordered by the watchtowers of the Ulthuan renegades. There their tribes once again cross with those of the Kurgan, so between them they may be considered to circumscribe the entirety of the Infernal Gates.

Society

Like the Kurgan of the Eastern Steppe, the Hung raid their neighbours, mounting attacks against the fabulous cities of Cathay or the sinister cities of the Dark Elves. They are almost constantly in a state of war. The reason is simple. They believe the purpose of their existence is to fight, to kill, to slaughter. By fighting amongst themselves, the Kurgan, and others, they glorify themselves and their Gods.

Like the Kurgan, the Hung are nomads and expert horsemen, though they ride small, hardy steeds with a dense coat that allow them to endure the wasteland winter rather than the great war-horses favoured by folk who dwell among abundant pasture. Instead of riding horses, they use tough ponies bred for endurance and survival in the harsh climes of their hunting grounds. Despite their size they are capable of travelling great distances, sometimes as much as one hundred leagues in three days. Their ponies graze as they travel, rooting beneath the snow for mosses and grass. Northwards, the land is too poor and mountainous to support their horses, and the steeds of the Hung are typically small, tough beasts that can survive where larger warhorses would quickly starve. Here the tribes hunt the mutant monsters amongst the snow-clad mountains, gathering their strength to raid the soft lands of Cathay to the south.

The Hung are reckoned the greatest of all horsemen and are said to learn to ride before they learn even to walk. These people live in the saddle, and some say they are even born there. Each member of the tribe carries on his stout steed a filthy woollen tent and everything he needs to get by. The Hung see all members of their tribe as equals and make no distinction between men and women. There are many smaller tribes including the Yin, Chi-An, Tu-Ka, Mung, Aghols, Wei-Tu, Man-Chu, Dreaded Wo, and the Kuj, though they are all part of the Hung.

Values

The Hung's tribal boundaries cannot be marked by a simple frontier on a map. While they pay more regard to their greater tribe over and above their itinerant kin, these tribes hold no compunction about merging with others to form great alliances, or devolving and reforming as the winds of circumstance change. This ever-shifting loyalty does lead them to consider as irrelevant, bonds and bargains made with other races. They are famous for their treachery and for their willingness to kill each other as well as others they meet. They are a sly people, cunning in their dealings and quick to double-deal. For example, they might encircle a town and promise to leave the town unscathed if the people give over their daughters. Once the town complies with their wishes, the Hung butcher the townspeople and burn down all the buildings simply because they can. They feel no dishonour in breaking these pacts, or indeed in killing the other parties, and so have gained a reputation for being sly, deceitful and treacherous. Indeed, the Cathayans use the phrase 'Word of a Hung' to denote a worthless promise.



They have a taste for fine things, so they snatch up gold, silks, even gaudy ornamental rugs, which they display proudly whenever they settle in to camp. Despite their pretence, they know nothing of civilisation and are an unsophisticated lot. In truth, they are not much more than simple hunter-gatherers, and the hunting aspect forms a cornerstone of their culture. They see each hunt as an opportunity to prove their strength and courage, so they prowl the dark places of the Chaos Wastes looking for some deadly Spawn or mutated creature to kill and bring back as food.



One thing the Hung do value more than treasures are their hunting dogs. They keep a vicious breed of canine that's so abused and malnourished it's hardly recognisable as a dog. Their cruelty instils a sense of loyalty in these stupid beasts, so they run alongside their masters in battle, savagelytearing foes apart. The Hung extend the same treatment to their steeds, which they feed a mixture of grains and Human blood to make them fierce and unpredictable. The Hung have even been known to feed their ponies flesh to promote their fighting spirit, giving them a bitter and truculent temper, much like their riders.

- "We make deal, yes?"
- "You give us gold and women, we no attack."
- "You not give enough gold or women, so we attack."
- "We attack anyway."
- "We make deal, yes?"

- Hung negotiations

Civilisation

The only structures the Hung inhabit are woollen tents they carry, with which they make their encampments. Obscure legends speak of Hung cities, hidden somewhere in the Steppes or in the mountains to the north. These places are supposedly great centres for their worship, and guard the fabulous treasures the Hung had plundered and stolen over the centuries. More than one treasure-seeker has departed from Cathay and the Empire in order to find these hidden cities, and never returned. Many think these stories of great cities to be ridiculous, for the Hung pride themselves on their independent, wandering lifestyle that they believe makes them superior to all sedentary races. If such stories have any basis in fact, as well they might not, then it is from the lavish encampments of their largest tribes. There the spoils of their raiding such as silk and gold and carpets are displayed with such garish opulence that they could be considered travelling palaces.



Despite these displays of borrowed civilisation, they know nothing of the more sophisticated ways of life. They do not even know how to build a bridge across a river, rather they prefer to pile their possessions on top of their horses and swim them across, holding onto their tails.

A Hunter Culture

They live still at the level of the hunter-gatherers, like the distant ancestors of the Empire. Indeed, the hunt forms a major part of the Hung existence. At the lowestlevel it provides them their food and sustenance in the form of game, at its highest it is a challenge to their champions and heroes to venture north into the desolate mountains and hillsides of the wastelands, and there prove their worth to their gods by bringing down fierce mutated creatures and ferocious spawn. They train animals in this as well, their hunting dogs are so bestial and bloodthirsty that they even follow their masters into battle, and some tribes also train warbirds such as eagles and hawks.

The Hung's territory does not produce much in the way of food, so their diet can be macabre. The Hung themselves have no pride in what they consume, for they will readily devour game and fish when times are good, but when times are hard and the hunting is scarce, they have no compunction in digging for roots from the ground or in snaring rats and other rodents for meat. Stories tell of them even ingesting the lice on their bodies or the afterbirth of a mare's foaling. And failing that, they drink the blood from their own horses and even turn to cannibalism when no other source of sustenance could be found.



This abhorrent behaviour is compounded by the filthy conditions in which they live, for they refuse to wash their bodies or their clothes or bury their refuse, for they believe it will anger their gods. Both men and women do mutilate themselves in order that they may present a more fearsome, or lovely, visage. From the moment of birth, their mothers cut deep gashes into their children's cheeks so that when the youths grow into men, their facial hair is checked by ugly scars, making them look like beardless eunuchs.

The Steppe is hardly more hospitable than the desert that borders it. In the winter it freezes and in the summer it bakes, and no matter what the season, mountain and steppe alike are swept by winds so strong it was said that they could nearly blow a rider off his horse. Year round storms lash the thin earth as the gods vent their ruthlessness upon the blasted ground. Truly, this land and all that come from it are damned.

Hung Religion

One might think that the Hung would leave their lands, given its conditions – and they do, but only to raid. They remain in their hunting grounds because they believe the Gods dwell in all things there. When lightning strikes, they see the image of the God of Blood. In their own leavings, they see the God of Decay. As a result, they keep no shrines or altars, though they do construct monoliths as the Kurgan do. Instead, these foul people honour their Gods by praying to rude idols or offering them thanks at mealtimes by



rubbing their meat and broth into the coats of their steeds.

As all the other tribes, the country that surrounds them forms the Hung's perception of their deceitful gods. Rather than ascribing them animal totems or bastardised personas, their bare land impresses upon them the base worship of the elements. Thus they praise the God of Blood and War through devastating lightning and fire, while the Lord of Decay is reverenced through murky earth and so on. Thus they have little need for shrines or temples, though they still construct monoliths to honour the dead, and invoke their blasphemy through ruinous icons that they carry. They keep these icons within their tents and they pay their austere worship during meals by rubbing meat and broth over their mouths in a hideous feeding ritual.

Priests and shamans hold positions of great influence among them. They claim to be able to commune with the gods and relay their messages to their leaders, as well as seeing into the world of the dead, where according to them the lives of the Hung are very similar to that in this world.

The ultimate belief of all Hung is that they have been sent to conquer the world for their dark masters, and they fight as though victory and domination is their birthright.

THE TONG

The Kurgan, the Norse and the Hung are just samples of the kinds of savage people that live in the Chaos Wastes. There are countless tribes of insignificant size individually, but when combined, they become a formidable force. Among them, there are those who strike fear even into the hearts of those servants of Chaos who dominate the Wastes. The most notable are the Tong.

Centuries ago, there emerged a great host of warriors from the distant east. They carved a bloody swathe through the lands, destroying any tribe that got in their way. Not even the Kurgan could stand against them. Those who tried were utterly destroyed. These raiders were the Tong. The reason for their success stemmed for their complete and total disregard for their own well-being. They threw themselves onto the spears and swords of their enemies to hack their way to the other side. If disarmed, they rent their foes with their bare hands. Rumours abounded that these were daemons in human form. One by one, they cut a path through the Kurgan hordes, then, inexplicably, they stopped and turned back the way they had come. Nothing more was heard from them and the Kurgan tribes untouched by their passage fell upon their bloodied fellows in a series of raids and battles.

They came like the wind.

One moment, the horizon was full of men and their steeds.

The next, the land was painted black with their numbers.

And finally, death stalked the land.

A century or more passed before the Tong were heard from again. While Asavar Kul defeated his rivals and gained the Crown of Domination from Be'lakor, the Tong readied a new offensive, marching forth from their distant lands once more. The Hordes of Chaos spilled out of the Chaos Wastes and invaded Kislev as recounted in dozens of tales about the Great War Against Chaos, but in their footsteps came the despoilers of the east. Thankfully, the Tong never joined the rest of the hordes. Instead, this horde turned south to slaughter the tribes of the Dark Lands. It was a great incursion of Chaos that went unnoticed by the records of the Empire, the Dwarfs and even those in far off Cathay, for it never crossed the mountains of the World's Edge but instead laid waste to many of the wandering tribes of men, Orcs, Goblins and other races that dwell in those dark lands. When they were through, they wiped out warband after warband of Hobgoblins, burning and killing everything in their

None recall the name of the champion who led it, but it is remembered that as the greater horde approached it was the banners of the Tong that were at the fore of it. Some tribesmen had heard stories of the depravations of the Tong and fled before them; others had not, and rode instead to join them — only to be cut down like wheat as they offered their hands.

For years the horde marched across the Steppe. They sought out the most fearsome warrior tribes, and killed them to a man, and after five years had passed there was not a tribe in those lands that had not been vanquished or had not fled before them. Their bloodlust slaked, they returned, unchallenged, back to the north, vanishing into the depths of the Chaos Wastes.



Since the Great War, the Tong have never resurfaced as a horde. From time to time, a small warband might emerge, joining the occasional Incursion, but thankfully never in the numbers they presented centuries ago. So rare are these warriors that no one knows for sure what they look like, except to say that are the most mutated and hideous of all the northern tribes, and one of their most indomitable fighters. As the darkness of the North begins to swell they are the first to join the ranks of the mighty incursions and remain its central core of fierce mortal warriors.

DARKSOULS

When the Shadowlord descended on Mordheim, his presence attracted the most despicable men and women in the Empire, people willing to sacrifice their very souls for the promise of real power. By pledging their service to the Ruinous Powers, these individuals had their souls blasted away and becoming something else, something far darker and sinister. They become Darksouls. Once so possessed, they gained incredible power fuelled by the Daemonic energies coursing within them, but they were sanity-blasted by the experience of having their souls devoured by the hostile presence within. Strangely, the Daemons did not remain and left these individuals as empty, insane husks who want nothing more than to kill.

The terrible method of creating Darksouls has survived over the centuries, continued by the savage peoples of Norsca and the Eastern Steppe. Through a perverse ritual, they bind the mortal inside a summoning circle where the victim serves as the conduit for a conjured Daemon. Once the ritual is complete, instead of producing the Daemon bodily, it manifests within the mortal.

Darksouls appear as ordinary Humans, but looking closely at their dilated eyes and listening to the endless blasphemies spilling from their mouths dispels any doubts about their nature. Older Darksouls are barely recognisable; their bodies are scarred and disfigured by the terrible energies of the Daemons that once possessed them. Interestingly, the Daemons never remain long enough to mutate the host — only to drive them mad. Most Darksouls look like wild and untamed warriors, smeared with blood, dirt, and excrement, wielding jagged weapons and dressing in vile skins (sometimes Human) and rusted armour. Some Darksouls wear Daemonic masks and armour to remind them of their beloved masters.

Darksouls no longer house the essence of the Daemon, but are deeply scarred by the experience. The Hung and Kurgan regularly subject captured slaves to terrifying rituals in which they bind a Daemon into their captive, letting it work its evil on the mortal form just long enough to destroy whatever good remained. Once the Daemon has done its work, they banish the creature and welcome the newly born Darksoul into their midst.

Those who become Darksouls are forever changed, their Humanity stripped from them for all time. They become wild and crazed creatures, retaining their Human form but being of an utterly inhuman mind.

RETURN OF THE DOLGANS

This year the pickings had been rich and the tribe moved slowly, burdened with wagons and a long line of chained captives. Gurkhan drew aside from the column and watched as the horde moved steadily past him — the Dolgan riders were weighed down with booty and their horses plodded onwards under the strain of saddlebags that bulged visibly with gold. Gurkhan recalled how fiercely the Kislevites had fought. So many Dolgans had fallen to missile fire from their cursed armoured war wagons, bristling with small cannon and packed with warriors. He smiled inwardly, remembering how they had been destroyed with fire. Now hundreds of Kislevite captives marched slowly past, backs bent under the weight of chains and scarred by the whips of the slave drivers — men, women and children alike.

For many days Gurkhan led the tribe eastward at a pace that was as ponderous for the horsemen as it was gruelling for their captives, until at last the highlands of Zorn Uzkul began to give way to the hill country beyond. Yet even this was a barren land of rock and sparse dry grass, with little nourishment even for the tough little Kurgan ponies. The Dolgans had travelled these paths many times before and knew where to find water and where to hunt the scrawny wild goats that would sustain than until they reached the low country. Many prisoners stumbled on the march and their corpses were dragged along by the unrelenting pace of the column before a rider leapt from his horse to cut the mangled body fret of its chains. Amongst the Dolgans too there were deaths as warriors succumbed to wounds suffered at the hands of their foes or each other – for the Dolgans were proud warriors; quick to take offense and faster still to take to arms to settle their differences.

After many weeks the tribe reached the head of a broad valley that Gurkhan knew well – a valley from the sides of which ran innumerable small streams that converged into a single, fast-flowing water stretching eastward and becoming a broad, dark river. From the valley top, the distant river could be seen twisting in the sun, and for many leagues beside its banks the land shone with succulent green grass. This was the pasture of the Dolgans - a land of respite that would replenish the tribe's stores and fatten their horses before it was time to move on to winter grounds further south. Before they reached those pastures though, there was a sacred duty to perform. Gurkhan sensed the growing excitement amongst his people as the moon grew dark and the appointed time drew ever closer. If the prisoners guessed anything of what lay ahead they did not show it, but huddled in their chains and filth, mute and vacant like cattle.

As they rode eastward, the Dolgans' destination slowly rose from the plain below — a huge conical hill that lay in a bend of the river. It was a hill of perfect regularity that spoke of human artifice rather than the work of nature. Surrounding this great mound were many lesser mounds, much smaller and round-topped, filling all the land encompassed by the curve of the river - a curve so long as to almost form a circle before turning at the last moment to resume its eastward course. On the dawn of the second day after leaving the valley. Gurkhan saw dark smoke above the mound — a dark streak that rose vertically into the still air before dispersing high above into an even, grey pall. At the sight of this, the warriors cheered

and hailed the gods with great shouts so that the prisoners cowered in their uncertain terror. Gurkhan smiled in his grim, inscrutable fashion, only too aware of the dangers and rewards that the coming ceremony would bring.

For this was the culmination of the Dolgans' year, where a long night of reckoning would be made between tribe and gods. Sacrifices would be hurled upon the pyre that burned atop the great mound. Hundreds of souls would be offered, drawing the gods to earth to witness the deeds of the Dolgans and to make their judgement. In the flames the great god would come, and young warriors would be chosen and marked for greatness with iron brands heated in the fire, of sacrifice. Old warriors would receive their rewards too those who drank blood from skulls bound with gold and whose souls already walked at the heels of the gods in the brutal warrior paradise of Chaos. Most important of all would come the affirmation of the chieftain, where Gurkhan would face any who dared contest the leadership of the Dolgans under the watchful eye of the gods. Reward or damnation was a game which Gurkhan had played out nearly two score times already - yet in his old age he was as strong and unbowed as ever.

The drum beat ceased abruptly so that the crackle of fire and snap of splintering bones seemed suddenly and unexpectedly to fill the silence. All eyes were upon Gurkhan – for none dared look upon the shifting glittering shapes that rose and shimmered in the flames.

"I, Gurkhan, name the Dolgans as my people in the name of Tzeentch Changer of the Ways!", he cried, drawing himself to his full height — towering above the tallest warrior by two yards, for over the years the gods had been kind to him after their fashion. His eyes, which were as numerous and bright as stars, swivelled upon their myriad stalks, but saw little sign of a challenger. He raised his arms, long and multiply segmented, into the air, claws clicking and long whiskery tendrils twitching as he spoke. And suddenly the flames blazed with a fierce and unholy joy, and a shape formed from pure fire, a shape reminiscent of Gurkhan himself in some strange inhuman way. Words formed in the flames and at that sound the Dolgans cried in pain and covered their ears, for the judgement of Tzeentch was ever agony to the cars of mortals.

"Child of Chaos, who art ever beloved of the fire', thy time upon this earth is done." At these words Gurkhan approached the flames, his segmented body glowing red before the gaping fire, his legs clawing uncertainly as if compelled by a will that was not his own. With a scream and a sudden hiss of vapour he was gone, consumed by his god, whose image amongst the flames grew, if anything, to resemble the fallen leader even more closely. A strong salty smell drifted over the dumbfounded Dolgans. The flames spoke out once more. "Gurkhan is with us now and sustains us — now it is time for the trial by combat — for Tzeentch decrees that there will be a new chieftain amongst the Dolgans and he shall be great in the eyes of Chaos, and the West will tremble before his name — it is written in the flames."



THE LEGEND OF TAROK OF THE KHAZAG

THE KHAZAG TRIBE

Many years ago, when the world was much younger, the Khazag were a primitive barbarian tribe living in the hard stone lands of the northern tundra. They knew little of the world beyond, of its gods or its wars. They survived the harsh winds and deadly cold by hunting herds of giant Mammoths across the tundra.

All the tribesmen were raised to be fearless hunters and trappers, as they must be, to face such huge prey. The beasts they slew provided the tribes folk with all their needs. Furs for warm clothing, meat for food, hide for their tents, ivory and bone for weapons and for trading with other tribes, on the rare occasions the nomads crossed their path.

Within their fire-warmed tents the tribe worshipped the great beasts that sustained their life. They honoured the beast's spirit, but above all they gave praise to Angkor who they believed to be the ancestral father of all Mammoths, and upon whose back the world was carried. For hundreds of years Angkor provided for his people. The herds were strong, the hunting was plentiful and the tribal life of the Khazag remained unchanged.

But if the Khazag had forsaken the world beyond, then the world had not forgotten them, and soon the eye of other far greater powers fell upon them. For none that live in the northern wastes can escape the true gods of that land for long. The dark powers had new plans for the simple Khazag tribe.

THE BANISHMENT OF TAROK

The change in the tribe's destiny began with the birth of the chieftain's first son, named Tarok. Tarok grew amongst his people and learned their ways, in time he became a fierce and brave hunter, the foremost of the tribes young men. But Tarok's soul was cruel and vengeful. As a young hunter Tarok and his followers fell foul of the tribal lores.

Whilst hunting on the frozen tundra with his band of followers a dispute erupted over who had made the killing blow of their quarry, and therefore who should have the right to eat the beasts heart (a tribal ritual that passed the beast strength to the killer). Tarok claimed his spear had felled the Bull-Mammoth, whilst another hunter and his band also claimed the kill. The argument became heated and Tarok became enraged. He launched his spear at his rival and a melee broke out. Six of the rival band died in the ensuing fight.

To kill another tribal member was strictly forbidden. When news of the murders spread through the tribe Tarok and his followers were dragged from their tents to face his father and the wrath of the entire tribe. They would have been stoned to death by the mob but Tarok's father forbade it. Instead he decreed that for their crimes all would be banished from the tribe, thrown out onto the pitiless tundra to survive or die as Angkor willed. As the tribe packed their tents and moved on they left Tarok and his friends behind, bound and unarmed in the snow. Tarok howled and cursed in rage at his fate. What became of them none in the tribe knew.

EXILE AND RETURN

Tarok and his followers did not die but, by luck or some greater will, escaped and found their way north, where they met and joined the marauding warbands of the Chaos wastes, competing for the favour of their gods.

Cursing his father, Tarok vowed vengeance against his people and embraced the arts of warfare and bloodshed. Like many before him and after, he became a Chaos marauder, raiding south, burning and pillaging in the name of his new masters, the gods of Chaos. Tarok was well favoured by his Gods and grew strong, learning much dark-lore and all the time plotting his return to the Khazag. When Tarok was strong enough and had gathered his own loyal warband to him Tarok set out to find his people.

The night of Tarok's return was a night of horror and blood for the Khazag people. The hooves of many horses pounded through the snow, lit torches in hand, as Tarok took his pitiless revenge. His men burned the tribal encampments, killing all who fought back. By the light of the burning tents Tarok had the aging chieftain dragged before him and forced into submission on his knees before the unknown conqueror. Slowly he removed his great horned helmet to reveal himself before completing his revenge.

'I have returned, father, to claim my birthright and my destiny. Once you spared me death, such was your folly. I shall not make the same mistake. By right of birth and conquest I claim leadership of the Khazag in the name of the true gods.'

A single cruel blow of his axe decapitated his father.

THE ENSLAVEMENT OF THE KHAZAG

Although brave hunters the Khazag had never been a warlike people. They looked only to their own survival, but with the return of Tarok that would soon change. Although a powerful champion in his own right Tarok was still a mere tool, a pawn in the god's greater schemes.

The Gods of Chaos used their new champion to corrupt the Khazag to their own desires. In the Khazag they saw a new source of worshippers and warriors and a chance to expand their dominion. With Tarok as their chieftain the Khazag would become devout followers of Chaos, their skills as hunters would now be turned to warfare and bloodshed on the battlefields of Chaos.

But the Khazag were hardy and proud, and several times rose up in rebellion against their new overlords. Each time they were defeated but there spirit was not broken, much to Tarok's anger.

THE TAMING OF ANGKOR

Enraged Tarok set out to prove the power of his new gods and his divine right to rule. Aided by his masters he claimed he could tame Angkor, and bring the tribe's so-called god before them in chains. He begged his gods to grant him the visions and power to find and tame Angkor.

In one bloody night he sacrificed one in ten of the Khazag tribe to his masters, staining the ground red and piling his victims' heads about the encampment. He swore dreadful oaths of loyalty and service and pledge that if the gods aided him now he would lead the Khazag into an endless war against their foes. Pleased with his devotion the gods granted Tarok a vision. Tarok's quest would take him deep into the heart of the Chaos wastes. Gathering his loyal warband, Tarok set off into a howling blizzard, and soon vanished...

Tarok journeyed far, travelling deep into the heart of the Chaos wastes, where nameless horrors crawled the earth and there, by the will of the gods, found and tamed Angkor. Later it was said that the battle to tame Angkor lasted for three days and nights, and most of Tarok's warband were slain fighting the beast. But eventually Tarok subdued the ferocious beast. Close to death, Angkors daemonic spirit had been broken. Bound in chains Angkor submitted to a new master. Tarok and his surviving followers climbed upon the great beast back and rode south.



He did not return for a year and a day. In the meantime hope sprung amongst the Khazag that they had been freed from the tyrant. But it was not to be. The portents were evil, the Mammoth herds had vanished, hunting was poor, the northern sky turned blood red, and storm clouds gathered. On the crest of that storm, lashed by rain, wind and lightning came Tarok, the very earth trembling before him as he rode Angkor through the tribal encampments. He had defeated their god and the Khazag finally submitted before him. All hailed Tarok as their true chieftain, his gods must be the true, greater powers, as he had always claimed. From that moment the Khazag gave themselves willingly to the worship of Chaos.

THE RISE OF THE KHAZAG

Where once they had only hunted the beasts, the Khazag now took to enslaving the mighty Mammoths and using them as beasts of burden and war. Tarok and his followers taught the tribe the arts of forging weapons and armour from iron and the Khazag began arming themselves for war.

Tarok decreed that to please their new gods the Khazag must make war upon the other tribes of the north. The gods would only be pleased by the spilling of blood and the taking of souls in their name. Newly equipped for war and mounted upon the backs of great woolly Mammoths the Khazag began to raid their neighbour's lands. With Tarok and Angkor at their head they travelled far from their old tribal lands in search of battle. Once simple hunting folk had become dedicated slaves to chaos, pawns of the unholy power and the dark gods laughed long at their triumph...

WAR IN THE NAME OF THE TRUE GODS

For thousands of years the Khazag and their War-Mammoths have raided and battled. As the hordes of Chaos mustered for the great incursions the Chieftains of the Khazag, the heirs of Tarok himself, led their tribe to war. Always mounted upon the back of Angkor, whose enraged daemon spirit has never been sated by war, the chieftain allied with the other tribes, or led them if the Gods demand it, to march south into the civilised lands.

Many of the border fortresses of Kislev have felt the ground tremble at Angkor approach, only to see their wooden walls smashed asunder. It was Angkor who broke the gates at the siege of Karak Ungor. When Engra Deathsword sacked Praag, the Khazag, led by Angkor, were amongst his host, battering down the city walls.

Now the Khazag are gathering their strength again, to muster with the army of Archaon in preparation for the next great Chaos Incursion.





THE RUINOUS POWERS

At the heart of darkness are the Powers of Chaos, moving to a ceaseless dance of death in the souls of the weak. First one leads and then another in the pavane of evil, a stately measure played out to the beating of human hearts. The shrieks of the damned are its joyous melody. Still the gods dance, and their bellows of triumph shake the world...

There are four great Chaos Gods – four brothers in darkness – who rule the infernal region known as the Realm of Chaos. This is not a material realm but a place without physical or temporal boundaries, a vast formless limbo that exists beyond the light of any sun or star. From their vantage point beyond space and time, the Chaos Gods ponder the feeble antics of mortals much as a man might study a nest of insects.

They watch the progress of one tiny creature for a while, until the struggles of a more interesting individual captures their attention. Occasionally their gaze is drawn elsewhere, to another world, perhaps or some other godly concern. For a while mortals are left to pursue their own ends in their own fashion. Such is the nature of the gods, for they are as whimsical in their favour as they are in their anger, and their plans are beyond the wit of any man to comprehend.

The Chaos Gods are unknowable deities who play with the lives and dreams of men as if they were no more than insignificant toys to be cherished or discarded at a whim. Sometimes they join forces to invade the Old World, but at other times they pitch their own followers against each other simply to determine which will survive the longest. Why they act in this unpredictable and whimsical manner is beyond comprehension. The strange purposes and motivations of the Chaos Powers surpass understanding, and cannot be divined by human reasoning or logic. Barbaric and primal, these gods stand in stark contrast to the civilised deities of the south. They are made real because they are unwittingly created in the minds of mortals. The four greatest of these are the manifested reflections of mankind's most powerful emotions, loosely summarised as rage, hope, despair and pleasure.

THE DARK GODS OF CHAOS

Although Chaos takes myriad forms and presents itself in an untold number of guises, there are four prime Gods of Chaos. They are alien beyond compare, and are anathema to the Gods worshipped by the sane and faithful. Terrible, vengeful, and insidious, the Chaos Gods seek to corrupt every living thing to fit their own vision of how the universe should be.

The four great Chaos gods are named as follows. The first and greatest of all is Khorne, the Blood God, who is also known as the Lord of Skulls. Second in power is Tzeentch, the Changer of the Ways, called by some the Great Sorcerer. Next is Nurgle, the Lord of Decay, who is also the Master of Plague and Pestilence, Nurgle is

the most resplendently foul of all the Chaos gods. Last of all is the youthful Slaanesh, the handsome Prince of Chaos, seductive and perverse in his supernatural favours. The four gods are known throughout the world by many other names, and their shapes vary, but no matter what their appearance or name, they are the Four Great Gods of Chaos.

The forms taken by the multifarious and diverse Chaos Powers are many, varied and wildly bizarre. In fact, when they do appear dreams or visions, it is the beholder that gives them form, for the true nature of the Chaos Gods is beyond comprehension. A witness appreciate only a tiny fraction of their complexity lest his sanity be blasted away in an instant. Those mortal sages and mystics who theorise and debate upon the nature of the Chaos Gods succeed only in attracting the unwholesome attention of the creatures of Chaos. Many a wise man has been carried, alive and screaming, to the charnel houses of the Chaos Hells, there to writhe in endless torment he is shown the glories of the Ruinous Powers first-hand.

The bulk of the world's population chooses to hate and fear these ancient deities without any attempt at understanding – their superstitions and customs are handed down from mother to child with good reason. Yet for all this, there exist those mortals who worship the gods, accepting the mastery of these vast and alien entities in the hope of a quick road to power. Though they pay the highest of their ascendance, they number the most powerful warriors and sorcerers in all of history.

Many people turn to the Ruinous Powers because they are upset with their lot in life. They feel that their deity has failed to answer their prayers and left their hopes and dreams unfulfilled. Others are lured in by their actions, whether it be the murderer or warrior who revels in bloodshed or the noble who has everything, but needs his sadistic vices in order to become satiated. Whether the prayer comes from the destitute or the deprayed, people have been known to speak in hushed whispers about the 'blessings' some have received. Anyone living in the Northern provinces of the Empire has probably experienced firsthand how the rage of Khorne has transformed the already fearsome

'And at the heart of darkness, shrouded and unclear, stand the Powers of Chaos, locked in a hated lover's embrace and moving to a ceaseless dance of death in the souls of the weak. Now one leads and then another in the pavane of evil, a stately measure played out to the beating of human hearts. The shrieks of the mindless and the suffering are its joyous melody. Still the gods dance, and their bellows of delight shake the world.'

marauders from above the Sea of Claws into terrifying warriors that could cleave a tree from its trunk with a single swipe. Students of the Colleges of Magic have seen the awesome sorcerous power that Tzeentch can offer deep within the winds of Magic, physicians can appreciate the immense knowledge of disease and physiology that Nurgle possesses, whilst Slaanesh offers every perverse pleasure that one could ever imagine.

Some scholars wonder why the Chaos Gods will choose to 'reward' some humans and use them as instruments to do their will when they clearly hate humanity. Even unsubtle Khorne realises that his goal of turning the Old World into a barren wasteland where there is only war can be made easier through the machinations of those who wish to turn away from their fellow man. Foolish mortals think that they will be rewarded in the twisted eyes of their new liege but the reality is that while some benefits may come to these traitorous beings, the Chaos Gods exist purely to tear civilization apart. If tempting weak souls to help their cause speeds their plans, then the Ruinous Powers will use the opportunity, despite their loathing of humanity.



The Dark Gods of Chaos each have their own particular enthusiasms, their own daemons, and their own sub-dimensional territories within the Realm of Chaos. Each strives for dominance over the others, and though one may gain ascendancy for a while no god has ever succeeded in vanquishing another. As one god gains mastery the others ally against him, and as the allies grow in power they divide amongst themselves forming new alliances until another conqueror emerges to be vanquished in his turn. Their battlefield is not the Realm of Chaos but the mortal worlds of which the Old World is but one amongst many. So it is that men fight their wars for the casual amusement and momentary gratification of the gods.

The fate of the Old World is of more than usual significance in the struggle between gods and mortals. In the far north of the Old World lies a zone of darkness, a gateway of sorts, a vast black hole linking the Realm of Chaos and the mortal universe. Here the abode of man and the domain of the gods are one. Magic pours in through this dark gateway, bringing with it many other evils including daemons and malevolent spirits. In this way the Old World stands at the frontier between the mortal universe and the Realm of Chaos. When Chaos grows in influence the gateway expands and the northern boundaries of the world are sucked into it, consumed by the Realm of Chaos. If the power of Chaos becomes dominant, then the whole world will be swallowed and its people will become damned souls in eternal slavery to the Chaos Gods.

To the Imperial citizens, the Chaos Gods are evil, ruinous, and possessed of terrible desires. These entities are the antithesis of all that is good and right, the great nemeses to the pre-eminence and righteousness of the Empire. Though reviled in the Empire, this attitude is not universally held, and naturally, cultists, and Norsemen and others hold these beings in higher esteem.

It is the goal of all the followers of Chaos to gain the attention of one of these Ruinous Powers. Each Champion of Chaos will worship a single deity above all others. Those whose fell deeds have distinguished themselves in the eye of their patron are said to have been marked by their god in some way – a sign of their master's favour and a warning to that god's rivals that this soul is already claimed. These are the most outlandish of all Warriors of Chaos, for they enjoy great favour for their total dedication.



SEETHING RIVALRIES

The Ruinous Powers are immeasurably powerful beings, yet perhaps the greatest threat to their ascendancy is their rivalry with one another. Many of the setbacks and pitfalls they have faced over history could potentially have been overcome if Khorne, Nurgle, Tzeentch and Slaanesh could trust one another.

Each of the Gods is all too aware of the world-splitting power that they possess, and this has become part of their problem. All four of the Ruinous Powers suffer from hubris. Each has become utterly convinced that its own methodologies are superior to the others and that its sick visions of the future are the destiny of the Old World. As a result of this hubris, each deity thinks that at least one, if not all, the others are supremely jealous of the power at its disposal. Jealousy breeds suspicion, and this distrust has filtered down to the various minions at the command of each of the Gods. As a result, the forces of Chaos lack cohesion. During battles, the forces of Khorne are just as likely to lash out in a rage at the daemons and followers of Slaanesh as anyone else. In many ways, this is unsurprising, given that followers of a single God often fight with each other for superiority, but this lack of leadership and cohesion has clearly disadvantaged the Ruinous Powers.

Although this division has been clearly proven through historical accounts over the centuries, various discredited reports and theories suggest an even greater level of conflict exists between the four Gods. While his writings have been discounted as exaggerated works of epic fiction, Felix Jaeger has claimed that the

extremes of the Northern Wastes are a perennial battlefield. He wrote that the snow had been turned red and that forces as far as the eye could see plunged into battle with no obvious cause or objective to the fighting. It was almost as if the Gods themselves sacrificed the lives of their followers by the million simply for prestige in their twisted playground. Other more heretical writers have also hypothesised that the Realm of Chaos follows this pattern, but on a yet grander and still more violent scale, but this is surely not possible. Whatever truth, even divided, the Ruinous Powers still present a very real, and extremely dangerous threat to the Old World. Raids on a smaller scale have destroyed settlements across the North of the Empire for centuries, and larger raids often require assistance from other provinces to repel fully.

Among the four Gods of Chaos there is little if any unanimity, for they each have their own designs and appetites. Their only shared desire is to see the Warhammer world, and indeed the whole of existence, thrust into unending Chaos. Far from uniting them, however, even this joint purpose is a cause of more strife. These four Ruinous Powers spend almost as much time squabbling, plotting, and fighting each other as they do the other beings of the Old World.

Khorne hates his brother Slaanesh, who perverts martial pride and cares nothing for the purity of bloodshed. Slaanesh sees Khorne as a crude brute. Nurgle resents Tzeentch, for there is no fatherly care in the mutations he wreaks, and Tzeentch feels equally antagonistic towards Nurgle, whose capering ways and jolly diseases lack the scheming and far-sighted plans of which the Changer of Ways is so fond.



"They may worship the God of Blood or the Father of Plagues, they may enact their patrons' petty rivalries and battle amongst themselves for supremacy, but when they march to war, untied by the will of the mightiest of their kind, they fight and kill as one."

CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR

- Sebastine Letrance, Quillkeeper of L Anguille

By its very definition, Chaos claims no allegiance to anything but itself. The Gods and followers of the Chaos Gods are fractious and warlike in the extreme, and view each other with suspicion and disgust. Hordes of Chaos Warriors are drawn together not out of camaraderie, but out of a mutual desire to murder, burn, and slaughter in the name of their Gods. A follower is just as likely to be killed and offered as a sacrifice to his own God as he is to die in battle with the forces of the Old World or against his foe.

Any upstanding citizen of the Empire should give thanks daily to Sigmar for the blessing that the powers of Chaos are so divided. If it were not for this infighting it is difficult to see how they could be stopped. No sane man could possibly believe that these twisted beings could actually keep millions of troops away from the Empire solely for some petty political infighting. However, if these conflicting, discounted, and largely heretical reports did have even a shred of truth to them, then the consequences would be surely deadly for the Empire. If one were to imagine that the hordes of daemons, twisted warriors, beastmen, and marauders that once already nearly wiped civilisation from the map was but a pathetic fraction of the force available to the Chaos Gods then the outcome is clear.

Rumours abound from the North that once more the powers of Chaos grow strong and restless, and every Imperial citizen should be fearful if this is the case. It is unimaginable that one could be so charismatic or so powerful that he could unite the divided forces of Chaos, but were it possible, such a general could oversee the end of the world as it is known today.

BEYOND DIVISION

The forms taken by the Chaos Powers are many, varied and often wildly bizarre in the eyes of mortals. The Chaos Powers take different forms for their dealings with different races, so that it is impossible to say whether the apparent multitude of Powers are actually distinct entities, or whether they are but aspects of the same being.

Some claim that Chaos has spawned an infinite number of gods, who constantly struggle amongst themselves for mastery over all. Some insane scholars believe that the four powers are simply aspects of some other, larger God called the Great Beast; The Great Unnameable One, He Who Must Not Be Named, The Great Abomination, The Lord of Chaos, The Unspeakable Shapeless Beast and numberless other titles.

At times, this entity sets aside its mad internal struggle to make it possible for the fragmented armies to gather together under one banner, such as the Chaos Incursions. These moments cause the Old World to tremble and quake in fear and loathing. The followers of Chaos typically come together under the banner of a particularly powerful and charismatic leader. Driven by dreams of mayhem, loot, and glory in battle, the forces of the various factions of Chaos set aside their differences for a short time to fight side by side. The people of the Old World know that it's just a matter of time before another leader inspires the hordes of Chaos to come together yet again. Whether there exists a Great Beast or not is subject to much debate, but certainly the effects of Chaos are undeniable.

Those mortal sages and mystics who dare to theorise and debate upon the nature of the Beast, succeed only in attracting the unwholesome attention of the creatures of Chaos. Many wise men have been carried, alive and screaming, to the charnel houses of the Chaos Hells, there to writhe in endless debate with the flames and the Daemons of torment.

The true nature of the gods of Chaos is beyond any comprehension. No mere mortal can ever hope to understand these matters, and only few dare try. It is best not to puzzle too deeply over the Chaos gods, or to try to fathom their wars, rivalries and bickerings. The bulk of the population of the Known World chooses to hate and fear them without any attempt at understanding – and with good reason. Yet, for all this, a few people choose to worship the Chaos gods, ignoring their inconsistencies and accepting their mastery in the hope of eventual rewards and a quick road to power.

Only fools claim to understand Chaos, for by definition, Chaos is inhuman and incomprehensible. Mortal sages and mystics who dare ponder the nature of Chaos are driven mad, or else succeed only in attracting the attentions of the fell creatures of Chaos. Many wise men have been carried alive and screaming to the charnel houses of the Realm of Chaos, there to writhe in eternal debate with the Daemons of torment.

Of those who do not heed the warnings, some have claimed that Chaos, in its eternal diversity, has spawned an infinite number of gods, each the collective mirror of one of the many survivalist emotions projected by intelligent beings in the mortal plane. Others say that all the apparently different gods are no more than aspects of one supreme being: The Great Unnameable One, The Abomination, The Eternal Destroyer, The Unspeakable Beast, The Chaos Undivided.

However, the true nature of Chaos is beyond any comprehension. No mortal can hope to understand these matters, and the wise do not puzzle too deeply into the nature of the Chaos Gods, or try to fathom their eternal wars, epic rivalries and ever-shifting bickering.

THE GOD OF THE SNAEGR

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

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

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

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

"It is Grydal. Lord of the Snaegr and Scourge of the South, who calls upon Urlfdaemonkin. For tomorrow we ride to war — and under the moon-time of Urlf I ask for Daemonblessing."

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

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

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

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

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

"The barg<mark>ain has been m</mark>ade!" he r<mark>oared.</mark>



KHORNE, THE BLOOD GOD

The Skull Lord, the Master of Battle, the Embodiment of Anger, the Slaughterer

Khorne is the Blood God whose bellows of insatiable rage echo throughout the multiverse. Known as Kharnath, Khorghar, Akhar, Chron and a hundred other names, he is worshipped in almost every northern tribe. Khorne is the god of warriors, and his gaze is drawn to bloody battles and gory displays. He shows favour to those who fight for what they desire, to great warriors, and to mighty war leaders. Khorne respects strength, honour, and martial skill. He favours weapons that spill the most amount of blood – massive swords, axes, and huge-bladed pole arms.

Khorne is the most violent and destructive of the Four Foul Powers. He represents unrestrained aggression, mindless frenzy, and bloodshed on the battlefield. His lust for blood is unquenchable, and he is forever goading his followers to take up arms and murder in his name. Khorne's anger and violence is an unbridled force that targets both friends and foes alike. He watches scenes of barbarism and slaughter with delight, and it is said he sounds his horn across the Chaos Wastes to incite further frenzy.

Khorne is the Power of Chaos in its aspect of mindless and absolute violence, destroying everything and everyone within its reach, slaying both friend and foe alike. He is the Huntsman of Souls who drives the great armies of Chaos before him. His horn sounds in the depths of the Chaos Wastes, urging his followers ever onwards in search of fresh prey. The gore-maddened followers of Khorne harry beyond the edges of the Known World, delighting in slaughter by the tainted light of a blood-stained moon. Khorne watches the wild destruction wrought in his name, and his bellows of rage and delight can be heard echoing across the void between worlds.

During times of utter destruction and murder, Khorne's bellows resound in the Wastes, causing madness in any that might hear. Of all the Gods of Chaos, Khorne is the biggest instigator of war and destruction, constantly whipping up his followers to lay siege on the cities, towns, and hamlets of the Old World.

No mortal man would be able to lay their eyes upon Khorne and survive, but various heretical writers have suggested that the Blood God looks somewhat like one of his mighty Bloodthirster greater daemons, only infinitely more terrifying. In the few depictions of Khorne that exist, he is represented as massive, humanoid being with skin the colour of blood. He is an overly muscled, beast-headed being who wears ornate baroque armour capable of deflecting any blow, made of black chaos metal and brass of alien design, covered in writhing runes and faces screaming in pain and torment. His head is covered by his huge winged helmet, with only a portion of his bestial, snarling face showing beneath the helm, his eyes burning with endless fury in the centre. He leans upon a mighty double-handed sword made from the same black substance – a blade capable of splitting skies and sundering realities. Khorne is said to have mighty forges and armouries that run for leagues, belching sooty filth into the lightning-cracked air, yet he will forever favour this single combination of arms.

His body is broad and muscular and his head has the features of a fierce dog superimposed over human form. Upon his fingers he wears many brass rings, some embossed with his own skull rune. Khorne sits brooding upon a vast and ornately carved mighty throne of brass, atop an ever-growing mountain of skulls that juts out of a sea of blood and splintered





bones infinitely in all directions. These are the skulls of not only his faithful champions but also those that they have slain in the name of Khorne. Their number is beyond counting, for every minute of every day yet more decapitations are offered unto this most violent of gods. Chained to his throne are flesh hounds, and it is written in dark texts that a follower can call upon Khorne to let loose these merciless hunters upon a foe, in particular those craven enemies who refuse to fight in open battle. Khorne's Flesh Hounds gnaw upon each new offering, ever ready to hunt those cravens who will not fight in open battle. There can never be enough skulls laid at Khorne's feet, for though each one feeds his glory, Khorne's thirst for blood is unquenchable and infinite. Thus he appears in visionary form to his worshippers, but who can say what shape the gods may assume for their own fell purposes?

His mighty throne room, built atop of his great brass tower, is supported by eight gigantic brass pillars in honour of the sacred number of the Blood God. The room itself is filled with his favoured flesh hounds, including the mighty Karanak, blessed with three heads and far more powerful than the rest of his kin. Some have described these loval beasts as a bodyguard to Khorne, but to him they are but pets, as the Blood God has never been bested in mortal combat and thus needs no protection. Even if another of the Ruinous Powers were to enter the brass tower, Khorne knows that he alone would prove triumphant, such is his infinite strength and skill. The tower itself rises leagues into the blackened sky, surrounded by a moat of molten blood, filled with the screaming enemies of Khorne, whilst the blackened brass walls are filled with monstrous carvings that depict the endless rage of the occupant within.

Khorne puts none of his will into any endeavour that does not cause bloodshed. His lands in the Realm of Chaos are barren, cracked and dry save for the ceaseless rivers of blood fuelled by endless combat. Throughout his realm, legions of warriors fling themselves into combat purely for the sake of battle.

Khorne, the most powerful of all the Chaos gods, for he is rage incarnate. He is the embodiment of absolute and murderous violence. Relishing the shedding of blood above all, he brings the doom of everything and everyone in his reach. It is Khorne that drives the armies of Chaos to war, Khorne that glimmers in the eyes of the killer, and Khorne to whom the champion shouts his wordless battlecry when the red mist is upon him. Eternally enraged, Khorne's moods swinging from simmering anger to epoch-ending fury, and his bellows of wrath can be heard across the void between worlds.

Khorne wishes nothing more than to see the Old World devastated and in flames, its seas replaced with oceans of blood, and mounds of skulls piled high in his honour. He is a God of action, and believes if one is not engaging in war, he should be preparing for it. Khorne may not be the subtlest of the Ruinous Powers but that is not to say that he does not have goals and ambitions to fulfil beyond seeing blood spilled in his name. His rage may be infinite and endless, his fury immutable, but Khorne has a savage intelligence, seeing the need to lay seeds for his destructive plans to pay off in the future. Despite his lack of long-term planning and strategy, Khorne sends visions to his followers on ways to construct powerful weapons of war, especially siege engines and other massive, battlefield devices.

Khorne's chief rival is Tzeentch, the Great Sorcerer. Tzeentch is the patron of wizards just as Khorne is the patron of warriors. Of course, this rivalry does not prevent Khorne making common cause with Tzeentch when it is convenient to do so. Combined, the two gods are always more powerful than the others. Of all his brother gods Khorne most despises Slaanesh, whose prancing fopperies and excesses are an affront to Khorne's sense of honour and martial pride. Slaanesh's sensual and hedonistic nature runs counter to Khorne's creed of blood and violence, and their followers go out of their way to destroy each other whenever possible. Even so, Khorne makes use of the Prince of Chaos when there is fresh blood to be spilled necessary, as much as it may gall him to do so.

LEGIONS OF KHORNE

Khorne is always perceived as an angry, roaring being of infinite strength and supreme battle prowess who rewards bravery, might at arms and conquest. Compared to the other servants of Chaos the followers of Khorne are the least inscrutable. There is a lack of subtlety to the Blood God's minions, and a purity of purpose. His daemons exist to kill in his name, and his mortal followers regard wholesale slaughter as the highest form of worship. His are the followers who exult in killing, who crave the feel of blood on their skin.

THE CRIMSON RIVER

In late 2103 the Gorehunt resolved to offer skulls from far-off lands unto the Blood God, and to the seas in their longships. Heading south, they eventually came across the desert realm of Araby. Though the Northmen numbered less than a hundred and the armies of Araby were many thousands strong, the warriors of Chaos carved a path of conquest across the land. The Emirs sent sentient winds and fiery spirits, but to their despair the followers of Khorne grew more determined with every battle.

The trail that the invaders hacked through the armies sent to oppose them was marked with spatters and pools of blood that, as the days of battle grew long, ran together between the dunes as rivulets of crimson. The Emirs sent their elite bodyguards and cavalry regiments against the indomitable Chaos Warrior footsoldiers, but to no avail. The Warriors of Chaos fought with a berserk fury, and soon the rivulets became a stream.

In desperation, the Emirs sent gigantic beasts of war and armies that hid the dunes with their number, and were finally able to defeat the forces of Chaos and end the threat, though at a great cost. The crimson river flows through Araby to this day in testament of this great battle.

י דקר עניונון איוורוון דעי

The typical conception of a follower of Khorne is that of a frenzied psychopath who impatiently bides his time between bouts of unrestrained violence. In the main this figure is representative. His devotees and daemons have a single-minded purpose and if the legions of Khorne could be marshalled together they would surely sweep any rivals before them in an orgy of violence.

Fortunately for Khorne's enemies his followers are so indiscriminate in their violent urges, and so keen to pit their warrior skills against a worthy foe, that they engage in combat with one another with the same bloodlust as they do the Blood God's rivals.

The Blood God is a symbol of death and destruction, inspiring horror and fear in Old Worlders all across the Empire. His creed of wanton destruction and death runs counter to the laws and ethics of all but the most perverse lands. Still, there are some places, particularly in lawless areas, where Khorne is respected for his might.

Khorne is rage incarnate and his appreciation of strength and warrior prowess, and rewards he provides to those who slaughter in his name, makes him a popular god amongst the savage warriors of the northern lands. Amongst the savage Norsemen, or the Kurgan or the Hung, there is barely a tribe whose warriors do not include those who honour the Blood God. The lifestyle of the marauder societies in places such as the troll country or the wild steppes dovetails neatly with the behaviour the Blood God expects of his followers. Those who choose to worship Khorne

simply view his patronage as a practical consideration, and so it often is to begin with as those who pay their dread lord tribute quickly find themselves blessed with strength and ferocity. However, every devotee of Khorne finds himself on a road to an all-consuming bloodlust that only the most strong-willed can resist, and only the very best can hope to sate.

Worshippers of Khorne include Chaos Warriors, psychotics, and berserkers. Many are sometimes drawn to his promises of bloodletting. Many tribes in Norsca have been converted to his call of eternal warfare and spend their days raiding villages along the coasts of the Old World. On occasion, a warrior caught up in the frenzy of battle hears the chant of Khorne in his ears and is driven to madness, forever pledging his service as he covers himself in the blood of the fallen. Horrified companions usually kill these rare aberrations, but some slip away, making their way to the Chaos Wastes to join Khorne's horde.

But it is not just the fierce men of the north who worship the Blood God. Many civilisations worship aspects of Khorne under a different name; even the Elven god of murder, Khaine, is thought by some to be an aspect of Khorne, though whether Khaine is Khorne by another name or a lesser power in his own right is debated over by scholars inclined to such heretical and dangerous subjects. There are no temples to Khorne, though, and conflict is his only ceremony, for the God of War is only truly worshipped on the battlefield, and the sites of massacres are regarded as his holy places. His followers believe that they would displease him by wasting valuable time building temples and worshipping in them when they could be slaying in Khorne's name. The indiscriminate bloodletting practiced by his followers is accompanied by little ritual other than their chilling battle cry – "Blood for the Blood God!"



Although Chaos and magic are so closely aligned, like two facets of an enchanted gemstone, Khorne, the Blood God, has rejected all ordered and trammelled forms of magic, such as spells. Khorne is a visceral god, the Chaos Power that embodies action, not thought. Slaughter in all its forms is the way of Khorne. Spellcasting is a process of the mind, not the sword's edge. The harvest of blood for the Blood God is of paramount importance, and those rituals and spells that would seek to quantify and control the forces of Chaos are an anathema to him. The Blood God has little use for magic, and does not grant spells to his worshippers. There are no wizards dedicated to Khorne, for a Champion of Khorne is the embodiment of the warrior who battles his enemy face-to-face rather than blasts his foes from afar with magical bolts. The use of spells or similar powers to cause death and destruction is abhorrent to him, and he is unlikely to deal with any creature that has ever used magic. The way of the Skull King is one of battle, not subtlety and magic. From this, his followers have inferred that Khorne is violently opposed to sorcery in all of its forms and commit themselves to slaughtering Wizards whenever and wherever they can. The truth is, so long as there's slaughter, Khorne is pleased.

Khorne's followers slaughter in his name, glorying in blood, but they do not kill everything in their path. Of the wizards and sorcerers they encounter, the lucky ones are killed outright. The uncounted and unfortunate ones are not slain, but are taken instead deep into the heart of Khorne's realm. There, far below Khorne's gore-flecked bracer throne, they labour for eternity in the Forges of Khorne. The mages and seers are doomed to perpetual slavery in red-tinged and smoky darkness, enchanting the weapons that Khorne demands for his armies. The Forges temper mortal despair, death, the power of Chaos and mere steel into the arms of Chaos in its bloodiest and most unforgiving aspect. Death is no escape from the Forges, for the tempering of a Khornate blade requires blood for the quenching, and souls to stoke the furnaces.



Khorne is a practical god of blood and battle, not a god of effete intellectual pursuits. His 'magic', such as it is, reflects this character. While Khorne despises spellcasting, magical weapons and armour that aid the slaughter in his name are a different matter, especially if they were acquired by murdering their previous owners. Khorne followers use magical swords, Daemon Weapons, and axes to kill in Khorne's name. His followers are 'blessed' with magical weapons of great power that no Old World weaponsmith could possibly have produced. Khorne's unnatural marvels are his gifts to his followers; the use of such weapons is his followers' delight. A magic blade or a Daemon Sword – it marks its recipient as one of Khorne's chosen favourites. Axes are favoured weapons of Khorne, and another common mark worn by his followers is the Collar of Khorne: a massive studded ring with long spikes on both the inside and out clasped around the neck. It is said that these collars protect the wearers from hostile magic, and that Khorne's own Flesh Hounds wear similar artefacts.

Warriors of Khorne

The warriors of Khorne are often unpredictable fighters, for a day that passes without adding to the slaughter in Khorne's name is a day wasted. An army that contains many troops devoted to the Blood God needs to find fresh enemies on a regular basis, as each day that passes without bloodshed sees a rise in tension within the ranks. Without a clear objective or the promise of further battles the warriors of Khorne may even turn upon their allies or each other in order to slake their thirst for violence. For this reason, they are as likely to attack friends as much as foes, particularly when true enemies are hard to come by. For this reason those high in the favour of Khorne are feared and hated even by other Chaos worshippers.

The warriors of Khorne show their devotion through their dress, preferring the Blood God's colours of red, black and brass – the hues of blood, death, and Khorne's own armour respectively. His warriors often forgo the use of shields in favour of a second hand weapon or a massive two-handed weapon, all the better to shed blood in the Blood God's name. Their banners are brass bound icons decorated with dismembered body parts and soaked in arterial blood. They display Khorne's skull rune on their standards and embossed on their breastplates.

Chaos Champions of Khorne

Khorne is the patron of warriors and as such many of the mightiest champions of Chaos throughout the history of the known world have paid him particular honour. Arbaal the Undefeated, who rode upon the back of a gigantic Flesh Hound, is said to have shattered the gates of Praag during the Great War against Chaos. Norse sagas also tell of Scyla Anfingrimm, warlord of the Ironpelt tribe, who so pleased Khorne that he refashioned the raider into the form of a great raging beast. Hogan Headhacker, Kurt the Wolf, Zinbar Sicklesword and the dreaded Chaos Brothers, all have won infamy as fell warriors slaying in the Blood God's name.



Champions of Khorne are regarded with distrust by other followers of Chaos, for the Blood God cares not who dies in his name and is even said to take a particular delight in the slaying of allies and friends. Those who please Khorne through their devotion to death and war are soon rewarded with suits of arcane armour or magical weapons which aid in the business of slaughter. They may even be blessed with a clanking and steaming Juggernaut to ride, or provided with hunting companions in the form of Flesh Hounds.

Champions of Khorne are varied in appearance, hailing from many different lands and cultures. Still, all of Khorne's chosen share certain similar qualities. For these Warriors, they must prove themselves in battle, tithing skulls to their bloody master. They wield great swords or massive cudgels to crush their foes. They don armour that heightens their savage appearance, decorated with trophies taken from their battles. These Champions are terrifying sights to behold, and they are reckless in their thirst for death. Khorne's champions are highly competitive, and unless they believe that their god has brought them together for a grander battle to come, when two champions meet, they are likely to engage in a deadly duel to prove which is more worthy to continue to serve the Blood God, which inevitably ends in bloodshed and the death of one or both of them. Some of his champions are so devoted to killing in his name that they lead entirely solitary lives, staking out a position in some forlorn corner of the Chaos Wastes and slaying any who approach them.

"Though you may have won this battle, we shall return, and ultimately we shall win the war. Every head hewn from neck, every drop of blood split, makes Khorne stronger regardless of when it is that dies in the dirt. You cannot win, for the fight us is to give us power."

- Khagras, Horselord of Khorne

Armies of Khorne

The cornerstone of Chaos' armies, Khorne commands the bloodthirsty Marauders and killers who seem to be numberless on the fields of battle. The gore-maddened followers of Khorne hunt and kill even beyond the borders of the mortal world, delighting in slaughter whether under the baking sun or by the light of a bloodstained moon. Khorne hungrily watches the carnage wrought in his name, and his bellows of bloodlust can be heard echoing across the void between worlds.

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

SYMBOLS

Khorne's symbol is typically rendered as an X-shaped rune with a bar on the bottom — a stylised skull. Skulls dominate the armour and adornments of Khorne's followers, and most consider it important to take heads in battle to render down and wear on their clothing. Bones drenched in blood or red paint (or both) are commonly piled on his altars and worn as a sign of his favour.

Few animals are associated with Khorne, though his followers sometimes see his presence in fearsome hunting dogs and powerful mastiffs, along with young, untamed bulls. These are sometimes driven into battle in front of his massive armies, but most are simply butchered in his honour.

TEMPERAMENT

For most who worship Khorne, service to the Blood God is simple: you walk a path of absolute violence and commit yourself to slaughter and battle. Khorne has little use for subtlety, secrecy, and subterfuge, so his minions typically leave civilisation to participate in his rites rather than practice in hiding. They do not have allies, per se, simply fellow murderers that are just as likely to kill each other as those they oppose. Those that cannot escape become mass murderers and psychopaths, roaming the streets of the cities and the villages of the Old World, gibbering and spouting nonsense intermingled with their garbled praises to Khorne. Magisters and scholars that study the words and deeds of Khorne in hopes of defeating his minions are often plagued by thoughts of violence and slaughter and risk falling into his bloody grasp.

The warrior code of Khorne is simple: blood and more blood, regardless of the source. Every life taken by a follower of Khorne increases the Blood God's power. The only way to gain favour with him is by killing – enemies or friends, all the dead are equal in the eyes of Khorne. He looks with particular favour upon those who take the lives of their friends and allies, and the more death and destruction a creature has caused, the more welcome it is as a sacrifice to Khorne. Furthermore, he looks well upon those who sacrifice their friends or allies in the name of Khorne, and will punish a worshipper who fails in his duty as executioner. After all, Khorne cares not from whence the blood flows providing it does so and generously. The only way to incur his displeasure is by not killing. Any follower who lets a day pass without contributing to the bloody-handed slaughter by which Khorne is worshipped will incur the god's great disfavour.



Followers of Khorne have no friends and few long-term acquaintances – all are soon-to-be sacrifices to Khorne. Even another follower of Khorne may try at any time to offer their lives to the Blood God! Followers of Khorne may have allies for a short time, but they are always aware that all other intelligent beings fear and hate them, and will seek to destroy them at any opportunity.

There are few organised cults of Khorne-worshippers. He is worshipped only in the act of killing, and his followers often fight as individuals, ignoring bonds of alliance and common faith when it suits them to do so.

STRICTURES

Khorne requires his servants to spill blood and kill whenever possible. Most of his followers are warriors, though anyone who is willing to kill without thought of consequence can find blessings from the Blood God.

Khorne has no holy days, though his followers sometimes praise the anniversaries of particularly bloody battles.

- The greatest prayers are the sounds of splashing blood and crushing bones.
- It is never wrong to kill a servant of Khorne, but if done, celebrate the glory that is inherent to the Blood God.
- It is fitting to take trophies of the fallen, and those who adorn themselves with the skulls of their foes and drink the blood of their enemies shall find favour with the Skull King.
- The decadent followers of Slaanesh must be annihilated at any turn.
- Mercy is for the weak. Spare no enemy lest you be found wanting by the Blood God.

The axe cleaved through the swordsman's neck, separating his head from his body. Its powerful arc continued on, smashing into the ribs of the next soldier. The daemon let out a savage and deafening howl, baring rows of razor sharp teeth in a snarl of bitter hatred towards the weak mortals before it. Other horned daemons of its kind leapt into the swirling combat, their axes reaping a bloody harvest with each and every strike. Huge muscular beasts, these daemons towered over the humans who bravely fought in vain for their lives. But the men stood little chance against the Bloodletters of Khorne. There were few mortals, if any, who could withstand their ferocity. In the name of Khorne they spilled the blood of their opponents. In the name of Khorne they massacred all they faced.

At the front of the Chaos horde, leading his barbaric marauders to battle, rode a massive Champion of Khorne. Unholy fire burned within the eyes of his steed and flames flared from the creature's nostrils. Skulls adorned the champion's armour and in his hand he wielded a great axe that cut a bloody swathe through his enemies. None could stand against him and as each loyal man of Sigmar fell, in a deep, resonant voice the mighty warrior repeated the same dark chant.

"Blood for the Blood God, skulls for the skull throne."



TZEENTCH, THE CHANGER OF WAYS

The Master of Fortune, the Great Conspirator, the Secret Whisper of Power, the Architect of Fate

Tzeentch, the Changer of the Ways, is flux embodied, as well as of the ever-mutating energy that is known to mortals as magic. He is also known as the Great Sorcerer, the god of magic, the weaver of time, and the Great Deceiver, he who directs the fate of the universe. Also known as Tchar among the barbarians of the north, Chen in the exotic east and Shunch in the steaming jungles of the south, his name is always a byword for change, and the only constant is Tzeentch's inconstancy. Everywhere, though, he is the Great Schemer, a subtle manipulator with an allencompassing knowledge. These titles reflect his masterly comprehension of destiny, history, intrigue and plot. In his mind he listens to the plans and hopes of every man and every nation. With his all-seeing eye he watches these plans unfold into history. Tzeentch is not content to merely observe the fulfilment and disappointment brought by the passage of time. He has his own plans: schemes which are so complex and closely woven that they touch the lives of every living thing, whether they know it or not.

What mortal does not desire to comprehend the mysteries of destiny, or to harness awesome magic power? The Chaos god Tzeentch holds the keys to such terrible knowledge, tempting scholars with forbidden truths, and inspiring wizards to delve into the darkest aspects of their lore. His price, however, is steep – his worshippers become pawns in his incessant game to undermine civilisation and to outflank his fellow Ruinous Powers. Tzeentch rewards his followers with

mutation and insanity, and when they die, he claims their souls as his playthings.

Tzeentch knows each trivial seed of hate in man's heart, just as he knows the ultimate fate of every star in the cosmos. He takes delight in watching the conspiracies of mortals unfold, the plotting the cunning over the strong, the manipulative over the violent. Tzeentch guides unwitting mortals along paths destined to increase his own power, though they may never realise their part in his plan. Watching others destroy themselves unwittingly at his behest is a source of endless amusement to Tzeentch, whose greatest strength lies in the manipulation of others, and countless are the times that his rival Chaos Gods have made war upon each other at some perceived slight, as not even they are beyond the reach of his lies.

Tzeentch feeds upon the need and desire for change that is an essential part of human nature. It is also a part of Dwarven and Elven natures, but not to the same extent as mankind is a far more volatile and ambitious species. All men dream of wealth, freedom and a better tomorrow. Nor are these dreams the preserve of the impoverished or powerless as even rich men dream of further riches, or of an end to their responsibilities. All these dreams create a powerful impetus for change, and the ambitions of nations create a force which can change history. Tzeentch is the embodiment of that force.





Regal and horrible, Tzeentch pulls the strings of magic and fate from his realm, scrying the skeins of the future and past to manipulate the world to his liking. He is the most generous of the Chaos Gods, granting boons to all that ask for them, but the price for these gifts is terrible in the extreme. Tzeentch has a thousand names, and is the master of lies and subterfuge, secret powers behind the throne, black pacts, and deals that end in treachery. Tzeentch is the greatest source of Chaos magic, and many of his servants are Black Magisters or dabblers in the occult. Even those that turn their backs on him recognise him as a prime source of magic.

Tzeentch is also the Great Conspirator, the master of plot and intrigue, whispering evil counsel in the ears of monarchs, and nurturing murderous ambition and rebellion among their subjects. Because he is aware of the dreams and plans of all mortals, he is able to predict the likely course, or courses, which the future might take. Tzeentch perceives every event and every intention, and from this information his mighty mind can work out how each will influence the future.

Tzeentch is not content to merely watch the drama of history as it unfolds. He has purposes of his own, although what they are it is impossible to say for sure. His plans are inevitably convoluted and vast, spanning across untold aeons, inexplicable and contradictory to all mortal minds. He plucks the strings of jealousy and resentment to make evil-minded men and women dance like marionettes at his command. He is the Puppet Master, pulling the strings of fate and controlling the destiny of his followers and enemies alike. Tzeentch cares little for the petty rivalries of the other Gods, concerned only with the manipulation and corruption of others to suit his dark agenda. Perhaps he has plans to overthrow the other Powers, or to extend his dominion over mortal realms. Whatever his

ultimate purpose, he seeks to achieve it by manipulating the individual lives of men, thereby altering the course of history. He does not manipulate the lives of men towards a specific end, at least not for long; for Tzeentch, the very act of manipulation is an end unto itself. By offering power and magic he can recruit influential people to his cause, and affect the lives of many more at a single stroke. However, few of Tzeentch's plots are simple, and many may appear at first contradictory to others, or against Tzeentch's own interests. Only Tzeentch can see the threads of potential futures weaving forward in time like tangled balls of multicoloured wool. Tzeentch's plans reach through time and space, and can carry through untold centuries. So fathomless are Tzeentch's plans that whole generations can pass between cause and effect, a harmless action taken one day maturing into the ruination of cities many years later, though seemingly impossible that one could have been responsible for the other. For what is a mere hundred years to a god who existed before the dawn of time and will exist long after the world is no more?

From his crystal labyrinth at the heart of the multiverse he spins an infinite web of deceit and confusion, delighting in distorting the lives of those he catches with his hollow promises. As change is inherent in the essence of Chaos itself, Tzeentch has a strong claim over all those who worship Chaos, for without the power of transformation, a warrior cannot ascend to greatness, the gods cannot bestow their gifts, and the living cannot die.

Tzeentch is the most weirdly formed of all his brothers. Tzeentch often manifests as a cloud of magical light that coalesces huge, grossly formed shimmer-skinned humanoid with gangly limbs. His skin writhes with reflected faces that mock and leer at the onlooker in knowing contempt, each echoing a twisting babel tongue the words that spiral from his mouths. As Tzeentch speaks these faces repeat his words, often with subtle but important differences of meaning, or provide a commentary which throws doubt upon his words. This makes it very hard to interpret what exactly Tzeentch is saying. They whisper in both agreement and contradiction with his statements, making it confusing and maddening to hear. These lesser faces appear and disappear quite quickly, but the actual head of Tzeentch does not change. The god's puckered face is formed upon his upper torso, so his head and body are one. From his shoulders above his eyes rather than his brow spring two sweeping horns of great length, ending in hideous faces adorn his shoulders. The black orbs of his eyes are said to sparkle like the endless depths of the empyrean, and his brow is furrowed as though he is ruminating over an unsolvable puzzle.

Around him writhe serpents of liquid magic, forming bewildering and interweaving patterns, for Tzeentch is the master of the arcane, and ultimately all mages owe their powers to his art. He appears suspended above a sea of swirling, multicoloured mist, heavy with brooding magic. It weaves like liquid smoke about his head, forming subtle and interwoven patterns. Forms of

places and people appear in the smoke as Tzeentch's mind contemplates their fate. In this form he speaks with his followers and in such shape he is depicted in his temples. However, as the embodiment of change, Tzeentch can take any form he chooses, and those that receive visions of him find it difficult to describe in detail what they see. His domain within the Realm of Chaos is fluid and mutable, where time and space seem to stretch and change like hot wax. To look upon him is to offer up one's sanity — mortal minds are not meant to glimpse infinity, and Tzeentch sits at the nexus of all possible futures.

Tzeentch's worshippers believe that he reigns from an Impossible Fortress deep in the Realm of Chaos. At its heart, protected by a crystal labyrinth of inconceivable geometry, is the Hidden Library, a hall of eternal dimensions that stores all the knowledge of the universe. Tzeentch stares for eons into the Well of Eternity for clues from the past and the future that will help him fulfil his schemes. When Tzeentch stirs from his reverie, treachery, insanity, mutation, and strife afflict the world.

Tzeentch is almost as powerful as Khorne but his power takes on a very different form. It is Tzeentch who holds the Realm of Chaos beyond time and space and it is he who watches over the destiny of the material universe. Tzeentch is the principal architect of secret alliances amongst the Dark Gods. His symbol is often a representation of the writhing serpent of change, and his daemons and champions are frequently gifted with eerie bird-like beaks, claws and multi-coloured feathers.

Tzeentch's true goals are difficult to fathom. If he seeks to dominate the world, his methods are oblique at best, and it seems that he prefers using others as pawns to further his plans. Tzeentch enjoys corrupting mortals

by blessing them with power that is too much for them to handle, especially Magisters, Priests, and others capable of wielding magic. For mortals lacking a magical gift, Tzeentch promises lures of secret knowledge and ways to bring down rivals.

With the notable exception of Nurgle, Tzeentch sees the other Gods of Chaos as forces of change, and therefore, is content to let them exist relatively unmolested. His energy comes from the excitement and will to change, to forge one's destiny, change fortune, and gain power. This is quite the opposite of Nurgle, whose power comes from defiance of despair and hopelessness. In Tzeentch's eyes, Nurgle is a stagnant force at odds with the Lord of Change's goals. Hence Tzeentch's followers are often at odds with Nurgle's.

DISCIPLES OF TZEENTCH

Tzeentch is an enigma to most Old Worlders. What is known is that this God defines change, being a figure that represents the process of becoming. Venerated by Wizards, Witches, and no few occultists, Tzeentch's followers see him as a means to an end, the path to incredible power, if only one can pay the steep price.

No sane, civilised mortal would willingly worship this terrible god. Only the desperate or the utterly mad offer their souls to Tzeentch, and once they do so, they are irrevocably altered in mind and body, never to be the same again. The Great Schemer must ensnare his followers with spurious promises.

Tzeentch uses wisdom and magical lore to hook mankind. He mutters the illicit secrets of the universe in dreams, and those who listen will inevitably become his devotees. Driven mad by Tzeentch's whispers, his disciples pour their tainted thoughts onto parchment, and so the corruption spreads. The Imperial authorities violently suppress such infernally inspired knowledge. Despite the harsh penalties, the acquisition of such rare and desirable lore often proves too much of a temptation for unscrupulous scholars.

THE BATTLE OF THE MONOLITH

The Battle of the Monolith occurred when a tribe of Beastmen took the monolith of Hrothax the Iridescent for their herdstone, befouling the grave markers shimmering surface with their dung. Hrothax's followers marched upon the Beastman tribe, only to find countless braying Minotaurs and Beastmen barring their path. The Sorcerers that had followed Hrothax called down a great storm of light, and the Beastmen devolved, their forms twisting and flowing until, in place of savage and proud warriors, there stood lowly cattle and goats with drooling human heads. The devotees of Tzeentch slaughtered the hapless mutants and burnt them on a great pyre. This was the final chapter of Hrothax's legend, one last victory etched upon the surface of his monolith.

Among the northern tribes, shamans pray to him, asking for predominance over the warrior-chieftains and fortune in all their magical endeavours. Even those who favour Slaanesh or Nurgle sometimes offer supplication to the Great Sorcerer in return for magical boons. Many sorcerers of Tzeentch are also potent fighters, armed with destructive magic weapons and armour covered in arcane sigils. Ultimately, they will receive the gift of mutation far beyond others, or that when that time comes they will accept it with ecstatic abandon. Tzeentch's champions are utterly insane and blessed with magic powers and martial prowess beyond mortal reckoning.

In the Empire and the other kingdoms of Man, worshippers of Tzeentch gather in secret covens by which they use every means to increase their own personal standing and to expand the influence of their patron. The ones who are most vulnerable to the lure of the Great Mutator are wizards, scholars and other educated individuals who thirst for more knowledge and ultimately for power. These sects are normally led by a Magister, the most powerful sorcerer among the members, and divided into many different levels of affiliation. They are so secretive and complex that the only one who knows the identity of all the cultists is the Magister himself.

However, the tribes who worship Tzeentch as their sole patron are not numerous. Most marauders prefer the bloodiness of Khorne, the glittering prizes offered by Slaanesh, or Nurgle's gift of resilience.



Warriors of Tzeentch

A marauder of the Changer of Ways will have the symbol of Tzeentch displayed prominently on his flesh, perhaps upon his forehead, cheek or right hand. His body will ripple with mutations, and his eyes might glow menacingly with the power of his god. The tribesman might be tattooed from head to foot with arcane symbols, a painful rite of passage. Magical fetishes might hang from his belt, or are braided into his hair. Crude runes are scratched into the blade of his weapon.

Chaos Warriors of Tzeentch are highly individual and no two look the same. A Chaos Warrior's plate armour and shield might be engraved with intricately patterned sigils that radiate with raw power, or flow with blinking eyes or gibbering mouths, or perhaps it is inscribed with minute arcane text, making the wearer literally a walking grimoire.

The horns of his helmet might twist to form the symbol of his master, and a rainbow of light might shine from his visor. Mutations ravage his flesh, his Chaos armour melting and reforming around any extra appendage that sprouts from his body. Some Chaos Warriors of Tzeentch are accomplished spellcasters, making them deadly and unpredictable foes.



Champions of Tzeentch

Few of the followers of Tzeentch can reach the end of the long road that leads to the tide of Champion, but those few become the most otherworldly of all Champions of the Dark Gods. These spectacular knights are bizarre Champions of Chaos, even by the normal standards of Champions. Their armour is decorated in dazzling colours, inlaid with bands of gold and bluish-silver and constructed from strangely curving components. In some ways, these warriors resemble giant insects, crabs, or scorpions, emphasised by their elaborate headdresses and insect helmets. Though the Champions of Tzeentch are brightly adorned, with crests and elaborate capes and panoply, it is their individual uniqueness that identifies them as slaves of the Lord of Change. They are blessed with both exceptional warrior skills and the mighty magical powers of the Lord of Magic. This deadly combination makes them very dangerous foes -cunning leaders and awesome warriors who command their armies with unerring prescience. How is it possible to defeat an opponent who seems to know your every move in advance?

Chaos Sorcerers of Tzeentch

The Chaos Sorcerers of Tzeentch are among the most potent spellcasters in the Known World, for they have sold themselves to the Great Sorcerer in return for unlimited magical power.

Masters of the darkest magic, Chaos Sorcerers are rightly feared. To face one is battle is to know that your very soul is in jeopardy, but it is those that have dedicated themselves to Tzeentch that wield the greatest power. Champions as they are of the Master of Magic, the Sorcerers of Tzeentch have the deepest knowledge of the dark arts, and possess the necessary skills to perform the greatest acts of daemonic summoning.

Often found in an advisory position to powerful champions of the Gods seeking their gift of foresight, the scheming and manipulative nature of Sorcerers of Tzeentch will usually leave little doubt who wields the true power behind the scenes, though their supposed masters usually remain oblivious to that fact.

A Sorcerer of Tzeentch will traditionally be garbed in robes of deep blue, and will almost certainly bear signs of mutation, such as an avian head, tentacles, or hands and feet that end in razor-sharp talons. Some Sorcerers wear lavishly detailed belts and shoulder pads of jewel-studded gold, whilst others wear baroque suits of skull-emblazoned Chaos Armour and ornate helmets.

All will carry a magic staff that blazes with evil power, engraved with runes of hate and disharmony that are an anathema to the witch-sight of their rivals in magic. Particularly favoured Sorcerers may receive the gift of a daemonic Disc of Tzeentch to carry them into battle, offering them unrivalled speed and manoeuvrability – a superb platform from which to unleash their devastating spells.

The horde of gibbering Daemons closed in on the neatly arrayed Elven formations. In contrast to the ordered ranks of the High Elves, their mithril weapons glistening in the bright sunlight, the Daemons were a gamboling mass of colour. Arms and tentacles flayed as the Horrors scampered and leapt towards their enemy. A volley of whitefeathered arrows descended into the advancing horde. Repulsed, Feynuir watched with fascination as the wounded Horrors split apart, exploded into balls of flame, shattered into iridescent shards of energy, or sprouted new limbs to replace ones they had lost. Behind them, strange manta-like creatures with fangs, horns, and spurs glided through the skies. The monstrosities turned in a wide arc towards his regiment. Soaring down from above, they dived towards the tightly packed formation. The Elves bravely held their ground as the car-piercing shriek of the strange beasts grew louder. Long, whip-like tails and vicious barbs ripped bloodily into the Elves, and a number of Feynuir's kindred fell. He watched helpless as the Elf in front of him collapsed, blood spurting from an open gash on his neck. Another Elf fell shrieking and clutching the stump of his arm. Feynuir stepped forward to take his place.

The Horrors were almost upon the Elves, and Feynuir lowered his spear to prepare for the charge. The air before him shimmered and grew thick, and Feynuir could feel the very substance of reality change. More Elves fell, their bodies writhing and mutating in their death throes. Suddenly Feynuir spied a swift movement in the skies above him. Mounted on a huge spiked disc that left a fiery wake as it passed, a mighty warrior descended. The last sensation that Feynuir experienced was the dreaded Champion of Tzeentch thrusting his flaming halberd through the Elf's fine mithril plates, crushing his fragile bones.

Even among the skilled and devoted Sorcerers of Tzeentch, some ascend to a level of arcane power that rivals the mightiest wizards the Colleges of Magic have at their disposal. These individuals are called Sorcerer Lords, and the magic they wield is truly frightening. A Sorcerer Lord is a formidable opponent – cunning, devious, and cruel. He may lead an entire warband of fellow disciples or daemons of Tzeentch, manipulating the talents of his followers as easily as he manipulates the Winds of Magic in service of the Great Conspirator.

Armies of Tzeentch

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

What Tzeentch's warbands lack in numbers, they make up for with cunning. Warriors of Tzeentch are masters of espionage, subterfuge, and sudden ambush, using guile rather than brawn to disrupt and then destroy their enemies. The tribes of Tzeentch also go into battle carrying totem banners bound with powerful magic.



"We are the prophets, we are the servants, we are the warriors of Tchar, and we will destroy you." — Deitzaad, Kurgan Shaman

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

SYMBOLS

The symbol of Tzeentch is a sphere, bracketed by a strange, twisting sigil, though his followers sometimes use the all-seeing eye, a symbol appropriate for the Architect of Fate. Wizards recognise it for its magical might and fear it for its dark power. Those that view the symbol too long swear it writhes and pulses before their very eyes – and to do so for too long invites madness.

Tzeentch's colours are bright and brash, with special emphasis on vibrant yellows, shimmering blues, and gold. His followers don intricate and baroque clothing and armour, covered in both his symbol and other arcane runes. Unlike most of the other beings of Chaos, followers of Tzeentch are often amazingly clean and often shimmer with an unholy light as unwanted sunlight glints off of polished metal and the bright colours of their clothing and armour.

Birds of all sorts, especially vultures and condors, are sacred to Tzeentch. Some of his favoured mutations to bestow on followers are to transform their head into that of a twisted eagle, grant them multi-coloured wings, or alter their hands and feet into gnarled talons.

TEMPERAMENT

Tzeentch is universally regarded as the Dread God of Magic. He is associated with all magicians, and also those who seek personal power for their own ends. Tzeentch does not care who calls his name, as long as they are willing to make a Faustian pact, where magical power and insight is granted in exchange for the will and soul of the bargainer.

The servants and worshippers of Tzeentch are amongst the most deceptive and treacherous enemies of mankind, corrupting from within with murder and lies, or working from the shadows, manipulating others to do their bidding. Rare indeed are the times that the minions of change resort to open conflict to achieve their goals, though in such circumstances, one can expect to see the full power of Dark Magic unleashed with deadly skill, as Tzeentch's followers are often blessed with a fearsome magical ability as a boon from the God of Magic.

The champion of revolutionaries, Tzeentch is secretly worshipped throughout the Old World. He is the patron of many Sorcerers, for he shows favour to those who use cunning and intelligence to manipulate and control the world. Tzeentch gifts those who honour him with superior magical powers that they craftily use to bend reality to their will. The slighted, the desperate and the sly pray to him, asking for predominance over their rivals and the favour of fate itself. Ultimately it is they who will receive the gift of mutation far beyond others, for Tzeentch is synonymous with change, and true disciples of the Great Schemer accept the changes wrought upon their frames with ecstatic abandon.



STRICTURES

Mutable and unpredictable in the extreme, Tzeentch's tenants are difficult to fathom. Despite this, there are some things that Tzeentch continually demands from his followers:

- Change is the only constant in the world. To resist it is to incur the wrath of Tzeentch.
- Magic is the greatest force of change, and a person should study its techniques whenever possible.
- To bring Chaos to a land and its people is to invoke Change. Topple the foundations of law and order whenever and wherever possible.
- Reject old ways and embrace the new at all times.





NURGLE, THE LORD OF DECAY

The Lord of Pestilence, the Father of Plagues, the Great Corruptor, the Fly Lord

Nurgle is the Great Lord of Decay, who presides over physical corruption and morbidity. He is the Father of Plagues, and disease and putrefactions are attracted to him like flies to a rotted corpse. It is the lives of lepers and the sorrows of the sick that fascinate him most. For his amusement, he devises foul contagions that he inflicts upon the mortal world. Nurgle's gaze is thus drawn to those mortals bloated with sickness, and he generously favours those who spread disease in his name. Many of the most horrible diseases are the creations of Nurgle, including the nauseating Red Pox and the most disgusting of all: Nurgle's Rot.

As the Lord of Pestilence, he is the inventor of torments, the father of plagues, and the giver of corruption. He delights in spreading his loving touch of pestilence to mortals, spawning new plagues to give as gifts to the living. Despite his sickly countenance, Nurgle is strangely robust and full of unholy life. His followers seem to grow in strength, even though their bodies are wracked with sores, flesh-eating viruses, and filled with phlegm and blackened blood. He's noted for his twisted sense of humour, and shows an unhealthy love and appreciation for his followers.

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

Known also as Nurglitch, Nurgal, Onogal, Neiglen and many other titles, Nurgle is an ancient and well-

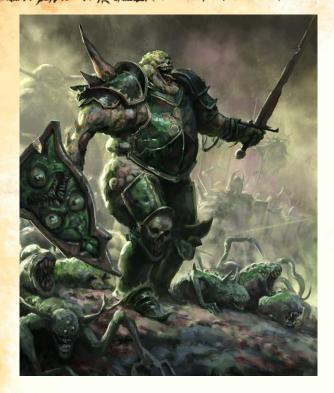
established god. He has claim to the title Lord of All Things, for no matter how solid and permanent something seems, it is always liable to physical corruption and the touch of decay. Indeed, the very processes of construction and creation foreshadow destruction and decay. The palace of today is tomorrow's ruin, the maiden of the morning is the crone of the night, and the hope of a moment is but the foundation stone of everlasting regret.

What is the response of living men to the undeniable and inevitable futility of life? Is it to lie down and accept death and the coming to naught of their every endeavour? No it is not! Faced with the inevitability of death what answer can there be but to run through life at a great and unstoppable pace, cramming each day with hope, laughter, noise and bustle. Thus, happiness and human endeavour are sired by a coming to terms with decay and futility. This realisation is the key to understanding the Great Lord of Decay and his worshippers.

Once we comprehend what it is that the Chaos Power Nurgle embodies, it becomes easier to understand what might otherwise seem a contradictory or even perverse nature. On the one hand he is the Lord of Decay, whose body is wracked with disease; on the other he is full of unexpected energy and a desire to organise and enlighten.

The living know that they will die, and many know that they will live with disease or other torment, yet they drive this knowledge into a corner of their minds and keep it pinioned there with all manner of dreams and activity. Nurgle is the embodiment of that knowledge and of the unconscious response to it, of the hidden fear of disease and decay, and of the power of life which that fear generates.





A darker counterpart to primitive deities of fertility and nature, Nurgle is portrayed as a kindly, almost jovial god, known as Father or Grandfather Nurgle to his blighted acolytes. He is not a god of destruction – Nurgle cherishes all life. The spluttering of the newborn babe is as dear to him as the slithering of the maggot hatched in its gut. It is simply unfortunate that the most prevalent forms of life – the unseen worms, viruses, and bacteria – are so inimical to all the others.

While non-believers may moan in anguish when crippling plague sweeps the lands, and villages and towns tumble into ruins, those dedicated to Nurgle laugh and dance to see the great works of their master unfold. His followers, inured to pain by the diseases that ravage their swollen frames, rejoice to see the great works of their master unfold. They have accepted the futility of defying Nurgle and the inescapable dilapidation that he brings, embracing the fruitful delights of decay and disease, the pleasures of entropy and ruin. For what use is it to rail against the onset of entropy, as implacable as the passage of time itself?

His earthy joviality sits at odds with his gruesome appearance, for he appears as a massively bloated, obese juggernaut of flesh. His skin is greenish, leathery and necrotic, its surface pock-marked with running sores, swelling boils and numerous signs of infestation. The god's gigantic body is rank with corruption and exudes a sickly, diseased stench. He is surrounded by a dark cloud of tiny daemonic insects, each of which carries the symbol of the Plaguelord upon the back of its carapace. Nurgle's bloated face leers and is often pulled back in an ironic smile, with an immensely long tongue ending in a smaller, twisted face. Two grand horns, yellowed, chipped, and encrusted in blood and vile substances sprout from his head, while at flies hum around it. His inner organs, rank with excremental decay, bulge and spill through the ruptured skin to hang like bunches of grapes around his girth. From his

exposed guts spill the Nurglings, the spiteful mites of Nurgle, giggling and cackling as they play amidst the filth, chewing and sucking upon the nauseous juices within. This is the appearance of the Chaos god Nurgle, though mere words can barely do justice to his truly impressive foulness.

Nurgle adores his own visage, and his Daemons often appear as smaller versions of him. Sitting on his throne, he pets and preens his minions, offering cooing words of adoration, but simultaneously crushing untold numbers beneath his bulk or with a casual swat of his oozing hand. His realm is vile beyond compare; imagine all the cesspools and charnel pits of the world combined into one seething mass. Those that view his hideous palace never again feel that they can be clean and see the world for the pit of filth that it really is.

Mythology represents the Lord of Decay dwelling within a dilapidated fortress-mansion located in the Realm of Chaos, the infernal abode of the Ruinous Powers that exists beyond mortal concepts of time and physical matter. Within the crumbling walls of his workshop, beneath a mildewed ceiling sagging with damp, Nurgle toils before a steaming cauldron.

He beams with excitement as he mixes strains of pox and fever to create a poisonous stew of pestilence, for although every known disease infects his monstrous body, he is obsessed with creating new ailments. When he is satisfied by his efforts, he pours the concoction into the grate below, and chortles with happiness as he watches the nauseating plagues rain down upon the world.

He is most generous in bequeathing his diseases to mortals, all of whom he regards with great affection, and he ensures that rich and poor alike share the rotten fruits of his labour. He is never mean or thrifty when bestowing his latest concoctions upon the mortal realms, for within his putrescent cauldron Nurgle has gifts enough for all. The Plaguelord is said to delight in every new pox, every unique rash and blister, and of all the gods he takes the most interest in the plight of his mortal followers. Nurgle's influence is everywhere, from the rotting of flesh to the next new plague that wipes out a city. His followers, the Plague Knights, are among the most loathsome of Chaos' servants.

Although Nurgle is ranked behind Khorne and Tzeentch the truth is that his power is not necessarily weaker, just less stable than that of the other gods. His passion is to unleash ghastly pestilences upon the world, and at such times his power rises to a peak. Like a plague his power grows and may reach epidemic levels, temporarily overshadowing that of all the other gods put together, before waning again.

Nurgle strives to spread his presence throughout the world via plague and filth, and he desires nothing more than to see the Old World turned into a stinking pit of death, decay, and plague. Nurgle sees beauty in all things foul, revelling in the glistening sheen of a throbbing pustule and exulting in the waxy pallor of a mortal succumbing to one of his many contagions.

Nurgle sees it as his duty to awaken the secret beauty in all things, unlocking the hidden wonders of decay. To the Fly Lord, beauty is something that can be enhanced by his caress, and so he seeks to beautify the world with his blessed touch.

Nurgle is the eternal enemy of the Chaos Power Tzeentch, the Lord of Change. Nurgle and Tzeentch draw their energy from opposing beliefs. While the energy of Tzeentch comes from hope and changing fortune, that of Nurgle comes from defiance born of despair and hopelessness. The two Great Powers never lose an opportunity to pit their forces against each other, from mighty battles on the Chaos Wastes, to complex political intrigues among mortal men.

DREAD HOSTS OF NURGLE

The one thing that binds all mortals, from the crude tribesmen of the Northern Wastes to the refined aristocrats of Altdorf's Imperial court, is that every one of them is subject to illness, gradual atrophy, and eventual death. They are bound to a world where nothing is permanent. Most civilised folk hide from this fact by finding solace among immortal deities in stone temples that emphasise the illusion of eternal permanence. However, there are some who fully embrace their mortal condition and offer their souls to the Chaos god who embodies this mouldering state. Nurgle's worshippers can be said to be the most joyous of mortals, but it is the insane glee of those who have resigned themselves to damnation.

Invaders can be fought off, but disease is a terrible menace, and almost impossible to avoid in the filth of the Old World. Imperials citizens see Nurgle as a dire

and insidious threat, representing the most decrepit elements of existence. His followers are reserved to the desperate, the lepers, and the diseased. And such traitors to the Empire face swift deaths at the hands of lynch mobs should their allegiance be revealed.

Many tribes of the Northern Wastes leave their sick in the wilderness to die from the biting cold or to be eaten by voracious monsters. However, the followers of Nurgle consider those stricken by disease to be extremely blessed. All Chaos tribesmen offer sacrifices to the Lord of Decay as a precaution against illness, but some completely entrust their souls to his care. When epidemics ravage the tribes of the Norse, Kurgan, and Hung, some chieftains and shamans decree that their only chance of survival is to devote themselves to the Plague Lord. In return for their lives, they champion Nurgle with sword and flame against rival tribes and the hated realms of the south.

Nurgle's mortal worshippers display their diseased afflictions with pride, and are eager to share their sickening gifts with those untainted by Nurgle's love. They delight in all things scabbed and ulcerous, and resolve to spread the putrid concoctions of their lord throughout the world. Of all Nurgle's servants, adventurers are most likely to encounter cultists devoted to the Plague Lord. They infest every strata of society throughout the Old World. Cults of Nurgle are the most numerous of all the heresies that afflict the Empire, and in almost every town and city, covens secretly meet in sewers or other dark, filthy places to plot how to infect the populace with disease. The most powerful cults have learned from blasphemous grimoires how to open a gateway to the Realm of



Chaos, through which can slip dreaded daemons of Nurgle. A plaguebearer can decimate an entire town with deadly pox, but should a cult summon a greater daemon, plague and ruin are a certainty. Sometimes daemons of Nurgle spontaneously materialise in places ravaged by plague – drawn by the cries of the damned and stink of decay.

In contrast, Nurgle's champions and sorcerers are most often encountered at the borders of civilisation, perhaps leading a raiding party of Chaos warriors and marauders from the Northern Wastes to ravage Kislev and the Empire. Many such raiders are on a dark crusade to contaminate the civilised lands with pestilence.

Followers of Nurgle do not always put entire settlements to the sword. Disease does not spread amongst the dead, so after seizing prisoners for sacrifice, warbands of Nurgle are likely to allow the victims of their depredations to live, ensuring that they become infected with wracking fevers and poxes which they will spread as they flee the destruction. Such desperate survivors, tortured by their diseases, may eventually turn to the worship of Nurgle, embracing the plague in return for a release from suffering.

Warriors of Nurgle

Some Chaos marauders give themselves completely to the Lord of Decay. They may have pallid, pockmarked skin clinging to their deformed bones, or flabby, bulging flesh swollen by rampant tumours. The sweet stink of decay clings to their polluted bodies.

Marauders of the Plague Lord often slice the three-circled symbol of Nurgle into their skin, leaving permanently red-raw scars.



An unbearable stench heralds the approach of these mighty warriors of the Plague Lord. They are clad in rust-tarnished armour, adorned with the heads of defeated foes, and their helmets often bear great, withered horns, emulating those of the Plague Lord. Some possess vile mutations – perhaps a slimy tentacle, or flesh like translucent jelly that reveals their decaying inner organs. Sometimes the corpulent meat of their bodies spills from the ruins of their armour. They are deadly fighters, impervious to pain, who fight on in despite the most horrendous wounds.

Champions of Nurgle

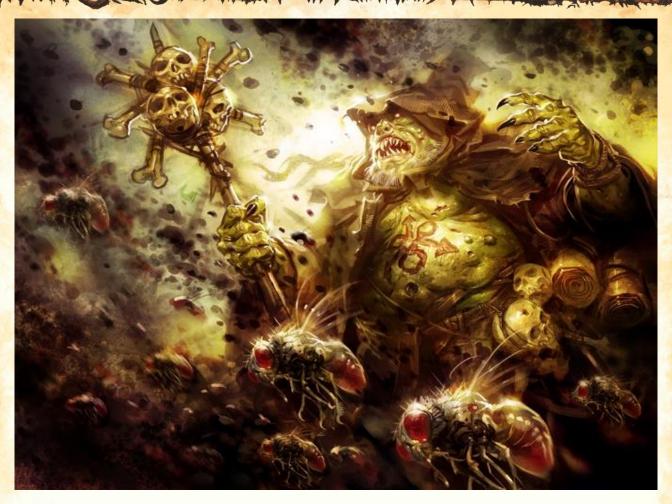
Nurgle's Champions include some of the most foul and disgusting of Chaos' servants. Those dedicated to Nurgle wear corroded Chaos armour and shields inscribed with runes to ward away harm. Some march to war un-helmeted to show off Nurgle's gifts. The most favoured possess mutated heads and limbs, perhaps those of a giant fly or a horned plaguebearer. Their weapons sweat necrosis. Although ravaged by disease, they are themselves protected from such plagues, for they become immune to pain and discomfort. Their bodies are riddled with vermin and disease, their skin a sallow hue and always surrounded by a great stink of their rotting that attracts only the swarms of flies indicative of Nurgle's foul will. These men and women often wear heavy suits of armour to aid in retaining their forms. The disease that infects them soon works on their bones, converting them into bags of slippery flesh. Such foulness leaks out from the joints of their armour, spilling onto the ground behind them, leaving trails akin to that left in the wake of a

THE DOOM OF ELDER WOOD

When the warhosts of Khul the Groteque marched upon the legendary elder wood of Ithilis, the carnage they wrought was great indeed. Through the Elven defenders of that realm took a heavy toll, there still remained bloated Chaos Warriors impervious to their arrows. Worse still, the outermost trees of the wood had begun to sicken and die, crumbling to mulch in a matter of days.

As the W ood Elves retreated to the verdant heart of the ancient wood, the enraged forest spirits of Ithilis took the fight to the Chaos Warriors choking the life from their realm. The forest spirits pushed back the invaders to the edge of the wood, but could pursue them no further. Khul did not give up however. The dread poxes and plagues that he carried with him in seven wax-sealed jars were released into the forest upon fly-choked winds, and within a single day every sentient creature that made its home in the elder wood had been brought to its knees by the hideous illness. The defenders were faced with a simple choice: fight or die. A great battle took place upon the outskirts of the elder wood, but as the forest itself began to crumble, the dread warriors of Nurgle cut down its plague-stricken defenders. Since that day the children of Nurgle have been hated above all by those that dwell in the forests of the Old World.

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

Every Champion aspires to command an army of Chaos, and they duel heroes of rival tribes to this end. The victor takes his opponent's followers as his own. The severed heads of slain foes hang from their belts, the flesh peeling from the skulls. Champions of Nurgle are particularly keen to best Tzeentch's champions, who are contemptuous of Nurgle's love of atrophy. When a powerful Champion manages to unite an army of tribes under his banner, he marches to destroy the civilised realms – an apostle of plague leading his warbands south to spread decay. Nurgle may grant an all-conquering warlord daemonhood, the dream of every Champion.

Chaos Sorcerers of Nurgle

The shamans and seers of the Plague Lord's tribes infect those destined for sacrifice with disease before slitting open their bellies and delving into the stillwarm morass of contaminated entrails in search of omens of doom or favour from their god. The Chaos sorcerers of Nurgle are also masters of foul magic. Sorcerers devoted to Nurgle can inflict suffering and affliction at a whim. Clad in decaying Chaos armour

and rotten robes, their body host to a hundred ailments, their incantations can cause flesh to blister and skin to slough from muscle. They can enchant worms to infest a victim's organs, consuming him slowly from within, and can rain down boiling bile from the sky. They also have the power to regenerate injured flesh, scabbing over wounds in mockery of Shallya's blessings.

Armies of Nurgle

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

"Step closer, and taste my blade... just a little touch, not enough to slay you outright, just sufficient that you carry my plagues back to your homes, your families, your tribes..."

– Belmoth Dha Ulgu' y, Knight of Neiglen, also known as Belmoth Black sword

SYMBOLS

Nurgle's primary symbol is three spheres stacked in a triangle shape, which scholars ascribe as being akin to pustules, buboes, or other symptoms of disease. The chosen of Nurgle often find this symbol growing on their festering skin. Other symbols include flies, tentacles, open maws, and disgusting chalices. His sacred colours are sickly greens, yellows, and browns. Followers don filthy, vomit-encrusted rags and tattered clothing in his colours, adorned with rotting limbs and bits of diseased flesh and skulls. They often carry soiled banners before them as they wander the Old World, looking to spread his blessings.

Nurgle's sacred animals are the fly, the maggot, and the carrion crow, though all creatures that feast on the decayed dead or spread virulent plague are favoured in his eyes. Animals that are on their last legs due to plague are often sacrificed to Nurgle and left to rot in the wells or food stores of the healthy.

TEMPERAMENT

Nurgle is viewed as a "loving" God by his worshippers, and he takes great interest in their activities and plots. Particularly favoured followers receive the worst of his diseases and plagues and often become twisted monstrosities from terrible mutations. Nurgle spreads disease through subterfuge, whispering to his followers to mingle with the masses whenever possible. He is not averse to warfare and sees it as an excellent vehicle for allowing new plagues to fester in the wake of terrible wounds, ruined crops, and tainted water. It is said he whispers in the ears of the wounded on the battlefield, offering them an eternal, if rotted, life if they give in to his call.

Worshippers of Nurgle include the diseased, nihilists, and the insane. His followers commonly come from the lowest classes, who live in filth and despair already.

Nurgle embraces the downtrodden, the forgotten, and those with nothing else to live for, thinking to uplift them by bestowing the many blessings he has to offer. Humans are by far the most common worshippers of Nurgle, though Skaven, beings of filth and decay themselves, see him as a kindred spirit – and some Skaven worship him exclusively, rejecting even their own Horned Rat God. He grants a strange comfort to his followers, who find a twisted camaraderie in their fellow lepers and plague victims. Nurgle sees the clean as a fresh canvas just waiting to be painted.

Nurgle takes great pride in blessing healers and physicians, helping them to understand the true beauty of plague. He loves beauty and beautiful things, being attracted to such things first. He never wants to destroy, but rather to improve, to instruct, and to reveal the hidden wonders of disease. Of course, his nature tends to rot and decay those objects he fancies, but such effects are acceptable since Nurgle sees glistening decay as an enhancement to its natural beauty.

STRICTURES

Followers of Nurgle have few real strictures, other than to spread disease and despair throughout the world. His teachings are as follows:

- Seek out new corruptions as they are blessings and signs of Father Nurgle's blessings.
- Instruct the world in the bounty of Nurgle's love. Be not stingy with his gifts and share them wherever you can.
- Search for beauty in all things, and when found, celebrate it.
- And when beauty is found, perfect it by sharing the blessings of Nurgle.
- Pity those who follow the Lord of Change, for they know not the true meaning of exquisiteness. Never fail to bestow onto them the greatest of gifts, sharing with them the essence of your afflictions.

Flies buzzed around the ears and eyes of the Empire swordsmen, and a sickly yellow fog rolled over them, filling their lungs. A towering figure stalked from the haze, his heavy armor pitted and seeping foul fluids, with a horde of decaying warriors marching at his side. Milky and stigmatized eyes, sunk deep within his dead, grey face, stared out at the men of the Empire. Stepping towards the soldiers he swung his immense flail. Three cruelly spiked balls of corroded metal smashed a shield aside and crushed the face of the closest soldier, felling him instantly. As his comrades watched in horror, his flesh bloated and turned black in patches. Large boils appeared on his skin before bursting, spurting nauseating secretions. Other decaying warriors slaughtered their way through the front ranks of the swordsmen, hacking men down with chipped and rusted weapons. The dead eyes of the powerful champion of Nurgle watched as the enemy broke ranks and fled, some of them falling to their knees as waves of sickness and disease washed over them. As they fell back in fear, the rotting warrior began to chuckle, liquid and phlegm rasping deeply in his throat.



SLAANESH, THE DARK PRINCE

The Pleasure Lord, the Master, the Despoiler, the Serpent, the Prince of Pleasure and Pain

Slaanesh, the Dark Prince of Chaos, is the youngest of the four greater Chaos gods. Known under a multitude of names, including Shornaal and Lanshor, the Lord of Pleasure is the patron of excess in all things beautiful and seductive. Master of luxury and creative power, his realms of influence include music and art, but also sadism, perversion and cruelty. For this reason, many flock to his service. He is dedicated to the pursuit of hedonistic pleasures and the overthrow of all codes of decent behaviour. He is the embodiment of indulgence and greedy desire in all its forms, and can be found wherever discipline bows to temptation and virtue falls to vice, his name whispered in a thousand hidden cults and covens across the world.

Inspiration and desire, Slaanesh is the great muse, the fulfiller of dreams. He is passion given form. His is pleasure incarnate, from the intellectual satisfaction of a problem solved to the fulfilment of baser desires. His is the domain of frustration and agony, the struggle to achieve that which mortals covet. He is titillation. He is suffering. He is the sum of all mortal experience.

Slaanesh is the patron of the obsessive, and his attention is drawn to mortals possessed of physical beauty and charm and those who inflict pain to satisfy their own desires. All sensual pleasures of art, music and companionship, but also sadism, perversion and cruelty, fascinate Slaanesh. He is master of luxurious passions and sensual indulgence, but also of cruel

passions and hidden vices, and of the terrible temptations that only a god can offer. Of all the Chaos Gods it is Slaanesh who enjoys the worship of the Elven cults, for the heightened sensibilities and passions of the Elven race make them easy prey to Slaanesh's seductive wiles.

When positioning Slaanesh in the pantheon of Chaos Gods, many dwell on his role as the seducer and the fulfiller of sexual gratification. But Slaanesh is far more than a font of base pleasures. If he were, then he would not enjoy the pernicious success of corrupting Old Worlders as he has. Instead, Slaanesh stimulates the imagination. He embodies experience. He is the patron of artists and poets. He engenders the pleasure derived from the aesthetic, and serves as a great inspiration for all who would create and take pleasure from their creations. Slaanesh worms his way into mortal imagining by granting success at one's labours, artificially providing the fuel that drives the artist to put brush to canvas, pen to parchment.

Of course, such sensibilities also extend to the physical. The experiences of the mind and the satiation of mental desires inspire deeper and darker urgings. Slaanesh erects new cravings by numbing the senses, requiring his thralls to seek out new and stranger experiences to achieve the same thrill as that first experienced. When the pleasures of the artistic endeavour begin to pale, his subjects turn to the



physical to receive the same excitement, the same sensations as before. In a sense, the path of the Despoiler is a slippery slope. The more one probes the glistening pleasures found in this God, the greater the need to receive the new heights of passion.

Those who serve the Serpent for long abandon the sense of restriction imposed by social norms. What was once pleasurable becomes mundane, and his followers must look to stranger and more depraved acts to fulfil their cravings. Soon, even the most carnal of experiences lose their sheen, and so his followers look to the sensations of sweet agony to make them feel anything at all. Decadence blooms into perversion, perversion becomes abomination, until all that's left is the all-consuming and throbbing urge to feel anything... anything at all.

Alone of all the Dark Gods he is divinely beautiful, and can bind a mortal to eternal service. Slaanesh is seductive as only an immortal can he, disarming in his innocence, utterly beguiling in his manner. He possesses an unholy beauty, stunning and glorious on one hand, and utterly disturbing and unnatural on the other. In bodily form Slaanesh is perfection: longlimbed and elegant, with a haunting androgynous beauty that defies the natural order of the world. Intoxicatingly alluring, Slaanesh exudes a palpable and irresistible charm that causes all who see him to fall utterly in his thrall and leave a mortal smitten for eternity. It is said that it is impossible for a mortal to look upon that divine face without losing his soul, for all who see Slaanesh become slaves to his slightest whim. He appears most frequently as a slender and radiant colossus, male on one side and female on the other, with a subtly disturbing voice that can bind a man as a spider binds a fly. He teases the souls of his enemies from their bodies, laughing mockingly as they gaze with hapless longing into his lustrous black eyes. Some say that Slaanesh can assume male, female or hermaphrodite form at will, but to his followers he manifests himself as a young man, clean limbed and fresh with the vigour of youth. His hair flows like pure, rippling gold, pierced by two pairs of blackened horns that rise out from his forehead. He dresses in a shimmering shirt of mail, fringed with velvets and jewels of untold decadence and beauty. In his right hand, Slaanesh bears a magical jade sceptre, which he claims is his most prized treasure.

He reigns in a vast and luxuriously appointed palace in the void, where favoured followers and Daemons alike litter the floors cavorting in orgies and feasts of vile, yet exquisite-tasting, food and indulging themselves in all forms of perverse pleasures of the flesh. Slaanesh's minions are always erotic and strangely alluring, yet blended with disgusting mutation or disfigurement.

Though Slaanesh is the least of the Dark Gods of Chaos, he is an important player in the divine game. His support is an essential part of any alliance between the Chaos Gods. The favour of Slaanesh can easily swing the balance of power between the gods, giving Slaanesh influence disproportionate to his power.



None-the-less, the power of Slaanesh is growing all the time. Soon the Prince of Chaos will come to rival the other gods and maybe, who knows, he may rise over them.

Slaanesh has a neutral attitude to many of the gods of Chaos, and is generally too caught up in his own pleasures to be interested in alliances and co-operation. Particular enemies are the followers of Khorne, whose belief in pain and death is completely opposed to Slaanesh's principle of a life of unrestricted pleasure. Followers of Nurgle and Tzeentch, the other two Powers of Chaos, are subject to Slaanesh's usual neutral attitude.

DEVOTEES OF SLAANESH

Slaanesh in his many guises is honoured all through the Northlands. To those who see Slaanesh only as the god of pleasure, it may seem odd that he is so venerated by the proud warriors of the north. Legions of Norse marauders and Kurgan are devotees of Slaanesh for the many boons that he can offer. The tribesmen of the north seek the favour of Slaanesh not purely for pleasure but also for personal gain, for the Dark Prince of Chaos has it within his power to instil his followers with a portion of his radiant glory, ensuring that mere mortals will fall at their feet in devotion. The most prestigious of these warriors are attractive, charismatic leaders that inspire great devotion in their followers. The truly devoted of Slaanesh command legions of acolytes willing to fight and die for them and maintain a host of the most beautiful and adoring womenfolk to bear their seed continue their line.

Of the many servants of the Ruinous Powers in the Old World, the human followers of Slaanesh are perhaps

the most numerous, and with good reason. Slaanesh is a great tempter of men, seizing upon every moral weakness and offering a life of pleasure and excess. Followers of Slaanesh succumb to their darkest needs, leading lives of extreme pleasure and pain while enticing others to join their cause.

Slaanesh's allure is highly addictive, and those who follow him are quickly overcome by the lure of pride, arrogance and excess. No-one is safe from the Dark Prince, for he is not some raw elemental force that can be avoided or met with blade and shield, but the embodiment of the hidden lusts and desires that nestle in every being's soul. Slaanesh hungrily preys upon these mortal weaknesses, watching greedily as his playthings fall from grace.

The worship of Slaanesh takes the form of great orgies involving every vice and perversity, and the highest members of his cults have altars and shrines concealed in their homes, which can be taken apart and hidden when not in use. The principle of indulging every whim and vice makes Slaanesh the most popular of the Chaos gods among the population of the Old World. It is not uncommon for his worshippers to spend the holidays of other deities in any orgy of worship for the Lord of Pleasure.

The worship of Slaanesh is not popular among the nonhuman races, although it is not unknown for some Elves to follow this Chaos god. Unlike many of the other Chaos gods, the various cults of Slaanesh maintain friendly relations with each other, and a worshipper of Slaanesh may always be sure of a friendly reception from other followers in a new town.

All are welcome in the cults of Slaanesh. The only requirements are an unswerving dedication to the pursuit of pleasure and a willingness to explore every possible vice and perversion to this end. This must be done regardless of any conventional codes of decent behaviour or any law. It is only possible to incur the displeasure of this god by showing some remaining trace of moral scruples.



In ages past, a faction of the Elves of Ulthuan fell into perverted worship of the Lord of Pleasure, and this is what is rumoured to have brought about the great division of that noble race. In hidden covens within the hearts of the greatest of cities and throughout the decadent upper classes of society, secretive cults thrive. How many have inadvertently slipped into his tender embrace as they succumb to the sins of self-indulgence? How many leaders of men have turned to the Dark Prince of Chaos to secure their position, or to gain the support and respect of their fellows? Slaanesh hungrily preys upon these mortal weaknesses, and delights in the devotion that is heaped upon him.

As with each of the Chaos Gods, there are entire tribes dedicated to the Dark Prince in the far north. These peoples exist in a harsh land of constant war, where men must be strong and guileful to survive, and as such one might imagine that the hedonism often associated with Slaanesh would be out of place. What soft pleasures might be found amidst a land of howling gales and hard ground? In truth, the pleasures sought and found by those who serve the Dark Prince are those of war, in all its forms. In a land where no law applies other than the will of the strong, the servants of Slaanesh openly venerate their fell god, practising every extreme of emotion and experience possible. If there are no laws, there are no crimes, and the power of Slaanesh waxes ever stronger.

Slaanesh is worshipped throughout the north and the Chaos Wastes in all manner of aspects and known by a staggering range of names. The Tribe of the Serpent, for example, calls him Loeth, and holds that he lives in the seas about Norsca. Hundreds of tribes revel in

THE DARK FEAST

In the peasant communities of Nordland there persist tales of the Dark Feast, the culmination of Gunthold the Bolds successful military campaign against a chaos-worshipping tribe in the spring of 1666. A secret coven of Slaanesh worshippers had blossomed within Gunthold's fortress, and they ensured that his victory feast was as lavish as it was premature. The endless supply of exotic sweetmeats and potent liquor, combined with wild music and displays of abandon from the dancing girls, had a narcotic effect upon Gunthold's men. As the air filled with the heady musk of indulgence, the captains joined the revelry in every way that they could. Before long all the celebrants writhed upon the feast hall floor in the manner of beasts outside. At a sign from one of the Chaos worshippers, the Chaos Warriors that had approached the fortress broke through the leaderless armies that sought to stop them with contemptuous ease. Their target was the feast hall. When the chosen of Slaanesh broke open the doors and fell upon the revellers, the ensuing orgy of bloodletting was truly epic. A second feast took place that night, a ghastly tableaux so vile that it will love on for eternity as a cautionary tale against underestimating the power of Slaanesh.

every extreme of war and death, arts that they practice daily in wars against one another and the nations of the south. The tribes dedicated to Slaanesh are among the cruellest mortals of the wastes for they seek not simply to slay their foes, but to inflict symphonies of misery upon them. They prefer to debilitate and capture rather than slay, so that they might bind the defeated and haul them back to their settlements. They are masters of torture, which they regard as the ultimate worship of their fell lord. Before each battle, the marauders of Slaanesh imbibe all manner of narcotic substances, often of magical aspect, and under their heady influence make war as the supreme celebration of the Dark Prince's blessing.

Warriors of Slaanesh

Marauders of Slaanesh are vain creatures that take as much pride in their physical appearance as in their abilities. Those who choose war as their obsession endeavour to exceed perfection by honing their bodies until they are as deadly as any blade. Some are mountains of rippling muscle, while others are creatures of whipcord sinew. As many are hulking brutes as are lithe and agile sylphs, yet their standards of outward perfection are entirely at odds with those of the people of the south. To mortal eyes, marauders of Slaanesh are disturbingly alluring, bearing proudly the symbols of their blasphemy. Swirling tattoos trace the contours of flesh, while the runes of the Dark Prince are brazenly born on armour and shield. Perhaps worst of all are the scented oils many apply to their skin before battle, cloying musk that dulls the senses of the marauders' opponents, making it all the more joyous to cut them down.

Heinrich felt his breath catch in his throat as the Daemonette gracefully sauntered from the coiling mists, its feline eyes locked on his. His heart was pounding, and his skin was slick with sweat. Yet he was unable to break eye contact with the fell being, as its purple lips pulled back into a horrifically alluring smile, its tongue playing over sharp teeth. Gripping the haft of his halberd tightly, he mouthed a silent prayer to Sigmar for protection, even as he felt himself yearning for the touch of this foul being. He knew that at that moment he should be raising the alarm, warning his comrades of attack, yet he could not utter a sound. Then the Daemonette was standing before him, and Heinrich's mind went blank, his prayers and thoughts of warning forgotten. With a delicate flick of its wrist, the Daemonette slashed a deep gash across his throat, and dark blood fountained from the fatal wound, spurting over the creature's pale inhuman body. As Heinrich fell to the ground in rapture, his eyes still lingered on the delicate form of his killer. Behind it, a tall figure stepped into view from the mist, a powerful and graceful warrior bedecked in gleaming black armour. His skin was icy pale, and he lovingly caressed the Daemonette's cheek with the back of his hand. Raising his voice to the heavens, he cried out in a tone full of music and resonance. "Let the glorious slaughter begin!"

Chaos warriors dedicated to the Dark Prince of Chaos are regarded by the people of the north as walking avatars of their god. Their bodies are clad in Chaos armour gifted to them by their fell patron and fused to their flesh in a hideous, symbiotic union. Many leave portions of pale flesh bare, as if to titillate their opponents with the illusion of weakness, inviting him to attempt to strike at that imagined weak spot. Chaos warriors of Slaanesh truly walk the path of damnation and excess and the strongest are fated to become mighty champions. Consumed by their own dark passions, they appear distant and something other than human. Their followers bathe in this otherworldly glory, driven by the need for the master's approval to commit still further atrocity. Enemies are frequently struck dumb by the sight of Slaneesh's champions, unable to raise a shield to ward the blow that brings their own doom.

Champions of Slaanesh

Champions of Slaanesh are majestic, charismatic leaders who are adored by their followers and attract ever more armies to their side, spurring them on to achieve great victories in the name of Slaanesh. The perfection of their strikes, each one a killing blow, draws followers to them who wish to learn from their impeccable skill. The history of the deeds of Slaanesh's champions makes for grim reading: entire towns and cities slaughtered to the man and massive armies slain, each corpse's face contorted in perfect agony at its final moment of suffering. These fell achievements are spread out over the course of decades, or even centuries. Champions of Slaanesh are dangerous and wily opponents indeed.



Champions of Slaanesh are great warriors, trained to strike with the utmost precision in order to inflict wounds that cause the greatest amount of pain possible, as opposed to the pure rage and aggression of a Khornate champion. These warriors strive for perfection in their combat skills, shunning the simple rage and fury of Khorne's followers and instead focusing on becoming efficient killing machines. In combat, they are majestic to watch, their beautifully crafted strikes inflicting mortal wounds time after time. Slaaneshi armies often march into battle wearing ornate armour or even brightly dyed leathers replete with frivolous and excessive patterns sewn into the hides, giving the impression of a finely dressed circus marching to war.

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

The Champions of Slaanesh are every bit as decadent as their cultist kin in the south. These individuals exult in their transforming forms, wearing armour that accentuates the most grotesque of their changes. Despite their grotesque appearance, they retain something of their sensual qualities, and those who see them are equally repulsed as they are attracted.

Chaos Sorcerers of Slaanesh

Sorcerers of Slaanesh are masters of the most dire and secret arts. Their magic focuses on the scrying of hidden truths, blasphemy and coercion, and domination and submission. With a softly whispered incantation, a sorcerer of Slaanesh can make a man believe that the twisted abomination before him is the most pure and beautiful of maidens. With a sly cantrip, he can turn brother upon brother. With a subtle invocation he can tempt the strongest soul with the promise of its most cherished desires.

Chaos Sorcerers are powerful and dangerous foes, using more of the Winds of Magic than their counterparts at the Colleges of Magic despite the risk of mutation, corruption, or even worse fates. Sorcerers of Slaanesh are powerful spellcasters capable of

distorting and distracting the mind to cause seizures, frenzies, and delusions.

Some sorcerers of Slaanesh are former students and acolytes of the Imperial colleges who have fallen and turned to Chaos. There are many reasons why a man may sell his soul to the daemonic power of Slaanesh. Perhaps the wizard felt impotent in comparison to his peers or simply desired even greater power. Others, delighting in their creations and cantrips, have fallen into a pattern of excess, devolving over time into a devotee of Slaanesh until their greed transforms them into a mere puppet, a tool of the Ruinous Powers. These depraved sorcerers take great joy in using their powers for destruction or pleasure, weaving through the Winds of Magic with their minds and basking in pure Chaos energies.

Others still are men from the harsh north that have been raised to Chaos. Either through prayer, mutation, or sheer luck, these sorcerers have become attuned to the Winds of Magic and are bestowed with the same great powers as their fallen brethren.

Armies of Slaanesh

Like all Chaos Champions, these individuals gather a warband to better serve Slaanesh. Instead of moving from battle to battle, they are content to exploit each other in foul orgies of flesh and fluid. Such gatherings can last for weeks, the members dying from exhaustion. They can only tear themselves away from their disgusting gatherings long enough to respond to an external threat. Woe be to the survivor of their attackers, for these bands see any captive as a new toy with which they act out their darkest fantasies.

The glittering warhosts of Slaanesh are marvellous to behold. Long, elegant banners proclaim the glory of the Lord of the Warhost and pledge undying devotion to the Dark Prince. Each warrior is tattooed and pierced with obscene sigils and runes that hurt the naked eye, and fine silks and carefully flayed skins are draped across polished and bladed armour. The Champions of Slaanesh stalk and glide across the battlefield with a languid and unhurried grace, long tongues flickering as they taste the tang of fear in the air. For although the



minions of the Dark Prince indulge themselves in every vice known to the worlds of Mankind and beyond, perhaps the favourite excess is to be found on the field of battle, where the devoted can bathe in the hot blood of their victims and rejoice in the screams of the dying.

SYMBOLS

Slaanesh's symbol is a synthesis of the symbols for male and female. His other symbols include hermaphroditic breasts, bestial faces, crab-like claws, and a coiled serpent. Most of his followers avoid wearing these symbols out in the open but dress in a sensual manner or wear jewellery with erotic motifs to show their pledge to him. Indeed, worshippers commonly wear the latest, cutting-edge fashions, though modified to show off extra bits of flesh or accentuate the body in ways that push social modicum. In private rituals, worshippers wear robes that expose the right breast, regardless of gender, a requirement of many of the rituals involved in his worship. Regardless of any other considerations, all Slaanesh followers wear garb of sensuously high quality.



Slaanesh's sacred colours are pastels and electric shades, particularly azure, pink, ruby red, and emerald green, often put together in a garish and contrasting manner, although white is often used as well.

Slaanesh's sacred animals include birds, crabs, snakes, and salamanders. Worshippers are particularly drawn to animals that are beautiful and perfect in most ways but bear some grievous flaw or gross mutation. The number six is sacred to Slaanesh, and most of his rites include this number, or a multiple of it, in some way. For instance, a small coven ideally has six members.

TEMPERAMENT

Of all the Chaos Gods, Slaanesh has the widest acceptance in the Old World, where his principles of indulgence in every whim and vice enjoy a clandestine following. Some worship Slaanesh under his own name, seeing the worship of Chaos as a supreme decadence, while others worship the Lord of Pleasure unknowingly, under a variety of names and guises. There are those that indulge in carnal pleasures without invoking his name, but who definitely draw his attention. While the perverse acts of Slaanesh repel most honest people, there are some that are attracted to the freedom and physical delight he offers.

Slaanesh is not a god of warriors, and his worship is strongest in the cities of the Old World. Slaanesh accepts people from all walks of life, though most of his followers come from the upper classes, accustomed to living in excess. Bored nobles go to great lengths to sate their desires, although commoners sometimes praise him in secret as a way to forget their lives of drudgery, squalor, and servitude. Artists, poets, and musicians also are drawn to Slaanesh, finding inspiration in his motto of living life to the extreme. Unlike most of the other followers of the Chaos Gods, individual Slaaneshi cults have positive attitudes towards each other, creating a large network for his followers to try new temptations. Worshipers are accepted into his temples, regardless of race or nation, and a follower that travels to a new city is likely to find a cell or two willing to take them in.

Slaanesh has the strongest presence in the largest cities of the Old World. The nobles of Tilea, Estalia, and Bretonnia are particularly drawn to his creed of unabashed indulgence, further spreading the cracks of corruption in the ruling class. In these places, worshippers often put up a false front during the day as dedicated followers of Sigmar, Ulric, the Lady, or Myrmidia, while setting up secret, portable altars and performing debased rites to Slaanesh in the evening. More than a few highly respected nobles, merchant lords, and Priests are secretly servants of Slaanesh.

STRICTURES

Slaanesh has few strictures on his followers, other than an unswerving dedication to the pursuit of pleasure and hedonism. The longer a follower worships Slaanesh, the more jaded he becomes, demanding even more disgusting and shocking perversions to stimulate his weary senses. The following are some of Slaanesh's edicts:

- The pursuit of experience is an end in itself. Look beyond that which is safe and customary to know the true pleasures and pains inherent in Slaanesh.
- Glorify Slaanesh by awakening desire in all. Make no distinction between class or station. All are potential children of Slaanesh.
- All pleasure brings honour to Slaanesh. Mind or body, if it advances sensation, do it.



THE WERE OF FJIRGARD

Wilhelm Biel had seen much of the world and, though his primary interest was commerce, during his travels he had developed an enthusiasm for wonders both natural and manmade. In Bretonnia he had studied the ruins of Elven cities that lay beneath the modern town of L'Anguille; he had watched the gigantic cephalopods in the Middle Sea and seen leviathan in the Great Western Ocean. Once, in a port in Araby, he had even seen a reptile that breathed fire, much to his astonishment and the discomfort of its captors. Now he had brought his ship northwards to the coast of Norsca in search of amber, and the fur of the fox, bear and marten.

It was early in the morning of the third day when he lay down upon the rocky hillside to break his fast and watch life stir below in the little village of Fjirgard. His companion, a young Norseman called Haubr, had spread out a handsome, thick fur for them to sit upon, and from a leather bag he'd produced a loaf of bread, cheese and some strips of smoked meat that Wilhelm understood to be bear meat. As they ate and chatted, the people of Fjirgard went about their early morning business. His own ship lay moored at the quayside and thick-set Norsemen were already loading it with bundles of fur and small but heavy sacks that contained his precious amber. Down in the village a herdsman noisily gathered his goats and drove them to the little meadow, whilst behind them a hunting party made its way up the steeply sided valley.

"Tell me, friend Haubr," said Wilhelm, "Each day now I have seen those women meet at dawn, as they do now, and, having assembled together, some dozen or so carry laden baskets high up the mountainside to what I perceive to be a cave somewhere in that black gully."



Below them the group of women, mostly elderly but some young and with children amongst them, reached the foot of the mountain path. This was but a thin thread of grey against the dark rock, for Fjirgard lay between the mountain and the sea in a little strip of steep land. It was a typical settlement in this respect, for the whole coast was rocky and in place the mountains fell sheer into the sea; only in little bays such as this was it possible to build anything like a village, let alone a town.

"They go to feed the Were," replied Haubr matter-of-factly.
"Is it not so in your own town of, how do you say it, Ma-ree-in-berg?"

"Marienburg is quite correct - but we have no creatures of that name. What manner of beasts are these Were?"

"No Werekin?" exclaimed Haubr. "Or perhaps you know them by some other name in your land. The Were are those of their chosen champions whom the gods deem not yet worthy to join them as immortals. The Werekin live deep in the caves until war comes when they shall fight for one last time before rejoining the cycle of life." Haubr could not but notice the expression of incomprehension on the Marienburger's face and added, "It is no disgrace amongst us, you understand. Some are chosen for glory and some are cast down, but even those cast down have been chosen, and when they are reborn they shall be all the greater. It is better to be chosen than to live your whole life beyond the sight of the gods, is it not?"

"But," asked Wilhelm ignoring Haubr's question lest he risk offending the youth with views that regarded such beliefs as heresy. "Why do you confine these Werekin to the caves—are they dangerous?"

"Indeed yes – though once they were men, now they are like animals in both thought and form. Their bodies grow large and distorted and hairy like bears or horny like a troll. Some grow snarling teeth like wolves or claws like the fierce macalrmacca that lives in the forest. Others grow scales like serpents, or tails or wings like bats on the moon-tide. They are monsters and many die in battle before ever they return home, or else run blindly in their terror and perish the wilderness. Yet some come home and the womenfolk tend to them – their husbands and sons – for the bonds of kinship are strong and the Were do not attack their own."

"These creatures which you call Were sound like the mutants we call Chaos Spawn, for I have heard of such monsters in the armies of Chaos."

"Perhaps," replied Haubr cautiously. "The gods choose some for immortality and some for oblivion — is it not thus the whole world over?"

"Nay," Wilhelm shook his head. "I have never heard of such a thing in all my travels — no Were and no immortals either."

"Then I pity you and all the world," said Haubr earnestly, "that of all the races of Men, the gods favour we Norse alone."



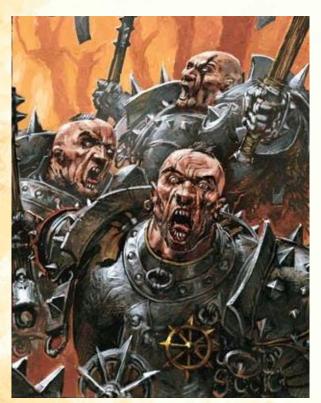
THE PATH TO GLORY

The gods don't only fight their battles in the immortal universe: their armed forces confront each other in the mortal realm as well. On countless worlds throughout time and space the Chaos gods struggle for supremacy, each god determined to make every world his own. The Old World is one of the most fiercely contested battlefields of all. Here the Chaos gods vie with each other to win the loyalty of Chaos creatures and the souls of men.

Every god directs his own followers, sometimes making common cause with the followers of other gods, sometimes opposing them. As the world sinks into anarchy the forces of Chaos swell and the doom of the world draws closer.

The Chaos Gods have many followers and also many unwitting allies. Some are deformed by the power of Chaos, monstrosities with foul twisted bodies and dangerous mutant powers. These creatures are the creations of Chaos and their allegiance is beyond doubt. They are also the least amongst the followers of Chaos for their souls are already in eternal bondage. More valuable are those who willingly give their souls and freely embrace damnation. For every human soul dedicated to Chaos swells the power of the gods and hastens the destruction of the world.

Of all the mortal followers of Chaos, none are more feared, more reviled, than the warriors of Chaos. These individuals are the Slaves to Darkness, having sold their souls to the Ruinous Powers in exchange for temporal power and the vain hope of being lifted from the mortal world to sit at their God's side in the Realm



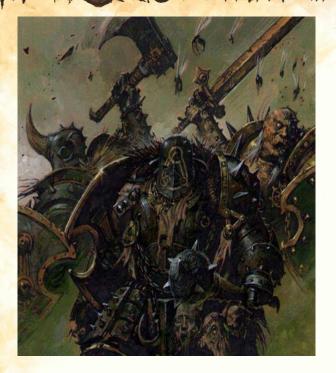
of Chaos. These individuals are all unique, drawn from mortals of all stripes. And when the Eye of Chaos opens in the north, it falls to these villainous servants to lead the armies to harvest more souls for their Dark Gods.

The warriors of Chaos is almost always an individual who serves a Chaos Power. Counted among their numbers are the Chaos Sorcerers and others who wield sorcery instead of steel. In exchange for their service, the Dark Gods offer power and glory. Such service provides a chance to visit justice on an unjust world, for in the lands of Men, wealth and comfort are luxuries afforded only to the wealthy. The Ruinous Powers care nothing for birth or station and offer their rewards based on merit alone.

The total energy of a Chaos Power is reflected by the number of shadow-selves which make up its presence in the Realm of Chaos. Thus, the greater the number of his mortal followers and worshippers the more powerful he is. As the energies of the Chaos Powers are used up to create daemons and conduct their affairs, they need to be constantly replenished. It is therefore in the Power's interests to promote the character traits he embodies among mortal men. Thus, all warriors, no matter what their conscious feelings, are contributing at least a little of themselves to the body of Khorne. This contribution is all the greater if the warrior is a devotee of Khorne, and especially if he is a warrior of Khorne. The same is true of Nurgle and Tzeentch. All those who suffer and struggle to overcome suffering contribute a little to the body of Nurgle, all those who strive for change contribute to the body of Tzeentch. It is because these traits are so common in human nature that the Great Powers are as powerful as they are.

Only a person who consciously dedicates himself to a Chaos Power can become a Chaos warrior. The Power recognises in the individual a useful servant and ally. The individual recognises in his Power a means by which he can gain mortal success, perhaps to overcome some terrible personal enemy or adversity. A warrior's motives can be many and varied: revenge for past injustices, aid for the poor, liberation for the oppressed, protection for his loved ones, personal ambition, conquest, and so on. Any great need or want may drive a person into the arms of the Chaos Powers. A factor which drives many into that embrace is fear of their own mortality, for a Chaos Power has the ability to grant a person immortality as a daemon, although only a few warriors are good enough for this.

The warrior of Chaos strikes a bargain – he surrenders his shadow-self to the Power, so that it merges and becomes part of his Patron. In return the Chaos Power rewards the warrior as he sees fit – sometimes blessing him with his favour, at other times ignoring or playing with him. To win their favour, a Champion must be successful as well as courageous.



Central to the Chaos warrior's purpose is serving his infernal master and serving him well – for if he doesn't, death and damnation are his only rewards. However, even the most dedicated servant may never gain the blessings he covets, and so must languish and suffer until he meets his doom. But those who please their masters, meeting the ever-changing criteria for their favour, can reap the rewards of Chaos, becoming superhuman in strength and attributes, gaining potent weapons of destruction, or even gaining the desired Mark of Chaos that separates them from other servants. These rewards are not without their risks. The Gods are fickle, and a mortal who finds himself in the clutches of Chaos is just as likely to be gifted with marvellous powers as he is to be horrifically destroyed or twisted into some mindless plaything.

The many who dedicate themselves to the service of Chaos and its gods are doomed to an all-or-nothing existence as a warrior of Chaos; the rewards of Chaos are ultimate power or endless oblivion. And power is everything: to achieve greatness in the eyes of their Chaos gods, warriors will carry out any act, no matter how vile. This tainted flirtation with the power of Chaos is, in itself, part of the price and the reward of Chaos, and there is a price to be paid. Mutation and madness are only part of that price, but mutation and madness become the rewards of dedicated service for a true warrior of Chaos.

For the followers of Chaos, there is no greater glory than to become recognised by the Dark Gods. Though the risks are great, they are outweighed by even the smallest chance of gaining the attention of the gods, for down that path lies immortality. The career path of the Chaos warrior is long and arduous. Once someone starts on the road of corruption, there is no turning back. He is forever bound to his fate, and there is no escaping the doom of his destiny. They willingly walk a road that leads to either ultimate power or damnation, but there is no way of telling which until it's too late.

THE EYE OF THE GODS

Though the rarefied societies of the south consider the Dark Gods to be creatures of legend and fable created to scare the gullible into obedience, the Northmen know that these deities are immediate and real, taking a direct hand in the struggles and triumphs of their favoured supplicants. For this reason the barbarian tribes of the Shadowlands do not fear death. Theirs is a warrior society that prizes glory above all else, and not without good reason. The fell deities worshipped by the tribes of the Shadowlands eternally thirst for the strongest of emotions, for these give them substance and power in the otherworld of the Realm of Chaos. There is no more potent a draught than that offered up by the swirling tides of battle, for in times of war, Mankind's emotions are rich and plentiful. For this reason the gods reward the warrior, the commander and the battle-mage, turning their backs on the pleas of lesser men. To attain greatness on the field of battle is

Kalem Tarnel, Champion of Tzeentch, struck the head from the last of his adversaries. The creature's body fell to the floor and the leprous leathery orb rolled to his feet. His Warband gave a cheer and raised their swords in a proud salute of victory. The severed head glared at him malevolently with its single eye. The head bore no nose and a single horn grew from its pustulent forehead. Its teeth chattered strangely, as if unwilling to accept the biological inferences of sudden decapitation.

"The Warband of Gorak Champion of Nurgle is no more!" he cried. His followers cheered again. A small cloud of flies began to gather around the severed head.

The long fingers of Gorak, Champion of Nurgle twitched spasmodically. His eyes fluttered open, and he saw Kalem Tarnel, his most hated enemy. He tried to move, but found he could not because the sword wound in his side hurt so abominably. Kalem Tarnel had left him for dead. He hadn't been far wrong either. Gorak smiled to himself and his finger twitched again, but this time with purpose. He moaned softly as the power flowed &tough lain.

The unexpected blast caught Kalem Tarnel's cloak and pulled him to the floor. The rest of his Warband failed to keep their footing and fell into a formless spluttering heap. The severed head rolled off, followed by its entourage of insects. Gorak had summoned a Plague Wind with his dying breath. It was both his final act and a parting gift to his old enemy and rival Kalem Tarnel. The wind howled like a banshee, driving something that tasted like bone dust into the eyes, ears and mouths of the Tzeentch Warband. A rumbling laughter filled the air, like the bellowing of some huge, enormously fat, but companionable old uncle. The spell passed over them one by one catching the unlucky, missing others, and eventually fading with the wind itself.

to draw the gaze of the Ruinous Powers themselves, for they find the trials and struggles of mortal men entertaining and gratifying in the extreme, especially when their puppets unwittingly engineer their own downfall. To ensure they have a constant source of adulation and worship, the Chaos Gods bestow strange but potent mutations and daemonic gifts upon those that please them; gifts that often manifest directly during the course of a hard-fought battle.

The Dark Gods grant rewards only for deeds in keeping with their aims and interests. Further, they only grant rewards when they actually notice their warrior's actions. The Dark Gods are famously disinterested in individual actions, only deigning to notice when a mortal achieves something of consequence in their profane names. The method of gaining Chaos rewards and gifts is amorphous and unpredictable. A warrior of Khorne might slaughter 100 men and yet receive nothing from the Blood God. Another warrior might butcher a few commoners and be granted a fabulous and life-altering blessing.

THE MARK OF A CHAMPION

Men may turn towards Chaos for many reasons, but many do so because they seek the supreme power that only Chaos can give them. To acquire such power a mortal must attract the attention of a Chaos god by offering up one's body and soul. Not all who offer their

Volgular, Sorcerer Champion of Tzeentch, watched the battle-lines as the two armies clashed. The Warriors of Khorne beat upon the looser formation of Tzeentch which broke and scattered before the onslaught like leaves benne the wind.

Volgular was not dismayed to see his own side's fortunes plummet in this fashion. He smiled knowingly to himself, and waited. He continued to smile as the warriors of Tzeentch fled past him in panic His expression remained unchanged, his manner uncaring, even as the first Champions of Khorne strode past him, hacking at their fleeing enemy. Then, just as a particularly large Champion of Khorne was about to use his axe to relieve Volgular of his head, the Sorcerer raised his arms and uttered a single cry like the crackle of arcing electricity.

Pink lightning danced in the air about him as the Champion of Khorne dropped his weapon and turned to run. But it was too late for him, and too late also for the other Champions of Khorne. The Pink Fire of Tzeentch found them one by one and consumed them utterly. And once all of Khorne's Champions were slain Volgular turned his attention to the Beastmen and the Warriors, the massed units of the Blood God's Horde.

Unit after unit disappeared under the blazing fire of Tzeentch's Fire Storm, and from their ashes grew skittering Pink Horrors who immediately turned to rend the sorry remnants of Khorne's army.

lives are accepted. In fact, it takes a spectacular deed of courage or wickedness to attract the attentions of a Ruinous Power. Not only must the mortal dedicate himself utterly to the god, swearing binding oaths of unholy loyalty, but he must excel in the service of Chaos if he is to earn the attention of his master. A Chaos god has many worlds and many servants to watch over, so his concerns may lie elsewhere. Even if they should happen to glance upon the Old World, the gods are whimsical in their favours and unpredictable in how they dispense them.

Khorne is most likely to find his warriors in the midst of battle, marking out the bravest and the strongest among them for further reward. In the case of Tzeentch it is the multi-coloured winds of magical conjuration that draw his interest. Nurgle seeks out the sick and disfigured, those marred by deformity and disease. Slaanesh is the weakest of the gods and eager to acquire warriors of any mettle. One of his favourite tricks is to steal warriors from other gods, charming mortals with his irresistible beauty.

Though the followers of Chaos acknowledge and worship the entire pantheon of Chaos Gods, their character and the desires of each will eventually draw them to the patron whose tendencies and temperament most closely align with theirs. When a Chaos God chooses a champion, he marks him as his own. From that moment, his deeds are said to be observed by his patron, and sometimes by the other gods as well. Though they are fierce rivals, the Dark Gods are both sympathetic and antipathetic to their brothers' warriors. After all, an aspect of all the Chaos Gods exists in every soul. If such a warrior is found worthy in their eyes, he will be rewarded.





It is the ambition of every young northman to grow into a mighty Champion, and ultimately to face the judgement of the gods in a ceremony of summoning or by travelling to the far north itself. Though the vast majority die in the attempt, there will occasionally emerge a warrior strong and driven enough to survive this ordeal, and be judged to have been found worthy of his god's service and of his tribe's respect. He is said to have been chosen by the god. These exalted warriors have the highest status amongst their tribe, who follow the warrior of Chaos to war with fanatic devotion. They often bear the mark of their patron god in the form of a prominent tattoo, the brand of a heated iron or a pattern cut into their flesh. Once a warrior has been chosen, his deeds are said to be observed and judged by his patron and sometimes by the other gods if he is especially powerful.

A Chaos god chooses his warriors with care. If a warrior excels in his service the god's power in the mortal world increases and his influence in the Realm of Chaos is that much greater. The Chaos gods select warriors to represent them in their eternal struggle for supremacy, and only warriors of extraordinary prowess or remarkable ability stand any chance of being singled out in this way. If his warrior is defeated or, worst of all, slain by another god's warrior, then his power is weakened and his standing amongst his brother gods is diminished. Thus a god will choose as his representatives only those that show great determination and promise.

When a Chaos god chooses a mortal warrior he stamps him as his own. This sign is known as the Mark of Chaos, and takes the form of a mark on the body shaped like the god's own rune, denoting that the

warrior belongs to him alone. This rune does not necessarily disfigure the warrior, for only rarely does it appear prominently on their face or hands.

In addition to this physical rune, the god gives his warrior a special gift, which is also a way of demonstrating that the champion belongs to him alone. This first gift is different for each of the gods. Warriors of Khorne find themselves blessed with a deep-seated rage, becoming fierce warriors who have little fear of death. Warriors of Nurgle have their diseases halted or banished altogether, for it is the price of their soul that their infirmities are put aside whilst they fight for him. Warriors of Tzeentch are invested with the gift of magical protection in payment for their souls. Many of Tzeentch's chosen become great Sorcerers of Chaos. The favours of Slaanesh are subtle. The gift to his warriors is that they have no fear of death or pain, revelling in the joy of battle, laughing at terrors that would drive other mortals insane.

The warriors are really representatives of the Chaos Gods and as such they constantly strive to outdo each other. Sometimes their masters send them on special missions or direct them to band together and with other Creatures of Chaos to destroy an army or overthrow a castle. On other occasions the warriors will be deliberately set upon each other to determine which is fit to be rewarded with fresh gifts.

"The tide of Chaos pours down from the crest of the world like blood from a freshly-scalped skull. We shall make the world scream. We shall take it from the southern fools and reforge it in an image pleasing to our eternal masters."

- Aeokh Strixlar, Favoured of Khorne

THE GIFTS OF THE GODS

To excel in the eyes of the gods is to climb a steep and treacherous path indeed. With truly great victories come peculiar rewards – those who cast down the enemies of their patron gods manifest supernatural powers and lethal strength. Eventually, should they somehow survive the constant rigours of a lifetime of battle, they may attain unimaginable power and perhaps even immortality. However, the path of the Chaos Warrior is a road fraught with peril, for to fail the Ruinous Powers is to condemn oneself to a gruesome end.

Where the rewards of other followers come irregularly and occasionally, Champions are rewarded often. If they rise high in the esteem of their master then favours will he granted even faster. The Champion finds himself upon a fast road that leads to power or damnation. There is no way of telling where his fate lies until it is too late.

Those who have earnt the true favour of one particular Chaos God above all may manifest a visible sign of that god's patronage. This can be anything from a particularly impressive clutch of boils arranged in the sigil of their god, to an iridescent brand, to a fiery skull-rune that burns above the chosen one's head. One blessed in such a manner will inevitably hold deadly abilities above and beyond those of his rivals, for he enjoys the peculiar boons of his god – at least until that god becomes bored or disappointed, that is.

The rewards of the Chaos Gods take many and bizarre forms. A mortal who happens to entertain, please of amuse a Chaos God can find himself showered with gifts such as only gods can bestow including the ultimate gift of immortality, eternal life as a daemon with undreamed of powers. Physical mutations are the most common. A Champion may be blessed with great strength and fortitude, or his flesh may start to mutate; horns grow from the champion's brow, his hands sprout



long talons, his teeth enlarge into vicious fangs, his limbs twisting into razor claws and his skin growing as tough as Dragon scale, forming a natural armour.

These are but a few of the more common Gifts of Chaos, as these deformities are often called. Others include long spines that grow from the champion's body, skin that bursts in flames, limbs that elongate and develop extra joints, bodies that swell into monstrous shapes, and extra heads and limbs that grow beside his own. These physical mutations are not necessarily disadvantageous – they often confer useful abilities, especially in combat where horns and talons may be used against an opponent. These qualities are regarded very favourably as gifts of the gods that make a warrior more formidable as well as marking him for future greatness.

Other rewards affect the Champion's mind. He may be turned into a burbling imbecile, or robbed of speech or some other sense. He may acquire extraordinarily acute hearing, keen sight, or become immune to pain. He may he given magic powers, especially if Tzeentch favours him, or he might become resistant to the effects of magic. If he is a follower of Khorne he may he gifted with astounding physical strength, martial skills beyond human comprehension, or he might become completely fearless.

Some rewards take the form of items or followers, such as a magic blade or a Chaos familiar. The most potent weapons of all are daemon swords, blades that contain trapped daemons which talk to their owner on behalf of the Chaos God. Familiars are more likely to be granted to Chaos Sorcerers, but warriors may sometimes be

The Champion of Tzeentch hacked his way viciously towards his sworn blood-enemy, axe rising and falling atop a sea of bloody destruction. Over the waves of weapons and blood-spray he could see the Wizard Champion of Nurgle on the low hill ahead. Hatred filled his heart with fire and bitterness, and he redoubled his efforts, forging through the surging mass of warriors between them: His axe became a blur of motion, bodies and limbs tumbling in his wake like red straw.

On the rise, the Wizard champion followed his enemy's advance with a cold, secret smile. He closed his eyes and gathered his will. Writhing green and orange runes gnawed at the edge of his mind as he prepared the way for power, but he denied their siren call of madness. Ready, the knife edge achieved, the path chosen, his eyes snapped open. He raised his arms and began to chant.

The Champion of Tzeentch finally broke through the hordes of Nurgle. Now no-one stood between him and the Wizard. He started up the rise and was suddenly crippled by the heat of a debilitating fever. He staggered to a halt and fell to his knees, axe dropping from sweaty hands. Too weak to resist, he watched in helpless horror as the Wizard closed to deliver the death blow.

given a daemonic beast to fight at their side. In particular, their disturbing 'living' magical Chaos armour marks many of them as servants of the dark and unnatural forces of Chaos.

Objects with magical powers are even used by the servants of Khorne, even though the use of spells is repugnant to Khorne's followers, bringing with it the disapproval and vengeance of their bloody-handed god. Spells are a magic of the mind, and Khorne is not a god of deep thought or introspection. However, the use of some magical items is permitted by Khorne, but only for one purpose: to aid or increase the spilling of blood. 'Blood for the Blood God' is all, and even magic can be used for such a purpose. His Champions can receive all manner of powerful and arcane killing devices as a mark of his favour.

For those who fail in the struggle for power the story is often very different. Objects with magical power are

CHAOS ARMOUR

Chaos Armour is a suit of strangely-worked and unnatural metal. It is the mark of a Dark God's favour. The ornate suits of plate armour worn by the favoured of Chaos do not hail from the smithy of a mortal man; some are twisted antiquities, their baroque panels encrusted with age-old blood. Whilst most suits of Chaos Armour are received as Gifts from an Infernal Patron, they can be acquired, though only from the forges of the Chaos Dwarfs. Master Daemonsmiths all, it is said that the sons of Hashut bind a tiny portion of Chaos into each weapon or suit of armour they forge. These artefacts of war they barter and trade with the northern tribes in exchange for gold, slaves and more esoteric treasures – folklore has it that the fabled Crimson Armour of Dargan was traded for nothing more than a pickled Bloodletter's head and a hempen sack of Sorcerer's bones.

Appearing much like a standard suit of full plate armour, closer inspection reveals it has innumerable strange markings and subtle details that set it apart from armour created by mortal hands. It is manufactured from some alien or unearthly material. It is rarely of some simple, honest steel or iron, but has a lustre all of its own, reflecting in its colours the allegiance of its wearer. Chaos Armour often includes a closed helmet, which completely hides the face of its wearer and, in many cases, a shield of the same material. The symbol of the wearer's Chaos god forms a repeated motif across the surface of the armour or is worked into an elaborate helmet crest.

The strangest aspect of these suits is that they bind themselves to the flesh of their wearer, becoming something like a second skin. Once donned, a suit of Chaos Armour may not be removed until death. Furthermore, Chaos Armour is self-repairing, closing rents and mysteriously replacing damaged components.

usually abandoned by the endless ranks of gibbering Chaos Spawn. Insensible to what they have become, Chaos Spawn have no need for most magic as they shriek the praises of uncaring gods and run in unrestrained foulness across the Chaos Wastes. The only exception to this is Chaos Armour, and even this is not kept by conscious choice: in some cases they have melded with their armour, and the time when it could have been removed is long past.

It is not uncommon for the gods to grant their champions a vile unity with their weapons and armour. Their swords become as much a part of their body as their hands, and their armour melds to their flesh as a second skin that can never be removed. To onlookers, this is a sign of great favour, for the champion has metamorphosed into a warrior true, his body an indomitable fusion of mutant claws, steel and sinew. There is no change that the Chaos Gods cannot make, nor any power they are unable to grant. Those who are especially favoured may return time and again to the Realm of Chaos or to holy places along the borderlands, where they commune with their gods and receive further gifts. Clad for war and war alone, these warriors are amongst the most battle-hungry of all the scions of the north. Only the bearer of such a gift knows the pain and isolation that such gifts entail, and the despair of being trapped within a cage so complete that death is the only escape.

THE FATES OF THE FAITHFUL

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





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

Once a warrior has proven himself, perhaps in some great quest or the slaying of a champion of a rival deity, he may catch the eye of the Chaos Gods. Such a supplicant will transcend the struggles of his peers to become a Chaos Warrior, the very embodiment of the merciless killer. His allegiance is no longer to his tribe, but directly to the Ruinous Powers themselves.

Should he continue to excel in the pursuit of his patron gods' mysterious and terrible agendas, he may be fortunate enough to become one of the Chosen – those Chaos Warriors whose bodies ripple and swell with power or coruscate with raw magic. The Chosen form warrior bands of the truly favoured, cutting down the foe with contemptuous sweeps of their heavy, ornate blades.

Alternatively, a Chaos Warrior may go on to fight on horseback as a Knight of Chaos, whose charge can break a battleline with ease. More likely he will meet his fate as one of the corpses strewn upon the battlefield, for few survive long enough to earn such high favour.

A warrior who proves strong enough to excel in the barbaric world of the north may find himself changing still further. From his body hatch new and deadly mutations, from multicoloured skin to vorpal claws and snapping tentacles, from wreaths of living flame to extra eyes that peer into the souls of men. The strongest of these favoured ones go on to become Exalted Heroes, towering warrior-princes who never tire or weaken, relentless in their quest to hunt down and destroy the heroes of those armies that oppose them.

Very occasionally, however, a warrior will prove mighty enough to survive the indelicate caress of; the gods. By wreaking ever greater feats of slaughter, these favoured killers may ultimately become Chaos Lords, mutated but all the mightier for it, carving their own legends in the blood and flesh of nations. The Chaos Lords are the mightiest warriors that walk the surface of the world, and their names blight all of history. Fortunately for the civilised world, perhaps one in several thousand who set foot upon the path of Chaos reach this pinnacle of martial perfection.

Rarer still are the Chaos Lords that the Dark Gods ultimately reward with a daemonic apotheosis, becoming something akin to a god and elevated to sit at the side of their beloved masters for the rest of time. Achieved only by surviving the scrutiny of the Eye of God, only a scant few mortals are ever lifted from their world to sample the delights of Chaos at the table of their masters. Upon attaining this distinction, the Champion undergoes an awful transformation: his flesh tears from his new Daemonic form, like a new butterfly from its cocoon. Once freed, the newborn Daemon Prince is compelled to travel to the Realm of Chaos, where he will serve until found worthy enough to return to the mortal world, often more than a thousand years later.

So it is that the Daemon Princes of Chaos are born, whose body swells with arcane energies and whose desires can be indulged within the Realm of Chaos for

DAEMON WEAPONS

Of all the arms and artefacts made available to the Champions of Chaos, none are so vile, so terrible, as the Daemon Weapon. Each rune-carved blade is a servant of the Dark Powers in its own right. Bound within the metal of the blade, and imprisoned there for an eternity, is the spirit of a Daemon. The weapon serves only the interests of its Chaos God, reaping souls for the glory of its master.

Daemon Weapons are forged at the very heart of the Chaos Wastes, where the Chaos Void and the Wastes wash against each other. Here, in the heatless fire of the Void, the blades are smelted by the Gods' mad servants, forged on the soul-anvil of a still living servant, tempered in the screams of the doomed, and quenched in innocence. But before it is complete, Daemons inscribe the blade with dread runes, and ready the spirit of the Daemon chosen to inhabit it.

Such acts are insane, and all the Shadowlands resound with its wailing. Once installed, the weapon gains a life of its own, and it is carried forth into the Wastes where it's presented to its wielder as a symbol of immortal approval and power.

These infernal blades are granted only to the most favoured of Chaos Champions or borne by Greater Daemons and Daemon Princes. Such a Reward is great indeed and offers its wielder incredible power.

all eternity. Thus the gods turn their most favoured Champions into Daemon Princes, and these creatures scour the mortal realms in turn looking for worthy Champions for their master to recruit or reward. Even this most vaunted of destinies is ultimately a curse, for it represents an eternity of war and pain as a puppet of the Chaos Gods. Yet the men of the north willingly embrace the worlds of mutation and unending battle, viewing even Spawnhood as a gift of a sort. For is it not better to live a short and violent life marked by the glory of the gods than to languish and die in obscurity?

For the less fortunate aspirant, the final reward for selling his soul is an unmarked grave upon some corpse-strewn battlefield, his cadaver pecked clean by the crows. The vast majority of Chaos champions die before they can become immortal, yet a grisly death is not the worst fate that one who has trod the path of Chaos can suffer. The the Dark Gods are inhuman and whimsical, and they make no distinction between a beneficial or disadvantageous gift. Most champions endure so many disfiguring and debilitating gifts that they are not worthy to become immortal daemons.

Those who are found wanting in the service of their gods begin to manifest such displeasure in their physical forms. Should a Warrior of Chaos displease his patron, these mutations may be of such severity that he falls from the path of greatness, becoming little more than a frothing maniac that exists only to kill and kill again. Their minds degenerate until they are like unto those of beasts, and their bodies become vile of aspect, grotesque fusions of man and monster bursting out from the remnants of once-whole Chaos armour.



The sword of the Knight of Chaos was placed upon the anvil, and the smith rained many mighty blows upon it, and yet no mark did show upon the blade. It was thrust into the heart of the furnace, and when it was brought forth, the smith did not smite the blade once more with all the skill of his craft, now upon the edge, and still no mark did show upon the blade. My scribe did chance to prick himself upon his small knife, and but a single drop of blood fell on the anvil, onto the cursed blade that lay there. At this a great rune shone forth, redder than the heart's blood, and darker than night. The evil sword did pulse and sing upon the anvil, and all fled in fear of the dire thing.

As he took up the blade, a despairing groan was torn from deep inside and anguish masked his features. A single tear fell and turned to ice upon the gleaming steel. The moment passed and he straightened, thrusting high the sword as if to pierce the vaulted skies above. And with his scream of triumph he was enslaved.

These unfortunate beings are known as Forsaken. Even the most vaunted Chaos Lord can find himself hideously transmuted in an instant, consigned to a life of mindless violence merely for the entertainment of the Dark Gods. Though they once enjoyed a position of pre-eminence, their failure to appease their thirsting deities has proved costly indeed. All that remains for such an unfortunate is to hurl oneself headlong into the fray, hoping to cleanse the stain of defeat with the hot blood of those who defy the ruinous hosts. It is their fate to run, gibbering and shrieking, with the countless other individuals that the Chaos gods have used and tossed aside.

Furthermore, should a Warrior of Chaos receive too many of these dubious gifts of a severely disfiguring and mentally destructive nature from the Ruinous Powers, his mortal frame will be unable to contain the arcane energies seething through him. When this point is reached, the warrior's mind and body will run like wax, reshaped by the raw essence of Chaos until he becomes a monstrous mass of flesh and fang whose form defies all reason and whose mind is a maelstrom of rage and pain. Amongst the rolls of blubber, sinuous tentacles and plates of horn can often be seen the staring, crazed eyes of what was once a proud warrior, flicking hither and you in search of an end to its sorry tale. Their fate is to writhe and scream in pain as it flails its way towards the blissful oblivion of death in battle. These gibbering once-men are called Chaos Spawn, but instead of being reviled by their people they are given succour and allowed to remain in their tribe. Indeed, in some ways the Chaos Spawn are revered by their kin, for the Northmen believe that it is better to live even the briefest and most vile of existences at the behest of the gods than to grow old without drawing their notice.

The black-headed axe war mounted on a haft of bone, smoothed to a dull polish by the grip of countless calloused hands. Struck deep into the dark-metalled blade was a single rune, an unforgiving skull that held the eye with a baleful glare. The grim weapon lifted, fell and reared up once more, bloody, dripping gore. And a fleeting, hungry grin seemed to pass across the deep-etched skull.

TO COMPAND OF THE PROPERTY

Spawn are little more than beasts driven by a vestigial intelligence. Some are utterly mindless whilst others are tormented by fleeting memories of their former glory. Few Spawn appear even faintly human, resembling instead any number of creatures melded into a beast of foul shape and uncertain powers. Some Spawn are very powerful indeed. A champion who becomes Chaos Spawn may hide away in the deep forests, or, more likely, remain with his old warband, fed and led into battle to serve his former comrades and find their final rest.



The Champion of Chaos chooses an easy road to power, but it is only a short road. He cannot escape the day when his fate fords him out. To exist as a Daemon Prince or Chaos Spawn is the final price of Chaos. The madness and mutation that are the hallmarks of Chaos are a small price indeed.





THE QUEST FOR POWER

Chaos Champions are forever searching for more power, and with it, the chance to attract the eye of the gods. They roam the Realm of Chaos and beyond to seek out artefacts and monsters to bind to their will. These champions are constantly hunting out rivals and great duels are fought, with the victor often claiming the slain warrior's followers as his own. As a champion's infamy and power grows, others flock to his banner, seeing in him an individual who can lead them to ever greater glories, and the chance to earn glory for themselves. Just as the weak-willed tribesmen of the north are drawn to the champions of Chaos, they in turn are lured to the sides of the greatest Chaos Lords. In this way, the warbands of Chaos grow ever larger until they are consumed in the fires of war or internal conflict tears them asunder.



Just like the Dark Gods themselves, the mortal followers of Chaos are driven to war amongst themselves. However, they are able to set aside their differences to unite with, or manipulate, the warriors of other gods if it furthers their own ambitions and fight against the world. To this end, there is no pact that cannot be forged; a Champion of Khorne will seek a bargain with Tzeentch's Sorcerers if it will ensure the blood of his enemies flows. The natural enmity and selfishness of the Champions of Chaos means that such alliances are fragile though and can be unmade in the blink of an eye, mortals and gods turning on each other without warning.

THE PATH TO DAMNATION

Gotthard spurred his horse on faster, the Kislevite village of Krovas fast vanishing behind him. The peasants had been suspicious, but the last of his gold crowns had persuaded them to sell him some dried bear meat, warm furs, and a flask of koidva. Gotthard knew that the peasants would inform the cossack patrols of the Tzarina, so he had to make haste, unless he wanted to answer the questions of the inquisitive warriors.

Just three months earlier, he had been a young noble, living in his father's house in Altdorf. He'd had everything then: money, power, a beautiful betrothed, and a commission in the Reiksguard. What had gone wrong?

It had all started when he'd joined a minor secret society called the Golden Eagle. He had understood little of the principles behind their complex rites, but they shared a common goal. They wanted to change the world.

Since his youth, Gotthard had believed that there was more to life than the politics and petty bickering that surrounded city life. In his quest for answers, he had sought refuge in religion and devoted his life to the service of Sigmar. The teachings of the Grand Theogonist promised a paradise in the afterlife, but little else. It seemed that the life of a man was doomed to be spent in the pursuit of insignificant things. Day and night, Gotthard prayed for Sigmar to show him a way to change the world for the better, but no answer ever came. Then, as his hopes of ever finding the knowledge he sought were fading, he was introduced to the coven of the Golden Eagle and knew it was what he had been looking for all his life. The members of the coven could, in his eyes, work miracles; their Magister could change base metals to gold, heal wounds with a word, and change animals into new forms. Gotthard knew his prayers had finally been answered.

The rituals of the Golden Eagle called to a shadowy god for the changing of the world. They desired an improvement in this world and in this life. Gotthard's keen wit and powerful personality soon earned him a position in the Third Circle of the cult, and before long, he had been initiated into the many secrets of the coven.

Then one night, the Templars of Sigmar raided the cult's hidden shrine.

Gotthard had narrowly escaped, but under the interrogation of the Grand

Theogonist himself, one of the cultists had broken and revealed the names

of all the members of the coven he knew. Gotthard's was amongst them.

His commission in the Reiksguard was immediately revoked, and orders for his arrest were issued. His fellow knights had tried to bring him before the witch hunters. Three of them died by his sword, and the other two were so badly wounded they would never fight again. The thought made Gotthard smile bitterly: no matter what was said, at least no one could doubt that he was the most skilled fighter amongst his peers. He had fled through the streets of Altdorf, pursued by the town watch and his former companions, many of whom he had once considered to be his friends

He had sought refuge at the house of his Betrothed, Johanna von Leber. But even she had barred her windows when Gotthard tried to explain why he had been declared an outlaw. "I never want to see you again!" Johanna had screamed. "How could you do this to me? Think what people will say!"

From then on, Gotthard had known he was truly alone. He had ridden down the guards at the River Gate and taken the road to the north. Soon he was beyond the borders of Reikland, but witch hunters, outriders, and bounty hunters were never far behind. He had slept at night in the forest, stolen or bought food from roadside farms, and avoided all the toll gates. He had been forced to live like an animal. The thought of his humiliation made his blood run red hot.

A mad-eyed witch hunter had caught up with him on the borders of Ostland, and a crossbow bolt had nearly taken Gotthard's life. Only by throwing his greatsword, an unthinkable deed for a knight, had he managed to kill the man before one of the fanatic's bolts could find its target. The two-handed sword had struck his foe squarely in the chest, and Gotthard had barely managed to recover it with the hunting dogs of the Count of Ostland snapping at his heels.

And why all of this? he thought bitterly. Because he had followed a whim that had allowed him to escape the monotony of the jaded and dull existence of a young nobleman. All around him, he had seen the decadence and poverty of the Imperial capital: the streets littered with filth and the mobs of the poor, begging and scraping, trying to eke out a miserable

existence in the hovels and disease-ridden slums. Gotthard had wanted to change everything and to cast down the old, corrupt society. Perhaps with time and position in the Imperial court he would have been able to achieve his ambition.

But no! Now he was here in the northern wastes, his life in ruins. His father had disowned him: his friends turned against him: and there was a price on his head. All he had left were his weapons, his strong sword arm, and his keen wit. They would be enough, he decided. None would dare to follow him into the Troll Country.

Gotthard travelled northwards for weeks before he encountered any resistance. He saw groups of misshapen creatures on the horizon, but they never tried to approach him. He heard their guttural cries, and often these called more creatures from the shadows. However, they seemed content to study him. Why, he did not know, but he decided not to pay them any attention unless they became a threat.

Not long after he noticed the creatures, he came across a great stone carved by some titanic hand, a monolith inscribed with sigils and runes that glowed in the gathering darkness. Somehow. Gotthard knew that the carved slab was of vital importance to him. He was strangely drawn to it, as if he were playing a pre-determined part in one of the plays of the great Altdorf theatre. He had to know what was written on the monolith, even if it would cost his soul.

The monolith, though, was not unguarded. Out of the crude shrine, that stood next to the carved pillar, a huge creature emerged. The earth shook under its hooves as gigantic muscles moved under its thick skin. Huge horns spiralled above its head, and in its hands, it carried an axe that probably weighed as much as Gotthard's warhorse. Gotthard recognized the creature from the grimoires: a Minotaur, a gigantic blasphemy against nature, a cross between a great bull and a man.

Yet, despite its brutal appearance, an animal intelligence gleamed in its red eyes: the low cunning of an animal combined with the wit of a man. It is still half a man, just like me, thought Gotthard. Shaking his head, he returned to reality, if indeed this realm stood within the boundaries of sanity. Forcing his voice to stay calm. Gotthard spoke.

"I wish to study the carvings on the stone. Stand aside Beast!"

A barely understandable growling emerged from the maw of the Minotaur.

"All those who not change must die. Only Chosen may find path."

Then, howling a battle cry, it lifted its titanic axe and charged. Gotthard slammed his visor down and spurred Validus, his warhorse, to a gallop. They thundered towards each other, man and beast, one screaming the battle cry of the Reiksguard, the other bellowing and snarling wordlessly.

They struck almost simultaneously. Gotthard's lance pierced the left shoulder of the Minotaur, the haft of the lance shattering with the force of the blow. Rearing upwards, Validus struck with both hooves, crashing down against the skull of the Minotaur. But the gigantic axe of the Minotaur had as great a reach as Gotthard's lance, and its strike was blindingly fast. Gotthard tried to swivel in his saddle, but it was too late. The axe struck Gotthard's shield, and the tremendous force of tits blow jarred it from his hand leaving his left arm numb.

Ignoring its wound, the Minotaur swung with its free hand, and the massive fist, three times the size of Gotthard's head, threw the knight from the saddle. Gotthard crashed heavily to the ground, the air driven from his lungs, and for a moment he almost lost consciousness.

With a blood-curdling roar, the Minotaur tore the steel tip of the lance free. Licking the oozing blood running down its arm, the creature threw the broken weapon to the ground, grasped its axe, and turned on Gotthard again. The beast looked upon him with blood-red eyes, and crimson foam poured from its mouth. All vestiges of sanity had disappeared from the fact of the man beast. The creature was death incarnate. Gotthard or the Minotaur had to die: it did not matter which.

The snarling beast rushed the fallen knight, who rolled to one side. The great axe struck a stone where Gotthard's head had been but a mere heartbeat before, and the awesome strength of the Minotaur was turned

against itself. The blade of the axe cracked, and the haft was snapped in two like a dry twig. With enormous effort. Gotthard regained his footing and scrambled towards his horse to draw his sword from its scabbard that hung from the saddle. As his hands gripped the sword's hift. he felt two mighty arms closing around his chest, and his armour creaked as he was raised above the head of the Minotaur. His ribs grated against each other, but his hands still grasped the sword. With all his fading strength, Gotthard brought the blade down. It struck the Minotaur in the neck, cutting muscles, severing tendons and sinew, and splintering the bones beneath. A cry of fury, rage, and pain cut through the air. As the Minotaur fell, Gotthard hit the ground, and the world spun and faded to darkness.

When Gotthard woke, the Minotaur was nowhere to be seen. Groaning with pain, Gotthard rose to his feet and staggered towards the monolith to study the carved surface. Despite his pain, he had to see the carvings immediately, as if forced to by some hand of fate. Gotthard realized that the sigils formed a picture. He saw a knight and the device on his shield was a rampant Griffon: the personal device of Gotthard himself. The former Reiksguard studied the ancient carvings, and while Gotthard was no expert, they surely dated from some forgotten century. And yet, undeniably, the knight carved on the stone was Gotthard himself. A chill ran down his spine, and there was something more, the eerie feeling of always belonging to this place.

Days passed, and Gotthard rode ever further north. Here, eternal darkness reigned. Here, there was no place for mortal man. Only those who had pledged themselves to darkness could travel safely. Yet Gotthard sensed that he could still choose. He stood at the very edge of sanity, and this was his very last chance to turn back and rejoin civilization. He could ride to Tilea or the land of the Border Princes and offer his services as a freelance to one of the countless mercenary bands of the Old World. He was strong and fast and well versed in tactics and strategies. With a little luck, he could quickly win lame and fortune and soon lead a mercenary contingent of his own. For a long while he held Validus in place. Then making up his mind, he spurred the horse onwards, to the north and darkness.

Perhaps it was his imagination, but he was sure he heard cruel, mocking laughter in the cold, whispering wind as he rode on.

Day and night lost their meaning to him. The eternal darkness of the wastes was lit only by the strange lights emanating from the far north. Each time Gotthard blinked his eyes, the landscape had subtly changed. When he tried to focus his eyes on any landmark, it seemed to flee out of sight, and things he thought would take mere minutes to reach receded ever further, no matter how hard he strived to reach them, whereas distant objects he passed within hours.

Water could no longer quench his thirst. He yearned for something with more substance, something he could not yet name. He didn't feel the need to sleep any more. He felt wide awake. His senses were sharper than he had ever dreamed possible, and hunger no longer bothered him either. He felt strong, healthy, and far stronger and faster than he had ever been before.

His warhorse, Validus, had also changed. Its teeth had grown sharp, and it no longer shied away with fear when the foul creatures of the wastes approached. Validus' eyes instead glowed red in the eternal darkness of the Chaos Wastes. The beast's skin had also become darker, and its tongue was as rough as stone and had grown long and forked. His mount no longer brushed its nose against Gotthard's face but always stood silent and unmoving when they were not riding.

The unearthly wind of the Chaos Wastes was full of sounds reminding him of his good and evil deeds, warring for his life and for his soul. But one voice was stronger, and it drowned out all the others.

"Be strong..." he heard it say. "Only the strong are welcome."

"I am strong!" Gotthard cried back. "I fear nothing!" Mocking laughter was his answer.

"Then show me, gallant knight! Prove your bravery!" said the voice, softly.

Suddenly, on the horizon, a new gigantic shape loomed in the darkness. It was a huge gateway that stood on top of a great flight of steps. It was a titanic altar erected by giants in the ancient times when the world was young and the Chaos gods first turned their eyes to it, desiring dominion over all things. He could go no further.

In the sky, flames danced, forming the shapes of eldritch runes, not unlike the ones he had seen at the Temple of Sigmar on the grimoires, hidden and locked away from the commoners. But, as a part of his training, he had learned to decipher them. He read aloud the message from the sky. "Akhso Khaos Khwearr. Khaos Limmbar Menthar!" then dismounted, and started to climb the stairs. He climbed up, higher and higher, until the air grew cold and the clouds whirled far below him, and yet, despite his heavy armour, he felt no fatigue.

At the top of the stairway. Gotthard gazed around him. He had come to the end of his journey. The gateway at the top seemed to he made out of polished silver, reflecting the dancing lights of the Realm of Chaos. Gotthard stood before the portal and stared at the mirror's image. A young, handsome templar in shining armour, carrying a polished sword with the blessed twin-tailed comet inscribed in its hilt, stared back at him. This was what Gotthard could have been. Something he had now lost for all eternity.

Suddenly, the mirror's image spoke. "I am the Guardian. I am the defender of Humanity! And you are an abomination!" The reflection stepped out of the portal with its sword raised in a knight's salute and then charged at Gotthard.

So swift was the attack that Gotthard barely had time to defend himself. From the first blow. Gotthard knew that his life was at stake. Never before had he met a man who could match him in a sword fight, but this warrior from beyond the mirror gate was just as fast, strong, and skilled as he was. They slashed and struck, weaving, dodging, and parrying, circling each other warily. Now and then, one of them would launch an attack with blistering speed, only to be parried by equal skill.

Gotthard suddenly felt the pointlessness of it all. Why did he struggle so much to defend himself when he had nothing left to defend? But instead of giving in, he smiled, brought up his sword and charged.

Both men struck. The templar's sword sliced through Gotthard's armour, cutting deep into his ribs, but Gotthard's sword took the templar's head from his shoulders.

As the body of the white templar fell, gushing blood, Gotthard sank to his knees, his life blood oozing through the gaps in his armour. He was dying. He had come so close. But now he could die in peace... NO! He had to carry on to the bitter end. Agonizingly slowly, he crawled back to the portal, leaving a trail of blood behind him. Now the silver of the mirror showed no reflection, only the dancing red flames of the Chaos Wastes coloured its surface.

Gotthard touched the mirror's surface and could see how his own death awaited him on the other side. As the world spun, he heard the voice again.

"ONLY ONE MAY ENTER! THE WAY LIES BEYOND THIS PORTAL. ARE YOU THE CHOSEN ONE?"

For one final time. Gotthard felt a pang of guilt: for one last time, he longed for his former life. But why would he go back? There was nothing left for him there anymore. Finally, he pushed against the surface of the mirror portal.

A searing agony, like lances of pure white fire, shot through him. What was left of his sanity was washed away in an ocean of pain. Gotthard screamed in agony as he felt talons, hotter than hellfire, colder than the void, tearing him apart, separating flesh from bone, raking his very soul. Then all sense and feeling fled him. Gotthard, the son of Graf Heydrich of Reikland, was gone. The Champion of Chaos stood tall in front of the mirror. He turned around to study his new form.

The pale reflection in the mirror showed a face quite unlike the young knight who had left Altdorf all those months ago. Two eyes, glittering like multi-faceted gems, burning with inner balefires, stared back at him. His armour was covered in twisting eldritch runes that glowed in the darkness of the Chaos wasteland. His sword gleamed with blue light and seemed to moan as he moved it, its shape changing with each motion.

Gotthard began to laugh, for now he could see why. He raised his sword, lifting it in a challenge to Humanity, to all the things he had once held dear. His laughter turned to a scream of hatred and vengeance.

"I will return!" he cried, his voice hissing with malice. "For now I know the truth!"



THE SAGA OF KHALAC SWORDSSON

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WRIT IN BLOOD

Chaos warbands roam the Northern Wastes. Most are small: a single Champion followed by a handful of warriors. Many are destroyed in the endless battle.

Other warbands are greater. Some are powerful armies of Chaos in their own right. The names of the most dangerous of these warbands are known even in the civilised lands of the Empire and beyond: the Swords of Chaos, the Skulltakers, the Knights of Tzeentch and the Tormentors. Deadly weapons of the Dark Gods, they are bringers of sorrow, warbands whose dark deeds are writ in blood upon the lands of the Old World

THE SWORDS OF CHAOS

All Champions of Chaos follow their gods with reverent faith, but to this warband the worship of Chaos is everything. They are more like a religious order than a band of warriors. The Swords of Chaos are not dedicated to any one of the Chaos gods alone. They follow Chaos Undivided, the Great Nameless One, the Thing That Should Not Be.

Their leader is called Archaon. He is mighty, cunning, unspeakably evil, and is said to be the greatest Chaos lord of the age. Rumours tell that he was a warrior-priest of a religious order in the Empire, but found his true faith in the worship of Chaos. He was granted a vision that he would unite the hordes of Chaos and march against the civilised nations, bringing upon the world an Age of Chaos that would last for eternity. Archaon is utterly dedicated to this cause, and he will let nothing stand in his way. He is a great orator, and his speeches whip his followers into a religious frenzy. His words touch the soul of anyone who has pledged himself to the cause of Chaos.

Archaon is constantly roaming the wastes, seeking other warbands. In battle the choice that Archaon gives to the other warbands is simple: join him or die. Followers of all the Chaos gods are welcome, just as long as they swear fealty to Archaon. Chaos Undivided welcomes all its true sons.

Many disobey and die. But many others will be gripped by the zeal of Archaon and join him. Thus the Swords of Chaos have grown to be the greatest coalition of warriors in the Northern Wastes. Many times have zealous defenders gathered armies and challenged Archaon, hoping to rid the world of his deadly threat. Now their bones litter the Northern Wastes and the plains of the Troll Country.

The warbands that gather under the banners of the Swords of Chaos are many and varied, but all of them are under the rule of the merciless lord Archaon. All look to him for religious guidance. Their number grows daily, and many fear that Archaon will be the next one to gather the warbands of the wastes and bring unholy war to the Old World.

THE SKULLTAKERS

The Skulltakers are a warrior band well known in the legends of the Old World. When Chaos assaulted Bretonnia, the Skulltakers were there; it was their commander Akrim who hacked down King Louis the Brave. They fought in the Great War Against Chaos, and in the histories of Kislev the Skulltakers are mentioned many times. Carnage, butchery and slaughter are the lifeblood of the Skulltakers, the chosen champions of Khorne.

The Skulltakers are a large warband with several hundred warriors, and they pride themselves on being the greatest fighters to walk the earth. Khorne is their god – a lord who knows no pity or mercy. To find favour in his eyes the pile of skulls beneath his throne must grow, and there is only one way to do this. To slay and to slay again, never tiring of the carnage, never flinching from battle.

Khome's thirst for blood can never be quenched. Indeed it has increased over the aeons, so that now his scream of rage reverberates in the ears of the Skulltakers, giving them no rest. Oceans of blood and mountains of skulls these are what Khorne demands. The Skulltakers move through the wastes in a state of crazed berserker fury, endlessly seeking fresh blood to spill and new skulls to take. They rabidly attack anyone or anything they encounter, their bloodshot eyes hungrily scanning the horizon for more living things to slaughter.

The Skulltakers have had a succession of leaders over the years. It is difficult to keep your position when all who follow you eagerly await to add your head to their tally. Their current leader is Lord Chammon, a gigantic warrior who knows no pity and whose thirst for blood is endless. He does not speak, but his howls of rage echo those of Khorne himself. In battle he is an automaton of death, a whirlwind of fury who will not rest until all the enemies of Khorne are dead, and he counts all living things as the enemies of his lord. Even his own men do well to avoid his gaze when he is enraged.

The Skulltakers wear Chaos armour that is either black, brass or blood red. Their helmets resemble the executioner's hood, and are sometimes decorated with horns. From their belts hang the skulls of their enemies, and their shields bear the symbol of the Mound of Skulls.

The Skulltakers prefer axes as their chosen weapon. They either carry one in each hand, or a single, huge double-handed axe which they wield with frightening prowess and strength.

The Skulltakers are always followed by a number of Chaos Marauders of the Tribe of the Hound, eager to join the ranks of the Skulltakers. They recklessly

challenge the Chaos Warriors of the Blood God, eager to earn a place in their ranks. Needless to say most such attempts end with their own blood staining the earth. And in the Realm of Chaos, Khorne howls with pleasure, for he cares not from whence the blood flows.

THE TORMENTORS

The Tormentors are followers of Slaanesh. Like their lord they take delight in all sorts of perversity and cruel vices. They may enjoy their own lives to the fullest, but they are completely uncaring of the suffering of others.

Dechala, the Denied One, leads the Tormentors. It is said that she was once a princess of a High Elf house, though no-one knows for sure: she is so blessed by her lord Slaanesh that her features are no longer recognisable.

Dechala is perhaps the worst of the inhuman monsters to walk the wastes. She does not seek to kill her opponents, but rather to enslave them. By using fluids from corpses, mixed with blood tainted with warpstone, she has created the most potent alchemical elixir in the world. No mortal creature can drink it without suffering a horrible change. Those who are captured by the Tormentors need no chains: they will be made addicts to this hideous substance. Their craving for the noxious liquid of Dechala will render them helpless slaves to the slightest whim of their uncaring masters.

In their camps the Tormentors are served by a multitude of slaves who attend to their every need. The decadence of the Tormentors has sunk to levels of depravity unknown anywhere else in the world. Each dose taken by the slaves not only eats away their mind, it also mutates their twisted bodies. The victims of the elixir are the horrors who follow Dechala's warband. They are revolting blasphemies against nature, things that should not be. They were once free-willed creatures, either other followers of Chaos or Humans, Dwarfs or Elves who had the misfortune to encounter the Tormentors in battle and live. Over time the elixir deterioriates the body, mutating and twisting it until all that remains is a quivering mass of flesh. Many of its victims die in indescribable agony. And so the Tormentors must acquire new slaves, for they have grow accustomed to their life of ease and luxury. Thus the Tormentors are always eager for battle.

The Tormentors wear armour that resembles the scales of a snake, and they ride into battle in chariots, with their enthralled slaves nailed to the cabs as living shields. For all their decadence and seeming grace, they are warriors with few equals. Tormentors are absolutely fearless, screaming with pleasure even when cut in battle, suffering even the worst injuries with nothing but fascination.

Those that are not slain by Tormentors for sport, or are only wounded and left lying on the battlefield, will be overwhelmed by a mass of screaming slaves, held down and forced to take the elixir of Dechala. One drop is enough, and they are damned to a miserable existence for the rest of their harsh, but mercifully

short lives. It said that it is better to take your own life than to be left at the mercy of Dechala, for the meaning of the word mercy is alien to her.

KALDOUR'S KNIGHTS OF TZEENTCH

The Knights of Tzeentch are mighty warriors, men of great intellect and wit, cunning and wise. Many were nobles of great importance, men with great temporal power. They despised their peers so much that in yearning for the company of equals they abandoned humanity and civilisation. Scorning warbands of brutish Beastmen or uncouth Ogres, they have joined together as a band of warriors.

Most of the Knights of Tzeentch ride great Chaos Steeds in battle and carry lances in a grotesque echo of the Knightly Orders to which many of them once belonged. The Knights of Tzeentch wear deep imperial blue and rich yellows, their weapons are often gilded, and decorated with gems and carvings.



The Knights carry ornate back banners decorated with the symbols of their master – the flame chalice, the unblinking eye, the coiled serpent, the symbol of broken balance and many, many others.

Some of the Knights of Tzeentch ride to battle in chariots. These are splendid and spectacular creations. They typically boast a whole array of silk banners, ribbons and feathered standards. The chariots of the Knights of Tzeentch are slender constructions, finely made from rare materials like silver or ivory.

The Knights of Tzeentch choose their Grand Master from amongst themselves with a complicated and twisted process of voting. The current Grand Master is Lord Kaldour. He is blessed with the many-layered wisdom of Tzeentch himself, and is as cruel as a Daemon. He is first amongst equals, a man who uses his considerable talents and intelligence to bring misery and destruction upon the world.

Lord Kaldour wears silver armour that is polished to shine like a mirror. It is said that a man can see his reflection on its surface, but that reflection will be warped and twisted, showing the innermost potential for darkness in his own soul. The encampment of Chaos lay in an unbroken circle more than a mile deep around Praag. Behind earthworks, in tents and beneath hastily erecting awnings the besieging army readied itself for the coming battle.

So vast was the army that Champion jostled with Champion for a space amongst the throng, while followers pushed their way through crowds to carry their masters' greetings to old comrades or deliver formal challenges to arch-enemies. The air was thick with acrid sweat and oily smoke, and the unceasing braying of inhuman voices filled the encampment with bestial din.

Above the swarming mass flew the standards of individual Champions of Chaos, splashing the otherwise dark throng with coloured finery and the glitter of gold. Sebastian Scarabus Champion of Tzeentch recognised many of the banners as belonging to old adversaries and former companions: Baatak the Hairy, Galan the Black, Caspar the Many-Eyed Madman of Marienburg, and hundreds more scattered throughout the bustling camp.

'See my lord,' called Greygave the Beastman, pointing to a mass of brightly coloured banners. The Knights of Tzeentch are encamped at the forefront of the siege lines.'

The Knights of Tzeentch!' exclaimed Scarabus. It is many years since I fought in their ranks,' and so saying he urged his horse towards the many coloured tents and fluttering banners.

The Knights of Tzeentch were a group of Champions that had no followers, but who chose to fight together as a band of warrior brothers roaming from battlefield to battlefield in the service of Chaos. In his youth Sebastian had fought amongst their ranks. In those days he exalted in the many risks of battle, always pushing his way to the fore and taking more chances than any other Champion.

Now, he cast his eyes over the splendidly decorated and gorgeously coloured banners of the Knights of Tzeentch and his heart seemed to beat faster. He recognised the mark of Tzeentch the Changer of the Ways, repeated over and over again in slightly different forms and colours, sometimes standing alone like a bold flame, often repeated so that it formed an interwoven pattern of twisted colour. He saw banners woven into the image of flaming birds and grails of fire, others adorned with interpretations of the Withering' Eye of their mister, and many more hearing images of twisted multi-coloured reptiles, birds and scorpions.

Slightly apart from the other standards stood a banner of velvet that was the colour of the sky, but faded and mellowed as with age. Upon it was woven with golden thread the image of a coiled serpent, its scales picked out with gemstones and its eyes represented by two huge rubies. All around the serpent image were runes spelling out the accomplishments and praises of its bearer.

By the standard stood a Chaos Knight of striking appearance. His armour was of silver but completely engraved with a pattern of intertwined snakes whose writhing forms were embellished with red and white enamel and the eyes of which were made from countless small rubies. At his feet lay a huge round shield bearing the same snake device as the banner, but this time surrounded by a background of scarlet flame.

The Champion wore a highly polished silver helm which shone like a mirror and which bore two pairs of silver horns, the lower pair curled and ribbed like those of a rain, the upper pair sleek and long like a gazelle. The helm covered his face completely, but through the narrow eye slits flickered small flames.

'That one,' said Sebastian to Greygave, 'is the Lord Kaldour, Captain of the Knights of Tzeentch.'





THE REALM OF CHAOS

Far to the north of the Old World, the New World and far Cathay, the blighted region known as the Realm of Chaos bleeds across the crest of the world from a gaping wound in the fabric of reality. Beyond the boundaries of sanity and the laws of nature, stands the wrecked gateway of the Old Ones, oozing with darkness and spewing forth mutating energy: the raw stuff of chaos. It is a bleeding wound, a tear in the fabric of reality, a gateway to another dimension. The shattered gate appears as a great ring circled by stone machineries, dwarfing the mountains around. It is covered in runes of unimaginable potency that glow in the darkness, their dancing shapes altering reality. From the dark reaches of the gateway pours out the winds of magic and mutating clouds of warpstone dust.

This is the source of all magic and the legendary home to the lost and the damned – and of infinitely worse things: the numberless and nameless monstrosities that inhabit the eternal planes. The Realm of Chaos is the birthplace of heroes, Daemons and monsters, the forge from which eternal life or everlasting damnation can be wrought. In reality, the Realm of Chaos is this and incomprehensibly more besides; a cosmically vast realm where the laws of physics do not apply. It is said to be a tangled landscape of insanity, where slaughter, bloodshed and the thirsting of Dark Gods reigns supreme. Tales speak of a land immersed in perpetual darkness lit only by monumental pillars of flame that

soar high into the sky. Within its bounds, not even the concept of time holds any meaning. It is a place where days run backwards, a land where great champions from past times still fight on trapped in a timeless world of eternal battle, and countless other perversions that mutate time and space in strange and unpredictable ways. A champion may battle within this twisted realm for long months and discover upon his return to reality that only a single day, or an entire century, has passed. Tales abound that some have even emerged from their unholy quests before they were born. In terms of mere mortal understanding, the legends alone must suffice, for it is impossible for a man to truly know the nature of Chaos without losing his mind, his body and his soul.

From this nightmare region the armies of Chaos sweep down upon the world. As the armies move south the Realm of Chaos grows behind them, fed in some inexplicable way by the slaughter of battle and wanton destruction, so that the land becomes changed and twisted, and is absorbed into it.

Were a cartographer to take his compass and inscribe a circle about the globe's northern pole, its circumference lying upon the northern shore of the Sea of Claws, then this would serve to roughly demarcate the boundaries of the Chaos Wastes.





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

Only a madman would even consider journeying to this forsaken realm; a man whose insane ambitions and desire for power overcome all rational thought. Such a mortal is driven by a thirst that cannot be quenched in the mortal world, and he is drawn northwards to the Realm of Chaos by the lure of power promised to those strong enough to take it.

THE CHAOS WASTES

A boundary between the mortal and immortal realms, the Chaos Wastes are a barren, desolate region located beyond the Northlands and Naggaroth. They lie at the extremities of the world and are a place where the very air groans with sorcerous winds, transforming the land beyond recognition. Twisted mountaintops and spiked forests litter this foul place. Searing rivers of flame cut through the cold wilderness, and hideously mutated roots barb the pathways between maw-encrusted rock faces. Any warriors who venture here are constantly reminded of their own mortality by the scattered remains of armies, or would-be heroes frozen in time by sorcery.

Although most people in the Old World believe that the Chaos Wastes are the source of all that is foul and vile, few realise it is actually a buffer between the real world and the Realm of Chaos. The seething insanity of the Void is barely kept at bay by this barrier, although to the unenlightened, there is little difference when they view the horrors lurking in the Chaos Wastes. Scholars and Wizards know more of the truth, though even they often get it wrong, basing their assertions on rumour, superstitious belief, and the words written in mouldering tomes. Beyond the Chaos Wastes lies the Realm of Chaos itself, an incomprehensible place for those unfortunate souls who have survived long enough to stand at its threshold. The Chaos Wastes mark the very limit of the mortal realm.

To enter the Chaos Wastes is to travel to your death. Few brave the terrors of Chaos, but the tales of entire mountains transmuted into gold or precious gems, or the promise of potent magical artefacts hidden in the wastes still attract the most desperate of treasure hunters.

No matter where a traveller starts his journey, if he were to head due north he would eventually find himself in the Chaos Wastes. A desolate and blighted landscape bleeds across the crest of the world in all directions, becoming ever more inhospitable and bizarre the further north the trespasser heads. The traveller will have to pass through these Chaos Wastes if his desire is to cross the boundary between worlds and reach the Realm of Chaos.

Nearly all that travel here without the protection of the gods of Chaos never return. Most likely these foolish adventurers will be torn apart by the monsters that roam the wastes, or slain by one of the countless warbands who eagerly slaughter any intruders in the name of their god. Others will be mutated beyond

recognition by the raw power of Chaos. Some are driven into madness by the horrors that they witness.

Teetering on the edge between the real world and the Realm of Chaos, the Chaos Wastes are difficult to describe. Within their barren steppes are lost cities, encampments teeming with Beastmen, Marauders, Ogres, and sites of weird, dangerous, eldritch might. The Chaos Wastes have a strange way of bolstering their inhabitants with a perverse strength and fecundity, ensuring a steady flow of humanoids and Mutants to do the bidding of the Chaos Lords. Short of permanently shutting down the Eye of Chaos to the far north, this evil energy will always be there – even the destruction of every single Mutant and Beastman, and the annihilation of every monolith and arcane site would not prevent Chaos' eventual return.

The landscape of the Chaos Wastes is that of vast steppes, lonely forests, and barren rocks. Because it's located so far to the north, the land is often buried beneath snow and blasted with frigid winds. However, nothing is certain here, and portions of the Wastes defy logic – small patches of steaming jungle, sand-filled deserts, and miasmic swamps. These aberrations in the terrain often coincide with their proximity to powerful magical locations and Monoliths, but sometimes they are found in places for no particular reason.

Here are located the abodes of the arrogant Champions of Chaos who vie for power and fight against each other like rabid wolves. They commit any deed, no matter how bloody or vile, to please their patron gods. The wastes echo with the eternal clamour of battle, the sounds of clashing steel, the wails of the dying. Hundreds of warbands roam the Northern Wastes testing their strength against monstrous creatures, Orcs and Goblins and even each other, for their own blood is just as welcome to the gods of Chaos.

Many warriors walk in search of glory within the Chaos Wastes. Some fight united within the armies of the Dark Gods, though a few wish to serve their dark



masters on solitary missions. Vast regiments of warriors, with spiked armour and jagged weapons, can frequently be seen marching south from the Chaos Wastes to wreak havoc upon the armies and towns that lie to the south. However, among the ranks of these armies there are also great creatures of the Chaos Wastes, and both are at their most dangerous when they fight together.

To say the creatures of the Chaos Wastes are horrifically warped is something of an understatement. They are hideously mutated beings, with all manner of appendages protruding from their torsos. Some are so big that their every step rocks the land, but all of them are more than capable of wrenching a soldier limb from limb. Usually these monsters charge into war under the direction of a powerful lord, who can direct their fury to create carnage on his behalf. But on rare occasions, it has been known for such monsters to fight together without being commanded.

Indeed, rather than forces of warriors led by lords, one infamous warband of the Chaos Wastes is comprised entirely of monsters and strange creatures, and it is spoken of in hushed tones throughout the taverns of the Empire. They are known as the Beasts of Telldros, and have been responsible for countless acts of devastation over hundreds of years.

Many of the Chaos lords have strongholds here, perhaps built by their followers, or granted as whimsical gifts from the Dark Gods themselves. Those that harbour the followers of Khorne are made of black stone or brass, surrounded by moats of blood or fire, their walls covered with numberless skulls. Fortresses of the servants of Tzeentch are made of glass or smoke and some even travel through the air. The silver towers of the Sorcerers of the Cabal stand on the Screaming Hills, reaching to impossible heights. For here, under the shadow of Chaos, everything is possible.

As our traveller presses further into the Wastes, he would find himself labouring beneath a storm-shaken sky – a turbulent, broiling darkness pierced by lightning and blasted by roaring thunder. The winds that blow here are not those of air, but of pure sorcery. Here, one can witness the rebellion of nature itself; where even the elements are torn between the mortal and immortal worlds. Gargantuan pillars of black and broken stone stretch in every direction to the horizon and beyond. These marker stones surround the angry blackness of Chaos like gigantic teeth ranged about the gaping maw of an impossibly titanic entity.

The trees are contorted into blackened skeletons straining their branches towards warm-blooded creatures. Bloodstained plains are covered in a forest of petrified forms, where entire armies have been transformed into statues of gold, marble and gemstones by the breath of uncaring gods. The mountains of this blasted place have twisted into fantastical shapes and gaping maws jut out of cliff faces, bellowing to be fed the flesh of mortals. Jagged peaks and metallic spikes thrust out of the land like splintered bones, and rivers of lava run backwards through deep fissures in the

snow-covered plains. Monoliths, raised to the glory of Chaos Champions, dot the untracked wilderness; their pitted surfaces constantly ooze blood and are carved with legends of fell deeds. Vast skull-topped bastions cast shadows across the snow which play out scenes of slaughter and death as they dance and flicker as they play out scenes of slaughter and death. From their flame-wreathed eyries, Chimeras swoop down to feast on those below, their tri-headed roars causing the blood to run as cold as ice. About the blurred edges of the Realm of Chaos rages the Eternal Battle, the bonestrewn landscape crunching and snapping under the armoured feet of those who duel and slay for unending glory in the eyes of the Chaos gods. Across this impossible, nightmarish landscape stalk dark champions who roam the wastes in search of eternal glory and unending war, and only the greatest amongst them will ever reach the borders of the Realm of Chaos alive.

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

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

"The Chaos Wastes are bleak and barren beyond compare. But this desolate nightmare still teems with unholy life. The Dark Gods use it as a breeding ground for all that is evil and blasphemous. No matter how many abominations we destroy, the Chaos Waste spits out more than before."

– Ulfred Wasmeier, Priest of ${\it S}$ igmar

Forgotten Battlefields

Innumerable battles have taken place within the Chaos Wastes over the millennia, and their remains can still be found scattered among the desolation. Most of these battles were between two or more factions of the minions of Chaos, the numerous Orc and Hobgoblin tribes, or the herds of Beastmen that call the place home. Many times in the past, the armies of man have launched campaigns to drive back marauding hordes of all types. A few foolish commanders even took to the offensive, sending men to their deaths in the misguided belief that it was possible to eradicate all the foul beings in the Chaos Wastes before they could strike back.

On the surface, these forgotten battlefields of the Chaos Wastes resemble those found in the aftermath of military campaigns in the lands of man. However, the remains of the fallen are utterly horrific—the bones and sometimes intact corpses of vile Beastmen, brutish Orcs, and the like. The remains of Mutants are often the worst, as their bodies decay into skeletons that resemble nothing found in nature. Broken and shattered weapons and armour lay buried in the mud and dirty snow, while tattered banners sometimes resist the powerful winds and flap defiantly in the breeze. The frigid temperatures and strange powers of Chaos have a way of preserving the corpses and detritus of these battlefields, so it appears the battle that killed them occurred just yesterday.





Chaos Fortresses

Where the land lies under the shadow of Chaos, anything is possible. The corrupting effect of Chaos twists the very landscape, and thus the castles of the Chaos Warlords defy the laws of nature and sanity.

The castles often consists of very high walls decorated with leering daemonic faces. They are built at impossible angles and decorated with baroque and grotesque carvings, glorifying the Chaos god that the inhabitants worship. These walls are often made of black stone, or even bronze or iron. While such building materials would be impossible for a mortal mason to work in, nothing is impossible for Chaos.

Moats can be filled with fiery lava or even boiling blood, and the foundations of a Chaos fort can be made of skulls and bones. The courtyard of such a castle often includes statues erected to the glory of Chaos, and pits that harbour the terrible Chaos Spawn and monstrous creatures that the warlord's followers drive into battle.

Protected by the walls lies the keep of the Chaos warlord, often consisting of a massive, dark tower. From here the lord of the castle broods and plots the conquest of the Old World.

The Inevitable City

Built of dark madness and inspired by insane architects, the Inevitable City sits at the nexus of several lonely, forgotten roads that can be found crisscrossing through the Chaos Wastes, dangled like lures to attract the unwary. Travellers often delight in finding a road in the middle of the blank steppes and follow it wherever it goes. These cursed roads, however, all lead to the Inevitable City. What's even more maddening is that once you're on the road, it seems to always bring you back to the city, regardless of how it twists and turns or even if you turn your back and walk away.

Eventually, the Inevitable City looms once again in front of the hapless traveller. Rumours persist these roads even wind their way deep into the Empire and lands beyond, ensuring some poor soul is bound to be trapped, the Inevitable City his only destination.

The Inevitable City first looms on the horizon, standing like a jagged wound against a slate-grey sky. The City plays tricks on the eyes, sometimes seeming as if it is remarkably close, then far away, thus making it impossible to determine the distance. It exudes a brooding evil, with gates shaped like gaping maws. The Inevitable City is covered in a black dust that resists all attempts to be brushed or washed away.

Bloodgore looked out over the wasteland that stood before the gates of his Lord's castle. Joy filled his heart as the beastmen of some rival warband approached, the wind carrying their foul cries to the defenders.

Since joining Lord Calthamor's horde Bloodgore and his kin had known nothing but bad luck. Several days before Caltharnor had assigned the duty of defending his fortress to the tribe of Marauders, thus robbing them of a chance of glory in the Blood God's name. But now it looked like their luck had changed...

"Man the walls you lazy scum!" he cried. "Bloodshed and skulls await!"

The hardy northmen scrambled to their feet, grabbing vicious flails and razor-keen blades, and raced to obey their chief. Bloody cauldrons were hauled to the battlements, their steaming contents ready to be dumped on the heads of the advancing warband.

I hope that Galthamor doesn't return too soon and steal all the glory, thought Bloodgore. This Beastmen blood is ours to give to Khorne.

The most detailed account of the Inevitable City comes from the Liber Malefic, otherwise known as the Book of Chaos Foreseen, penned by the scholar Marius Hollseher. Hollseher denies he actually travelled physically to the Inevitable City and that his account of the place came to him in dreams and visions. He claims he saw several duplicates of himself, downcast and lost in thought, making their way inside the city. Hollseher cannot account for why this is so – perhaps they were illusions, visions of seeing himself in the past or future, or clever Doppelgangers, formed from Chaos to tempt and demoralise him. He managed to escape from eternal entrapment within its walls by turning away from the City and walking into a mysterious mist that formed at his deepest depression. No one else has claimed to see this mist, despite his firm belief that it exists and is the only way out of certain doom. Although the streets and halls of the Inevitable City seem lonely, it actually hosts a large number of beings. The souls of the cursed, or those that stumbled inside, eternally wander its desolation, desperate for a way out. Disembodied forms plead and beg for guidance, while others claim to know the way to the City's exit but ultimately lead those that follower deeper into its walls and farther from any way of leaving. Daemons and Mutants also prowl its streets, cackling with glee at the plight of the lost. They rarely attack, but they taunt and torment from afar. The Inevitable City is curious in that Daemons from all four of the Gods of Chaos can be found within its walls. Whether this means that the City is neutral ground for them or the Daemons themselves are trapped, no one knows.

The city was built of dark madness. It stretched across the land to fill me with dread, for the path I trod would bring me to its portal. The city stones had been quarried from the night and in all their details and dressings they celebrated wickedness. Eternity had served as architect, engineer and master to the city's masons, and had guided all their levels and plumblines.

I turned my feet towards the far horizon, and still the city was before me. Once more I turned, and again, and yet another turning. With each freshly chosen course I drew nearer to the city gates, and its towers and walls loomed higher. The gateway was the end of every road, and despair gnawed my heart.

As I paused to seek a new escape. I saw that I was not alone on the inevitable, hideous path. Between myself and the city stood a man, his head bent and his eyes downcast, lost in some deep contemplation. As I watched he turned towards the city. His strides were firm, but he came no closer to the gate. I watched as he passed me by and went further from the gates until he vanished in the distant mists.

Thus it was possible to avoid the city and its brooding darkness, and I resolved to march, against all reason, to the city. And when I did so, the city grew no closer, and was soon lost to sight.

- Liber Malefic, The Book of Čhaos Foreseen, Marius Holiseher



Floating serenely in nearly every corner of the Inevitable City, the Watchers of Tzeentch silently observe the events of the city. The Watchers are anchored to the ground by thick chains, and are little more than seemingly harmless, if unsettling, eyeballs. However, few interfere with their vigil, less they risk the wrath of powers unseen.

The Inevitable City is a symbol of all that is lost, and the plight of those that find themselves in desperate situations with no way out. Its illusions and mazes have a way of returning a traveller back to the same location, regardless of what route he takes. Scholars believe the Inevitable City is a living metaphor for the downward spiral that the lure of Chaos represents, for once you walk down the dark path there is no hope of return.

Hill of Bones

Three hundred years ago, a fiery Sigmarite zealot from Middenheim named Regimius inspired his brethren to take the battle directly to the heart of the Chaos Wastes. Despite the efforts of the nobles, military commanders, and Cult officials, thousands of soldiers, militiamen, Priests, and fervent commoners abandoned their posts and homes to undertake this crusade. The army, known as Sigmar's Brave, brimmed with religious zeal but lacked much in the way of planning and logistics. Miraculously, the army pierced nearly two hundred miles into the Chaos Wastes, facing only minor resistance from surprised bands of Orcs and Beastmen. The survivors, however, spread word of the coming of Sigmar's Brave, and the bloodthirsty inhabitants of the Wastes eventually raised a counter army nearly double the size of the Human force.

The two armies clashed near a lonely dried riverbed.
The Human army was faltering at this point, as food supplies ran low, and the incessant cold weather sapped the will. A force of thousands Beastmen and Kurgan, bolstered by a throng of Goblin tribes and Daemons,

pinned the army train in a classic pincher move. The slaughter was unprecedented. In the end, not a single soldier of Sigmar's Brave remained alive – although Regimius is rumoured to have fled the battlefield deep into the Wastes. As the meat was ripped off their skeletons for the victory feast, the bones of the victims were tossed into a single pile, which rose for nearly ahundred feet into the air. The Hill of Bones remains to this day and is the haunt of the souls of those betrayed by their leader's cowardice and the folly of their crusade.

Magic of Chaos

The Chaos Wastes are dark and brooding places, illuminated by unnatural, unhealthy fires. The land itself changes and flows with the warping power of Chaos, and the air is filled with the howls of the despairing and the dead. This is the home of many magical creatures, some of whom command powers fully the equal of any Old World magician. Indeed, seers and sorcerers have travelled into the Chaos Wastes in search of power, and have found the cost to be beyond any sane reckoning.

Many of the wizards who have entered the Chaos Wastes have risen to power in the service of one of the dark Powers of Chaos. In doing so they have created a body of magical lore that owes little to the ordered wizardry of the Old World. They have bound Daemons into terrible weapons of destruction, created fell blades for the Champions of Chaos to carry into battle, and mastered new powers to spread Chaos beyond the boundaries of the Chaos Wastes.

Dark and brooding are the wizardries of Chaos, more so than the insensate violence of its servants. Magic is the breath of Chaos; it pervades all that is chaotic and binds all the Daemons and servants of Chaos to their masters. It is the force of Chaos and Magic, intertwined

and inseparable, that drives them on in search of fresh prey and new sensation. Chaos is wild Magic, untrammelled by the imposed and ordered rules of wizards, yet even the 'cleanest' forms of magic tap the same dark and chaotic wellsprings of power.

But the magic of Mankind and the other races is like a science – ordered and defined by 'natural laws'. It is a process of reason, guided by intelligent thought. It alters the world in apparently impossible ways, following 'natural laws', ordered by imposed rules. The magic of Chaos, on the other hand, defies all logic and definition. It is a magic of shrieking for dark spirits, of bloody incantations and half-forgotten or never-known spells, of wizardries cast by robe. The magic of Chaos is not controlled, merely channelled.

In the Chaos Wastes many have magical powers. There are wizards who came in search of Chaos power. There are Champions of Chaos, Beastmen and Chaos Spawn who have spells, abilities and powers granted by the Chaos Pavers in addition to the warping changes that Chaos has wrought on their minds and bodies. And, of course, Daemons have magical powers far beyond any possessed by mere mortals. In Chaos, all things are possible. The Magic of Chaos is just one more of its rewards and curses.

MONOLITHS

Scattered throughout the Old World are hideous monuments, known as Chaos Monoliths. These totems were raised over the millennia by primitive tribes and mighty warbands, to glorify champions of legend who once fought for the Chaos gods, furthering the reality of their masters' dark dreams of conquest and dominion. When a Champion of Chaos evolves into a Daemon Prince, his followers erect these enormous pillars as a testament to their mortal glory and eternal power. The usual form of the monolith is a great slab of stone, dressed, polished and carved with various degrees of accomplishment depending upon the skills of the Champion's devotees. The rune of the Champion's patron is commonly carved at the top of the Monolith, and the surface is covered in the deeds, rewards, and boasts of the Champion, recording them for all time. Several brave or foolhardy scholars of the Empire have travelled northward to seek them out, returning with translations of the heretical texts daubed or chiselled upon them.

Chaos Monoliths always bear the rune of the Champion's Power or the rune of Chaos itself, and are protected by that Power as well as by the Champion as a Daemon Prince. This protection sometimes goes as far as to make the monument impossible to move or damage, although this is not always the case and old, broken, and weather-worn monuments are as common as undamaged ones.

"It is said that where he fell, there grew a monument to his evil deeds. And n o good thing would grow there." By order of the great god Khorne whose name I called upon extolling his glory. he commanded that I should assail my enemies.

> When the command of Khorne, my lord, came to my ears From Wastes I departed to Kislev I marched straightaway.

The boyars of Kislev mustered their fighting men against me. offering resistance in battle.

I grasped in my hand the mighty axe, the weapon which Khorne had granted me. Like a lion I raged I butchered them like sheep with my terrible weapon.

Not a man among them escaped. Their corpses I skewered o stakes. with their skulls I covered the altar of Khorne.

– From the monolith of Gerther von Stahl, the Exalted Champion of Khorne

אורעעעון איוורון דע

Only a powerful enemy of Chaos would dare to try and damage a Chaos Monolith; followers of Chaos always treat them with reverence, even if they've been erected in the name of a Patron other than their own. No follower of Chaos willingly passes a monolith without reading the words upon it. Inscriptions are often copied and read out around the camp fires, at feasts, or before battle. In this way they pass into common circulation and are told and retold as stirring Chaos Sagas.

It is only normally the victorious followers of champions who have risen to the daemonic who have the opportunity and inclination to construct these remembrances. However, there are monoliths that honour other champions.

The followers of champions who have been wracked by the dark energies of Chaos and reduced to spawn may also honour their leader with such a marker. There the monolith will cover a pit or cell where the beast will continue to eke out its miserable existence. Such places are often shoddily made and will often appear broken and weatherworn, and hold little interest for the immortal patron it is dedicated to. However, other followers of Chaos will read the monolith and pass down food or drink through the barred recess to the creature below. They treat it with a similar amount of respect, though instead of honouring the lost, this is more likely to be their method of warding away a similar fate.

If a champion dies in battle, his followers may also erect a monolith to him as a mark of respect. This is



especially likely if he is killed in a great victory of Chaos, where warbands may join together to build a monument to the many champions fallen in battle. The monolith incorporates a cairn or tomb where the body of the champion is laid to rest, sometimes with his arms and armour laid around him, although usually these are likely to be passed on to a successor or divided up between his retinue. These champions do not always rest easy in their eternal sleep. They may haunt the land around the monolith and emerge to slay any who may desecrate the stone or even just pass nearby. In this way, such monoliths are not merely monuments, but may also be guardians to cursed places.

Monoliths can be found almost anywhere in the Old World, but are most common in the Wastes to the north, where Chaos reigns unopposed. Most sane individuals avoid these profane places, and the land that surrounds them is almost always assumed to be cursed and forgotten by the true Gods of the Old World. Some Monoliths serve as the central point of focus for a shrine or temple dedicated to the Gods of Chaos, creating a constant flow of evil energy between the Monoliths and the followers. The presence of a Chaos Monolith warps and defiles the landscape and weather around it. Change Storms are very common around these monuments.

One such place is known simply as the Plain of the Four Monoliths, or the Proving Ground. During times long past, four mighty champions of the Four Powers (whose names have not survived the passing of so many centuries) fought a superhuman battle to see which of the Chaos gods was the strongest. But, as is the way with the whimsical, sadistic Lords of Chaos, not one of them could best his rivals and, as a consequence, all died of the wounds they suffered during their titanic struggle. To mark the site of the

battlefield, which witnessed this clash of titans. The followers of the nameless champions erected great monoliths, each one quite unlike the other, reflecting the unholy qualities of each champion's dark patron. These bizarre and perverse monuments have stood for hundreds of years, like ancient sentinels watching over the blighted battlefield. Marauders, Chaos Warriors, and other devotees of the dark gods have come to this place since that legendary time to make offerings to their unholy masters and pay homage to the heroes in the hope that just a fraction of their rumoured power might be conferred upon them and advance them on their way towards attaining daemonhood.

Monoliths to the Great Beast

Monoliths dedicated to pure Chaos come in almost any shape and size. The most common are simple, rough-hewn slabs of granite, carved or painted with the dreaded eight-pointed star of Chaos. While the followers of Khorne defile the Monoliths of Slaanesh, and Nurgle's warriors deface the Monoliths of Tzeentch, all followers of Chaos pay their respects and homage to this representation of Chaos whenever they find one.

THE DEATH STONE

This monolith raised to praise the Blood God is a huge, uncarved menhir, daubed with Khorne's skull rune and other sigils of Chaos. It is bedecked with skins and skeletal remains while piled around its base are countless skulls, be they human, Beastmen, those of Trolls and Chaos Ogres, or even that of a Dragon.

Monoliths to Khorne

Khorne's Monoliths are grim affairs, cut from black rock and covered in carvings of skulls and bones, sometimes even spewing fountains of blood. Some are even crafted entirely in the bones and skulls of fallen foes, towering high into the sky like the remains of some terrible, multi-headed beast. On rare occasions, the servants of Khorne create their Monoliths out of metals – iron and brass being the preferred materials – and adorn them with horrible bas-reliefs of Khorne's symbol, stylised skulls, and profane runes. A brass monument reflects not the onlooker's image but that of the Champion himself. The Monoliths of Chaos Dwarfs are the finest of the lot, often polished to a mirror sheen that can reflect sunlight for miles around. Regardless of the shape, Monoliths dedicated to Khorne are always surrounded by mounds of skulls. No self-respecting Champion of Khorne would dare pass by such a monument without leaving behind a tribute of severed heads and bleached bones, forming a growing mound of skulls like that which surrounds the throne of the Blood God himself. They claim every skull left behind can later be found on Khorne's own Throne of Skulls in his domain in the Realm of Chaos.

Monoliths to Nurgle

The monuments of Nurgle's Champions always look ancient and crumbling, regardless of their actual age. Nurgle cares nothing of appearances, and allows his

THE PLAGUE PILLAR

This monolith raised to the glory of the Lord of Decay is nothing more than a heap of festering refuse and rotting remains. Bubonic rats and bloated maggots feast on cankerous filth that drops from intestinal-like openings, while gibbering Nurglings wallow in the vomit and pus that collects at its base. A disgusting cloud of flies fills the fetid air surrounding the excremental mounds of decay that is the Plague Pillar.

CHARLES CONTRACTOR

Monoliths to succumb to the effects of time, weather, and the defilement by others. His Monoliths are typically crafted from shale or slate of dull grey, and some are cast in rusting iron or green-crusted copper. They are covered in moss, lichen, mould, and slime. Its nooks and crannies serve as the home for disgusting snakes, toads, lizards, slugs, and snails. When anyone approaches a great black mass of flies appears from within the monolith and surrounds it. The Champions of Nurgle show their respects by throwing the bodies of their fallen foes at the base of these monoliths, allowing their corpses to rot and moulder in the growing mounds of refuse surrounding them.

Monoliths to Slaanesh

The tumescent Monoliths dedicated to Slaanesh are both beautiful and terrifying to behold, and often appear as glistening rocks thrusting into the sky. They are always crafted from the finest of materials, with the most treasured being exotic crystalline rocks with pink or purple streaks and glittering veins of quartz. Rumours abound of large Monoliths crafted from a single, huge gemstone, but they are rarely seen. These monuments are inevitably carved with figures of Daemons, animals, and Humans in unlikely and blasphemous positions. These images are beguiling and repulsive at the same time, conjuring up images of seductive power and pleasure, entrancing music, excessive feasts, and other temptations of Chaos. Graven with verse from long-dead poets, these words can mesmerise and delude the weak-minded, forcing them to relish the careful turn of phrase, to inspect the gentle flow of thought to form and back again, and to spend eternity mulling on the dreams of pleasure and pain evoked by the throbbing stone.

THE TOTEM OF LIVING FLESH

Unlike the inanimate monuments raised to his brother gods, the Totem of Flesh is a living thing, even though such a thing should only exist in the nightmares of evil men. It is a writhing column of pink flesh that sprouts half-formed limbs all over its surface while mewling mouths open in the sickly white skin and moan in agony or ecstasy. The Totem of Flesh is all that remains of the orgiastic entourage of Slaanesh's long-dead champion, granted his final wish to be joined in vile bodily union for all eternity.

THE OBSIDIAN MONOLITH

The winds of magic flow in a vortex of esoteric energy around the Obsidian Monolith. Carved in the form of a perfect octagonal prism, from a huge block of the blackest volcanic glass, the Obsidian Monolith collects these mystical energies so that those skilled in the ways of wizardry may tap into the great store of magic contained within it to enhance their own spellcasting.

Monoliths to Tzeentch

No two Monoliths dedicated to Tzeentch are alike, and trying to describe them with any consistency is almost impossible. Some may be made from exotic stone like black obsidian or glowing marble, although almost any other substance may be used. Even then, these Monoliths change and warp over the years to suit the whims of Tzeentch and his followers. Tales persist of Monoliths formed in living fire, cascades of water, or columns of solid smoke. Living monuments of flesh which scream out at passers-by are especially frightening. A few are even unmoored from the land, floating low in the sky, or inexplicably sitting on the surface of a lake or river.

CHAOS SHRINES

There is nowhere in this world that the followers of Chaos have not ventured in praise of their lords. And as they travel and plunder and kill, and die in their turn they leave behind them objects, totems, idols and other symbols of their corruption, tainting the land further and providing a beacon to draw fellow reavers behind them. Across the face of the world therefore, from the dark woods of the human realms to the mountains of the Skull Lands to the glaciers of Naggaroth, there are scattered these shrines to Chaos.

These shrines are the sacred places of the fallen kin, each one a monument, no matter how small, to their gods. Some are great and brazen temples to their masters, built over years with the toil of legions of slaves, employed by a great staff of priests wherein the most powerful and titanic rituals may be performed for their lord. They are mighty constructions that bring enormous prestige to their builders, their names: Karan'azzarr, the Golden Towers of Daed, the Steel Citadel and the Unspeakable City and others resound through the Shadowlands however there are scarce few of them, for they require epic resources, an army to protect them from rivals and the softer races, and most important of all, time. After all, what champion would squander their briefest window of opportunity to climb that perilous path to power, before the madness of Chaos robs them of whatever chance they had?

The bulk of these shrines therefore are quite small, often contained within a mere grove or single cave, hidden away in the secret places of the world. Each power has its shrines, and each shrine is individual, for each as a different reason for its founding. At the basest level, these shrines need be little more than an altar in a Power's name. Such shrines can most often be found amongst those established settlements of the

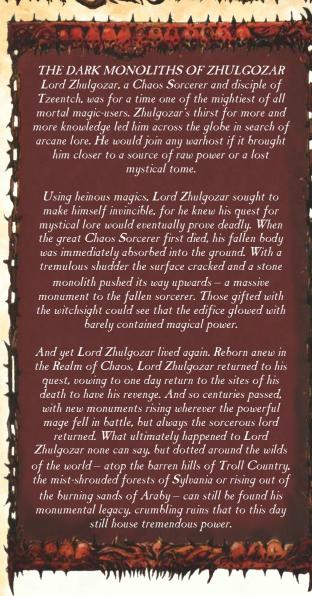
Shadowlands, the Norscans in the majority but also in the few fixed encampments and hidden cities of the nomadic Kurgan and Hung. The men of these tribes brook no illusion to the world around them. While the soft and fearful men of the south may prefer to consider the Powers as fiction and fables, the men of the tribes know the immortal gods for what they are. Just as a scallion of Bretonnia would acknowledge his feudal masters so too do the tribesmen recognise their immortal lords and only a fool would deny them their due.

As life in the Shadowlands is always violent and often brief, it is no surprise that many tribes choose a warrior god as their foremost patron. Their names will vary from place to place, but in truth it does not matter as it is always truly Khorne. As such their settlements will contain a shrine of some description, sometimes within the warrior's hall or upon the training grounds, often set slightly away from the settlement's boundaries.

This is not the only means by which a shrine to the Blood God may be founded. Where their warriors have brought great slaughter upon their foes they may establish one in grateful thanks to the Powers that lent them aid in their combat, whereupon they heap the trophies they have taken from the field and consecrate them in their name. As god of war and bloody death, tribesmen will most often raise such constructs in Khorne's name for his favour in granting them victory. The larger the battle and the carnage, so greater will the shrine be, so that after a particularly epic conflict there may be constructed a mighty edifice from whatever materials are at hand, wherein even loyal followers and champions may be interred so they may enslave their vanquished even after death.

For many shrines, this is all they will be, a crude marker for a nameless skirmish. Abandoned and desolate, they will disintegrate back into the land from





which they were constructed, or perhaps be discovered generations later by those people who have long forgotten the names or deeds or reasons for those who battled there.

Sometimes it is the case, however, that a later conflict may be fought nearby, whereupon further offerings may be piled at its base and the shrine may grow. Indeed, as these markers draw the wandering bands of tribesmen and champions naturally towards them to worship, foes will encounter one another and battle joined far more readily than out in the vastness of the Shadowlands. Even more so for those that lie along the passage of a nomad tribe, who visit it year after year as a waypoint between winter and summer lands.

Such centres become awesome and labyrinthine tombs, places of legend for their mystery and the riches that many assume must lie within. Men of all types are drawn there as moths to a flame, some to worship, others to plunder. Warbands may rest there for days, months or years, some even becoming permanent guardians of their lord's sanctuary. With their residence the shrine will expand and be built up to a veritable fortress over the catacombs below. And gradually with such concentration of death and worship, it becomes almost as though it forms its own Shadow of Chaos, and in its depths daemons may roam.

The Warrior-Priests

Perhaps the greatest mystery is not the shrines themselves but rather those who tend them. They are known by many different names among the Northmen, for they lay claim to none of their own. They are the closest to the priesthood of the shrines and they are fearsome warriors in their own right, and so it is as warrior-priests that we shall refer to them.

They travel endlessly from shrine to shrine visiting all: the temples, the settlementhearths, even perhaps the lost and forgotten altars deep in the wilds. What they do there is unclear, however their arrival will often draw young warriors to the shrine in order that they may chance the god's blessing. Sometimes the warrior-priest will send these youths away, others he will attack; but a few he will allow entrance to the shrine and they will emerge a changed man or not at all.

As for the warrior-priests, mighty figures encased in the armour of their god, they will travel on, alone, always alone. They never take repast with the Northmen who encounter them and never appear to gather with their own kind, so that no man alive can attest to having seen more than one at the same moment.

BEYOND THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

There's good reason why the World's Edge Mountains are called such. For most Old Worlders, these mountains mark the end of the civilised world. The peaks serve as a natural barrier to keep out the terrors that stalk those lands on the other side. But despite the earnest hopes of the Empire, there is a world beyond these mountains. There are no cities here – at least not as Humans know them, as there are no nations, no long-recorded histories. It is a world hostile to Humanity, a place unsafe but for the best of warriors or the worst of Chaos' minions.





The World's Edge Mountains form a great wall dividing the continent in half. It separates the world of pious and educated men from the wanton savagery of barbarism. The eastern slopes of these ancient mountains are pitted and worn, scoured clean by the incessant winds that blow grit and sand lifted from the floor of the nearly empty Dark Lands. The raw stone tumbles down to a bleak plain of scorched earth and stone, life long ago poisoned by the belching flames and smoke from volcanoes that hem in this terrifying landscape.

To the north lies the Eastern Steppes, a vast stretch of empty plains covered in tall grasses and stubbly trees. Here, the black clouds of the Dark Lands give way to the dome of the earth, dwarfing all who stand beneath its vast emptiness. Further north, the Steppes become the Shadowlands, a blighted region touched by the corrupting influence of Chaos. These lands, burdened by the Umbra, are home to countless hordes of Beastmen, roving plains of mutated Humans and monsters so foul and maddening they defy description, often nothing more than heaps of undulating flesh fitted with obscene maws and endless eyes.

The Chaos Wastes, as they are known, touch all other lands, and their inhabitants are compelled by the flowing powers of the Dark Gods to visit woe and suffering on all other lands that they touch. To the east, fabled Cathay stands in all of its ancient glory, with warriors standing guard on the Great Wall erected to slow the tide of monsters that tumble down with greater and greater frequency. It is no better in the west. For there, Ulthuan's exiles, the Dark Elves, watch the roiling energies of the great Eye of Chaos that opens and closes, spawning countless terrors whose mere sight devours the mind. Though protected by their own defences, time and again the Dark Elves must rouse their evil armies to stand fast against the endless tide of Chaos Marauders and Daemons that seek nothing more than to extend the influence of their capricious masters further and further south, until the entire world collapses under the weight of its own corruption.

So, the question is: who dares to hold these trackless expanses? What kinds of people live beneath the unbearable weight of the Umbra? It would seem the answer lies in Humankind. Even in the confines of the Empire, men and women feel the call and leave behind their lives to seek glory and power by embracing the unknowable mysteries of Chaos. These wicked fighters and sorcerers venture into lands foul and opposed to life, shouldering the might of Chaos to serve whatever petty ends they demand. If the good citizens of the Empire, taught as they are from the cradle to denounce the darkness, could fall sway to the lure of the forbidden, it should come to no surprise that mortals without such ingrained restraint would so easily succumb to the temptations of wickedness.

On the horizon stood a terrifying shape, a symbol of death and of a world beyond the grave. It was the tomb of a great ford of ancient times at whose name the world had once trembled.

A huge grave of dark stone, the tomb dwarfed the palaces of mortal lords. The brooding edifice was enshrouded in a veil of wickedness. The stench of death and despair was heavy about its skull-shaped bastions.

Here rested the greatest of the Champions of Chaos, a mortal god, who in ancient times had brought the world to its knees. Grim chambers were filled with the skulls of his victims; great catacombs bristled with the weapons of those who had fallen by his hand. On the battlements of the tomb flew the banners of those he had defeated.

In the shadow of the tomb gathered the warriors of the North. Marauders prepared for war, reciting Chaos sagas and bringing offerings to the fallen hero. Here they beseeched the resting Warlord to return to the world of the living, bring victory to their weapons and deliver the world into their hands.

- Marius Hollseher, Liber Malefic

"And then ahead I saw a wall, lined with pinnacles and columns, arches of blood and carved bone, brazen steps, hideous shrieking mouths and Daemons bound with the blackest iron. Its base was piled with boulders and skulls. The waft lay unbroken in its awful perfection from horizon to horizon.

And as I gazed down from my vantage point, I saw a vast army of the Lost and the Damned assaulting the wall, and the wall itself bristled with steel as another vast host of the Slaves to Darkness defended it. Here the armies of Chaos fought each other at the command of their lords. Great siege engines crashed against the walls. The dark wings of a cloud of living monstrosities blocked out the rays of the blood-red sun as they descended onto the battlements. Lightning flashed down and tore apart warriors, not discriminating between the defenders and attackers. The awful din of battle, the clamour of war, roared like thunder until the very heavens quaked. And still the cohorts of the Dark Gods struggled against each other, dying in their thousands until the dead outnumbered the living."

- Marius Hollseher, Liber Malefic

קדעינונון היוורון דני

Indeed, in the Eastern Steppes, the seas of desert, and throughout the world, old and new, there are tribes of savage men who follow their herds to better grazing lands. These primitives have no conception of good and evil, have no understanding of the dangers of Chaos, and certainly have not heard of the Man-God Sigmar. Instead, they embrace the primal forces of nature, seeing spirits in all things. The blasphemous Gods of the north are their masters, twisting and turning their forms, deluding them into believing the failures of their flesh are actually boons, gifts from the Dark Gods themselves.

So when the Daemons sound the trumpets of war, it is these violent tribes who answer its call. Quick to serve, they tie themselves to the vast hordes that follow the Champions of Chaos, believing it is their duty – their obligation, in fact even their sole purpose – to visit war on the lands of their neighbours. Such men and women cannot be reasoned with. They are slaves to darkness, soulless creatures little better than the Beastmen wandering the dark forests of the Empire. They are a force of nature unto themselves.

THE NORTHLANDS

Lying close to the borders of Chaos, the northlands are saturated with malefic forces. It is a frozen wasteland stalked by all manner of gruesome monsters and roving barbarians. No crops survive there, for the ground is as hard as iron and the howling winds cut like daggers of purest cold. A network of fjords and mist-shrouded islands wreath the coastline, and it is here that the Northmen build and tether the longships with which they terrorise the shores of the known world. In the southernmost lands of Norsca, lying between the Sea of Claws and the Sea of Chaos, scattered coastal settlements provide some respite from the cruel elements, yet they are often attacked by bloodkrakens and other horrors. Further inland, the ice gives way to frozen steppes and eventually to open plains, where the tribes of horsemen hunt and stay clear of bone-carpeted Ice Drake lairs. It is a grim and shadowy land where the weak do not live long, and living means a constant fight for survival, supremacy and the chance to appease the gods.

From the northlands, one can see that the Realm of Chaos is an ever-pulsing thing that ebbs and flows into the real world like an irregular tide. The power of Chaos has always waxed and waned, and for most of the time, the shadow of its touch lies close against the poles. However, as the borders expand, the encroachment is accompanied by great outpourings of Chaos warbands. Scholars have postulated that the two are intrinsically linked, as if it is the warbands' collective desires to wreak havoc that fuels the realm's expansion. If true, then unless the incursions of Chaos can be defeated, the Realm of Chaos will eventually encompass the entire globe, and all will be swallowed in insanity and death.



TROLL COUNTRY

North of the last mortal realm of Kislev, past the lawless taiga, lies the malign wilderness known as Troll Country. This is the outermost realm of Chaos, the furthest part of the world touched by the shadow of the Dark Gods. No mortal lord claims kingship over this land, instead Chaos warbands strive for ascendancy over each other. Through this land itself lies even further from the Chaos Wastes than Norsca, no tribes dwell here, for the predators that stalk its untrammelled wastes are beyond counting.

The lands of the Troll Country are inhospitable to most life at first glance, but it seems from the tales of travellers that what at first appears to be a lifeless wasteland is in fact home to many lesser birds and beasts. Crows thrive on carrion in abundance, as do other birds of prey, such as the snowy feathered ice eagle and the Norscan owl. There are all manner of foxes, rats, wolves and bears that have found the means to survive through preying on each other and the deer that roam the tundra. However, these are of little interest to one already scholarly in the various creatures of the Empire, as they differ little from their southern cousins, except in colouration and markings.

However, this being the tainted northlands, even these lowly creatures show signs of the corruption which festers in those lands. Twin-headed foxes, flying salmon, flesh-eating hares and all manner of other abominations can be found out in the wilds.

As well as the animals of the oblast, as the Kislevites refer to this snowy wasteland, there are many other creatures, of greater or lesser size and varying intelligence. Many creatures of Chaos roam the Troll Country: Chimeras, Minotaurs, Ogres and Beastmen, and as its name suggests, numerous Trolls. No other realm in the world harbours as many trolls as the Troll



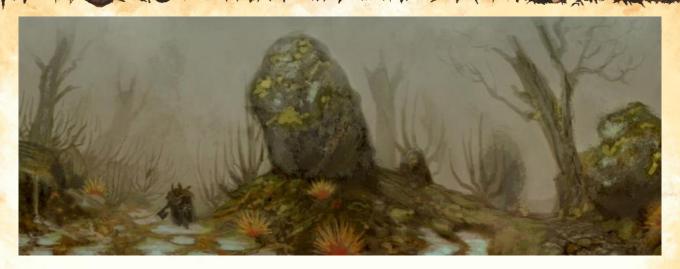
Country. These range from the Sea Trolls of the coast, to the River Trolls that dwell near the few melted brooks and pools, to the Mountain or Stone Trolls, and the Ice Trolls, up to the deformed and greatly hideous Northern Trolls, or Dark Trolls as they are often called by hunters in those lands. These are far more dangerous than their southern kindred, horrifying monsters mutated by the seething energy of Chaos.

In these unpleasant climes, the Stone Troll is perhaps the most populous of these loathsome, unintelligent creatures. Variation in colour is common, but the most dominant shade of hide appears to be grey, or a bluishgrey. Often, as illustrated, this is accompanied by markings or striations across the shoulders and back, either of a lighter tone, often white, or a darker hue. It is unlikely that this helps as any form of camouflage for the creature while hunting, given the noisome stench it emits, and quite possibly is more a means by which individuals are recognised by other Trolls. Some myths claim that Stone Trolls have become resilient to the corrupting magical vapours that tinge the air in the north, and through this have some immunity to spells.

Though far too common for safe travel within the boundaries of the Emperor's realms, the River Troll is a scarce sight in the Troll Country. There are few of the mires and bogs in which in likes to make its home, and those that do survive the freezing conditions can be found near the streams and tributaries of the Lynsk in the southern Troll Country. Tending to be a bluish green in colour, with lank, matted hair and often decorated with the skeletons of fish and river mammals, River Trolls have adapted their hunting to their watery environs. It is claimed that they can stay submerged for long periods of time, and haunt crossings, such as fords and bridges, or areas where the bank is low and animals come to drink. They quite frequently drag their victims into the pool or stream and down them before feasting on their uncooked flesh.

Most dangerous of all the Trolls are those found in the very north of the region, in the foothills of the mountains of Norsca. These are known as North Trolls, Great Trolls or Dark Trolls. Larger and even more aggressive than other types of Trolls, Dark Trolls often have shaggy fur to protect them from the bitter northern wind, and evident physical corruption in the form of jutting horns, tusks and extra appendages. They are savage and will even prey upon other Trolls if hungry. Some northern tribesmen believe Dark Trolls to be creatures favoured by their gods and create bizarre totems in their image, and leave piles of rotting meat at some distance from their villages to appease them. Of all the Trolls, the Dark Trolls vary in colour the most, as the examples demonstrate, ranging from black skins and reddish fur, to highly patterned hides.

Although it is from the Trolls that this land has earned its name, they are by no means the only creatures to thrive there. Packs of ice-wolves hunt down and pounce upon those who stray into their territory, their mournful howls piercing the night. Cockatrices dwell within cavernous lairs and Manticores soar high above mountain ranges in search of fresh prey, Frost-wyrms



make their lairs across the frozen tundra, still as death until the footfalls of trespassers trigger a murderous burst of activity.

In particular, there are numerous mutated Beastmen warbands that prey upon hunters and travellers. Like the Trolls, their appearance varies according to their locale, and some may have very splendid pelts. There are also reports of twisted, rat-like Beastmen living in the mountains, and of gigantic, half-ogre rat creatures that often battle with the Trolls. To the north of Troll Country lies the Skaven fortress of Hell Pit, a realm of Nightmares that acts as the stronghold for the twisted beastmasters of Skaven Clan Moulder.

As well as these, there are a few scattered bands and villages of Ogres, who do a thriving trade as caravan guards, or as bandits. These Ogres are as likely to ally with the Norse tribes as they are to attack them, and some have even adopted their manner of dress and worship the same twisted gods.

Last, and by all means definitely least, like the rest of the Known World the Troll Country is plagued by tribes of Goblins. In particular, it is not uncommon for these creatures to cross the High Pass from the steppes beyond, and on occasion hordes of wolf-riding Goblins, Gnobyars, Hobyars and Hobgoblins have poured into the north of Kislev. These sporadic incursions are destroyed in short order by the disciplined armies of the Kislevites, and with a generous standing bounty for Goblin heads amongst the northern tribesmen. However. Goblins will flourish in the most hideous circumstances, and the survivors of these successive invasions have, over the generations, established sizeable communities of their own, both on the tundra, and in caverns and tunnels beneath the mountains.

In all, the Troll Country is a place replete with life of all kinds. However, life is harsh and the majority of these creatures are dangerous to any traveller or would-be settler. Armed guards are advisable for any expedition to these parts, and there are very few, if any, reasons to wish to attempt such a journey. Though the sane men of the Old World abhor Troll Country as a frozen purgatory from which few return, the Champions of Chaos frequently brave its dangers. For

where better to seek eternal glory than in a land that harbours more monsters than men?

Mankind in the Troll Country

There is no true boundary between the nation of Kislev and the rulerless wastes further north. The River Lynsk forms a natural barrier to many of the most dangerous creatures of the Troll Country, yet Kislev settlements extend far north and west of its icy waters. Similarly, the northern horse tribes of Kislev make camp in these barren climes, as do the more southerly tribes of the Norse. In fact, the gap between Kislev horseman and Norscan barbarian is narrower than many would believe.

Certainly, generations of bloodlines mixing between tribes has led to an unfathomably complex web of relationships between the horse tribes, who refer to themselves as Ungols, and the raider peoples of Norsca. Some even share common settlements and trading posts for the purposes of gathering hunting parties and selling furs to each other. Indeed, some of the auxiliaries numbered amongst the armies of the Tzarina are of almost pure Norse heritage.

On the whole, these savage people are best left to their own devices, and any adventurer brave enough to dare these northern lands would be wise to employ a trustworthy guide, should such a thing exist amongst these uncivilised and base people.

Sometimes Kislevite patrols, by the direct order of the Tzar or Tzarina, will ride here to challenge the warbands and slay all the Trolls they find. But such exercises are ultimately futile, for the hordes of Chaos are numerous, and slaying a mere few hundred individuals is only a drop in the ocean of foulness.

It is here that the armies of Chaos assemble when the winds of magic blow from the north and the tide of Chaos rises. The followers of the four Dark Gods gather around gruesome monoliths erected in honour of their dark masters. Beastmen emerge from the forests, guided by the visions of their shamans. Champions of Chaos bring their warbands to battle, and Chaos Sorcerers harness hordes of monsters to their will. The gods themselves send forth Daemons: the greatest of all their servants.

THE BEASTS OF TELLDROS

The Beasts of Telldros came together during the aftermath of the Battle of Icicle Pass, when a Marauder Chieftain routed an army led by the Chaos Lord Telldros the Vanquisher. As the Winds of Chaos swept across the bloody battlefield, corpses stirring eerily in its ethereal breeze, a handful of Telldros' surviving creatures became united.

The remaining Chaos Spawn, as well as a mutated Giant and a Mutalith Vortex Beast, all beings of diminished intelligence, were instinctively drawn to the surviving Dragon Ogres from Telldros' force. In fact, these creatures soon began to follow the Dragon Ogres' bidding in the absence of Telldros. An alliance of survivors was formed, through elemental sorcery and simple dominance, and being comprised of creatures of base instinct, this warband sought nothing other than exacting violent revenge for their defeat in battle.

Led by the Dragon Ogres, the Beasts of Telldros first hunted down the Marauder Chieftain to exact vengeance on behalf of their fallen master. Though they could not kill the chieftain himself, they rampaged through his kingdom, killing many of his minions. From there, the Beasts of Telldros progressed on a campaign of terror throughout Troll Country, Norsca and the Empire that lasted for decades.

The Beasts of Telldros thunder from treelines into the shocked ranks of armies on the march, smashing and trampling them to a bloody paste. Corpses that are not

flattened are found rent and torn, bones wrenched through flesh, heads, limbs and organs torn away and devoured.

Villages have been found smouldering with the charred stench of magic, the inhabitants' faces twisted in deadeyed screams of horror. There seems to be no particular goal or reason to the creatures' violence, yet thousands die because of their brutal actions. As a result, many aspiring tribal lords have sought to use the Beasts of Telldros for their own ends, but few are able to coax them into conducting violence at their behest.

The Beasts of Telldros are not the only such warband sighted rampaging south from the Realms of Chaos. These others are comprised of similar creatures, and are also led by ambitious Dragon Ogres; only a keen-eyed commander would know that they were not the same.

Perhaps the appearance of these warbands is the result of an ambitious wielder of dark sorcery, or perhaps an ingenious Chaos Lord finding a way to herd these particular creatures together, seeking to capitalise on the fearsome reputation that the Beasts of Telldros have created over the years. It is equally possible that other Dragon Ogres, having heard tales of the Beasts of Telldros, are attempting to wrangle their own monstrous pets and, though some have been trampled or torn apart for their troubles, others have succeeded. All that is certain is that these warbands have also terrorised the armies of men and killed many good soldiers.





INCURSIONS OF CHAOS

In comparison to the dreaded Chaos incursions, the constant raids of Chaos warbands are but an ominous prelude. Each incursion is an apocalyptic time of battle where hundreds of tribes march to war and the Warriors of Chaos pour down from the crest of the world.

When the gods of Chaos call for war, the tribes of the north gather. Their call is most keenly heard by the Chosen and by the most revered Champions of Chaos, but even the youngest of warriors cannot fail to heed their summons. The Realm of Chaos itself swells with energy, and from its edges snaking tentacles of power extend southwards. As space is warped by the incursion of the Realm of Chaos into the mortal lands, so the area of surrounding shadow is also pushed southwards. Beneath that shadow the armies of Chaos advance – or, some say, are driven – for as their homelands are swallowed by darkness, so the tribes are inevitably compelled southwards. When a Chaos incursion comes pouring out of the wastes, the world trembles. In its wake comes the Realm of Chaos itself, bleeding ever outward until it threatens to drown the world of the sane in anarchy and misrule. It is as if Chaos itself, not just those in its thrall, seeks to conquer the world.

As the borders of the Realm of Chaos heave and flux, so the Winds of Magic blow hard and the raw power of magic flows into the world. It is said that the champions of the gods can sense this power as an ordinary man feels the wind or sees the waves upon the sea – even in the far south it is commonly supposed that wizards are able to see sorcerous emanations invisible to others. Upon this wind ride creatures from the Realm of Chaos itself Daemons and spirits, the lesser gods of the tribes, and even, it is said, the gods of Chaos themselves; for spirits draw upon this force as men breathe air and fish water. It is only upon the most powerful and enduring gales of energy that the greatest and most dangerous creatures can endure the mortal world and join the great incursions of Chaos that plague the world at large.

THE SIEGE OF THE GREAT BASTION

During the year 1310, a series of earthquakes caused part of the Great Bastion of Cathay to collapse. A truly colossal invasion ensued as scores of the battle-hungry Kurgan tribes that roamed the steppes flooded into that rich and ancient empire. Hordes of Chaos Warriors battled legions of terracotta automatons attempting to shore up the Great Wall with their own clay bodies, mutated War Mammoths gored and trampled whole regiments of one-horned Ogres, and in the skies above Daemon Princes duelled with bejewelled Gold Dragons. The Cathayans ultimately blunted the invasion, but not before the Chaos horde had carved a bloody path into the heartland of the orient.

It is with good reason that men loathe and fear the growing power of Chaos. The constant threat of marauders reminds them of a time long ago when Chaos armies marched southwards, plundering and destroying everything in their path. More than once the Chaos hordes have rolled across Kislev, scattering the armies of men, until they stood poised to destroy the lands of the Empire. At the back of the Chaos armies, riding the winds of destruction, came daemons to pick over the spoils.

Each incursion is brought about by a legendary champion known as the Everchosen, a warrior of unsurpassed skill who has fought his way to the very pinnacle of his martial society, and who wields potent artefacts of magical and daemonic origin. The Everchosen alone has the force of personality needed to unite the constantly warring tribes into one great host that blackens the lands with its number. He is the crux on which the history of the world tilts, the manifestation of grim prophecies, and at his command march not only uncounted ranks of mortal warriors but daemons, beasts and creatures of raw magic bound to his will.

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

Thus far the armies of Chaos have been turned back, but at an ever-increasing cost. The Dark Gods bide their time, waiting for the right moment to send their armies forth to claim the world for their own. It may take months, years or centuries before the hosts of Chaos come again. But what does time mean to gods who are eternal, who existed before the world and will exist long after the stars fall from the sky?

THE INESCAPABLE FATE

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

Slowly, indisputably, the incursions of Chaos are becoming more common. Though hundreds of minor invasions and raids occur each year, the full-scale wars that permanently scar the memories of mortals are growing in number and frequency. To date, each of these major incursions has been stymied and eventually

thrown back by the combined military might of Men, Elves and Dwarfs, but at terrible cost. The men of the north number in the millions, and they breed strong and true. Furthermore, their daemonic allies can never truly die, and return again and again to assail the lands of the living. There will come a day when there are no more armies to oppose them.

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

Whatever happens, one thing is certain: the power of Chaos is like an eternal shadow which cannot be defeated nor diminished. Over time Chaos will grow stronger, while those that oppose it will grow weaker. One day the armies of Chaos will gather for one final battle, and the world will end in blood, darkness and despair. It is foretold that soon the time of the last and greatest of the Champions of Chaos will rise to unite the Chaos hordes, to command them upon the field of battle, and break the back of the mortal world forever. Then the hordes of the four Chaos Gods will claim the world for their own. The moment of dark glory fast approaches, is when the world will be consumed by Chaos, and when its champions will have their just reward.

THE ARMIES OF THE DARK GODS

Throughout the Old World people huddle behind the high walls of their cities for protection. Outside these fortified settlements, ravening warbands hold sway over a grim land of forests, mountains, and untamed wilderness. Within is safe, comfortable and ordered. Without is elemental danger, ancient darkness, and the inescapable rule of Chaos.



In the north the power of Chaos is strongest and the rule of man is at its most fragile. Beyond the last mortal realm of Kislev lies the Troll Country, a grim and shadowy land over which no man claims kingship. Here the minions of Chaos fight openly for supremacy. Huge monsters vie with their rivals to establish their territory. Chaos warbands strive for ascendancy over those who would dare to usurp them. Minotaurs, Ogres, Trolls. Chimeras and other nameless abominations reign over the broken land. From amongst the mutants, the monstrosities and the renegades, the Chaos Gods choose their champions and muster their armies.

The men of the north are the scourge of the Old World and beyond, for they want nothing more than to tear down order and destroy the civilised realms. In the cold reaches of the north the tribes gather, united by the promise of conquest. When the war horns sound, barbaric Marauder tribes stride through the snows alongside armour-clad Chaos Warriors and silent, brooding Chosen, merciless killers who possess brute strength and skill in fearsome measure. Their martial prowess is as well-tempered as the hell-forged suits of Chaos plate mail they wear to battle, their baroque armour aflame with the favour of the Dark Gods. These indomitable killers march to war alongside the savage tribes from which they came, great hordes of brutal northmen who reap the fruits of war and offer them up to their everthirsting deities. Iron-clad chariots plough a bloody furrow across the landscape, crushing or carving apart any foolish enough to stand in their path. Ahead of the endless ranks ride the cavalry of the Chaos horde – ornately-armoured Chaos Knights flanked by savage tribal horsemen painted in the hot blood of the enemy. With them come the Warhounds of Chaos, slavering beasts that hunger for living meat.

Many are the Champions of Chaos who lead these deadly armies. The spellcasters known as Chaos Sorcerers, having sold their souls in exchange for arcane power, are capable of turning enemy regiments into desiccated husks with a single word of power. But most fearsome of all are the dreaded Lords of Chaos, each a legendary warrior and commander of men who has carved a gory path across the annals of history.

THE FINAL DAYS

The Doomsayers of the Empire rant and preach that the incursions of Chaos are growing ever more frequent. They believe that when an all-powerful lord of Chaos rises up to unite the tribes and lead a great invasion into the south, only one man can stop them, a champion of light whose destiny it is to take the fight to the champion in darkness known as the Everchosen. But through this hero may throw back the incursion for a short time, thousands of good men perish with each battle, shrines are cast down and the very essence of the gods of the south weakened. Eventually, they say, there will come a day when all men are dead or under thrall of Chaos, and the champion of light will stand alone against the hordes, a single guttering candle in a world engulfed by darkness.

"These are the End Times, when the jagged claw of Chaos tears out the heart of the world, and the Dark Cods feast upon the doom of mere mortals..."

-Van Dire's Prophecy, Liber Chaotica

A truly powerful Chaos Lord will have even stranger and more powerful creatures striding to war under his banner; monstrous beings drawn by the promise of carnage, compelled by ancient debts or simply lusting after the lure of greater glory, bound by the will of the gods to drown those who oppose them in a tide of blood. From the icebound wastes of Troll Country and the darkest valleys come stinking predators whose flesh flows and bulges with barely contained anarchy, regrowing and regenerating ever more bizarre mutations with every fresh wound. From the east come Ogres drawn by the promise of battle, roaring in the crude tongue of their race and hefting heavy metal clubs, the favoured of their number clad in great suits of blackened plate. Fouler still are the towering Dragon Ogres that descend from the highest peaks to join the throng. Energised by the lightning that scours their mountainous lairs, each of these primeval beasts is ready to earn yet another lifespan in the service of the Dark Gods. The eldest of their number, the storm-clad beasts called Shaggoths, are the very same creatures that fought against the race of Dragons during the prehistory of the world. Some are over five millennia old, creatures from aeons past who have secured immortality with the promise of eternal servitude in the name of the Ruinous Powers.

And yet these are far from the most bizarre of the horrors that descend upon the lands of the sane.

Bellowing titans of molten flesh, Daemon-cannons that

belch balefire, and two-headed dragons turned inside out by the mutating power of Chaos stomp and soar into battle. Fortresses of veined stone burst from the corpse-soiled battleground in eruptions of jagged rock. Hovering in the skies come silvered citadels that defy gravity, each host to a coven of Sorcerers, and half-real nightmares borne aloft by the Winds of Chaos. At the command of the lords of battle leading the host, engines of living brass and regiments of Daemonriding champions crash through the ranks of the barbarian host in their haste to plunge into battle. To look upon the armies of Chaos is to risk one's sanity; to meet them on the battlefield is to invite a violent death. There is no limit to the scope and scale of a Chaos invasion, for it exists on the cusp of this world and the next.

The only true way to break apart such an incursion is to slay the Chaos Lord at its heart and hope that the inherent mayhem and disorder of the horde leads it to consume itself. After all, the Ruinous Powers hold rivalries that span across time and space, and they are ever ready to blame the failure of their fractious alliances upon each other. History does indeed record such feats - notably the Great War against Chaos, where Magnus the Pious drove back the armies of Asavar Kul, and the recent counter-invasions of Emperor Karl Franz that have staved off invasion for a few more precious months. But each time the hordes march upon the civilised world, ever more heroes, cities and fortresses fall, and yet more territory is claimed by the Realm of Chaos as it flows outward across the globe, perverting everything it touches with the stain of insanity. There can be only one side ultimately triumphant in this long war – the war for reality itself.



All the land to the north of Praag lay burned and blackened, an unending expanse of darkness dotted with splintered stumps and tumbled stone where once leafy woods and neatly thatched cottages had stood amidst verdant pasture. The ground smoked where fires still smouldered beneath the ashen surface, gasping lonely threads of smoke which twisted slowly upwards into the still air.

'The horde has done its work well my lord,' grunted Greygave. His thick tongue and loose lips worked hard to produce the uneasy speech of man, for Greygave was a beastman, one of the goat-headed creatures of Chaos that had joined Sebastian Scarabus's warband last summer. Already the giant, grey-skinned beastmen had proven himself a loyal and cunning lieutenant to his chosen Champion.

Scarabus, gaunt and slender like the blackened trunk of the tree beside him, gazed over the blasted plain. The devastation unsettled him. He felt as if all about him were the pieces of some vast puzzle which it was his task to resolve and yet of which he and his followers were also an inextricable part.

He stretched the broad wings that grew from his back, allowing the air to rustle through the sparkling iridescent feathers. His keen eyes scanned the pall of charred destruction which smothered what had once been the fertile hinterland of Praag. To the south a thick column of oily smoke climbed high into the sky like a black serpent dancing over the cold corpse of the land. Scarabus knew that sign, the coiling spiral shape that was one of the emblems of his own master Tzeentch. Under that sinister serpent of smoke was the city of Praag itself and the encircling horde of Chaos.

'Are we too late?' snorted Greygave in his harsh beastman's voice.

In answer the Champion of Chaos spread his wings, driving the air into turmoil so that gran clouds of ash rose wound him, causing Greygave to shield his eyes from the blinding dust. With slow strong wing-beats Scarabus ascended into the sky like a huge swan. Greygave watched his master grow smaller and smaller until he could barely discern the tiny dark shape against the pale sky. The beastman knew that Scarabus had flown high into the air from where his eaglesharp eyes could spy out the countryside for many miles around. For a moment it seemed as if Scarabus was gone, leaving Greygave and the rest of the warband alone amidst the ruined earth.

As his powerful wings carried him into the sky Scat-abut felt the rush of cool air over his skin. His gift, the glittering wings that sprouted from his slender back, were more than just a convenient way of travelling quickly and unseen. To Scarabus his wings were a part of his new life in the service of Tzeentch the Changer of the Ways.

The realm of the earth, which he had hitherto considered the only existence, now seemed like a small dark prison in which a mortal man was forever chained. He had become a creature of the cool unsullied air whose masters were the eagles and hawks, and whose peoples were the finches and thrushes and the myriad buzzing insects that rode the wind. He knew that it was hard for the earth-bound to imagine the unbridled joy of flight. Sometimes it was all too easy, lost amongst unfettered elation, to forget the world below.

Sebastian Scarabus spread his broad wings and rolled over in the sky. Beneath him the blackened earth stretched from

horizon to horizon as far as his eagle-keen eyes could see. To the south, under a column of dark smoke, lay the embattled city of Praag and all around it glittered the banners and spearpoints of the most formidable army Scarabus had ever seen. Small fires burned within the city walls but the walls themselves were unbreached.

Far below Greygave peered uncertainly into the sky. His master seemed to have been gone for hours, yet it could not be so, for flight exhausted Scarabus quickly and could not be sustained for great lengths of timer As he watched a dark spot reappeared far above, small and dim at first, and then larger and darker until, with a flurry of ash, Sebastian Scarabus returned to Greygave's side.

Praag still stands my friend, announced Scarabus breathlessly 'though for how much longer I would not hazard a guess.' Although obviously exhausted he could not conceal the elation that still pulsed in his blood. He stretched his wings once more and then folded them against his back, the long flight feather gently resting upon his heels.

Then we join the horde to plunder the man-city?' slavered Greygave eagerly. Scarabus looked into the beastman's eyes and saw a glimmer of hatred, a desire to fight and confront the object of his hatred and tv dubtluy it tegtudless of consequence. The Champion shook his head slowly.

'No Greygave - I've not come to tear at the entrails of this dying city, there are enough wolves here already for that.

Tzeentch has led us to Praag for another purpose, although I can't yet guess what that purpose is or what part we have to play in it.'

Scarabus turned to face the rest of his warband and looked at them each in turn: Tagard, Olgoth and Duega the Beastmen cradling their tall axes, Thorfin the dwarf whose eyes stood out on stalks and who was as deadly an adversary as the strongest giant, Mond Bonesnapper the minotaur whose body was as tough as iron, the elf Falanor crimson-skinned master of the bow, Sourmain the thing so deformed that no one knew what kind of creature it had once been, and Greygave the trusted second in command of the warband, huge, grey furred with fearless eyes.

'My friends,' cried Scarabus, 'we march to Praag and to an uncertain destiny, to fight against the greatest Chaos Horde ever to blight the earth.'

Unquestioningly every member of the warband lifted his weapon into the air and cried, 'Scarabus' with one mighty voice, shouting their champion's name over and over, until it became a chant brimming with battle-lust.

Sebastian Scarabus listened to his name flooding out over the dead ground. Yes — he would lead his band through the Chaos Horde and into Praag itself — what then? Perhaps all would become clear once they were within the city walls. Maybe Praag guarded secrets that Tzeentch wanted for himself, or which he feared might fall into the hands of others. In any case, he knew that it was useless to speculate on the motives of his master.

Scarabus turned his face towards Praag and wondered how fortune would treat his venture, and what inscrutable schemes he was already enacting on behalf of Tzeentch the Changer of the Ways.



THE SIEGE OF PRAAG

'More water! More water!' The cry came up from every quarter of the burning city. But there was no more water, the wells had run dry, the baths and fountains were buried as buildings collapsed in great heaps of ash and flame. Sparks and flames ran from roof to gable, and a pall of smoke obscured the stars.

Those too young, too old, or too badly wounded to take their place defending the walls, desperately turned to their neighbour for some sign of hope. But all hope had gone with the last of the water. A strong wind carried the flames across the ramparts; fanning the fires and turning Praag into a furnace. Riding that same wind came the mocking cries of the besieging Chaos army; the bestial laughter of Beastmen; the shrill giggling of Daemons, and the coarse bellow of some unimaginable monstrosity, unrestrained and heinous in its hour of triumph.

From the tall lookout tower on the North Wall Ivan Talikof, Captain of the North Gate, watched his city burn.

"The Silversmiths Street is almost gone now," he said, not lifting his grey eyes from the blaze below.

'I'm sorry, Ivan,' said Vladimir, who shared the night watch. He placed his heavy gloved hand reassuringly on Ivan's shoulder. They had been friends before the war, when Ivan was the silversmith's youngest son and Vladimir one of four apprentices. The War Against Chaos had changed everything. Ivan's brothers were dead now. Ivan's father had been crippled three years ago whilst fighting in the hills. He had no apprentices these days.

What's the use Vladimir, Ivan said weakly. He stared over the burning city, his face expressionless and empty. They have beaten us and they know it. He watched helplessly as the line of flames leapt to the Chandlers Street and danced down Paupers Lane.

'Courage my friend,' Vladimir exerted gently. 'Only this morning a rider from the Empire broke their lines. The word is there's an army on its way to relieve us. They'll he here tomorrow or the day after.'

'Tomorrow,' whispered Ivan. Twe heard the rumours too. It's on everyone's lips. They say that Magnus the Pious himself is leading an Imperial army to save us trom Chaos. It gives the people something to believe in. I can't believe anymore, Vladimir. It's all gone. Every drop of belief has been squeezed out of me.'

Vladimir said nothing. He had seen hope die inside men before. He knew that this was another sort of death, that a man can no more live without hope than he can live without a heart. I k thought of people he had known when the war started, Ivan's brothers amongst them, all gone now. He thought of Ivan's father crippled and bitter, and his sister Caesia lying screaming in the madhouse. Chaos destroyed them before it finally killed them.

Suddenly, a fireball exploded above the lookout tower and tiny drops of magical flame spattered onto the slate roof. Vladimir ducked down as the hot burning speckles cascaded down the sides of the slim tower. When he arose he saw that Ivan had not moved, and that a drop of fire had struck him on the cheek and left a long dark gash. Another fireball burst forth to their left and then, with a mighty thundercrack and sulphurous flash, the great North Gate of Praag exploded into tiny fragments.

"The.gate!' cried Vladimir, as he seized the alarm bell and began to toll it with all his strength. Reinforcements hurried from their stations along the wall. The fireballs were falling thickly on the ground behind the ramparts. Already Vladimir could see casualties below. One man ran hither and thither like a living creature of fire while others chased after him, beating at the flames with their cloaks. A mighty cry came up from the enemy ranks as the forces of Chaos surged forward into the gateway. Vladimir gave up the bell and started as fast as he could for the ladder.

"They are coming,' he said. But Ivan was no longer there.

Where the North Gate of Praag had stood there was now only a ragged hole

wreathed in smoke and swirling darkness. Part of the rampart had fallen into the gateway partially blocking it and crushing several defenders, their mangled arms and legs protruded from the rubble. Numbed by the blast and shocked by the sudden death of their comrades, the survivors moved like automatons, piling loose stones and timbers on top of the fallen masonry to close the gateway as best they could. But it was too late.

From the shadows a single Beastmen leapt. It was faster than its fellows thanks to mutated and powerfully muscled legs, enabling it to spring over the rough barrier of fallen masonry whilst those behind struggled to cross. It lifted its huge goat head and let out a defiant bellow. In its powerful clawlike hands it held a heavy schnitat which it swung in a glittering arc, felling two soldiers before they had a chance to move. It's second bellow was cut short and the Beastman suddenly folded in two. The deformed body slumped to the ground, a black-fletched arrow sticking in its thick neck. Heartened, the defenders swiftly formed a shield wall and levelled their spears to meet the inevitable onslaught.

The rest of the Beastmen came all at once, scrambling over the rubble and dust, picking their way clumsily across the debris. For once the might of Chaos worked in the defenders' favour, for the destruction of the gate had brought down sufficient wreckage to seriously hamper the creatures' attack. Reduced to a snail's pace by this barrier, their impetus was slowed and the full force of their attack blunted. Those of the defenders who carried bows hurried to take up positions either side of the breach, and began to pick off the Beastmen as they poured over the mound. Soon the corpses were piled several deep, and those few attackers lucky enough to escape the arrows were quickly slain by the spearmen.

A black-fletched arrow found its mark and a Beastmen toppled down the heap of dead. It was an especially large, bull-headed brute, with a third horn which stuck straight out from its forehead. Each spearman braced himself for the next onslaught. Every bowman drew a fresh arrow and sought a target. But no

horned heads bobbed above the pile of corpses. For a moment all fell quiet, and the defenders loosened the grip they had on their weapons. Then it came: a gathering darkness like thick oily smoke. It oozed through the gate and settled about their feet. Dark tendrils of the stuff thrashed this way and that; and where they touched against a solid surface they appeared to adhere to it.

As if grasped by some titanic forces, the mound of debris and corpses was slowly pushed aside. Tiny streaks of magical energy twisted across the gateway. The defenders drew their weapons again; but there was not a man amongst them who did so without a stricken heart. Very slowly, as if heedless of danger, a dark horseman rode through the gateway and halted. The air was still thick with dark magic, and this darkness seemed to congeal around the rider as if he were absorbing it, pulling it back into himself if such a thing were possible. His armour was of black burnished iron and in his right hand he carried a mighty war sword, barbed and bright. It seemed to quiver with a malevolent life of its own.

The rider craned his head slowly back and forth until his gaze fell upon the defenders. They could see that his eyes were red and glowed like coals inside the black helmet which bore the unspeakable rune marking its wearer as a Champion of Tzeentch. The Champion of Chaos began to laugh in a slow and measured fashion.

The sword flew from the Champion's grasp and the heads of four of the soldiers were severed in an instant. Their bodies dropped to the ground spurting crimson blood. The dark horseman laughed louder, and the sword flew again, running through one man and impaling another stood behind him.

Some men tried to pally the sword with their own weapons, or attempted to fend it off with their shields, but their arms were as the soft limbs of infants compared to the unearthly strength of that Chaos blade. One bowman shot an arrow against the rider, only to watch his shaft turned effortlessly aside by the black armour. The hapless archer dropped his bow and ran, but he was too late to escape the

black blade which cut him in two. The rest of the defenders fled.

The sword glided gently back into the dark horseman's grasp. Its strange sheen seemed to vanish and its inner-life appeared to dim. The Champion sheathed the Chaos Sword, raised his head and looked slowly about him. There, stood alone, barring his path into Praag was one man, a tall, pale man in the uniform of Captain of the Gate. One cheek was gashed and dripped with blood. The horseman gazed at him for a moment before he spoke.

'Are you not afraid, Captain?' he said. His voice was light and soft, innocent and strangely compelling. It was an altogether unexpected voice coming as it did from the massive black-armoured Champion of Tzeentch.

'Not any more,' replied Ivan. He was surprised to hear how coarse and vulgar his own voice sounded compared to that of the dark horseman.

'Are you not afraid of death?' asked the Champion, now with a note of genuine curiosity.

'Death.' said Ivan. 'Me afraid! I wear the pall of death for a winter cloak to warm me. The world too is under its shadow and becomes quite hot.' Ivan gestured wildly as if to encompass the burning city. He raised his sword and it seemed a great weight in his hand.

'Then you are mad!' exclaimed the Champion, and he seemed pleased to have solved the puzzle.

'Mad,' said Ivan in the same dispassioned voice. Not unless it is madness to prefer death to abomination.' He lunged forward and made to strike the Chaos Champion, but the dark horseman's horse reared away so that Ivan's blade cut empty air. Flames snorted froth the horse's nostrils and its eyes too appeared to glow with hidden Fury. The Chaos Champion laughed.

'Fight!' screamed Ivan, 'Fight you coward!' He swung his sword again and again, but as each blow fell the dark horsemen skilfully avoided it, pulling his great black charger out of the blade's path. The Chaos Champion laughed again. Ivan sank to his knees

quaking with fury. The rider drew a long pale knife, ignoring the Chaos Sword that had already killed so many and which, if truth be known, was now too sated with blood to be tempted from its scabbard. As he did so another voice rang out, the harsh but refreshingly human voice of Vladimir.

'Run Ivan... Run.' cried Vladimir as he stepped from the shadows, swinging his steel sword in a gleaming arc. He threw himself upon the horseman. This time the dark warrior did not step back, for he had been so intent upon Ivan that he had not seen Vladimir creeping up in the darkness.

Vladimir's blade bounced from the burnished iron armour with a piercing screech, as if he had struck a living thing rather than inanimate metal. The black horse span round as its rider called it tightly to rein, kicking out with its great iron shod hooves and striking Vladimir upon the temple. The watchman's sword slid from his grasp, and he fell senseless to the ground.

Ivan had been no less surprised by the attack than the Chaos Champion. Now he gripped his sword and leapt to his feet, calling his friend's name as he did so.

Vladimir...!' he screamed. The tears were running down his cheeks. Vladimir lay still and dark blood was seeping from his head. Ivan bounded between his friend's body and the Chaos Champion. The rider still had his long knife in his hand, and now he pointed its blade directly at Ivan. Ivan raised his own sword and prepared to fight.

'Curse you Chaos Fiend!' lie shouted. The Champion spurred his horse. Then he checked it suddenly and pulled the unearthly creature back.

'Farewell Captain,' he said and threw the knife with unerring accuracy. With a heavy thump, the blade embedded itself in a broken piece of gate timber. The Champion of Chaos laughed softly and turned his horse back through the gate.

'Perhaps we shall meet again,' he cried, as he disappeared into the swirling darkness.

THE GREAT INVASION

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

A TIME OF OMENS

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

It seemed as if the four great Gods of Chaos had, for once, put aside their timeless rivalry and united in common purpose. The power of Chaos had grown over the last few years, that much was certain. In the north Beastmen had multiplied and become holder, emerging from the forests to repossess the lands that men called Ostland and Ostermark. In the far north, the gateways that divided the worlds swelled with power.

To the Kurgan warlord Asavar Kul the Anointed, the Empire of man seemed weak and ripe for conquest. Not only was the Empire riven with Father Nurgle's choicest plagues, but also it was riddled with corruption and decadence due to the covert worship of Slaanesh. As the nobles of the Empire indulged their vices and acted out their petty rivalries, the forces of Chaos waxed strong. There was no centralised authority to oppose them, for



the line of the Emperors had ended abruptly and the human lands of the Old World were divided between the squabbling Elector Counts. Chaos warbands roamed unchecked through Kislev and Nordland, even reaching as far as Altdorf, the jewel in the crown of the Empire. Fierce hordes of Orcs driven from their refuges by the growing power of Chaos plundered at will throughout the land. Asavar Kul gathered his tribespeople to him and made ready for war.

THE GATHERING OF MIGHT

In the decade leading up to the Great War against Chaos, the Kul tribe of the Kurgan people of the northern steppes grew considerably in size and power, under the leadership of the warlord Asavar. He was a mighty warrior and expert horseman, and when the chieftain of the tribe died in a raid. Asavar claimed the leadership for himself. To prove who should succeed as chieftain, Asavar and three others who vied to be warlord headed out into the Wastes with their warriors and when they returned they would battle between themselves for rulership.

For seven years, Asavar and his warband wandered the Chaos Wastes, reputedly entering the Realm of Chaos itself. None can truly say what battles they fought and what hardships they faced, but when the contender returned he was changed. It is said that the light of the gods shone in his eyes and that he could lift a full-grown horse above his head. His armour was fashioned from a metal that glowed a dull red, smouldering with the fires of Chaos. His mighty sword screamed for blood when unsheathed, and could cleave through a stone wall with a single blow-

When all four were returned, they met atop the Hill of Destiny, a prominent fell in the territory of the Kul, and watched by all the tribe, the warbands hurled themselves at each other. The battle was swift and bloody, and three score warriors breathed their last on that day. The tales of the tribe claim that the last of Kul's opponents flung down his axe and craved mercy, but Kul tore his head from his shoulders with his bare hands for the affront done to the Dark Cods.

Having proven his worth, Asavar Kul led his people on a series of conquests against the neighbouring tribes, slaying each of their leaders in turn and forming a coalition under his fearsome presence. Asavar Kul could feel in his soul that the gateways that divided the worlds swelled with power, and made haste to witness their glory. For Kul knew that all true children of the Chaos Gods would feel the pull as he did. The dark shadow of Chaos spilled southwards, engulfing the wastelands and absorbing them into the Realm of Chaos.

Before this irresistible tide, the minions of Chaos gathered, and Kul drew them to his cause. As the shadow of Chaos moved south, so the forces of Chaos grew. As news of his greatness spread, Kul's empire was



swelled by warbands from distant tribes, some from as far as the north of Cathay and others from tribes that lived near the Watch Towers of Naggaroth. At the head of this mighty host, the Kul turned south, passing through the Great Skull Land. Here, they sold many slaves to the Chaos Dwarfs in return for arcane war machines, fine steel weapons and armour. Kul was joined by roving bands of Chaos Warriors from the borders of Troll Country and all manner of monstrous and hellish beasts that followed in their wake, attracted by the unmistakable lure of raw power. Daemonic hosts crossed the veil from the Realm of Chaos and marched to his side. In the forests of the northernmost provinces of the Empire, Beastmen gathered in unprecedented numbers and readied themselves for war. Moving along the High Pass, Asavar's army was swollen by hordes of Beastmen and other creatures that live in the wilds. Dragon Ogres came down from the mountaintops, and Trolls with strange mutations were called to his host by the pull of Chaos. Between the High Pass to the north of Praag and the Middle Mountains, there emerged an unholy horde so large that its banners choked the horizon, ready to do the bidding of the Chaos gods.

As autumn came, the lands of the Empire fell into anarchy. Many thousands had already died of hunger and plague, and thousands more sought refuge in the crowded cities. Farms, villages and small towns were abandoned to marauding bands of Beastmen, Chaos

Warriors and common bandits. Even in the prosperous regions around the cities of Nuln and Altdorf things were not well. Beastmen roamed the Reikwald forest and many ships were attacked and burned as they travelled along the river Reik. In the dark and twisted streets of the cities, religious fanatics and prophets of doom preached their strange brand of redemption. Many desperate citizens listened to their dogma and, believing the world to truly be at an end, joined the bands of flagellants and world-weary apocalypts. Witchcraft and covert worship of Slaanesh were blamed for the corruption taking root all across the Empire, and as a result, hundreds of innocents were burned at the stake, though doubtless many secret worshippers and other agents of Chaos were rooted out and slain by the zealots.

Chaos Sorcerers emerged from hiding and led hands of deluded followers in an attempt to take over local government. Some men, those driven to the edge of madness by starvation and bloodshed, openly recognised the might of Chaos and swore allegiance to the Dark Gods. Witch hunters and preachers rallied the people against the followers of Chaos and there was open warfare in the streets. In Nuln, the young nobleman Magnus drew a great following, and with his mixture of zeal and common sense the city was purged of the worshippers of Chaos.

A DARK HORIZON

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

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



BLOOD IN THE SNOW

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

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

The rumours were true – fell creatures from before the dawn of Man marched at Kul's side. Wreathed in lightning and with the thunder as his herald, the titanic Shaggoth known as Kholek Suneater stormed into the fray. The Gryphon Legion were scattered before the fury of the ancient and legendary beast. The Chaos forces renewed their assault, this time with Kul himself at their head, wielding his deadly twin battle-axes. His ferocity was terrifying to behold. Kul hacked apart cavalrymen and footsoldiers alike, even felling the great bear Urvitch, who some said was the primal spirit of Kislev embodied. In the space of a single hour the snow underfoot turned from virginal white to bloodstained slush, strewn with the remains of the Kislev and Ostland soldiery.

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

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

THE DOOM OF PRAAG

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

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

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

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

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

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

The defenders of Praag settled in for the third night of the siege. As the night watchmen moved to their positions around the walls, they looked out over the parapets and saw the army of Chaos gathered around the city like a dark wall, shutting it off from the outside world.

Between the city and the besiegers was a no-man's land of around three or four hundred paces - about the maximum range of a bow or crossbow. Immediately in front of the besieging army, the enemy had thrown up a mound of earth which completely encircled the city. On top of this mound stood a palisade of wood - mostly of trees cut from the once abundant orchards and leafy woodlands around the city. Behind this palisade and at intervals of every few hundred paces the besiegers had built platforms of wood and stone upon which they had placed siege engines and cannon. Occasionally one of these cannons gave forth a great belch of flame, followed by a tremendous roar and an explosion as the deadly shells struck some point upon the wall. Beyond the outer palisade ran a wide road, about fifty paces wide. In places this road was simply the bare earth, elsewhere logs of brushwood had been lain down to make otherwise muddy ground firm. This roadway allowed the Chaos horde to move troops or engines easily around the perimeter, and it was constructed in such a way as to take maximum advantage of the cover provided by undulations in the land. Where the road was more exposed it seemed to lay slightly further back, well out of effective range of all but the heaviest siege engines inside Praag.

THE CITY OF THE DAMNED

With the fall of Praag, a great black wind blew in from the Realm of Chaos. Out of the Chaos gateway it roared, boiling over Troll Country and into northern Kislev. Through the streets of Praag it howled and screamed, transforming everything it touched. Men and stone bled together to form horrific gargoyles and grotesque living sculptures. Living things melted and reformed as nightmarish parodies made from the fabric of the city itself. Souls in imprisoned torment cried out from the twisted stones of the city. Pillars groaned with voices that once belonged to living flesh. Distorted faces peered out from walls. Agonised limbs writhed from the pavements. Praag had become a nightmare incarnate, a taste of what lay ahead for the rest of the Old World under the rule of the Chaos Gods.

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

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





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



At the same time as Magnus' cavalry headed for Praag the main Empire army and Magnus himself made for Kisley. Though this force still hoped to reach Praag it sorely needed provisions in order to continue. Magnus hoped to acquire these and fresh troops before moving northwards. As it happened he arrived at the city of Kislev just in time to see the Chaos forces surround it. The horde arrayed itself around the great walls of the city, its black banners fluttering from the hills all around. The standards of all four of the Chaos Powers could be seen wherever their champions were encamped. Chaos Warriors and Knights stood in serried ranks waiting for the order to advance, every one of them gazing with a mixture of hatred and gloating anticipation at the walls of the human city. Sorcerers stood behind them or rode amongst the troops on beasts of indescribably foul appearance. Beastmen massed noisily around the banners of their own lords, braying and bellowing in their excitement. Ahead of the reeking crowd towered massive things with broad ugly heads, but whether these were mortal creatures or daemons of Chaos it was impossible to say. Monsters, daemons and beasts thronged at the periphery of the horde, bellowing and braying in anticipation of the slaughter to come.

THE BATTLE AT KISLEV'S GATES

Within the city, Tzar Alexis ordered the defences and took command of his new army. Hastily trained and illequipped, yet with a courage born of desperation, the Kislevites prepared to repel the Chaos assault. With them were many Dwarfs from the great seat of Everpeak, the Dwarf city of Karaz-a-Karak. Despite continuous unrest in the Dwarf's own mountainous realm, the ancient alliance between Man and Dwarf proved strong, and though comparatively few in number, the Dwarfs that had come to the Tzar's aid were the most battle-hardened of their kind. These doughty warriors were to hear the brunt of the fighting during the initial assault. And without doubt it was their stolid determination which saved the city from ruin.

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

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



Magnus' blow fell like a righteous hammer. Before the Chaos army could properly regroup he attacked, routing a large contingent of Beastmen who had only just retired from the front. The creatures despaired when they saw the human army, and put up little resistance before they turned and fled. Magnus' advance took him deep into the Chaos army. Thousands of Chaos troops were slaughtered and the Chaos force could do nothing to halt the pace of Magnus' furious advance.

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

The citizens of Kislev looked on in awe from the city walls. At first the hopes of the Kislevites soared, and they sent up a great cheer as they saw the monstrous troops that had driven them back into the city fleeing in all directions. The cheers began to die away as Magnus's army seemed to slow and stumble. Fearing that their saviours would be destroyed before them, the Dwarfs of Karaz-a-Karak marched from the south gate and took their hammers and axes to their tormentors. But the Chaos troops surrounding Kislev were Kul's personal vanguard, and even the most hardened Dwarf veteran could not stand against Kul's elite warriors for long. Kul





himself fought with the rage of Khorne, hewing apart a score Dwarf Longbeards with his axes. The Dwarfs were beaten back with heavy losses, and barely half returned to the city alive.

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

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

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

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

Caught from three sides, the once-disciplined Chaos horde devolved into a howling, screaming mass.

Monsters milled hither and yon, impossible to draw into order as a cacophony of shrieks and desperate battle cries made command impossible. Chaos Warriors fought on regardless, but their numbers were now too few to fight on all fronts. Slowly, the Chaos army began to fall apart. Warbands fled before the fury of the human army, and many were caught and destroyed as they did so. By the day's end the Chaos horde was broken and scattered. Many thousands lay dead. The end was in sight, and though almost all its menfolk had died, the city of Kislev remained inviolate.

A NEW DAWN

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

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

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

For the next two hundred years the forces of Chaos gathered strength in the wastelands. Within the Empire, the worshippers of Chaos began again their work of infiltration and corruption, sowing the seeds for another invasion. Everywhere, Chaos was preparing for the next attempt to wrest control of the Old World from its mortal lords.



Every quarter of Praag was alight with a dozen fires and in many places the separate blazes met to form one huge conflagration. Flames leapt easily across the narrow divides between the shingle roofs, so that no sooner was one house alight than that its neighbour followed until whole streets were ablaze. Pillars of sparks climbed into the night air and fell back to kindle fresh fires in other parts of the city. Watchmen handed out thick blankets and brooms for beating the fires, others supervised the distribution of sacks of sand or pails of urine for dousing flames. Those few with firefighting experience carried grappling hooks and long poles to demolish burning buildings or to pull down sound constructions to create firebreaks.

By all the Gods we need water', exclaimed Nikolai wiping the oily soot from his face. He watched as the seventh house in Silversmiths Street crashed to the ground. Broken timbers still blazed in places, but the old women and children were already smothering the flames with loose soft He noticed that his hands were bleeding where he had pulled upon the coarse hemp ropes.

Precious little chance of that, replied Andre. Like Nikolai he was stoutly built, strong and above medium height. He too was covered with soot and grime, and his leather jack was torn where a tall leaded-glass window had fallen over him. He hoisted a heavy iron grappling hook over one shoulder and picked up a spade with the other hand.

'Saddlers Row next,' said Nikolai. They both looked at the sky, their eyes searching for any sign of a change in the wind that might carry sparks to fresh parts of the city. Andre nodded. Wearily they moved off towards the west leaving the locals to deal with any remnants of fire that remained. Reaching the end of Silversmiths Street they turned past the ruins of the shrine of Taal heading north along Temple Street. This area had been gutted the previous night when a barrage of magic fireballs struck the centre of the city. Amongst the rubble tiny flames of magical discharge still ticked at the tumbled masonry.

As they approached Saddlers Row the ruins gave way to closely packed streets with wooden walkways raised above ground level. The overhanging upper stories of the ancient buildings seemed

to poise precariously above their heads, some buildings reaching so far over that they met their opposite neighbour and formed an arching roof.

In normal times this was a warren of thieves and rogues, where only the very poorest and most desperate of Praag's people lived. It was one of the oldest and one of the most crowded parts of the city and one which Andre and Nikolai would have normally avoided. Tonight the street was deserted so that Nikolai and Andre marched along in eerie silence.

At the end of Saddlers Row the street gave way to a small cross-roads. Here a small crowd had gathered. They were an ugly, bedraggled mob. Many of them were marked by disease or injury. Some bore the scars of the branding iron marking them as thieves, beggars and prostitutes. All over the city the townsfolk were forming groups to help fight the fires, but no-where had Nikolai seen such a sorry and hopeless band.

'Ho there,' called Nikolai as they approached the crowd. 'Have you any buckets or brooms? Is there any sand or soil – you might have made a pile of earth at least.'

The people, who seemed completely unprepared in every way, remained still and silent as if stunned. The firefighters drew closer and as they did so a voice rang out from behind them.

"They will not help you'.

Nikolai and Andre turned round to find that only ten paces behind them stood the unmistakable form of a Champion of Chaos. The Champion was huge, fully a head taller than either man. Although the shadows partially hid him, the warrior's armour shone in the firelight and its reflection seemed to dance over the metal surface revealing a complex pattern of interwoven decoration whilst sparks of light glistened upon enamel details and carefully inlaid jewels. The warrior's helmet enclosed his head completely. but through the dark eye-slits a tiny glimmer seemed to sparkle with gemlike intensity. The Warrior stepped forward into the full ruddy light of the blazing city.

"They will not help you," he repeated, his soft voice held a faint trace of the

Empire dialect as spoken by its southern nobility. The Champion drew his broadbladed sword from its jewel-encrusted scabbard. As he did so four other shapes emerged from the shadows. Two of these were beastmen, their bodies thick with dark fur and clad in well-worn chain armour over stained jerkins of leather. One carried a shield upon which was painted a flaming skull and both hefted long swords glimmering with firelight. The other two might have been human once but no-more: one seemed to have an extra pair of arms but it was hard to tell as his whole body was covered with long scarlet fur; the other had the form of a man but the chitinous shell, claws and eye-stalks of a crab. The crabman shuffled forward with a strange clattering noise.

With an unexpected crack Andre threw his grappling iron at the crabman, striking him between the eyes. The creature emitted a strange inhuman squeal as the hook embedded itself in its carapace. The crabman lunged forward, angrily brandishing heavy clawed arms. There was a brief gurgling scream followed by a crunching noise as it pulled Andre's head from his shoulders and threw it to the ground. Nikolai turned hastily to the crowd, hoping to find allies amongst the townsfolk of Praag – but instead he found only empty eyes and uncaring silence. The Chaos Warrior shook his helmeted head and laughed slowly.

What hope is there for you now?' said the Champion. 'No more than these poor folk ever had, abandoned, desperately suffering in your proud city of Praag. It was they who opened the sewer gates and let us through. You see, they have nothing to lose because disease and poverty have taken everything that ever made them human. Look into their eyes now!'

Nikolai turned and suddenly realised that the crowd had somehow enveloped him as the Champion spoke. They were all around him, pressing in upon him with their reeking breath and filthy rags. He tried in vain to push them away but it was no use, their hands pulled and tore at his clothes and skin, and their fists beat him to the floor next to Andre's body. Before the darkness finally took him he heard the Champion's low laughter and recognised for the first and last time the hatred in the eyes of the poor of Praag.



WAR IN THE MOUNTAINS

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

Valmir was a ruthless and efficient leader of men.

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

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

THE BATTLE OF ICICLE PASS

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

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

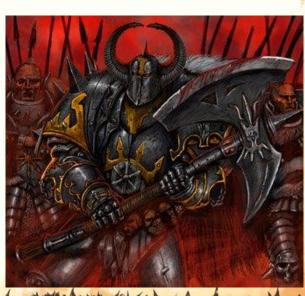
It was then that Valmir launched the next phase of his ambush. The valley resounded to a great screeching and wailing as a tide of Chaos Spawn, mutant Forsaken and others who had felt the dark kiss of Chaos came thundering down the pass. A more terrifying horde had not been seen by any of the sons of Grungni, and they set themselves fast into a defensive formation. The horde of monstrosities dashed themselves against the Dwarfen shieldwalls to no avail, and the elite Dwarf

infantry began a methodical slaughter that choked the pass with corpses Valmir could well afford these losses, for his Chaos Warriors were inside the hold and the Dwarfs, including their leader King Silverbeard, were locked in a war of attrition they could not win.

BLADES IN THE DARKNESS

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

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



THE DUEL

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

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

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

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

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

THE WRATH OF GRIMNIR

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

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

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



In the early light, the Palanquin was only a dark shape moving across a darker hillside. Behind it, smaller shadows followed in its wake – the insubstantial forms of hunched Beastmen and armoured warriors. No-one in the village below saw the procession. Carried on fouled furs, borne on a hundred tiny shoulders. Grossbart, Nurgle's Champion and Wizard, watched as his followers - he thought of them as his flock - fanned out across the hill and dropped into hiding.

When all were hidden, he congratulated himself on his cunning. Few of his Lord's Faithful would have thought of approaching from downwind. Grossbart sampled the air: fresh bread, dung from the stables, and the stale smell of peasantry.

He coughed, wheezing at the banality of it all and broke wind. His odour drifted away on the breeze, pursued by an eager horde of Nurslings who bounced and delighted in its fragrances. Grossbart sniffed with surprising delicacy fora once-man of his size. His disapproval was clear. Immediately, the Nurslings fell silent and, chastened, returned to their places beneath Grossbart's chair and confinement, the Palanquin. He felt the stained cushions and mildewed horsehair shift beneath his weight as their shoulders lifted him again.

"Wait my pretties, wait," Grossbart's voice wheezed out through ulcerated lips and over a furred tongue. He spat, and the phelgm hung on his armour like a fetid jewel for a moment, then it was snatched up. One of the smaller Nurglings chortled at its good fortune Somewhat bolder and more intelligent than the rest, it reached up and stroked Grossbart's cheek. Its cracked, little voice crooned to the boil that was growing there as its clever fingers kneaded and stroked the flesh. Its claws found purchase on Grossbart's breastplate and, stretching up, it planted an affectionate kiss on the Champion's cheek.

Grossbart, distracted from the fight to come, grinned down at the daemonling. "There's pleasures to be had from an old corpse as well as a fresh one, eh, my friend? But look out there." Grossbart raised his arm and pointed. Obedient, the Nursling turned innocent and empty eyes towards the battlefield. "See, there..." Grossbart said.

The light was getting better. The village was a straggle of houses along the side of the hill. Smoke rose from three

chimneys, blending with the early morning mist. A water wheel turned in the stream. The place had an air of self-satisfaction, bolstered by good harvests and full bellies. The few villagers who could be seen looked as plump as their village - unaware, fat and ready for plucking.

What remained - or had ever been - of the Nursling's nose wrinkled in disgust at the sight of its enemies. "Nasty," it said, summing up the village perfectly.

"Yes."Grossbart lifted the creature slightly higher, so that it could scratch behind his ear. "Nasty indeed, my friend. But not for long. Their flesh. those sinews, those eyes - all so clean and clear. They are raw meat. A starting point, no more."

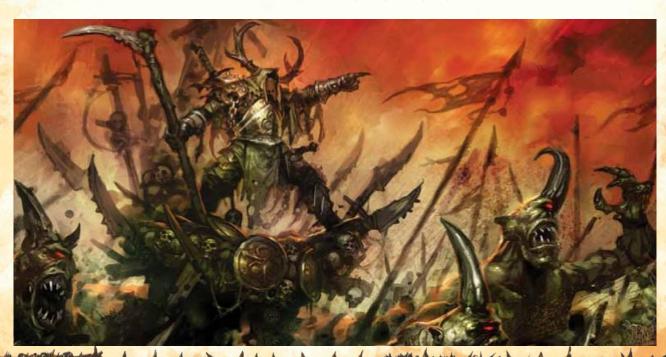
The Nurgling stopped scratching and popped a small lump offlesh into its mouth. It spoke again, spraying its impromptu meal into Grossbart's hair. "Nasty!"

"Hush, little one. Ah, it is true that they will not appreciate our work. They will, perhaps, even resent the beautiful, palsied pearls of red and yellow on their skins. But that will pass. They will know, in the end, that what we bring to this place is for the best." The Champion patted the Nursling on its head, his gesture made clumsy by his shaking limb. He shifted on the Palanquin. "Now, to work."

He spat again, staining the grass. He raised his fist and looked along the line of his followers. Red-rimmed eyes stared back. Then, with a jerk, he brought his hand down onto a crusted cushion. His voice was raised to a hoarse screech. 'Forward. Onwards! ONWARDS!"

The Nurglings heaved his Palanquin upwards and then, their unnatural feet finding perfect purchase on the hillside, it swept down towards the houses below. All around Grossbart his followers and Beastmen howled in glee.

The sun rose above the hilltops. In the moment of his victory, Grossbart could see that even its light was sallow. A glorious, pale colour that washed health from the land around and promised him victory. And as he saw the villagers stagger from their homes, unsure of what to do, the pale light washed colour from their Laces. They were ready to accept his tokens and blemishes on their flesh.





SLAUGHTER AT VOLGANOF

They came out of the north, bringing with them fire and ruin. Not since the Great War Against Chaos had the Empire seen so furious an invasion from the barbarian worshippers of the Dark Gods. Was this war a madman's quest for revenge, or is it the beginning of the end?

There were many signs and portents warning of the invasion from the north that culminated in the bloody battle outside the gates of the city of Volganof, but it seems obvious now only with the hindsight of history.

Every year, when winter first slackens its icy grip on the top of the world, warbands launch raids southwards. The only warning of their sudden attacks is the blaring of harsh horns and bellowed vows to the Chaos Gods. And so it has always been, as told by the fathers of the fathers of the eldest who now live. None can remember when the lands were not ravaged by the men of the north. The spring of 2512 brought deadlier foes and more destruction than any could recall, save for those tales told of ages past. But this was only the beginning, for the dread power of Chaos was once again growing.

The first raiders were led by the Sea-kings of the tribes of Norsca, arriving across the Sea of Claws by longship to assail the coastlines of Nordland and Ostland. Other, more formidable warbands came out of the Northern Wastes – the forbidding area above the Troll Country. Some of these warbands were particularly large, their numbers swollen with heavily armoured warriors that openly bore the foul mutations of Chaos. They drove through the lands of Kislev, but the nomadic tribesmen made elusive targets, so the despoilers travelled further south to the richer plunder of the Empire. Tales of marauding Giants or village-destroying attacks by winged monstrosities, creatures of legend that had not been seen with any frequency for several generations, were once again commonplace in Ostland and Ostermark.

The following years were grimmer still. The winter brought bitter cold, but little peace. With the harsh weather came ravenous packs of unnatural warhounds, leaving their hunting grounds in the far north to savage herd animals or maul unwary travellers. As the snows melted, the raids began again, quickly surpassing the bloody pace of the previous year. Soon warbands of merciless invaders prowled the lands like wolves amongst sheep. But not all were defenceless. The Imperial Navy sent an armada of warships to the Sea of Claws, braving the many leviathans and sea monsters that had begun to appear in greater numbers. Admiral Kronenheim led the fleet, seeking to sink any marauders long before they could make landfall. Nordland redoubled its coastal patrols, but Ostland took the most aggressive steps.





Commanded by Valmir von Raukov, the fiery Elector Count, the grand principality of Osdand prepared for the onset of war. Von Raukov was everywhere, mustering new state troops, bolstering the border forts, and rallying his troops to meet the enemy head on. It was he who suggested reprisal raids, taking the fight into Norsca itself. The first counter-attack set forth in 2513, returning late in the year with the broken prows of seven longships and the carven beams of a Great Hall as proof of the destruction of several coastal villages. Many hailed von Raukov as a true hero of Ostland and toasted his name. Others protested, saying such audacity would draw the ire of the barbarians, or even, some dared to whisper, the attention of their foul gods.

But what followed in the year 2515 still causes a shudder to those who survived...

THE ATTACKS OF 2515

The attacks on the Empire in the year 2515 were unlike anything seen in recent memory. The roiling storms within the Realm of Chaos burst forth with unbridled fury. The skies blazed with multi-coloured lightning, seeringly vibrant against the oncoming blackness. Spring meltings brought a wave of northern barbarians, although in fact this was little more than the displaced tribes that had been driven away by the growing wars further north.

Encouraged by the rampant Winds of Chaos, more attacks followed. An army descended from Norsca across the Sea of Claws. It set towns along the coasts of Nordland ablaze, but was not large or bold enough to threaten the major cities and keeps. Another even larger host plunged southwards on a broad front into Kislev, causing a swathe of destruction. Although much momentum dissipated in the endless steppes, some of the far-flung warbands of that wave bypassed the border forts of Ostland and caused much havoc in that province. The third attack was led by Prince Sigvald the Magnificent.

Sigvald's army blazed through Kislev and into Ostland on a three month rampage until it was finally blunted at the battle of the Temple of Skulls. A coalition of many Imperial states had come to aid the beleaguered province of Ostland, who, beset by so many dangers had put forth a call for help. But these attacks were just a foreshadowing of what was to come.

THE HEART OF THE INVASION

The most powerful thrust, the true black-heart of the invasion, followed hard on the heels of its forerunners. This was no warm-weather raid, content merely to plunder the rich lands of the south. At its head was Lord Mortkin, a favoured scion of Chaos, a king of kings and leader of many tribes. This horde of iron-bound warriors, barbaric tribes, and hell-spawned Daemons was the most powerful army to cross the borders of the Empire in an age. Fear ran before the Chaos host and in their wake was left only smouldering ruin and grisly tributes to their bloodthirsty gods. It seemed that naught could stem this evil tide and that a new era of darkness was about to descend upon the Old World...

WAR AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD

Near the polar gate the landscape writhed as supernatural beings strained against the ever-thinning veil between them and reality. So great was the surge of magical power that pure energy leaked through the barrier. Those attuned to magic suffered waking visions, and beguiling assurances of immortality could be heard by those willing to listen. Armies congregated, drawn to the promise of eternal glory. Under tormented skies the contest for domination raged. The Champions of Chaos were pitted against each other in a battle for ultimate power. Sorcerers, fuelled by limitless energy, unleashed titanic magics. The unending war of the Realm of Chaos had spilled through into the lands of men. The free-for-all slaughter amused the gods. 'Yet no mortal yet stepped forward to claim mastery over the gathering hordes.

WHO WILL RISE TO LEAD THEM?

Amongst the mightiest of dark champions, several did not join the tumultuous clash. Archaon and his elite followers, the Swords of Chaos, were away in the Worlds Edge Mountains, seeking long-lost artefacts. Quixiom, the three-headed Sorcerer and favoured of Tzeentch, had shapeshifted so that he might dwell in far-off cities of men and was currently studying under the Daemon-aided sorcerers of Araby. Lord Mortkin, the Black-iron Reaver, was mired in glowering gloom.

Knowledge of the Empire's reprisal attacks along the coast of Norsca had travelled throughout the Northern Wastes. Some tribes howled in rage and indignation, others welcomed the attacks, pleased to fight against men anxious for battle. Lord Mortkin, leader of the Fell Legion, and ruler of many warriors, had not spoken since hearing of the raids. By chance, the coastal town of Ulfennik, the place he had once called home, had been razed to the ground. Locking himself away, he brooded deep within his fortress of blackest iron.

THE BLACK-IRON REAVER

There are many rumours about Lord Mortkin, including the tale that he was fathered by a tribal kings union with a Daemon-succubus and born under a blood-red sky. The most likely of the legends is that Lord Mortkin was one of the Sea-kings of Norsca, beguiled by the lure of power. In those tales the king returned from voyages covered in glory, yet he longed for more. When the man that was to become Lord Mortkin ventured into the true north, he changed beyond recognition.

Whatever his previous life, Lord Mortkin won much renown in the twilight lands. Time passes strangely near the peat rift and perhaps years, decades, or even centuries passed In that time he continued his search for ever-greater challenges: casting down the league of Pox Sorcerers known as the Leprous Council, binding Skulex the Great - fiercest of Fire Dragons to his will through trickery, besting a two-headed Giant in a contest of strength, and fighting Valkia the Bloody to a stalemate, earning the grudging respect of Khorne's Shieldmaiden. The Chaos Gods clearly fåvoured \pmb{L} ord \pmb{M} ortkin and many warriors followed him. Yet occasionally the Black-iron Reaver sank into despondent gloom, perhaps feeling a pang for his lost humanity - a tug from distant years, from a life he left behind.

It is said that in a bitter fury Lord Mortkin made a pact with the Chaos Gods. When he emerged from his self-imposed solitude, he did so with a single-minded purpose. Lord Mortkin strode forth, with the full might of the Fell Legion, to stop the aimless fighting, unite the hordes of Chaos and lead them southwards to destroy the weakling nations of men. To aid his dread cause, a host of Daemons, under the command of the Bloodthirster Kargharak, emerged at his flank. Lord Martians forces arrived upon the battlefield and began to lay waste to any who would not bow before him.

Zakhar, the Master of the Coven of the Eternal Eye, was the first to join, maintaining that he had seen the gods promise victory to Lord Mortkin. This was an easy claim to believe, for Lord Mortkin smashed the other champions aside with ease. Already at his bidding marched a legion of black-armoured warriors, a host of Daemons and even a mighty Dragon flew to join his cause. Lord Hackbile quickly followed Zakhar, pledging his Plague Army to Lord Mortkin. Many lesser lords and barbarian kings also bent a knee to their new leader, but others defied and were soon destroyed. After eight days of butchery, Lord Mortkin led a unified host southwards.

KISLEV IN FLAMES

As the separate armies under Lord Mortkin began their advance they continued to absorb barbaric tribes and newly materialised Daemons into their number. Those who refused to join were crushed or driven before the oncoming host.



The lands of Kislev, still covered in melting snows, were beset by displaced reavers. The countryside was aflame as warbands laid waste to all they encountered.

Many nomadic horse-tribes were able to keep on the move, avoiding danger for a while, but the discordant warbands were so numerous and widespread that no few of the horsemen were trapped. Hemmed in on all sides, their blood soon wanned the icy ground. Through the maelstrom of raiders marched a formidable spearhead, an army that angled directly for Ostland. In the ruins of the scorched town of Tzeskagrad, Lord Mortkin paused the endless columns and commanded Zakhar to perform the Ritual of the Shrivelled Hands, an accursed spell that would help locate the Beastmen and summon them to war.

THE BEASTS OF THE WOODS

Heeding the voices of his daemonic advisors, Lord Mortkin wished to re-establish the old bond with the Children of Chaos, the Beastmen. Messengers rode out to seek what lay hidden in the twisted forests. Pointed along trackless paths by sinister shrivelled hand talismans taken from the doomed people of Tzeskagrad, the messengers rode in search of Ul-Ruk the Red, chieftain of the largest warherd in the Forest of Shadows.

Before the herd's trophy mound, riders presented the hundreds of shrivelled hands to three cowled Bray-Shamans. The Bray-Shamans foresaw darkling dreams of slaughter and nodded ascent to their leader. With a thunderous bellow, Ul-Ruk summoned the warherd. Within days many cloven hoofs marched northwards to join Lord Mortkin's forces.

THE ELECTOR COUNT IS CALLED AWAY

Lord Mortkin held his horde together, allowing none to stray. The whispered Daemon-counsel of his many advisors told him how best to cripple the Empire, but Lord Mortkin had other ideas and heeded naught but his own plan.

After the last raids into Norsca returned home late in the year 2514, Valmir von Raukov, the Elector Count of Osdand, received an urgent summons from the Emperor, Karl Franz. Tension was rife between the Empire and Bretonnia, due to border troubles along the Grey Mountains. Hoping a show of strength at the council would intimidate King Leoncouer, Karl Franz requested that many attend, including Valmir, his most warlike Elector Count. This took Valmir far from his lands as the invasion began. He left control of the province to his sons, trusting in their judgement and the strength of the Ostforts.

SONS OF THE ELECTOR COUNT

It is told that Valmir von Raukov had many offspring, but this might only be rumour spread about a warrior-leader who was often on campaign. Certainly Valmir only claimed two children as his own. His wife, the Countess Ivana, bore Valmir two sons, the heirs to the ruling throne of Ostland – Vassily and Oleg, two men of gready different character.

THE CHAOS POWERS UNITED

As the bloodletting of the mortal lands increases, so the Realm of Chaos grows. Each feeds the other in a cyclical fashion, ever gaining momentum. Now, the warping magic of Chaos became a surging that threatened to cover the world in unending violence. Lest the opportunity of the waxing power be lost, the gods sought a champion unite the factions and lay waste to the civilised lands. Each of the four great Gods of Chaos, the eternally warring brothers, had own favoured mortal champions, but seldom could they agree, every champion as a tool for gaining domination over each other.

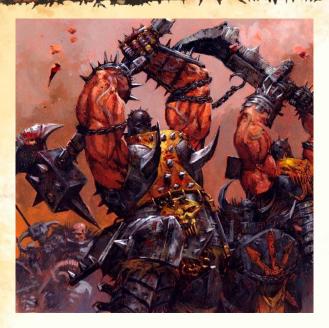
There was one who had long been on the path of the Everchosen, Archaon had not yet passed ĥis final test. His time was not yet come. Father Nurgle put forward a foul Plague Sorcerer, Khorne a spattered Warrior King and Slaanesh pointed towards his own favoured son, Prince Sigvald. Only Tzeentch chose a champion his own making - the leader of the Fell **L**egion, the mighty **L**ord Mortkin. **O**nly **L**ord Mortkin venerated the gods in equal measure. Yet the mortal had ever been his own man, looking after himself first. Wary of bestowing great gifts upon one who might fail to their bidding, the four Chaos Gods nonetheless united in this choice. When Lord Mortkin, bitter and alone in his fortress of blackest vowed all for a chance to wreak vengeance upon the civilised world, his oaths were heard...

Vassily was the eldest son and the man in line to inherit the rule of Ostland. Vassily was widely regarded as frail and sickly. He was, frankly, an embarrassment to his warlike father. Certainly Vassily was shrewd and was behind many unscrupulous dealings. In several cases, such as the disastrous border agreement with Count Theoderic Gausser of Nordland, only military action by Vassily's younger brother had saved the situation.



The younger son was more like his father, a bold leader of men and a warrior born. Since achieving manhood, Oleg had led countless patrols into the Forest of Shadows, earning well his promotion to Captain. The youngest von Raukov famously chose to fight on foot, marching at the fore of his own unit of Greatswords, the Scarlet Bulls. At the brief but bloody battle of the North March, against the forces of Nordland, Oleg and the Scarlet Bulls turned defeat into victory by decimating several units and slaying the enemy commander — Baron Nachtmann. In subsequent campaigns Oleg tracked down and destroyed predatory herds of Beastmen near Wolfenburg and cast down their fell monolith. It was he who toppled the Skull Tower of Ravenhill, a beacon to all evil creatures that was found on the edges of the eastern hills. After such heroics, Oleg was appointed as Grand Marshal of Osdand, a senior military leader under his father. It was Oleg who led the retaliatory raids into Norsca, including the ruthless attack of 2514. The timber and leviathan-bone longhouses of the Sea-kings were cast down and the chief coastal towns of Aarvik and Ulfennik were razed to the ground. No longer would the dragon-prowed longships launch in reaver fleets from those ports. All of Norsca cursed Oleg's name, and many were the vows of vengeance proffered to the brutal gods of those savage people.





WAR LOOMS

Not long after the Elector Count Valmir von Raukov rode southwards, even before the snows of winter had begun to melt, there were grim tales along the border of Ostland. Ferocious creatures and many warbands were wandering the plains of Kislev. The Beastmen that dwelt in the Forest of Shadows were becoming bolder and many dark things stirred in the night.

Even as word from the north drifted in, Oleg von Raukov wasted no time in counsel. He deployed many of the newly mustered state troops into the Ostforts along the northernmost border and then led a sizeable force into Kislev, joining with Pitr Sergeyev, a great Kovnik (Captain) of Erengrad. There, with his fastmoving cavalry allies, Oleg hoped to confront and destroy any invaders on the plains before they could reach Osdand.

BATTLE ON THE BANKS OF THE LYNSK

At first the old alliance stood firm against the threat from the north. Individually powerful, the Chaos warbands that despoiled the lands lacked leadership, allowing the quick-moving Kislevite cavalry and the tactically minded Grand Marshal Raukov to destroy the marauders piecemeal. But the skies darkened, heralding the arrival of a new force. The far-riding Kislevite scouts made sighting of Lord Mortkin's spearhead. Against the obvious might of such a foe Htr Sergeyev suggested falling back behind a screen of mounted archers, a classic Kislev manoeuvre. But Oleg, everreckless, convinced the Kovnik to join the Ostlanders in making a stand on the hills before the River Lynsk. It was to prove an ill choice.

No aid would be in time to save Casde Raukov. The Fell Legion advanced to that ancestral stronghold in hopes of catching some of its royal family. Indeed, Vassily von Raukov had hoped to avoid the invasion, cowering behind the walls of his forefathers. It was not to be. Steam-driven metal siege towers rolled forward, shrugging off innumerable cannonballs. Such infernal devices had never before been seen in the Empire —

they bore the sterling craftsmanship of the Dwarfs, yet were cruelly devised and covered in leering faces and foul runes. Even as they reduced the walls to rubble, Vassily and his bodyguard fled via secret tunnels, making their way towards the city of Volganof. All others, including Ivana von Raukov, were never heard from again.

Lord Mortkin sent the horsemen of the Scourge of the North tribe to his right flank. His own Fell Legion formed to the front. Human strength and steel were pitted against Chaos armour and the corrupt gifts of their patron gods. The Chaos numbers were too great. With an earth-shattering charge, the Brass Riders, dark knights on metal behemoths, broke through the centre of the human army. A massacre followed.

RETREAT TO THE OSTFORTS

The shattered Winged Lancers broke for Erengrad, only to be ridden down by the tribesmen of the Scourge of the North. Lord Mortkin released the Daemon Host to chase the fleeing Ostlanders. The swiftest of the creatures - hooded devil-hounds the colour of blood and ghasdy she-Daemons atop snake-tongued lizards destroyed much of the routing army. The waters of the Lynsk ran red. The timber palisades of the Ostforts proved no defence against the fury of such unnatural foes. By nightfall flames marked the site of each border fort. Survivors streamed from the ruined watchtowers. Rallying those he could. Ofeg von Raukov headed for the walled city of Volganof There he hoped to regroup his shattered army. Urgent messengers were sent to nearby provinces – this was no raid but an invasion capable of wiping Ostland off the map.



THE HUNT FOR VON RAUKOV

Amidst the ruin came a rumour - the fell-handed lord that led the northern host was seeking Oleg von Raukov. Everywhere the invaders sought word of any of the von Raukov family. After crossing the Lynsk, Lord Mortkin ordered his army to spread out to search and destroy. The Daemons of Kargharak slew all they found in the town of Zundap. Bohsenfels was hard-pressed by the slime-encrusted warriors of Lord Hackbile's Plague Army and only the timely arrival of Baron Beckburg's army out of Ferlangen prevented another massacre. Ostland was burning.

OSTLAND DOES NOT STAND ALONE

Although not above political squabbles, the provinces and city-states of the Empire pull together at need. With Ostland under siege, many armies were mustered from throughout that vast nation. The roads resounded to the drums of war as many armies marched north. The riverways, the great arteries of the Empire, were clogged with ships rushing to aid their beleaguered brethren.

ALL FORCES HEAD FOR VOLGANOF

Volganof is one of the largest cities of Ostland, but unlike the provincial capital of Wolfenburg, it is fully enclosed by a massive thick wall replete with towers and battlements.

It was to Volganof that refugees fled, filling the cramped cobblestone streets. Soldiers too straggled into the city, leaving behind them burnt and ruined forts and towns. In some cases the hounds of Chaos were at their heels, chasing the ragged survivors to the very gates of the city. So it was that Lord Mortkin heard of this bastion-city and ordered all of his armies to converge upon Volganof.

AT THE GATES OF VOLGANOF

With growing dread the city guard atop the battlements of Volganof watched the hordes of Chaos emerge from of the Forest of Shadows. The city's walls had never been breached, but now it stood surrounded by a foe unlike any other.

Rumour of the advancing Chaos armies ran rampant through the over-crowded city of Volganof Every refugee that came through the gates brought a new tale of horror -that the barbarians were burning everything as they advanced, that prisoners were eaten alive. Survivors from the towns of Bohsenfels and Zundap claimed that Daemons and monstrous creatures had joined the Northmen, while towns to the south added that the Beastmen had risen out of the Forest of Shadows and that no roads were safe. The few survivors from Kludburgh refused to recount the atrocities they had seen. All were now trapped in Volganof.

In this atmosphere of growing despair a solid wall of unnatural black cloud appeared over Volganof. It grew so gloomy that the surrounding Forest of Shadows could barely be discerned from the watchtowers. Yet something was out there, for the trees on the edge of the cursed woods swayed and shook, as if a great body of troops and fell beasts was gathering.

To the harsh blaring of a thousand horns, Lord Mortkin appeared out of the blackest shadows. He was flanked on his right by a towering Daemon, a bat-winged monstrosity that roared its bloodlusting challenge for all to hear. On the Chaos Lord's left; hovered a floating island, a great hunk of ground ripped from the earth itself to serve as a mount for Zakhar, matchless Chaos Sorcerer and master of the Coven of the Eternal Eye. Despite the terrifying wonder inspired by such fell lieutenants, it was upon Lord Mortkin himself that all eyes were inexorably drawn.

Mounted atop a Daemon-beast made of hatred and living brass, the massive armoured form of the Chaos Lord was wreathed in an aura of power so dreadful to gaze upon that it stung an onlooker's soul. So much eldritch energy was being channelled into the warrior king that iridescent flames flickered around him. Here truly was the chosen champion of those who-should-

not-be-named. A lord of kings, crowned in flame. From the void behind the iron helmet came an ultimatum that echoed across the distance, booming loud for all to hear:

"Surrender von Raukov to me, or I will crush your city. All of Volganof will die. I swear to the gods your suffering will be great. "You have a single day to decide your fate."

After speaking he stared for a while upon the high walls of Volganof before turning back to the enveloping gloom.

ULTIMATUM

Stunned by the obvious might of the Chaos Lord, soon all of Volganof began to talk. From high-born nobles to soldiers, craftsman to innkeepers, there was no doubt as to whom the armoured barbarian king had referred -Oleg von Raukov, true son of the Elector Count and pride of Osdand. So outraged and overwhelming was the cry of refusal — that Oleg should not be allowed to leave the gates of Volganof — that the few cowardly dissenters who would give up their commander without a fight dared not speak their minds. This stubborn spirit, for which Osdanders have long been filmed, helped to convince Oleg von Raukov not to give himself up – for surely the ruthless invaders would only slaughter him and attack Volganof regardless? The Ostland phrase 'A wolf at the door is still a wolf' came to mind. All knew the ravenous wolves of the north would not leave without much bloodshed.

The following day, when once again, to the blast of many horns, Lord Mortkin emerged from the forest he was answered not in human voice, but with tongues of fire. Every cannon atop the walls of Volganof fired a single shot – the muzzle flashes blazing bright in the permanent dusk that had settled over the city.



THE CITY OF VOLGANOF Although not nearly as large as Ostland's capital of Wolfenburg or the coastal city of Salkalten, Volganof is fully enclosed by defensive walls. Indeed

Volganof is fully enclosed by defensive walls. Indeed, Volganof's soldiers boast their walls are taller and thicker than any others in Ostland and that a foe has never breached them. The formidable city has been built atop a rocky plateau at the junction of the main roadways. It is land carved out of the Forest of Shadows. The Gloomroad leads from Hergig through to Castle von Raukov and is intersected by the Grimway, which stretches from Wolfenburg east to Bechafen. These crossroads lay within the walled city of Volganof, bulwark of civilisation against the horrors of the forest. For several miles around the city the land has been partially cleared. From the tall towers it is possible to see the surrounding lands for some distance before the forest swallows everything, even the roadways disappear, like dark tunnels burrowing into a mountain.

At such extreme range there was little chance of a cannonball scoring a direct hit, yet the shots seemed to vanish in the shadowy murk.

Still, Volganof's answer had been made...

ZAKHAR UNLEASHED

Lord Mortkin raised his axe and flames erupted along its blade. At this gesture the woods heaved as the Forest of Shadows disgorged its hidden horde. There advanced, in a solid mass, all the nightmarish troops of Chaos — fur-clad barbarian tribes, beast-headed men, and legions of hulking warriors encased in hell-forged armour. Loathsome and gangly limbed Trolls lurched from under the eaves, along with bull-headed Minotaurs and packs of baying devil-hounds. Bursting above the canopy strode Giants, smashing aside trees as a man might brush aside tall grass. The ground shook as the warhost formed up in companies beneath foul banners upon which were scrawled venerations to the dark powers.



As the throng halted at some unseen signal, all eyes turned to Zakhar. The chanting of his unholy acolytes increased in pace and volume as, slowly, the floating island began to rise higher. The levitating land mass began to spin, rotating on an unseen axis. Seven peals of thunder rolled across the churning black clouds. Standing tall in the middle of the coven, Zakhar reached skywards, beginning to glow with a bluish nimbus. High-pitched maniacal laughter could be heard as untold energy coursed from the heavens into Zakhar's outstretched hands. When the charge could no longer be contained, the multi-hued ball of living lightning was hurled by the Covenmaster. It struck the walls of Volganof and blasted them asunder, vaporising stone and defender alike. Seven times Zakhar's magics smote the battlements and seven times they wrought gaping holes.

FORWARD, FOR OSTLAND

As the survivors picked themselves off the ground and shook off the dust of crushed stone, a low moan could be heard from the defenders. They had placed much hope in the tall and seemingly impregnable walls of Volganof and now they had been irreparably breached before the battle had even begun. "Set even as the howls of the northern invaders began to rise, Oleg von Raukov stepped into one of the still-smoking gaps in the once proud walls. Loud, he spoke:

"Hold fast, men of Ostland. Where walls fall, there must stand men. But I will not be pulled from Volganof like a beast from a trap! Who will join me in taking the fight to our foe? Who will sally out with me?"

Such bravery could not be denied, and everywhere along the still-standing walls stout-hearted Captains and emboldened champions picked up the warcry. Every Ostlander knew it was better to die fighting. And so, amidst the looming dark, a new plan was hastily formulated. The walls and breaches must be manned, but to the south, against Lord Mortkin himself, there launched as strong a counter-attack as could be mustered. The Imperial forces advanced out from the breaches.

THE CITY BESIEGED

So began the Battle for Volganof. Neither force expected mercy, nor would any be given. Heroic clashes and fell-handed deeds awaited both sides and many tales and sagas celebrate (or condemn) the acts done this day.

Lord Mortkin's signal the Chaos invaders surged forwards. Leading the charge were dozens of tribes of Northmen, all eager to win glory. They hoped to attract, through deed of battle, the eyes of their Dark Gods. Along the city walls the defenders were not waiting idle. Handgunners discharged their weapons, handed their gun to a loader, accepted a new firearm and, almost without needing to aim, fired again into the oncoming mass. Crews struggled to fire and reload war machines; others manhandled artillery pieces into the gaps in the wall, ready to repel the attackers with multiple volleys or blasts of grapeshot.

But it was at the south walls, where Oleg von Raukov led his counter-attack out of the gates, that Lord Mortkin put forth his real strength. It was there that he released the howling fury of Kargharak and his Daemonhost. They drove deep into the enemy and there was much slaughter. As of yet, Lord Mortkin held in check the matchless warriors of his own Fell Legion.

MAN VERSUS DAEMON

The volleys from the walls of Volganof foiled to blunt the thrust of the onrushing Daemons. Kragharak, enraged beyond measure, carved a swathe through the Northmen of his own side in his haste to get to grips with the foe. Regiments fled from the sight of such monstrous rage, only to be cut down by the inhuman fiends in his vanguard. There stalked bright red Bloodletters, pale prancing Daemonettes and many more nightmarish creatures hungry for the destruction of all that men hold dear. Regiments of Volganof City Guard fell, slain and trampled before the onslaught.

Behind the Daemonhost followed clanking metal siege towers moving forwards by some power or foul enchantment. If the Daemons could sweep all before them, the beastly machines would topple the remaining walls. Shots from monstrous Chaos Hellcannons arced over the walls, setting the city alight. The men of the Empire were driven backwards, but they did not yet turn to run. Brave captains held the line as soldier after soldier stepped up to replace the slain. Against Kargharak himself, no strike had yet proved telling. Spears snapped against his impenetrable hide and his axe swept away ranks at a time. The rapid push back threatened to become a rout at any time.

At that moment the Bechafen Halberdiers stepped forwards into legend. Having marched from Ostermark to aid their brothers, the purple and yellow-clad soldiers entered the battleline in time to repel a Bloodletter charge. Seeing his minions dispatched, Kargharak turned his attentions to the men of Ostermark. Undaunted, the unit raised their halberds as one, presenting a forest of blades. The enraged Bloodthirster struck like a thunderbolt, his impact sending bodies high into the air and slaying the unit's Captain. Yet the proud sons of Bechafen stood firm, striking the unholy beast again and again. Soon the Greater Daemon's hide was oozing ichor from dozens of rents. With all the strength he could muster, Sergeant Oberwald drove his sword hilt-deep into the hell-spawn's chest. Incandescent with rage, Kargharak picked up the Sergeant and squeezed. Beneath such incomparable strength and limitless fury, Oberwald was pulped, unrecognisable in death as ever having been a man. Yet this atrocious deed only inspired the remaining Bechafen Halberdiers. They hacked the Greater Daemon down. He slew many more of the Imperial soldiers in his writhing death throes, but Kargharak did not rise again.

THE BRIEFEST OF HOPES

With the downfall of their champion, the Daemonhost wavered. Again, the voice of Oleg von Raukov rang out:

"To me, to me, men of the Empire. Press forward and fear no foe! Victory can be ours, fight on!"

Once again the hearts of the Ostlanders and their allies rallied and once again, the Imperial forces pressed forward. One of the monstrous siege towers was overrun – it toppled with a resounding crash. The lighdy armoured barbarians fell in droves before the resurgence, but those warriors encased in hell-forged armour proved tougher opposition. When these were encountered, the momentum faded. The Daemonhost, driven back and much reduced, put up a ferocious fight around their Blood Banner, before it too was cast down, hacked apart by the Greatswords of the Stalwart Bulls. At this, a hearty cheer rose from the men fighting outside of the city and was picked up by soldiers on the walls. For perhaps the first time, the men of Volganof began to hope that they might live to see the true fight of the sun.

THE FELL LEGION

Lord Mortkin, his armoured form full to bursting with dark energies, knew it was time to enter the fray. At last the Fell Legion advanced beneath banners of black and red. None could stand before them.

The Black-iron Reavers were all but impervious to harm beneath their hulking armour. The Crimson Reapers, wielding enormous axes, clove men in twain with every blow. The walls of Volganof shook when the lumbering Juggernauts of the Brass Riders began their thunderous charge. There flew Skulex the Great, breathing clouds of fire upon the black and white uniformed soldiers of Ostland.





As his counter-attacking army evaporated, even Oleg von Raukov could not stop the flight to the walls. Many of the surviving soldiers flung down their weapons and fled, but those nearest the young Grand Marshal and his Stalwart Bulls gave ground only grudgingly. This rearguard action allowed many regiments to escape to the battered walls of Volganof.

BACKS TO THE WALL

At last, only the Stalwart Bulls remained outside the walls, and they were soon pressed back into the gap. Twice the Black-iron Reavers charged and twice they were repelled with much loss of life. The ground was slippery with spilt blood. Cleg's blade, gifted to him by the Ice Queen of Kislev, shone bright and cold in the dim light. Panting heavily, the battle-worn Greatswords waited for the next attack.

Then the hordes parted and all saw why the defenders were granted a brief reprieve. Lord Mortkin, at the head of the Crimson Reavers, had arrived. Death was in their gaze, as they strode forth into the gap. Slicing through swords, platemail, and bodies, Lord Mortkin made his way straight for von Raukov, who, although weary with a long day of battle, did not flinch, but leapt forward to meet the attack.

Three times Oleg von Raukov struck Lord Mortkin, but it was not for mortal man to destroy the commander of the Fell Legion. Having weathered the smaller man's flurry of desperate blows, it was time to unleash his own. With a single swipe that would have felled a Giant, Lord Mortkin smote Oleg, whose body crumpled. Although mortally wounded, the valiant man struggled to rise, to strike once more. Mercilessly, the Chaos Lord strode upon him, snuffing out the last of his life beneath an armoured heel. For a single, surreal moment, the battlefront was stilled. Then, in the distance, came a blaring of horns.

THE REIKSGUARD ARRIVE

Bursting from the Forest of Shadows along the Gloomroad, with many a horn call and cries of 'For the Emperor', the Reiksguard arrived onto the field of battle. Shining resplendent in their silver armour, they rode over several units of barbarians lurking near the woods. As the knights formed up, at their head could be seen Kurt Helborg, the Grand Master of the Order and Reiksmarshal of the Empire. At his side galloped Ludwig Schwarzhelm, the bearer of the Emperor's personal standard, the awe-inspiring banner glowing brighdy in the darkness. Foremost amongst their ranks rode Valmir von Raukov, the Elector Count of Ostland, and a righteous vengeance blazed in his eyes as his banner was unfurled.

POWER INCARNATE

Lord Mortkin stood over the body of the fallen von Raukov, gazing down upon the broken man. Oleg was the pride of Ostland and had fought bravely against a foe he could not hope to best. In the distance the horns of the Reiksguard trumpeted clearly. It was as the Daemon-whispers had promised. He had been forewarned they would arrive at such a time and Lord

Mortkin had held back half of the Beastman warherd of Ul-Ruk the Red to deal with them, although this command had rankled with the bloodthirsty Children of Chaos.

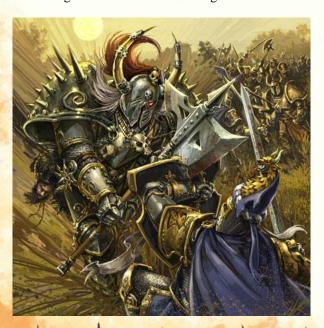
All he had to do was give the signal for the Beastmen to advance out of the woods against the cavalry and final victory was assured. He felt power flow in his veins, the Winds of Magic supplying so much dark energy he could feel it throbbing in a corona around him. This, Lord Mortkin knew, was only the beginning of the real battle. Already, far to the north, an even larger host of Daemons was tearing through the everthinning veil between the worlds. An even greater gathering of the tribes was congregating, ready to march south and join him. He was the mighty vessel chosen to enact the great plans of the gods. And yet, now his mind was clear. He had taken the vengeance he sought and now his part was over.

Lord Mortkin had met every challenge. He had heard a hundred thousand voices chant his name. Now all he longed for was an ending. Lord Mortkin dropped his axe. With both hands he removed the helmet from atop his head, tossing it onto the piled mounds of the fallen. Loud, he spoke these words for all to hear:

"Wergild is paid. Let Volganof burn to pay for my home of Ulfennik. Never again will I return there. My saga is ended. I choose now to die as a man, my will my own. I go now, too late mayhap, to the halls of my fathers."

With his oath spoken, the aura about Lord Mortkin dimmed, the bitter gods, perhaps, taking back that which they had given. The Crimson Reapers awoke from their amazement too late to safeguard their lord. The tide of battle swept over the Chaos champion. Once again, battle was joined.

As Lord Mortkin fell, the veil of gloom was rent and slanting rays of sun shone down upon the battlefield. The disparate armies of Chaos were instantly shorn of the driving will that had held them together. Rumour



raced across the killing fields. Half of the invaders, including Skulex the Great, broke the field, some skulking into the forest, or turning upon each other, settling old scores through combat. Ifet so mighty was that host, that even bereft of half its number, the battle was not yet decided.

UL-RUK THE RED COMES FORTH

The Beastlord Ul-Ruk the Red had waited in the woods for a signal that never came. Pushed beyond limits, his bestial rage boiled over. He would wait no longer, instead ordering his warherd into the smoking city. Only by sacking Volganof itself, feasting upon its citizens and tearing down its towers, could the Beastmen wash clean the anguish of taking orders. Bursting from the woods, the Beastmen tipped the scales again in favour of the invaders. They drove the defenders from several of the breaches and ran amok in the city. The streets ran with blood and the Beastmen took vengeance on any that crossed their path, be they warriors of the north or soldiers of the Empire.

WHERE FALLETH THE KING?

It had been the Scarlet Curs, filled with hate over the death of Oleg von Raukov, that had overrun the despondent Lord Mortkin in the breach of the southern wall. The Crimson Reapers, Lord Mortkin's bodyguard, had been too stunned and too slow to intervene. Now their lord had fallen. Enraged at their loss, the Crimson Reapers waded into the fray, laying waste to all who stood between them and their fallen liege. The bloodsplattered warriors fought their way through the press of Empire troops until they formed a circle around the crumpled form of their lord. The remnants of the Scarlet Curs threw down their halberds and fled. No living foe would advance into the courtyard to challenge the fallen leader's bodyguard, although volleys of gunfire and cannonballs tore through the battered remnants of the Crimson Reapers. They heeded it not. Grief-stricken, they bore the body within the walls of Volganof and there, for a time, none dared approach them.

SKULEX THE GREAT

There are many sagas of the deeds done during the battle outside of Volganof. Whoever the storyteller, be they Imperial poet, skald chanter of the Northmen, or entranced Bray-Shaman of the warherd, none tell their tale without giving Skulex the Great his due. So mighty was the carnage wreaked by the many-scaled wyrm on that day that all who survived were awestruck. Hundreds of men, war machine, and horses fell before the thunderbolt-like assault of the ancient monster. Some were eaten whole, others crushed beneath its bulk, whole regiments were burnt to ashes by the great gouts of flame. The Steam Tank Indomitable' was cracked open and its crew eaten. The cannonballs that rent his vast pinions only made Skulex angrier. After the death of Lord Mortkin, Skulex stared at the newly arrived Reiksguard, but instead chose to fly back towards its lair, high up in the ice-peaked mountains of Norsca.

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THE CHARGE OF THE REIKSGUARD

On the Emperor's orders the Reiksguard had night-marched northwards to reach Ostland and confront the foe. Now that he saw the size of the horde before him, their leader, Kurt Helborg, did not question his orders, but instead bellowed out the only command necessary - "charge!" Before they could reach the gates of Volganof they had to ride through many of the invaders. There stood the remaining Daemons, vengeful for their earlier losses, Lord Hackbile and his Plague Army, and innumerable barbarians, still eager for their share of what lay in the breached and burning city. Into this hellish multitude the Knights of the Empire crashed, cleaving through the enemy until they came to the ruins of the southern wall. There a last great challenge stood waiting.

Metal-bound Juggernauts steamed and pawed out divots the size of shallow graves. The Brass Riders, dealers of untold death, sought to grind the pride of the Empire beneath steel-hooves. Kurt Helboig, feeling the oncoming thunder of that charge, ordered the Reiksguard to lower lances and galloped to meet them. The earth-shaking collision of those units meeting was equalled only by the white-hot fury of their combat. Many fell, hacked down or stampeded over, but in the end it was the Runefangs of Kurt Helbotg and Valmir von Raukov that made the difference. Slicing through armour and metal beast alike, the two, along with Ludwig Schwarzhelm, ensured that not a single Brass Rider escaped.

With the fall of the Brass Riders, all of the invaders who remained on the field saw their hopes of conquest vanish. There was still fierce fighting within the city walls, but the forces that had not penetrated into the city now began to vanish back into the forest. But it was too late for the city of Volganof.

CHAIRDAL DADE COD A CALL

<mark>FU</mark>NERAL PYRE FOR A FALLEN LORD

While the final clashes occurred on the plains outside the gates, inside Volganof swirled a maelstrom of many smaller battles. Warbands roamed the streets and desperate defenders manned hastily constructed barricades. But too many of the invaders had stormed within the walls and everywhere the city burned. Citizens and soldiers alike streamed out of the gates eager to escape the hell within the walls.

For many long hours the Crimson Reapers fought off Empire soldiers, Beastmen and fellow Northmen who accused them of turning traitor. But they made no effort to leave, even as the flames, grown unchecked, washed over the whole of Volganof. Eventually the tall towers and proud walls collapsed and the flames scoured the city, utterly consuming the last faithful remnants of the Crimson Reapers. And so, in the end, the very city of Volganof became a funeral pyre for the last of the Fell Legion and their mighty Lord.

AFTERMATH

The city of Volganof burned for three days. Ash, piled rubble and blackened timbers were all that remained. Relief columns arrived in time to help the survivors. Soon a great camp sprang up, although it was some miles away from where the city once stood The sun shone brightly, or would have, save for the vast flocks of carrion birds that wheeled in the skies. Their feasting was great indeed and to this day the ravens, bloodbeaks and crows of that area of the forest of Shadows still seem both over-abundant and over-large.

Of the enemy, few were seen, save the wounded too hurt to travel far. These were shown no mercy. It is said Lord Hackbile and his Plague Army carved their way through the city of Volganof, escaping through the northernmost breaches and making for Kislev and beyond. Some barbarians fled alongside them, but most fell on the arduous journey, picked off by the vengefol horsetribes of that land The Beastmen, glutted on human flesh, escaped back into the forest while fire overtook the city. It was the fervent hope of the many that lost relatives in the Slaughter of Volganof, that it was the cleansing flames that claimed their loved ones and not the brutish half-beasts. To this day the name of Ul-Ruk the Red will still draw curses from any Ostlander.

The homecoming for Valmir von Raukov was a bitter one. His forts were in ruins, his lands despoiled. He wept openly at the loss of wife and ancestral home. But many said it was the loss of his favoured son that hit the Elector Count the hardest. In mourning, Valmir remains inconsolable. Vassily, found unconscious in the ruins, has recovered his health, but has yet found the forgiveness of his father.

Before leading the much-reduced Reiksguard back to Altdorf, Kurt Helborg looked over the makeshift camp, full of refugees and the wounded. He turned to his longtime friend and comrade-in-arms Ludwig Schwarzhelm. "I am shaken Ludwig. I do not think, as do others, that it was our arrival upon the battlefield that won this victory — if victory we can call it. If their lord had not ceased fighting, I do not believe we could have beaten them. Victory was in his grasp, yet by all accounts he just gave up. What manner of man was he?"

Ludwig, a man of grim disposition and few words was thoughtful for a moment — for he thought likewise.

Neither had mentioned it, but if the invading army had stayed together, they might have marched all the way Altdorf. After a thoughtful pause Ludwig said, "Maybe that's it? Maybe, in the end, perhaps Mortkin wasn't one of those... things. Maybe he was just a man after all?"

"Still," Kurt Helborg said, already putting the matter behind him, "Take some solace Ludwig. The northlands will be quiet for a long time after battle." And yet, as the coming years would show, this would not turn out to be true.



THE SAGA OF ARCHAON

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

THE BIRTH OF A LEGEND

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

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

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

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

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

Abandoning his home, Archaon set upon an epic journey to the very north of the world to find clues to the whereabouts of the six artefacts of Chaos. He cut a bloody path through both the Empire and Troll Country, slaying any man, mutant or monster that dared bar his path. Onwards he trekked, through the frozen storms of the northlands and the blood-stained wastelands beyond, for nothing could prevent Archaon from reaching the dreaded Realm of Chaos; he didn't even pause as he stepped over the threshold between the mortal world and unreality.

None know for sure how long Archaon spent in the Realm of Chaos, what battles he endured or what secrets he learned, but when he emerged, all could see the destiny that surrounded him. Shortly after, Archaon gathered to him a roving warband of Chaos Warriors who called themselves the Swords of Chaos, and set off to claim his first prize.

THE FIRST UNHOLY QUEST

The first artefact that Archaon sought lay within the Altar of Ultimate Darkness in Naggaroth, the land of the sadistic Dark Elves. Archaon marched to the Citadel of Spite – a jagged tower that thrust into the sky like a spear piercing a heart. As Archaon approached the Citadel he found a raging battle underway, as the rival warband of Gorath the Ravager, Lord of the Bloodsworn, assailed the fortress. Though Gorath's reputation for violence was well known, the Dark Elves had halted the Bloodsworn's advance by launching a devious trap, and with their enemy pinned, their bolt throwers were reaping a deadly harvest.



Archaon immediately ordered his warriors into the fray in the hope that, combined, the forces of Chaos would emerge triumphant. Packs of Warhounds loped ahead to attack the Dark Elf cavalry harrying the Bloodsworn's flanks, jaws snapping hungrily over the throats of horses and riders alike. Groups of Shades, firing upon the Bloodsworn from the shelter of an abyssal wood, were run down by Archaon's mounted Marauders, their javelins hurled with enough force to impale Dark Elves against the boughs of the twisted trees. With the enemy ambushers slain, the Chaos forces advanced as one upon the Citadel. Suddenly, the air was thick with black-fletched crossbow bolts, a hail of death that killed barbarian Marauders in their droves. But the iron-clad regiments at the core of the Chaos army marched relentlessly through the storm, trampling the dead and wounded into the mud as they advanced.

At the last, the Dark Elf lines shifted, and crossbowmen withdrew as blocks of spearmen locked shields to face the approaching hordes. The first to reach the Dark Elf lines died in agony as their bodies were pierced by razor-edged blades, but Archaon and Gorath urged their troops onwards, and soon the massacre began in earnest.

Every Chaos Warrior was a living engine of destruction. Maces burst heads like overripe fruit, swords rose and fell in bloody arcs and axes cleaved through Elven shields and bodies both. The heaviest fighting was centred about Archaon and the Swords of Chaos. They advanced in the shadow of a great Warshrine, and they fought all the harder knowing that the Dark Gods would be watching.



The Dragon Witch

As Archaon cleaved yet another Dark Elf in half, he heard a mighty roar above him. He looked up and saw a vast shadow emerge through the clouds. A Dragon with scales as dark as coal swept over the Chaos army, belching forth clouds of corrosive gas that reduced entire regiments to piles of steaming flesh. Atop the monster's back rode a Sorceress with ice-pale skin, and when she gestured towards the Chaos Warriors below, shards of black magic cut a bloody swathe through them.

Gorath howled a challenge to the Dragon Witch, knowing that the Sorceress' death would surely attract the favour of the Ruinous Powers, but she did not deign to come within reach of his blade. His frustration was answered only by her mocking laughter as she called forth a howling wind of blades that enveloped the Chaos Warrior and flensed his flesh from his bones in the blink of an eye.

A Storm of Murder Archaon could only look on in rage as bolts of sorcery lanced out from the sky. Inspired by their Dragon Witch, the Dark Elves were counterattacking when one of their number stepped towards Archaon with murder in his eyes. Casting aside a cloak as black as midnight, the Assassin leapt forth.

Archaon barely managed to parry the Elf's first blow, and his sword was wrenched from his grip. Though disarmed, he was not defenceless, and when the Assassin struck again Archaon dropped his shield and caught his opponent's wrist in one armoured gauntlet an eyeblink before the other clamped around the Dark Elf's throat. Hoisting his assailant into the air, Archaon proceeded to cut out the Assassin's heart with his own dagger. Archaon held the gory offering towards the Chaos Warshrine, and as he did so, felt the gaze of the gods look upon him. The heart in his hands began to beat once more and a great bolt of lightning, as red as freshly spilled blood, rent the sky asunder. The gods had answered.

Fury of the Gorequeen

Descending to the battlefield upon wings of fire came Valkia the Bloody. The crimson champion howled an unholy challenge as she dove towards the Black Dragon, and all eyes turned skywards to witness the epic aerial clash.

Valkia moved with the fury of the wind, and lopped the Sorceress' head from her shoulders before she could utter a single incantation. With its mistress slain, the Dragon went berserk, snapping its jaws wildly as it tried to bite the Gorequeen in two. Its aimless wrath was nothing compared to the focussed rage burning in Valkia's veins, and blood rained from the sky as her spear tore great gashes in the Dragon's hide. Valkia drew fresh strength from every blow, and with one final slash, she sliced open the Dragon's throat, casting its lifeless body to the ground below.

Valkia's victory cry was terrible to hear and as she plunged into the defenders below, the Bloodsworn redoubled their efforts, knowing that with the Gorequeen present, Khorne would be watching them all. Sensing that the enemy was cm the verge of breaking, Archaon plunged onwards and the Swords of Chaos went with him. Like a great tide of death they went, striking a deadly hammer blow against the Dark Elf lines. The enemy broke and were quickly ripped apart in a tide of razor claws, grasping tentacles and snapping teeth.

The Altar of Ultimate Darkness

With the Dark Elves in disarray, and the Bloodsworn intent on butchering every last defender, Archaon entered the Citadel. The interior was blacker than a corrupted soul, and when his warriors sought to illuminate its gloom with torches it was the light that was snuffed out instead of the darkness. Though his men muttered about curses and black magic, their leader strode in fearlessly, swallowed up by the dark. Such was Archaon's skill that, even in the total absence of light, he overcame hundreds of the misshapen, blood-hungry troglodytes that infested its inner sanctums. Archaon reconsecrated the altar in the name of the Chaos Gods, cutting out the pulsing hearts of the unhallowed things that had crawled in the catacombs.

When Archaon emerged into the cool night air, he was drenched in sticky gore, but he bore upon his forehead the first sacred artefact, the eternally burning Mark of Chaos. Of Valkia there was no sign, for Khorne had called his Gorequeen to another blood-soaked field. The victorious warriors of the Bloodsworn looked upon the blood-slick form of Archaon and knew him to be favoured by the Dark Gods. Many fell to their knees and, with their allegiance, Archaon's army doubled in strength.



THE SPIRIT OF MORKAR

Archaon left that blighted realm upon a stolen ship forged from black metal and pulled through the waters by a serpentine sea-drake. Taking leadership of a flotilla of seafaring warriors, Archaon sailed into an undiscovered realm populated by savage half-humans whose pallid skin had never felt the touch of sun or moon. Archaon and his followers gave battle to these benighted creatures for six days and six nights until their city lay in ruins. In the depths of their necropolis Archaon uncovered the tomb of Morkar, the first of the Everchosen of Chaos, who was bested only by Sigmar Unberogen himself. Within the dusty tomb lay the fabled Armour of Morkar, but as Archaon reached out to take it, the armour came to life and attacked him. Truly the spirit that animated the artefact was mighty in life, for the flurry of blows it rained upon Archaon was relentless. It was only when Archaon spat a curse in the long-dead language of the Unberogens that the armour's implacable attack ceased for a second, allowing Archaon to smash it asunder with a devastating countercharge. The spirit of Morkar was banished and Archaon took the armour for his own.

THE EYE AND THE DRAGON

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

THE STEED OF THE APOCALYPSE

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

lair, Archaon vaulted atop it. Dorghar burst into flame and changed shape many times. But Archaon's will was strong, and the Lord of Chaos broke the steed in as a determined stablehand might break a wayward stallion.

THE SLAYER OF KINGS

Riding back through the gateway at the top of the world, Archaon fought through the Chaos Champions duelling there to the Chimera Plateau. It is said that at the top of the plateau rested the Daemonsword known as the Slayer of Kings, the sacred blade of the second Everchosen, Vangel. As Archaon rode onward upon Dorghar, the warriors fighting at the top of the world recognised his destiny and determination. Many challenged him, but none could stand before him. Archaon spared those who swore fealty to him, and slew the rest, claiming their warbands as his own by right of conquest. Soon a great army grew around him.

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

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

THE CROWN OF DOMINATION

The search for the Crown of Domination took longer than all of Archaon's other labours combined. An ancient battle-helm forged before the dawn of man, the Crown had once held the Eye of Sheerian, but had since been lost to history. Decades passed and though he slaughtered foes across the world, still Archaon had no clue as to its whereabouts.

The Curseling's Bargain

As Archaon's warships left a fruitless search on the Isle of Corpses, they were enveloped in a great tempest that blew them towards the distant shores of Bretonnia.

Awaiting them was the misshapen form of Vilitch the

Curseling, infamous Sorcerer of Tzeentch. The Twisted Twin approached Archaon and explained that he had heard of his quest and used sorcery to summon the Chaos Lord and bargain for knowledge of the Crown's whereabouts. In exchange, Vilitch wanted a harmless trinket – or so he said – guarded within Brilloinne Castle. Though wary of treachery, Archaon's desire for the Crown of Domination was all-consuming, and so it was that his army marched once more to war.

An Avalanche of Steel

Archaon's forces laid siege to Brilloinne Castle, but the Bretonnian trebuchets took a heavy toll on the Chaos army. The first slab of masonry to fall dashed the brains of the Chaos Giant known as the Corpsemaker over a twenty yard area. As further projectiles ploughed through the ranks of Archaon's infantry, leaving bloody furrows in the ground filled with the mangled bodies of the slain, he raised his sword and bellowed a challenge to the lord of the castle, calling him a coward and daring him to fight.

Baron Lucus, the arrogant warden of Brillionne Castle, took Archaon's challenge as an insult to his honour. So it was that he opened the gates and sallied forth to meet Archaon. Several hundred noble warriors lowered their lances as Bretonnian chargers galloped to meet the Chaos menace. As the cavalry surged onwards, Pegasus Knights flew high above, Baron Lucus at their head atop a mighty Hippogryph.





With Lucus' army committed, Archaon smiled grimly and signalled his reserves to the fore. From behind a hidden ridge rode close to a thousand Chaos Knights, and the ground trembled at their passing. From his vantage, Lucus could see snorting metal machine-beasts amongst the Chaos horde, brass behemoths who barged their way to the fore, their riders yearning to spill the blood of their foes.

Bretonnian and Chaos Knights clashed like two opposing tidal waves of steel and muscle, lances on both sides punching through enemy breastplates in explosions of gore. The Knights of Bretonnia fought with courage and valour, but they proved weak weapons against the unyielding might of the Skullcrushers of Khorne. Axes slashed left and right as the Juggernaut cavalry carved a gory path through their foes.

The Pegasus Knights dove to intercept the stampeding Juggernauts, but Vilitch unleashed bolts of sorcery that engulfed the winged steeds, bathing them in the magical fires of change. In an instant, the Pegasi were transformed into dozens of different forms, none of which could fly, and so they plummeted to their doom.

Heroic Intervention

Lucus plunged into the fray, stabbing with a sword of shining gold as his Hippogryph's claws slashed left and right, cutting through Chaos armour as if it were paper. Faced with this new threat the Chaos lines parted, and a hulking Slaughterbrute lumbered forwards.

Those knights brave enough to charge the overmuscled monster died in an instant, swatted aside like bothersome insects. Lucus' Hippogryph leaped at the Slaughterbrute, and though Lucus' sword was aimed true, it found nothing but air. The creature was shackled to the will of Jharkill, one of Archaon's Exalted Heroes. Jharkill even now manipulated the creature's actions through the movements of a wooden puppet, parrying Lucus' blade with the skill of a master fencer. Again and again Lucus failed to land a blow, and he realised the giant beast was mocking him, toying with his foe before delivering the deathblow.

Growing bored of his opponent, Jharkill extended his control, and in the blink of an eye the Slaughterbrute grasped hold of the Hippogryph and tore its wings off, showering blood and feathers everywhere, before smashing the beast into a pulp with repeated blows of its battering-ram-sized fists. The Slaughterbrute then picked Lucus up in one giant claw and crushed him like an egg. It was too much for the Bretonnians and, as they fled from the gory sight, Archaon's forces cut them down.

The Twisted Twin's Treachery

Archaon looked upon the massacre with approval, when one of his bodyguard was suddenly plucked from the saddle and ripped in half by the Slaughterbrute. In the corner of his eye, Archaon saw the magnitude of the betrayal as Jharkill's dead body slid from the end of Vilitch's sword. The Curseling had stabbed the puppeteer, causing the Slaughterbrute to run amok. Clearly, Vilitch had lured Archaon here to slay him and claim the artefacts of Chaos from his corpse.

Archaon's knights could not evade the Slaughterbrute's rampage. Every strike crushed both rider and mount beneath terrible hammer-like blows. As the beast loomed over him, Archaon held his ground and unleashed the Daemon trapped within the Slayer of Kings. Unnatural vitality coursed through Archaon's body, filling him with strength. Moving faster than a speeding viper he struck, plunging the Daemonsword deep into the monster's heart.



Archaon dismounted and marched towards Witch, smashing his bodyguard aside like rag dolls and flattening the Sorcerer with a punch that could have felled a Drakwald oak. Holding the Slayer of Kings to Vilitch's throats, Archaon demanded to know where the Crown of Domination was. Cackling to himself, Vilitch uttered the name 'Be'lakor'. Only the first Daemon Prince knew the location of the Crown. Still chuckling, Vilitch vanished in a gust of multihued smoke. Archaon swore that when next he met the Sorcerer, there would be a reckoning, and with that he left the killing fields of Brilloinne in search of Be'lakor.

THE FINAL TRIALS

Returning to the Chaos Wastes, Archaon performed a ritual to summon Be'lakor. The first Daemon Prince had followed Archaon's saga with envious eyes, for this hatefilled being had tried to claim the Crown for itself, but could not avoid its preordained fate and was compelled by the Dark Gods themselves to reveal the Crown's location. However, Be'lakor planned to let the warlord brave the perils guarding the crown, and later take the artefact for himself.

The last of the great artefacts lay hidden within the First Shrine to Chaos, where the first human soul was bartered to the Dark Gods for power and immortality, high in the Worlds Edge Mountains. What became of the first Champion of Chaos, none can say, though it is said he was one of the kings of men from the times before the ascension of Sigmar.

Archaon led an army of colossal size to the base of the towering peaks. His massive war horde had grown immeasurably in the years leading up to his attempt to claim the Crown, as the legends surrounding his deeds spread. Leaving his ever-growing army at the base of the mountain range to fight the Ogres and dour-faced Dwarfs that lived in the valleys, Archaon, riding on the back of his daemonic mount, ascended the mountains as night was falling. With unnatural speed, his infernal steed carried him tirelessly over rock slide and snow drift alike through the twilight towards the shrine, following the shadowy creature Be'lakor high into the peaks.

Arriving at the hidden shrine, built into a cliff face and concealed with powerful magics to be inaccessible to any mortal creature, Archaon dismissed his daemonic steed back to its infernal place of origin. With a screech, the beast returned to the Realm of Chaos, leaving only a trail of burning imprints where its hooves had touched the mortal world.

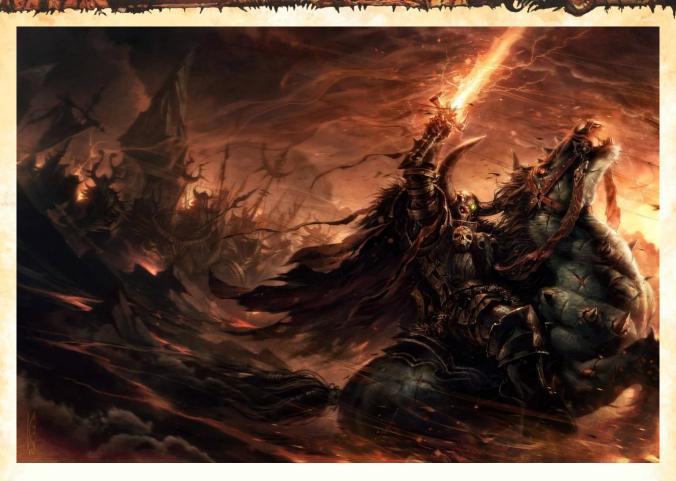
As Archaon moved closer, the illusions disappeared to reveal a massive double gate inscribed with blasphemous runes that gnawed at his sanity. Archaon viewed the mighty portal to the holy place. It was maddening to look upon, the great double-doors carved with numberless scenes of devastation and bloodshed. Even as he watched, the scenes shifted, the carved figures hacking at each other in bloodlust. Daemons swung cruel blades around them, slaughtering their foes and each other in glorious mayhem. Undaunted by the tiny figures that turned to look at him, Archaon strode to the doors that opened unaided before him.

The spirit Be'lakor led Archaon inside, entering an immense, roughly hewn chamber. On the floor in the centre of the room a huge symbol was carved a great, black, eight-pointed star, the star of Chaos. No living creature had walked these halls for centuries, and Archaon was filled with awe as he felt the eyes of the gods upon him.

Drawing his ancient and powerful blade, the Slayer of Kings, Archaon forced Be'lakor to lead him truly, for he knew that the jealous being would try to lead to his death if it could. The incorporeal spirit-being recoiled, its immense shadowy wings shrinking away from the feared glowing blade, though any normal mortal weapon would have had no effect upon it. Whispering like an icy wind, Be'lakor spoke, its hate-filled voice seeping directly into the mind of the mighty Warrior of Chaos. From out of the darkness a long arm of shadow was formed. Delicate talons of darkness unfurled, and the creature beckoned Archaon to follow. The trials awaited...

The Gods of Chaos assailed him with their tests one after another, bombarding him with challenges to overcome and thus prove his worth this last time. If he failed in these final tests he would be tortured for eternity, but time is nothing to the dark gods, and, they





would rather wait for another to rise than to have one not worthy wearing the Crown of Domination. Always, the spirit of the cursed Daemon Prince Be'lakor was there, leading him ever onwards. The spirit of darkness coiled around him, whispering its words of deceit and hatred in his ear, attempting to distract Archaon from his challenges.

A blinding light assailed Archaon's eyes, and he raised a hand to cover them. When the painful light faded, Archaon found himself standing in the middle of an island of stone, barely twenty feet in diameter, hanging in darkness. All around the floating stone island was black as pitch, and Archaon circled warily, his glowing blade held in hand. In the gloom, windows of light began to appear, torn open for brief moments before snapping shut again. Flames could be seen in these rifts as they opened, and silhouetted against the inferno could be seen the dark shapes of daemons. From these rents in the darkness came all manner of daemon, born aloft by wings leathered, feathery and skeletal. They descended on Archaon, blackened talons clutching at him, trying to pull him off the stone island into darkness. He hacked around him with the Sword of Kings, smashing the creatures from the air, weaving a delicate and powerful dance with his blade. Where the ancient weapon touched the magical beings, they exploded into light, shattering into a shower of colours. For what seemed an eternity, Archaon battled the daemons, until he was standing defiant, chest heaving. His armour was scratched and ripped, in places holes were punched through the ornate chest plate and blood seeped from his wounds. Again, a blinding light filled his head, and in the next instant his surrounding once again changed.

Father Nurgle filled Archaon's mind with illusions and feverish hallucinations, and the great warrior watched as his armour bloated and burst in explosions of sickly disease. Before his eyes he saw the metal of his gauntlet decay and corrode, falling from a hand that swarmed with maggots and burrowing insects. He felt the foul, wriggling creatures moving beneath his skin, burrowing into his organs and brain as agony wracked his system. He lost his vision as his eyes became clouded and stigmatised, veins becoming clotted and bursting. Exerting his unnatural strength of will, Archaon threw off these illusions, hacking down the bloated daemons of the Plague Lord that capered around him.

The Grand Manipulator, Tzeentch, had his twisted daemonic minions assail Archaon with sorcerous power. Multicoloured flames assailed his body, burning him with unholy intensity. Their power burned through his bones, and every part of his physical makeup strained to resist the contorting magic that struggled to mutate him out of shape. While his body was assailed by torturous magic, his mind became filled with visions of the future, implanted in his head by the Changer of the Ways. He witnessed himself triumphant before the armies of Chaos, the coveted Crown of Damnation being placed over his head. In his visions, as soon as the Crown was in place, the Gods began to laugh, the heavens filling with their sound of their derision and scorn, for they could see that he was not worthy of the honour. He fell to the ground, clutching his head in his hands as a chasm of eternal darkness opened beneath him and he fell, plunging into madness and despair, the punishment for thinking himself worthy. Falling for what felt like an age,

doubts assailed him, trying to make him uncertain of his own ability and worth. He rose his voice into a powerful roar of defiance, banishing the visions from his mind, for he knew that the moment he succumbed to the doubts, he would be lost forever in the darkness, the plaything of Tzeentch. In the next instant he was once again standing in an empty cavernous room, and the hateful vision of Be'lakor was beckoning him onwards.

Archaon entered a room of such a scale that it defied rational thought, stretching in all directions further than the eye could see. He approached a towering throne that appeared seemingly out of nowhere, drawn to it with complete lack of volition. As he drew nearer his heart skipped a beat and his breath became heavy and ragged, sweat making his skin feel clammy. The being sat on the throne could only be the Dark Prince itself. Slaanesh, radiating power, glory and absolute perfection of form. Archaon's mind was clouded, by the brilliance of this divine manifestation, and he fell to his knees in abject adoration. The Lord of Pleasure reached out with a pale, delicate hand and gently laid it on Archaon's armoured shoulder. The mortal warrior felt a thrill pass through his soul like he had never before felt, a moment of true contentment. The sweet voice of the god made him want to weep, for every word was spoken with such familiarity, self-assurance and beauty, and he almost begged the Dark Prince to allow him to stay as the deity's eternal slave, if only he could remain in this blissful presence. With a force of will that no other living mortal could hope to match, Archaon resisted this temptation, although he knew that Slaanesh could give him all he could ever desire; glory, power, unmatched adoration. He also knew that this was a part of his test, and so he painfully tore his eyes away from the Dark Prince and raised himself to his feet. The dark gods wanted a champion who would bring glory to them, not a warrior who merely fought for personal glory. In an instant, the visions changed again, and Archaon found himself standing in a crudely carved tunnel, opening into an immense cave.

Battered, weary and drained, Archaon stalked into the huge cavern. The floor of the cave was lined with thousands upon thousands of skulls, piling up around the edges of the tall brass pillars that reached into the darkness above. Blood flowed down these pillars in a never-ending torrent, spreading around the bones on the floor, running around the skulls in a gory river flow. Oily smoke drifted up from this sea of gore, seeping through empty eye sockets and gaping jaws, filling the air with the metallic stench of blood. Far on the other side of the chamber, Archaon could see a ghostly white light shining down onto a pedestal. Floating in the air within this light was a mighty horned helmet — the Crown of Domination. A path raised a few feet from the ground cut through the skulls and led towards the mighty helm.

Stepping confidently onto the pathway, Archaon began to stride towards the Crown. His head turned from left to right as he walked and his raging sword was held ready. Just as he passed the midpoint of the path he halted, his eyes being drawn up to the darkness above

the bridge. Burning brightly, a pair of large eyes appeared in the darkness far above. Just below these burning eyes, what could only be a cruel mouth opened, sharp teeth silhouetted against the fires burning within the body of this creature. Recognising what it must be, Archaon took a step backwards warily, holding his sword before him with both hands.

On great leathery wings, the Bloodthirster dropped from the darkness above. With a tremendous crash, it landed on the path, wings spread wide to balance its huge weight. The daemon's cloven hooves made cracks appear in the ancient stone, and it glared at Archaon with flaming eyes, the smell of burning sulphur filling the air with each of the towering creature's exhalations. In one titanic hand it gripped the mighty Axe of Khorne - bearing the burning symbol of the God of Slaughter, the twin-bladed axe was as large as Archaon. In its other hand it wielded a snaking whip that seemed to lash around the beast with a life of its own.

It took a step towards Archaon, its mighty chest rising and falling as its rage began to overtake it. With a scream of pure fury roaring from its brazen throat, the Bloodthirster thundered towards Archaon, lashing out with its barbed whip. The cord wrapped around Archaon's lower leg, biting sharply into the metal of his armour and pulling him off balance as the creature yanked on it. Drawing its massive axe back over its head, it leapt forwards with unnatural speed for such a large creature, driving the axe through the air to descend on the mortal that was dwarfed before it.

Straining not to be ripped off his feet by the whip wrapped around his leg, Archaon raised his daemon-blade that was swirling with entrapped rage and agitation at the presence of the Bloodthirster. The mighty swing of the axe was deflected from its course, sliding down Archaon's sword. The strength of the blow forced Archaon's weapon down, and the axe





glanced off his shoulder, ripping through metal and bone and forcing him to his knees. Archaon held his sword before him, pointing it towards the being that towered over him. In the swirling inferno that was contained within the blade, a daemonic face could be seen, screaming silently, its cruel eyes locked to those of the towering Bloodthirster, straining against the binding that held it within its prison. Speaking the name of the unearthly being within the blade, Archaon felt the strength of the bound daemon join with his own already prodigious power. Their minds merged, though Archaon remained at all times in control. His eyes blazed with daemonic light, shining from the slits in his helm, and power coursed through his veins. Shrugging off the terrible injury to his shoulder, Archaon surged to his feet, chopping his now blazing sword through the whip binding his leg.

The mighty figure of Archaon seemed to grow, though he still looked minute before the huge bulk of the Bloodthirster. The memories of the daemon U'zuhl filled Archaon, and he addressed the Bloodthirster by its true name.

The battle between these two mighty beings of power was brutal and swift. On the thin path they hacked at each other with horrendously powerful, lightning fast attacks, Archaon easily matching the ferocity of the frenzied Bloodthirster. Hundreds of attacks were traded between the pair in the first minute of combat alone. Archaon, fuelled by the power of the daemon U'zuhl, attacked in a blur of movement. At one point, the Bloodthirster stumbled off the path after a vicious blow nearly severed its leg at the knee joint. With a mighty crash it fell amidst the skulls, splintering them into thousands of pieces and creating an explosion of blood and gore. Enraged, it stood quickly, blood dripping

from its heavily muscled form and shards of bone crunching beneath its cloven hooves. With a powerful leap it launched itself into the air, beating its immense wings. It swooped towards Archaon in an effort to smash him beneath its bulk. Unable to avoid the attack, Archaon lunged towards the descending Bloodthirster, driving his blade up into the greater daemon's belly, its own momentum impaling the creature. The blade drove up through the daemon to the hilt, opening the greater daemon from stomach to neck even as it bowled into Archaon. Knocked off his feet, Archaon was driven over the edge of the path. He fell amid the skulls, only to find himself sinking beneath the leering heads that seemed to suddenly come to life around him. Blood began to cloud his vision, seeping through his visor slit, and he felt the burning liquid seep down into his throat. The Bloodthirster ploughed into the path, and great rents appeared in the stone surface. With impressive strength, Archaon held to the edge of the path with one hand, stopping himself from drowning, and managing to keep in check the rage that was struggling to overtake his mind. Turning, he saw the Bloodthirster begin to shimmer out of existence, the magic holding it together unravelling. Seeing his sword slipping beneath the skulls, he reached out a hand, extending his will. The blade began to shake, before flying back into his hand.

Though he should have long since succumbed to the mental and physical wounds he had suffered, Archaon did not give in. He would claim his prize if it took his last breath. All around him the hellfire died away until he stood in a simple shrine once more. At the rear of the shrine was a throne hewn out of the rock, a withered corpse seated within. The Crown of Domination covered its leering skull. With the final test of the Greater Gods passed, Archaon, drenched in blood, approached the glowing Crown. The cursed spirit Be'lakor made a final attempt to claim the mighty artefact for itself, but its black taloned hands passed through the Crown. With a curse it retreated to the darkness once more, Archaon's gauntleted hands closed on the Crown, and the mighty helm became solid. Roaring in triumph, Archaon took the crown and held it up to the skies, his wounds knitting closed and his frame swelling with power. It had taken him over a century, but the Lord of the End Times had met his destiny.



A DARK CORONATION

Returning to his army at the base of the Mountains, the horde fell silent. Warriors of Chaos, countless tribes of Marauders and capering daemons all fell to their knees as one, the numberless horde stretching out in all directions like a living carpet.

Lifting his own helmet from his head, the immense horde of Chaos lowered their eyes respectfully from Archaon's visage. The Chaos Gods were united once more in their blessing of a single mortal man. To crown Archaon as the Everchosen they chose Be'lakor, the

first Daemon Prince, though every fibre of the Daemon's essence burned with jealousy and spite at the act. The Daemon Prince descended from the skies on wings of shadow that filled the heavens, and the hordes of Chaos that had flocked to Archaon's side fell to their knees in reverence. The darkly angelic figure of Be'lakor bowed to its knee before Archaon. Compelled by powers greater than its own, the spirit of Be'lakor then placed the Crown of Domination over Archaon's head, cursing all the while before slipping out of existence, returning to its own dark realm in fury.

As the helm was placed, all present could feel the approval of the gods of Chaos. Archaon removed the amulet of the Eye of Sheerian, a shining yellow stone worn around his neck and placed it in its proper place, slotting it into its setting on the Crown. As it was put in place, the yellow eye blinked slowly, and filled with glowing light. The heavens boomed with lightning and thunder, the earth shuddered and the triumphant laughter of the Gods filled the air.

With Archaon crowned with the fabled Crown of Domination, the Gods of Chaos had let their favour be known. Given the honorific title Lord of the End Times, it is Archaon who will lead the next great Chaos incursion that will send the world once again spiralling down into turmoil and strife and bring about great change in the world as it is now known. For the worshippers of Chaos, this is a great time, a time for glory and conquest, for mighty deeds and heroes to be born.

Dark flame flickered from his visor as Archaon turned and surveyed those he was to command. Around him, a thousand times a thousand battle-hardened warriors raised their weapons, chanting their new lord's name over and over at a terrifying volume. Archaon raised his voice, addressing the armies arrayed before him to witness his coronation. His voice boomed out over the heads of the assembled warriors, reaching the ears of even those standing more than a mile from him.

"We gather our strength. Then, we move south..." came his dire proclamation, and the heavens trembled as the entire warhost broke into a bloodthirsty roar, thousands upon thousands of voices raised to one desire - overrunning all the lands of the puny mortals who lived in the south.

A bright flash of light suddenly lit the early morning darkness, and Archaon raised his gaze to the sky. Burning brightly, a twin-tailed comet sped across the heavens. Concealed in the shadows, Be'lakor's eyes narrowed as it too saw the mighty comet. A handful of times in its existence the shadow-being had witnessed this portent. In silence, the creature blended into the darkness, and then was gone.

Archaon took up the Sword of Kings and mounted the Steed of the Apocalypse, setting off to bring ruination and death to the weaklings of the Old World. The Warriors of Chaos followed in his wake. The Lord of the End Times had come – and the whole world would feel his wrath.





TIMES OF WOE

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

Much of the history of the Champions of Chaos is recorded on the great monoliths their followers erect when their masters die, are reduced to Chaos Spawn or elevated to the status of a Daemon Prince. It is a custom within the Chaos warbands to erect these monoliths, and some of the more adventurous scholars have travelled to the Troll Country and returned with translations of these texts.

c.-5600

The Great Cataclysm. The polar gates collapse and Chaos enters the world. Daemonic hordes run rampant across the lands and many primitive tribes of Men make alliances with the unholy invaders. Many primitive human tribes make alliances with the Daemon invaders, and the first Warriors of Chaos are born. Civilisation is humbled before their mighty onslaught and millions are slain.

-4420

The Elves of Ulthuan complete the Great Vortex that drains much Chaos energy from the world. The Daemon hordes are banished and the Realm of Chaos retreats to the poles of the world, where it pulses like a malignant wound. A new power rises in the world.

c.-4300

Dwarfs journey across the barren uplands north of the World's Edge mountains which they name 'Zorn Uzkul', meaning 'the Great Skull Land'. It is named after the massed skeletons of the beasts that go there to die—the plains are carpeted with ivory and towering mounds of bone.

c.4000

Contact is lost between the Dwarfs of the World's Edge Mountains and the Dwarf settlements in Zorn Uzkull. The western Dwarfs believe the easterners have perished on their expedition. The eastern Dwarfs, forsaken by their peers and their gods alike, turn to the worship of the god Hashut. Father of Darkness. The first citadels of the Chaos Dwards are raised in the desolate foothills known today as the Dark Lands.

-1860

A sunken pyramid city rises from the depths of the ocean directly underneath the wayward fleet of the seafarer Lord Valdisson. A great battle is fought between the Warriors of Chaos and the city's scaly, web-fingered inhabitants. The day is carried when Valdisson's Sorcerers call down a comet onto the pyramid city.

-1800

The Dragon Emperor unites the entire civilisation of Grand Cathay in a great task that is to change the destiny of his nation forever. The Great Bastion, also known as the Dragon's Spine, is completed in under a century — an impenetrable fortress wall, a quarter of a mile high, that spans league upon league across the border of Cathay. In this way Cathay protects itself from Chaos invasion.

c-1667 to -167

The Battle of Despair. A great armada of Chaos warships fights past the leviathans that guard the coast of Naggaroth, and hordes of iron-clad warriors make landing upon the Witch King's shores. The tower of Ghrond is besieged, and Naggarond itself is only saved when the Witch King himself enters the fray with a score of Black Dragon riders.

The warbands of Chaos continue to prey upon the realm of Naggaroth for many centuries to come, until the Witch King Malekith, orders the construction of a series of jagged watchtowers to guard against their bloody incursions.

-1666

The World's Edge Mountains are riven by earthquakes, sending much of the Dwarf empire into jeopardy. Sections of the Great Bastion collapse, allowing rampaging northern tribes to spill into Cathay.

-1200

The cult of Chi' an Chi (known to the mortals of the Old World as Tzeentch) gains favour amongst the aristocracy of Beichai in far Cathay.

-1002

The Ogre tribe of Black Gut joins forces with Lord Dletch the Merciless as he marches through their lands. The agreed wage is one human per day per Ogre, an arrangement that quickly weeds the weak from the strong in Dletch's armies.

c.-830

Arbaal the Undefeated, the Destroyer of Khome, is tired of finding no foes worthy to face him in the mortal world, and rides into the Plain of Skulls to challenge Khome himself.

c.5

The Chaos champion Morkar becomes the first Everchosen of Chaos, launching a campaign of devastation upon the Old World. Sigmar and his warriors blunt this invasion, and he slays Morkar in single combat.

-122

Ghular Festerhand ravages Loren Forest; the huge swarms of flies that precede his advance impede the sharp-shooting Wood Elf defenders.



211

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

455

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

666

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

756

The Hellstriders of Sharliss the Damned dart through the trees of the Bloodgrove Forest and fall upon the warherd of Graknor Manrender with flashing blows too quick for the eye to see. Within the hour, over four thousand Beastmen have been skinned alive and nailed to the surrounding trees and herdstones, their howls of agony sending Sharliss' warriors into a blissful state of delirium.

888

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

954

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

955

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



1000

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

1119

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

1396

The War for Karak Ghulg. Valkia the Bloody falls upon the northernmost Dwarf stronghold. One by one, the Dwarf positions are overrun by Valkia's army of violent madmen, the shield-lines of the mountain folk smashed asunder by the charges of Blood Reaper Knights and Chaos Warriors. Valkia orders her followers to open the fallen defenders' rib cages in a grotesque practice known as the bloodraven. Khorne is mightily impressed with Valkia's gory deeds and he names her as his mortal consort.

1412

The Skaven of Clan Mors and Vygo Thrice-Tainted join forces to sack the Empire city of Vogelstraushof. Half of the city collapses into the Skaven tunnels honeycombing its underside, and in the ensuing confusion the Skaven fall upon their Chaos allies and claim the city for themselves.

1453

As the warband of Ragnar Painbringer advances upon the Forest of Sighs, the trees come alive and attack the Chaos battle host. Hundreds of Wood Elves emerge from the forest, felling swathes of fur-clad barbarians and mutant hounds in vast volleys of bowfire. Ragnar crushes the defenders when he orders scores of his scythed heavy chariots to the fore, pulled by snorting steeds and hulking Gorebeasts. Against this assault, the Wood Elves are trampled to bloody smears, and the walking trees are smashed to matchwood.

1715

Kastragar, Champion of Khorne, attacks the Goblins in the labyrinthine warrens of Gnashrak's Lair. After slaughtering every single Goblin in the stronghold with his bare hands, he reaches his destiny as a Daemon Prince.

1720

The Banner of the Gods is forged from daemonbone in the sulphur-choked depths of Zharr Naggrund.

1722

Egarl Bloodhard quickly grows tired of besieging Zorastra, the great wharf of Tilea. Plague-ridden meat is fed to the seabirds who nest in the seaborne city. The resultant outbreak of disease sees the city's chain-gates dropped by refugee ships attempting to flee, allowing the murderous Chaos fleet to sail in. Zorastra falls within the hour.

1730

The rogue wizard Malofex brings a firestorm down onto the glacier that holds Kholek Suneater in his dormant state. The glacier, originally summoned by the most powerful High Elf mages of their age to imprison the great Dragon Ogre Shaggoth, begins to melt. Kholek Suneater breaks free into the world once again, to resume his rampage of destruction.

1760

The monolith of Lothar Bubonicus, Flylord of Nurgle, is uncovered under a mound of moss-covered skeletons. It tells of a great champion who slew many rivals with his daemonsword Plaguebiter and ascended to become the Daemon Prince Ghur'urgh bu'yue.

1814

A Skaven horde from Hell Pit emerges to loot warpstone from the Northern Wastes, bringing with them hordes of Rat Ogres and other, more horrifying, creations. The vile ratmen are butchered one and all as the warband of Decasor, Champion of Nurgle, falls upon them, his maggot-chewed chariots carving through the enemy ranks, and his trio of Manticores ripping the monstrous abominations of the Skaven horde to shreds, despite the Skaven outnumbering Decasor's forces twelve to one.

1846

The Chaos Dragon Galrauch is awakened by a great battle being fought outside his lair between Orcs and the tribes of the Hung. He visits his rage on all present, killing no fewer than six Wyverns sent to slay him in aerial combat

2006

The Battle of Lamentations. A vast Plague Fleet, so foul that it leaves the sea black in its wake, makes anchor off Bretonnia. Led by the Chaos Lord Kharan the Blighted, the legions of Khorne and Nurgle defeat the Knights of Couronne and lay siege to that city. Roughly half of the Knights of Bretonnia perish.

2007

Battle of Couronne. Led by Repanse de Lyonesse, the Damoiselle de Guerre, the Bretonnians defeat the forces of Chaos. Though but a young maiden, Repanse de Lyonesse slays Lord Kharan in single combat. His armies soon scatter.

2099

Aekold Helbrass, Champion of Tzeentch, seeks out the legendary forge known as the Volcano's Heart. His path across the blasted Chaos Wastes is to this day marked by the trail of unnatural vegetation that sprung up in his wake.

2211

Hans Grunsson, the greatest preacher and orator in the Old World, travels north to convert the tribespeople to the true faith of Sigmar. He is eaten by a Chaos Troll who is not impressed by his oratory.

2240

The saga of Werner Thunderfist is deciphered, a lengthy tale telling of the Champion of Tzeentch's many mutations and ultimate ascendancy. During translation, the speaking of the Daemon Prince's true name draws his attention, and the resultant magical fire burns the town of Tzindlerstadt to the ground.

2271

The Battle of the Vultures. A great fleet of Warriors of Chaos makes landfall upon the baking shores of Khemri They take a great haul of gold and magical artefacts from the pyramids before legions of the dead rise from the sands to physically bar their escape. The forces of Chaos are eventually triumphant and sail back bloodied but rich beyond their wildest dreams.

2281-2286

The War of Sand and Snow. Valgar the Butcher leads his warband to the deserts of Khemri to raid the tombs of ancient kings. The Chaos horde is ambushed on its return by Settra the Imperishable. Barely a dozen Marauders make it back to Norsca, bloodied, yet rich beyond their wildest dreams. Settra leads his armies north a decade later, and skeletal legions clash with iron-clad warriors across snow-drifts and frozen glaciers until the dead have reclaimed every last gold coin.

2298

The merciless raider Scyla Anfingrimm is brought to battle by an army of vengeful dispossessed villagers. However, Scyla is victorious and takes the corpses ofhis foes as trophies, tying them to the prows ofhis longships as grotesque figureheads.

2250-2300

Incursions and raids by Chaos warbands grow more frequent.

2301-2303

The Great Invasion. Countless Chaos warbands unite under the banner of Asavar Kul, and a great portion of Kislev and the Empire is ground under the heel of the Ruinous Powers. The city of Praag falls to a bitter siege and is twisted into a hellish city of Chaos. Kul's rampage is only stopped as the armies of the Old World, led by Magnus the Pious, defeat the Chaos Warlord at the Battle of Kislev's Gate.

2302-2390

War in the Mountains. Valmir Aesling marshals his host at the Dwarfen hold of Kraka Drak. Unable to halt the march of the Chaos Warriors, King Silverbeard is forced to fell the mountain itself to prevent Valmir from invading other Dwarf holds. The ensuing avalanche buries Kraka Drak, and all within, beneath millions of tones of rock, entombing Valmir and his warriors inside the stronghold with the Dwarfs. Though it takes decades of bitter fighting Valmir succeeds in slaughtering every last Dwarf in the doomed hold.

2370

The Chaos Warriors of Brass Keep repel an Empire army attempting to root them out of the Middle Mountains. The Empire's artillery falls silent when Chimerae fall upon the crews and tear them to ribbons. With the artillery destroyed, the doors of Brass Keep grind open and a tide of frenzied warriors charge out, butchering the Empire's soldiers to a man.

c.2417

Whilst hunting the Bonegrinder Giant, Maulgrong Borkill the Bloody-handedfinds the Chalice of Chaos at the base of a jet-black monolith. As he drinks from the cup, Maulgrong attacks, but the vile liquid causes Borkhill's body to swell with unholy power, granting him the strength to best his monstrous foe.

c.2420

Archaon emerges from the Altar of Ultimate Darkness in Naggaroth, slick with the blood of the slain and with the Mark of Chaos burning fiercely upon his brow.

2435

The Beasts of Telldros assault the Lair of the Troll King. They trample his retinue and rampage through the villages through to Winter Pyre, killing everyone in their path. Throgg is enraged, but the damage has already been done by the time he can do much about it. He instead lures the Beasts out of his territory with living bait, in the shape of a Bray Shaman, and aims the path of their rampage at his enemies' camps.

2446

With sorcerous winds in their favour, the Beasts of Telldros storm through the Mountains of Mourn. They torment the various Ogre tribes for weeks, and on one occasion, conduct two blistering raids over the course of one night. A Stonehorn in each tribe is killed: one is reduced to jelly and fur by the mutating energy roiling from the Mutalith Vortex Beast while the other has its horns broken off by the Giant and is bludgeoned to death with them. In the ensuing confusion, the Ogre tribes lay the blame at each other's door, and a war breaks out among the Ogres.

2451

The Beasts of Telldros smash into the settlement of Bechafen in the dead of night, sending the provincial soldiers into panic. Though he does not work with the creatures directly, Festus the Leechlord follows them through Bechafen's sundered gates and releases one of his latest curious poxes. For the next thirteen years, every field of crops in the surrounding rural province yields nothing but Nurglings.

2457

Egrimm van Horstmann, High Luminary of the College of Light Magic, is finally beguiled by the whispered promises of Tzeentch. Van Horstmann sells his allegiance to Chaos and frees the Chaos Dragon Baudros from his magical prison.

2480

The Spawn Tide. Lord Festerlung
Champion of Nurgle, forms an alliance with
Vilitch the Curseling and their two
warbands journey into the Mountains of
Mourn. They fa ll upon the Iron-Eye Ogre
tribe but are almost destroyed as a
rampaging Stonehom tramples scores of
warriors underfoot. Vilitch unleashes a great
spell that mutates Festerlung and all ofhis
followers to gibbering Spawn in the blink of
eye. A tide of fangs and twisted limbs rip
both the Stonehom and the Iron-Eye tribe to
ribbons before they disperse into the
mountains.

2487

The Chaos Lord Vicharch learns of the Beasts of Telldros and seeks them out to do his bidding in war. Though they stubbornly refuse to permanently fight alongside his Warriors – for their allegiance is rooted deeply with their previous master – they willingly rampage alongside his army for a time. Together, they rout a vast Empire army east of the Middle Mountains.

2490

The Necromancer Hela Half-dead leads a horde of shambling corpses into Troll Country, slaughtering every living thing she finds. Hela's horde is eventually intercepted and torn to pieces by Throgg and an army of Trolls.

9497

The War in the Dark. Devotees of Nurgle infiltrate the warpstone mines of the Vampire Pietr Von Carstein by covering themselves with the cargo of Von Carstein's corpse-carts. The ensuing violence causes a rockslide that seals dead and living alike inside the mines.

2498

After consulting the Skull of Katam,
Egrimm van Horstmann attempts to fuse
the sorcerous powers of his chosen cabal with
the unholy resilience of Trolls, but his
magicks go awry. Egrimm is forced to flee
the Citadel of Sorcerers as the newly created
breed of Trolls that vomit pure magic run
amok, devouring all of the acolytes and
apprentices with ravenous hunger.

2501

On a challenge from an Elector Count,
Markus Wulfhart, Huntsmarshal of the
Empire, tracks Telldros' creatures across
much of Norsca. Though he slays several
monsters that lurk within the forests, none of
his kills are from the infamous warband,
which remains elusive during this period.
He begrudgingly returns to the Empire to
pay his debts, but swears to return to the
hunt after the winter passes.



2502

Erik Redaxe invades the coast of Chrace and Cothique. His longships are smashed to kindling by the pale-skinned Merwyrms that prowl Ulthuan's coast, trapping Redaxe between the Elves and the merciless ocean.

2509-2511

The Onslaught of the Maggot Lord.

Tamurkhan the Maggot Lord, body-thief and favoured of Nurgle, leads a mighty incursion of Chaos in a great scything arc down the Mountains of Mourn and sweeping across the Dark Lands, laying all desolate in his wake. With the Chaos Dwarfs and a horde of nightmarish beasts as his allies, he lays waste to the Border Princes and strikes at the Empire's underbelly.

2510

Battle of the Monoliths. Kurt Mannfeld, Arch-Lector of Sigmar leads an army to the Chaos Wastes to rid the world of Chaos Lord Archaon. His army is utterly crushed.

c.2513

The plan of the Skaven Master Moulder, Throt the Unclean, to capture a Mutalith Vortex Beast is thwarted when his army of Rat Ogres approaches the beast and are mutated into piles of black-bodied worms and pulsing eyeballs.

2515

Slaughter at Volganof. With a tempest from the Realm of Chaos blowing at his back, Lord Mortkin, the Black-iron Reaver, marches south at the head of warriors beyond count – armoured barbarians, furclad Marauders, immortal Daemons, and hulking mutated monstrosities – all united under the banner of the Fell Legion. Mortkin s horde sweeps through Kislev and Ostland and the city of Volganof is burned to the ground.

c.2515

Vilitch the Curseling incinerates Tzeskagrad with balefire, the Sorcerer's laughter infecting even those who are caught in the flames.

2516

The son of Aldebrand Ludenhof, Elector Count of Hochland, falls ill with a mysterious illness. He is treated by a cloaked doctor who instructs him to drink a potion should the symptoms return. Upon drinking the tainted elixir, he is transformed into a hideous mutant that slaughters a dozen of the Count's most trusted advisors before sloping off to the north to obey its new master, Festus the Leechlord.

2517

Throgg, the Troll King gathers together the monsters of the north and begins his war against the civilized world.

2518

Prince Signald the Magnificent has the Bretonnian township of Chamburg razed because the wine it produced was not to his taste.

2519

Wulfrik the Wanderer boasts that he is the mightiest warrior to have ever drawn breath, and he is cursed to roam the world for all eternity to prove his claim.

c.2519

The Daemon Prince Be'lakor presides over Archaon's blasphemous coronation in the heart of the Chaos Wastes.

2520

The Siege of Middendorf. Festus the Leechlord continues to blight the Empire with his dark experiments, unleashing a strain of Eyeslime Fever so virulent that the death it causes allows a horde of Daemons to manifest within the Empire, laying siege to the city of Middendorf.

2521

Aeffric Cyenwulf and Warlord Surtha Lenk lead their hordes against the armies of Kislev.

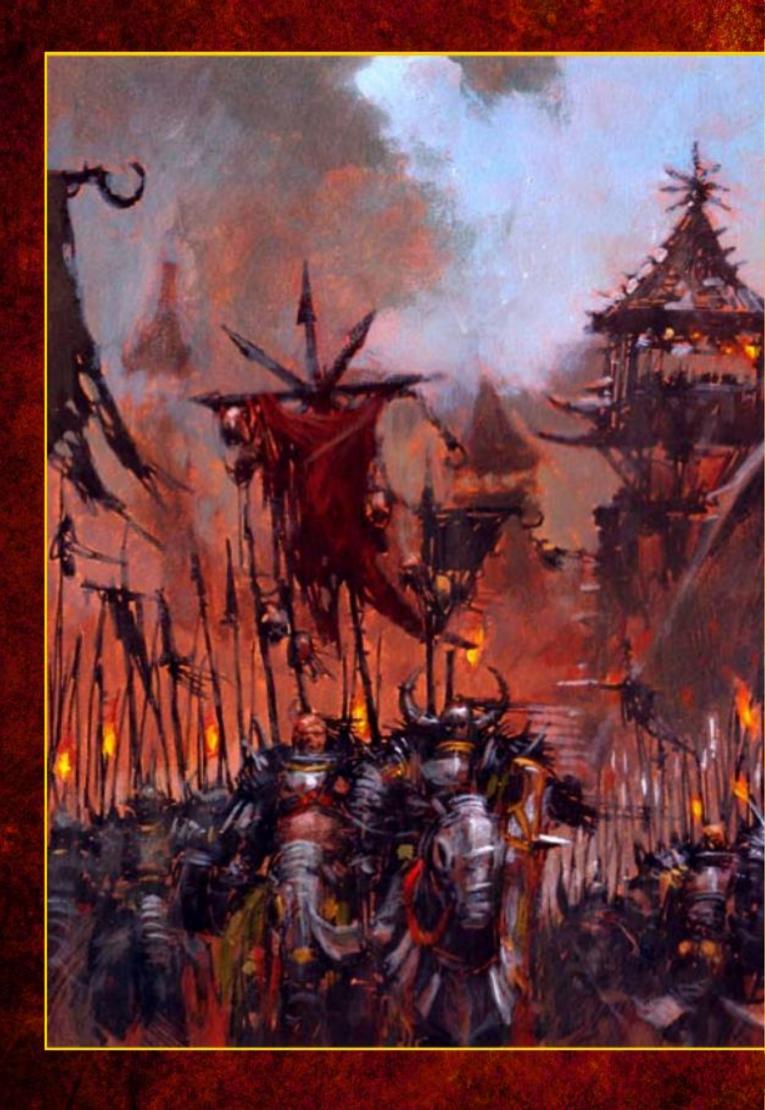
2521

Vashnaar the Tormentor launches his great raid into northern Lustria, eager to claim the heart of a Slann and offer it up in sacrifice to the name of his dark patron.

2522

Archaon the Everchosen, Lord of the End Times, musters an army of Chaos larger than any that has gone before. The combined horde marches against the armies of the Old World.









THE HORDES OF CHAOS

In the cold wastes of the north, the followers of the Gods of Chaos gather. Hordes of barbaric Marauders and armour-clad Warriors pour forth from their bleak wastelands to wage war against the soft-bellied wastrels who inhabit the lands to the south. At their head march unholy

Champions of Chaos, and monstrous aberrations advance with them, proof that they are truly the favoured of the Dark Gods. There can be no bystanders in this eternal war, for the Dark Gods and their chosen servants will never rest until the world becomes a Realm of Chaos.

In this section, you will find details for all the different troops, heroes, monsters and war machines used in a Warriors of Chaos army. It provides the descriptions, imagery, characteristics profiles and special rules necessary to use all the elements of the Warriors of Chaos army, from Core units to special characters, and from fell magic items to the Gifts of the Gods.

ARMY SPECIAL RULES

This section of the book describes all the different units used in a Warriors of Chaos army, along with any 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 Warriors of Chaos units, and these are detailed here.

EYE OF THE GODS

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

Models with this special rule can never refuse a challenge and, if possible, must always issue one. If there are several models with this special rule involved in a combat, the controlling player chooses which will issue/accept the challenge.

In addition, if a model with this special rule kills an enemy character or destroys a non-Expendable unit in either close combat, with spells, or through charging/pursuing, immediately make a 2D6 roll on the Eye of the Gods table. If there is more than one character in the unit at the time of the destruction of the enemy unit through pursuit, each character gets to make a separate roll. Once the result of the roll has been determined, make a note on your army roster — that model now has that reward for the rest of the battle. A model can have several rewards, and it can even have the same reward multiple times. If, for any reason, a reward cannot be applied, the result is instead treated as a 'The Eye Opens' result.

Note that the Chaos Champion itself must cause the last unsaved Wound on a model to claim the kill (if a model suffered multiple Wounds simultaneously, randomise between the sources to determine which caused the final Wound).

WILL OF CHAOS

The Warriors of Chaos come from the most hostile land in the Old World and march to war alongside unimaginable terrors. They do not scare easily!

As a result of their hard-bitten nature, units with this special rule always re-roll failed Panic tests.

DAEMONIC

Daemons are malevolent, otherwordly entities born from the deepest and darkest emotions of all mortal creatures.

Models with this special rule have the Fear, and Magical Attacks special rules. In addition, models that are not mounts also have the Immunity (Poisoned Attacks), Ward Save (5+) and Unstable special rules.

ENSORCELLED WEAPONS

Chaos Champions often go to war wielding a collection of magical blades, cleavers and war-picks, each weapon bearing a small measure of power. Regardless of their form or the hexes inscribed upon them, they are all enchanted in order to kill.

Ensorcelled Weapons are hand weapons which uses the following profile:

Range: Strength: Special Rules:
Combat +1 Magical Attacks



MARKS OF CHAOS

The proud warriors of the north are as diverse and varied in their beliefs as they are everything else. Some worship the Dark Gods with equal measure, glorying in the Chaos pantheon as a whole. Others choose one of the Dark Gods as their favoured deity, offering up praise to their patron above all others.

Those champions who earn the favour of one particular Chaos God are marked by them. Should a Warrior of Chaos be favoured by a particular patron above all others, he may find the sign of his god emblazoned prominently upon his body, frequently upon his brow. This is known as the Mark of their god and is a demonstration of their dedication, as well as evidence of their god's favour. The appearances and powers of these mortals are shaped according to their deity's persona, the signs and stigmata of patronage proclaiming a warning to the other Dark Gods that this soul has already been claimed. Some Marks take a form even more extreme, such as horns that curl into the god's mark, or a glowing sign that hangs like a halo above them. It is common to find whole regiments with the same Mark marching to war under the banner of their patron.

Many characters and regiments in the Warriors of Chaos army have, or can purchase, one of the four Marks of Chaos detailed to the right. A character with a Mark of Chaos cannot join a unit that has a different Mark of Chaos. A character with a Mark of Chaos cannot join a unit that has already been joined by a character that has a different Mark of Chaos.



Mark of Khorne: Warriors of Khorne are fierce armoured fighters whose Chaos armour grows to be part of their bodies so that they can never remove it. If their armour is damaged it will grow back in time but it can never he taken off. The Chaos armour of Khorne is always either black, red or brass – the Blood God's three favoured colours. The Mark of Khorne constantly drips with the blood of the slain, invigorating its bearer. Those who bear it are consumed with a violent rage and the constant need to shed the blood of their foes.

Models with the Mark of Khorne have the Frenzy special rule.

Mark of Nurgle: Warriors of Nurgle are marked with signs of disease in a variety of disgusting afflictions such as a cluster of warts or buboes. Their skin may be leathery and resilient, or torn and peeling. Its bearers are accompanied by clouds of flies and a miasma of pestilence. As a result of their diseases they tend not to feel much pain and can withstand blows that would send another warrior reeling in agony.

Models with the Mark of Nurgle add +1 to their Toughness and suffer -2 to their Initiative (to a minimum of 1).

Mark of Slaanesh: Slaanesh's Warriors revel in the joy and uncertainty of life and battle. Death holds no fear for them, and the more intense the terror that a normal man would suffer the greater is their exaltation. Those who bear the Mark of Slaanesh have experienced sensations beyond comprehension, and are now insensible to mere mortal fears. Even the most dreadful sights fill them with glee.

Models with the Mark of Slaanesh have the Immunity (Psychology) and Stubborn special rules.

Mark of Tzeentch: Tzeentch is the master of arcane magic and his Champions often find themselves gifted with strange powers. Because of their special relationship with magic, warriors of Tzeentch are more difficult to harm. Those who bear the ever-burning Mark of Tzeentch have a natural capacity to manipulate magic and a presence that enables them to alter reality's course.

Models with the Mark of Tzeentch have the Magic Resistance (1) and Ward save (6+) special rules.

"Amidst that nightmarish host are those whose deeds in the service of the gods has been rewarded above all others. Those who have been chosen as great Champions, who have laid countless lives and souls at the altars of Chaos, and brought ruination and devastation to the forces of Order and Nature. Their skin is marked by their unholy patrons, their icons festooned with sigils and images of devotion, their armour inlaid with runes of allegiance, their weapons inscribed with blasphemous blessings."

– The Liber Chaotica, penned by Richter Kless, Priest of Sigmar, declared insane.

EYE OF THE GODS TABLE

2 Damned by Chaos: The Chaos Gods gift the favoured one with a glimpse of infinity, driving them out of their mind and damning them to the dark fate of Spawnhood.

The Chaos Champion is removed from play as a casualty. If the Chaos Champion is mounted, its mount is also removed from play.

If you have a spare Chaos Spawn model, you can place it where the Chaos Champion was. If the Chaos Champion was in close combat, the Spawn will remain so if possible. If the Chaos Champion was in a unit before being turned into a Spawn, place the Spawn within 3" of the model's last position, at least 1" away from any unit or impassable terrain. Note that this is a normal (if there is such a thing) Chaos Spawn — it retains none of the equipment, upgrades, magic items, Marks of Chaos, Chaos Mutations and Powers, special rules or spells that it possessed in its former existence (these are lost). The new Spawn does not generate any new Victory Points.

If you do not have a spare Chaos Spawn model, or if it cannot be placed on the board according to the aforementioned restrictions, then no Chaos Spawn model is placed.

3 Aura of Chaos: The favoured one is surrounded by a shimmering corona of multi-coloured flames that consume baleful arcane energies.

The Chaos Champion gains the Ward save (6+) special rule.

4 Unholy Resilience: Bones and flesh harden until they are tough as rock.

The Chaos Champion gains +1 Toughness.

- 5 Iron Skin: The favoured one's skin gnarls and toughens, becoming living metal with jagged cracks where their eyes and mouth used to be.

 The Chaos Champion gains the Natural Armour (6+) special rule.
- 6 Murderous Mutation: The favoured one is blessed with great skill at arms, making them deadlier in combat.

The Chaos Champion gains +1 Weapon Skill.

7 The Eye Opens: The attention of the Dark Gods awakens, and the trophies offered up pleases the favoured one's masters.

The Chaos Champion can re-roll one failed roll To Hit, roll To Wound or saving throw until the end of his next turn.

8 Unearthly Reflexes: The favoured one is blessed with heightened senses, allowing them to react quicker.

The Chaos Champion gains +1 Initiative.

- 9 **Dark Fury:** The favoured one is blessed with dark fury and attack with reckless abandon.
 The Chaos Champion gains +1 Attack.
- 10 Slaughterer's Strength: The favoured one's frame swells and bulks out with dark energy.

 The Chaos Champion gains +1 Strength.
- 11 Command of the Gods: The favoured one speaks with the unearthly voice of the Dark Gods themselves.

The Chaos Champion gains +1 Leadership.

12 Dark Apostheosis: The favoured one has pleased his patron gods mightily, and they bestow upon them the glory of Chaos.

The Chaos Champion is replaced with a Daemon Prince (if you have a spare Daemon Prince model) where the Chaos Champion was. Any Wounds lost during the game before becoming a Daemon Prince are not carried over. If the Chaos Champion is mounted, its mount is also removed from play. If the Chaos Champion was in close combat, the Daemon Prince will remain so if possible. If the Chaos Champion was in a unit before being turned into a Daemon Prince, place the Daemon Prince within 3" of the model's last position, at least 1" away from any unit or impassable terrain. This Daemon Prince will retain any equipment, Marks, Chaos Mutations and Powers, magic items and any other rewards from this table gained during its former existence (if it had any). If the Chaos Champion was your army General or Battle Standard Bearer, the Daemon Prince remains so. If the Chaos Champion was a Wizard, the Daemon Prince retains his Wizard levels and knows the same spells as the Chaos Champion did before turning into a Daemon Prince. The new Daemon Prince does not generate any additional Victory Points, use the model's original cost.

If you do not have a spare Daemon Prince model, or if it cannot be placed on the board according to the aforementioned restrictions, then no Daemon Prince is placed and the Chaos Champion is removed from play as he joins the Chaos Gods in the Realm of Chaos instead. No Victory Points are awarded in this case.

CHAOS LORDS

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

Each Chaos Lord has travelled a long and perilous road to pre-eminence, a road paved with the broken corpses of less successful aspirants. Regardless of their individual abilities, they are without exception unstoppably powerful warriors, combining the strength of a Troll with the speed of a striking snake. The Lord's abilities are enhanced further by gifts from his patrons, for none save the Daemon Princes themselves enjoy more favour in the eyes of the gods. A Chaos Lord may have skin that ripples with iridescent flame, a forbidding gaze that can turn a man's guts to water, or the wrath of a wounded bear. Seeking ever more glory in the eyes of his deities, a Chaos Lord will test his mettle against the most accomplished of his foes' warriors, his forbidding challenge echoing across the field. Those brave enough to meet his summons are briefly saluted before being hacked to pieces where they stand, for to stand against a Chaos Lord is to invite a sudden and brutal death.



Not for the Lords of Chaos the pampered lifestyle of a general or prince, for these murderous killers lead from the front. Atop a nightmarish stallion, Daemonic Steed or even a Dragon captured from the mountains of the north, a Chaos Lord will swiftly engage the commanders and captains of the armies arrayed against him Seeking ever more glory in the eyes of his deities, a Chaos Lord will test his mettle against the most accomplished of the foe's warriors, his forbidding challenge echoing across the field. Those brave enough to meet his summons are briefly saluted before being hacked to pieces where they stand.

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

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

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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Eye of the Gods, Will of Chaos.

THE TRIALS OF MIGHT

The favours of the Chaos gods do not come easily. For a warrior to become chosen by the gods he must fulfil a dark quest or some heinous deed in the name of his patrons. Heed the tale of Hundrakk Soulflayer, who battled his way through a blizzard of knives to enter the Realm of Chaos where, in spirit form, he throttled the Guardian of Nightmares and took that sentinel's armour for his own. Harken to the legend of Gnargulth, held in the lowest circle of the ratkin fortress Skavenblight; who fought his way through an ocean of manvermin and brought their great gem crashing down upon their heads. Heed the story of Sigmus the Unsound, he can kill in the blink of an eye, driven made by the whispering blade he wrenched from the surface of Morrslieb. These three warriors fight side by side amongst the legendary chosen of the storm, who in turn are but part of the infamous Kingslayer Tribe. Quite rightly are the scions of Chaos feared above all other foes, for their Champions bear the kiss of divinity.

EXALTED CHAMPIONS

The frozen north spawns the hardiest warriors of all, and those that lead them to battle are called the Champions of Chaos. Chaos Champions lead warbands and may ally themselves with more potent Chaos Lords should the situation demand it. Their warbands roam the lands butchering and pillaging, fighting the warbands of other Champions to prove their worthiness to their chosen gods. In this way, the strongest survive to serve their gods while the weak fall by the wayside, as has been the tradition in the north for untold generations.

When a Champion of Chaos becomes particularly powerful, his strength of mind and might at arms will be sufficient to forge an army, gathering together other Champions and their warbands from across a wide area, their common dedication to Chaos and their lord's own indomitable personality pushing aside their mutual enmity, for a short time at least.

The Champions of Chaos are some of the most feared warriors of the Chaos Wastes. Armed with potent weaponry and protected with blasphemous Chaos Armour, they can withstand the worst attacks and defeat nearly any foe. Very few Chaos Champions exist considering the violence of their adopted homeland, but those who do are mighty indeed. These characters have no recollection of their pasts and almost always assume a new name and identity to replace that which they lost.

Each is a paragon of deadly ability and lethal intent. Some ascend to command entire nations, some pursue the esoteric paths of the arcane, but the majority dedicate themselves to little more than the butchery of those in their path. These ruthless killers are known as Exalted Heroes.



The Exalted Heroes are counted amongst the most powerful warriors of the Chaos Wastes. These foul, corrupt individuals are thoroughly the pawns of the Dark Gods and have little will of their own. They live to fight, and hate the Empire. They lead their armies across the war-torn lands, throwing themselves into the teeth of their enemies, fighting until nothing and no one remain. These characters are as likely to slay their allies as their enemies as they respond to the capricious whims of their foul masters. It is from these few Exalted Heroes that the Ruinous Powers select the next Lord of Chaos who leads the armies of Chaos Undivided into battle against their enemies.

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

The history of these Exalted Heroes, recorded in incomplete and scattered records by the free people of the Old World, is a catalogue of evil deeds reaching back to the dawn of the Empire and beyond. Nevertheless, most perish before they can realise their ambitions. Even if they are successful, the chances are that the uncaring gods will pile mutation upon mutation on their loyal servants until their minds and bodies are destroyed under the strain. Only the most exceptional warriors succeed in carving their name into the folklore of the Old World. Their infamy shines bright as they capture the notice of their inscrutable gods with ever greater feats of slaughter.

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

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

 M
 WS
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 Exalted Hero
 4
 7
 3
 5
 4
 2
 6
 4
 8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Eye of the Gods, Will of Chaos.

"Less talk. Let your blades speak for you." — Warlord Hroth

CHAOS SORCERERS

The mystic winds that blow from the Northern Wastes provide the power for wizards and sorcerers of all races to channel and direct into spells. All magic users must tap into this source of magical energy for their power, but the sorcerers of Chaos, like the magic users of the Dark Elves, can use it in its raw form, binding it to their will with daemonic pacts and unholy prayers to their powerful gods. Chaos magic is highly destructive, drawing upon the winds of death and shadows more than any other. Those truly gifted in the magical arts, those whose patron powers have bestowed gifts of knowledge and strength upon them, can further mould the winds of magic in more elaborate fashions.

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



In the far north, amongst the warlike tribes of Chaos worshippers, spell casters, witches and shamans are a common sight, casting their bones and practicing their ancient craft. They are seen as the oracles of the gods and act as prophets, seers and counsellors, guiding their warlords and chieftains to ever greater conquests. They interpret the will of the Great Powers, divining with sacrifices and daemon summoning. However, many Chaos Sorcerers also come from the lands of the Empire and beyond. These individuals, finding the limitations on magic within the Colleges too restrictive, and lured by the power to be held by dabbling in Daemonology, drift north to bring themselves closer to the source of their magic, learning through trial and error

Where many of the world's wizards, such as those taught by the Colleges of Magic in Altdorf, glean their arcane skill from long years of painstaking research, a Chaos Sorcerer's understanding of the Winds of Magic is instant and innate. The spells taught by the Colleges of Magic in Altdorf are mere cantrips next to the grotesque pyrotechnics evoked by a Chaos Sorcerer. He manipulates the undiluted energies of entropy itself not the weak and trammelled essences sought by those upon a safer path. But these strange gifts are bought at a great price.

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

Without the patience and wisdom that such study brings, a Chaos Sorcerer lacks due wariness and respect for the ultimate dangers of magic, and so begins an inexorable descent into deformity and madness. Many are the paths that lead to this ultimate fate, but most often, the Chaos Sorcerer seeks to expand his magical powers or harness more of the occult by simply bartering away another fraction of his soul, losing a little more of his humanity in the process. Before long, the aspirant feels his whole body and mind twist and alter with the energies coursing through them, and as the gnawed remnants of his soul are finally devoured, he is plunged into the whirlpools of insanity, leaving behind nothing of the man who was.

Just as frequent are the tales of those scholarly mages who know full well the dangers ahead of them, but who are beguiled by the lure of Chaos nonetheless. It is not unusual for an ambitious wizard, perhaps one who has been found wanting in talent or in patience, to sell his

allegiance to a Daemon in exchange for raw magical power. A prime example of this is Egrimm van Horstmann, one of the most feared of all Chaos Sorcerers, who was once a noble luminary of the Light College in Altdorf before his gradual, but complete, seduction by the Architect of Fate. Though fallen wizards of this kind grow to wield greater magical potency than they could ever have dreamt possible, the essence of Chaos is not theirs to command – it commands them instead. Eventually, their greed transforms these thrice-damned Sorcerers not into lords amongst men, but into the puppets of Daemons that make the souls of dark wizards their playthings for all eternity. Such is the ultimate fate of all who dabble with Chaos.

Maledictors are Shamans and Witch Doctors, minor spellcasters at best. They dabble in the dark arts, but have little understanding of what it is that they do. A few join a warband in the hopes of gaining a better understanding of the nature of Chaos.

Doomweavers are distinct from the lesser Chaos Sorcerers because of their deeper understanding of the workings of magic. These spellcasters select one Chaos patron to serve, and draw upon magic as granted by this profane God. Doomweavers advise Chaos Champions, or at least, bind themselves to a powerful warlord.

The horrid Soulflayers barely resemble their former selves, as they are riddled with mutations. These individuals are warped by the magic they wield, becoming both more and less than what they were. Mighty spellcasters, Soulflayers are among the most potent servants of Chaos, eclipsed only by the Cataclysts. Most Soulflayers may command a coven of Maledictors, instructing them in the arts of Dark Magic.

The Cataclysts rival the Exalted Champions of Chaos in sheer magnitude. They can conjure up the most profane Daemons and level legions with their corrupt energy, becoming living vessels of the raw energy of Chaos. Their minds are blasted by the experiences they have endured, and they are mere shadows of their former selves. Cataclysts always employ Daemons to do their bidding and are valued members of any Chaos Horde.

Chaos Sorcerers can also receive the Mark of Chaos that is unique to their god. The sorcerers of Nurgle use magic to pervert and corrupt nature, inflicting hideous

'Is not the only constant in the universe change?

One day all this will be dust, and even the stars above will flicker and grow dim. Your life is but a tiny candle in the darkness, and your death an afterthought, shorn of meaning by its insignificance.

Come, little one, and let me show you how brightly your flame can burn...'

- $\emph{Vilitreska},\emph{L}$ ord of the \emph{Flux}

diseases which cannot be cured. They can twist the bodies of their opponents and cause delirium in their foes. More subtle are the practitioners of the lore of Slaanesh. Suggestion, mind-altering illusions and spells of domination are their weapons. Khorne has no Chaos Sorcerers – as a patron of warriors he has no truck with the magical trickery of wizards.

Most powerful and feared of all are the dread champions of Tzeentch. These warrior-wizards are true Champions of Chaos, for they can fight with the strength of a madman, yet all the knowledge of the world is theirs to be had as well, giving them sorcerous powers unequalled by even the mile accomplished sorcerers of other gods. Tzeentch Champions can channel the raw colours of magic, unleashing mutating flames, ripping apart the enemy with blazes of iridescent power.

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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: Chaos Sorcerers are Wizards who use spells from the the Lore of Fire, the Lore of Metal, the Lore of Shadow or the Lore of Death. A Chaos Sorcerer with the Mark of Tzeentch, Nurgle or Slaanesh must use the Lore of Tzeentch, the Lore of Nurgle, or the Lore of Slaanesh, respectively.

SPECIAL RULES: Eye of the Gods, Will of Chaos.



SLAUGHTERPRIESTS

Swollen with the power of Chaos, the Slaughterpriest looms over his brethren. Not only is this terrifying figure a mighty warrior in his own right, he is a favoured champion of Khorne who is able to call forth dark miracles by drinking the hearts-blood of the foe. Towering, axe-wielding berserkers, a Slughterpriest is a living beacon of the Blood God's power upon the battlefield. These fell priests are themselves deadly killers, and stride boldly into battle with their weapons poised to take a tithe of the enemies' blood.

Slaughterpriests are the demagogues of Khorne's wrathful will, able to control the flows of blood coursing through the veins of warriors. They are dark prophets who receive gory visions of violence and death from their god. Through dread invocations a Slaughterpriest can also boil the blood surging inside of their enemies, causing cries of agony as eyes burst in fountains of red fluid, or whip their allies into a savage battle-frenzy. Followers of Khorne are stirred to a frenzy at the sound of a Slaughterpriest's bellowed prayers, their hearts are set racing with the insatiable fury of the Blood God.

Most terrible of all is the Slaughterpriest's ability to compel the unwilling to rush heedlessly into combat; his booming chant fills even the foe with a mindless rage, their fever building until once-stoic defenders abandon their barricades and battlements to dash, reckless and doomed into the fury of the fray.



All of these powers stem from the Slaughterpriest's ability to channel the wrathful might of Khorne. This he gains through drinking the blood of truly worthy foes, mixed with potent tinctures of warpstone dust and daemon gore. After a particularly brutal battle, a Slaughterpriest will drink deeply of this foul draught, and it is said that every drop that flows down his gullet swells the swirling moat that surrounds Khorne's great Brass Citadel. Whatever the truth of this, the mixture's effects upon the Slaughterpriest are immediate and horrifically pronounced.

As a side effect of drinking their hideous concoction, Slaughterpriests swell with grotesque slabs of muscle. Their bones harden and burst through their flesh. Their limbs stretch and thicken, until they loom over their flock, blessed with the strength of Khorne. Such are the priests of the Blood God, mighty warriors whose holy powers are bound to their prowess in battle. Those who make unworthy offerings to Khorne do not survive this transformation. Either they deform into monstrous Spawn, or else choke and drown as the vile brew they have imbibed boils them from the inside out.

	M	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Slaughterpriest	4	6	3	5	4	2	5	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Eye of the Gods, Magic Resistance (1), Mark of Khorne, Will of Chaos.

Scorn of Sorcery: As walking avatars of the Blood God's fury, Slaughterpriests share their master's distaste for magic and those that use it.

A Slaughterpriest channels Dispel dice and get +1 to Dispel in the same manner as a Level 2 Wizard.

Bloodfuelled Prayers: Slaughterpriests know the two Prayers listed below. Bloodfuelled Prayers are innate bound spells (Power Level 4). In addition, Slaughterpriests get +1 to cast for each unsaved Wound they caused in close combat in the previous turn.

 Blood Boil: The enemy screeches in agony as super-heated blood jets from their bodies.

Blood Boil is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 12". The target unit suffers D6 Strength 5 Hits which Ignores Armour saves. This has no effect against models with the Ethereal, Animated Construct or Forest Spirit special rules.

• **Blood Bind:** The Slaughterpriest fires the blood in his targets' veins, urging them to succumb to bloodlust.

Blood Bind is an **augment** or a **hex** spell with a range of 18" that may be cast on unengaged units. The target must immediately move forwards using the Random Movement (2D6) special rule. This has no effect on models with the Immunity (Psychology) special rule, though Frenzied units are still affected.

DAEMON PRINCES

While there are many mortals who follow Chaos – cultists, barbarian tribes and renegades from human society – most of them use the Chaos gods just to gain power in a world where power is hard to come by. They think that they use the Chaos gods, but in the end this will not profit them, for damnation will claim them sooner or later. All their petty ploys and dark deeds ultimately serve their masters, and they will simply provide the Dark Gods with more energy to grow ever more bloated with power.

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

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

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

"With a mighty shout he rose, brighter than the sun and more fierce. In his hand he held a rod of twisted bone, crossed and double-crossed to form the sign of his dark lord, a symbol of his power and fruit of mortal longings well-fulfilled. He rose above the company, far taller than they, and looked with black pride upon these, his frightened slaves. He snarled and heard the sound of noble hatred echoing from the skies. He stared the savage stare of immortal fury and death was in his gaze. And on that blasted hearth his ashen servants burned, cowed by fear and awe alike to see their lord transfigured into that most mighty of creatures which mortals call a Daemon Prince."

Liber Malefic

Daemon Princes are vast in stature, their gigantic forms twisted into new, terrifying shapes more pleasing to the Dark Gods. They wield unholy weapons and abilities, and the variations between these masters of misrule are uncountable. Nonetheless, it is common for the Princes of Chaos to retain their intellect and their memory, the better to recall the humanity they left behind. Some enter the Realm of Chaos to serve their gods on other worlds and dimensions. Many, however, serve as commanders of the mortal armies of Chaos, waging eternal war in their patron's name. These monsters are sustained by the death and dark praise of their followers, unlike their kin who fight alongside the daemonic legions of Chaos, who rely upon the fickle Winds of Magic to tether themselves to the mortal plane. Thus do Daemon Princes tirelessly hunt the enemies of their masters, for their meat is human flesh and their wine mortal souls.

Daemonhood is the ultimate goal for those who tread the path of Chaos. It is the reward for decades of dedication to the Chaos gods, giving immortality and unimagined strength and power. Daemon Princes are considered by some to be even more dangerous than the Greater Daemons, for they still retain much of their individuality and independence, unlike other daemons which are merely vessels of their master's will. All of them are born aloft by huge wings, one of the signs of daemonhood, enabling them to fly across the battlefield, laying waste to the enemy with gigantic weapons imbued with raw chaos energy.

As well as being transformed into a Daemon Prince, a servant of the Dark Gods may well become possessed by



the spirit of a daemon. Such creatures are not as powerful as Daemon Princes as they must expend much of their energy maintaining their hold on the mortal realm. These Exalted Daemons, as they are known, often follow Daemon Princes and Greater Daemons into battle, but it is also not unheard of for a mortal Champion to command an Exalted Daemon to his bidding.

Daemon Princes are mighty beyond mortal comprehension. They have passed beyond petty human concerns, rising to the highest level of power, gaining immortality, and becoming the enemy of all life. There are many who set on the path to damnation in the vain hope of attracting the favour of the gods. But for every champion who raises his head and roars his triumph to the skies as a new-born Daemon Prince, untold thousands perish on the battlefields or end their lives as mindless Chaos Spawn.

Daemon Princes are great in stature, looming over the lesser creatures, their bodies twisted to a form pleasing to their master. They wield arcane weapons, often of a magical nature, and are bedecked in jewellery covered with the symbols and runes of their patron deity.

Daemon Princes are as varied as the Champions of Chaos from whose ranks they spring, both in power and in form. Some are awesome warriors, particularly the Daemon Princes of Khorne who may be terrifying creatures in a constant state of rage, or they can be mighty warriors full of martial discipline and pride. Followers of Tzeentch who are elevated to daemonhood are often granted powers of sorcery and arcane knowledge and become potent spellcasters. Daemon Princes of Slaanesh are often blessed with the gift of divine physical beauty, even if their souls are corrupted and evil. It is the Daemon Princes of Nurgle though that are the most revolting. Their plague-ridden bodies are bloated and rank, covered in mouldering robes and rusted armour.

As they stand on the borders between mortal and daemon, Daemon Princes are known to command legions of either men or daemons, destined to wage eternal war on behalf of their masters. Some Daemon Princes leave behind their mortal followers and lead the daemonic hosts from the Realm of Chaos, sustaining them with their own unnatural energy. Others continue to lead their warband, who view their great leader as a demigod, which is not far from the truth.

In fact, some of the oldest and most powerful Daemon Princes are worshipped as deities in their own right. They become local gods for villages and tribes, acting as intermediaries for their patron deity – their words and deeds are treated as the words and deeds of the Dark Gods themselves. But, powerful as it may be, only a foolish Daemon Prince thinks itself mightier than the gods themselves.

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
Daemon Prince 8 8 5 6 5 5 8 5 9

"There are countless worlds beyond the void of Chaos, endless kingdoms to conquer, cities to sack, forests to burn, warriors to slay in their millions. But by Khorne, I have chosen this world to conquer, and conquer it I shall, even if it takes a thousand millennia."

- Klustarax, Daemon Prince of Khorne

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: A Daemon Prince that is a Wizard uses spells from the Lore of Fire, Metal, Death or Shadow. If it is a Daemon of Tzeentch, Nurgle or Slaanesh, it will use the Lore of Tzeentch, Nurgle or Slaanesh, respectively.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemonic, Terror.

UPGRADES:

Daemon of Khorne: A Daemon of Khorne has the Hatred (Daemons of Slaanesh), Magic Resistance (1) and Strength Bonus (1) special rules.

Daemon of Tzeentch: A Daemon of Tzeentch has the Hatred (Daemons of Nurgle) and Ward save (6+) special rule. Wizards with the Daemon of Tzeentch upgrade can also re-roll channelling results of 1.

Daemon of Nurgle: A Daemon of Nurgle has the Hatred (Daemons of Tzeentch) special rule, and enemy models in base contact suffer -1 to their Weapon Skill.

Daemon of Slaanesh: A Daemon of Slaanesh has the Hatred (Daemons of Khorne) and Armour Piercing (2) special rules.

Note: For the purpose of the Marks of Chaos special rule, treat "Daemon of" the same as "Mark of" at all times.



CHAOS MARAUDERS

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

Chaos Marauders are natural fighters, born into hardship and brought up in a world where surviving each day is no small victory. Only the strong and capable prosper, for the weak are weeded out and killed. Every man is expected to be a tough and capable warrior, independent and fierce. They have no time for plough or sickle, for their tools are the axe, the sword and the shield. What their own lands cannot provide, they simply take from the lands of lesser men. They look upon southerners as cowardly weaklings, no more suited to the battlefield than a newborn babe.

For those who grow up close to the Chaos Wastes, there is little distinction made between a warrior who has been warped by Chaos, and any other fighter, save that the Chaos-tainted one is likely to be more powerful and thus favoured by the Gods. A Chaos Marauder serves Chaos, but is more concerned with the loot he can take and the devastation he can cause while raiding. Chaos Marauders use classic skirmisher tactics. Their main aim is to grab as much loot as possible, leaving a trail of corpses and devastation

behind them. Since they are raiders by nature, they favour soft targets. If met with serious opposition, they look for easier prey elsewhere. Chaos Marauders only stick around for a stand-up fight if part of a larger force or if following a strong leader.

All Chaos Marauders follow the Dark Gods from birth, and the tribes have done so since time immemorial. They have no concept of other ways to live, and they see the gods of other nations as evil, weak, and jealous of the power of their patrons. They consider their way of life as the only pure and true path.

Comparing the men of the north to those who dwell in the temperate south is to compare a wolf to a sheep. Where the southerners cower behind the high walls of their cities, the warriors of the north roam the far corners of the world in search of adventure and plunder. Where the soft-bellied denizens of the Empire glut themselves on fine wine and cheese in front of the fireplace, the hardened Northmen rip into raw meat with their bare hands and teeth. The men of the south complain bitterly about going abroad in fog or sleet, where the men of the north brave fierce blizzards clad in little more than scraps of flea-infested fur. Small wonder then, that Marauder attacks are feared across the Old World.

Amongst the Marauder tribes all men are warriors. Their appearance varies from one tribe to another but all carry such weapons and armour as they can obtain. The Norscans live closest to the civilised lands of the west and are the most settled of the tribes. They are most likely to have swords, chainmail coats, and fine helmets which they either trade or make for themselves. The Kurgan are nomadic warriors who travel the plains upon vast wagons pulled by strange beasts. Metal is rare and precious amongst them, ordinary warriors having armour and clothing made from tough leather studded with iron or bronze. The Hung are the most eastern of the tribes and they are famous horsemen. Only the poorest amongst them would normally fight on foot and they wear clothes trimmed with fur and helms decorated with flowing horsetail crests.

"Say what you will of us. Call us heathens because we deny your weak pretender-God. Call us savages because we strike at you. But know this — it is we who are closest to the Ruinous Powers. We most favoured of the Gods shall raid your lands, revel in your suffering and destroy you. Despair! For all that remains for you is the taste of Northern steel and the end of your world. Such is the will of the Gods."

– Hallbjörn, Norscan Marauder

Marauder tribes are spread across the north of the world, some of them in rough settlements of log and stone, particularly in the snow-swept land of Norsca. When the shadow of Chaos spreads, the Norse leave their homes in force, guided by their gods, and loin the Warriors and Knights of Chaos as they rampage south. Others tribes, like the Kurgan and Hung peoples, live a nomadic life across the wild steppes north of the Darklands, living in the saddle and setting camp wherever the will of the gods leads them.

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

Each Chaos Marauder aspires to join a Chaos warband. They often form the bulk of the mortal warhands of Chaos, and most Chaos Warriors and Champions of Chaos come from their ranks.

	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Chaos Marauder	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Warleader	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Will of Chaos.



MARAUDER HUNTERS

The ruthless martial societies of the northern tribes see many men cast out into the wastes due to some transgression or another against their clan. An unforgiving way of life means that it is often impossible for these men to re-assimilate themselves into the warrior hierarchy. The few exiles that avoid death out in the freezing tundra often come together to form bloodthirsty bands of wild hunters, etching out a brutal existence that makes them even more hardened, callous, and adept as warriors – Marauders with the skill of ambush hunters. Attaining such skills is a way back into the battle ranks: when larger forces of tribesmen come together, the Marauder Hunters' terrifyingly efficient ambushes frequently mark the beginning of their raids.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Marauder Hunter	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Huntmaster	4	4	4	3	3	1	3	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Skirmishers, Will of Chaos.

ELITE MARAUDERS

In the eyes of the Northmen, there is a natural distinction between the mass of roving warriors, and the favoured few. The ultimate ambition of a Marauder is to die fighting under the gaze of the Dark Gods, or otherwise become worthy and powerful enough to travel to the far north to face their judgement directly. Individuals strong enough to walk that path emerge only occasionally as Elite Marauders, who fight and kill with more skill and ferocity than their brethren, and so gain a higher status in their warrior hierarchies. The otherworldly rewards are not always clear, however – these standout fighters epitomise both the glory and the risk of seeking the attention of the Dark Gods, treading along a knife's edge between immortality and oblivion.

	M	WS							
Elite Marauder	4	4	3						
Champion	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	7

Chaos Marauders and Marauder Horsemen have the option to be upgraded to Elite Marauders. You may upgrade one unit to Elite Marauders for each unit of Marauders of the same type in your army. The characteristics above are used for all Elite Marauders, and replaces the unit's normal characteristics

MARAUDER CHIEFTAIN

The Chieftains that lead the Chaos Marauders are a daunting sight, brooding hulks of muscle and hair whose bodies are covered in the scars and trophies of battle. Bearing weapons worn from dealing a thousand mortal injuries to those foolish enough to face them, these savage leaders are independent and fierce. These battle-hardened killers are the products of a people so steeped in conflict that, even in times of prosperity, they will fight to the death for the honour of leading the next raid.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Marauder Chieftain	4	6	3	4	4	2	5	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Eye of the Gods, Will of Chaos.



MARAUDER HORSEMEN

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

Depending on the tribe, Chaos Marauders may or may not be mounted. Many northern tribes see horses at best as something to be treated with suspicion and at worst a dangerous liability. However, there are those who live a nomadic existence, whose lives are intertwined with those of their steeds. These tribesmen inherit an affinity with the hottempered horses of the steppes. Many of their whelps can ride before they have even picked up their first sword. As a rite of passage, a young tribesman must hunt and capture a wild stallion and break it to his will or be trampled to death in the attempt. By the time the aspirant reaches manhood, he and his mount are as one, more akin to the centaurs of the wilderness than their fellow tribespeople.

To many, a warhorse is a sign of status, and only the best warriors may ride them. The steeds ridden by these tribes are powerful beasts, foul-tempered and strong of limb. Once a rider has broken such a horse, it will remain loyal to him until death, but they remain vicious and unruly should a stranger approach. Fed on a diet of human flesh and watered-down blood, these snorting, high-spirited steeds have a glint of intelligent menace in their eyes, and will trample, kick and bite as if berserk when engaged at close quarters.



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

In battle, the speed and mobility of the steppe tribes leaves even the most able horsemen of the Old World sorely lacking. The horsemen of the north jink and change direction as one. Able to steer their steeds with the subtlest of movements of the waist and knees, the tribesmen have both hands free to wield wicked blades and hooked axes. These mounted raiders are a constant threat along the borders of more civilised lands, and when the Marauders gather in strength it is scouting parties of these riders that guide them to the richest settlements.

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

M	\mathbf{WS}	\mathbf{BS}	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	Ι	A	Ld
4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	7
8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5
	4	4 4	4 4 3 4 4 3	4 4 3 3 4 4 3 3	4 4 3 3 3 4 4 3 3 3	4 4 3 3 3 1 4 4 3 3 3 1	4 4 3 3 3 1 3 4 4 3 3 3 1 3	M WS BS S T W I A 4 4 3 3 3 1 3 1 4 4 3 3 3 1 3 2 8 3 0 3 3 1 3 1

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fast Cavalry, Will of Chaos.

MARAUDER CHARIOTS

When the Marauders take to their war chariots, they fight with even more ruthlessness and fervour for the Dark Gods, slamming into enemy lines with bone-shattering speed, hurling enemies in all directions from the sheer force of the impact. The chariots utilised by the Marauders are similar to those used by the warriors of Chaos, pulled by hellish steeds, with spinning scythes forged to their wheels, and a spike-covered chassis to cause maximum bloodshed in a charge. The weapon of choice for the Marauder charioteers is the mighty halberd, providing ample damage output when the chariot is forced into close-up combat situations.

	_					
	5	4	4	-	-	-
3	3	-	-	3	1	7
-	3	-	-	3	1	
	3	3 3	3 3 -	3 3		

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour save 5+).

SPECIAL RULES: Will of Chaos.

CHAOS WARRIORS

In the desolate wilderness of the savage north, all men worship the Ruinous Powers in one manner or another. When a man pledges his soul to Chaos, he chooses a lifetime of battle and bloodshed. His life will be harsh, but even the most battle-hardened fighter can find momentary solace in a flagon of mead by the hearth, or in the arms of a woman. However, if such a man were to ever don a suit of Chaos armour and take up the mantle of a Chaos Warrior, he would forever leave behind such petty mortal concerns as comfort, warmth and love. He will have exchanged his humanity for a life of constant war in the name of their Ruinous Powers, and for dark promises of power and immortality. His home is under the cold, uncaring skies. His hearth is the baroque armour that covers every inch of his skin. He has no family other than the fellow warriors that walk the land at his side, butchers and madmen all. His bride is his blade, his every kill a consummation of his violent lusts. A Chaos Warrior is no longer truly human – rather he is a living weapon, honed perfectly for the bloody tasks before him.

Chaos Warriors are those men and women who leave their homelands to throw in their lot with the hordes that muster in the Chaos Wastes. They have a deep connection with the Ruinous Powers as is evident by the corruption of their bodies. Though they have committed themselves to the service of the Dark Gods, they retain something of their memories and their identities.

Such gifted men and women are said to tread the path of the gods, and head in search of glory and power. Every Chaos Warrior prays that his god will one day choose him to be one of his Champions. As a

Champion he receives further rewards, perhaps even the ultimate reward of daemonhood and immortality, for there is nothing a god cannot do and no favour that he cannot grant.

Aspiring Champions are often the best any Chaos Warrior can hope to achieve, since most rarely progress further than this high position. The reason is simple. Chaos Champions eliminate anyone they see as a rival, butchering their underlings to ensure their continued place at the head of their armies. As a result, many Aspiring Champions leave the service of a Chaos Champion to create their own warband. Unfortunately, Aspiring Champions can only recall the most pertinent details of their past, and many assume new identities to replace those lost to them.

To win the favour of their chosen god they join a Chaos warband. As Chaos Warriors they accept a life of bloodshed and brigandage in return for the chance to win their master's favour. Such favours, once granted, are not always welcome, for the Chaos gods are fickle and inhuman and their gifts often take the form of gross physical deformities. Many followers of Chaos sprout tentacles, horns and scales upon their skin, or suffer disfiguring mutations of other kinds, often covered beneath a sinister helmet. Often their minds are affected as well leaving them liable to fits of rage, feeble mindedness, uncontrollable hysterics, and other aberrations of the spirit. But not all the rewards of Chaos are disadvantageous. Sometimes the gods change their followers in ways that enhance their physical and mental powers conferring gifts of magic, immunity from harm, incredible beauty, and immense strength.

Once a warrior starts to tread this dangerous road it can end only in three ways for there is no turning back. The brave fighter may die in glorious battle against the enemy of his gods in which case his soul will go to join the essence of his deity, or be reborn into another mortal shell to serve the gods again. The Chaos power coursing through his body may overcome him and he becomes a deformed monstrosity known as a Spawn of Chaos. Alternatively, if he is strong enough. if he has strength of mind enough for the hard battles ahead, he may well achieve the goal of daemonhood and be blessed by the gods with great power and everlasting life.

A Chaos Warrior is a figure of fear and awe to those he leaves behind, and have great respect and authority amongst the tribes. Well might they fear him, too, for his strength becomes infernal and his body becomes hard as oak. He may bear stigmata to mark the favour of a particular god, his eyes may turn black as coal, horn-buds may press through his skin, or the stench of brimstone may follow in his wake. He stands a head taller than those he used to count as brothers, and has nothing but contempt for the weak or the cowardly. He goes about the business of murder with a vengeance,

for there is always a part of the man who was that rages against that which he has become. He wield a massive axe or swords. This may be either rough work made by the tribes themselves or the highly prized and extremely fine weaponry produced by Chaos Dwarfs and traded for furs, slaves and captive monsters. Imbued with the power of Chaos and encased in suits of hell-forged armour, each Chaos Warrior commands great respect from the tribes of the north. This is regardless of their provenance, for in battle each Chaos Warrior is equal to a half-dozen battle-hardened mortal men.

Many Chaos Warriors come from amongst the tribes of the Chaos Marauders, raised from strong Northman stock, but there are others as well. Many are little more than brigands, outcasts from society, criminals fleeing from justice, madmen, and malcontents seeking refuge from persecution. However, not all come from the dregs of society: their ranks also include deposed nobles, young fortune hunters, and refugees driven out of their homes by poverty and war who have nowhere else to turn. From the warrior classes of the Empire, Kislev and even Bretonnia come nobles bored with their life, seeking excitement, adventure and power. There is a comfort in belonging, even if the cost will be your very soul.

They are awesome fighters of unmatched prowess, their skills honed over the years by constant battle amongst themselves and against other races. Their strength is infernal and their bodies are as tough as the Iron Mountains. A Chaos Warrior needs not food,

drink or sleep, for he is nourished by the carnage that he wreaks. A Chaos Warrior is a grim, silent figure, able to trudge for weeks through the thickest blizzard or densest jungle without slowing pace. When he is roused for battle, however, he becomes a roaring, unstoppable force. Arrows and bolts patter from his armour like hailstones upon a glacier as he strides into the enemy ranks. The thrusts of spear and halberd are deflected contemptuously, and the lifeblood of his foes spatters his armour as his jagged blades rise and fall in gory arcs. Chaos Warriors invariably love battle, even those who have not dedicated themselves totally to Khorne. They regard any combat as a chance to prove themselves in the eyes of their patron Gods, and tend to hurl themselves into the fray without a care for their own survival, trusting to Chaos to bring the most worthy of them out alive and covered with dark glories. This makes them extraordinarily dangerous opponents. A Chaos Warrior goes about the business of murder with a vengeance, for there is a part of him that rages against that which he has become. A Chaos Warrior's only solace is in slaughter; the fulfilment of his new existence as an instrument of his blasphemous gods' will, and at battle's end, his armour is spattered with the lifeblood of the slain.

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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Will of Chaos.



CHAOS KNIGHTS

The grizzled generals of the Old World are constantly called upon to fight unholy and repulsive foes. They battle against the shambling hordes of the living dead and the rampaging armies of greenskins, meeting invasion after invasion with little more than cold steel and iron resolve. These brave individuals fight against hulking monsters and twisted mutants psychotically devoted to the overthrow of civilisation itself, but there is one sight that strikes the cold chill of dread into the hearts of even the most battle-hardened commander – the sight of a regiment of Chaos Knights galloping towards them through the mists.

"One way or another child, Chaos will open your eyes. This I promise you."

– Fregnus the Pallid, Chaos Knight

Chaos Knights are the ultimate fighting warriors of the Chaos armies and amongst all mankind. They are feared throughout the Old World and beyond as merciless butchers capable of turning the course of battle with a single charge. They are towering brutes atop immensely powerful Chaos Steeds, rider and mount clad in thickest plate, each section of armour crafted by a master daemonsmith. A Chaos Knight's greaves are jagged blades, well suited to slicing through the flesh of the enemy. Even the frightful reputation of the Chaos Knights is a weapon in its own right, crippling those who would stand against them before a single blow is struck.



Many Chaos Knights ride to war with great lances, evil-looking polearms designed to impale and tear their foes. Others wield a deadly assortment of weapons, from cleavers and war-picks to heavy maces. Some Chaos Knights even brandish magical blades, each bearing a small measure of power. Regardless of the form or the hexes inscribed upon these ensorcelled weapons, they are all enchanted in order to kill, and most flicker with dark fire. The splendour of their wargear extends to their banners which are an impressive and macabre sights, carrying symbols of war and death.

Each Chaos Knight is a paragon amongst his warrior brethren, for he has trod the path of damnation for many years and holds the favour of the Dark Gods. A Knight's horned helmet may conceal a twisted and permanent rictus smile of sharp metallic fangs, or a striking and cold beauty that steals the breath away. Few have a chance to find out, for those who behold the Knights of Chaos are but moments away from a grisly end. A full unit of Chaos Knights, galloping at speed, will hit a battle line like the mailed fist of the gods.

Chaos Knights are those Chaos Warriors who have served their master exceptionally well and gained a reward for their efforts. Most Chaos Knights are wanderers still, following a more powerful Chaos Champion. They bide their time until such point that they can prove their worth and replace him. In exchange for their improved position, Chaos Knights begin to forget small details of their past. They may recall important events but rarely particular details about people or places unless somehow significant to the memory.

Many Chaos Knights were nobles or chieftains before they sold their souls to Chaos, and they still regard themselves as the best of their kind. Chaos Knights consider themselves superior even to other Champions of Chaos. They bow to none save perhaps a Chaos Lord or Daemon Prince, and even then they will not dip their banner, for their collective pride is the equal of their martial prowess. After the battle, the Chaos Knights will take their pick of the survivors, hounding them away as slaves or sacrifices to the Dark Gods. These unfortunates are never seen again, save as grisly trophies adorning the armour of the Chaos Knights themselves.

-11	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Knight	4	5	3	4	4	1	4	2	8
Doom Knight	4	5	3	4	4	1	4	3	8
Chaos Steed	8	3	0	4	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Will of Chaos.

CHAOS CHARIOTS

The most successful Chaos Warriors ride to battle upon mighty chariots, crushing the foe beneath iron-shod wheels and running them down with flashing scythes. A heavy chariot at full speed is a devastating weapon, combining a bone-splintering impact with the flailing hooves and fangs of the creatures pulling it and the hacking and slashing of the warriors on board. Its sole purpose is to deliver an unstoppable force to a weak point in the enemy battle line, slicing apart those before it and scattering the rest in panic and disarray.

Chaos Chariots are most common amongst the Kurgan tribes, many of which are nomadic and which travel the northern plains on vast wagons drawn by whatever mutant monstrosities can be readily harnessed. Chaos Chariots are symbols of status as well as incredibly powerful weapons. Often, a Champion of Chaos will ride to battle upon a chariot festooned with icons and pennants fashioned from the remains of those they have ground beneath their wheels, grisly trophies proclaiming his many victories and allegiance to the Dark Gods. Unlike the comparatively flimsy wooden chariots used by Elves and the Undead legions of distant Nehekhara, the carriages of Chaos war machines are wrought of pure black iron and drenched in blood. Chaos Chariots weigh so much that, when they have gathered pace, nothing short of a castle wall can halt their charge. Worse still, their stout wheels sport great spinning scythes that scream and shriek as they slice into the foe.

Fighting from a chariot requires great skill. Horses are the most tractable creatures for drawing chariots but other mutant beasts are often pressed into service. However, no normal beast would have the strength to pull such a massive instrument of war. Chaos Chariots are drawn by a pair of huge destriers swollen to unnatural size by the corrupting energies of Chaos. Each of these beasts is clad in tempered steel plates in the manner of their unholy masters. As these deadly creatures gain momentum, balefire flickers from their eyes and nostrils, giving the impression that the chariot has galloped straight from the realm of nightmares into reality.



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

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Chariot	7	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-
Chaos Charioteer	-	5	3	4	-	-	4	2	8
Chaos Steed	-	3	0	4	-	-	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 6+).

SPECIAL RULES: Will of Chaos.

GOREBEAST CHARIOTS

There is little subtlety to the machines of death used by the armies of Chaos, but the Gorebeast Chariot is amongst the most brutal. A Gorebeast Chariot is a massive construction of hell-forged metal, mutant beast and jagged blade, ridden to war by some of the most powerful and bloodthirsty warriors in the world. Its sole purpose is to deliver an unstoppable force to a weak point in the enemy battle line, smashing apart those before it and scattering the rest in panic and disarray. Few foes can muster the courage required to stand before the thunderous charge of one of these murderous war machines, and those foolish enough to do so are torn apart by monstrous jaws, cut to pieces by keen-edged halberds, or crushed into the dirt beneath heavy, iron-shod wheels.

Gorebeast Chariots are even heavier and sturdier than other Chaos Chariots. No normal beast would have the strength to pull such a massive instrument of war, and they are therefore pulled into battle by a Gorebeast – a muscular creature renowned for its violent temperament. These grunting brutes strike their prey with such shocking force that those not impaled upon jutting armour spikes are torn apart by the impact. Even the lowliest of beasts recognise the bulky shape of a Gorebeast as synonymous with death. Each iron-clad chariot drawn by one of these formidable mutants is thus followed, at some distance, by circling carrion crows and slinking scavenger hounds waiting to feast on the bloody remnants of a Gorebeast's grim harvest.

	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Gorebeast Chariot		-							
Chaos Charioteer	-	5	3	4	-	-	4	2	8
Gorebeast	-	4							-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 5+).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Will of Chaos.

CHOSEN

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

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

"I have been chosen for greatness by the Dark Gods themselves. You, petty mortal, have been chosen only for death."

– Eglixus, the Executioner of Trechagrad

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



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

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

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

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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Will of Chaos.

Chosen of the Dark Gods: The Chosen are marked by the Dark Gods themselves.

Chosen follows the rules for the Eye of the Gods special rule. If the result rolled is Damned by Chaos or Dark Apotheosis, that result is immediately applied to the unit's Chosen Champion (if the unit does not contain a Chosen Champion, the result is instead treated as a 'The Eye Opens' result), otherwise the result is applied to every Chosen model in the unit.

"My name? Long ago, such worthless details fell from memory. I know only the lust for glorious battle – for blood, for victory! I seek only the Eye of Tzeentch – his favour, his grace, his Dark Gifts – that through them, I may be remade – reborn! Why do we raid your lands? Why do we burn your homes? Why do we flay your flesh? To serve the Lord of Change and his magnificent designs." – An unknown Chosen of Tzeentch

VARANGUARD

The ground trembles under the thundering hooves of the Varanguard, their warped steeds carrying them into battle while the warriors roar the name of the Everchosen. These Knights of Ruin are Archaon's wrath unleashed upon the world, and the ground is soaked in gore beneath their advance. The Varanguard are the blade that harvests the souls of men. They are the greatest of the Everchosen's warriors, and to look upon them is to see the face of death. As Archaon's chosen, they execute his will throughout the world, and their coming often heralds the arrival of their master.

Each Varanguard is a veteran of countless campaigns, the blood of vanquished empires dripping from his blade. Each is a legendary warrior, and has risen through the ranks of the armies of Chaos upon the heaped corpses of his rivals. Clad in hell-forged steel and tempered by hate, the Varanguard ride with the Everchosen. Champions all, they are among the greatest of Archaon's servants, having earned their place in his inner circle through brutal and bloody deeds, and by crushing all who would stand against Chaos.

Jorhades roared in triumph as he drove his sword into the Branchwraith's face, a cloud of sap and splinters bursting from the back of its head.

In the shadow of the Everchosen, we ride for ruin!'
Jorhades screamed as his armoured steed thundered
onwards. He expertly swept up his blade, ready to strike
again, his last victim's life fluids spraying from its edge.
Everywhere, the Varanguard were smashing through the
Wood Elf lines, the gnarled creatures reduced to
scattered knots of resistance among the Chaos forces.

Jorhades felt only contempt for the twisted forest spirits and the dead Blood Warriors he rode across to reach them. It was fitting, he thought, that where a dozen Chaos tribes had failed to bring the Wood Elves to heel, the Varanguard now charged victorious over their broken remains.

'You are grist for the Gods' mill! Jorhades growled, hacking apart a leaping Dryad with a downward chop and sending its two halves tumbling to the ground.

'We are the blade that cuts away the living flesh and paves the Red Path with corpses!' Again and again Jorhades' sword fell, reaping a terrible tally.

As the forest floor grew thick with their dead the Wood Elves broke, and all pretence of combat turned to butchery. Jorhades urged his mount on, laughing as he killed. At his side, a dozen other Varanguard of the Souls of Torment kept pace, though it was less than had begun their bloody charge only moments ago. This, too, was good, thought Jorhades, as war winnows the weak.

Flee before the Varanguard you cowards! We are the heralds of the Everchosen, come to claim your souls!'

Under the pitiless gaze of the Dark Gods, only the strongest survive, and there are few more deserving of their favour than the Varanguard. Warlords in their own right, they have grown cruel and powerful over lifetimes of slaughter and conquest. It is fitting that these mighty champions of Chaos should be chosen by Archaon. They are his will, they are his might, and they are a scourge upon the realms.

Only those deemed worthy by Archaon may serve within the Varanguard, for the Everchosen's favour is reserved for the mightiest servants of Chaos. Thus are the ranks of the Varanguard drawn from all who serve the Dark Gods – howling berserkers, devious changesons, befouled plague-knights and paladins of pleasure, all striving for the chance to fight beside the greatest general the realms have even known.

Before a warrior may attempt to prove themselves worthy of the Varanguard, they must be summoned by a sign of Chaos. This omen can take many forms perhaps the likeness of the Everchosen in the flames of a burning keep as its defenders scream for death, Archaon's silhouette formed from a spray of arterial blood upon a carrion-littered battlefield, or the Everchosen's name howled in unison by the plaguechoked throats of a hundred corpses. When a warrior sees such a sign, there can be no mistaking that they have been called into Archaon's service. None know for sure if these magical portents are the work of the Dark Gods or the Everchosen, but it is unwise to ignore them. Those who do are said to meet terrible fates, tormented by nightmares of Archaon's wrath and afflicted with wounds that bleed smoke which whispers of their doom as it dissipates on the wind.



Almost all warriors heed the call to serve in the Varanguard. In that moment, when the will of the Everchosen is made clear to them, they cast off all former allegiances and begin a fell pilgrimage. It goes by many names – the Walk of Blades, the Dark Choosing and the Red Path, to name only a few – but it is without exception a long and brutal road. Before they may stand in the presence of Archaon, they must complete eight trials. These tasks vary with each aspirant, but all are harrowing and many do not survive them. Some journey to Archaon to seek supplication before him, some try to prove themselves in the fighting pits, while others claim the heads of great heroes or beasts to lay at the feet of their new lord. Some slay all of their old allies to prove their loyalty to the Everchosen. When they finally ride before Archaon, if they are worthy, he will place them in one of the Eight Circles of the Varanguard, depending on the outcome of their trials.

The warriors of the Varanguard are divided into the Eight Circles, each a numberless host that rides at the head of Archaon's endless hordes and leaves only desolation in its wake. The dark moods and destructive intentions of the Everchosen are reflected in the different circles and the way he uses them to fulfil his

The First Circle, the Swords of Chaos, are Archaon's martial right hand, chosen to ride into battle alongside him whenever he takes to the field. This mysterious band of Chaos Knights joined themselves to Archaon shortly after his epiphany. They have fought at his side ever since, battling through Elves, Daemons and beasts so strange as to defy description. They are, without a doubt, the most powerful and feared Chaos Knights in the world, and any who see them take to the field feel the cold fingers of fear in their hearts. As the End Times close in these unstoppable warriors prepare to conquer the Warhammer world at their master's side. Their black and gold regalia reflect their dark lord's countenance and speaks to the honour of their position.

Known as the Souls of Torment, the Second Circle are used by Archaon to spread terror and disorder before the advancing hosts of Chaos. These grim warriors revel in the art of death, leaving behind grisly trophies of their kills. Such is the horror that their brutal practices evoke that many armies flee rather than face them in battle.

The Fifth Circle are the Scourges of Fate. No quarry has ever escaped their blades. No hidden fastness, towering bastion, nor enchanted gate can offer refuge from these deadly huntsmen. When Archaon singles out a target for annihilation, the Scourges of Fate will not return to their master until the object of his wrath has met its end.

Only Archaon himself knows the name of the Eighth Circle. Even amongst the Varanguard, the reputation of these ruthless warriors precedes them. When the Eighth ride out, no bodies nor ruins are left in their passing, no signs of life at all. Only dust. goal of total domination. The immense undertaking of subjugating the Mortal Realms means that Archaon must rely upon his Varanguard to win far-flung campaigns and succeed at tortuous endeavours on his behalf. This grand strategy of violence and cunning, destruction and dominance, driven by the Three-Eyed King, can only result in final victory if all the pieces come together. To this end, the varied strengths and talents of the Eight Circles are deployed towards whatever conquests Archaon's plans require. Evershifting is the Everchosen's favour, however, and no circle is preeminent in his eyes for long. Such is the fickle nature of Chaos.

Of the hundreds of Varanguard who serve Archaon, only a small percentage are chosen to ride within the First Circle of his retinue, the dreaded Swords of Chaos, and thus stand closest to their lord in battle. More likely, a Varanguard will find himself fighting among one of the other seven circles, such as the Scourges of Fate or the Blades of Desolation. These circles are no less terrifying than the First, however, as each has its own crucial role to fulfil in Archaon's world-spanning strategies. Whether Third Circle or Eighth, all Varanguard stand equal beneath the pitiless might of the Ever-chosen himself.



Such is the ferocious reputation of the Varanguard that even Chaos Lords – be they hulking brute seething with the red rage of Khorne or cunning sorcerer gifted with the arcane might of Tzeentch – know better than to stray into the knights' path. To merely question a Varanguard's authority is to court a swift and brutal death. Even the most powerful emissaries of the Dark Gods have no thrall over them, for when the Knights of Ruin ride into battle it is by the bidding of the Everchosen alone. When a warrior joins the Varanguard, they forsake their allegiance to any but Archaon, and none are foolish enough to undermine his authority.

Like an avalanche of Chaos-forged steel, the Varanguard smash into their foes, scattering bodies before their charge. Under the hell-shod hooves of their steeds, and the barbed blades of their weapon, enemies are reduced to red ruin. They are the wrath of the Dark Gods united, and before them all men are but meat ready for the slaughter.

\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
4	6	3	5	4	1	5	2	8
4	6	3	5	4	1	5	3	8
8	4	0	5	4	3	3	2	8
	M 4 4 8	M WS 4 6 4 6 8 4	4 6 3 4 6 3	4 6 3 5 4 6 3 5	4 6 3 5 4 4 6 3 5 4	4 6 3 5 4 1 4 6 3 5 4 1	4 6 3 5 4 1 5 4 6 3 5 4 1 5	

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemonic (Daemonic Mount only), Devastating Charge, Will of Chaos.

SKULLREAPERS

The tribes of the Skaramor have long maintained an existence of constant battle throughout the Chaos Wastes. That they have rarely crossed the Sea of Chaos is a matter of choice; the Skaramor are devoted to claiming the skulls of the mightiest foes and offering them up to Khorne. For thousands of years, they have viewed all who dwell to the south as unworthy offerings, electing instead to prey upon the hardened survivors and mighty champions of the Chaos Wastes. They have hunted down the greatest monsters, and hurled themselves outnumbered into battle against warbands of warriors or daemons time and again. Thus have they themselves become ever stronger and more battle-hardened. Now, as the End Times draw on, the assembled tribes of the Skaramor are amongst the greatest and most fearsome mortal armies in the world.

The Skullreapers are the warrior-elite of the Skaramor, a blood-hungry caste even among a people feared for their wanton battle-lust. They are wrath and they are ruin – howling, blood mad reavers who fight and kill for the glory of Khorne. Few are they who can stand against them in battle, and countless are the skulls they have laid before the Skull Throne.

The Skullreapers are murderous devotees of the Blood God, every last warrior devoted body and soul to Khorne's everlasting war. Where they march, the skies flicker an arterial crimson, rivers turn to gushing blood and the ground cracks open, venting furnace-hot steam and molten brass. Their war cries are closer to howls and screams, shot through with the maddened thunder of foe-skin drums and the harsh braying of horns. They know little of discipline and strategy, and care even less; the charge of the Skullreapers is a disordered stampede, an avalanche of brazen blades, bunched muscle, and screaming rage. Every warrior fight as an individual, seeking to win Khorne's regard through the frenzied slaughter that he wreaks. Amongst lesser warriors, such anarchic division would prove disastrous. Not so for the Skullreapers. So utterly overwhelming is their onset, so blood-mad is each individual warrior, that even the staunchest foe will soon be swept away before the red tide.

The Skullreapers have dwelt for so long amid the lethal horrors of the Chaos Wastes that they no longer seem entirely human. Their bodies are so thick with muscle that they can quite easily tear a man limb from limb with their bare hands. They tower head and shoulders above even the marauder tribesmen who fight at their side, and can shrug off the most grievous of wounds without breaking their stride. Each Skullreaper is an engine of destruction, bludgeoning, hacking, whirling and stamping with a speed that belies his massive bulk. Once in amongst the press of the foe, a single such warrior can wreak terrible havoc, each axe-swing hurling broken bodies to the ground as sprays of blood fill the air. En masse, the Skullreapers transform a battlefield into a hellish abattoir.

As if the physical might and frenzied devotion of the Skaramor were not enough, many tribesmen wield Khornate blades. Neither truly mortal nor wholly daemonic in manufacture, these axes are forged by the twisted smiths that reside atop the Tower of Screams. It is a right of proving for Skullreapers to fight their way to the top of this looming fortress, hacking their way through the damned shades of those who have been slain within its deadly corridors. Those who reach the forgeworks at the tower's apex are rewarded with the awful weapons they seek: axes forged in daemonfire and quenched in murderers' blood. Armed with such blades, the Skullreapers become more deadly still, their blows struck with incredible force, tearing even sorcerous or incorporeal beings apart with their savage and frenzied blows.

It is not difficult to see why the Skullreapers have long been amongst the most feared denizens of the Chaos Wastes. Until the End Times, however, they were content to serve Khorne's will in the far north. Now, following the commands of their wrathful god, they have pledged themselves to the cause of Archaon Everchosen, the Lord of the End Times. Marching south in a bloody tide, the Skullreapers have hacked down everything that dared stand in their path. They seek to offer their god his greatest ever tribute in blood and skulls; the Skullreapers will kill, and kill, and kill, until all their foes are slain, or they themselves are no more.

Ane H	M	WS							
Skullreaper	4	6	3	4	4	2	5	3	8
Skullseeker	4	6	3	4	4	2	5	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Mark of Khorne, Will of Chaos



WRATHMONGERS

Even amongst the ranks of the Skullreapers, there are those individuals whose absolute devotion to Khorne sets them apart. These are the Wrathmongers, lunatic murdersmiths who are revered and feared by their bloodthirsty kin in equal measure.

Once a Skaramor tribesman begins to walk the path of the wrathmonger, there is no going back. Surrendering themselves to the tutelage of the tribe's Khornate demagogues – known as Bloodspeakers – the aspirants are subjected to a punishing regime of conditioning and worship. They eat only the flesh of those they slay, and drink only the hot blood that flows from their victims' veins. The Bloodspeakers goad the aspirants to battle one another night and day, never allowing them to rest for long before hurling them back into the fighting pits before their baying kinsmen. One by one the aspirants are slain by their fellows, until finally only the most murderous and determined of their number remain.

Only when this winnowing has taken place will the Bloodspeakers lead the worthy upon the Pilgrimage of Skulls. Setting out from their tribal lands, the aspirants strike north. They forge on through myriad dangers, battling all that cross their path and leaving the fallen to rot in their wake. Eventually, the aspirants reach the Brazen Cage: a Khornate shrine stood atop a vast mountain of skulls, on the very edge of the Realm of Chaos. At the mountain's peak, the aspirants discover that the Brazen Cage is aptly named. Bursting from the osseous ground, thick brass bars rise up to form a prison within which a lake of blood bubbles and steams. A crown of spikes juts from the cage's crest, cradling a vast, jagged crystal of blood-red sanguinite.

Ushered into the cage, the aspirants wade waist-deep into the bloody lake. At the bellowed exhortations of the Bloodspeakers, fiery lights blossom amid the haze that marks the Realm of Chaos. In answer, the mountain of bones rumbles like an angry volcano, skulls tumbling and rattling down its flanks as the crystal above blazes. Drawn from the beyond by the call of the Bloodspeakers, daemons of Khorne flow from the sanguinite stone and fall upon the aspirants. Each man is plunged into a battle for control of his very soul, a war fought at the core of his own being. Rapacious and full of fury, some daemons win the fight, snuffing out the raging soul of the mortal before tearing his living flesh apart. However, the aspirants have been honed and hardened, and many emerge victorious. These warriors force the daemons down, subjugating them to their will.

The beings that emerge from the Brazen Cage are greater than those that entered. They have become Wrathmongers, mortal flesh made mighty through battle, and infused with the unnatural energies of a daemon. They have fought upon the battlegrounds of their own soul and emerged victorious; what is there to fear after such a trial? Moreover, they now walk upon the very cusp of reality, the daemon subjugated within providing them with a conduit to the boundless power of the Realm of Chaos. Reality flickers and fractures around them, shuddering under the weight of their bellowing cries. Their flesh twists itself into forms more pleasing to mighty Khorne –

teeth become jagged fangs, bodies twist and bulge with corded muscle. In some cases, the Wrathmonger's feet or hands become bestial claws, while in others their skin may turn an angry crimson, or weep steaming blood through its pores. Before they leave the mountain to return to their tribes, Khorne's gifts are bestowed upon the Wrathmongers by the Bloodspeakers. Daemon-wrought armour girds their bodies, while mighty hammer-flails are placed in their hands.

From the day of their ascendancy, the Wrathmongers become the elite of their tribe. Those who return from the Pilgrimage of Skulls are viewed with awe and reverence, their snarled words heeded as those of Khorne himself. In battle they are unstoppable, hurling themselves at the foe with unnatural vigour while whirling their hammer-flails in bloody arcs. Armoured knights, hordes of soldiers, mighty beasts or engines of war, none can stand before the Wrathmongers in combat. It is unsurprising, then, that as the Everchosen leads his last, greatest army to war, the Wrathmongers charge at the very fore of the horde.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wrathmonger	4	6	3	5	4	2	5	3	8
Wrathmaster	4	6	3	5	4	2	5	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Mark of Khorne, Will of Chaos.

Wrath-flails: Wrath-flails uses the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
Combat	As user	+1 Attack,
		Impact Hits (D3),
		Strength Bonus (1)



SKULLCRUSHERS

Skullcrushers are unsubtle warriors who revel in battle and live only for the shedding of blood in the name of Khorne. Only those Chaos Knights who devote themselves utterly to the Lord of Slaughter and offer to him a mountain of skulls are destined to become Skullcrushers, but they are truly living engines of death and carnage. Anything foolish enough to stand before them is destined only for a short and brutally violent fate, for Skullcrushers are completely without mercy and they leave only a trail of broken bodies and a river of spilt gore in their wake.

So favoured in the eyes of Khorne are these murderous knights that the Blood God has gifted them with Juggernauts to carry them to war. These massive daemonic mounts are made of living metal and pure rage; they are dealers of untold destruction who grind their foes beneath steel sinews and brass hooves. As formidable as a Chaos Knight is, when mounted upon a Juggernaut, he is nigh unstoppable. As the blood-crazed knights bellow their battle cries, their fearsome mounts snort steam and paw out divots the size of shallow graves before stampeding towards the ranks of their prey and flattening anything in their way. The knights themselves are no less brutal, hacking their opponents apart with axes and cleavers, or else running them through with jagged lances. Mightiest of all their number is the Skullhunter, he who has spilt the most blood in Khorne's name and who has gifted his dark patron with the skulls of mighty kings and great heroes.

Kraxis Bloodfist roared the names of his gods as his Daemon Steed lowered its armoured head and charged. The Juggernaut's battlelust was near as furious as his own, and the beat of the Chaos Lord's heart pounded in time with the thunder of his steed's brazen hooves. Time slowed to a crawl as the Juggernaut crested a ridge and careened downwards towards the Dwarf lines. Kraxis felt the red-hot punch of black powder weaponry as rune-etched bullets hammered into his shoulder and thigh, the thick lances of pain only invigorating him further. One of his knights fell to a lucky shot and was quickly assailed by the chattering, gnashing skulls that pushed through the tortured ground below him, desperate to wet their bone-dry fangs with blood.

Kraxis cared not. He grinned wolfishly as fear began to tinge the joyless faces of the Dwarfs in the shieldwall up ahead. The Chaos Lord savoured the moment like a gourmand savouring a full-bodied wine — the anticipation of terrible and inescapable violence, the last moment of lucidity before the holy rage overcame him and the slaughter began. The Dwarf hold would be brought low, its defenders cut to pieces and hung from the battlements as a grisly warning to those who would oppose the taint of Chaos that spread over the land.

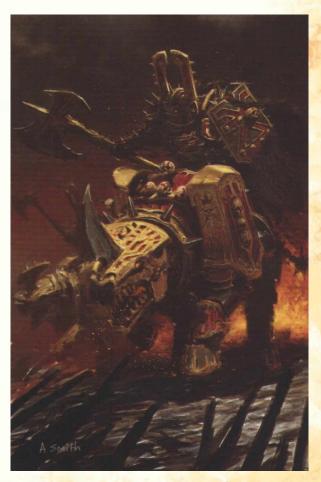
This and more Kraxis had vowed.

Lord Kraxis and his hulking steed crashed straight through the Dwarf shieldwall with the force of a battering ram, and the blood sacrifice began. Skullcrushers roam the Realm of Chaos and the lands of the north, butchering all who cross their path. Such is their need to kill that Skullcrushers will charge the moment a foe is sighted. Only the will of a truly mighty Chaos Lord can hope to quell their thirst for battle, and then only as long as there is a promise of an even greater and more bountiful battlefield on which to sate the Skullcrushers' bloody appetites. However, not even the command of the Everchosen himself can rein in such insatiable battle lust forever, and sooner or later, the Skullcrushers will break formation and charge headlong into the fray. Ultimately, it is the knights' own rage that will be their downfall, for it blinds them to mortal dangers and reason. Eventually, Skullcrushers will challenge a monster that dwarfs even their massive stature, or pile into a foe whose numbers are simply too overwhelming, and their bodies will be torn asunder. However, the Skullcrushers see even their own deaths as a victory of sorts, for Khorne cares not whose blood is spilt, so long as it flows.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	Ι	A	Ld
Skullcrusher	4	5	3	4	4	1	4	2	8
Skullhunter	4	5	3	4	4	1	4	3	8
Juggernaut of Khorne	7	4	0	5	4	3	2	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemonic (Juggernaut only), Daemon of Khorne (Juggernaut only), Mark of Khorne, Natural Armour (6+), Will of Chaos.



FATEMASTERS

Tzeentch is the natural choice of patron for any aspiring wizard. In fact, such is the attraction of Tzeentch patronage that there is no shortage of spell casters in his armies. As a result of this over-abundance of potential followers, Tzeentch does not automatically accept every young would-be wizard as his Champion. Instead, those who would wish to become Wizard-Champions first join a band of Fatemasters.

A Fatemaster is a Chaos Warrior dedicated to Tzeentch. To attain the rank of Fatemaster, a warrior must not only prove their devotion to Tzeentch, but also show the cunning and quick thinking favoured by the Changer of the Ways. After all, the Fatemasters are Tzeentch's chosen. These are not foul-smelling and barbaric slaves to darkness, but erudite and clandestine warriors. Like all of Tzeentch's followers they dress in the most elaborate armour and clothes, combining as many colours and patterns as imaginable, but favouring the basic twisting interwoven designs which reflect the twisting manipulative mind of Tzeentch.

More than simply bravery and martial skill are required to pass the dreaded Nine Trials of Fate in the Silver Tower of Tzeentch. It takes either an incredible amount of luck or intuition that surpasses anticipation. To duck the sweeping blade that moves faster than human reaction, to espy the treacherous ally before the betrayal – these must be done to not just succeed in the trials, but also survive them. Those few who complete the tasks are anointed Fatemasters.

As reward for their constant service, they are gifted mighty boons to better serve Tzeentch: a fireglaive, a soulbound shield, Chaos armour and a Disc of Tzeentch. These Discs bear their riders into battle, giving them a unique perspective on the movement of their armies, and enabling the Sorcerer to be better able to strike down important targets. It's said that

since Discs are in essence sent by their God into the mortal world, they can return to the Realm of Chaos at will – sometimes still carrying their riders on their backs.

The members of the band must compete with each other to establish which one of them will be their leader and Doomsayer. It pleases the Changer of the Ways to watch his followers plot and intrigue amongst themselves for supremacy over their fellows, knowing that only one of them will be granted a chance at immortality.

Equipped with magical weapons and armour, a Fatemaster is not just a powerful warrior but a living conduit of destiny-twisting power. With a Fatemaster altering the strands of fate to turn the tide of battle in his favour, few are the foes that the Warriors of Tzeentch cannot overcome.

In battle a Fatemaster streaks into the fray, leaving behind a wake of dismembered corpses – the gruesome aftermath of precision glaive-strikes and swooping dives from their bladed Disc. Hostile spells rebound off a Fatemaster's gleaming shield, but perhaps their most powerful gift is a fate-shifting aura – the ability to twist the very laws of causality in Tzeentch's favour, causing enemy arrows to hit armour rather than flesh, or guiding friendly blades to strike home instead of glancing astray.

	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Fatemaster	4	5	3	4	4	2	4	2	8
Doomsayer	4	5	3	4	4	2	4	3	8
Disc of Tzeentch	1	3	0	4	4	1	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemonic (Disc of Tzeentch only), Daemon of Tzeentch (Disc of Tzeentch only), Fly (9), Mark of Tzeentch, Will of Chaos.

Fireglaive: A Fireglaive follows all the rules for polearms, and has the Flaming Attacks and Magical Attacks special rules.

Master of Fate: Tzeentch's chosen disciples can affect the destiny of those around them.

Fatemasters, and any friendly units within 8" of them, may re-roll 1's when taking armour saves.

Coven of Tzeentch: A unit of Fatemasters is considered to be a Level 2 Wizard that knows the spells *Blue Fire of Tzeentch* and *Pink Fire of Tzeentch* from the Lore of Tzeentch. This doesn't prevent other friendly Wizards from knowing the same spells. Each time the unit casts a spell (or is targeted by a special rule that affects a Wizard), you must nominate one Fatemaster or Doomsayer as the caster for the purposes of line of sight, range, etc. In the event of a Fatemasters unit rolling a miscast, do not roll on the Miscast table. Instead, the unit suffers D3 Wounds with no saves of any kind allowed.

"Burn! Burn with the fires of Change! Scream your hymns to Tzeentch!"

Tal'gatha the Fallen

PUTRID BLIGHTKINGS

Putrid Blightkings are Nurgle's favoured, exceptional mortals who have chosen his worship and been marked by their deity to bear his feculent gifts. Mutated by the disgusting blessings of Nurgle, the twisted Blightkings are champions of the Plague God who have been bloated by his power. They are the vanguard of Nurgle's armies, a pestilent brotherhood bound by the will of their putrescent deity. They are powerful warriors indeed, for the might of the Plague God clogs their veins.

The Blightkings were once Chaos Warriors, tall and powerful foot soldiers who have proven both their loyalty and value to the god of decay. Once chosen by their patron, these blessed few are marked out in a disturbing and obscene manner, infected by a single daemonfly with a festering daemon-kiss. Within days of that initial touch, the warrior's body begins to change, muscular flesh altering until he resembles a suppurating, obscenely mutated creature, rather than the hale warrior he once was. His pock-marked flesh bulges and splits and his limbs become lumpen and malformed.

These Putrid Blightkings are drawn together like moths to a guttering candle, forming tight-knit warrior bands of Nurgle's most fearsome and devout. The names of these groups are legend among the legions of Chaos; the Repugnauts, the Fly-brothers and the Rotlords, to name but three. Every member of their fraternity is a hulking brute of flesh and muscle whose bulk overshadows a Chaos Warrior like a grown man might a child.



No Chaos God boasts hardier mortal servants than Nurgle. The Putrid Blightkings are hulking monstrosities, swollen with pus and unnatural vitality. Their bodies are deformed abominations of open wounds and seeping sores, wriggling parasites and spilling innards, yet they know nothing of pain or fatigue.

So hardy are these chosen warriors that they advance relentlessly through the thickest hail of arrows or the most extreme battlefield conditions. They never falter, no matter the projectiles that pepper their rotting hides or the sorcerous flames that lick about them. Putrid Blightkings take obscene pleasure in soaking up the worst punishment their enemies can mete out, before booming scornful laughs and wading in to crush their foes.

Nurgle values and rewards all who excel in spreading his gifts across the world. Putrid Blightkings are drawn not only from the ranks of warriors and soldiers, but also scholars, surgeons, apothecaries, poets and countless other walks of life. The Blightkings' disgusting appearance is thus counterpointed by a surreal conviviality. They exchange jests, compose revolting verses in praise of the Plague God's finest blights, and bait their enemies with vivid descriptions of the symptoms they will soon exhibit.

None of this takes away from their prowess in battle. The Blightkings swing huge axes, scythes and hammers, smashing their enemies from their feet with ease. They purposefully spit and squirt their rank secretions across their foes, seeking to infect the enemy as much as to slaughter them. Between the horrendous stench that wafts from their decaying bodies, the dolorous toll of rusted bells and the shocking brutality of their attack, it is no wonder many choose to flee rather than face these warriors in battle.

The Blightkings rejoice in their calling – their bodies have become living shrines to Nurgle's bounteous generosity and they revel in the strength and resilience it gives them. Their foul figures are all but impervious to injury, unfeeling to the sword strokes and arrows of their foes. As Blightkings, they exist only to lay low the mighty that the weak may feast upon their corpses. They are the bane of kings and priests and their grimy blades sunder monsters and men with equal disdain.

	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Putrid Blightking	4	6	3	4	5	2	3	3	8
Blightlord	4	6	3	4	5	2	3	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Mark of Nurgle (included in profile), Will of Chaos.

Bountiful Blades: At the start of each round of close combat, the unit can choose which weapon they want to use for the duration of this round.

PUSGOYLE BLIGHTLORDS

Some Putrid Blightkings choose to undergo a rite known as the Feast of Maggots. Swearing a sevenfold oath to Nurgle upon a site of particularly repulsive corruption, they allow their Cyst's Sorcerer to drop a ravenous slathermaggot into one of their open wounds. This hungry daemonlarva sets to work, chewing its way through the Blightking's necrotic flesh until its body bursts, only to disgorge two identical simulacra of the original maggot.

If left unchecked, the maggots will consume their host within seven days. To avoid this grim fate, the Blightking must seek out the worshippers of Nurgle's brother gods and infect them with the slathermaggot curse. One offering after another must be riddled with parasites, doomed to be devoured as fuel for the spawning of ever more wriggling grubs. Finally, if the staggering, half-devoured Blightkings succeeds in infecting seventy-seven foes with his curse, the insects in his body cease eating and congeal into muscle and fat, bulking him out with new putrid might. At the same moment a terrible droning fills the air, and down from on high thrums a Rot Fly, sent by Nurgle as a reward for the Blightking's devotion.

Mounting his new steed, the warrior becomes a Pusgoyle Blightlord, one of Nurgle's elite mortal airborne cavalry. His relationship with the Rot Fly is symbiotic, for the Blightlord vows to protect the spiteful creature with his life and rarely leaves its saddle. This bond helps to anchor the daemonic beast in reality, allowing it to better hunt down its mortal victims without the risk of being drawn back to the Garden of Nurgle. In exchange, the Rot Fly bears its rider faithfully into battle.

Droning bands of Pusgoyle Blightlords form the vanguard of the Nurgle's armies, swooping in low over the enemy with their scythes swinging. Between the powerful blows

of the Blightlords themselves and the lashing limbs and biting maws of their mounts, such a band of aerial cavalry can shatter an enemy battle line in a single charge. Like a wound that admits a lethal infection, they tear open a gap for the rest of the Rotbringers to flow into and destroy the foe from the inside out.

To aid in this line-breaking duty, some Blightlords tether dolorous tocsins to the underside of their steed. These huge wrecking bells smash into enemy regiments, scattering serried ranks and shield walls. Such is the weight of their impact that they can even smash barricades to splinters and overturn lumbering war engines, all the while clanging out an infernal din.

	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Pusgoyle Blightlord	4	6	3	4	5	2	3	3	8
Lord of Afflictions	4	6	3	4	5	2	3	4	8 7
Rot Fly of Nurgle	1	3	0	4	5	3	2	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemonic (Rot Fly only), Daemon of Nurgle (Rot Fly only), Fly (6), Mark of Nurgle (included in profile), Poisoned Attacks (Rot Fly only), Will of Chaos.

Death Head of Nurgle: The skin of this severed head is drawn tightly over the skull so that every detail of the bone beneath stands out starkly. Crawling with flies and maggots, this profane relic reeks of evil. The Death Heads of Nurgle are common tools of war used by the thralls of the Plaguelord. Taking the skulls of foes they conquer, they cover them with wax mixed with blood to make them watertight. Then they draw pus from a Great Unclean One and pour it into the brain cavity before sealing it with more wax. The result is a missile which will burst when it is thrown, scattering its noxious contents over the unfortunate enemy.

Death Heads have the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12"	4	Multiple Wounds (D3),
		Poisoned Attacks,
_		Quick to Fire
1		the state of the s

Nostag, Champion of Nurgle, looked at the Death Head. Once it had adorned the shoulders of Doras Varn, the most handsome of all Champions of Slaanesh. Nostag took a firm grip on the waxy orb, thinking as he did so how Doras' famous profile had lost much of its boyish charm. He lobbed the object high into the air, watching with satisfaction as it sailed into the enemy ranks,

The dark object span through the air and smashed onto the naked pate of Gorban, Champion of Khorne, spattering blood and pus over his luckless followers. Gorban reeled as the putrid stuff burned into his face.

"Khorne," he cried. "Pity me!" But it was too late. He felt his flesh churning with the foul energy of the Death Head and knew he was doomed.

HELLSTRIDERS

Hellstriders are devotees of torment who hunt from the back of impossibly swift daemonic steeds. They fight to inflict pain and despair, landing mortal blows upon their victims where they are most likely to prolong the agonising moment of death. Some Hellstriders fight with blades that long ago mutated into their own flesh, whilst others carry a mass of writhing lashes that move with an intelligence of their own. These barbed whips strike out with incredible speed, splitting skin, ripping out throats and flensing flesh in the blink of an eye.



Slaanesh finds the desperation of mortals exhilarating, especially in those wretches who struggle in vain to achieve greatness when they possess neither the strength nor the cunning to succeed. To these weakwilled men, Slaanesh whispers a dark bargain – power, but at a price. The Dark Prince sends a Steed of Slaanesh to these mortals, offering the creature as a gift to carry him from one glorious victory to the next. In exchange, Slaanesh asks only that his enemies' souls are sacrificed to him. Few can resist so tempting an offer, for with such a kingly gift they would surely have the power they need to become a mighty Chaos Lord. However, once they sit astride the daemonic steed and the pact is sealed, they will never again dismount. Though they do not yet realise it, they have just become Slaanesh's willing slaves.



As a Hellstrider fells his enemies, each slain soul is rewarded by the Dark Prince. Intoxicating energy courses through the warrior's veins, invigorating his form with a potent draught of pain and despair which leaves him shuddering in delight. However, such pleasure does not last for long, and it is addictive in the extreme. At battle's end, all that remains are the pangs of suffering and a gnawing hunger that consumes all thoughts bar one – to feel Slaanesh's stimulating embrace again. Not even the dream of becoming a mighty Lord of Chaos survives, sacrificed as the cravings take hold. So it is that Hellstriders have cursed themselves to the eternal hunt; they must fight to feed their addiction to pain and torment, or die.

	M	WS	BS	S	Т	W	I	A	Ld
Hellstrider	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7
Hellreaver	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	7
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemonic (Steed of Slaanesh only), Daemon of Slaanesh (Steed of Slaanesh only), Fast Cavalry, Mark of Slaanesh, Poisoned Attacks, (Steed of Slaanesh only).

Soul Hunters: When a unit of Hellstriders of Slaanesh destroys an enemy unit in close combat, through charging or pursuit, they gain a bonus special rule for the remainder of the game. The bonus gained depends on the number of units they have destroyed over the course of the battle, as described below. Note that the bonuses are cumulative and only affect the rider, not the mount.

Units	Bonus
Destroyed	
1+	Insensible to Agony: Ward save (4+).
2+	Fuelled by Pain: Devastating Charge.
3+	Intoxicating Delirium: Unbreakable.

Hellscourges: Hellscourges uses the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
Combat	As user	Always Strikes First

"...Revelling in perversity and debasement, twisted in mind and body, these insidious servants of the pleasure lord take delight in all manner of abominable and unclean deeds. Amassed on the field of battle, the electric colours of their contorted forms offend the eye as their diseased lewdness offends the mind. They have abandoned the last vestige of true decency, and sacrificed their humanity to serve the dark power of the master of carnal joys, spreading his corruption among the innocent."

– The Damnatory of Malifesne

FORSAKEN

Chaos Forsaken are frothing maniacs that howl and scream as they sprint pell-mell towards the enemy lines, mutated limbs flailing and distended jaws snapping like those of ravenous beasts. Though they were once proud and mighty Chaos Warriors, because of the severe mutations bestowed upon them they have become something less than human, with no more understanding of battlefield tactics than the hounds that gather around their bone-strewn lairs. Forsaken plunge headlong into battle without discipline or caution. They attack without heed for their own defence, a random mass of mutant appendages snapping in fury as they seek to tear their foes apart. These unfortunates have been literally forsaken by the gods, reduced to the level of animals that snarl and growl in a guttural parody of true language. Where they once killed in the name of martial ambition and the glory of the Dark Gods, they now kill because of a savage and unnatural hunger.

"Tendril, pinion, snapping claw, bladed limb and drooling maw..."

— The Ulfwerecant

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



grasping limbs that push out from the shattered remains of their once-prized Chaos armour. Some Forsaken manifest even more extreme mutations, their warped forms echoing their bestial minds; a sure sign that they are but one mutation away from suffering total degeneration into spawndom. They appear as nothing more than a vile fusion of nature at its worst melded with the disturbing forms of Chaos.

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

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

	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Forsaken	6	4	0	4	4	1	4	*	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Frenzy, Immunity (Psychology), Random Attacks (D3).

Freakish Mutations: If a unit of Forsaken are in base contact with one or more enemy units at the start of a Close Combat phase, roll a D6 on the table below. The effect lasts until the end of the Close Combat phase.

D6 Result

- 1 Slug Brains: All Forsaken in the unit is subject to the Always Strikes Last special rule
- 2 Razor Talons: All Forsaken in the unit have the Armour Piercing (1) special rule.
- 3 Lashing Tentacles: All Forsaken in the unit gain +2 to their Initiative.
- 4 Venomous Fangs: All Forsaken in the unit have the Poisoned Attacks special rule.
- 5 Healing Flesh: All Forsaken in the unit have the Regeneration (5+) special rule.
- 6 Decapitating Claws: All Forsaken in the unit have the Killing Blow special rule.

UPGRADES:

Forsaken of Khorne: Forsaken of Khorne have the Hatred special rule.

Forsaken of Tzeentch: Forsaken of Tzeentch have the Ward save (6+) special rule.

Forsaken of Nurgle: Forsaken of Nurgle have the Fear special rule.

Forsaken of Slaanesh: Forsaken of Slaanesh have the Swiftstride special rule.

FLAYERKIN

Flayerkin are creatures created under the combined influence of the Realm of Chaos and the Skaven of Clan Moulder. They are partially human, drawn from Northman stock before being subject to the process that transforms them into Flayerkin. Some Flayerkin arise through mutation, and others are created by barbaric surgery, crafted from a fusion of Chaos Marauder, Skaven and hell forged iron. Metal masks cover their faces, wickedly sharp hooks and iron claws have been grafted onto their arms in place of hands, and heavy iron chains hang from a plate fused to their spine.



These claws serve a dual purpose: First, they are extremely effective weapons to behead their foes as they are an extension of the Marauder's arms. Second, they allow the Flayerkin to gain purchase on nearly any vertical surface. In the armies of Chaos their purpose is to scale the walls of castles and fortified cities during sieges, hauling their chains up for other besiegers to climb. The chains fused to their spines ensure that even if they are killed while climbing up to a battlement, their comrades can scale the walls using the trail of their dangling corpses as a sort of organic siege ladder.



	M	WS							
Flayerkin	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7
Wallcreeper	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Scouts, Skirmishers, Will of Chaos.

Human Chains: Flayerkin may scale buildings and walls as if they were open terrain. In addition, they ignore penalties for fighting enemies behind defended obstacles.



Fenrik kicked lazily at the corpse of the creature they'd slain as it attempted to scale the battlements. Twe never seen anything like that a'fore." He stared at the mutant's hands. Or rather, he stared where the mutant's hands would have been had they not been replaced with wickedly-sharp hooks. Long chains trailed from the creature's waist. "Sergeant, 'ow do you think 'e goes to the privy wit' those things instead of 'ands?"

The corpse suddenly snapped back towards the top of the wall, wedging neatly between two of the crenellations, in a position that would have been excruciatingly painful had the creature not been very much dead. Bones snapped and sinew stretched to breaking. Something was climbing up the chain. Around them, the sounds of metal chipping into stone indicated that more of the strange creatures were climbing the walls.

"Looks like you'll 'ave the chance to ask 'em yerself. Sound the alarm!"

CHAOS CULTISTS

Cultists belonging to many covens convene in secret across the Empire, rarely representing a physical threat. They prefer to weaken and undermine an enemy rather than crush heads in open battle. They corrupt high society, infiltrating positions of authority or blackmailing and intimidating the powers that be into silence or staying their hand. Particularly powerful or well-established cults are often led by a magister, a highly dangerous individual with mastery of forbidden sorcery. Some cults worship the pantheon of Chaos as a whole, but others dedicate themselves wholly to a particular power and bear obvious signs of their allegiance.

It is the evil machinations of the Chaos cults, however, that are often hardest to oppose, as they strike at the heart of their enemies from within. Highly secretive, Chaos cultists and their fellow conspirators are difficult to identify as the promise of easy power can corrupt even the purest heart, irrespective of rank or nobility.

Chaos cultists rely on secrecy and deception, blending in with society and covering their tracks at every turn. They rarely stand out from the masses, seeming to be normal people in every way. Chaos cultists operating in the Empire are almost always human. Dwarfs and elves are particularly resistant to the lures of Chaos and seldom fall prey to its corruption. Humans by contrast are weaker in mind and body, and more vulnerable to temptation and mutation.

As with any follower of the Ruinous Powers, Chaos cultists often receive a blessing from their infernal masters in the form of a Mark of Chaos or mutation of some sort. They endeavour to cover up such blatant signs of their heresy in public, but revel in their unholy deformities at their cult's secret gatherings. Many Chaos cultists are physically weak by comparison to most warriors, relying on cunning and subtlety instead of brawn.

Chaos cultists are a different kind of threat than other enemies. They are the enemy within. Some cults may slowly scratch and claw at the pillars of society, until society falls in upon itself. Others insinuate themselves into positions of authority, seeking to change policy or subvert society one law at a time. Cultists are the thinking man's enemy. Each cult



may have ulterior motives that takes months, years, or perhaps even decades to fulfil. In the meantime, they are ready to manipulate, subvert, and corrupt those in their way. Cultists make excellent adversaries for investigation-based adventures, where the goals of the cult are slowly revealed over time.

The rank and file followers of a Chaos cult are often zealous and fanatic, willing to risk life and limb to further the goals of their cult. In fact, the death of ordinary cultists are often acceptable losses to the cult leaders, who won't balk at sending low-ranking members to their death to buy time or send a message. A confrontation with a cult leader and the inner circle of cultists can be the culmination of a long, involved investigation into the cult's activities.

The general, rank-and-file members of a cult may come from all walks of life. The temptation for power or knowledge is strong enough to lure a variety of different types of people. Most cult followers, or "Brethren", as they refer to one another, are slowly indoctrinated into the ways of the cult by seemingly innocuous or innocent rituals and celebrations, then are increasingly exposed to more nefarious rites and secrets. The most zealous and faithful cult followers may earn their patron power's stigmata and eventually become a cult mutant, while the most charismatic or conniving may one day rise to the rank of cult leader.

The Ruinous Powers may gift their followers with special blessings or marks to show their favour. Often, the frail body of a mortal cannot control the power of such blessings, and the body corrupts and mutates in response to these dark gifts. Followers who have been especially favoured by the Dark Gods or infused with Chaos bear a variety of bizarre, and often hideous, mutations —tentacles, weeping sores, eyes or orifices growing in unnatural places, and all manner of disturbing aberrations. No longer able to operate openly in public, these mutants often work behind the scenes, or lend strength and ferocity to more violent or confrontational acts performed by the cult.

Within each cult rises a member of unmatched zeal, towering charisma, or unwavering loyalty to his dark god. These individuals use their power and influence to advance the cult's goals and bid its followers to perform various duties. Some cult leaders exhibit burgeoning magical powers, allowing them to channel their dark gifts into sorcerous manifestations of Chaos. These dangerous individuals are known as Magisters. While most cult leaders are ultimately mere mortals, they make for formidable enemies when confronted alongside the followers and mutants under their sway.

When the armies of Chaos sweep down from the north, lower-ranking cultists often break their secrecy and join up with them. Wearing masks or hoods to conceal themselves, they are not very strong fighters, but can still cause a threat when showing up in large numbers to swell the forces of Chaos.

74 767	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Cultist		3							
Cult Leader	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ambushers, Expendable.

CHAOS WARSHRINES

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

Chaos Warshrines can vary wildly in design. Some are mere wagons, piled high with skulls, weapons and other offerings pleasing to their god, usually pulled into battle by snorting Chaos Steeds. No normal creatures these, for most are more Daemon than animal. Were they not securely chained to the Altar's carriage, they would undoubtedly charge off and wreak a trail of carnage before disappearing back into the wilderness. A Chaos Steed is goaded in the direction of the foe by its handlers, who not only defend the Warshrine from attack but also take those they strike down and sacrifice them upon its altar. As mortal souls are offered unto the gods, the Warshrine's warrior handlers implore the gods for their aid, bestowing their dark blessings on those who fight beside the Warshrine.

Other Warshrines are vast altars mounted atop iron platforms and borne aloft by mutant beasts that roam the Chaos Wastes, creatures whose misshapen, overmuscled bodies are evidence of the Dark Gods' favour. Regardless of who, or what, bears a Chaos Warshrine

into battle, these beasts of burden fight with unholy fervour, using their prodigious strength to lash out with fists, teeth and claws, striking down any who dare approach.

The shrine bearers are goaded towards the front lines by a Shrinemaster, who condemns the souls of the slain to the otherworldly beings of the Realm of Chaos. The prayers and sacrifices that are offered up are like sweet nectar to the Chaos Gods, and the air crackles with blasphemous power when they turn their glance towards the Warshrine. The presence of a Chaos Warshrine empowers the warriors that fight before it, the blessings of the Dark Gods manifesting in a perceivable aura around those nearby.

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

"From the frozen northern plains of Norsca we have marched. Riven by cold we tramped across the Great Ice Desert. Insane with bestial desire, we burned our way across Kislev and drove Duke Ivan back across the lakes of ice. How we howled with hate when the ice broke and his shattered army fell to their frozen doom! We drank deep and long from the tears of wailing women and gorged amidst a sea of bloated carcasses.

But this horror of blood is just a prelude! For ten years I fought my enemies and murdered my brothers for the right to lead this tortured army. For ten years more I searched the four corners of the wastes for recruits. This is no pillaging warband, its hunger sated by a few measly villages. This is an army of conquest! I shall not rest until I pick the Emperor's crown from his head, and thrust it into the fire of his burning palace!

You are my chosen army! Bathe deep in the blood of our enemies! To the warrior who brings me back the greatest number of heads, I promise a hundred captives for slaves or torture. To the warrior who brings me the head of Duke Ferdinand, I promise the eternal fire of glory at my right hand! Go! Kill!

NATIONAL PROPERTY.

"You may call us heathens, savages, even brutes, but we are the closest to the Gods. We see their work in all things. And we do not create new seemly Gods that conform with our hopes for the world."

Alakreiz, Kurgan Marauder

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Warshrine	6	-	-	-	5	5	-	-	-
Shrinemaster	-	5	3	4	-	-	4	2	8
Shrine Bearers	-	3	3	4	-	-	2	*	-

TROOP TYPE: Shrine (Armour Save 6+).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Large Target (5), *Random Attacks (D6+2), Ward Save (5+), Will of Chaos.

Giver of Glory: As mortal souls are offered to the Ruinous Powers, the Shrinemaster implores the Chaos Gods for their aid, bestowing their dark blessings onto nearby Champions.

If a friendly model or unit is within 12" of one or more Chaos Warshrines when they roll on the Eye of the Gods table, you may roll an additional D6 and discard a single dice of your choosing.





Favour of the Ruinous Powers: The Shrinemaster prays to the Dark Gods to bless his followers with the Favour of Chaos.

Innate bound spell (power level 3). Favour of the Ruinous Powers is an **augment** spell with a range of 18". However, if the Warshrine has been dedicated to a particular Chaos God, the Shrinemaster instead prays to their patron for their favour.

• Favour of Chaos: The Shrinemaster carves the symbol of Chaos into their chest, urging their followers to redouble their efforts and kill in the name of the Dark Gods.

Until the start of your next magic phase, the target unit can re-roll To Hit and To Wound rolls of 1.

• Favour of Khorne: Raising an axe in a whiteknuckled fist, the Shrinemaster leads their kin in a howl of battle-lust, urging them onward to spill the enemy's blood.

Warshrine with Mark of Khorne only. Until the start of your next magic phase, the target unit can re-roll all failed To Hit rolls.

• Favour of Nurgle: Cracking a rotting head open on the altar and feasting on the viscid matter within, the blades of the Shrinemaster's followers begin to ooze with foul contagions.

Warshrine with Mark of Nurgle only. Until the start of your next magic phase, the target unit can re-roll all failed To Wound rolls.

• Favour of Tzeentch: The Shrinemaster recites passages from a forbidden tome and the air turns thick with magical energy that deflects fatal blows.

Warshrine with Mark of Tzeentch only. Until the start of your next magic phase, the target unit gains the Ward save (6+) special rule, and may re-roll 1's when taking Ward saves.

• Favour of Slaanesh: The Shrinemaster casts sicklysweet incense into the shrine's braziers and lets out a sensuous cry, driving those nearby into frenzied, ecstatic bliss.

Warshrine with Mark of Slaanesh only. Until the start of your next magic phase, the target gains Immunity (Psychology) (units with Mark of Slaanesh becomes Unbreakable) and re-rolls failed charge and pursuit distances.

CHAOS WARHOUNDS

A thousand thousand packs of Chaos Hounds chase their prey across the Chaos Wastes and through the forests of the Old World. Their baying chills the heart and brings fear to the weak souls of mortal men. Their blood-red eyes glow with inner fire, and their blood burns with the taint of Chaos.

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

Chaos Hounds are powerful and ferocious creatures. They can be as much as eight feet long and have claws as sharp as swords and jaws full of huge, blood-stained fangs. Chaos Hounds are faultless trackers, and once they scent blood they will not abandon the chase. A hunt of Chaos Hounds is a fearsome sight indeed and few live to recount it.

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

Many Northmen tribes breed and train massive hounds for a variety of purposes, such as hunting and sport. Some Kurgan tribes delight in the spectacle of trained pit hounds fighting against bears, trolls and other creatures. Generations of selective breeding has created the most vicious and powerful hounds, which are more wolf than dog, and dedicated handlers rear these beasts to hunger for flesh and blood.

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

The bear roared with impotent rage as the Chaos Hounds tore another chunk from its hide. The Hounds were clearly toying with it. Each would dart in, snap at an unprotected piece of the bear's flesh and then jump back as the massive bear's claws swiped at empty space. The bear began to slow from the loss of blood and the mob surrounding the spectacle began to lose interest.

The Hounds' trainer barked out a guttural command and the Chaos Hounds suddenly pounced upon the wounded bear. The first Chaos Hound clamped its jaws around the bear's muzzle as the second opened the bear's belly up with a swipe of its razor-sharp claws. The bear whined piteously and died as the crowd went wild.

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

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

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

	M	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Chaos Warhound	7	4	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Vanguard.



SKIN WOLVES

Many are the foul cults of Chaos, and many are the dark horrors of twisted flesh and nightmares made real that the Ruinous Powers have visited upon the world; few though are as strange as the Skin Wolves of legend. In the far north among those who dwell in the shadow of Chaos, be they Norscan, Kurgan or Hung, as well as the shunned corners of the world where degenerates root and fester such as the Bone Hills of Estalia or the dire fens south of the Badlands, myths and bloody tales speak of the Skin Wolves. Witchcursed and Chaos-tainted, these men and women, halfferal and subject to savage appetites, carry within them a taint in the blood, a mutation that shows not readily as stigmata on their flesh, but slumbers within, a beast waiting to be unleashed by blood and unspeakable ritual.



When this horror is released, no mere transformation of man into beast is affected. Instead the humanoid wolfthing, lean and half-insane with insatiable hunger, rips its way fully formed from the body of the man, which is left little more than shredded flaps of skin and chunks of bloody gristle by the fleeing of the monster. It is these clinging shrouds of skin that give the beasts their common name. These frenzied creatures, whose packs are formed by kinship ties of bloodline and slaughter, care not what they kill in their bloodlust and

"To be chosen by Tchar to receive his blessing and thus becoming one of the Were is not a thing to be taken lightly. It is an honour beyond all others, though at times a heavy burden. Those marked with the strength to fully transform are always destined for lordship and greatness among my people. I received Tchar's touch upon me two winters after my beard had filled in. During a battle with some Graelings, I felt the urge to bury my teeth in my foe's throat and so I did. His warm blood coursed over my tongue, pouring down onto my armour and I howled my victory to the skies. It was only after he fell lifeless at my feet that I realised my jaw was a foot longer than it had been at the start of the fight to say nothing of the brown fur on my muzzle. The changes receded as the battle din faded, but now they come at my call. Some of the other Were have lost the ability to still walk as men, but not I. At least, not yet. Were who hear the call of the beast too strongly must be confined until they are needed. Perhaps one day I too will howl for blood from the high caves and await ever the chance to kill for my people, but not today.

- Sorgrim Olafsson, Bjornling Warrior

bear no loyalty to any master, save the Dark Gods themselves. So it is that only the most unscrupulous Wizard would seek to bind them to their will by Kadon's magic, and some that have done so have had cause to lament their choice of ally. Only once battle is spent and a Skin Wolf has glutted itself on the raw and dripping gore of its enemies will the terrible transformation be reversed and the bubbling and overworked flesh of the Skin Wolf collapse, then like a new-born the human must tear its way out of the monster it once was.

	M	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Skin Wolf	7	5	0	4	4	3	5	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Frenzy, Regeneration (5+), Will of Chaos.

UPGRADES:

Mark of Khorne: The unit's models gain the Strength Bonus (1) special rule when charging.

Mark of Tzeentch: The unit's Regeneration increases to (4+).

Mark of Nurgle: The unit's models gain the Poisoned Attacks special rule.

Mark of Slaanesh: The unit's models gain the Always Strikes First special rule.



CHAOS SPAWN

The Chaos Gods are generous but irresponsible with their favours. Gods cannot distinguish the difference in value of their gifts, or they simply have no interest in investigating the matter. When blessing one of his followers a Chaos God might inadvertently make him stronger, tougher, faster, astonishingly attractive, intelligent, or otherwise improve his lot. But the gift might equally well disadvantage the follower, making him weak, feeble-minded, or turning his body into a sluggish mound of flesh. The Gods of Chaos are also the gods of chance, and courting their favour is nothing if not risky.

Most Gifts of Chaos take the form of physical mutation. For example, iron hard skin might well make the recipient resistant to damage but it also covers him with a crust of scaly iron. The more gifts a creature has the more potentially disastrous their cumulative effect can be. Extreme mutations tend to affect the recipient in all kinds of unfortunate ways. If a follower acquires too many mutations he passes the point of no return and becomes a Chaos Spawn.

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



A warrior that is visited by too many gifts of the Dark Gods will eventually succumb to madness and mutation. His altered physique will reach a point where reason can no longer sustain it, and he will wail and scream in anguish as his flesh ripples, sprouts and writhes, undergoing the most profound and final of changes. A rare few retain just enough of their original forms to become truly horrific. Some unfortunates burst open like fleshy flowers, bloat like weekold corpses, or find tentacles and hairy arms that end in twisted mockeries of their own faces emerging from every orifice. Some grow into distended caricatures of beasts, with the heads of insects or predators pushing out from their chests and shoulders. Others find their rapidly swelling flesh covered in blisters and buboes that burst open to reveal great bloodshot eyeballs, horror and panic writ large in everyone. Upon the moment of devolution, the subject is wracked with agonising pangs as his body ripples and undulates. The pain is so great it destroys the mind, erasing nearly every memory, all emotion, and the capability of forming a coherent thought, leaving behind an unreasoning husk of flesh and sinew.

The outward appearance of a Chaos Spawn is utterly unpredictable. They vary from animal or man-size to huge monstrosities. Just as they vary in size, they also vary in shade an appearance, with bloated bodies, wriggling tentacles, writhing limbs, claws, fangs, spines and gibbering mouths being frequent, although seldom found in the same place twice. They may have several sets of limbs, bizarre attributes like crab claws, a chitinous carapace, tattered but useless wings, eye stalks, a long flexible neck, or a gaping maw full of needle-like teeth. Many can spurt acid, mucous, fire, boiling excrement or other vile fluids from one or more orifices. Truly the beasts known as Chaos Spawn have a thousand faces and forms. The only thing that unites them is the repugnance of their new flesh. Such gross distortions of form may sometimes leave a mind intact and knowing, but mercifully this is not likely.

This new life, so casually granted by the Gods of Chaos, is always a short and painful one. Usually Chaos Spawn will die under the strain of their own twisted bodies within hours of their creation, but some survive, doomed to roam the Chaos Wastes as babbling monsters. It is the fate of the Chaos Spawn to die, either on the field of battle by axe or sword, torn apart in the wilds by a creature even more savage and desperate, or literally ripped asunder by the wild Chaos energies that course through its tortured body. It amuses the Chaos gods to bring Chaos Spawn onto the battlefield where they might vaguely remember their former glory and power. Such is the reward of Chaos.

Any follower of Chaos can find himself heading towards spawndom. Even a Chaos Champion who enjoys the favour of his god is likely to suffer this fate. A champion who does not earn himself the ultimate reward of daemonic immortality will certainly become Spawn unless he dies first. Such is the lot of the Chaos Champion: he is destined for everlasting diabolic glory or an ignominious end as a mindless dribbling

"Though the gates that stand between the mortal world and the immortal Realm of Chaos are now closed to me, still I would rather die having glimpsed eternity than ever to have stirred from the cold furrow of mortal life. I embrace death without regret as I embraced life without fear."

— Unknown Chaos Spawn

monster, his former intelligence having long since been sacrificed to his unholy ambition. Many a champion of great promise has ended up as a seething mound of bone and flesh, monstrously distorted and screaming with insane rage.

To many Northmen this is seen as a great favour, for the Champion becomes a true creature of Chaos, warped beyond recognition, no longer fettered by mortal concerns of self-preservation, loyalty or even anything more than instinct. Spawn are not often exiled from their tribe, but instead allowed to make their lairs nearby. Their relatives usually bring them bloody hunks of meat and even mead to sustain them.

They are seen as useful but expendable assets by the warlords and champions of the Chaos gods. In battle the Spawn are released as beasts of war, shambling and lurching towards the enemy lines, sometimes slowly, sometimes with terrifying bursts of speed. They fall upon the enemy with desperate energy, moaning and roaring in a mixture of rage and forlorn hope that a clean blow will put them out of their misery. Having no mind or self-will, a Spawn has no comprehension of danger and will keep attacking until it is slain. Retreat is unthinkable to a Spawn, for the sword blows of the enemy are as a blissful release compared to the pain it feels inside. Those who witness the rampage of a Spawn and survive would do well to heed the message it brings: that worship of the Dark Gods will lead to little more than pain, humiliation and death.

il.	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Chaos Spawn	*	3	0	4	5	3	2	*	10

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: *Random Attacks (D6+1), *Random Movement (2D6), Unbreakable.

GIANT CHAOS SPAWN

Some Chaos Spawn have a peculiar sensitivity to magic, feeding off it and absorbing its power until they grow to many times their original size. These Giant Chaos Spawn are truly vast creatures. Once they gain momentum, they are nigh unstoppable and even more unpredictable than their smaller kin. A Giant Chaos Spawn has no way of unleashing the magical energy stored up in its body, and its unspeakably twisted frame can only contain so much mystic energy before it explodes with an ear-splitting (and distinctly soggy) roar.

	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Giant Chaos Spawn	*	4	0	5	6	5	2	*	10

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: *Random Attacks (2D6), *Random Movement (3D6), Unbreakable.

"I have fought in countless battles. At first, it is the din of war that unsettles you — the hiss of arrows, the clash of steel on steel. Yet the noise I can never grow inured to is the sound of those loathsome Spawn. Even I still shudder at their roar."

— Valmir von Raukov, Elector Count of Ostland

UPGRADES:

Spawn of Nurgle: This Chaos Spawn secretes foul slime that scorches the ground in its wake. It also has an abundance of lashing tentacles and rasping tongues that carry the terrifying disease known as Neiglish Rot.

A Spawn of Nurgle has the Poisoned Attacks special rule.

Spawn of Slaanesh: The Spawn of Slaanesh are characterised by their long sinuous bodies and abundance of writhing tentacles. In battle, these creatures race towards their enemies to rip them apart with their hooked appendages.

A Spawn of Slaanesh rolls an additional D6 for their Random Movement result.

Spawn of Khorne: Chaos Spawn favoured by Khorne are masses of muscle and tendons, with pulsing veins and whip-cord sinew. Fitted with several sets of massive jaws and tails that end in razor-sharp spurs, they are capable of tearing a man apart in moments.

A Spawn of Khorne has +1 Strength.

Spawn of Tzeentch: Of all the Chaos Spawn, the Spawn of Tzeentch are the strangest. These creatures constantly undergo physical changes, cycling through all the colours and a variety of shapes. Their skin blisters into eyes, maws sprout on the ends of limbs, and from their many orifices burn pale flames, exploding out in screaming tongues of violet, blue, and red bursts.

A Spawn of Tzeentch has a Strength 3 Breath Weapon that has the Flaming Attacks special rule.



CHAOS TROLLS

Chaos Trolls are hideous and malformed monsters whose lack of intelligence is as legendary as their great strength. Chaos Trolls are greatly feared because of their unthinking ferocity and indiscriminate appetites. Trolls tower over normal men – it is said that the largest of Trollkind can swallow an ox whole – and when roused their bestial wrath is terrifying to behold. They roam the northern wastes, preying on isolated villages and travellers. Many a Northman has returned home from the hunt to find his settlement torn to pieces and a Troll gorging itself on the remnants of his family. Nonetheless, one who has lost his kin to a Troll attack will often hunt down the beast in its lair, armed only with fire and steel. Such are the ways of the north.

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



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

The indomitable constitution of these monsters makes them the perfect clay for the mutating energies of Chaos. Like all their kind, Trolls have powerful regenerative abilities. Lost limbs and even heads can be grown back in a short time. However, Trollflesh is extremely susceptible to the mutating power of Chaos, and northern Trolls who have lurked too close to the Realm of Chaos will not regenerate their flesh in the same form as their previous incarnation, but will instead sprout a new limb, a screaming maw or an even stranger mutation from every new wound. So it is that the oldest Trolls of the north are true monsters whose flesh plays host to dozens of moaning heads and grasping claws. They are just one of the monstrous creatures that the Chaos armies make use of when opportunity permits. Chaos Warlords recruit such Trolls whenever possible. While they may be dim, their capacity for destruction is impressive.

	M	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Chaos Troll	6	3	0	5	4	3	1	3	6

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Natural Armour (6+), Regeneration (4+), Stupidity.

Troll Vomit: Instead of attacking normally, the whole unit can choose to vomit on the enemy. Each model inflicts one automatic Strength 5 hit which Ignores Armour Saves.

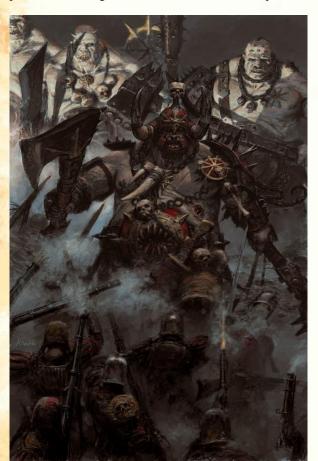
"Chaos Trolls are highly honoured in the eyes of the Changer of the Ways, for rarely does any creature combine mutation with such natural size, power, and sheer vitality. Yes, a Chaos Giant may be larger, but a Chaos Troll is so brim-full of life and energy as to be almost impossible to kill. Knock it down, and it comes back stronger and angrier than ever. Much like Chaos itself."

Drakar Neth Shyish, the Fist of Chen, also known as Drakar the Questioner

CHAOS OGRES

Ogres are brutal, frightening, muscle-bound thugs to whom only two things really matter – fighting and eating. They roam the world over, picking on anything smaller than them or hiring out their services as mercenaries in exchange for weaponry and copious amounts of food. Though they have the basic form of a man, Ogres are twice as tall, often with a hanging belly and far more savage in appearance. They have massive, muscular frames and thick bony foreheads. The clenched fist of an Ogre is larger than a man's head and its grip is vice-like and tenacious. Big, strong and ugly, they have a reputation for breaking bones as easily as twigs. They are often thought rather stupid by other races, who quite rightly assume that all the Ogres care about is filling their guts. Though it is true that Ogres never grasp the finer parts of military strategy, their brute strength and instinctive cunning more than makes up for their lack of wit.

Ogres have their own society, language and customs, stemming from the Mountains of Mourn in the east. They have a natural wanderlust, and whole tribes frequently migrate and roam the Chaos Wastes. There they fight against the northern tribes and the more fantastical denizens of that realm, testing their mettle and expanding their diet to include some truly unusual meals. If a group of Ogres is impressed by the savagery and skill of a northern tribe, they may join them for a time, or even become a permanent part of their army. Ogres are not creatures of Chaos, but like the Humans they resemble, they can turn to the worship of the Dark Gods, casting their lots in with the hordes of Chaos for promise of plunder and killing, as eternal battle are a sore temptation



to them. The alliance between an Ogre and his Chaos masters is one of mutual convenience, for both factions revel in mayhem and destruction. The warbands of Chaos are ideal for the Ogres to indulge their appetites, and they are often seen accompanying the hordes of warriors and beasts that make up the armies of the Ruinous Powers.

Ogres are tough creatures who neither need nor desire the comforts of civilized living. They prefer to avoid cities and towns, and make their camps among the rocky mountains. Ogres are numerous in the north, and many tribes make their home in the crags and hills of the Troll Country. The Ogres of the north are, if possible, even more brutal and violent than their southern cousins. Although Ogres are naturally resistant to mutation, the baleful energies that spill out of the rift at the top of the world are strong indeed. As a result, the Ogres that stray into the far north are warped and twisted in the manner of all creatures that dwell in the Wastes. Ogres do not see this as a bad thing – far from it in fact, for the mutations usually increase their prowess on the battlefield or in the feast hall. An extra head is an opportunity to devour twice as much food, a growling, snapping maw in the stomach speeds up the whole eating process considerably, and a new arm or tentacle can only help the Ogre catch his prey in the first place.

Promises of eternal conflict are a sore temptation to the Ogre race. Though the Dark Gods prefer the race of Men as their playthings, some Ogres earn their favour with their prowess in battle, for a group of these towering brutes charging into the enemy like living battering rams and lashing out with gigantic great-axes, clubs and cleavers is an impressive sight.

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

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

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES:

Ogre Charge: Chaos Ogres have the Impact Hits (1) special rule. A unit of Chaos Ogres adds its current Rank Bonus to the Strength of any Impact Hits they inflict.

"These Chaos lads is a bit of a bore. They don't know nothin' bout throwin' a true feast. They's all hungry and lean lookin'. If they didn't always know where to find a good scrap, an' their coin weren't quite so bright, I wouldn't even bother wit' em."

— Grumatt, Chaos Ogre

DRAGON OGRES

The fabled Dragon Ogre, at a cursory glance, appears to be a composite creature, similar to Centigors with the lower half similar to some great reptile, hence the Dragon component of their name. It has four powerful legs that end in sharp, black, curving claws. The trunk, while scaly, is a pale pink, spotted with green blobs. It grows thick fur to protect its tender places. A long, spiked tail whips about it, presumably to drive off the flies that seem to be drawn to their stink. The other half of their form is the head, arms, and torso of some Daemonic man. The forelimbs of a Dragon Ogre have hands which can grasp weapons and fashion armour. Their heads are brutish and Ogre-like, with massive jaws and large spiny teeth. Only in the loosest meaning is there anything akin to an Ogre in the appearance – at most it can be attributed to the size. Instead, it has strong reptilian features, a maw filled with fangs, and red slits for eyes. Some wear helmets and armoured plates decorated with icons of Chaos, and their axes can easily lop a man in two.

Dragon Ogres are said to be amongst the most ancient of all the world's living creatures, having walked the earth when the Gate of Heaven still remained intact. According to legend they are the enemies of the great drakes that lived under the volcanic mountains of the world. It is said they preyed on Mankind long before the Chaos gateways unleashed their curse upon the world. Known in the Dark Tongue by a multitude of names, including Shartaks, Sharunocks and Garthors, the Dragon Ogres are beings of mystery even to the warriors they fight alongside. The Beastmen and cultists of the Dark Gods call them by a variety of other names as well, for they play a part in many legends of those who follow Chaos.

The Dragon Ogre race's incredible longevity, as with almost all things supernatural, is the work of the Gods of Chaos. Legends claim these rare beasts are kin to Dragons. Aeons ago the elders of their race made a pact with the Ruinous Powers, embracing damnation in order to save themselves from a slow decline into extinction. They were given eternal life, and in return, the entire Dragon Ogre race put themselves at the command of the Dark Gods. Since that day the Dragon Ogres have carved their names across the ages as immortals who can only die in battle, living legends that rouse themselves only in the name of destruction. At least such are the legends, culled from the records of the ancients of Lustria and reported by bold explorers amongst the fallen ruins of that land and its strange cold-blooded people. In any event, the Dragon Ogres are uncommon, only emerging when called by the Dark Gods to wage war against Mankind.

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

"You have new toys since last I strode the world. New devices to deal out death. How wonderfully inventive you Humans are. Now let me show you some old fashioned slaughter and we will judge between the two."

- Brozak, Dragon Ogre

Though they have lived for an age, Dragon Ogres slumber in deep caves throughout the northern reaches of the World's Edge Mountains, awakened only by the thunder caused by the largest storms. Dragon Ogres spend much of their time asleep, as they find the sun's warmth soporific. They believe that the thunder is the Chaos Gods summoning them to war and according to their ancient pact those that are awakened by a storm rise and prepare for battle.



"We ruled this domain before you race was born. We shall still rule it when you are but a distant memory. Long have we fought for the dark forces you call your gods. It would be grave error to take us for servants simply because we have common cause in their name."

- Rakranos the Ancient

On cold winter nights terrible storms assail the mountains of the northern Old World. When the air itself crackles, the Dragon Ogres that slumber under the mountains stir as their dreaming minds hear echoed in the thunder the roar of the Chaos Gods calling them to task, and come to life. They believe that the thunder is the Chaos Gods summoning them to war and according to their ancient pact those that are awakened by a storm rise and prepare for battle. The louder the thunder and more ferocious the tempest, the more Dragon Ogres rise from their deathly slumber. A small storm may wake many Dragon Ogres, but only a storm of immense power can stir the oldest and most powerful of these beasts. Beneath the mountain peaks of the north there may be creatures that have not awaken for hundreds or even thousands of years.

As lightning bolts pour out of the skies, the Dragon Ogres answer the call to war. They scale mountain and glacier with their iron-hard claws, hacking at each other with ancient axes and battling to reach the highest eyries and peaks from which to absorb lightning strikes. They do this in order to bathe in lightning, rejoicing in the raw forces of nature as they raise their weapons to the skies, for it is the storm that invigorates them and extend their lives for another century or so, and fills them with deadly energy for the coming battle. Travellers, having taken shelter in some cave or hollow, might see the battling creatures silhouetted against the raging night by lightning flashes.



Once stirred, the Dragon Ogres descend from their reclusive mountain homes or from their hidden lairs in the Chaos Wastes to lead Warbands of Beastmen into battle. Such instances are thankfully rare. As fierce as they are, Dragon Ogres are loath to lay down their ancient lives and will retreat if a battle is going against them. Though they will bow before their infernal masters, they refuse to serve Daemons lest they risk their immortal soul.

The Dragon Ogres look forward to a time when their eternal bondage will end with the destruction of the world by Chaos. Amid the lightning and thunder of the apocalypse they believe their entire race will awake, and even dead Dragon Ogres will rise from their graves. Until then, these creatures bring death to the enemies of Chaos in preparation for the End Times, hewing bodies with every sweep of their blades and swipe of their monstrous claws.

	\mathbf{M}	WS							
Dragon Ogre	7	4	2	5	5	4	2	3	8
Shartak	7	4	2	5	5	4	2	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Immunity (Lightning Attacks), Natural Armour (5+).

"Of all the creatures of this world, they are the eldest, predating even the mighty Dragons. The first of their kind to draw breath was Krakanrok the Black, who arose from a primordial swamp over a thousand years before the Old Ones found this sphere. I have not had the honour of meeting him, but I'm reliably told that each of his foreclaws is as large as a warhorse and when he takes a full breath, all within a hundred paces fall unconscious due to the lack of air, as it is all sucked into his titanic lungs. There has never been a new Shartak born since the dawn on which they successfully bargained for their 'immortality' with the Gods. The very lighting that fuels their bodies has rendered them infertile. Knowing my Lord as much as any mortal can, I suspect he deemed it a grand jest, forcing them to trade one sort of longevity for another, but I digress. What is important to know is that they are ancient beyond Human reckoning and their wisdom is vast. Even as they dream down the long ages, their spirits wander learning much of the world. When they finally rise at the thunder's call, they are often amazingly well informed of current events before being told. My fourth tutor, a being I honour before all others save one, was a Shaggoth named Tirsoknaia. He told me that his people hold their dreams to be their reality and regard the brief years they are forced to stay awake as their dreams. They are capable of committing horrifying deeds and legendary feats without hesitation as they go about our world, for the rest of us are deemed to be mere figments of their imagination."

Dr. Athren Abolas, Facilitator of Change

DRAGON OGRE SHAGGOTHS

It is believed the only way a Dragon Ogre can die is through death in battle, and so long as they can draw lightning into their aged forms, they can refresh themselves, sustaining their lives indefinitely. The older the Dragon Ogre, the larger and more powerful it grows, and so the most ancient of this race are enormous beasts of incredible power.

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

A Shaggoth is a towering mountain of muscle and rage, reinforced by the power of the raging storm. Its quadrupedal lower half is like unto that of a dragon; steel of sinew and sharp of talon, and clad in a shimmering coat of scales harder than any metal. A Shaggoth's rugged torso is broad and muscular, and its heavily-thewed arms are as thick as tree trunks. From its bestial head flows a mane of snow-matted hair so thick that frost-spites clamber and chatter within. Clad in scraps of armour that carry the patina of centuries, a Shaggoth goes to war carrying a vast axe that would take a dozen men to lift, and all who stand before them are slain with blade and claw. When its wrath is raised, lightning crackles within the Shaggoth's eyes and mouth, and thunder rumbles in its throat. The eldest and most primal Dragon Ogre Shaggoths are truly titanic. As a Dragon Ogre ages it becomes ever larger, continuing to increase in size as the

centuries pass by. As long as there is lightning to refresh its body and revitalise its mind, there is no limit to its size. It is thought that only death in battle can destroy a Dragon Ogre, for otherwise they will survive until the end of time.

Alive before the Elves had mastered the written word, before the first greenskins crawled out of their caves, perhaps even before the Old Ones themselves visited the world, the oldest Shaggoths have persisted and grown larger with their corruption. During the Great War against Chaos, there are rumours that these beasts towered over the forest canopy and even the towers of ill-fated Praag. Such is the horror of the Shaggoths that the sire of the Dragon Ogre race, Krakanrok the Black, is said to be the size of a mountain.

Only the mightiest of thunderstorms can awaken a Dragon Ogre Shaggoth, and it is fortunate for the Old World that such ferocious tempests are rare. However, with each passing year the storm clouds grow a little blacker, and legend has it that when the End Times come, a storm will break of such apocalyptic magnitude that even Krakanrok the Black will emerge from his ten-thousand-year slumber when the earth is spilt apart by the lightning and broken by the thunder to lead his people in the final battle to visit his fury upon the world. Tales like this are surely exaggerated, but illustrate the sheer terror that these mighty, and exceedingly rare, creatures cause in their foes.

Fiercely independent, a Shaggoth will not swear fealty to a daemonic master, for he is in thrall to the gods themselves and believes that to bind himself to a Daemon will risk what remains of his soul. Still, Shaggoths are intelligent and cunning in their own fashion, and when called they keep their part of the bargain with the Ruinous Powers by visiting destruction upon the enemies of Chaos. So it is that Shaggoths will leave their mountain realms and head south into the Old World when the forces of disorder are on the march, legends springing up in their wake.

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

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Immunity (Lightning Attacks, Psychology), Natural Armour (5+).

"Another age turns and once more, the world is hung in the balance. Once again, my brethren must fight and die for a cause that means little to us. Long ago we made our decision and there is no changing it. But the long years have worn me, as the tide shatters the shore, and sometimes I grow weary of the endless battle. What is more, I now wonder if it truly was our decision. I've seen enough to know how manipulative the Architect of Fate can be. I suppose it matters not. In truth, the only time I truly feel alive is when I face a foe capable of killing me."

– Enrinsorga, Dragon Ogre Shaggoth

GIANT SPINED CHAOS BEAST

Many horrors too foul to name spill from the Chaos Wastes. They are the foul abomination of Chaos, creatures taken by the dark gods and corrupted for their entertainment or possessed by ravenous daemons. Many horrible creatures have been altered by the mutating powers of Chaos and the Giant Spined Beast is one such monstrosity. It is a foul, four-legged beast that prowls the strangely lit wastelands near the great Chaos rift seeking to vent the all-consuming rage of its pained existence upon anything that it can see or scent. Tormented and driven insane by its new hideous form, its soul driven by the base desires of the daemon within, the Chaos Beast seeks only to kill before being slain in its turn. Chaos Beasts come in many forms, but each is a creature of muscles, sinew, fangs and claws, with only one thought driving it, to charge headlong into the enemy, tearing and goring a bloody path across the battlefield.



The Giant Spined Beast is similar to a Chaos Hound, only grown to insane proportions in that magic-soaked realm. The beast's skin seems stretch too far and it frequently tears, ripped asunder by the sudden growth of newly forming muscles or spiny protrusions. Such rapid development exposes glistening raw tendons and angry new layers of skin, reknitting anew over the gaping holes. The Giant Spined Beast takes its name from the bony protrusions that sprouts from its hide, new spikes regularly bursting forth. The creature's interlocking sabre-like teeth can also be seen growing, brutally jutting out of the Giant Spined Beast blooddripping maw. In a span of moments, each fang expands until it is taller than a man, before it is painfully pushed out by a newly emerging fang, which repeats the process. Constantly howling, the monster shudders in pain-wracked agony. The throbbing ache only subsides when the Giant Spined Beast kills – so its keen nostrils constantly sniff for the scent of potential victims. It can swallow a man whole, but against larger quarry the Giant Spined Beast will dig in deeply with its great fangs before viciously shaking its head, so that its locked jaws twist free, they will be accompanied by a vast hunk of flesh from the sundered victim.

"We can't stand before that abomination!" In the name of Sigmar, where are my cannons!"

— Last words of Count Erich von Wittengast

 M
 WS
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 Giant Spined Beast
 7
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TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Frenzy, Impact Hits (D6), Regeneration (5+).

UPGRADES:

Beast of Khorne: A Beast of Khorne has +1 Strength.

Beast of Tzeentch: A Beast of Tzeentch has a Ward save (6+).

Beast of Nurgle: A Beast of Nurgle has the Poisoned Attacks special rule.

Beast of Slaanesh: A Beast of Slaanesh has +2 to its Initiative.





CHAOS GIANTS

All Giants are monstrous humanoids, as tall and strong as ten men with a prodigious appetite for violence. The only thing they love more than alcohol is battle, and they are almost always drunk, fighting or both at the same time. Giants are loud, coarse, violent and often stupid, but they are able to lay waste to whole regiments when the mood takes them, smashing foes with fists and crude clubs and crushing them beneath their massive feet.

Giants are encountered far more frequently in the north than in other areas of the Old World. They are more fond of the cold, rocky climes of the Troll Country and Norsca than they are of the forests of the Empire. Although they will occasionally descend from lairs in the Worlds Edge or Middle Mountains to join bands of Orcs or Beastmen, it is far more usual to encounter them raiding from the north, either alone or with warbands of fellow marauders. There is little besides the thrill of combat and vast barrels of ale that a Giant requires from a Champion of Chaos whose band he joins, and as long as enough livestock and villagers can be found to feed the Giant without recourse to him devouring other members of the warband, he will be welcomed in any Chaos army.



Some Giants, especially those who make their homes far to the north where Norsca begins to give way to the Chaos Wastes, are warped still further by the power of Chaos. The mutations caused by the influence of the Dark Powers are even more terrifying when displayed by such monstrous creatures, and Giants moulded by Chaos into even more fearsome shapes can turn the bravest warrior to flight.

Chaos Giants are the most variable of their kind, and can be found in a bizarre array of shapes, forms and hues that range from slightly sickening to outrageously offensive to the eyes. There are many large and lumbering beasts in the far north, and although the Giants of the Troll Country and Norsca are true – albeit warped – Giants, what those creatures are who live further toward the pole, in the Chaos Wastes, is debateable. Some are men or other smaller races swollen by untamed magic to massive size, others are less identifiable, huge quivering masses of random body parts that could once have been a Giant; but could well have been something else.

Chaos Giants are single-minded engines of destruction, as dedicated to murder and mayhem as Champions of Chaos themselves. Chaos Giants are most often encountered in the far north of the world, being fond of the cold, rocky climes, and many find themselves in service to a warband, either for their fill of fresh meat and strong alcohol, or for the promise of slaughter and battle. A swearing, bellowing monstrosity that revels in displays of immense strength, a Chaos Giant is only content when it is crushing people beneath its enormous cloven hooves or smashing a battle line apart single-handedly. No wonder these creatures are favoured by the Chaos Gods, for they are annihilation incarnate.

Chaos Giants are instinctively drawn to those who bear the favour of the Dark Gods, perhaps because the corpses are always thick on the ground in the company of such individuals. A Chaos Giant has the intelligence to recognise friend from foe, but little else, and it certainly has no real concept of obeying the orders of anything smaller than itself. Things such as tactics and strategy just confuse a Giant, who goes to battle primarily to kill and to feed, for a Giant can eat a dozen humans and still not be sated. When a Chaos Giant has ploughed into the enemy ranks, it is as likely to grab a foe and store him somewhere for a later meal as it is to lay about itself with a jagged menhir or massive bladestudded tree trunk. Regardless of its whim, a Chaos Giant's attacks are always devastating.

	M	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Giant	6	3	0	6	6	6	3	*	10

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Immunity (Psychology), Stubborn.

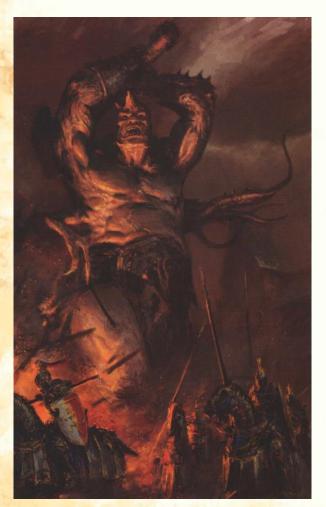
Fall Over: Giants are ungainly and frequently befuddled, as a consequence of which they often fall down. They are especially prone to this if they've been raiding the local breweries, which isn't altogether uncommon.

A Giant must test to see whether it falls over if any of the following apply:

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

To see if a Giant falls over roll a D6. On a roll of 1, the Giant falls over. A slain Giant falls over automatically.

To determine in which direction the Giant falls, roll a scatter dice. Place the small template in base contact with the Giant in the direction of the scatter dice, measured from the centre of the Giant's base. A model hit by a falling Giant suffers a Strength 6 Hit with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. If the unit is in combat and the Giant has fallen over whilst attempting to Jump Up and Down, wounds inflicted by a falling Giant count towards the combat result.



A Giant that falls over automatically suffers 1 wound. If the Giant is in combat then this wound counts towards combat resolution.

Once on the ground, a Giant may get up in his following Movement phase, but may not move in the Movement phase that turn. Whilst on the ground a Giant may not attack, but he can still defend himself after a fashion so the enemy must still roll to score hits on him. If forced to flee whilst on the ground the Giant is slain – the enemy swarm over him and cut him to pieces. If the Giant gets the opportunity to pursue his foes whilst he's on the ground he stands up instead. A Giant may attack in close combat as usual on the turn he stands up.

*Giant Special Attacks: Giants do not attack in the same way as other creatures. They are far too large and fractious to take orders and much too scatter-brained to have any sort of coherent plan.

To determine what happens in each Close Combat phase, pick a unit in base contact with the Giant and roll a D6 on one of the following tables. Which table you use depends on the size of the Giant's victim. If no suitable target is in base contact, roll again on the chart until you get another result.

Man-sized Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting Infantry, Cavalry, War Beasts or Swarms.

D6 Result

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

Big Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting Monsters, Monstrous Beasts, Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Cavalry, Chariots, War Machines, and Shrines.

D6 Result

- 1 Yell and Bawl
- 2-4 Thump with Club
- 5-6 'Eadbutt

"The beast was even filthier than a normal Giant and he reeked of death and rot. Distended organs glistened as they peeked through ragged rents in his flesh like ghastly marionettes behind a pale curtain. 'Undreds of corpse-white maggots swarmed from these gashes as a death shroud of flies surrounded his head. 'E swung 'is great club and sent bodies flyin high into the air. Where a normal Giant would have bellowed, this one spewed a stream of caustic vomit that caused boils to form on the skin of anyone it touched. Within seconds, the boils would burst, spewing virulent streams of blood and pus as the unfortunate man died screaming."

- Helmut Hinkel, Knight of the Blazing Sun



Swing with Club: The Giant swings its club across the enemy's ranks. The Giant fights using the Random Attacks (2D6) special rule this round.

Yell and Bawl: The Giant yells and bawls at the enemy. This is not a pleasant experience, as Giants are deafeningly loud and tend towards poor oral hygiene. Neither the Giant nor models in contact with it actually fight if they have not already done so this round. The Giant automatically wins the combat by 2 points or more. This result has no effect against Animated Constructs.

Thump with Club: The Giant brings down its club on a single model from the target unit that is in base contact. The target may attempt to avoid the blow by passing an Initiative test (use the lowest if the model has several different values). If the test is failed, the model takes 2D3 wounds which Ignores Armour Saves. If a double is rolled the Giant's club embeds itself in the ground and the Giant cannot attack at all in the following round of the same combat whilst it recovers its weapon.

Eadbutt: The Giant head-butts a single enemy model from the target unit, automatically inflicting D3 wounds which Ignores Armour Saves. If the victim is wounded but not slain, then it is dazed and loses all of its following attacks. If the target has not yet attacked in that combat round, it loses those attacks; if it has already attacked, then it loses the next round's attacks.

Jump Up and Down: The Giant jumps up and down vigorously on top of the enemy. Before it starts, the Giant must test to determine if it falls over (see previous page). If it falls over, work out where it falls and calculate damage as already described. Any wounds caused by the fall (on either side) count towards the combat result. If the Giant remains on its none-too-nimble feet, it will inflict two Stomp attacks.

Giants enjoy jumping up and down on their enemies so much that a Giant that does so in one combat round will automatically do so in the following round if it is able to, assuming that it did not fall over in the previous round. A Giant that starts to Jump Up and Down will therefore continue to do so on the same target until it falls over, the target is destroyed, or the combat ends.

Pick Up and...: The Giant stoops down and grabs a single Character in base contact from the target unit (Giant player's choice). The Giant grabs the model and the player rolls a D6 to see what happens next:

D6 Result

- 1 Stuff into Bag. The Giant stuffs the victim into its bag along with sheep, cows and other plunder. The model is effectively removed as a casualty and can do nothing whilst in the bag, but if the Giant should be slain, any enemy trapped in its bag are freed at the end of the battle, and no longer counts as casualties.
- 2 Throw Back into Combat. The victim is hurled into its own unit like a living missile. The victim suffers D3 Strength 6 Hits which Ignores Armour saves, and D6 Strength 3 hits are inflicted on the unit (save as normal).
- 3 Hurl. The victim is hurled into an enemy unit within 12" of the Giant randomly determine which. The victim is removed as a casualty, and the unit takes D6 Strength 3 hits. Unsaved Wounds from these hits count towards the Giant's combat result. If no enemy units are in range, treat this as a Throw Back into Combat result instead.
- 4 **Squash.** This doesn't really bear thinking about. Suffice to say the model is removed as a casualty.
- **Eat.** The Giant gobbles its victim up, swallowing it whole. The model is removed as a casualty.
- 6 Pick Another. The Giant hurriedly stuffs the victim into its bag or under its shirt (or down its trousers if they're really unlucky). Treat the attack as if the Giant had rolled the Stuff into Bag result above, and then choose another victim. Roll again on this table to see what the Giant does with it.

UPGRADES:

Giant of Khorne: A Giant of Khorne has +1 Strength.

Giant of Tzeentch: A Giant of Tzeentch has a Ward save (6+).

Giant of Nurgle: A Giant of Nurgle has +1 Toughness.

Giant of Slaanesh: A Giant of Slaanesh has +1 Initiative and the Unbreakable special rule.

CHAOS WAR MAMMOTH

Of all the terrible beasts that roam the wastes of the uttermost north, few are as dangerous as the great prime val creatures tainted by Chaos, and known to the scholars or the Old World as Mammoths. These massive creatures are capable through sheer bulk and roused fury of demolishing buildings, trampling forests flat and crushing anything smaller than themselves (which is just about anything alive) into an unrecognizable, bloody smear. Although not actually evil as such, they are entirely belligerent and uncaring beasts that cut a swathe of destruction wherever they go, a factor magnified a thousand-fold by the fact that when they have young they travel in communal family herds, are fiercely territorial and respond to any other creature that manages to gather their notice by smashing it into the ground, or if it is a large enough monster in its own right, impaling it with huge tusks the size of mighty tree trunks.

The approach of a War Mammoth begins as a distant rumbling, like thunder over the horizon. Yet, growing steadily louder, the booming thud of the beast's approach causes the ground to tremble in rhythm to the four-legged strides until, at least, the gargantuan creature towers above. The War Mammoth is like unto a living mountain, a woolly colossus bedecked with an elephantine trunk and great curved tusks.

War Mammoths travel the snow-covered steppes of the farthest north, sweeping their tusks to expose the twisted grasses and small creatures that live below. A beast of such size consumes vast amounts of food, and over time has ingested great quantities of Chaos tainted material. Over the years, the mutating effects have

Although his eyes were closed, Tashnar, Chaos
Sorcerer and follower of the Changer of the Ways,
felt the waves of energy cascading around him. He
could feel, rather than see the surging multi-coloured
winds of power. He used this force to stretch out his
mind to scour the wastes, seeking for a bestial
presence.

After watching the sorcerer sway, chant and read aloud from a scroll in a language he didn't understand, Lord Valstag the Slaughterer lost all patience. 'We go to battle beneath the swirling clouds for there is power to be seized — yet you tell me to wait? I will wait no longer! What use is your magic, it is axes that win the day!" bellowed the warrior lord to the cheers of his followers.

Tashnar broke his trance and turned to face Valstag.
'The creature I have summoned is here, my Lord.'
Even as the sorcerer spoke, the ground trembled and the ranks of barbaric warriors parted with an overawed silence. The War Mammoth halted before Tashnar, who smiled beneath his iron mask. The tribe now beheld who wielded the real power!

worked on the herd animals, causing them to sprout extra horns, and turning them violently aggressive. Chaos War Mammoths tolerate nothing in their presence and will attacks anything they can see. They sound out trumpeting blasts before stamping the enemy flat, leaving behind only stains in the churned snow.

The northern tribes know that a single War Mammoth can suddenly charge out of a blizzard and level a village in mere moments. The damage a whole herd of such beasts can do is nothing short of cataclysmic, wiping out entire tribes in an instant. Luckily, most Chaos War Mammoths encountered away from the frozen north are rogues – warped individuals that disdain even their own herds. The barbaric tribes seek out calves abandoned by their mothers, for if caught and trained early enough, a Chaos War Mammoth can be ridden into battle as a nigh-unstoppable shock weapon.

To the Chaos-touched tribes of the Northern Wastes, the Mammoths are living totems of might and power – beasts which go where they will and destroy what they will, and are so considered sacred creatures in their own right, and to tribes which through fortune, sorcery or the favour of the gods come to bring one of these creatures into the fold (for none can ever be truly tamed) great honour and fear is attached. The Mammoths roam all across the north, feeding off blasted scrubland and thorny barrens and, from the shores of the Sea of Claws to the cold wastes of K'dathi they are venerated by the Norse and Hung alike, but it is the Golgan tribes that have historically had the most success in adding the prodigious strength of the Chaos Mammoths to that of their tribes though the jealously guarded secret of their shaman. These



Chaos War Mammoths, as vraszas is the name given to them by the Dolgan, make fearsome foes in battle against which little mortal has a hope of standing firm against. The greatest warriors of the tribe ride into battle on their backs, fighting from fortified wooden platforms, while others, given over to the tribe's shaman-sorcerers, carry the mighty war-altars of the Chaos Gods, held aloft and inviolable for all below to see.

	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	\mathbf{T}	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
War Mammoth	8	3	0	7	6	10	1	*	5
Marauder Crew	-	4	3	3	-	-	3	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Immunity (Psychology), Impact Hits (D6+1), Large Target (10), Natural Armour (5+).

*Mammoth Attacks: Chaos War Mammoths are huge beasts who rely on their near unstoppable mass and tree trunk sized tusks to gouge and crush their foes. When the Chaos War Mammoth attacks, roll on the appropriate following table to determine its action. If no suitable target is in base contact, roll again on the chart until you get another result.

Man-sized Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting Infantry, Cavalry, War Beasts or Swarms.

- D6 Attack Type
- 1-2 Trample
- 3-4 Stomp
- 5 Bellow
- 6 Pick up and...

Big Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting Monsters, Monstrous Beasts, Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Cavalry, Chariots, War Machines, and Shrines.

- D6 Attack Type
- **1-2** Butt
- **3-5** Gore
- 6 Bellow

Trample: The Mammoth tramples and crushes the enemy, splattering its victims like over-ripe fruit beneath its feet. A single enemy unit in base contact suffers D3 Strength 7 hits for each rank of five or more models it has.

Bellow: The Mammoth trumpets and roars with deafening force. Neither the Mammoth nor any unit in contact with it fight if they have not already done so this turn. The Mammoth automatically wins the combat by 3 points or more. This result has no effect against Animated Constructs.

Butt: The Mammoth charges, ramming its victim with its massive head. The Mammoth inflicts one automatic hit against one model in base contact (your choice), causing D3 Strength 7 hits with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

Stomp: The Mammoth inflicts 3D6 Hits with its Stomp Attack this turn.

Gore: The Mammoth gouges at the enemy with its massive tusks. The Mammoth makes D6 attacks against a chosen unit in dose combat with the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.

Pick up and...: The Mammoth uses its agile trunk to grab a helpless enemy Character from the target unit (Mammoth player's choice). Roll a D6 to see what unfortunate fate befalls the victim.

D6 Result

- 1-2 Throw back into combat: The victim is hurled back into their own unit like a missile. The victim suffers D3 Strength 6 Hits which Ignores Armour saves, and D6 Strength 3 hits are inflicted on the unit (save as normal).
- 3-4 Hurl: The victim is hurled into an enemy unit within 12" of the Mammoth randomly determine which. The victim is removed as a casualty, and the unit takes D6 Strength 3 hits. Unsaved Wounds from these hits count towards the Mammoth's combat result. If no enemy units are in range, treat this as a Throw Back into Combat result instead.
- 5 Eat: The Mammoth swings the victim into its maw and bites down. The victim model is removed as a casualty, and the Mammoth may immediately recover a single Wound it has lost previously in the game.
- 6 Squash and grab another: The Mammoth's trunk constricts around the target, crushing their bones to splinters. The model is removed as a casualty and the Mammoth then picks another victim. Roll again on this table to see what happens.



SLAUGHTERBRUTES

A Slaughterbrute is a hulking monster of muscle and aggression. Such a creature cannot be broken by conventional means, and those foolish enough to try are torn apart and eaten for their efforts. Instead, a Slaughterbrute's mind is enslaved, through magic, to that of a Chaos Champion. The binding ritual for a Slaughterbrute is long and arduous. First, the beast is bound with magical chains, its flesh carved with runes of domination and branded with sigils of enslavement. Finally, daggers are soaked in the blood of the champion who would be the beast's master. These are then driven deep into the creature's spine, at which point its thoughts are immediately subsumed with a malign intelligence that is not its own.

Though some champions control a Slaughterbrute through the movement of a marionette, most are able to manipulate the creature through surpassing force of will, controlling its every action as if they were their own. Under such dominion, a monster that would otherwise lash out with blind fury, instead strikes with the skill of a warrior born. Every sweep of its overmuscled arms leaves behind a trail of broken and mangled bodies; every bite from its massive jaws rips another enemy in half. As terrifying as a Slaughterbrute is, it is the sight of so massive a creature feinting and parrying blows that most unnerves their foes. Worse still, as a Slaughterbrute carves through entire regiments, the unmistakable sound of laughter can be heard rumbling from within the beast's throat, a throat that should by all rights be roaring with bestial fury.



The combination of raw strength and pure skill is a mighty boon for the followers of Chaos. However, if the Slaughterbrute's puppeteer should ever be slain, the magical shackles binding the monster will sever. Unbound, a Slaughterbrute reverts to its natural state, and a red haze descends that makes no distinction between friend and foe. To a Slaughterbrute free of enslavement, everything it sees is prey to be crushed, stomped, and ripped apart. The only way to halt the resultant rampage is to hack the beast down, and few warriors are up to such a task.

		WS							
Slaughterbrute	6	3	0	7	5	6	3	5	5

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Natural Armour (4+).

Runes of Binding: At the beginning of the game, you must nominate a single friendly Lord or Hero and make sure your opponent is aware which model you have nominated – this is the Slaughterbrute's master. If you have more than one Slaughterbrute, you must nominate a different Lord or Hero for each Slaughterbrute – if you do not have enough Lords or Heroes for all your Slaughterbrutes, the remainder start the game Unbound (see Unbound, below). Whilst the Slaughterbrute's master is alive, the Slaughterbrute uses that model's current Weapon Skill and Leadership instead of its own (unless it would normally be higher).

Unbound: If, at the beginning of its Movement phase, a Slaughterbrute's master has been slain (or if it started the game without a master), it is Unbound. An Unbound Slaughterbrute has the Random Movement (2D6) and Frenzy special rules. An Unbound Slaughterbrute can never lose its Frenzy, even if beaten in close combat. In addition, an Unbound Slaughterbrute cannot choose the direction it travels in. Instead, roll a scatter dice in the Compulsory Moves sub-phase and move the Unbound Slaughterbrute in the direction rolled (if a 'Hit!' is rolled, the Slaughterbrute moves straight forwards). If an Unbound Slaughterbrute moves into contact with the board edge, a building or impassable terrain, it instead stops 1" away.

Unlike other random movement, an Unbound Slaughterbrute can move into base contact with a friendly unit, in which case it will come to a stop and immediately inflict D6+2 Strength 7 hits on the unit. (If it comes into base contact with more than one unit, you must choose one to inflict hits on.) After resolving these hits, move the Slaughterbrute directly backwards 1", so that it is no longer in base contact with the unit.

UPGRADES:

Extra Claws: A Slaughterbrute with this upgrade gains +2 Attacks with Strength 5.

MUTALITH VORTEX BEASTS

A Mutalith Vortex Beast is an utter abomination of nature. It is a terrifying fusion of monster and magic, a creature mutated beyond all reason by the power of Chaos. In battle, a Mutalith's tentacles smash into the ranks of the foe. Those not flung through the air are dragged screaming into the Mutalith's maw, where hundreds of needle-like teeth shred flesh and crunch bones to powder. As horrifying as such a fate is, though, it is not the thought of being eaten alive by a Mutalith that gives its enemies waking nightmares.

Wherever a Mutalith treads, mutation and madness follow. A ball of raw magic is anchored into the creature's body, a seething orb of Chaos energy that warps and twists everything nearby. The flesh of the Mutalith itself is forever being healed and remoulded, sucked in and poured back out again by the vortex. These same wisps of malign energy reach out across the battlefield, mutating everything they touch.

When facing a Mutalith, enemy soldiers are wracked with random mutations. For every warrior who sprouts an extra limb, another is transformed into a gleaming crystal statue or a pile of squirming three-eyed fish. Heroes have died as their own spines burst from their backs to strangle them, and warriors have watched on in horror as their flesh melts and falls off their bones. Worse still are those times when the vortex pulses, and entire regiments are engulfed by waves of mutating power that cause their bodies to twist together into the shape of a hideous Chaos Spawn.



Mutalith Vortex Beast 6 3 0 5 5 6 3 * 8

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Natural Armour (4+), Random Attacks (D6+2), Regeneration (5+).

Aura of Mutation: Innate bound spell (power level 5). *Aura of Mutation* is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 18". Roll a D6, and consult the table below to discover how many Toughness tests the target must take, and if any long-lasting mutations have occurred. For each Toughness test failed, the target suffers a single Wound which Ignores Armour saves:

D6 Result

- 1 Hideous Disfigurements: The target must take D6 Toughness tests, and gains the Fear special rule for the rest of the game.
- 2 Trollbrains: The target must take D6
 Toughness tests, and gains the Stupidity
 special rule for the rest of the game.
- 3 Gift of Mutations: The target must take D6
 Toughness tests. After resolving these tests,
 one of the unit's characteristics (roll a D6 to
 randomly select between WS, BS, S, T, I or A)
 is increased by 1 (to a maximum of 10) and
 one of their characteristics (roll another D6 to
 randomly select between W S, BS, S, T, I or
 A) is decreased by 1 (to a minimum of 1) for
 the rest of the game.
- 4 Tide of Transformation: The target must take D6 Toughness tests. Once the tests have been resolved, roll a D6: on a 3 or more, choose another enemy unit within 6" of the initial target it must take D6 Toughness tests. Keep rolling for further victims (each within 6" of the last target struck), until the roll is less than 3 or there are no more viable targets. A unit can only be the target of Tide of Transformation once per casting.
- 5 Maelstrom of Change: Place the small round template over the target and scatter it D6". If a Hit! is rolled, the template does not scatter. Every model underneath the template must take a Toughness test.
- 6 Spawnchange: Every model in the target unit must take a Toughness test. If the target suffers one or more unsaved Wounds, you can immediately place a new Chaos Spawn anywhere within 6" of the target unit that is at least 1" from any unit and impassable terrain. If the target suffered no unsaved Wounds, if you do not have a spare Chaos Spawn model, or if it cannot be placed, then no Chaos Spawn is created.

HELLCANNONS

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

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

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

820-2	M	WS							
Hellcannon	3	4	3	5	6	5	1	5	4
Chaos Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9



TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemonic, Mixed Unit, Natural Armour (4+).

Caged Fury: The Hellcannon constantly strives to break free of its bonds.

At the beginning of your turn, if the Hellcannon is not in combat, take a Leadership test. If the test is failed, pivot the Hellcannon to face the closest enemy unit. It is then subject to the Random Movement (3D6) special rule until the beginning of the next turn. If the Hellcannon would get destroyed as a result of it being Unstable, treat this as rolling a 1 on the table below.

Spew Ichor: The Hellcannon can opt to spew out a great gout of body parts and daemonic ichor.

The Hellcannon has a Strength 5 Breath Weapon. Any unit that suffers one or more casualties from Spew Ichor must take a Panic test with a -1 penalty to their Leadership.

Doomfire: Doomfire is fired exactly like a Stone Thrower with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12-60"	5(10)	Move or Fire,
		Multiple Wounds (D6),
		Slow to Fire

Any unit that suffers one or more casualties from Doomfire must take a Panic test with a -1 penalty to their Leadership. Should the artillery dice roll a misfire, roll a D6 on the following table:

D6 Result

- 1 Free at last! The Daemon inside the Hellcannon violently breaks its bonds.
 - Every unit within 6" takes D6 Strength 5 hits. Then remove the Hellcannon and its crew from play.
- 2 Schlurp: The Hellcannon sucks its own crew into its furnace and spits them out in a shower of gore and bone.
 - Remove the crew from play.
- 3 Thzzzz: The Hellcannon fires great pulses of raw magic.
 - All Wizards within 24" must immediately pass a Leadership test or suffer a Miscast. Any spells lost are determined randomly.
- 4 Grrr: The enraged Daemon inside the Hellcannon goes berserk.
 - Remove D3 crew.
- 5 **Bloood!** The Hellcannon breaks its chains and rushes forwards.
 - Move the Hellcannon 3D6" directly forward as if it was subject to the Random Movement special rule and it was the Compulsory Movement sub-phase.
- 6 Boom! The Hellcannon fires a devastating blast.
 Resolve the Doomfire shot as if it were a direct hit, doubling the Strength of any hit. The Hellcannon cannot fire for the rest of the game.

CHIMERAE

The three-headed Chimera is one of the most fearsome of all Children of Chaos, a beast whose progenitors were so warped that is it now impossible to say what manner of creatures they might have been. The Chimera looks like it has been made up from leftover pieces of other creatures, and who knows, this may even be true. The Chimera is a composite being, composed of a serpent, lion, eagle, and goat. About fifteen feet long, its body resembles that of a large feline with the hindquarters of a goat. The tail is usually that of a lion, but terminates in a spiked or clubbed end, or barbed with a venomous sting. The creature's wings are those of some enormous eagle. It generally has three heads, but since it is a creature of Chaos, it can have upwards of six heads. Most resemble serpents, lions, or goats, but others are possible. Its hulking body is powerful and quick and its claws are long and sharp. Regardless of their exact form, all Chimerae share a savage and unpredictable nature that makes them, easily the worst of all chance encounters, and one that will be the subject of many a heroic song, if only it can be slain.

Like all monsters that dwell in or near to the Realm of Chaos, the Chimerae take many bizarre shapes. However, Chimerae are more susceptible than most monsters to the twisting power of Chaos. The heads of some Chimerae breathe fire in the manner of Dragons, whilst other heads sprout razor-sharp fangs or jaws that drip with a poisonous slime. Most Chimerae possess a fiendish tail that ends in a snapping maw possessed of an intelligence and hunger of its own. There are even some Chimerae, like those that dwell among the spires of the Bloodshriek Citadel, that are said to have bathed in the coruscating Winds of Magic at the summit of the world. The skin of



these Bloodshriek Chimerae is an ever-shifting pattern of bright colours and hues, turning translucent one moment before running like molten wax to cover and heal the rips and gashes in its tainted flesh the next. Regardless of their exact form, all Chimerae share a savage and unpredictable nature, and wherever their tri-throated roars are heard, death and carnage are surely not far behind.

For much of the time, when the Winds of Magic are at relatively low ebb, Chimerae are rare and seldom seen even in the frozen northlands. There might be tales of such beasts guarding mountain passes, lurking in the black depts of the Drakwald or having been pressed into service as mounts by favoured Champions of Chaos, but most such reports are eventually discovered to have confused the Chimera with some other creature of Chaos, such as the Manticore. Some scholars have postulated that in times of magical dearth, Chimerae simply abandon the mortal plane altogether, to instead hunt prey though the rich and sorcerous fields of the Realm of Chaos. Others believe that the Chimerae are not creatures of flesh and blood at all, but rather monsters called into being only when the Winds of Magic are at their most fulsome – savage emissaries sent the darkest of the Dark Gods. Regardless of where the truth lies, none can argue that when a storm of magic bursts, the tri-throated roars of hunting Chimerae are never far behind.

A particularly powerful Chaos Lord, or an insanely brave Sorcerer, may sometimes try to bind a Chimera to his service, for the sheer carnage they can wreak upon the battlefield is a spectacle bound to attract the attention of the Dark Gods. It is said that only those truly favoured by Chaos will have any hope of binding such a creature to their will, and a champion may spend a lifetime searching for a Chimera, and never succeed, or else find his prize and be torn apart by it moments later. However, those few who succeed in their quest have at their disposal a monstrous creature of unbridled destructive potential.

	M	WS	\mathbf{BS}	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	Ι	A	Ld
Chimera	6	4	0	5	5	5	2	6	5

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly (8).

UPGRADES:

Flaming Breath: The Chimera gains a Strength 4 Breath Weapon which has the Flaming Attacks special rule.

Regenerating Flesh: The Chimera gains the Regeneration (4+) special rule.

Venomous Ooze: The Chimera gains the Poisoned Attacks special rule.

Iron-hard Skin: The Chimera gains the Natural Armour (4+) special rule.

Fiend Tail: The Chimera gains +1 Attack.

MANTICORES

Manticores are ferocious beasts that dwell high in the mountains, usually far from the habitations of Humanity. Few have ever been seen in the Empire, which is doubtless a blessing, for they are voracious predators who constantly hunt not only for sustenance, but also for the pleasure of the kill.

Like many of the world's monsters, Manticores are born amid the swirling energies of the Chaos Wastes. Some still roam the changing lands, although most Manticores fly south to less ruinous climes. So it is that the northern mountain ranges of the world have become the hunting grounds for Manticores beyond counting.

Manticores have the body of a gigantic lion, larger than any of the predators of the mountains. They fly upon wings like those of a huge bat and have whip-like tails. A single strike of this poisoned spur can fell even the toughest warrior. They are adept and devastating fighters, attacking with raking claws and their long sharp teeth. Manticores are a Chaos breed, mutable and terrible with uncountable variations. The mutating power of Chaos ensures that no two Manticores are truly alike. Some have manes of writhing serpents, or have barbed tails like a scorpion's that bear bitter poison strong enough to boil a man's blood in his veins. Others are armoured in iron scales and covered in thorny projections that bleed ceaselessly. However, all Manticores are berserk killers saturated with primal fury and cunning fighters. They are swift to retreat to the relative safety of the air when a battle goes against them.

Manticores are the fiercest, most aggressive creature in the world, and will attack anything that they perceive as food or a threat. Even for creatures of Chaos, Manticores are particularly ferocious, possessed of an innate stubbornness that propels them to fight for their territory against even the most overpowering odds. Occasionally a Hydra, Chimera, Basilisk or other monstrous interloper will stray onto a Manticore's territory, with cataclysmic consequences. Manticore's response always the same; to launch itself roaring into a bloody and brutal conflict from which there can be but a single victor. The valleys and peaks echo to the roars and hisses of the battling monsters, causing avalanches and landslides. The two beasts rend skin and flesh, goring and biting each other with titanic ferocity. The fact that this victor is almost always the Manticore (providing the enemy isn't too much larger), having ripped the head bloodily from its foe, or stabbed it repeatedly with its poisoned tail, stands as harrowing testament to its savagery and determination. The Manticore will then drag the bloodied carcass of its defeated enemy back to its lair, to feast and restore its spent strength.

Oddly perhaps, for such a vicious and ill-tempered beast, the Manticore has become a common heraldic device in the Old World. This is not to say that a great

many Manticores are encountered in the lands of Bretonnian, Tilea and Estalia – nor that a great many are slain there. Its prevalence upon shield and banner is merely an indication that many nobles, having heard tales of the beast's legendary battle-prowess and resolve, simply wish to be associated with it. That most such men would run screaming in terror should they encounter a real life Manticore is normally left unspoken. They are highly prized as mounts by the Champions of Chaos, but even the most iron-willed of warriors cannot enforce his will upon a Manticore for long.

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

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly (8), Frenzy, Killing Blow.

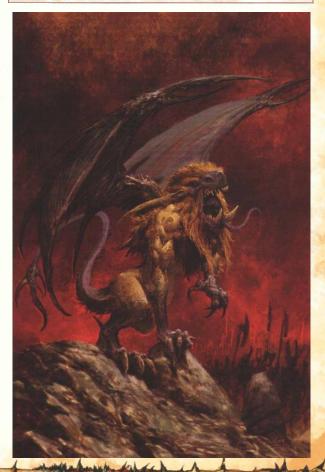
UPGRADES:

Rending Fangs: The Manticore gains the Armour Piercing (1) special rule.

Bloodrage: The Manticore gains the Hatred special rule.

Iron-hard Skin: The Manticore gains the Natural Armour (4+) special rule.

Venom Tail: The Manticore gains an additional Attack that has the Poisoned Attacks special rule.



CHAOS DRAGONS

It is whispered amongst the Northern tribes that somewhere in the icy peaks, there are Dragons, but not the ones of legend. These are the mutant spawn of Galrauch, the ancient Dragon who was corrupted by Tzeentch. All dragons are powerful creatures, and the largest are the most deadly of all monsters in the Old World, yet the Chaos Dragon is greater still. The Chaos Dragons are thankfully rare and content to spend the eons buried in their lairs, brimming with hatred and plotting the destruction of all that lives. But when the Dark Gods call, not even these monsters can resist the urge to wage war for the Ruinous Powers.

"They are a blight upon a proud heritage, a foul insult to which extermination is the only just reply."

— Prince Imrik of Caledor

A Chaos Dragon dimly resembles its uncorrupted kin. Once the proud and noble rulers of the skies, now split, changed and corrupted by the forces of change, the terrible two-headed Dragons of Chaos are nightmarish and malevolent predators. It has a massive bloated body that splits into two long trunk-like necks that end in heads of horns and fangs. Their twin maws breathe death upon their foes. One head smokes with the fires that burn in its gullet, whilst the other sends plumes of acidic gasses into the air to scorch the land and spread bodily ruin amongst its victims. No two Chaos Dragons are exactly the same, for the gifts of Chaos affected each in subtly different ways. Borne aloft on wings no longer made of mere flesh and bone, but of black sorcery and will of Dark Gods made manifest, its organs and muscles are revealed to the world. Pumping the corruption through a system of exposed veins and arteries, its blood vessels are pulsing and pounding through a sheet of invisible flesh. Its fiery

heart beats within, sending showers of sparks onto the ground as it passes. Others are covered in spikes, horns and knobbly protrusions, or have skin crawling with the stuff or corruption itself. Truly, each Chaos Dragon is a piece of obscene living sculpture, and a facet of Tzeentch's unknowable splendour.

It is said that Chaos Dragons see themselves as wholly distinct from Tzeentch's mortal followers. Indeed, they hold Dragonkind to be the Dark God's true servants in the mortal world, for men have ever been quick to change their allegiance over the centuries. They are wicked and fickle creatures, possessing every bit as much malevolent delight in destruction and treachery as their creator, the great and devious god Tzeentch, quick to turn on their allies should it give them the advantage. Wreathed in smoke and flame, the Chaos Dragon is the mightiest beast of the north, a terrifying nemesis of all order and sanity that can break the backs of armies with its steel claws and teeth. Although it is a rare (and often calamitous) event to see a Chaos Dragon far from the Northern Wastes, the beasts are drawn to storms of magic and have a preternatural ability to turn up when such tempests strike.

In times of war the Chaos Dragons feel the call of the gods as much as all other creatures of Chaos, and some have been known to join the armies of the north as they march against the soft-bellied southerners. Whether in thrall to the Dark Gods or merely the victims of corrupting magic – a Chaos Dragon is the ultimate mount for a Champion of Chaos. Only the most powerful Lords of Chaos can bend such a beast to their will and ride into battle mounted atop such a monster, and even then it is more an unholy alliance of destruction than a matter of master and servant.

	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Chaos Dragon	6	6	0	6	6	6	3	6	8

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly (7), Natural Armour (3+).

Dark Fire of Chaos: A Chaos Dragon has a Strength 4 Breath Weapon that has the Flaming Attacks special rule.

Fumes of Contagion: A Chaos Dragon has a Strength 2 Breath Weapon. No armour saves are allowed against Wounds caused by this Breath Weapon.

"All of the two headed Dragons of Chaos are the descendants of Galrauch, though not every Dragon that has turned to Chaos is of his line. The rewards of Chaos are many, why should not Dragons be tempted as surely as Men? Such drakes as turn to the darkness are wicked and clever beasts that delight in the pains of others. I have, on occasion, allied myself with their kind, but I ve never trusted any of them as all others are lesser and expendable in their eyes. A view, I must admit, I admire."

— Dr. Athren Abolas, Facilitator of Change

CHAOS MOUNTS

CHAOS STEEDS

The dark stallions ridden by the Knights of Chaos are as strong and fierce as their riders. A Chaos Steed is a huge black horse, red eyed with steaming breath, broad and muscular in build, vicious in temperament, and often touched with some kind of strange chaotic mutation. No normal horses are these, but coal-black chargers with daemonic ichor for blood, needle-sharp teeth and the intelligence of cruel men. Only a steed of exceptional strength and vitality is big or strong enough to carry a fully-armoured Chaos Warrior. A Chaos Steed is big and strong enough to carry even a Chaos Lord into battle.

A Chaos Steed's head and flanks are protected by sculpted plates of thick, metal barding that no normal steed could bear, and they gore and slash those before them with bladed horns and hooves. It is said that these evil steeds are gifts from the Dark Gods themselves, and that they are subservient to their master alone. Though their once beautiful hides are now covered with pustules and oozing scabs, Chaos Steeds are strong and vicious combatants. Few ordinary horses can match a Chaos Steed in battle, especially if it has some weird mutation such as horns, razor edged teeth, claws upon its hooves, or a mace tail with which it can lash its enemies. Such steeds are highly prized and those that show the gift of mutation all the more so.

The second	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Chaos Steed	8	3	0	4	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

DAEMONIC MOUNTS

Champions of Chaos are frequently gifted with mutant beasts and monstrous creatures to bear them into battle. A particularly favoured champion might even be gifted with a daemonic steed by his patron; a creature of magic made manifest, bound and sustained by the unbending will of its rider alone. All of these mounts are spawned within the Realm of Chaos, sent across unimaginable distances by the Dark Gods purely so the favoured one can ride to war in a manner befitting his station.

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

As creatures of Chaos, they come in endless forms, but the most common one is that of a Daemonic Destrier with burning red eyes. Some Daemonic Mounts are gigantic chargers whose breath is like a pestilent cloud; others are massive, bear-like creatures with claws of iron that can disembowel a man with a single blow, or serpent-bodied aberrations that shimmer and writhe across the battlefield. Still others are wasted, emaciated beasts, their sickly frames belying their deadly strength. The ground itself blazes or weeps at the tread of these Daemon beasts, the air around them shimmers with magical energy, and their roars and wails can send shivers down the spine of the

bravest warrior. Only the most trusted and bravest champions may ride a Daemonic Mount, for these creatures are intelligent and malevolent in their own right and do not usually allow mere mortals to ride them.

Those Daemonic Mounts in service to Khorne have bull or ox-like features and are sometimes covered in iron plates. Those in service to Nurgle look like massive slugs surrounded by clouds of flies. Those Mounts who serve Slaanesh share many similarities to the Steeds of Slaanesh, whilst those of Tzeentch are shapeless masses of ever changing flesh.

	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Daemonic Mount	8	4	0	5	4	3	3	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemonic.

JUGGERNAUTS OF KHORNE

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

		WS	_ ~		_		_		
Juggernaut of Khorne	7	4	0	5	4	3	2	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemonic, Daemon of Khorne, Natural Armour (6+).

STEEDS OF SLAANESH

These strange bipedal beasts are sometimes gifted to a particularly successful disciple of Slaanesh. Like all Daemons of Slaanesh, the Steed has a perverse beauty, combining grace and elegance with a wholly unnatural appearance. It has a long, sinuous body that writhes sensuously as it speeds across the field of battle. The Steed's eyes possess a disarming, intelligent quality, though it is little more than a beast, acting purely on the whims of the god from which it was created. A whip-like tongue flicks constantly from its mouth, tasting the Winds of Magic and seeking out the souls of mortals as a natural beast senses odours on a drifting breeze. These beasts skitter and bound across the battlefield at astonishing speed, springing on the unwary

and cutting them down with lashing cuts from their narcotic-laced tongues. For this reason, they are sometimes referred to as the Whips of Slaanesh, or Tongue-flayers.

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

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemonic, Daemon of Slaanesh, Fast Cavalry, Poisoned Attacks.

DISCS OF TZEENTCH

Discs of Tzeentch are Daemonic mounts gifted by the Changer of Ways to his favoured servants. These bizarre creations are neither daemon nor construction, but a nightmarish blend of the two. It is a lesser known fact that Discs of Tzeentch were in fact once Screamers of Tzeentch, changed into their new form by Tzeentch's boundless magic. Coruscating with mystical force, Discs hover above the ground, skimming gently forwards upon the Winds of Magic. Swift and deadly, they enable Sorcerers to swoop around the battlefield with unfettered ease. While the warriors of Tzeentch march to war, the proud Sorcerers of Tzeentch drift above them on the floating Discs, raining magical fire upon their foes while keeping out of reach of their spears and swords. The Discs of Tzeentch themselves are far from defenceless, lashing out around themselves with bolts of magical fire, or manifesting whirling tentacles or ripping claws to slash at enemies that approach too close.

* ·		WS							
Disc of Tzeentch	1	3	0	4	4	1	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemonic, Daemon of Tzeentch, Fly (9).

PALANQUINS OF NURGLE

Those high in the favour of Nurgle are often borne to war upon repulsive palanquins, their diseased bulk squashed into thrones of decaying metal and rotten wood. Nurgle's champion sits upon the throne and commands awe and respect from the lesser warriors under his command. Very few champions are considered worthy of a palanguin and those that are must be favoured warriors indeed. The palanquins are conveyed not by slaves but by a great mound of giggling Nurglings, diminutive Daemonmites which hatch from the manifestations of Nurgle's choicest plagues. Other than the virulence of the plagues and poisons it carries, an individual Nurgling has but little power. Nonetheless, the spilling, squabbling masses of Nurglings that bear palanquins to battle are so numerous that they have the strength not only to carry the most corpulent of Nurgle's champions to battle, but also to drag into the dirt any foe foolish enough to assail him. If their charge is attacked, the Nurglings will fight viciously to protect him, gnashing and biting the enemy with filthy but sharp teeth and clambering up legs to get at soft, vulnerable bits. Unlike other Chaos mounts, they also make for very good company, assuming you like the merry burbling of three score Nurglings.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Palanquin of Nurgle	4	2	0	2	-	-	3	8	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemonic, Daemon of Nurgle.

Note: A Palanquin of Nurgle should be placed on a 50x50mm base and add +3 to the Unit Strength of any model mounted on them.



ARCHAON EVERCHOSEN

Lord of the End Times, The Three-Eyed King, The Anointed, Favoured Son of Chaos, Scourge of the World

The Darkness and Night need leaders and heroes. There must be one who others will follow, that they are prepared to recognise as their lord and master. There must be one who unites the eternally divided followers and leads them to the final victory. It is the fear of the sages of the Old World that Archaon is the one, a prophesied leader who will plunge the Old World into a new age of darkness.

Since the fall of the Old Ones and the collapse of the Gate of Heaven, Chaos has threatened to overwhelm and destroy the world. But the gods of Chaos are fickle and capricious, and rarely have they combined their forces for this purpose, instead preferring to further their own twisted schemes of domination in the hopes of ruling unchallenged. Be that as it may, every few centuries there is a mortal champion who is destined for the greatest blessings of Chaos. He is the Lord of the End Times, the Everchosen, who the Chaos gods unite behind, bestowing all their gifts upon him.

Since the time of the Great Cataclysm, the Chaos Gods have elevated champions from amongst their worshippers' number and rewarded those who fight well in their name. Some of the most glorious champions of Chaos have dared to seek a greater boon, however – a position of ultimate authority over mortal man and immortal daemon alike. This is the mantle of the Everchosen; a mighty being who earns the favour of all four of the Gods of Chaos and becomes the avatar of their wills combined. To achieve this, that individual must undergo trials the like of which even the mightiest mortals could not survive. Indeed, of those who have undertaken the quest of the Everchosen, only a handful have ever prevailed.

Each time one of these great warlords has walked the world it has heralded war and plague. Famine and destruction on a massive scale. Nature itself abhors his presence, the ground splits asunder at his feet, the air churns and swirls around him. He is Chaos Incarnate, and the herald of the Apocalypse. He is the Three-Eyed King, whose rise is prophesied to bring about the ending of the world. Mantled with the power of all four Chaos Gods, Archaon is gifted beyond even the greatest of Champions of Chaos that have come before him. He walks a perilous path, for he is charged with enacting the will of the gods combined, and bringing about the utter ruination of the world. Should he fail in this task, and displease his mighty masters, Archaon's fate would be horrible beyond mortal comprehension. Yet the Lord of the End Times radiates absolute confidence in his own abilities; now is the hour of the Everchosen, the time of his long-awaited victory, and he will allow nothing – no mortal, daemon or god – to stand in his way. There has never been an Everchosen the likes of Archaon; his ascension was motivated not by a desire for power or glory, but by pure, unadulterated hate.

Nearly one thousand years ago, there existed a notorious madman, a raving lunatic who inhabited the Republic of Remas in Tilea. His name was Necrodomo. Madmen, of course, have never been rare in embattled Tilea, even in

the relatively stable province of Remas, and Necrodomo might have passed unremarked upon had his writings not fallen into the hands of the Inquisitori. From Necrodomo's blood-flecked lips and broken spirit the cruel torturers sought to extract a confession by which to reassure themselves that his words were lies. Instead they died as Necrodomo was delivered from their cruel ministrations by an incredibly powerful benefactor: a Daemon Prince who asked but one boon in return. Be'lakor, the Daemon Prince, asked the ravaged Necrodomo to scribe a prophecy that would change the Warhammer world forever. Within it, the quivering, broken madman named the champion of Chaos who would bring about the glory of Dark Gods: Archaon.

Roughly eight centuries later, the first fruits of those insane ravings became prophecy when an unwanted child was left upon the steps of a temple of Sigmar, destined for a stern and unyielding upbringing in the care of the godking's templars. Time and again the course of his life was diverted, for though the infant, and later the adolescent boy, could never know it, he had the same patron as the pitiful Necrodomo, and the inexorable hand of fate shepherded the hapless child named Diederick Kastner towards his destiny.

Long years later, the unwanted infant, having grown to become a powerful and faithful templar-priest of Sigmar, a believer in the gods of the Empire and a great force for



good. Yet the Gods of Chaos have ever delighted in corrupting that which is pure, and in twisting the best intentions of mortals to achieve the darkest ends. So it was that, in studying ancient lore the better to understand his foes, the man who would become Archaon Everchosen came across the ancient prophecies of Necrodomo the Insane, written in the Celestine Book of Divination. The Book of Divination was, even then, considered a forbidden and proscribed work but with the Empire besieged by Chaos warbands and the young Kastner caught up in a dire and far-reaching conspiracy he turned to its pages, eagerly studying the scrawlings within in the hope of divining some way to thwart the growing power of Chaos. Instead he learned the prophesies of the End Times, and the coming of the Everchosen of Chaos. His mind was opened to world-shattering truths that had been denied to him all his life. In the heretical ravings of Necrodomo the Insane, Kastner saw his own destiny.

Thus did the mortal man who would become the Lord of the End Times shrug off the yoke of lies he had worn since his birth and turn his back upon the falsehood and misery of the cult of Sigmar. Spiritually reborn, he embraced his destiny as the champion of the Dark Gods. Diederick Kastner was no more; Archaon was born. The Book of Divination revealed what he must to do achieve his destiny. It would not be enough to simply betray his vows and turn against his people. Archaon would need to drown the world in Chaos – to open the eyes of the deluded fools around him to the inescapable glory and truth of Chaos.

Archaon destroyed every trace of his former life and dedicated his existence to becoming the Everchosen. Once he turned to Chaos he gave up his name and was ever after known as Archaon, the Chosen One of Chaos. He travelled to the Northern Wastes and was accepted by the Dark gods as their servant. Here, he believed, was the only cause with any worth at all. He would take this



ultimate power for himself, and then use it to stamp out every last trace of the Empire, and the deities that he had once held so dear. Once this was done, the Chaos Gods would be welcome to take the world as their due, for on that day he would be done with it all.

Archaon was not prepared to follow any of the Four Great Powers. Instead he dedicated his life to Chaos Undivided and believes that while Chaos is eternally diverse, it is in fact a single entity of cosmic power, the true master of the multiverse. His faith in it is deep, fervent, and total; putting even the most fanatical priest to shame. He does not eat, sleep, or rest. Every moment of his life is dedicated to the glory of Chaos.

Long ago, other great warlords also tried to seize the mantle of Everchosen and usher in the End Times, and though names such as Asavar Kul, the invader of the Empire in the Great War Against Chaos, and Morkar the Uniter ring throughout history, ultimately each failed in their quest. Determined to succeed where others had failed, Archaon gleaned the answers from Necrodomo's masterwork. Archaon believed in the prophesy of Necrodomo the Insane: that whomever to pass the trials of the Dark Gods and collects the six treasures of Chaos will unleash its awesome power and bring the world to an end. Archaon is convinced that he is the Chosen One: that it is his destiny to overthrow the mortal world, to unlock the gates of the Realm of Chaos and unleash the Daemonic legions upon the world. Gathering his closest companions around him, the once-templar embarked on a quest that would last decades.

So began Archaon's journey to the very heights of power. Along the way he would have to win six great treasures, proving himself worthy of the ultimate blessing he sought. Within the Altar of Ultimate Darkness in Naggaroth, Archaon slew a horde of troglodytic horrors and used their still-beating hearts to reconsecrate the shrine to Chaos. For this deed he received a blazing mark of the Dark Gods' favour. In a strange realm beyond the bounds of the known world, Archaon led his warband, the Swords of Chaos, to reclaim the armour of the first Everchosen, Morkar. This he did, though he was forced to fight the armour and the spirit which possessed it before he could take the fell panoply as his own.

Amid the Chaos Wastes, Archaon battled the ancient dragon Flamefang, prising the Eye of Sheerian from the butchered beast's underbelly. Deep within the Realm of Chaos itself, Archaon stole the monstrous steed Dhorgar from the twisted stables of the daemon lord Agrammon. Upon the Chimera Plateau, at the very top of the world, Archaon led a vast army of champions to claim the blade known as the Slayer of Kings, to which was bound the greater daemon U'zuhl.

On each of the previous occasions when the Everchosen has appeared, there has been a champion of Light to defeat him – the fate of the world coming down to single combat between these two forces. Each time, the forces of Chaos have been thwarted on the brink of total victory. But now another Everchosen has risen to power. For over a century, the Lord Archaon has quested across the wastes of the north to prove his worth, seeking out the artifacts of power that belonged to his predecessors. For many years he searched, looking for the final talisman of destiny which he required to allow the gods of Chaos to unite

fully behind him. The Crown of Domination eluded him though, no matter how far he scoured the land or how large his army grew.

But then another appeared; Harbinger. Be'lakor, messenger of Chaos, a daemon prince who has embodied the essence of Chaos, the first ever Champion. Once again he came back from his abode in the heavens to seek out the Everchosen, and told Archaon of the unholy resting place of the Crown of Domination. Almost unopposed, Archaon led his army into the Worlds Edge Mountains in frozen Kislev, to the First Shrine to Chaos. Here, Archaon faced and overcame challenges set by all four of the Chaos Gods, enduring wounds to his mind, body and spirit that would have killed any lesser man. Archaon prevailed, seizing the Crown of Domination from the heart of the shrine and proving himself worthy of the mantle of Everchosen.

Realising that his own glory was not to be, the Harbinger was forced to take the Crown from Archaon and perform the unholy coronation that confirmed the Chaos Lord's status as the favoured conqueror of the gods. The twintailed comet blazed in the sky above Archaon's coronation, and the End Times were begun. Now a massive army gathers in the north as Archaon prepares to sweep the world away in a tide of bloodshed and battle, so that finally Chaos will rule over the mortal world.

With the armies of Light beleaguered on all sides, shattered by the fighting on Albion, spread thin across the globe, there is little that can be done to stop him. Where now is the champion of Light to oppose Chaos? And whoever that is, is there might enough left in the world to break the largest Chaos army to have swept from the north since the time of Sigmar?

Archaon is the vessel through which the Dark Gods will unite their followers and turn the whole world into a Realm of Chaos. Of all the Everchosen of Chaos who have assailed the world over the ages, Archaon is the most ruthless and powerful, for he alone has succeeded in reclaiming the six treasures of Chaos. The Everchosen often rides to war leading his cadre of veterans from atop the daemonic beast variously known as Dorghar, Ghurshy'ish'phak, Yrontalie, but most commonly as the Steed of the Apocalypse.

Archaon is also potent sorcerer. Likewise, his already matchless skill in combat is further enhanced by the unnatural strength of U'zuhl, rendering the Everchosen all but unstoppable on the field of battle. He looms above his followers, a huge and hulking figure physically swollen by the godly energies that burn within his frame.

Yet it is Archaon's implacable, irresistible will that is his greatest weapon. His steady regard is enough to unman the bravest warrior, and whole armies have been known to cower in defeat simply from finding themselves face to face with the Three-Eyed King. Equally, Archaon's will hangs like a thundercloud over all who rally to his banner, quelling the quarrelsome nature of his hordes and driving them on to victory.

In his warped mind it is his destiny to bring about the salvation of the world; to save it from stagnation and orderr. He sees that the civilisation of the Humans, Dwarfs and Elves is too corrupt and decayed; that it has

come to the end of its cycle. The world needs change, a change only Chaos can provide. Archaon sees himself as the instrument of Chaos Undivided who will turn the world into another Realm of Chaos, a paradise of darkness.

Archaon leads the Swords of Chaos; the most powerful of all the Chaos Warrior warbands that roam the Northern Wastes. He tirelessly challenges other warbands and demands an oath of fealty from those he defeats. He asks only that they join him in the war against those who oppose Chaos.

The number of his followers grows with each passing day – a teeming tide of monsters and madmen that he will use to secure the absolute annihilation of those who oppose him. Forces of the human nations or Dwarfs who have dared to challenge him have been ruthlessly and swiftly crushed. In the Battle of the Monoliths, Archaon crushed a combined force consisting of Kislevites, troops from the Empire and Dwarfs, led by Arch-Lector Kurt Mannfeld of Nuln, who had gathered the army to eradicate Archaon as ordered by his lord Sigmar. Archaon utterly defeated the army of the warrior-priest and persuaded the shattered acknowledge the rule of Chaos, claiming victory over Sigmar, the patron god of the Empire.

Archaon is the greatest warlord of Chaos, the arch champion, the dark redeemer of the world. He is perhaps the deadliest warrior to walk the Northern Wastes, and the fact that he has not been elevated to Daemon Princehood speaks on behalf of his belief that the Chaos Powers have a great task planned for him. Once Archaon is ready, the armies of Chaos will assemble beneath his banner, Beastmen will flock to his side and Daemons will emerge from the Chaos Gate to follow him into battle. Then the world must be prepared to face the full might of Archaon and the hosts of Chaos. The Everchosen will stand amid the ashes of the Empire's corpse and be vindicated once and for all, before handing the Chaos Gods the victory they demand.

	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Archaon	4	9	5	5	5	4	7	5	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Archaon is a Level 2 Wizard who uses the Lore of Tzeentch.

SPECIAL RULES: Eye of the Gods.

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

Uniquely, Archaon counts as having all Marks of Chaos for the purpose of using his Inspiring Presence rule. This does not prevent Archaon from joining any unit that has a Mark of Chaos, nor does it prevent any other character that has a Mark of Chaos from joining Archaon's unit. As the Chosen of Gods, Archaon has the following bonuses: Immunity (Psychology), Immunity (Poisoned Attacks), Magic Resistance (2), and he may re-roll any channelling dice rolls of a 1. Re-roll any Eye of the Gods rolls of 2 and 12.

Lord of the End Times: If you take Archaon, he must be your army General. His Inspiring Presence has a range of 18". Any Battle Standard in his army is not allowed to have a Mark of Chaos.

The Swords of Chaos: At the heart of Archaon's army is his old warband, the Swords of Chaos, the most dread group of Chaos Knights ever to have blighted the world. Only the strongest have survived in his long quest, leaving a cadre of hardened troops.

If your army includes Archaon, one unit of Varanguard may be upgraded to be the Swords of Chaos for +3 points per model. This unit has the Hatred and Immunity (Psychology) special rules.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Slayer of Kings (Magic Weapon)

The artefact of Chaos known as the Slayer of Kings is perhaps the mightiest magical weapon in the Warhammer world. Inside this blade is trapped the Greater Daemon U'zuhl, bound to the sword by the Second Chosen, Vangel. Aeons of imprisonment inside the blade have driven the Daemon insane with rage. In battle, the blade moans with barely contained fury. In dire circumstances, the bound essence of the U'zuhl can be unleashed, turning the blade into a blur of utmost butchery. It is a truly mighty weapon that is just as dangerous to its user as it is to his enemies.

The Slayer of Kings has the Ignores Armour saves special rule. In addition, Archaon may unleash the power of U'zuhl in any Close Combat phase. If he does this, he fights with double his normal number of Attacks (to a maximum of 10) but any rolls To Hit of a 1 will strike either himself or a friendly model in base contact (controlling player's choice). Archaon may not re-roll To Hit results of a 1 when unleashing U'zuhl. Once U'zuhl is unleashed, Archaon must use this special ability in every close combat he is subsequently involved in for the rest of the battle.

The Armour of Morkar (Magic Armour)

This armour was lost to Chaos for eight thousand years. During the Age of Chaos, Morkar, the first Chosen One of Chaos, was slain by Aenarion the Defender, the first Phoenix King. How Archaon came to possess this armour no-one knows, but thus far it has shielded him from harm. Bearing the ever-burning Mark of Chaos Undivided this armour twists and alters reality, bending swords raised against its wearer, deflecting arrows and robbing strikes of power. Such are the magical enchantments set upon this massive suit of black iron armour that the wearer is all but impervious to attacks, whether magical or mundane. Clad in this suit, Archaon has weathered the arrows, spears and blades of his foes, and some question whether anyone less than Sigmar himself could ever triumph against a warrior so clad.

Full plate armour. The Armour of Morkar gives Archaon an additional +1 to his armour save. No attack against Archaon may ever have a better chance To Wound than a 3+, regardless of special rules.

The Eye of Sheerian (Talisman)

The Eye of Sheerian is an incredibly ancient jewel, named after the Tzeentchian Sorcerer who first discovered it, which dates back to the time of the Old Ones, before even Chaos walked the world. The jewel holds ultimate power over the flow of magic and it is said that whoever brings the Eye before the Gateway of the Old Ones will unleash the hordes of Daemons that are beyond it. Now that he has its proper setting, the Crown of Domination, Archaon can make full use of the Eye's prophetic powers. The visions granted by the Eye allow Archaon to predict the attacks of the enemy and counter or avoid them.

The Eye of Sheerian grants Archaon a Ward save (3+).

The Crown of Domination (Enchanted Item)

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

The Crown of Domination grants Archaon the Terror special rule. In addition, any friendly unit within 12" may re-roll failed Break tests.



DORGHAR

Known variously as Ghurshy'ish'phak, Yrontalle, but most commonly as the Steed of the Apocalypse, Dorghar is a massive daemonic steed whose eyes blaze with brimstone and whose hooves leave fiery prints upon the ground. The perpetual stench of sulphur surrounds him, the harbinger of his baleful presence.

It is said that Dorghar can change shape, and certainly when Archaon stole him from the stables of Agrammon he writhed and shifted through countless aspects until Archaon broke his will. Now, he is a giant black stallion.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Dorghar	8	4	0	5	5	3	3	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemonic, Strider.

Fear me, mortals, for I am the Anointed, the Favoured Son of Chaos, the Scourge of the World. The armies of the gods rally behind me, and it is by my will and by my sword that your weakling nations shall fall.'

Archaon, Lord of the End Times

VARDEK CROM

The Conqueror, Herald of Archaon, Harbinger of the End Times

To the east of the Worlds Edge Mountains and north of the Mountains of Mourn, the Eastern Steppes stretch from the civilised lands of men to the Chaos Wastes. These vast, rolling plains of grass and tundra are home to the Kurgan, savage tribes of nomadic warriors who spend their lives in battle to prove their might before the Ciods. Born into a land constantly riven by warfare, the people of the north must be strong warriors lest they meet an early and brutal end in battle.

Crom the Conqueror is of the Kul. A tribe of the Kurgan people, the Kul stake their claim on the lands above the Worlds Edge Mountains and to the east of the Sea of Chaos, from where they launch brutal raids on their neighbouring tribes, sometimes travelling as far as Cathay or the Empire in their quest for plunder. Possessed of an ambition that burned like fire and a keen warrior's skill, Crom bested his chieftain in a leadership challenge before his twentieth year. Crom's cunning and prowess ensured that the Kul rose to great renown, a position built on the backs of slaves, and paid for with a hoard of stolen wealth. Before another ten winters had passed Crom was one of mightiest kings the Steppes had ever known, and it was then that the dreams started.

Night after night, Crom dreamt of the future, of a world drowning in a tide of Chaos for the glory of the Gods.

He saw a dark figure silhouetted against a red sky, a blade sheathed in golden fire raised above its head. The dreams became ever more vivid, and Crom became



convinced that it was a message from the Gods and a clue to his destiny; but who was this figure? Was it his own destiny to claim the world for the Ciods, or was there another, even mightier than he? Obsessed with the meaning of the dreams, Crom spoke with the sorcerers of his tribe but when they could not provide him with answers, his mood became dark and brooding.

When news came to him of a company of armoured knights marching over his lands uninvited, Crom was furious. Angered by the slight to his sovereignty and made reckless by his infuriating dreams, he immediately rode forth to challenge the intruders. Catching sight of the knights across the sweeping plains he bellowed challenges at them until eventually their dark leader raised a hand, stopping his riders and turning back.

The knights spurred towards the king of the Kul, who soon found himself encircled. Though outnumbered many times over, Crom did not back down and demanded to know who dared cross his lands without his permission. The leader of the knights replied simply that his name was Archaon, and he sought the six treasures of Chaos. As far as Crom was concerned, for Archaon to make such a statement as this was the ultimate blasphemy. Drawing his sword Crom challenged Archaon to single combat and to prove that he was indeed he chosen of the Gods.

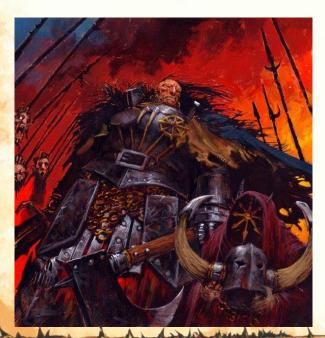
Archaon's shoulders shook slightly with silent laughter and gestured to one of his riders. Seemingly unhindered by the great weight of armour upon his back, the knight leapt down from his horse and charged at Crom. Crom simply grinned, and in a single motion battered the warrior's sword aside before backswinging his blade, severing the man's head. Crying out in triumph he-demanded once more that Archaon face him. Archaon said nothing, but gestured again. Another of the armoured warriors stepped forwards; again Crom cut him down with ease. A dozen times more Archaon sent forth his champions, and each time Crom proved victorious, the blood of the knights spilt upon the barren Steppes. The Kul ruler was in a fury, demanding to know why Archaon refused to fight, when the huge knight finally dismounted. Sensing that this was to be a fight worthy of his skills, Crom did not allow the knight to even draw his blade before rushing headlong towards him, his sword swinging in vicious arcs.

At first the dark knight gave ground before the enraged king, beating aside the ferocious attacks with his shield, seemingly unable to draw his own weapon in the face of such skill and ferocity. Crom pressed on, believing that he had the measure of his foe, but as Archaon reached the ring of knights, he gave ground no further and with a single sweep of his shield swept the blade from Crom's hand. Without pause, Crom

flung himself weaponless at his foe but as fast as he was, Archaon was faster, his right hand closing in a vice-like grip about Crom's throat. As he lifted the struggling Kul high off the ground, Archaon abandoned his shield and drew his sword, the blade easing from the scabbard.

Struck with awe, Crom instantly stopped his struggles, for the blade shone with a golden flame that danced across runes inscribed so finely as to be barely readable. The serrated edge of the sword seemed to move and flow even as he watched, and a faint moaning emanated from the desperate struggles of an imprisoned daemon. Still holding the king at arm's length, Archaon told him of the quest for the treasures. The Sword he possessed already and the Eye and the Mark. Still he needed the Steed, the Armour and the Crown. Crom had been tested and found to be a mighty warrior; Archaon bade Crom accompany him for the remainder of his journey. Crom realised that Archaon could truly be the figure from his dreams, the chosen of the Gods and of the prophecy he who would bring about the Storm of Chaos. The Gods could not have given Crom greater honour and, leaving his people, he joined Archaon's band, the Swords of Chaos, and Crom's tale passed into the myths of the Kul. Over the decades spanned by that epic quest, Crom's fervour and belief in Archaon grew ever stronger. Soon he became the most loyal and devoted of his Lord's companions, travelling far and wide in his lord's name – a herald for the Lord of the End Times.

As the day of prophecy drew near, Crom took it upon himself to create an army worthy of the Lord of the End Times and Crom returned to his homeland for the first time in many years. He strode brazenly into the tent of the king of his people demanding that the Kul swear loyalty to Archaon and the End Times. When the king, himself a mighty warrior, challenged Crom he was cut down like a mere boy. In awe of Crom and his words, and remembering the legends of their tribe, the assembled chieftains of the Kul acknowledged him with deafening cheers and swore themselves to his cause.



Under Crom's leadership once more, the Kul burst forth from their own lands in a whirlwind of conquest. Those chieftains who would not join the cause were slain by Crom, their armies humbled in battle, and the people of their tribes pledged to obey Archaon as their ruler and Crom as his Herald. As the ranks swelled with the peoples of the conquered tribes, the horde swept eastwards across the plains. Crom's following was the largest army ever assembled in the east, the warriors fanatical in their desire to crush all before them in the name of their Gods.

When finally the Conqueror was satisfied with the strength of the force at his command he led his army south, leaving the open plains of the Steppes for the rocky, greenskin-infested lands below. The lands of men would be attacked not only from the north, but also from the east, each incursion alone more mighty than any that had come before. Truly the time of mortals was at an end and the Storm of Chaos was upon the world.

	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Vardek Crom	4	9	3	5	5	3	8	5	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Eye of the Gods, Will of Chaos.

Master of Chaos Undivided: Crom and the vast majority of his troops celebrate Chaos in its purest, undiluted form.

If Crom is your army's General, the restrictions on upgrading Chaos Marauders or Marauder Horsemen to Elite Marauders is lifted. However, they may not be given any Mark of Chaos.

Immense Pride: Crom is a true warrior, a master of single combat. He has defeated many chieftains in single combat to gain leadership of their tribes, each victory increasing an already considerable pride.

While fighting in a challenge, Crom may re-roll To Hit and To Wound rolls.

The Way of the Warrior: The Conqueror is supremely skilled in many styles of fighting, be it with sword and axe, or sword and shield. With his sword and axe, Crom is a whirlwind of destruction, his attacks striking with such power that his opponents are torn apart by the storm of blows. Crom uses his shield expertly, forcing his opponent back and blocking any attempt to launch an attack.

Crom can choose to swap between fighting with a hand weapon and shield or two hand weapons at the start of each round of close combat.

If Crom uses a hand weapon and shield, his Parry save is increased to 4+.

If Crom uses two hand weapons, he gains +3 Attacks rather than +1.

KORDEL SHORGAAR

Standard Bearer of the Swords of Chaos

Kordel Shorgaar is a name feared across the great northern steppes. Slayer of the great beast Tharnol, single-handed slaughterer of the Oerskinar tribe and the victor of the blood-fields of the Aeslings, he has earned much respect and honour amongst the warriors of Norsca and the Kurgan realms.



When still in his teenage years, the young warrior led his tribe on a trail of glorious rampage, earning the countless ritual scars of victory that criss-cross his arms. Thousands fell beneath his blade as the years rolled by, and none could match him on the field of battle. It was at this time that he gained the attention of Archaon, the fell Lord of the End Times. This was one foe that Kordel could not best, and after hour upon hour of ritual combat he fell to his knees, exhausted, his body pierced and cut in a hundred places. As he awaited the killing blow, still he glared defiantly at Archaon with eyes of pure jet. Archaon respected the warrior spirit of Kordel, and could feel that the gods favoured the young man, and so he spared him.



Archaon honoured Kordel by initiating him into the Swords of Chaos, and allowing him to bear his sacred standard. A decade later, Kordel still rides at his side, ever-faithful to the one he could not best, bearing the mighty Banner of the Gods. He has fought at his lord's side through a hundred wars and has seen a million slain before the wrath of the Everchosen and his Swords. It has been decreed by the great gods that it is Kordel's fate to be at his master's side until the final outcome of the apocalypse, until the arrival of the End Times.

	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Kordel Shorgaar	4	7	3	5	4	2	6	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Eye of the Gods, Will of Chaos.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Banner of the Gods (Magic Standard)

Forged in the red-lit depths of Zharr Naggrund and festooned with grisly trophies and bearing the symbols of all the four major powers, the Banner of the Gods induces dread in the enemy and suicidal courage in the servants of Chaos.

This is the army's Battle Standard. The bearer of the Banner of the Gods causes Terror, and any unit joined by him gains the Unbreakable special rule.

THE PROPHECY OF FATE

Forged from the other world, six treasures shall he possess.

Upon his head the crown shall see all, and open eye will prove woe to mortal kind.

Then shall he ride unto the world.

Here will four be united into one. And five shall be the armies of doom.

Then will the world know that the last war has begun.

With the coming of doom will march a lowly boy. Anger shall be his nourishment and blood his rains

And from the land tamed will rise a champion.

Disease shall be his downfall and saviour divine.

A king's son shall be the chosen. In power will he thrive and glory in his name.

And with the coming of the end times, the old will fall by the hand of the new.

 Taken from the Celestine Book of Divination by Necrodomo the Insane

VALKIA THE BLOODY

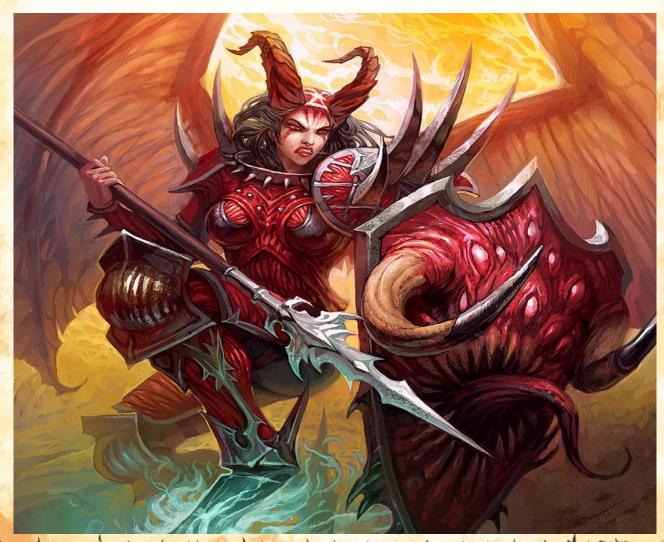
Bringer of Glory, the Gorequeen, Swordmaiden of the Blood God

Amongst the people of the north, there is a strange legend of a cruel warrior woman of the Norse, noted for her cold beauty and surpassing deadliness. She is known as Valkia the Bloody, or the Gorequeen. Her violent deeds are watched over by her battle-hungry patron and it is said that those who earn her blessing will fight in the halls of the Blood God for all eternity. Khorne is not noted for his affections. His passions are those of rage, hate and bloodlust. Yet sagas of the Norse tell that Valkia is his paramour, an immortal consort who he returned from the dead to further the work of Khorne.

It was in the year of 1396 that the civilised races of the Old World first came into contact with Valkia. At the head of an army of violent madmen she overran the Dwarf positions surrounding the stronghold of Karak Ghulg. Valkia ordered her men to perform a grotesque practice upon their defeated foes. They unfolded their victim's bloody red ribs, made naked their hearts and spread out their lungs. With their bleeding lights about their bodies the Dwarfs looked like they bore strange fleshy wings, and so this torturous execution was termed the 'Blood Raven'.

It was an audacious attack that made the Gorequeen a subject of fear amongst the civilised peoples, but within the violent societies of the Norse she was already notorious. Valkia was famed as the warrior queen of her tribe, ensuring her position by slaying any who were foolhardy enough to question her right to rule. This pleased Khorne greatly, for Valkia had dispatched many eminent minions of his brother gods.

One such individual was Locephax, an unimaginably perverse Daemon Prince of Slaanesh, driven by the wanton appetites so characteristic of the followers of the Prince of Chaos. Excited by the cold beauty and athletic physique of the warrior queen he visited Valkia and suggested that she might suited to life as a slave girl better than that of a queen. Valkia did not take kindly to this. So insulted was the Gorequeen that she took up her magical spear Slaupnir and attacked the leering daemon in a berserk rage. Locephax was a fearsome foe, and the sagas tell that the two fought for days before Valkia finally felled the daemon and decapitated him. She set the daemon's head upon her shield as a trophy, which it has adorned ever since, gazing hypnotically at those who come close.



From that day forwards, Valkia enjoyed great favour in the eyes of Khorne. Valkia took leave of her tribe then, saying that she was going to travel to the top of the world, to find her way to Khorne's realm. The Gorequeen meant to slaughter her way to the northernmost point of the world and cross through into the Realm of Chaos, personally placing the head of Locephax at the base of Khorne's throne. Great were the bloody deeds Valkia performed on her quest, but even one as mighty as the Gorequeen could not prevail against all the perils set in her path, and before a year was out her corpse joined the thousands of other champions of the dark gods that litter across that hellstained realm.

Khorne raged at Valkia's passing, and his fury was so thunderous that it awoke her from death and, taking her in his claws, Khorne reforged the queen into a form even more pleasing to him, forging her anew in the heat of his own wrath. He moulded great horns from her head, and gave her the long bestial legs of a Bloodletter. He pulled great bat-like wings from the muscle and skin of her shapely back. Valkia returned to the mortal world a vision of destructive power.

These days Valkia is known to those who fight in Khorne's name as the Bringer of Glory. It is said that each dawn she descends from the sky to reap more skulls for her diabolic paramour's throne and choosing those who will fight on in the Realm of Chaos after their death in battle. The Warriors of Chaos fight all the harder in her presence, for it is said the gaze of Khorne lingers about her still. Many champions redouble their efforts knowing that the Blood God despises cowards and will strike down those who flee, whilst others see a chance to gain his attention on the field of slaughter, knowing that to become one of his chosen is a prize beyond measure.



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 Valkia the Bloody
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TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Eye of the Gods, Fear, Fly (10), Mark of Khorne, Ward save (5+), Will of Chaos.

Consort of the Blood God: If Valkia the Bloody is required to roll on the Eye of the Gods table, do not roll any dice. Instead, she is always counted as having rolled the Slaughterer's Strength reward.

The Gaze of Khorne: Valkia's presence is a sign to nearby followers of Khorne that the Blood God's gaze must surely be upon them.

All friendly units with the Mark of Khorne within 12" of Valkia the Bloody re-roll failed Break tests. However, any friendly unit with the Mark of Khorne that flees whilst within 12" of Valkia the Bloody, for whatever reason, immediately suffers D6 Strength 6 hits

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Spear Slaupnir (Magic Weapon)

The Gorequeen's barbed spear has slain kings and paupers alike and spilt the ichor of daemons, ripping out their hearts or striking their heads from their bodies in one deft blow.

Spear. All close combat attacks made by the Spear Slaupnir have the Armour Piercing (1) special rule. In addition, in any turn in which Valkia the Bloody charges, Slaupnir confers the Strength Bonus (1) and the Killing Blow special rules.

Daemonshield (Magic Armour)

The horned head of Locephax has adorned Valkia's shield ever since the Daemon Prince angered the Gorequeen, its hypnotic eyes gazing at all who come close. The daemon's black eyes beguile those who would seek to attack the Gorequeen.

Shield. Whilst an enemy model is in base contact with Valkia the Bloody, they reduce their Attacks by 1, to a minimum of 1.

The Scarlet Armour (Magic Armour)

This suit of armour runs red with thick strings of blood, sapping the strength of all Khorne's enemies.

Full plate armour. Whilst an enemy model is in.base contact with Valkia the Bloody, they reduce their Strength by 1, to a minimum of 1.



VILITCH THE CURSELING

The Twisted Twin, Doomkindred, Master of Misrule

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 Vilitch the Curseling
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TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Vilitch the Curseling is a Level 4 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of Tzeentch.

SPECIAL RULES: Eye of the Gods, Loremaster (Lore of Tzeentch), Mark of Tzeentch, Will of Chaos.

MUTATIONS AND POWERS: Conjoined Homunculus.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Vessel of Chaos (Arcane Item)

Vilitch enjoys the patronage of the Great Sorcerer himself; and as part of Tzeentch's fickle plans, he has gifted the Twisted Twin with a dark crucible - a powerful artefact that is able to harness and store a great reservoir of unstable magical energy.

When an enemy Wizard fails to meet the casting value of a spell, the power dice used for that attempt are converted to bonus dispel dice that Vilitch the Curseling may utilise later that phase. Conversely, should the enemy make a failed dispel attempt to counter one of Vilitch the Curseling's spells, the dispel dice used for that attempt are immediately converted to bonus power dice that Vilitch may utilise later that phase. Note that these bonus dice cannot take your pool above the maximum limit and no other Wizard can use these bonus dice – if Vilitch is unable to use them, they are lost.



SIGVALD THE MAGNIFICENT

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

Though he appears to be little more than sixteen summers of age, Sigvald the Magnificent has blighted the world for over three hundred years. The personification of beauty on the outside, but rot within, Sigvald rides at the head of an army of utterly devoted followers who would give their lives for him without a second thought. His elite bodyguard bear mirrored shields so that Sigvald might bask in his own divine glory, and dozens of exotic females attend to his every whim and desire. Such are the depths of Sigvald's self-obsession that he will even call his retainers to attend him with their mirrors in the midst of battle, preening and murmuring compliments to himself as men plunge into battle and die all around him.

Sigvald's baroque armour remains forever untarnished by age or the tiniest fleck of dirt, and warm perfumed air surrounds him even during the fiercest blizzard. The ground itself reshapes itself to let Sigvald pass, and his feet float an inch above the world's surface so that his boots are never touched by the mud or gore of the battlefield. He has defeated warriors twice his size with a contemptuous flick of his rapier, for Sigvald the Magnificent is the chosen scion of Slaanesh, his every wish granted in exchange for an eternity of depravity.

Sigvald was born the eldest son of a powerful and already depraved Norse warlord whose dark desires led him to carnal and unnatural acts. When a child was born from the union of the warlord and his own sister, the bastard infant was handsome indeed. His hair was like spun gold and his skin was unblemished save for a tiny horned birthmark on the back of his neck. At first, Sigvald's every wish was made manifest. The boyprince was taught the arts of war by the finest warriors of the tribe. Sigvald took after his father, and went farther still. The excesses of the chief's progeny eventually grew too obscene even for his father and disgusted all within the tribe, as Sigvald partook in all kinds of unnatural pleasures and even had a fondness for human flesh. Despite the handsome boy's skill with the blade and the distinctive aura around him, he was cast out into the snowy wilderness. The boy-prince feigned dismay, but when his father retired for bed, Sigvald remorselessly slew him with his own blade, wallowing in the pleasure of his latest debauched act. The boy-prince left the tribe, reasoning that a man of his calibre would thrive in the Chaos Wastes. And thrive he did, but not through honest toil. Before the next dawn, the young warrior had a new patron in the form of Slaanesh.

Hundreds of years later, Sigvald the Magnificent marches to war at the head of an army of admiring followers. Any who the Prince deems to be ugly, crude or irritating he has put to the blade, sometimes eradicating whole cities on a whim. Slaanesh spoils his adopted son as an indulgent father, and Sigvald's wild

excesses only serve to elevate him further in the Dark Prince's favour. Every wish of the vain warlord has been granted, and he has grown ever more handsome over the course of his disgusting lifetime. Clad in brilliant gold armour, wearing a mirrored shield, and armed with the legendary sword Silverslash, Sigvald is an awe-inducing sight on the battlefield. Caring for nothing without beauty, Sigvald puts anything that displeases him to the sword but neither blood nor filth besmirches his magnificent armour. Spoiled by his master, Sigvald is rash and petulant, but he remains an incredibly dangerous foe. He is a mighty warrior in his own right, having trained and honed his skills over the centuries, and his boyish good looks belie the unnatural strength lies coiled within his body. Despite his polished exterior, his soul is utterly damned. Jaded and capricious in the extreme, Sigvald the Magnificent ever strives to plumb new depths of cruelty in his conquests. Prince Sigvald is rightly feared by those who know his name and reputation. Despite, or perhaps because of, his utter depravity, the prince inspires fanatical devotion in his followers, and they would give their lives to defend him, for they know that in the aftermath of battle, they may sate their most unholy lusts without restraint.



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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Eye of the Gods, Mark of Slaanesh, Strider, Stupidity.

Favoured Son: The ground reshapes itself to let Sigvald pass, and his feet float an inch above the world's surface.

If Sigvald the Magnificent is required to roll on the Eye of the Gods table, do not roll any dice. Instead, he is always counted as having rolled the Dark Fury reward.

Supreme Vanity: Sigvald is the vainest man in the Old World. Such is Sigvald's self-obsession that he will call his retainers to attend him with their mirrors even in the midst of battle, preening and murmuring compliments to himself as men are butchered all around him.

Sigvald the Magnificent may never re-roll a failed Stupidity test, nor use another model's Leadership when taking a Stupidity test (such as the army General's) – he's far too self-absorbed to take notice of anyone other than his own handsome reflection. The above also applies to any unit that Sigvald is currently joined to.

MUTATIONS AND POWERS: Allure of Slaanesh, Diabolic Splendour.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Sliverslash (Magic Weapon)

Prince Sigvald's sword is forged from a sliver of Slaanesh's own blade. It moves like quicksilver, striking its foes down in a flurry of lightning-quick blows.

Sliverslash grants Sigvald +2 Attacks and the Always Strikes First special rule.

Auric Armour (Magic Armour)

The Auric Armour is a sculpted suit of plate mail forged from ensorcelled gold. Tendrils of dark energy constantly caress the skin of the wearer, rejuvenating his flesh and closing his wounds with a tender touch.

Heavy armour. The Auric Armour grants Sigvald +2 to his armour save and the Regeneration (4+) special rule.

Mirrorshield (Magic Armour)

Sigvald's mighty, mirrored shield is polished to an incredible degree. Mostly, this is used so that the Scion of Slaanesh can stare lovingly at himself. However, whenever the shield is exposed to bright light, they become blinded by it.

Shield. Enemies in base contact with Sigvald suffer -1 To Hit in close combat.



FESTUS THE LEECHLORD

Old Sawbones, Dark Apothecary, the Fecundite

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

Dr Festus was once a well-heeled physician and chirurgeon, thought of as the finest of medics across the Empire, as compassionate as he was gifted – he charged commoner and noble alike according to their means. He founded a string of hostels all across the province of Nordland, and even maintained a prestigious apothecarion in Altdorf itself. Specialising in curative unguents and salves, the good doctor cured hundreds of people every year. His ointments and elixirs eliminated every ailment he set his mind to curing. With Festus's guidance, Nordland overcame outbreaks of the Screaming Ague, Blacklegge, and even the crippling Ghoulpox.

Despite his success in the treatment of several virulent strains of disease over his career, it was the onset of the Gnashing Fever one winter that marked the beginning of the end for Festus and eventually drove him to the edge of madness. Sufferers of the Gnashing Fever succumbed to violent, spasmodic fits. The disease even taxed the local priests of Shallya, yet Doktor Festus was determined to find a cure. Try as he might, the doctor could not stem the spread of this new and highly contagious disease. Festus locked himself in his laboratory for months, with barely enough sleep and sustenance, working ceaselessly to create a healing elixir. However, every patient who came to him for help succumbed to the fever. Countless sleepless nights passed, and despite his best efforts, Festus still had no cure.

Countless sleepless nights passed and still Festus had no cure. Those plague victims he had managed to sequester in his laboratory were dying and he was powerless to prevent it. One evening when Morrslieb was full and the last of his test subjects shook themselves to death, Festus fell to his knees weeping, crying out for help. The image of a white dove momentarily appeared before him, but then decayed into black mist. One by one, the slack-jawed corpses of

"Oh, fecund life! Oh, blissful plague! To be a host to a thousand tiny lives! To be the bearer of a thousand horrid death!"

– Festus the Leechlord

those patients he had failed to save that day turned their heads to look at him. The candles of his laboratory guttered, and with a single voice, sonorous and strangely reassuring, emanating from a score of parched throats, they promised to give Festus the knowledge necessary to cure not only this plague but all the diseases in the world in return for a lifetime of service, if he would only bend his knee. Lost and despairing amongst the corpses of those he could not save, Grandfather Nurgle offered him an encyclopaedic knowledge of every form of disease – including the Gnashing Fever. Festus could not conceive of the power with which he dealt, nor the fact that his new patron's strange gift would drive him over the precipice of madness.

At his wit's end, the doctor nodded, and in the blink of a bloodshot eye, Festus' mind was flooded with the blighted lore of Nurgle – every detail of every sickness, ailment and plague known to the great god Nurgle. This drove him entirely mad, washed away his compassion and left nothing more than an intimate knowledge of disease and a desire to experiment, to take his knowledge of contagion and sow its fruit across the Old World and beyond. If he and his everthirsting leeches could devise even stranger afflictions in the process, then so much the better. The next day, new patients filed in. They died too, but not of Gnashing Fever...



Festus became the Leechlord of Nurgle, who goes to war in the name of furthering his revolting studies. Now Doktor Festus is said to wander the Old World, a corpulent bald man with disease-ravaged skin dressed in ragged physician's robes. Leaning on a staff entwined with two venomous serpents, he bends double beneath the weight on his back: boxes of poisons, vials of viruses, syringes, spatulas, and dozens of notebooks recording his findings. Though his curative powers are greater than ever before, woe betide the fool who crosses the Doctor, for he is always in need of new test subjects, and not above forcefeeding his latest concoctions to his victims in his quest to bring ever more repugnant forms of life into the world. It is a better fate by far to die on the field of battle than to be captured alive by Festus and used for his latest dark experiments. When a person goes missing, it is often said that Old Sawbones has taken him...



His coming heralds outbreaks of the most lethal and bizarre plagues, for Festus comes not to conquer in the conventional sense, but to experiment. Just like Grandfather Nurgle himself, Festus delights in the act of creating virulent life and then unleashing it upon the ungrateful foe, brewing magnificent new sicknesses with the aid of his devoted Nurgling assistants, Mucus and Pukus, and singing operatic duets with his favourite leeches as he works.

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
Festus the Leechlord 4 4 2 4 5 2 2 8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Festus the Leechlord is a Level 2 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of Nurgle.

SPECIAL RULES: Eye of the Gods, Mark of Nurgle (included in profile), Poisoned Attacks, Regeneration (4+), Will of Chaos.

"He walked there, or so I thought. A many-chinned man who seemed as a priest or apothecary, merry in his work, but desperate also. He tended the garden with the fervour of a desperate man, yearning for the approbation of his master. The small gibbering creatures that swarmed the garden mewed and purred around his feet. Calling him favoured. They whispered of the plans his master has for him. Gardener of Nurgle, they whispered. But I knew him as Festus."

- From A Discourse with the Damned

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Harbinger of Pestilence: Whilst Festus the Leechlord is in a unit, all models in that unit have the Poisoned Attacks special rule.

Healing Elixirs: Whilst Festus the Leechlord is in a unit, all models in that unit have the Regeneration (6+) special rule.

Dark Experiments: To be caught by Festus is a very horrible fate.

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

MAGIC ITEMS:

Pestilent Potions (Enchanted Item)

Festus is a walking repository of alembics and beakers full of foul-smelling poisons and restoratives. To one blessed by Grandfather Nurgle, these elixirs are restorative brews, but to others, they are deadly poisons.

At the beginning of each Close Combat phase Festus may either drink his potions, in which case he will immediately regain a single lost Wound, or try to force them down the throat of a single enemy model in base contact. If he attempts the latter, both players roll a D6 and add their model's unmodified Strength to the result. If your opponent's total is higher, nothing happens. If Festus' total is equal or higher, his victim immediately suffers D3 Wounds which Ignores Armour saves. Any unsaved Wounds inflicted by Pestilent Potions count towards the combat result.



SCYLA ANFINGRIMM

The Bloodbeast, Scourgeborn, the Talon of Khorne

Scyla Anfingrimm was once the bane of the coastlands from frozen Norsca to exotic Ind. A bloodthirsty raider and warrior lord of the Ironpelt tribe, Scyla's name was synonymous with victory and pillage, and all who met him saw the fire of a born leader in his eyes. At one time, Scyla's Raiders plagued the northern coasts of the Empire. His name was feared by the Kislevite merchants of Erengrad. Many remembered the daring night raids that left the docklands of the Lynsk an inferno of destruction. But power of such magnitude has its cost, and Scyla paid the highest price for his ambition. By the end of Scyla's second decade in the service of the Chaos Gods he had become little more than a mountain of muscle and unquenchable rage, goaded into battle as a beast of war and unleashed to run howling into the ranks of the enemy.

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

They were right. After orchestrating the massacre at Black Gulch, which caused the winding chasm to run red with Skaven blood, Scyla was gifted with massive brute strength and hulking, ape-like arms. Honouring Khorne for his blessing, Scyla launched a series of daring raids on the war-



dhows of the Plenipotentate Ibn Dhul, personally reducing the flagship of the Dhuli armada to splinters. This time his bravery was rewarded with a serpentine tail ending in a snapping maw. Scyla's merciless slaughter of the Chaos Dwarf delegation sent to trade with his tribe resulted in a profusion of horn-like plates that spread across his body. After Scyla's subjugation of the troglodyte Gorgers that dwelt in Undermountain, Khorne gifted his champion with the mind of a ravenous beast, and Scyla was lost in the depths of gibbering abomination. That same night, Scyla's body flowed and spasmed out of control until his transformation into a Chaos Spawn was complete.

Scyla's warband took pity on him; some even revered him in his new form and paid homage to him as a living god. From that day on, Scyla Anfingrimm was known as the Talon of Khorne. Subsequently, his trusted lieutenant One-Eyed Erlock was chosen as Khorne's Champion, and Erlock placed around Scyla's malformed head the potent Collar of Khorne. Scyla still fought alongside his old comrades at arms, but now they treat him more like a prized warhound than a lord amongst men. When Erlock led the warriors to battle, he took Scyla with him and directed the horrific creature like a tamed beast.

When Erlock and his fellow Norsemen marched in the great army of Asavar Kul, they too fought like many other warbands at the titanic battle at the Gates of Kislev. When the army of Kul was slaughtered by the vengeance of Magnus the Pious, many thought that Scyla had fallen as well. But this was not the case, for Khorne had protected the fallen champion, as the oceans of blood he spilled daily in His glory was pleasing to the Blood God.

The monstrous raider now prowls the Chaos Wastes. Though Scyla has become a mindless beast, he is still high in the favour of Khorne, his only desire to kill and maim in the name of his bloodthirsty god, and his destiny unlikely to hold little more than a violent death.

100	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Scyla Anfingrim	6	4	0	5	5	4	3	*	10

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Hatred, Mark of Khorne, Natural Armour (5+), *Random Attacks (D6+2), Unbreakable.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Brass Collar of Khorne (Talisman)

During his final transformation into a Chaos Spawn, a brazen collar pushed out from under the corded muscle of Scyla Anfingrimm's neck. This collar protects the Blood God's favoured spawn from enemy attacks and the sorceries of cowardly wizards.

The Brass Collar of Khorne bestows Scyla Anfingrimm with the Ward save (6+) and Magic Resistance (3) special rules.

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

Scyla Anfingrimm

WULFRIK THE WANDERER

Worldwalker, The Eternal Challenger, Inescapable One

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

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

That night Wulfrik was visited by a strange emissary of the Dark Gods. In his dreams, Wulfrik journeyed to paradises, necropolises and fantastic netherworlds, and everywhere he passed was drowned in a great tide of blood. When Wulfrik awoke, he was blessed with the gift of tongues – the ability to issue an irrefusable challenge to any warrior or beast in their own language.

Simultaneously he was cursed to wander the length and breadth of the world on a never-ending quest to prove himself against the most gifted warriors alive, living or dead, mortal or daemonic.



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

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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Eye of the Gods, Will of Chaos.

Gift of Tongues: When Wulfrik the Wanderer issues a challenge, your opponent cannot choose to refuse it. Furthermore, Wulfrik nominates which enemy character will accept the challenge.

Hunter of Champions: As soon as Wulfrik the Wanderer is placed on the tabletop, nominate one enemy character in your opponent's army – this is the champion Wulfrik has journeyed to challenge. Against the chosen character, Wulfrik always Hit and Wound on a 2+ and gets the Killing Blow special rule.

Seafang: Using his legendary ship Seafang, Wulfrik is adept at attacking from an unexpected quarter.

Before any units are deployed, Wulfrik the Wanderer and a single unit of Chaos Marauders may choose to use Seafang to encircle their foes. If they choose to do this, they have the Ambushers special rule. When rolling to see if Wulfrik and the Chaos Marauders arrive, roll once for both Wulfrik and the unit. When they arrive, the unit must be deployed with Wulfrik joined to it.

Face me if you dare, stunted whelp, or do you lack even an Elven maid's courage? I thought the Sons of Grungni were great warriors, but perhaps you are no true Dwarf. Indeed, maybe you are instead some breed of bearded Goblin, though in truth I have seen a finer beard on a Troll's back-side.'

— Wulfrik the Wanderer, to Dwarf King

— wulfrik the wanderer, to Dwarf King Thurbad Stonebeard, in perfect Khazalid

GALRAUCH

The Great Drake, First of the Chaos Dragons

At the time when the Elves fought their great wars against the tides of Chaos under the mighty Aenarion, the elder race of Dragons were at their side. These great wyrms were the nemesis of the armies of the Dark Gods, diving from the skies upon the evil warriors, crushing and incinerating them in their thousands. The strength of the Dragons could only be matched by the greatest of the Daemons, living incarnations of their god's power. The epic clashes between these mighty creatures were events of such magnitude that the mortal warriors could only witness them in awe, to later turn them into the songs and legends that have survived from that distant time. The most renowned of these duels was the one that decided the battle for the Isle of the Dead, where Lord Aenarion and his Dragon Indraugnir fought against four Greater Daemons, one sent by each of the Dark Gods.

As the Elven hero battled high in the clouds to save the fate of his people, the valiant Dragon Prince Learfin and his mount, Galrauch the Gold Drake, led the left flank of the Elven host against a vast force of Daemons of Tzeentch on the war-ravaged isle below. A million points of light reflected from his beautiful gold scales, lit red by the searing flame he poured onto the usurpers below. Galrauch's glimmering scales clearly marked him as a sibling of the great Indraugnir, the most powerful of the Dragons, and indeed Galrauch's strength was second only to that of Lord Aenarion's legendary mount.



Great was the slaughter on both sides that day. As the skies turned crimson in the twilight, Galrauch and Learfin came upon Fateclaw, the bird-headed Lord of Change that was at the head of the Daemons. The creature wielded the magic of Chaos with such unmatched mastery. Colourful blasts of deadly magic smashed onto the defences of the Dragon Prince and. though Learfin was a mighty warrior, his fine armour and skill with a blade were no defence against the powerful spells of the terrible Daemon. A fiery blast broke through the Prince's guard and consumed the noble Elf in a sorcerous inferno. Mad with grief, Galrauch, determined to exact revenge even at the cost of his own life, fell upon the Daemon. As Galrauch descended from the heavens like an avenging golden thunderbolt, the avian Daemonthing below did nothing more than bare its teeth in a sinister expression of glee. Galrauch's great jaws snapped shut around Fateclaw's head, ripping it clean away in a multi-coloured spray of ichor. Within a heartbeat, the broken body of the Greater Daemon instantly dissolved into a multicoloured mist that enveloped the raging dragon and sank into his flesh. Galrauch, resplendent in victory, flew high into the air, and all the Elves around him raised cries of victory.



But their cheers died away when the Dragon's body became wracked by violent convulsions. Finally the mighty drake froze in mid-air, and an evil, iridescent light appeared in its eyes. The skin of the mighty wyrm flowed like water, and within it evil faces formed, cackling maniacally and singing the praise of Tzeentch. Foul tentacles and wicked spikes emerged from the Dragon's flesh and finally the once-noble head of Galrauch split into two all the way down to his neck, so that the Dragon was turned into a two-headed monstrosity. To their horror, the Dragon turned his fiery breath against the astonished Elves below and the flames that erupted from his mouth were now blue and green and other supernatural colours. However, instead of burning them alive the flames brought mutation and madness amongst the ranks of the Elves.

The two heads were governed by the same will at first, but soon they started to tear at each other with hatred, a sure sign that the spirit of the great Dragon had not been destroyed completely. The mind of the Lord of Change eventually managed to wrest control of the powerful body, but with the defeat of the Chaos horde brought about by Aenarion's sacrifice, the Daemon had to flee the vengeful anger of the Elves and the Dragons.

Galrauch withdrew from the lands of mortals and slept for centuries but emerged from his slumber many times throughout history to wreak havoc on the lands of Elves. Dwarfs, and Men. Legends have it that he was the first of the Dragons of Chaos and that many were the evil creatures born of his blood and of his evil sorcery. It is said that he is the forefather of the twoheaded Dragons of Chaos, of the Chimeras, and of many other twisted monsters that afflict the world.

For many centuries, he had lain dormant, sleeping in a deep cavern within the Worlds Edge Mountains. To the short-lived Men, Galrauch existed only in tales told to frighten children, but other races had far better memories of this terrible creature. The Dwarfs of Karak-Vlag had long been mining deeper and deeper towards the heart of the world. It was Dwarfs from the clan of King Thurgrim Rockarm who stumbled upon his treasure-filled lair. The King was summoned and instantly recognized the great Dragon from tales that had been passed down through his ancestors. Alas. such is the Dwarf's fondness for gold that greed overcame all reason, and the Dwarfs stole away with as much treasure as they could carry.

Before Galrauch had lapsed into his deep slumber, he had placed a curse on his precious hoard, and no sooner had the first Dwarf left the cavern than the gold flared into a bright hue of rainbow colors. Galrauch woke. At first, his mind was confused as the two consciousnesses that existed within him battled against each other. Then anger overcame reason as he saw the Dwarfs stealing his treasure. Seeing the Dragon wake, the Dwarfs fled for their lives, but Galrauch was upon the small party in an instant and devoured them whole. The King and a small bodyguard, saved only by the brave sacrifice of their fellow clansmen, managed to escape the carnage. He quickly made his way back to his great hall, where he instructed the guards to sound the great horn that alerted the clans in the hold of approaching danger. The Dwarfs made ready to fight the Dragon. Dwarf holds arc built to keep attackers out, but Galrauch was already inside the mountain stronghold and was able to snake his way through the tunnels and finely carved passageways into the heart of the Karak.

Now that he had been awakened, Galrauch's twisted daemon mind was eager to wreak carnage upon the world once more. With hunger from centuries of slumber gnawing at his stomach and a strong desire for vengeance against the plunderers who had disturbed his rest, Galrauch attacked the Dwarfs of the hold. The Dwarf warriors were brave, and many of the older warriors still clung to distant memories of fighting Dragons in days long since past. However, the Dwarfs were not prepared for the devastation the ancient Chaos Dragon was about to unleash. Galrauch was well versed in the art of magic. He had not practiced his dark art for centuries and relished unleashing his ancient powers. Sorcerous blasts flew at the gathered Dwarfs, and even the magical runes of protection that had been carved onto the walls of the hold were unable to protect them from the barrage of attacks. For many days, the Dwarfs battled the Dragon, but even their most ancient Runesmiths were unable to save Karak-Vlag from Galrauch's magic. The few Dwarfs who survived the fall of the hold speak of it being so saturated in magical energy that it now no longer truly exists in the material realm. Instead, the hold phases between the Old World and the Realm of Chaos, and now hordes of Daemons fill the great halls where once the Dwarf kings ruled.

Having fed upon both the bodies and the souls of the Dwarfs he had destroyed. Galrauch was full of vigour. He took to the skies and sought to discover how the world had changed whilst he had slept. He saw how the kingdoms of Man had spread across the face of the land and how, where once were forests, towns and cities had now sprung up like a pox. Whilst flying over the lands of Bretonnia, he caught the scent of one of his children far below. Eager to test the strengths and powers of his kindred, he swooped down low to discover that not only had his twisted offspring been killed but that the Bretonnians had proudly mounted the Chaos Dragon's skulls over the gates that led into the well-fortified city.



Enraged, the ancient Chaos Dragon landed in the castle courtyard, an ear-piercing howl reverberating around the thick stone walls, as both heads sounded their fury. Duke de Lac, who had slain Galrauch's offspring, rode out on his bright white charger to meet the Dragon. With his enchanted armour gleaming in the sun, the Duke lowered his lance and prepared to dispatch this foe as he had done the other Dragon. Spying the Duke. Galrauch belched forth a thick noxious cloud of gas from one of his mouths. Black mist billowed into the courtyard, blotting out the sun. Horrifying inhuman screams filled the courtyard, and when the mist slowly vanished, all that remained of the courageous Duke and his steed was a fallen pile of twisted armour and barding, a black oily substance oozing around it. The Dragon tore down the city's tall towers and sent tons of rubble crashing down on those who sought to hide within its walls. Those knights who summoned the courage to fight against him were torn apart by his fearsome talons. Galrauch's deadly claws ripping apart their fine plate armour as though it were paper.

All that remains of the once-proud city are the ruins of the gate which the huge skulls of Galrauch's kin still adorn – a fitting testimony to the fate of those who would slay a Chaos Dragon.



Many tales are now spreading across the land of the passing of this terrible foe. His menacing silhouette has been spied in every corner of the Old World. Tribes of Orcs in the Badlands run from the sight of the dread creature. Even as far as Naggaroth, his form has been sighted, and all those who see it are filled with dread. Perhaps even more worrying is the waking of the other creatures of Chaos upon his passing. The Chaos Dragons and all manner of dark monstrous beasts are rumoured to be emerging from desolate mountain caverns and dark forest glades. There is wide debate amongst the scholars and philosophers of the Empire: many believe that Galrauch is the herald of a new age of terror. They say that the prophecies point to a time when once again the beasts of Chaos will rise and reclaim the land. Others think that these monsters have been all but slain and pushed to the brink of extinction by the superior technologies of Men. One thing they all agree upon though is that Galrauch is indeed a real threat to the Empire, and as yet, none have any ideas as to how to deal with this deadly behemoth.

Hundreds of heroes have tried to slay him, but they have all failed and their bones now adorn the many caverns where Galrauch has made his lair as a testament to the witch-dragon's sorcerous might. When fighting this evil creature, his opponents have to face the might of a Dragon combined with the magical powers of a Greater Daemon of Tzeentch, and this has proven the undoing of all who have tried.

"He is Tzeentch! The Changer of Ways! The Raven God! The Lord of Mutation! He is the master of all that changes, and the changer of all that remains! His will is Chaos, and all the creatures of Chaos are but fleeting thoughts in his vast mind!" — Drang The Preacher, Zealot

	M	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	W	I	A	Ld
Galrauch	6	6	0	6	6	6	6	6	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character).

MAGIC: Galrauch is a Level 4 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of Tzeentch.

SPECIAL RULES: Dark Fire of Chaos, Fly (7), Mark of Tzeentch, Natural Armour (3+), Ward Save (6+).

Breath of Change: Breath of Change is a Breath Weapon. Any models hit must pass a Toughness test or be removed from play with no saves of any kind allowed.

Spirit of Galrauch: At the beginning of each of his turns, Galrauch must take a Leadership test. If the test is passed, Galrauch is controlled as normal, but if the test is failed, the ancient spirit of the original Dragon surfaces again. Should this occur, Galrauch cannot move, cast spells or use his Breath Weapons. In the Close Combat phase, he directs half of his Attacks against himself as the two heads rip into each other. If Galrauch is already engaged in close combat, he can fight with his remaining Attacks as normal. The Wounds caused by Galrauch against himself are added to the enemy's score when working out the combat resolution.



KHOLEK SUNEATER

Bringer of Darkness, Tempest Incarnate, The Mountain God

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

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

Like all Dragon Ogres, Kholek is energised and enlivened by the power of lightning, roaring with triumph as crackling bolts of pure power play across his ancient and



scaly body. He wears great plates of brass as his armour, the better to attract the tempest's kiss, encrusted with the patina of age and blackened by soot. In his great taloned claws Kholek bears the gigantic hammer known as Starcrusher, a weapon forged in the heart of a volcano and enchanted to fell monstrous foes. In his shadow march the mountain tribes that worship him as a primal god of destruction.

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

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

	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Kholek Suneater	8	8	3	7	6	8	1	7	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Immunity (Lightning Attacks, Psychology), Natural Armour (4+).

Lord of the Storm: During each of Kholek Suneater's Shooting phases, you may choose a single unengaged enemy unit that is within 24" of Kholek Suneater, and is in his front arc and line of sight, and roll a D6. On a roll of a 2-6 a bolt of lightning hits the unit, inflicting D6 Strength 6 hits with the Lightning Attacks special rule. On the roll of a 1, the lightning hits Kholek Suneater instead. Kholek Suneater may use this ability even if he is engaged in close combat.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Starcrusher (Magic Weapon)

The gigantic warhammer known as Starcrusher was forged in the raging heart of a volcano and enchanted to fell monstrous foes. Kholek wields this enormous weapon with both hands as he bears down upon his doomed enemies.

Great weapon. Hits inflicted by Starcrusher have the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

Armour of the Storm (Magic Armour)

Heavy armour. If any spell or missile attack with the Lightning Attacks special rule targets a unit within 12" of Kholek, the spell's effects are redirected toward Kholek instead.

THROGG, KING OF TROLLS

Wintertooth, The Bitter Beast, Lord of the Monstrous Horde

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

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

There was a time when Throgg was content purely with a life of hunting, raiding and killing. He led his monstrous kin in ambushes and midnight attacks, each more successful than the last. Throgg had a knack of using the harsh climate of the north as his ally, for Trolls are quite at home in the numbing cold; to them a fierce ice-shard blizzard is no more troubling than a light summer rain. Before long, the Troll King became infamous, known amongst the warriors of the Old World as Wintertooth. Every season, great and lauded heroes would ride northwards, brave knights and adventurers, all seeking out Throgg's lair to slay him. Every season, the Troll King dined upon noble flesh.



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

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

Throgg would bring about an age of ice and darkness and make all of the races of the Old World his slaves. The Dark Gods were pleased by Throgg's oath, and as the Troll King marches determinedly south, his monstrous entourage grows with every passing day. Whether some property of his battered crown or by the grace of the gods themselves, all things bestial and savage obey Throgg's barked commands without hesitation. Under Throgg's dominion, the creatures of the hinterlands have united into a vast army, and soon the race of Man shall feel the Troll King's wrath.

	\mathbf{M}	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	\mathbf{W}	I	A	Ld
Throgg	6	5	2	6	5	4	2	5	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Special Character).
SPECIAL RULES: Eye of the Gods, Natural Armour (6+).

Copious Vomit: Throgg has a Strength 5 Breath Weapon with the Ignores Armour saves special rule.

Lord of the Monstrous Horde: If your army includes Throgg, units of Chaos Trolls count as Core choices instead of Special choices, and at least one unit must be included.

Mutant Regeneration: Throgg has the Regeneration (4+) special rule. In addition, if Throgg Regenerates two or more Wounds in the same phase, he rolls on the Eye of the Gods table at the end of that phase.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Wintertooth Crown (Enchanted Item)

Whether by some property of this battered crown, or by the grace of the Dark Gods themselves, all things bestial and savage obey the Troll King's barked commands.

The Wintertooth Crown gives Throgg the Inspiring Presence ability, though it can only be used by friendly War Beasts, Monstrous Beasts, Monstrous Infantry and Monsters within 18".

LORE OF TZEENTCH

The Lore of Change

BOON OF MAGIC (Lore Attribute)

Tzeentch is the Master of Magic and he rewards sorcerers who breathe deep of the Winds of Magic with a boon of sorcerous power.

When a spell from the Lore of Tzeentch is successfully cast, make a note of how many power dice results were a 6. After resolving the spell's effect(s), you immediately add a single power dice to your army's pool for each result of a 6 that was rolled to cast the spell.

BLUE FIRE OF TZEENTCH

Cast on 6+

(Signature Spell)

As the wizard twists his hands in the air, the bodies of his enemies are consumed with coruscating blue flames.

Blue Fire of Tzeentch is a **magic missile** with a range of 24" that causes D6 Strength D6+1 hits with the Flaming Attacks special rule. The Wizard can choose to extend the range of the spell to 48". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 9+.

1. PANDEMONIUM

Cast on 7+

The wizard reaches his thought into the minds of his victims, tormenting them with subtle whispers that stoke the fires of mistrust and treachery. They suffer from terrible confusion, and when they speak it is in the unintelligible tongue of Daemons.

Pandemonium is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". Until the start of the caster's next Magic phase, the target unit must use the lowest Leadership value in the unit (including that of mounts) and cannot benefit from the Inspiring Presence or Hold Your Ground! abilities. The Wizard can choose to extend the range of this spell to affect all enemy units within 12". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 14+.

2. PINK FIRE OF TZEENTCH Cast on 8+

A roiling tide of iridescent energy flows from the caster's hand, enveloping his foes in a cone of magical flame.

Pink Fire of Tzeentch is a **direct damage** spell. Place the teardrop-shaped template with its narrow end touching the front of the Wizard's base and the large end aimed at the target. Roll 2D6 and move the template directly forwards the number of inches indicated. All models underneath the template suffer a Strength D6+1 hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule (roll once for the Strength and use that value for all hits).

3. BOLT OF CHANGE

Cast on 8+

The wizard hurls a single devastating bolt of energy that blasts through the ranks of the enemy, wracking their bodies with sickening and uncontrollable mutations.

Bolt of Change is a magic missile with a range of 24". It inflicts a single Strength D6+4 hit with the Multiple Wounds (D3), Ignores Armour Saves and Flaming Attacks special rules, and then penetrates ranks in the same manner as a shot from a bolt thrower.

4. GLEAN MAGIC

Cast on 8+

The caster steals sorceries from his adversary's mind.

Glean Magic is a hex spell that targets a single enemy Wizard within 18". The caster and the target both roll a D6 and add their Wizard level to the score. If the target's total is higher than the caster's, nothing happens. Otherwise, the target suffers a Strength 4 hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule, loses one Wizard level (to a minimum of 0) and forgets one randomly determined spell (this cannot be a bound spell). If the caster does not already know this spell, they immediately gain it and can cast it just like any of his other spells. When casting a stolen spell, always substitute its lore attribute with the Lore of Tzeentch's lore attribute.

5. TREASON OF TZEENTCH Cast on 14+

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

Treason of Tzeentch is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". All models in the unit immediately make one close combat attack against the unit itself. Roll To Hit, To Wound and take saves as normal. The caster may choose which of the unit's weapons is used for these attacks, though any Parry or Dodge save does not apply, and neither does any special rules that only applies in the first round of close combat. This spell has no effect on single model units.

6. INFERNAL GATEWAY

Cast on 16+

The wizard opens a portal to the dread Realm of Chaos, a magical tear in the mortal plane that sucks those nearby to certain oblivion.

Infernal Gateway is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24". The target suffers 2D6 Strength 2D6 hits with the Flaming Attacks special rule. Roll for the Strength first. If an 11 or 12 is rolled when determining the spell's Strength value, the hits are resolved at Strength 10, and the unit suffers 3D6 hits rather than 2D6.



LORE OF NURGLE

Gifts of the Plagued One

STREAM OF CORRUPTION

Cast on 7+

(Signature Spell)

The caster's maw distends wide like a serpent before spewing forth a noxious stream of disease and filth that chokes and suffocates the foes nearest to him.

Stream of Corruption is a **direct damage** spell. The caster makes a Breath Weapon Attack. This may be cast in close combat, following the normal rules for Breath Weapons. All models Hit must pass a Toughness test or suffer a Wound with the Ignores Armour saves special rule.

1. MIASMA OF PESTILENCE

Cast on 5

The caster's followers effuse a ghastly odour; a bowelloosening smell that induces crippling bouts of violent vomiting in nearby foes.

Miasma of Pestilence is an **augment** spell with a range of 18". Until the start of the caster's next Magic phase, all enemy units in base contact with the target unit reduce their Weapon Skill and Initiative by 1 (to a minimum of 1). The Wizard can choose to cast a more powerful version of this spell that instead reduces the Weapon Skill and Initiative of all enemy units in base contact with the target unit by D3 (roll once and apply the result to all affected enemies). If they do so, the casting value is increased to 10+.

2. BLADES OF PUTREFACTION Cast on 8+

The wizard blesses weapons to ooze with the choicest of Nurgle's foul contagions.

Blades of Putrefaction is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target unit's close combat attacks gain the Poisoned Attacks special rule until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. If a model targeted by this spell already has Poisoned Attacks, its Attacks also Wound the target automatically on a To Hit roll of 6.

3. CURSE OF THE LEPER Cast on 10+

As the caster speaks, his followers are blessed with virulent resilience, whilst his enemies watch in horror as their limbs wither and drop off.

Curse of the Leper can be cast on any unit (friend or foe) within 18". If cast on a friendly unit, Curse of the Leper is an **augment** spell that increases the target unit's Toughness by D3 (to a maximum of 10) until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. If Curse of the Leper is cast on an enemy unit, it is a **hex** spell that reduces the target unit's Toughness by D3 (to a minimum of 1) until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to extend the range of this spell to 36". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 13+.

BLOATED WITH DISEASE (Lore Attribute)

Nurgle is the Lord of Decay and he blesses those who spread plague in his name by bloating their bodies with foul vitality.

When a spell from the Lore of Nurgle is successfully cast, roll a D6 after resolving the spell's effect(s). On the roll of a 6, the Wizard's Wounds are increased by 1 for the remainder of the game.

4. RANCID VISITATIONS

Cast on 10+

As the wizard reaches out, his enemies are seized by a terrible affliction that blackens their flesh and rots their organs to mulch.

Rancid Visitations is a **magic missile** with a range of 18" that inflicts D6 Strength 5 hits. The target unit must then immediately pass a Toughness test or suffer a further D6 Strength 5 hits. The target must keep testing its Toughness in this manner until a test is passed, or the target is removed as a casualty.

5. FLESHY A BUNDANCE

Cast on 11+

The wizard generously gifts the fortunate recipient with a growth spurt of the most repulsive kind. Great wobbling mounds of grey-green fat spill out to seal wounds moments after they are formed.

Fleshy Abundance is an **augment** spell with a range of 18". Until the start of the caster's next Magic phase, the target has the Regeneration (5+) special rule. If the target already has the Regeneration special rule, it instead gains +1 to all Regeneration saving throws (to a maximum of 2+) until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to extend the range of this spell to 36". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 14+.

6. PLAGUE WIND

Cast on 15+

The wizard summons forth a maelstrom of maggots, bile and blight-ridden fluids to eat away his enemy's skin, flesh and soul.

Remains in play. *Plague Wind* is a **magical vortex** that uses the small round template. Once the template is placed, the player then nominates the direction in which the Plague Wind 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 and roll a scatter dice; the template moves a number of inches equal to the caster's Wizard level, in the direction shown by the scatter dice (if you roll a Hit!, the template remains where it is). Any model touched by the template must pass a Toughness test or suffer a single automatic Wound, with the Ignores Armour saves special rule.

In subsequent turns, the Plague Wind 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 Plague Wind dissipates and is removed). The Wizard can infuse Plague Wind with more power, so that it uses the large round template instead. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 25+.

LORE OF SLAANESH

The Lore of Pleasure and Pain

LASH OF SLAANESH

Cast on 6+

(Signature Spell)

A long tongue-like whip of energy erupts from the caster's forehead and slashes into the ranks of his enemies.

Lash of Slaanesh is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24". Extend a straight line 24" in length, within the caster's forward arc and directly from his base. Any model whose base falls under the line (determined as for a bouncing cannonball) suffers a Strength 4 hit with the Armour Piercing (1) special rule. Any unit that suffers a casualty from this spell may not march in its next Movement phase.

1. ACQUIESCENCE

Cast on 7+

With an almost lackadaisical gesture, the wizard engulfs his foe with a haze of broken dreams and unattainable desires.

Acquiescence is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". The target unit is subject to the Always Strikes Last and Random Movement (D6) special rules until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to extend the range of this spell to 48". If they do, the casting value is increased to 10+.

2. PAVANE OF SLAANESH Cast on 8+

The caster whistles the tune to one of the darkling dances of Slaanesh, causing his foe to jerk spasmodically until bones snap.

Pavane of Slaanesh is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 12" that targets a single enemy model (even a character in a unit). If successfully cast, the target must pass a Leadership test on 3D6. If failed, the target suffers 1 Wounds which Ignores Armour saves for every point they failed the test by.

3. HYSTERICAL FRENZY Cast on 8+

The caster's victims are engulfed by a torrent of unreasoning emotions, causing them to claw at themselves with excruciating pain and blissful rapture.

Remains in play. Hysterical Frenzy can be cast on any unit (friend or foe) within 24". If cast on a friendly unit, Hysterical Frenzy is an **augment** spell. If Hysterical Frenzy is cast on an enemy unit, it is a **hex** spell. For the duration of the spell, the target gains the Frenzy special rule (which is not lost if the unit is defeated in close combat). If the target unit already has the Frenzy special rule, that Frenzy grants +2 Attacks instead of just +1. In addition, for the duration of the spell, the target of Hysterical Frenzy suffers D6 Strength 3 hits at the end of each of the caster's Magic phases.

BLISS IN TORMENT (Lore Attribute)

Slaanesh is the Prince of Pain who gifts those that inflict torture and despair with a delectable infusion of unholy power.

When a spell from the Lore of Slaanesh is successfully cast, roll a D6, plus one D6 for each unsaved Wound caused by the spell (if any). For each result of a 6 rolled, the Wizard's Weapon Skill, Initiative and Attacks are increased by 1 until the start of his next Magic phase.

4. SLICING SHARDS

Cast on 10+

The wizard licks his wrists and a cloud of razor-sharp darts bursts from his hands, flensing the minds, bodies and souls of his foes.

Slicing Shards is a **magic missile** with a range of 24" that inflicts D6 Strength 4 hits with the Armour Piercing (1) special rule. The target must then immediately pass a Leadership test or suffer a further D6 Strength 4 hits with the Armour Piercing (1) special rule. The target must keep testing its Leadership in this manner until a test is passed, or the target is removed as a casualty.

5. PHANTASMAGORIA

Cast on 10+

With a complex sign, the wizard summons illusory creatures who flit and broil across the battlefield, their dark promises of fulfilment seducing and bewildering the hapless foe.

Phantasmagoria is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". Until the start of the caster's next Magic phase, the target unit must roll an additional D6 whenever it takes a Leadership test, discarding the lowest result rolled. The caster can choose to have this spell target all enemy units within 12". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 20+.

6. CACOPHONIC CHOIR

Cast on 15+

The wizard screams an ear-piercing chorus that tortures the souls and shatters the sanity of those who would stand in his path.

Cacophonic Choir is a **hex** spell with a range of 12". The target unit takes 3D6 hits that wound on a 4+ with the Ignores Armour saves special rule. If at least one unsaved Wound is caused, the target unit is subject to the Always Strikes Last and Random Movement (D6) special rules until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to extend the range of this spell to 24". If they do, the casting value is increased to 18+.





CHAOS MUTATIONS AND POWERS

As Champions of Chaos slaughter their way across the battlefields of the world, their infamy and skill attract the attention of the Chaos Gods. This is both a blessing and a curse. For the followers of Chaos, physical mutations are regarded as gifts sent from the gods themselves. For such blessings to be bestowed on a warrior shows the favour of the Dark Powers. Often these mutations appear in the form of small aberrations, such as webbed toes or oddly coloured eyes, and sometimes they may be debilitating or crippling.

However, sometimes a mighty warrior's power will be enhanced by impressive mutations that make them fearful to face in combat. These warriors are regarded as particularly chosen by their patron deities, and will often go on to become mighty chieftains. Mutations can appear in an unfathomable array of forms and appearances. A warrior may become bigger and stronger, whilst his skin may grow tough, leathery or even chitinous, forming natural armour. Others may be blessed with powerful natural weaponry, such as claws and tentacles, or be able to spit acid at their foes. A Champion high in the esteem of his patron Gods may find his limbs filled with daemonic vigour, his skin constantly aflame with magical fire, or a frill of poisonous tendrils pushing out from the skin of his neck. Those who are especially favoured may return time and time again to the Realms of Chaos or to certain holy places along the borderlands where they commune with their gods and receive further gifts of this kind.

Unfortunately, many mutations pleasing to the Chaos Gods are anathema to those they are thrust upon. A favoured warrior is as likely to have his mind reduced to that of a ravenous beast as they are to glow with an aura of diabolic majesty.

Below are Chaos Mutations and Powers that can be bought for Chaos characters. Each can only be chosen once per army – the Chaos Gods aren't fond of repeating themselves!



MANTLE OF CHAOS

55 Points

The air around the favoured one boils and seethes with raw magical energy. Arrows, bolts and even cannon balls aimed towards him are slowed drastically or even transmuted at the last second into screaming phantasms crying out in praise of Chaos.

Any missile attacks targeting the character or the unit they are with have their Strength value halved, rounding up. This has no effect against Magical Attacks.

TERRIFYING APPEARANCE

35 Points

The favoured one is surrounded by a coruscating pillar of raw magical power, and his twisted features split open as they roar their deafening battlecry.

The character has the Terror special rule.

WINGS

25 points

Mighty wings sprout from the warrior's shoulders, which are capable of carrying him swooping across the battlefield.

Infantry only. The character has the Fly (10) special rule.

FLAMING BREATH

25 Points

This champion breathes not air, but fire, and by roaring they usher forth a searing cone of flames.

The character has a Strength 3 Breath Weapon that has the Flaming Attacks special rule.

BESTIAL VISAGE

20 points

The face of the champion is twisted and contorted into an unnatural and terrifying form, often changing to resemble the champion's patron god.

The character has the Fear special rule.

DISTENDABLE MAW

20 Points

The favoured one can dislocate his mouth like that of a snake, stretching it impossibly wide and forming a roiling portal into the Realm of Chaos within his yawning gullet. Woe betide those be catches in his fanged maw, for they face an eternity of torment.

Instead of making his usual attacks, the character can choose to make a special attack against a single Infantry model. If the attack hits, the enemy model must pass an Initiative test. If this test is failed, the victim is swallowed whole and is removed from the game with no saves allowed.

DIABOLIC SPLENDOUR

20 Points

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

Any successful Leadership tests taken by an enemy unit in base contact with the character must be re-rolled. This mutation cannot be combined with Fearsome Aura.

FEARSOME AURA

20 points

The favoured one's aura crackles with raw power, and his eyes glow with balefire.

All enemy units within 6" of this character suffer -1 to their Leadership.

EXTRA ARM 15 points

An extra arm has sprouted from the warrior's body, from his chest, shoulder or even his head, clearly marking them out as one of the gods' favoured.

The character may wield both a weapon that Requires Two Hands and a shield at the same time, benefitting from both pieces of equipment. This mutation cannot be combined with Tentacle.

SOUL FEEDER 15 Points

The champion is possessed of an immortal hunger that can only be satisfied by feeding upon the souls of his slain foes.

Roll a D6 for every unsaved Wound the character inflicts on an enemy unit in close combat. For each result of a 6 rolled, they immediately regain a single lost Wound.

CHAOS FAMILIAR 10 Points

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

Wizard only. The character knows one extra spell than normal for his level.

POISONOUS SLIME

10 Points

The champion's flesh is saturated with a toxic slime that seeps through his skin, poisoning anything they touch.

The character has the Poisoned Attacks and Immunity (Poisoned Attacks) special rules.

ACID ICHOR 5 Points

The champion's blood has been transformed into a corrosive ichor. Those who wound him find themselves splashed by hissing burning liquid.

Whenever this character suffers an unsaved Wound in close combat, the model that inflicted that Hit suffers a Strength 4 hit, which count towards the combat result.

BURNING BODY 5 Points

This champion is surrounded by crackling flames that burn his enemies whilst leaving his own body untouched.

The character has the Flaming Attacks and Immunity (Flaming Attacks) special rules.

TENTACLE 5 points

A thick tentacle replaces one of the warrior's arms. Strong and muscular, this tentacle is capable of grabbing the weapons of the enemy or squeezing the life from their bodies.

The character may grapple with a single opponent in base contact, forcing them to lose one Attack. However, the character is not allowed to use a shield or any weapon that Requires Two Hands.



CLOVEN HOOVES

5 points

The champion's legs end in cloven hooves, giving them a particularly feral, animalistic appearance.

Model on foot only. The Champion gains +1 Movement. This mutation cannot be combined with Serpent Body.

SCALED SKIN 5 Points

The champion's skin is covered with a thousand reptilian scales, each as tough as Dragonhide.

The character has the Natural Armour (6+) special rule.

HORNS 5 points

The champion's skull twists and grows until a great set of curving horns sprout from the warrior's brow, often in the shape of their patron deity's sigil. This can be used as a weapon when they charge into the foe.

Model on foot only. The character gets the Impact Hits (1) special rule.

UNHOLY STRIKE

5 Points

The champion can channel the dark strength flowing through his veins to deliver a single blow that can shatter a fortress wall.

Instead of attacking normally, the character can choose to make a single special Attack. If they do so, and the Attack hits, the hit is resolved at double the character's Strength and has the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

POWERS OF KHORNE

The following powers may only be taken by models with the Mark of Khorne or Daemon of Khorne.

BLOODCURDLING ROAR 25 Points

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

At the start of the first round of close combat, all enemy units in base contact suffer 2D6 Strength 2 hits which Ignores Armour saves.

BLOOD FEVER 25 points

The frenzy of the warrior is such that a cloud of ruddy mist surrounds him, inducing an uncontrollable fury in everyone nearby.

The model will never lose their Frenzy for any reason. In addition, any unit, friend or foe, that is in base contact with them at the start of their Movement phase becomes subject to Frenzy for the rest of that turn. If they already have the Frenzy special rule, they instead gain +1 Attack, but will have to re-roll any successful Berserk Rage roll.

FURY OF THE BLOOD GOD 25 Points

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

The model gains the Hatred special rule. Any Wizard within 12" of the character suffer -D3 to each of their casting rolls.

COLLAR OF KHORNE

20 Points

These rune-etched collars, imbued with Khorne's loathing for magic, provide protection against the arcane arts.

Talisman. The character has the Magic Resistance (2) special rule.

DEAFENING BELLOW

20 points

The warrior can roar the name of his god at such an intense volume that the ground trembles, stones crack and the ear drums of the enemy shatter.

On the turn that the character charges, all enemy units in base contact suffer -1 To Hit in close combat.



POWERS OF TZEENTCH

The following powers may only be taken by models with the Mark of Tzeentch or Daemon of Tzeentch.

TENDRILS OF TZEENTCH

30 Points

A frond of thick, ropey, magical tentacles sprouts from the favoured one like seaweed from a drowned corpse, waving around in the air of their own volition. These tendrils can manipulate the winds of magic themselves, probing and shaping the Winds of Magic to their master's whim, making the champion an even more powerful sorcerer.

Wizards only. The character may re-roll a single power or dispel dice per player turn. This may potentially prevent a Miscast.

PROTEAN FORM

25 points

The bodily form of the warrior is constantly in flux, changing from one shape to another, remoulding into ever more bizarre, alluring and horrific guises. Wounds inflicted on the warrior merely disappear as the champion's body alters into different shapes.

The Champion has the Regeneration (5+) special ability.

CONJOINED HOMUNCULUS

25 Points

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

Wizard only. Once per turn, the character may choose to add +D3 to his casting result after attempting to cast a spell. This extra dice cannot cause a Miscast or count towards Ultimate Power.

THIRD EYE OF TZEENTCH

10 Points

A third eye opens in the favoured one's forehead that can see the shifting strands of fate.

The character re-rolls Ward save results of 1.

POWERS OF NURGLE

The following powers may only be taken by models with the Mark of Nurgle or Daemon of Nurgle.

STREAM OF CORRUPTION 40 Points

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

The character gains a Breath Weapon. All models Hit must pass a Toughness test or suffer a Wound with the Ignores Armour saves special rule.

MASSIVE BULK 20 points

Hugely obese and bloated with foulness, the champion is almost immune to pain. His armour has split under the strain of holding his enormous bulk, and puss and slime seeps from his body cavities.

The character gains +1 Wound.

NURGLING INFESTATION 15 points

A swarm of Nurglings live on the warrior, climbing into warm crevices in his armour and getting up to mischief. They swarm from the host's dripping orifices to attack any enemies who happen to be nearby.

Each model that attacks the character in close combat suffer an automatic Strength 3 hit after the attacker's hits have been worked out. This hit occurs even if the character with the Nurgling Infestation is slain and any wounds caused count towards combat resolution.

SECONDARY JAWS 15 points

The champion has a snapping, drooling maw that shoots out of his own mouth to gift his foes with the plagued kiss of Nurgle.

The character gains a special attack at Strength 2 with the Always Strikes First and Ignores Armour Saves special rules.

NURGLE'S ROT 10 Points

Nurgle's Rot is the most dreaded and contagious of all diseases, for it gnaws at the victim's soul as well as his mortal body.

At the start of every close combat phase, every enemy model in base contact with the character suffers a single Strength 1 hit with the Ignores Armour Saves special rule.



POWERS OF SLAANESH

The following powers may only be taken by models with the Mark of Slaanesh or Daemon of Slaanesh.

HELLSHRIEK

50 points

The warrior can emit a screech that blurs reality and opens a tiny crack to the Realms of Chaos for a split second, bringing forth a sudden wave of magical energy that overpowers even the mightiest of sorcerers.

One use only. The character can use this ability at the start of any Magic phase, immediately after rolling for the Winds of Magic. All enemy Wizards within 18" must immediately roll 2D6 on the Miscast table.

WORD OF AGONY

30 Points

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

Once per game, at the beginning of the Close Combat phase, the bearer of the Word of Agony can choose a model in base contact. That model takes D6 Strength 4 hits which Ignores Armour saves.



SERPENT BODY

15 points

The Champion's lower body is mutated into the form of a gigantic snake, and they are able to travel across the battlefield at great speed.

Model on foot only. The Champion gains +2 Movement and +1 Initiative. This mutation cannot be combined with Cloven Hooves.

SOPORIFIC MUSK

15 Points

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

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

ALLURE OF SLAANESH

10 Points

Slaanesh's favoured champions are so attractively captivating that few can find the will to raise a blade against them.

Any opponent wishing to strike the character in close combat must first pass a Psychology test before rolling To Hit. If the test is failed, that model cannot make any close combat attacks that phase. This does not affect Attacks that do not roll To Hit.

DREAD ARTEFACTS OF CHAOS

On the following pages are magic items available to Warriors of Chaos armies. These can be taken in addition to any of the magic items listed in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

CHAOS DAEMONSWORD

50 Points

Magic Weapon

This most deadly of blades is a prison for the essence of a powerful Daemon. Though this sword is an artefact of utmost power, the Daemon within it is treacherous indeed, and will turn against its jailor in the blink of an eye.

A character with the Daemonsword adds D3 to his Strength and has an extra D3 Attacks, to a maximum of 10 (roll separately for these values at the start of each round). However, every To Hit roll of a 1 made by this character in close combat is resolved against himself; the character can never re-roll a To Hit roll of a 1.

HELLFIRE SWORD

35 points

Magic Weapon

This blade was made from a single, searing flame that was hammered into material form and quenched in the blood of a fire-djinn. Those struck by it are set ablaze and may explode as their blood turns to liquid fire. The Hellfire Sword was first wielded by the Chaos Lord Garathor but, over time, it consumed his lifeforce until nought remained within his armour but ash. When the Hellfire Sword was prised from Garathor's ruined gauntlet years later, it flared so hotly that it fused into its new owner's hand. Eventually, this fool's spirit was also consumed, and the cycle began anew. Since its creation, a hundred mortals have borne this flamewreathed blade, unaware of their doom until it was too late.

Close combat attacks made with the Hellfire Sword have the Flaming Attacks and Ignores Armour Saves special rules. After all close combat blows have been struck, roll a D6 for every foe slain by the Hellfire Sword – on the roll of a 6, the slain foe's body explodes, inflicting an additional D6 Strength 4 hits on the enemy unit with the Flaming Attacks special rule. Unsaved Wounds inflicted in this way count towards the combat result. At the end of each of the wielder's turns, roll a D6; on the roll of a 1, they suffer one Wound with the Ignores Armour Saves special rule.

RENDING SWORD

45 points

Magic Weapon

This sword has a series of gnarled teeth instead of an edged blade. When it's swung, the sword growls and snarls like a beast hungry for the taste of raw flesh. The Rending Sword is believed to have been created to reproduce a Chaos Weapon. Thought to have been first wielded by Samal the Cruel in 1477, many similar weapons have surfaced over the years. Whether these appearances are in actuality the same Rending Sword or not, no one knows for certain.

All attacks with the Rending Sword may re-roll failed To Wound rolls and have the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

THE CRIMSON ARMOUR OF DARGAN

25 Points

Magic Armour

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

Full plate armour. The wearer of the Crimson Armour gains Immunity (Killing Blow/Multiple Wounds) against close combat attacks and a Ward save (6+).

HELM OF MANY EYES

20 points

Magic Armour

This ornate helm has no eyeholes but is instead covered with wrought eyes on every available surface that stare into the world as it was, as it is, and as it shall once be. The stream of visions can overwhelm the bearer, but those who can sift through the bombardment of images are truly terrifying foes. They attack with preternatural reflexes, foreseeing their foe's actions and striking them down before they can even raise their swords. The only vision the helm never reveals is the moment of its wearer's demise, making it impossible for the champion to avoid such a fate. Upon the wearer's death, a new boil appears on the helm's surface. In time this bursts, revealing a new eyeball – the exact match of the previous owner – to join the helm's ever-growing collection. The Helm of Many Eyes was first worn by the ill-fated Talkar the Bleak, a vile Champion of Nurgle who stalked Kislev twenty years ago. He had lost his eyes to disease long ago, which was one of the reasons he turned to Nurgle in the first place. As a reward for his constant service, Nurgle rewarded his minion with this strange helmet. Talkar has since vanished, likely becoming a Spawn, but his Helmet was recently spotted during the first movements of Archaon's invasion.

6+ armour save. The wearer gains the Always Strikes First and Stupidity special rules.

For seventeen, long centuries have I remained in this blade, confined within these metal walls. During all of my time of imprisonment you are the first I have seen who is worthy to bear me into battle. Come, take my hilt, and I will serve you in the manner of my kind, drawing blood of your enemies, protecting you in the midst of the fight, bringing you safely home again. Now, draw me from the scabbard and test the fineness of my balance. See how easily I swing, how my keen edge cleaves the air. A good choice, am I not?

Willingly you picked me up. Your first mistake.
Willingly you drew me. Your second mistake. I do
not allow my servants to make three mistakes, foolish
mortal..."

 $\overline{-A}$ ntinichus, \overline{D} aemon of the Bloody Blade

CROWN OF EVERLASTING CONQUEST

50 points

Talisman

The warrior's helmet is crafted into a magnificent crown of spikes and horns that radiate invigorating dark power. The Crown of Everlasting Conquest was first worn by Asavar Kul in the Great War Against Chaos. The thorny crown was a symbol of his power and majesty on the field of war and helped him survive countless battles. When Magnus the Pious slew him before the walls of Kislev, the talisman rolled from his severed head where it was taken by a Daemon. It has since been lost to history.

The wearer of the Crown of Everlasting Conquest gains the Regeneration (4+) special rule. In addition, it gives the wearer the Inspiring Presence special rule to friendly units within 6". If worn by the General, his Inspiring Presence range is instead increased by 6".



THE BOOK OF SECRETS

40 points

Arcane Item

The Book of Secrets contains the writings of a mad Arabyan Wizard who coveted the powers of Elven High Magic. Believing the strictures set forth by Teclis had unnecessarily restricted the potential mastery Human Wizards could attain, he rejected the Colleges of Magic and set forth to master the art on his own. He threw himself into his work dabbling with Aqshy and Ulgu and seemed to succeed in working with both. Drawn to the power he thought lay ahead, and not noticing the side effects he developed from working with Dark Magic, he threw himself into the Lore of Death. Then, nothing was ever heard from him again. Some believe this madman was drawn into the Realm of Chaos or even murdered by Elves. But those who have pored through the Book of Secrets claim to hear faint cries for help coming from within the very pages of the tome. Red leather and steel fittings protect the pale vellum pages of this massive tome. The exterior is covered in strange glyphs and runes of the Arcane Language of Magic. Those who can read it get a sense of what this volume contains: the exploitation of the Winds of Magic. The Book of Secrets contains many dark truths, but all too often the price of such knowledge is life

The Book of Secrets allows the Wizard to choose an additional spell from each of the Lores of Fire, Shadow and Death, following the normal rules for choosing spells. This does not give them any additional access to any Signature spells. In addition, they get +1 to channel power dice, but do not channel any dispel dice. If the bearer ever miscasts, roll 2D6 on the Miscast table and choose the highest result.

CHALICE OF CHAOS

10 points

Enchanted Item

On the eve before the Fall of Praag Asavar Kul gathered his champions to drink from the Chalice of Chaos, a vessel that contained the boiling blood of a Daemon. As Kul's minions swallowed, their bodies were wrought with changes, and those that survived were infused with power. Once the last drop of ichor was drained, the chalice shattered and disappeared in a cloud of smoke. The vessel was thought lost until the Sorcerer Kharon Baal rediscovered it decades latermysteriously repaired and filled withfresh blood — at the base of the monolith raised to honour Kid's fell deeds. Several times since has this cup been drunk from, shattering intofragments every time only to reappear years later. Countless mortals have sought out this fabled chalice, only too eager to risk eternal damnation for a fleeting chance at ultimate glory.

One use only. The bearer of the Chalice of Chaos may drink from it at the start of any phase. If he chooses to do so, roll a D6 and consult the table below.

D6 Result:

- 1 Unworthy Fool: The imbiber immediately suffers a Wound, with no saves of any kind allowed.
- 2 Inhuman Speed: The imbiber gains the Always Strikes First special rule until the end of the turn.
- 3 Regenerating Flesh: The imbiber gains the Regeneration (4+) special rule until the end of the turn.
- **Dark Fortune:** The imbiber gains the Ward save (5+) special rule until the end of the turn.
- 5 Daemonic Strength: The imbiber gains the Killing Blow special rule until the end of the turn
- 6 Final Transformation: If the imbiber is already a Daemon Prince, he instead treats this result as Unworthy Fool. Otherwise, he must immediately take a Leadership test. If passed, he is gifted with Daemonhood, as described on the Eye of the Gods table. If failed, he is gifted with Spawndom, as described on the same

BANNER OF WRATH

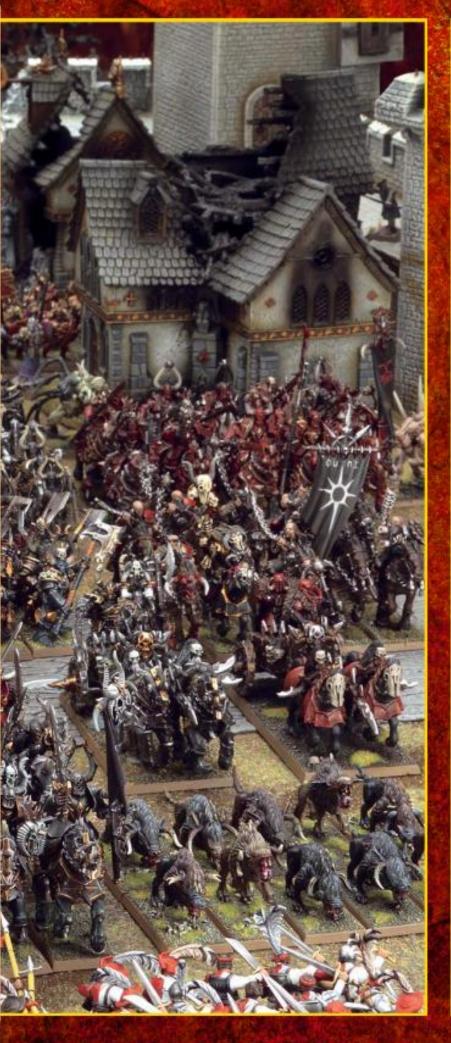
25 Points

The hallowed Banner of Wrath is surrounded by seething Daemons that lash out at the enemies of Chaos with bolts of dark lightning.

Bound Spell, power level 4. The Banner is Wrath contains a *magic missile* with a range of 24". If cast, it causes D6 Strength 4 hits. This is a Lightning attack.

Stand forth, Servant. The Sword you carry has been smelted in the heat of your anger, forged upon your desire, tempered in your hate, quenched in your soul, polished with your loyalty, furnished with your bones and skin, tested in your hand, and borne in my name. You Slave, are mine, as much as the Blade...







WARRIORS OF CHAOS ARMY LIST

The armies of damnation wage war across the world, glory-hungry warriors eager to prove their worthiness in the eyes of their Dark Gods. As lord of a mighty Chaos warband, it is by your fell deeds that your destiny shall be forged. Immortality and everlasting power are the rewards for the strong: mutation and madness are the fate of the weak-willed and foolish.

This section of the book helps you to turn your collection of Warriors of Chaos miniatures into a mighty warband of dark champions and twisted monsters 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:

CHAOS WARRIORS M WS BS S T W I A Ld Troop Type Chaos Warrior 4 5 3 4 4 1 4 2 8 Infantry Aspiring Champion 4 5 3 4 4 1 4 3 8 Infantry

Unit Size: 10+ Special Rules:

• Will of Chaos

Equipment:

Hand weapon

• Full plate armour



Options:

- May upgrade one Chaos Warrior to an Aspiring Champion......10 points
 May upgrade one Chaos Warrior to a musician.................10 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
- 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

ARCHAON 580 points Profile **Troop Type** Archaon

Infantry (Special Character) Dorghar Monstrous Beast

1 **Equipment:**

Shield

Magic Items:

- The Slayers of Kings
- Armour of Morkar
- Crown of Domination
- Eye of Sheerian

Special Rules (Archaon):

- Chosen of the Gods
- Eye of the Gods
- Lord of the End Times
- The Swords of Chaos

Special Rules Options:

(Dorghar):

- May be mounted of Dorghar.....50 points
- Daemonic
- Strider

Magic:

Archaon is a Level 2 Wizard who uses the Lore of Tzeentch.

VARDEK CROM

Profile

Vardek Crom

M WS BS S **Troop Type**

250 points

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Full plate armour
- Shield

Special Rules:

- Eye of the Gods
- Immense Pride
- Master of Chaos Undivided
- The Way of the Warrior
- Will of Chaos



GALRAUCH

Profile

Galrauch

M WS BS S T W I A Ld **Troop Type**

Monster (Special Character)

Special Rules:

- Breath of Change
- Dark Fire of Chaos
- Fly (7)
- Mark of Tzeentch
- Natural Armour (3+)
- Spirit of Galrauch
- Ward save (6+)

Magic:

Galrauch is a Level 4 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of Tzeentch.



KHOLEK SUNEATER

465 points

525 points

Profile M WS BS S T W I A Ld **Troop Type**

Kholek Suneater Monster (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Starcrusher
- Armour of the Storm

Special Rules:

- Immunity (Lightning Attacks, Psychology)
- Lord of the Storm
- Natural Armour (4+)

LORDS

VALKIA THE BLOODY

350 points

Profile

M WS BS S T W I A Ld

Troop Type

Valkia the Bloody

4 9 3 5 5 3 8 5 9

Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- The Spear Slaupnir
- Daemonshield
- The Scarlet Armour

Sigvald the Magnifient

Special Rules:

- Consort of the Blood God
- Eye of the Gods
- Fear
- Fly (10)

- The Gaze of Khorne
- Mark of Khorne
- Ward save (5+)
- Will of Chaos

SIGVALD THE MAGNIFICENT

335 points

Profile

M WS BS S T W I A Ld Troop Type

5 3 8 5 10

Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items: Silverslash

Auric Armour

Special Rules:

- Eye of the Gods
- Favoured Son
- Mirrorshield
 Mark of Slaanesh

• Strider

- Stupidity
- Supreme Vanity

Mutations & Powers:

- Allure of Slaanesh
- Diabolic Splendour

VILITCH THE CURSELING

385 points

Profile

M WS BS S T W I A Ld Troop Type

2 5 4 2 5 2 8

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

• Two hand weapons

Vessel of Chaos

Vilitch the Curseling

Heavy armour

Magic Items:

Special Rules:

- Eye of the Gods
- Loremaster (Lore of Tzeentch)

Mark of Tzeentch

• Will of Chaos

Mutations & Powers:

• Conjoined Homunculus

Magic:

Vilitch the Curseling is a Level 4 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore

of Tzeentch.



LORDS

CHAOS LORD 180 points

 Profile
 M WS BS S T W I A Ld

 Chaos Lord
 4 8 3 5 5 3 7 5 9

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Medium armour

Special Rules:

- Eye of the Gods
- Will of Chaos

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

- May upgrade medium armour to one of the following:
- May take one of the following:
- May be mounted upon one of the following:



DAEMON PRINCE

Profile

Daemon Prince

1

M WS BS S T W I A Ld

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry (Character)

240 points

Equipment:

Special Rules:

- Hand weapon
- Daemonic
- Terror

Magic:

A Daemon Prince that is a Wizard uses spells from the Lore of Fire, Metal, Death or Shadow. If it is a Daemon of Tzeentch, Nurgle or Slaanesh, it will use the Lore of Tzeentch, Nurgle or Slaanesh, respectively.

- May wear one of the following:
- May take one of the following:
- - *A Daemon Prince of Khorne may take up to 150 points.

LORDS

CHAOS SORCERER LORD

215 points

Profile

Chaos Sorcerer Lord

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

Special Rules:

- Hand weapon
- Eye of the Gods
- Will of Chaos

Magic:

A Chaos Sorcerer Lord is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the the Lore of Fire, the Lore of Metal, the Lore of Shadow or the Lore of Death. A Chaos Sorcerer with the Mark of Tzeentch, Nurgle or Slaanesh must use the Lore of Tzeentch, the Lore of Nurgle, or the Lore of Slaanesh, respectively.



Options:

- May wear one of the following:

- Light armour	3 points
- Medium armour	6 points
- Heavy armour	9 points
- Full plate armour	12 poi <mark>nts</mark>

- May take one of the following:

- Mark of Tzeentch	20 points
May be mounted upon one of the following:	
- Barded Chaos Steed	27 points
- Daemonic Mount	35 points
May be upgraded to have barding	10 points
- Palanquin of Nurgle (Mark of Nurgle only)	25 points
- Steed of Slaanesh (Mark of Slaanesh only)	25 points
- Disc of Tzeentch (Mark of Tzeentch only)	25 points
- Chaos Chariot (replacing one of the crew)	110 points
- Manticore	150 points

• May take Chaos Mutations and Powers and/or magic items up to a total

- Chaos Dragon......330 points

CHARACTER MOUNTS

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	Ι	A	Ld	Troop Type
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	War Beast
Chaos Steed	8	3	0	4	3	1	3	1	5	War Beast
Daemonic Mount	8	4	0	5	4	3	3	2	8	Monstrous Beast
Juggernaut of Khorne	7	4	0	5	4	3	2	3	7	Monstrous Beast
Palanquin of Nurgle	4	2	0	2			3	8	7	Infantry
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7	War Beast
Disc of Tzeentch	1	3	0	4	4	1	4	2	7	War Beast
Manticore	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	5	Monster
Chaos Dragon	6	6	0	6	6	6	3	6	8	Monster

Special Rules:

- Daemonic Mount: Daemonic.
- Juggernaut of Khorne: Daemonic, Daemon of Khorne, Natural Armour (6+).
- Palanquin of Nurgle: Daemonic, Daemon of Nurgle.
- Steed of Slaanesh: Daemonic, Daemon of Slaanesh, Fast Cavalry, Poisoned Attacks.
- Disc of Tzeentch: Daemonic, Daemon of Tzeentch, Fly (9).
- Manticore: Fly (8), Frenzy, Killing Blow.
- Chaos Dragon: Dark Fire of Chaos, Fumes of Contagion, Fly (7), Natural Armour (3+).

- A Manticore may take any of the following:
 - Venom Tail......20 points

 - Rending Fangs......5 points



HEROES

KORDEL SHORGAAR

190 points

Profile M WS BS S T W I A Ld **Troop Type**

Kordel Shorgaar 4 Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

Magic Items:

Special Rules

Options:

- Hand weapon
- Banner of the Gods
- Full plate armour
- Shield

- - Eye of the Gods
 - Will of Chaos
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Barded Chaos Steed......20 points
 - Barded Daemonic Mount......51 points

WULFRIK THE WANDERER

140 points

Profile M WS BS S T W I A Ld **Troop Type**

Wulfrik the Wanderer Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

Shield

Special Rules:

- Hand weapon • Full plate armour
- Eye of the Gods
- Gift of Tongues
- Hunter of Champions Seafang
- Will of Chaos



265 points THROGG

Profile M WS BS T W I A Ld **Troop Type**

Throgg Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment: Great weapon

Magic Items:

• The Wintertooth Crown

Special Rules:

- Copious Vomit
- Eye of the Gods
- Lord of the Monstrous Horde
- Mutant Regeneration
- Natural Armour (6+)

FESTUS THE LEECHLORD

215 points

M WS BS S **Troop Type** Festus the Leechlord Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

Special Rules:

- Hand weapon
- Dark Experiments
- Eye of the Gods
- **Magic Items:**
- Harbinger of Pestilence
- Pestilent Potions
- Healing Elixirs
- Mark of Nurgle (included in profile)
- Poisoned Attacks
- Regeneration (4+)
- Will of Chaos

Magic:

Festus the Leechlord is a Level 2 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of Nurgle.

SCYLA ANFINGRIMM

105 points

Profile **Troop Type**

Scyla Anfingrimm Monstrous Beast (Special Character)

Magic Items:

Special Rules:

Scyla Anfingrimm may not be the Army's General.

- Brass Collar of Khorne
- Hatred
 - Random Attacks (D6+2)

 - Natural Armour (5+)

• Mark of Khorne

Unbreakable

HEROES

EXALTED HERO

105 points

100 points

Profile **Exalted Hero** W I A Ld **Troop Type**

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

Special Rules:

- Hand weapon
- Eye of the Gods
- Medium armour
- Will of Chaos



ARMY BATTLE STANDARD

One Exalted Hero or Marauder Chieftain 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 take other Chaos Mutations and Powers and/or magic items up to a total of 25 points.



Options:

• May be armed with one of the following:

- Additional hand weapon	4 points
- Polearm	8 points
- Flail	8 points
- Great weapon	8 points
- Lance	8 points
May ungrade medium armour to one of the following:	

May upgrade medium armour to one of the following: - Heavy armour

- Full plate armour	
May take a shield	2 points

• May take one of the following:

-	Mark of Khorne	.15 p	oints
-	Mark of Nurgle	.20 1	points
-	Mark of Slaanesh	.15	points
-	Mark of Tzeentch	.20	points

May be mounted upon one of the following:

- Barded Chaos Steed	20 points
- Daemonic Mount	45 points
May be upgraded to have barding	6 points
- Juggernaut of Khorne (Mark of Khorne only)	.55 points

Steed of Slaanesh (Mark of Slaanesh only)......25 points Disc of Tzeentch (Mark of Tzeentch only)......25 points

Chaos Chariot (replacing one of the crew)......110 points

• May take Chaos Mutations and Powers and/or magic items up to a total

CHAOS SORCERER

Profile

Chaos Sorcerer

Troop Type Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

Special Rules:

- Hand weapon
- Eye of the Gods
- Will of Chaos

Magic:

A Chaos Sorcerer is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the the Lore of Fire, the Lore of Metal, the Lore of Shadow or the Lore of Death. A Chaos Sorcerer with the Mark of Tzeentch, Nurgle or Slaanesh must use the Lore of Tzeentch, the Lore of Nurgle, or the Lore of Slaanesh, respectively.



Options:

• May wear one of the following:

- Light armour	2 points
- Medium armour	
- Heavy armour	6 points
- Full plate armour	

May take one of the following

way t	ake one of the following:	
- Ma	ark of Nurgle	20 po <mark>ints</mark>
- Ma	ork of Slaanesh	15 points
3.6	1- CT- 4-1	20 .

- Mark of Slaanesh	15 points
- Mark of Tzeentch	20 points
• May be mounted upon one of the following:	
- Barded Chaos Steed	27 points
- Daemonic Mount	45 points
May be upgraded to have barding	6 points
- Palanquin of Nurgle (Mark of Nurgle only)	
- Steed of Slaanesh (Mark of Slaanesh only)	25 points
- Disc of Tzeentch (Mark of Tzeentch only)	25 points
• May take Chaos Mutations and Powers and/or magic items up to	a total

HEROES

SLAUGHTERPRIEST Profile M WS BS S T W I A Ld

115 points

Slaughterpriest

Troop Type Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- **Special Rules:** • Bloodfuelled Prayers
- Eye of the Gods
- Magic Resistance (1)
- Mark of Khorne
- Scorn of Sorcery
- · Will of Chaos

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
- May be mounted upon a Chaos Warshrine of Khorne (replacing the Shrinemaster)......95 points
- May take Chaos Mutations and Powers and/or magic items up to a total

MARAUDER CHIEFTAIN

55 points

Profile

Marauder Chieftain

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Eye of the Gods
- Will of Chaos



- May be armed with one of the following:
- May take one of the following:
- May be mounted upon one of the following:

 - Marauder Chariot (replacing one of the crew)......70 points
- May take Chaos Mutations and Powers and/or magic items up to a total of......50 points



CORE UNITS

CHAOS WARRIORS

16 points per model

Profile

Chaos Warrior

Aspiring Champion

Troop Type

Infantry Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Will of Chaos

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Full plate armour



Options:

- May upgrade one Chaos Warrior to an Aspiring Champion......10 points

- The entire unit may take one of the following:
- The entire unit may take one of the following:

 - Polearms......3 points per model

CHAOS MARAUDERS

5 points per model

Profile	
Marauder	
Warleader	

Elite Marauder

Champion

Troop Type Infantry

Infantry

Infantry

Infantry

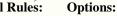
A REPORT Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Will of Chaos

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield



- May upgrade one Chaos Marauder to a standard bearer......10 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:

- The entire unit may replace shields with one of the following:

- The entire unit may be upgraded to Elite Marauders (normal restrictions





CORE UNITS

MARAUDER HUNTERS

Profile

Marauder Hunter

Huntmaster

Special Rules:

 Skirmishers • Will of Chaos

Equipment:

Unit Size: 10+

- Hand weapon
- Throwing axes



Options:

• May upgrade one Marauder Hunter to a Huntmaster......10 points

Troop Type

Infantry

Infantry

6 points per model

12 points per model

- The entire unit may take one of the following:
- The entire unit may swap throwing axes one of the following:



MARAUDER HORSEMEN

Profile

Marauder Horseman Marauder Horsemaster

Warhorse

Troop Type

Cavalry Cavalry

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Fast Cavalry
- Will of Chaos
- **Equipment:** Hand weapon
- Shield

Mount:



Warhorse

- May upgrade one Marauder Horseman to a Marauder Horsemaster... 10 points

- The entire unit may take one of the following:
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
- The entire unit may be upgraded to Elite Marauders (normal restrictions



CORE UNITS

	The second second second			and the last				200			AND DESCRIPTION OF THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TWO IS NOT THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TWO IS NAMED IN COLUM
MARAUDER CH	ARIOT									-	70 points
Profile		M	WS	BS	S	T	W	Ι	A	Ld	Troop Type
Marauder Chariot		7			5	4	4				Chariot (Armour save 6+)
Marauder Charioteer			4	3	3			3	1	7	
Warhorse		1		0							I was a second
A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR	The Party of the P	~	and and	and the	4	-	- Complete	•	C		(本人)
Unit Size: 1	Equipment:		Opt	ions	:						
	 Polearm 		• M	ay ta	ke	one	of th	ie fo	ollo	wing:	
a											
Crew:	 Javelins 		-	Mar	k of					_	5 points
2 Marauder Charioteers						Kh	orne				
	 Javelins Scythes		_	Mar	k of	Kh Nu	orne rgle				
		:	-	Mar Mar	k of k of	Kh Nu Sla	orne rgle anes	 h			25 points

FORSAKEN										16 points per model
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Forsaken										Infantry
Company of the last of the las			-	-		-				THE PARTY OF THE P

Unit Size: 10+	Special Rules:	Options
	• Frenzy	• The entire unit may take one of the following:
Equipment: • Hand weapon • Heavy armour	Immunity (Psychology)Random Attacks (D3)Freakish Mutations	 Forsaken of Khorne

CHAOS WARHOUNDS										6 points per model
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Chaos Warhound	7	4	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	War Beast
			Name of			-	-		-	大学工作工作工作

Unit Size: 5+ **Special Rules: Options:** • Vanguard • The entire unit may take any of the following:

Z											4		-
V	CHAOS CU	JLTISTS									-	3 po	ints per model
1	Profile		M	WS	BS	S	T	W	Ι	A	Ld	Troop Type	
	Cultist		4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	Infantry	
1	Cult Leader	A CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF TH	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6	Infantry	
4					Name of Street			1	•	C			THE PARTY NAMED IN
	Unit Size: 20+	Special Rules:	Optio										
		 Ambushers 										ader	_
	Equipment:	 Expendable 	 Ma 	y upg	rade	one	Cu	ltist	to a	a mi	usicia	ın	10 points
	 Hand weapon 		 Ma 	y upg	rade	one	Cu	ltist	to a	a sta	ındar	d bearer	10 points
			• The	e entir	e uni	it m	ay t	ake	one	of	the fo	ollowing:	
		1 11											
1	Service Services	PARTIES .	- A	dditio	onal	han	d w	eapo	ns.				.1 point pe <mark>r model</mark>
			• The	entir	e uni	it m	ay t	ake	thro	wii	ng we	eapons	.½ point per model

CHAOS KNIGHTS										30
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	Ι	A	Ld	Troop Type
Chaos Knight	4	5	3	4	4	1	4	2	8	Cavalry
Doom Knight	4	5	3	4	4	1	4	3	8	Cavalry
C1 C1 1	0	2	^	4	2	1	2	-1	_	

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

· Chaos Steed

Mount:

• Will of Chaos

Equipment:

- Lance
- Full plate armour
- Shield
- Barding

Options:

 May upgrade one Chaos Knight to a Doom Knight 	10 points
• May upgrade one Chaos Knight to a musician	10 points
• May upgrade one Chaos Knight to a standard bearer	10 points
- May have a magic standard worth up to	50 points
• The entire unit may take one of the following:	
- Mark of Khorne	2 points per model
- Mark of Nurgle	.2 points per mode <mark>l</mark>
- Mark of Slaanesh	.2 points per mod <mark>el</mark>



CHAOS CHARIOT					*					110 points
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	Ι	A	Ld	Troop Type
Chaos Chariot	7			5	5	4				Chariot (Armour save 6+)
Chaos Charioteer		5	3	4			4	2	8	
Chaos Steed									5	The state of the s

Unit Size: 1

Crew:

Equipment:

- Polearm
- Full plate armour
- Scythes
- Barding

Drawn by:

2 Chaos Steeds

2 Chaos Charioteers

Special Rules:

• Will of Chaos

Options:

• May take one of the following:

- Mark of Khorne	5 points
- Mark of Nurgle	25 points
- Mark of Slaanesh	
- Mark of Tzeentch	15 points

COREREAST CHARIOT

135 points

6 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Gorebeast Chariot	5			5	5	5				Chariot (Armour save 5+)
Chaos Charioteer		5	3	4			4	2	8	
Gorebeast		4	0	5	-		2	3	5	
		SHEET.	1		Sin	Time!		7	5 - 6	A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

Unit Size: 1

Crew:

Equipment:

- Polearm
- Full plate armour
- Scythes

Drawn by:

2 Chaos Charioteers

1 Gorebeast

Special Rules:

- Fear
- Will of Chaos

- May take one of the following:

SKULLREAPERS 34 points per model Profile **Troop Type** Skullreaper Infantry Skullseeker Infantry The state of

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

Heavy armour

• Two hand weapons

Special Rules:

- Mark of Khorne
- Will of Chaos

Options:

- May upgrade one Skullreaper to a Skullseeker......10 points

 - The entire unit may replace both their hand weapons with two



PUTRID BLIGHTKINGS

32 points per model **Troop Type** Infantry Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Blightlord

Putrid Blightking

Profile

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Great weapon
- Shield
- Medium armour

Special Rules:

- Bountiful Blades
- Mark of Nurgle (included in profile)
- Will of Chaos

Options:

- May upgrade one Putrid Blightking to a Blightlord......10 points
- May upgrade one Putrid Blightking to a musician......10 points
- May upgrade one Putrid Blightking to a standard
- May have a magic standard worth up to..................50 points
- The entire unit may be upgraded to Skirmishers......free

HELLSTRIDERS OF SLAANESH

19 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Hellstrider	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7	Cavalry
Hellreaver	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	7	Cavalry
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7	

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

- Spear
- Shield
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Daemonic (Steed of Slaanesh only)
- Daemon of Slaanesh (Steed of Slaanesh only)
- Fast Cavalry
- · Mark of Slaanesh
- Poisoned Attacks (Steed of Slaanesh only)
- Soul Hunters

Mount:

Steed of Slaanesh

- May upgrade one Hellstrider to a standard bearer......10 points
- The entire unit may replace their spears with hellscourges.....1 point per model



CHAOS CHOSEN

18 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	Ι	A	Ld	Troop Type
Chosen	4	6	3	4	4	1	5	2	8	Infantry
Chosen Champion	4	6	3	4	4	1	5	3	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Hand weapon

Special Rules:

• Chosen of the **Equipment:** Dark Gods

- Will of Chaos
- Full plate armour



Options:	
• May upgrade one Chosen to a Chosen Champio	n10 points
• May upgrade one Chosen to a musician	10 points
• May upgrade one Chosen to a standard bearer	10 points
- May have a magic standard worth up to	50 points
• The entire unit may take one of the following:	
- Mark of Khorne	2 points per model
- Mark of Nurgle	2 points per model
- Mark of Slaanesh	2 points per model
- Mark of Tzeentch	2 points per mod <mark>el</mark>
• The entire unit may take one of the following:	
- Additional hand weapons	2 points per model
- Flails	3 points per model
- Great weapons	3 points per model
- Polearms	3 points per model

FLAYERKIN

Troop Type Infantry Infantry

Wallcreeper

Profile

Flayerkin

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

Two hand weapons

Special Rules:

- Human Chains
- Scouts
- Skirmishers
- Will of Chaos

Options:

• May upgrade one Flayerkin to a Wallcreeper......10 points



SKIN WOLVES

38 points per model

6 points per model

Profile Troop Type Skin Wolf Monstrous Beasts

Unit Size: 3+

Equipment:

Special Rules:

Frenzy

• Regeneration (5+)

Claws and fangs

Will of Chaos

- The entire unit may take one of the following:

viden	OI.	LU			AI	15	
CHAOS OC Profile Chaos Ogre Ogre Mutant	CRES	M WS 6 3 6 3	BS S 7 2 4 4 2 2 4 4	3 2 1 4 3 2 4	A Ld 3 7 4 7	Troop Type Monstrous Infantry Monstrous Infantry	nts per model
Unit Size: 3+ Equipment: • Hand weapon • Light armour	Special Rules: • Ogre Charge	Options: May upg May upg May upg The entir Mark of	rade one (rade one (rade one (e unit may of Khorne.	Chaos Ogre Chaos Ogre Chaos Ogre take one o	to an O to a mu to a sta of the fo	4	10 points10 points10 points points
		Mark of a Mark of a Mark of the entirent of the Additional of the arrangement of the Additional of the Additiona	of Slaanesh of Tzeentch e unit may onal hand veapons	n n take one o weapons	of the fo		points per model
DRAGON C Profile Dragon Ogre Dragon Ogre Sha	rtak	M WS 7 4 7 4	BS S 7 2 5 5 2 5 5	5 4 2 5	3 8 4 8	THE RESERVE AND PARTY OF THE PA	nts per model
Unit Size: 3+ Equipment: • Hand weapon • Light armour	Special Rules: • Immunity (Light • Natural Armour	ening Attacks	Optio S) • Ma Sha • Tho - A - F	ons: y upgrade artak e entire uni additional l colearms Great weapo	one Dra	gon Ogre to a Dragon (10 points ;; points per model points per model points per model
CHAOS TRO Profile Chaos Troll	OLLS			T W I A	A Ld	40 poi Troop Type Monstrous Infantry	nts per model
Unit Size: 3+ Equipment: • Hand weapon	Special Rules: Natural Armour Regeneration (4- Stupidity Troll Vomit	(6+) • Th +) -	Additiona Great wea	l hand wea	pons	f the following:	points per model
CHAOS SP. Profile Chaos Spawn	AWN	M WS * 3	the same of the same of		* 10	Troop Type Monstrous Beast	40 points
Note: You may take Unit Size: 1 Equipment: • Tentacles, claws teeth (hand wear	• *Random • Unbreaka	les: Attacks (Do	6+1)	Options: • May take - Spawn - Spawn - Spawn	of Kho of Nurg of Slaa	the following: rnegleneshentch	10 points10 points

VARANGUARD			100						-	72 points per model
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Varanguard	4	6	3	5	4	1	5	2	8	Monstrous Cavalry
Favoured of the Everchosen	4	6	3	5	4	1	5	3	8	Monstrous Cavalry
Daemonic Mount	8	4	0	5	4	3	3	2	8	was a same of

Equipment:

- Lance
- Full plate armour
- Shield
- Barding

Special Rules:

- Daemonic (Daemonic Mount only)
- Devastating Charge
- Will of Chaos

Mount:

• Daemonic Mount

Options:

- May upgrade one Varanguard to a Favoured of the • May upgrade one Varanguard to a musician................... 10 points • May upgrade one Varanguard to a standard bearer......10 points - May have a magic standard worth up to................50 points
- The entire unit may swap their lances for Ensorcelled weapons......2 points per model

WRATHMONGERS

44 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Wrathmonger	4	6	3	5	4	2	5	3	8	Infantry
Wrathmaster										Infantry
	4		1		-	- Long		U		

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

• Mark of Khorne **Equipment:** • Will of Chaos

- Wrath-flails
- Heavy armour

Options:

- May upgrade one Wrathmonger to a Wrathmaster......10 points



SKULLCRUSHERS

77 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	Ι	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skullcrusher	4	5	3	4	4	1	4	2	8	Monstrous Cavalry
Skullhunter	4	5	3	4	4	1	4	3	8	Monstrous Cavalry
Juggernaut of Khorne	7	4	0	5	4	3	2	3	7	
			1					U	100	

Unit Size: 3+

Equipment:

- Lance
- Full plate armour
- Shield

Special Rules:

- Daemonic (Juggernaut only)
- Daemon of Khorne (Juggernaut only)
- Mark of Khorne
- Natural Armour (6+)
- · Will of Chaos

Options:

- May upgrade one Skullcrusher to a Hell Knight......10 points
- May upgrade one Skullcrusher to a musician......10 points
- May upgrade one Skullcrusher to a standard bearer.....10 points - May have a magic standard worth up to.................50 points
- The entire unit may swap their lances for Ensorcelled weapons......2 points per model

Mount:

Juggernaut of Khorne

FATEMASTERS 46 points per model Profile **Troop Type** 4 Cavalry Fatemaster Cavalry Doomsayer Disc of Tzeentch

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

Equipment:

- Fireglaive
- Full plate armour
- Shield

Profile

- Coven of Tzeentch
- Daemonic (Disc only)
- Daemon of Tzeentch (Disc only)
- Fly (9)
- Mark of Tzeentch
- · Master of Fate
- · Will of Chaos

Mount:

• Disc of Tzeentch

Options:

May upgrade one Fatemaster to a Doomsayer.....



PUSGOYLE BLIGHTLORDS

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	Ι	A	Ld	Troop Type
4	6	3	4	5	2	3	3	8	Monstrous Cavalry
1	6	3	4	5	2	3	4	Q	Monetrous Cavalry

Rot Fly of Nurgle Unit Size: 2+

Pusgoyle Blightlord Lord of Afflictions

Special Rules:

Equipment:

- Great weapon
- Medium armour
- Daemonic (Rot Fly only)
- Daemon of Nurgle (Rot Fly only)
- Mark of Nurgle (included in profile)
- Poisoned Attacks (Rot Fly only)
- · Will of Chaos

Mount:

• Rot Fly of Nurgle

Options:

- May upgrade one Pusgoyle Blightlord to a Lord of
- The whole unit may carry Death Heads.....7 point per model

100 points

62 points per model



CHAOS WARSHRINE

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A Ld	Troop Type

Chaos Warshrine Shrine (Armour save 6+)

Chaos Shrinemaster Chaos Shrine Bearers

Unit Size: 1

Drawn by:

Equipment (Crew):

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Crew: 1 Chaos Shrinemaster

Chaos Shrine Bearers

Special Rules:

- Favour of the Ruinous Powers
- Fear
- · Giver of Glory
- Large Target (5)
- *Random Attacks (D6+2)
- Ward save (5+)
- Will of Chaos

- May take one of the following:
 - Mark of Nurgle......25 points



DRAGON OGRE SHAGGOTH

225 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Dragon Ogre Shaggoth	7	6	3	6	6	6	4	5	9	Monster

TI	• 4	a.	-
	nif	Size:	

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

Hand weapon

Light armour

- Immunity (Lightning Attacks, Psychology)
- Natural Armour (5+)
- May take one of the following:

GIANT SPINED CHAOS BEAST

220 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	Ι	A	Ld	Troop Type
Giant Spined Chaos Beast	7	3	0	6	5	5	3	5	5	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

Options:

- Frenzy
- Impact Hits (D6)
- Regeneration (5+)
- May take one of the following:









CHAOS GIANT

Profile Troop Type Chaos Giant Monster

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

Special Rules:

Options:

- Fall Over
 - *Giant Special Attacks
- Hand weapon • Immunity (Psychology)
 - Stubborn
- May take one of the following:
 - Giant of Nurgle......25 points

GIANT CHAOS SPAWN

195 points

175 points

Profile M WS BS A Ld **Troop Type** Giant Chaos Spawn Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- *Random Attacks (2D6)
- *Random Movement (3D6)
- Unbreakable

- May take one of the following:
 - Spawn of Khorne......20 points

 - Spawn of Tzeentch......20 points

190 points **CHIMERA**

Profile M WS BS **Troop Type** Chimera Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

• Fly (8)



• May take any of the following:

SLAUGHTERBRUTE

Profile Slaughterbrute M WS BS S T W I A Ld **Troop Type** Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Natural Armour (4+)
- Rune of Binding
- Unbound

Options:

205 points

240 points

190 points

325 points

MUTALITH VORTEX BEAST

Profile Mutalith Vortex Beast M WS BS S T Troop Type Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Natural Armour (4+)
- Random Attacks (D6+2)
- Regeneration (5+)
- Aura of Mutation



HELLCANNON

Profile Hellcannon Chaos Dwarf Crew

Troop Type Monster

Unit Size: 1 Hellcannon and 3

Chaos Dwarf Crew

Special Rules:

- Caged Fury
- Daemonic (Hellcannon only)
- **Equipment (Chaos Dwarfs):**
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

- Doomfire
- Mixed Unit
- Natural Armour (4+)



Monster

CHAOS WAR MAMMOTH

Profile **Troop Type** Chaos War Mammoth

Marauder Crew

Unit Size: 1

Equipment (Crew):

• Hand weapon

Crew: 5 Marauder Crew Javelin

Special Rules:

- Immunity (Psychology)
- Impact Hits (D6+1)
- Large Target (10)
- *Mammoth Attacks
- Natural Armour (5+)





SUMMARY

LORDS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Archaon	4	9	5	5	5	4	7	5	10	In
- Dorghar	8	4	0	5	5	3	3	3	9	MB
Chaos Lord	4	8	3	5	5	3	7	5	9	In
Chaos Sorcerer Lord	4	5	3	4	4	3	4	3	8	In
Daemon Prince	8	8	5	6	5	5	8	5	9	MI
Galrauch	6	6	0	6	6	6	6	6	9	Mo
Kholek Suneater	8	8	3	7	6	8	1	7	9	Mo
Sigvald the Magnifient	4	8	3	5	5	3	8	5	10	In
Valkia the Bloody	4	9	3	5	5	3	8	5	9	In
Vardek Crom	4	9	3	5	5	3	8	5	9	In
Vilitch the Curseling	4	5	3	5	4	3	5	3	8	In
HEROES	M	WS	BS	\mathbf{S}	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Chaos Sorcerer	4	5	3	4	4	2	4	2	8	In
Exalted Hero	4	7	3	5	4	2	6	4	8	In
Festus the Leechlord	4	4	2	4	5	2	2	2	8	In
Kordel Shorgaar	4	7	3	5	4	2	6	4	8	In
Marauder Chieftain	4	6	3	4	4	2	5	3	8	In
	6	4	0	5	5	4	3	*	10	
Scyla Anfingrimm	4	6	3	5	4	2	5		8	MB
Slaughterpriest			-				-	3		In
Throgg	6	5	2	6	5	4	2	5	8	MI
Wulfrik the Wanderer	4	8	3	5	4	2	7	4	8	In
CORE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	Т	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Chaos Warhound	7	4	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	WB
Chaos Warrior	4	5	3	4	4	1	4	2	8	In
- Aspiring Champion	4	5	3	4	4	1	4	3	8	In
Cultist	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	In
- Cult Leader	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6	In
Forsaken	6	4	0	4	4	1	4	D3	8	In
Marauder	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	In
- Warleader	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	In
Marauder Champion	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	7	In
- Warleader Champion		4	3	4	3	1	4	2	7	In
	4				_	4				111
•	7	·	_	5	4		-	_		Ch
Marauder Chariot	7	-	-	5	4		-	- 1	-	Ch
Marauder Charioteer	7	- 4	3	3	-	-	3	- 1	7	Ch -
Marauder Chariot - Marauder Charioteer - Warhorse	7 -	- 4 3	3	3	-	-	3	1	- 7 5	-
Marauder Chariot - Marauder Charioteer - Warhorse Marauder Horseman	7 - - 4	- 4 3 4	3 0 3	3 3	- 3	- 1	3	1	- 7 5 7	- Ca
Marauder Chariot - Marauder Charioteer - Warhorse Marauder Horseman - Marauder Horsemaster	7 - - 4 4	- 4 3 4 4	3 0 3 3	3 3 3 3	3	1	3 3 3	1 1 2	- 7 5 7	-
Marauder Chariot - Marauder Charioteer - Warhorse Marauder Horseman - Marauder Horsemaster - Warhorse	7 - - 4 4 8	- 4 3 4 4 3	3 0 3 3 0	3 3 3 3 3	3 3 3	- 1 1 1	3 3 3 3	1 1 2 1	7 5 7 7 7 5	- Ca
Marauder Chariot - Marauder Charioteer - Warhorse Marauder Horseman - Marauder Horsemaster - Warhorse Marauder Hunter	7 - - 4 4 8 4	4 3 4 4 3 4	3 0 3 3 0	3 3 3 3 3	3 3 3	- 1 1 1	3 3 3 3	1 1 2 1	7 5 7 7 5 7	Ca Ca
Marauder Chariot - Marauder Charioteer - Warhorse Marauder Horseman - Marauder Horsemaster - Warhorse	7 - - 4 4 8	- 4 3 4 4 3	3 0 3 3 0	3 3 3 3 3	3 3 3	- 1 1 1	3 3 3 3	1 1 2 1	7 5 7 7 7 5	Ca Ca
Marauder Chariot - Marauder Charioteer - Warhorse Marauder Horseman - Marauder Horsemaster - Warhorse Marauder Hunter	7 - - 4 4 8 4	4 3 4 4 3 4	3 0 3 3 0	3 3 3 3 3	3 3 3	- 1 1 1	3 3 3 3	1 1 2 1	7 5 7 7 5 7	- Ca Ca
Marauder Chariot - Marauder Charioteer - Warhorse Marauder Horseman - Marauder Horsemaster - Warhorse Marauder Hunter	7 - - 4 4 8 4	4 3 4 4 3 4	3 0 3 3 0	3 3 3 3 3	3 3 3	- 1 1 1	3 3 3 3	1 1 2 1	7 5 7 7 5 7	- Ca Ca
Marauder Chariot - Marauder Charioteer - Warhorse Marauder Horseman - Marauder Horsemaster - Warhorse Marauder Hunter - Huntmaster	7 - - 4 4 8 4 4	- 4 3 4 4 3 4 4	3 0 3 3 0 3 4	3 3 3 3 3 3	3 3 3 3	- - 1 1 1 1	3 3 3 3 3	1 1 2 1 1	7 5 7 7 5 7	- Ca Ca In
Marauder Chariot - Marauder Charioteer - Warhorse Marauder Horseman - Marauder Horsemaster - Warhorse Marauder Hunter - Huntmaster SPECIAL UNITS	7 - - 4 4 8 4 4 4	- 4 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 WS	3 0 3 3 0 3 4 BS	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 8	- 3 3 3 3 7	- - 1 1 1 1 1	3 3 3 3 3 1	1 1 2 1 1 1 1	- 7 5 7 7 5 7 7	Ca Ca In In
Marauder Chariot - Marauder Charioteer - Warhorse Marauder Horseman - Marauder Horsemaster - Warhorse Marauder Hunter - Huntmaster SPECIAL UNITS Chaos Chariot	7 - - 4 4 8 4 4 4	- 4 3 4 4 3 4 4 4	3 0 3 3 0 3 4 BS	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 5	3 3 3 3 3 7 5	- - 1 1 1 1 1 1 W	3 3 3 3 3 3	1 1 2 1 1 1 1	- 7 5 7 7 5 7 7 Ld	Ca Ca Ca In In
Marauder Chariot - Marauder Charioteer - Warhorse Marauder Horseman - Marauder Horsemaster - Warhorse Marauder Hunter - Huntmaster SPECIAL UNITS Chaos Chariot - Chaos Charioteer	7 - - 4 4 8 4 4 4 - - - - - - - - - - - -	- 4 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 WS - 5	3 0 3 3 0 3 4 BS	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 5 4	3 3 3 3 3 3 7	- - 1 1 1 1 1 1 - W	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 1	1 1 2 1 1 1 1 	- 7 5 7 7 5 7 7 Ld	Ca Ca Ca In In
Marauder Chariot - Marauder Charioteer - Warhorse Marauder Horseman - Marauder Horsemaster - Warhorse Marauder Hunter - Huntmaster SPECIAL UNITS Chaos Charioteer - Chaos Steed	7 4 4 8 4 4 M 7	- 4 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 WS - 5 3	3 0 3 3 0 3 4 BS	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 5 8 4 4	3 3 3 3 3 7 5	- - 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 - W	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 4 4 3	1 1 2 1 1 1 1 	- 7 5 7 7 5 7 7 Ld - 8 5 5	Ca Ca Ca In In Ch -
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Marauder Chariot - Marauder Charioteer - Warhorse Marauder Horseman - Marauder Horsemaster - Warhorse Marauder Hunter - Huntmaster SPECIAL UNITS Chaos Chariot - Chaos Charioteer - Chaos Steed Chaos Knight - Doom Knight - Chaos Ogre - Ogre Mutant Chaos Spawn	7 4 4 8 4 4 7 4 4 8 6 6 *	4 3 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 5 5 3 5 5 5 3 3 3 3 3	3 0 3 3 0 3 4 BS - 3 0 3 3 0 2 2 0	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4	- 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 7 5 - 4 4 4 3 4 4 5	- 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 1 1 - 4 3 4 4 3 2 2 2	1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 3 1 1 2 3 4 *********************************	- 7 5 7 7 5 7 7 5 8 8 8 5 7 7 7 10	Ca Ca Ca In In Ch Ca Ca Ca MI MI MB
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Marauder Chariot - Marauder Charioteer - Warhorse Marauder Horseman - Marauder Horsemaster - Warhorse Marauder Hunter - Huntmaster SPECIAL UNITS Chaos Chariot - Chaos Charioteer - Chaos Steed Chaos Knight - Doom Knight - Chaos Ogre - Ogre Mutant Chaos Troll Chosen - Chosen Champion Dragon Ogre	7 4 4 8 6 6 6 * 6 4 4 7 7	- 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4	3 0 3 4 BS - 3 0 0 3 3 0 0 2 2 0 0 1 3 3 2 2	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 5	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 4 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 5 5		3 3 3 3 3 3 3 1 1 - 4 3 4 4 3 2 2 1 5 5 2	1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 3 1 2 3 4 ** 3 3 3 3 3 3	- 7 5 7 7 5 7 7 7 Ld - 8 5 8 8 5 7 7 10 6 6 8 8 8 8	Ca Ca Ca In In In Type Ch Ca Ca Ca MI MI MI MB MI In In MB
Marauder Chariot - Marauder Charioteer - Warhorse Marauder Horseman - Marauder Horsemaster - Warhorse Marauder Hunter - Huntmaster SPECIAL UNITS Chaos Charioteer - Chaos Charioteer - Chaos Steed Chaos Knight - Doom Knight - Doom Knight - Chaos Ogre - Ogre Mutant Chaos Spawn Chaos Troll Chosen - Chosen Champion Dragon Ogre - Dragon Ogre Shartak	7 4 4 8 M 7 4 4 8 6 6 6 * 6 4 4 7 7	-4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 5 3 5 5 5 3 3 3 3 3 6 6 6 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4	3 0 3 4 BS - 3 0 3 3 0 2 2 0 1 1 3 3 2 2 2	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 5 5	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 4 4 4 4 5 5 5		3 3 3 3 3 3 3 1 1 - 4 3 4 4 3 2 2 1 5 5 2 2	1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 3 1 3 4 * 3 2 3 3 4 3 4 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 4 4	- 7 5 7 7 5 7 7 7 Ld - 8 5 5 8 8 5 7 7 10 6 6 8 8 8 8 8 8	Ca Ca In In In Type Ch Ca Ca Ca In MI MI MB MI In In MB MB MB MB
Marauder Chariot - Marauder Charioteer - Warhorse Marauder Horseman - Marauder Horsemaster - Warhorse Marauder Hunter - Huntmaster SPECIAL UNITS Chaos Charioteer - Chaos Charioteer - Chaos Steed Chaos Knight - Doom Knight - Chaos Steed Chaos Ogre - Ogre Mutant Chaos Troll Chosen - Chosen Champion Dragon Ogre - Dragon Ogre Shartak Flayerkin	7 4 4 8 4 4 4 8 6 6 6 * 6 4 4 7 7 4	- 4 3 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 WS - 5 5 3 5 5 5 3 3 3 3 6 6 6 4 4 4 4	3 0 3 4 BSS - 3 0 2 2 0 1 1 3 3 2 2 2 3	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 5 4 4 4 4 4 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 3	- 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 4 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 4		3 3 3 3 3 3 3 1 1 4 3 4 4 3 2 2 1 5 5 2 2 3	1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 3 1 2 3 4 * 3 2 3 3 4 1 1 1 3 1 3 4 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	- 7 5 7 7 5 7 7 7 Ld - 8 5 8 8 5 7 7 10 6 6 8 8 8 8 7	Ca Ca Ca In In In Type Ch Ca Ca Ca MI MI MI MB MI In In MB
Marauder Chariot - Marauder Charioteer - Warhorse Marauder Horseman - Marauder Horsemaster - Warhorse Marauder Hunter - Huntmaster SPECIAL UNITS Chaos Charioteer - Chaos Charioteer - Chaos Steed Chaos Knight - Doom Knight - Doom Knight - Chaos Ogre - Ogre Mutant Chaos Spawn Chaos Troll Chosen - Chosen Champion Dragon Ogre - Dragon Ogre Shartak	7 4 4 8 M 7 4 4 8 6 6 6 * 6 4 4 7 7	-4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 5 3 5 5 5 3 3 3 3 3 6 6 6 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4	3 0 3 4 BS - 3 0 3 3 0 2 2 0 1 1 3 3 2 2 2	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 5 5	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 4 4 4 4 5 5 5		3 3 3 3 3 3 3 1 1 - 4 3 4 4 3 2 2 1 5 5 2 2	1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 3 1 3 4 * 3 2 3 3 4 3 4 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 4 4	- 7 5 7 7 5 7 7 7 Ld - 8 5 5 8 8 5 7 7 10 6 6 8 8 8 8 8 8	Ca Ca In In In Type Ch Ca Ca Ca In MI MI MB MI In In MB MB MB MB

- Chaos Charioteer	SPECIAL UNITS (COIII)	IVI	W	DO	0	1	**	1	PA.	Lu	1 ype
Gorebeast	Gorebeast Chariot	5	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-	Ch
Hellstrider	- Chaos Charioteer	-	5	3	4	-	-	4	2	8	-
Hellreaver	- Gorebeast		4	0	5	-	-	2	3	5	-
Steed of Slaanesh 10 3 0 3 3 1 5 1 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7	Hellstrider	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7	Ca
Putrid Blightking	- Hellreaver	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	7	Ca
Blightlord	- Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7	-
Skin Wolves	Putrid Blightking	4	6	3	4	5	2	3	3	8	In
Skullreaper	- Blightlord	4	6	3	4	5	2	3	4	8	In
Skullseeker	Skin Wolves	7	5	0	4	4	3	5	3	7	MB
RARE UNITS M WS BS S T W I A Ld Tyj Chaos Giant 6 3 3 6 6 6 6 3 * 10 Mc Chaos War Mammoth 8 3 0 7 6 10 1 * 5 5 Mc Chaos Warshrine 6 5 5 5 5 S	Skullreaper	4	6	3	4	4	2	5	3	8	In
Chaos Giant	- Skullseeker	4	6	3	4	4	2	5	4	8	In
Chaos Giant											
Chaos War Mammoth - Marauder - 4 3 3 3 1 7	RARE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Туре
Chaos Warshrine	Chaos Giant	6	3	3	6	6	6	3	*	10	Mo
Chaos Warshrine 6 5 5 5 Shell Chaos Shrinemaster - 5 3 4 4 2 8 Chaos Shrine Bearers - 3 3 4 2 2 * Shell Chaos Shrine Bearers - 3 3 4 2 2 * Shell Chaos Shrine Bearers - 3 3 4 2 2 * Shell Chaos Shrine Bearers - 3 3 4 2 2 * Shell Chaos Shrine Bearers - 3 3 4 2 2 * Shell Chaos Shrine Bearers - 3 3 4 2 2 *	Chaos War Mammoth	8	3	0	7	6	10	1	*	5	Mo
- Chaos Shrinemaster	- Marauder	-	4	3	3	-	-	3	1	7	_
Chimera 6 4 0 5 5 5 2 6 5 Mc Dragon Ogre Shaggoth 7 6 3 6 6 6 4 5 9 Mc Fatemaster 4 5 3 4 4 2 4 2 8 Cc - Doomsayer 4 5 3 4 4 2 4 3 8 Cc - Disc of Tzeentch 1 3 0 4 4 1 1 4 2 7 - C Giant Chaos Spawn * 4 0 5 6 5 2 * 10 Mc Giant Spined Chaos Beast 7 3 3 6 5 5 5 3 6 8 Mc Hellcannon 3 4 3 5 6 5 1 5 4 Mc - Chaos Dwarf Crew 3 4 3 3 4 1 2 1 9 - C Pusgoyle Blightlord 4 6 3 4 5 2 3 3 8 Mc - Rot Fly of Nurgle 1 3 0 4 5 3 2 3 7 - S Skullcrusher 4 5 3 4 4 1 4 2 8 Mc - Skullcrusher 4 5 3 4 4 1 4 2 8 Mc - Juggernaut of Khorne 7 4 0 5 4 3 2 3 7 - S Chaos Dragon 6 6 0 6 6 6 3 6 8 Mc MOUNTS M WS BS S T W I A Ld Typ Chaos Dragon 6 6 0 6 6 6 3 6 8 Mc MOUNTS M WS BS S T W I A Ld Typ Chaos Dragon 6 6 0 6 6 6 3 6 8 Mc MOUNTS M WS BS S T W I A Ld Typ Chaos Dragon 6 6 6 0 6 6 6 3 6 8 Mc MOUNTS M WS BS S T W I A Ld Typ Chaos Dragon 6 6 6 0 6 6 6 3 6 8 Mc MOUNTS M WS BS S T W I A Ld Typ Chaos Dragon 6 6 6 0 6 6 6 3 6 8 Mc Chaos Steed 8 3 0 4 3 1 3 1 3 1 5 Wi Mountiore 6 5 0 5 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 Mc Palanquin of Nurgle 1 3 0 4 4 1 4 2 7 Wi Manticore 6 5 0 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 Mc Palanquin of Nurgle 7 4 0 5 4 3 2 3 7 Mi Disc of Tzeentch 1 3 0 4 4 1 1 4 2 7 Wi Manticore 6 5 0 5 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 Mc Palanquin of Nurgle 7 4 0 5 4 3 2 3 7 Mi Disc of Tzeentch 1 3 0 4 4 1 1 4 2 7 Wi Manticore 6 5 0 5 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 Mc Palanquin of Nurgle 4 2 0 2 3 8 7 In Steed of Slaanesh 10 3 0 3 3 3 1 3 1 5 Wi	Chaos Warshrine	6	-	-	-	5	5	-	-	-	Sh
Chimera 6 4 0 5 5 5 2 6 5 Mo Dragon Ogre Shaggoth 7 6 3 6 6 6 4 5 9 Mo Fatemaster 4 5 3 4 4 2 4 2 8 Ca - Doomsayer 4 5 3 4 4 2 4 3 8 Ca - Disc of Tzeentch 1 3 0 4 4 1 4 2 7 - Giant Chaos Spawn * 4 0 5 6 5 2 * 10 Mo Giant Spined Chaos Beast 7 3 3 3 6 5 5 3 3 6 8 Mo Hellcannon 3 4 3 5 6 5 1 5 4 Mo - Chaos Dwarf Crew 3 4 3 3 4 1 2 1 9 - Pusgoyle Blightlord 4 6 3 4 5 2 3 3 8 Mo - Rot Fly of Nurgle 1 3 0 4 5 3 2 3 7 - Skullcrusher 4 5 3 4 4 1 4 2 8 Mo - Skullcrusher 4 5 3 4 4 1 4 2 8 Mo - Skullhunter 4 5 3 4 4 1 4 2 8 Mo - Skullhunter 4 5 3 4 4 1 4 2 8 Mo - Skullhunter 4 5 3 4 4 1 4 3 8 Mo - Skullhunter 4 5 3 4 4 1 5 2 8 Mo - Pusgoyard Of the Everchosen 4 6 3 5 4 1 5 2 8 Mo - Chaos Dragon 6 6 6 0 6 6 6 3 6 8 Mo - Chaos Steed 8 3 0 4 3 1 3 1 5 Wo - Mounts	- Chaos Shrinemaster	-	5	3	4	_	-	4	2	8	_
Chimera 6 4 0 5 5 5 2 6 5 Mode Dragon Ogre Shaggoth 7 6 3 6 6 4 5 9 Mode Fatemaster 4 5 3 4 4 2 4 2 8 C; - Doomsayer 4 5 3 4 4 2 4 3 8 C; - Disc of Tzeentch 1 3 0 4 4 1 4 2 7 - Giant Chaos Spawn * 4 0 5 6 5 2 * 10 Mc Giant Spined Chaos Beast 7 3 3 6 5 5 3 6 8 Mc Hellcannon 3 4 3 3 4 1 2 1 Mc Pusgoyle Blightlord 4 6 3 4 5 </td <td>- Chaos Shrine Bearers</td> <td>_</td> <td>3</td> <td>3</td> <td>4</td> <td>_</td> <td>_</td> <td>2</td> <td>*</td> <td>_</td> <td>_</td>	- Chaos Shrine Bearers	_	3	3	4	_	_	2	*	_	_
Dragon Ogre Shaggoth	Chimera	6	4	0	5	5	5	2	6	5	Mo
Fatemaster											Мо
- Doomsayer		4	5	3	4	4	2	4	2	8	Ca
- Disc of Tzeentch	- Doomsayer	4	5	3	4	4	2	4	3	8	Ca
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Giant Spined Chaos Beast 7 3 3 3 6 5 5 3 6 8 Mc Hellcannon 3 4 3 5 6 5 1 5 4 Mc - Chaos Dwarf Crew 3 4 3 3 4 1 2 1 9 - Pusgoyle Blightlord 4 6 3 4 5 2 3 3 8 Mc - Lord of Afflictions 4 6 3 4 5 2 3 4 8 Mc - Rot Fly of Nurgle 1 3 0 4 5 3 2 3 7 - Skullcrusher 4 5 3 4 4 1 4 2 8 Mc - Skullhunter 4 5 3 4 4 1 4 2 8 Mc - Skullhunter 4 5 3 4 4 1 4 3 8 Mc - Juggernaut of Khorne 7 4 0 5 4 3 2 3 7 - Slaughterbrute 6 3 0 7 5 6 3 5 5 Mc Mutalith Vortex Beast 6 3 0 5 5 6 3 * 8 Mc - Favoured of the Everchosen 4 6 3 5 4 1 5 2 8 Mc - Daemonic Mount 8 4 0 5 5 3 3 2 8 - Wrathmonger 4 6 3 5 4 2 5 3 8 In - Wrathmoster 4 6 3 5 4 2 5 3 8 In - Wrathmoster 4 6 3 5 4 2 5 3 8 In - Wrathmoster 4 6 3 5 4 2 5 3 8 Mc - Daemonic Mount 8 4 0 5 5 3 3 2 8 - Wrathmoster 7 4 0 5 4 3 2 3 7 Mi Disc of Tzeentch 1 3 0 4 4 1 4 2 7 Wi Manticore 6 5 0 5 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 Mc Palanquin of Nurgle 4 2 0 2 3 8 7 In Steed of Slaanesh 10 3 0 3 3 1 5 1 7 Ca Warhorse 8 3 0 3 3 3 1 5 1 7 Ca		*	4	0	5	6	5	2.	*	10	Mo
Hellcannon		7							6		Мо
- Chaos Dwarf Crew Pusgoyle Blightlord 4 6 3 4 5 2 3 3 8 MG - Lord of Afflictions - Rot Fly of Nurgle 1 3 0 4 5 3 2 3 7 - Skullcrusher 4 5 3 4 4 1 4 2 8 MG - Skullhunter - Skullhunter - Skullhunter - Juggernaut of Khorne 7 4 0 5 4 3 2 3 7 - Slaughterbrute 6 3 0 7 5 6 3 5 5 MG Mutalith Vortex Beast Varanguard - Favoured of the Everchosen - Daemonic Mount 8 4 0 5 5 3 3 2 8 MG - Wrathmonger - Wrathmonger 4 6 3 5 4 1 5 2 8 MG - Daemonic Mount M WS BS S T W I A Ld Tyj Chaos Dragon 6 6 0 6 6 6 3 6 8 MG Chaos Steed 8 3 0 4 3 1 3 1 5 WI Daemonic Mount 8 4 0 5 5 3 3 2 8 MG Chaos Steed 8 3 0 4 3 1 3 1 5 WI Daemonic Mount 8 4 0 5 5 4 3 2 3 7 MI Daemonic Mount 8 4 0 5 5 4 3 2 5 4 8 MG Chaos Tragon 6 6 0 6 6 6 3 6 8 MG Chaos Tragon 6 6 0 6 6 6 3 6 8 MG Chaos Tragon 6 6 0 6 6 6 3 6 8 MG Chaos Tragon 6 6 0 6 6 6 3 6 8 MG Chaos Tragon 6 6 0 6 6 6 3 6 8 MG Chaos Tragon 6 6 0 6 6 6 3 6 8 MG Chaos Tragon 6 6 0 6 6 6 3 6 8 MG Chaos Tragon 6 6 0 6 6 6 6 3 6 8 MG Chaos Tragon 6 6 0 6 6 6 6 3 6 8 MG Chaos Tragon 6 6 0 6 6 6 6 3 6 8 MG Chaos Tragon 6 6 0 6 6 6 6 3 6 8 MG Chaos Tragon 6 6 0 6 6 6 6 3 6 8 MG Chaos Tragon Chaos Steed 8 3 0 4 3 1 3 1 5 WI Daemonic Mount 8 4 0 5 4 3 2 3 7 MI Daemonic Mount 8 4 0 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 MG Daemonic Mount 8 4 0 5 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 MG Daemonic Mount 8 4 0 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5											Мо
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Warhorse 8 3 0 3 3 1 3 1 5 WI	Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7	Ca
	Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	WB
Troop Type Key: In - Infantry WR - War Poast											. 1
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SPECIAL UNITS (cont) M WS BS S T W I A Ld Type

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.









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