

WARHAMMER

DAEMONS OF CHAOS



WARHAMMER ARMIES





DAEMONS OF CHAOS



By Mathias Eliasson
v.1.4

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Special Thanks To: All the players that have contributed with feedback and ideas.

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *Warhammer: Daemons of Chaos*, your definite guide to the ageless servants of the Chaos Gods. This book provides all the information you'll require to play with a Daemons 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 Daemons into a rampaging army of destruction incarnate, raw magic given terrible form.

DAEMONS OF CHAOS

Beyond the boundaries of space and time, the Chaos Gods watch the mortal world with ancient eyes. To the Dark Gods, the material world represents the grandest game of all, a world of unrelenting war and carnage where they can vie with one another for absolute power. Most feared of their servants are the Daemons of Chaos, warlike fragments of divine will loosed upon the world.

The Daemons of Chaos are the ultimate enemy of all mortal creatures. From their fortresses and palaces in the Realm of Chaos they watch with envious eyes, waiting with unblinking patience for their chance to wreak destruction and dismay upon the world. When that opportunity arises, they seize it greedily, spilling forth to rampage and slaughter in the name of the Chaos Gods.

A daemoniac host is a terrifying and awesome sight, capable of delivering death in so many ways. Blood-slicked Daemons of Khorne chant brutal praises to their dark deity before leaping forth to claim skulls in

his name, whilst Daemons of Tzeentch keep their distance, favouring bolts of blazing sorcery over physical confrontation. Pestilence is the favoured weapon of Nurgle's blight-ridden Daemons. As for Slaanesh's Daemons, they have no favoured method of slaughter – they care only that the deaths they cause are as lingering and painful as possible.

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

Warhammer: Daemons of Chaos contains the following sections:

- **Terror from Beyond.** This section describes the otherworldly Realm of Chaos, and the Dark Gods and Daemons who dwell within its confines and battle over its fate. It also describes key daemoniac incursions into the mortal world and the resulting battles.
- **The Daemoniac Hosts.** Each and every troop type in the Daemons of Chaos army is examined in this section. Here you'll find a full description of each unit, alongside a complete listing of any rules and special abilities they possess. This section also includes unique Daemoniac Gifts, magic items and lores of magic employed by the Daemons of Chaos.
- **Daemons of Chaos Army List.** The army list takes all of the characters, warriors and monsters presented in the Daemoniac Hosts section and arranges them so you can choose an army for your games. Units are classed as either 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.







TERROR FROM BEYOND

Most fell of the creatures of Chaos are the Daemons. Spawned from the nightmares of mortals and given form by the raw Chaos that pours from the north, Daemons are often only fleetingly attached to the world. Random possession, fleeting visions and temporary incarnations are enough to make them a plague upon the world.

Yet when the Realm of Chaos yawns wide and magic spills across the land in invisible waves, the threat of the Daemon becomes terrible. Legions of unnatural beings break through from their otherworldly realm, their dread voices rising up in praise of their masters, the arcane battle-cries and unholy screams and bellows turning men insane on simply hearing them.

From the Realm of Chaos they come to conquer and destroy, creatures of magic in service to the darkest of gods. Armies flee before them, because what mortal creature can hope to stand before immortals? Devastation lies behind them, for destruction is the gift they bring to warriors of all races, causes and creeds. They are the Daemons of Chaos, the servants of insane and blasphemous gods, and they will not rest until the world shares their madness.

THE DAEMONS OF CHAOS

Far beyond the boundaries of the mortal world lies an impossible domain of magic and dark wonder. This is a nightmare-scape of desire, hatred, whimsy and terror; here no physical laws apply save for those enforced by the creatures that live within its bounds. This is the Realm of Chaos, dwelling place of the Dark Gods and the Daemons of Chaos.

None can say how long the Realm of Chaos has endured, for time has little purchase on this damnable kingdom. It may be that it is as old as history itself, formed even before the stars blazed to life and world itself was created. Yet the Realm of Chaos and all its dire minions are the hopes and fears of living creatures made manifest, so how could it exist before sentient races arose? In the end it matters little how the Chaos Gods came to be, it matters only that they exist and that they are hungry for the souls of mortals.

Beyond the boundaries of reality, the Chaos Gods watch the worlds of mortals with ancient, hungry eyes. Anathema to all that is pure and natural, the Dark Gods represent the very worst attributes of Mankind's base emotions and instincts – war, lust, murder, treachery, debauchery and greed; the list is as endless as the hatred that the Chaos Gods bear for Mankind. And so do they send forth their unholy servants to reap the souls of mortals, feeding their insatiable thirst for mayhem and death.

GODS AND DAEMONS

The world is awash with unseen magic that comes from the dark dimension between time and space. It was introduced into the world when the great intra-spatial gateways of the Old Ones collapsed, creating a rift in space and spewing magically volatile warp-matter over the whole planet. Magic is a malleable energy that can

'It is foretold that time itself is coming to an end. In the north stirs a power unlike any other. The hand of Chaos has cast a huge, impenetrable shadow upon the world, and it cannot be banished or defeated.'

It is written that soon the stars will fall from the sky, and the moons wilt turn as red as blood. In the wake of the storm will come the armies of the Dark Gods. The puny princes and lords of the mortal world will gather their pitiful armies: but it shall avail them not. The lords of Chaos will descend upon them and crush them utterly.

It is the pathetic vanity of mortals to think that their weak cries and brittle weapons could hope to stem the tide of the night. For it is already too late all hope was lost aeons ago. The moment of Dark Glory fast approaches, and there is nothing you can do save kneel before, the Chaos gods while there is still time. But be quick, for the time till the coming of Chaos is measured in mere heartbeats.

And with the final triumph of Chaos all life will decay into a seething mass of lost and screaming souls, eternally enduring the forms thrust upon them by the uncaring gods of Chaos.

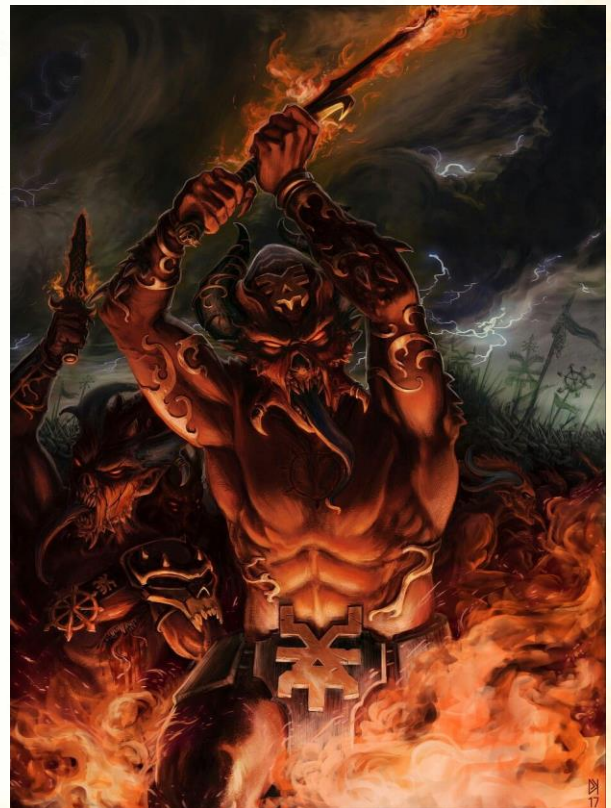
Mortals despair, the Realm of Chaos has begun.'

be harnessed and wielded, but the very act of doing so reshapes and changes everyone and everything it comes into contact with. Whether used for good or ill, magic is ultimately corrupting and dangerous.

The ancient gateways continue to leak raw magic from the dark dimension to this day. The dark dimension is home to things of an altogether different order to mortal creatures. These are not living creatures of flesh but a network of ethereal forces whose consciousnesses continually flow and interchange. Individuality and linear thought are meaningless concepts in the dark dimension. In that timeless, spaceless, nothingness there is only endless being: a single moment extending through all eternity.

Just as magic pollutes and disfigures the material world so the dark dimension is reshaped by the world of mortals. Thought, ambition, emotion and other gross forms of individual consciousness leak from the material universe. This focused consciousness overwhelms and transforms the naturally guileless intelligence of the dark dimension. It becomes aware. It coalesces into a kind of distinct consciousness. Things stir in the dark dimension. Gods, daemons and spirits are made manifest in the stuff of the warp. Reshaped in turn by these newly created consciousnesses other lesser beings are created, and so it goes on.

The gods inhabit a realm of pure energy and formless power that exists outside of space and time. This is not literally a realm, nor is it literally a place at all, but as no mortal can really visualise such a thing, it is convenient to think of it as a kind of coexistent space





or alternate dimension. By the same token, its inhabitants are not creatures for they have neither bodies nor minds as those things are understood by mortals; they are elements of pure thought and pure emotion – concepts and impulses ordered by neither form nor reason. These entities, if we may call them such, are but reflections of the subconscious minds of mortals – a mirror of the heaving turmoil that is the sum of mortal hope, despair, rage and pleasure.

Thus are gods – and the bitterest agents of man's own destruction – made real because they are created in the subconscious minds of men. The idea of gods gives them birth and endows them with power for good and ill. From the minds of men are born spirits of multitudinous kinds – some are the slaves of greater powers, some are of uncertain status, feeding upon and being consumed by others larger and more powerful still. All these spirits are but the creations of mortal vice and mortal virtue, of mortal strength and mortal frailty, from the greatest to the slightest, and from the most noble to the most base. There may be a thousand gods or a million aspects of a single deity – it matters little.

Of these gods, the greatest of all are the four that are called the Dark Gods. The unwitting creations of Mankind's most powerful subconscious, they 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 ooze corruption, and Slaanesh the Dark Prince, neither man nor woman, whose beauty is such that the merest glimpse is deadly to mortals. These are the greatest of the gods to whom all other gods – each and every one – are but portions or conjunctions. In the lands of the Empire many a theologian has been burned for saying as much.

The Chaos Gods are jealous and prideful deities. Each believes himself destined to be the supreme ruler of all existence, and constantly strives to wrest control of the

Realm of Chaos from his dark brothers. Yet the gods seldom lower themselves to direct confrontation – such is the business of minions, not omnipotent masters. Thus can each god call upon mighty armies of Daemons to do battle in his name.

Each of these Dark Gods is a great power in the realm of energy they inhabit. Just as the subconscious thoughts of men are complex and interwoven, so the Dark Gods are complex, often contradictory, entities whose motivations are not always logical or coherent. Just as Man's greatest fears are often accompanied by lesser terrors and minor irritations, so the Dark Gods are amalgams of many different ideas and concepts, each of which has its own subordinate existence within the whole. Such is the nature of the daemons of the Dark Gods – at once a portion of their master and at the same time entities in their own right. Thus may be imagined the dreaded Hounds of Khorne, the savage hunters of the Blood God, at once servants of Khorne and manifestations of his own relentless sense of vengeance.

The appearance of gods and daemons in the material world is not necessarily the appearance that those daemons have in their own existence – for there they have none at all. But in the thoughts of men they acquire shapes and attributes, and these things bind them into forms and mould their minds when they manifest themselves in the world of time and space. Even these physical forms are not necessarily consistent – for neither is mortal expectation universally the same – but the traditions and beliefs of Mankind are powerful. Though even the Dark Gods have many names and multiple images and abilities amongst different peoples, all mortals recognise the common themes, appearance, and traits that mark the gods and daemons apart.

Facing across a plain of bones stood two mighty armies. Red and black banners marked with the skull-rune fluttered above Khorne's eager warriors. Before them a sea of hectic colours mocked and jeered, defying the grim intent of the Blood God's chosen. The Slaaneshi front ranks began to move, advancing with a lewd dance. The sky rang with their lascivious shrieks of expectation. Slowly an answering ripple of sound spread through the Khornate lines, a murmuring chant that gradually grew to a full-throated battle cry: "Blood for the Blood God!" Their heavy tread and the clashing of ornate armour kept time: "Skulls for the Skull Throne!" Underfoot bones cracked and the warriors were watched by eyeless sockets, greeted by fleshless grins. Soon they would meet. Contorted beasts strained at the leash; gibbering Spawn ran forward, their sole purpose to slay for their dark masters. Great swords and black axes were brandished, groaning with unearthly hunger for fresh souls. With a deafening crash the first wave broke upon an iron shore. And so the day began.

This is what daemons are – portions of a god's power made manifest, imbued with physical form and intelligence that is moulded by the expectations and traditions of mortals. They are sorcerous creatures bodies and minds are created from magical energy, and which will eventually dissolve back into magical energy. As such, daemons can only exist in magically saturated environments such as can be found in the extreme northern lands of the Warhammer world and within magical constructs such as pentagrams and vessels of containment. Only when magical power – the raw energy of Chaos – spills into the wider world can daemons wreak a greater havoc in the realms of mortals.

But to the men of the Warhammer world such knowledge is unthinkable – to the Northlanders the favour of their gods is a vital and glorious pan of their lives. 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. To the men of the south, the Dark Gods are barbaric primal entities that stand in stark contrast to their own refined, sophisticated, and civilised deities. To imagine that those very deities were but shards of the infinitely more mighty thing that is Chaos would be too terrifying for any priest of Sigmar, Ulric, or priestess of Shallya to even contemplate. As the wiser and less sanctimonious Elves might counsel, it is best to put such thoughts aside and let such doubts remain unvoiced, for the alternative is to turn to darkness.

There are few in the lands of the Old World who are willing to even acknowledge the existence of Daemons, the dreaded creatures of Chaos. Men fear these lordly beings of the night, and try to forget they exist by dismissing them as mere fables. Still, there are those who study daemonology, the lore of Daemons.

Over the years, wizards and wise men have studied Daemons, in their quest for knowledge. They have collected all their knowledge into great books called grimoires, along with their notes on how to summon or banish these fell servants of Chaos.



'The Daemon has many forms. You must know them all. You must tell the Daemon from his disguise and root him out from the hidden places. Trust no-one. Trust not even yourself. It is better to die in vain than to live in abomination. The zealous martyr is praised for his valour: the craven and the unready are justly abhorred.'

- The First Book of Indoctrinations

Some of these ancient books are kept behind locked and guarded doors in the cathedral of Sigmar in Altdorf and the great temple of Ulric in Middenheim. On their pages, made of human skin, written with ink distilled from blood, are described the denizens of the dark. In times of dire need, when the forces of darkness threaten the world, the keepers of these temples consult the tomes, hoping to find help in their plight. Such actions are filled with peril, for the temptations of Chaos are often too much for mortals, and many of those who seek to become masters of Chaos succumb and become slaves to darkness instead.

SCIONS OF THE DARK GODS

Daemons dwell alongside their Dark Gods within the shadowy Realm of Chaos, a roiling and impossible dimension of pure energy that exists beyond the dreams of madmen and mystics. The Daemons are sustained by the swirling tides of power within the Realm of Chaos where they draw succour from its endless sea of life-giving magical energy, and it is here that they battle endlessly with one another. The Chaos Gods constantly war for control of all that is, and the power of each rises and declines according to their success in this Great Game. However much the Gods may squabble amongst themselves, they stand united in one goal – the damnation of the physical world. It is in this cause that the Daemons of Chaos bring ruin to the mortal realm.

There is a tear in reality at the top of the world, a pulsing wound that grows larger and more livid with every passing year. From this dread portal spill great hosts of Daemons, each fiendish warrior hell-bent on transforming the entire world into a Realm of Chaos.

Daemons are beings of pure psychic energy, warped embodiments of the strongest of concepts and emotions given ghastly purpose. They are every mortal nightmare given terrible form, a tide of destruction that has shattered civilisations and annihilated proud armies beyond counting. They are made from the deep unconscious minds of sleepers and madmen driven by the terrible and otherworldly insanity of the Dark Gods. The magical energy that saturates the Warhammer world allows them to sustain a physical form.

The Daemons of Chaos are a force of destruction in the world like no other. They exist only to tear civilisation asunder and replace it with their own twisted vision. They watch the Warhammer world from another plane of reality; tirelessly and hungrily searching for a weakness that will allow them access to the mortal realm. Where the Daemons of Chaos walk, anarchy is loosed, reason collapses and carnage untold is visited upon the world.



Daemons are born of the stuff of Chaos. They can only exist in the real world if magically sustained, and even then their existence is vulnerable. When the power of Chaos grows strong magical power builds up in the Warhammer World allowing daemons to manifest themselves. Close to the Chaos gateway in the far north this power is strongest, and daemons are able to take on material form and walk the earth. Only when Chaos is at its most potent are daemons able to accompany Chaos armies as they march south to war. The further they travel from the source of their powers, the weaker their connection to the material plane becomes. It is primarily this fact that has prevented the unholy hosts from conquering all the countries and territories of the world, for to compare a Daemon to a normal man is to compare a poisonous serpent to a mayfly.

Though Daemons occupy physical vessels that are usually humanoid in nature, this is only because of the limited imaginations of the mortals that have given the Daemons life. After all, the Daemons of Chaos exist only as a reflection of mortal rage, hopes, fears and lusts. They appear as archetypes given form, vile caricatures and grossly exaggerated parodies of the concepts they represent.

'Woe to all who hear what I hear, a baying that chills the heart and spreads icy fear through my mortal soul. More terrible are the crimson hunters that follow these howls, they who would take our skulls to lay them at the foot of their master's throne. I see deformed shapes, unnatural creatures driven by an insatiable hunger for blood, twisted bodies that lope with their heads lowered to better follow the scent of their prey's terror. They are coming... And there is no place in this world to run.'

- Albrecht the Blind

Each Daemon is a physical manifestation of raw energy, warped by the dark desires of the Chaos Gods and driven to destroy. Daemons manifest in many and varied forms, from the diminutive Nurglings to the Bloodthirsters of Khorne whose brutal bulk is many times that of a man.

Just as the Chaos Gods are beings of magic, so too are their daemonic servants. Each Daemon is a splinter of his divine master, a distorted reflection of mortal yearning, a shard of emotion and dark desire given form and license to destroy. The appearance and behaviour of a Daemon always reflects the Chaos God it serves, mirroring the character and ambition of its patron. Daemons of Khorne – the Blood God – are muscled and brutal, insanely ferocious and warlike, seeking naught but the chance to slay their opponents and take their skulls as trophies, while Daemons of Tzeentch are blessed with a portion of the cunning and sorcery of their master, shunning physical combat in favour of the sorcery that Khorne detests so. Daemons in the service of Nurgle are as vile as the plagues they carry, and by far the hardest of their kind, if somewhat moribund in thought and deed. The minions of Slaanesh are lithe and whip-quick, as delicate in form as they are vicious in temperament, and as graceful and perverse as their patron. Whatever the Daemon, it always represents the ideals and purposes of the greater power it serves, and all are blasphemous offences to order and reason.

As magical creatures bereft of need for nourishment or rest, Daemons are utterly relentless, and suffer not from doubt, fear or the pain of loss. Worse still, regardless of form, Daemons are unnaturally resilient. The otherworldly form of a Daemon can shrug off all but the most horrific of wounds that would tear another

creature asunder. Indeed, a Daemon cannot truly be slain, for they are forever tied to the otherworld known as the Realm of Chaos. Its physical body can be destroyed, true enough, but this merely banishes the Daemon's spirit to the immaterial planes from whence it came, into the swirling wellspring of magical energy known as the Forge of Souls. Thus vanquished, the Daemon embarks on the process of creating a new body to inhabit, and dreams of vengeance against those that humbled it so. It is feasible to slay the material manifestation of a daemon with faith and true steel, but eventually that same Daemon will claw its way back to the real world, and it will have vengeance in mind when it does so.

THE DAEMONIC HOSTS

Though they might share many characteristics, no two Daemons are entirely alike – all the infinite variety that Chaos commands can be found amongst the warriors of the daemonic hosts. Many Daemons sport extra appendages, ensorcelled weapons or other, even odder, powers that are the envy – or sometimes the pity – of their peers. Such oddities are bestowed by the Daemon's patron in celebration of glorious service or in punishment for ignominious failure. It's not always possible to tell one from the other. The Chaos Gods are normally just as inattentive of the deeds of their Daemons as they are of those mortals who court their favour. Thusly, their low attention span can sometimes lead to the elevation of thoroughly undeserving minions, or the unjust punishment of their mightiest servants.



As Daemons are twisted parodies of mortal creatures, so too do their armies mirror those of the material planes. The largest of the daemonic hosts are led by Greater Daemons, monstrous avatars of the Dark Gods whose might far eclipses that of any mortal warlord. Their footsoldiers are the Lesser Daemons, unnatural mockeries of mortal warriors that march under tattered and foreboding banners, or guide their snarling war beasts and hell-forged chariots crashing into the enemy ranks.

The Chaos Gods constantly war for control of all that is, and the power of each – and his daemonic hosts – rises and falls according to his success in this Great Game. These contests are fought with little quarter and no convention; any tactic, any artifice and any underhanded ploy is fair game. Thus are alliances frequent and shifting, and betrayal is commonplace. Yet, however much the Chaos Gods might squabble and vie amongst themselves, there is one cause in which they stand united: the damnation of the mortal realm and all who dwell within it. In pursuit of this objective, all four of the Ruinous Powers stand shoulder to shoulder (though each ever has one eye upon his brothers), their minions marching forth as one to overwhelm the piteous defenders of the mortal realms.

And the ritual shall be agreed, and it shall be binding, even unto the least creature, even unto the greatest. When once the Dark Powers have spoken there is no Daemon that can gainsay their Word. And the battle shall begin...'

Only when victory is within their grasp do the Dark Gods fall to fighting amongst themselves once again, each seeking to claim rule of the conquered lands. Daemons that moments before battled side by side against a common foe set their blades, spells and fangs

'And it is said that even the deaths of ten thousand men cannot move these Dark Lords to that they play with mortal lives as a child plays with its baubles – tiring of them easily and throwing them aside for new pleasures. But unlike the playthings of infancy, mortal pawns can bleed, and feel pain, and die beneath the uncaring gaze of their masters.

And it is said that even when two mighty Legions of the Chosen meet in battle, the Powers of Chaos cannot stay their meddling hands. As Daemon faces Daemon, Champion faces Champion, and the very lands quake with fear, the great Powers pass down rituals to bind their cohorts. As if skilful advocates in a royal court, the Dark Lords argue the slightest points, the most obscure procedures, the least significant of details, vying one with another for slim advantage.

And sometimes the ritual is of great import: "You shall not use the Dark Magicks nor speak the Words of Power" perhaps, or "No Weapon, Iron or Steel shall you use, nor any Wooden Shaft, but only the natural Claws and long Fangs that we have given." .And sometimes the ritual is petty and beneath contempt, as: "No Blue shall be worn, nor shall the Mauves and Purples be seen upon this field." And sometimes the ritual is such as to make no sense to the limited mind of mortals: "There shall be no Killing, nor shall any Blood be spilt." But in the immeasurable minds of the Dark Lords there is purpose that cannot be guessed and schemes unfathomable.'

against one another without hesitation. Such is the ferocity of the ensuing conflict that the gains of the gods united are swiftly bled away by the struggles of gods divided. A landscape that roiled and writhed with dark sorcery can return almost to normal in a matter of hours as the battling hordes consume the magical lifeblood to fuel their struggles, and without magic to sustain them the Daemons are inevitably sucked back into the Realm of Chaos.

Thus is the mortal world preserved from ultimate destruction – not through valour or strength at arms, but through the same godly greed that provoked the initial onslaught. This is of little comfort to those beings whose lands have been ravaged. Whether through scholarly lore or primitive superstition, they know it is only a matter of time before the Dark Gods unite once more, and the Daemons of Chaos walk the mortal world once again.



LEGIONS OF THE DARK GODS

A Chaos god may have many armies of mortal followers, but the Daemonic Legions are the true measure of his power. It is the Daemonic Legions who fight deep within the Chaos Wastes, enforcing the will of their respective gods. Their battlefields are places where no ordinary mortal would dare to tread. The Legions dwarf their mortal counterparts – their savagery and power unmatched and unmatchable by mere Men.

The Legions of Chaos are endless. There is no limit to their numbers. They are born from the will of their masters and exist to serve them. Though there are countless varieties, each unique in their awfulness, many serve particular Dark Gods, and their names reverberate in myth and legend. They are the enemies of mortals. They are what Champions of Chaos aspire to be. They are Chaos incarnate.

In the Realm of Chaos, the Dark Gods wage war against each other, pitting legions of unruly forms against one another in a game of perpetual conflict. Flitting through the queer battlefield, composed of colours only the mad can envision, are their slaves, the Daemon host carved from the raw stuff of Chaos by the immense will of the Ruinous Powers.

'Terrified we were, but 'till would have held our ground had the Daemons attacked only with blade and fang. Yet as they approached, a strange madness filled our ranks. Men who had been comrades for decades tore at each other's eyes and throat. Yellowed pus and plump maggots dribbled from the wounds in ceaseless flow, until the ground was slippery with the putrefaction of our comrades. Those of us that survived were too busy retching and voiding our bowels to look to our own defence. Had the Knights Panther not chosen that moment to strike the Daemons' flank, we'd have been done for.'

- Sergeant Otto Kaufler



Each Legion is a complete force, an instrument of a Chaos god's will, wielded in the eons-old struggles of the gods. Their battles are a game between the gods, and the prizes are power and ultimately the right to decide the destiny of Chaos. For all that the Daemonic Legions fight these battles as ritual, the conflict is no less ferocious.

A Daemonic Legion is usually commanded by a Greater Daemon, the most powerful of all the servants of Chaos. The majority is made up of Lesser Daemons, Daemonic Servants and the mightiest Champions of Chaos in a god's service. The remainder of the Legion may be contingents of Creatures of Chaos or similar otherworldly creatures, such as the Undead. Each Legion is a force that can only be opposed by another army of the daemonic. No mortal army, no matter what its size, could stand against the power of a Legion. It would be crushed instantly, its troops cut down like corn before a reaping hook.

A Daemon host can range from a few dozen snarling Bloodletters or suppurant Plaguebearers to a great army whose ragged and foreboding banners blacken the horizon. The mightiest of these hosts are commanded by a Greater Daemon, a colossal avatar of Chaos capable of single-handedly shattering a mortal army or tearing a fortress asunder. Some hosts are loyal to a single Chaos God, and contain only Daemons from a single patron. More common are Daemonic hosts which have put aside otherworldly rivalries for common cause against the mortal realm. These hosts are the most fearsome of all, for they combine the ferocity of Khorne, the sorcery of Tzeentch, the necrotic invulnerability of Nurgle and the lethal grace of Slaanesh to create an army against which none can stand. The only hope when faced with such a threat is to hold firm, gambling that the magic that allows the Daemons to exist in the physical realm fades before hope and life are extinguished at their hand.

A battle between Daemonic Legions is a clash of raw Chaos power, one of the many which has shattered and rocked the Chaos Wastes. They are as much rituals as battles, games played out between the Chaos gods to

test or establish the (often temporary) supremacy of one over another. For the forces of a Daemonic Legion, faced with hated enemies, the ritual is of little concern. Their Chaos god has spoken, ordered them to a certain place at a certain time, and they will fight, bound by whatever conditions have been imposed. Daemons of Chaos will even fight against their own kind when ordered to do so.

'There can be no lading victory against the servants of the Dark Gods. When they come far you, survival muff be your only goal.'

- Jostro the Heretic

Blades of the Blood God

The Daemons of Khorne are savage manifestations of the Blood God's fury and ascendancy in the art of combat. As such, Khorne's minions are amongst the deadliest of fighters, wielding hell-forged weapons that can slice through armour, flesh and bone with equal ease. Khorne despises ranged combat, thus do his daemonic servants charge headlong through enemy fire to engage them in bloody melee, where their berserk ferocity and brutal combat skills can be unleashed to lethal effect. When the slaughter is over, they are on the hunt once more, seeking ever more skulls to claim for their master.

The Daemons of Khorne have searing hot, drum-taut skin coloured in the vibrant hues of gore- Be they slick crimson or livid purple, arterial red or clotted black, each of these terrible creatures lives for the act of slaughter. They are the embodiments of rage and fire. Every drop of blood spilt, be it from the veins of friend or foe, empowers Lord Khorne upon his throne of brass.



Khorne's foot soldiers, known as Bloodletters, are cunning and strong. Their bodies are tense curves of whipcord muscle. Their long prehensile tongues flicker and wind, searching for the taste of blood. When they get close to their prey they stab and slash with their long hellblades at the vital organs of their victims, the better to enjoy the taste of death first-hand. Other Daemons of Khorne are far less subtle, brass-clad engines of wanton destruction that scream bloodcurdling warcries to their divine master as they barrel into the ranks of the foe. The daemonic champions of Khorne ride to war on giant snarling Flesh Hounds or hulking, brass-bodied Juggernauts, snorting Daemon-beasts that leave fire in their wake as they thunder forward in their haste to trample and gore. Feared above all are the Greater Daemons of Khorne, the Bloodthirsters, towering, axe-wielding monstrosities that soar upon great black wings above their shrieking minions before crunching down to earth in front of worthy meat.

Foetid Children of Grandfather Nurgle

The Daemons of Nurgle share their foul master's corpulent physique, harbouring all manner of disease and within their tortured frames. Filth-encrusted innards are exposed, trailing from gaping holes in their distended bellies, whilst others feature gaping maws that gibber and gnash with vile sentience. Despite their playful mannerisms, each and every one of Nurgle's daemonic children is a pox-ridden carrier of disease whose merest touch can corrupt and infect with fatal consequence. Nurgle's daemonic host also share an incredible physical resistance to harm, the rotten meat of their bodies impervious to all but the most brutal or proficient blows.

The Daemons of Nurgle are the most putrid and repulsive of all. Each is patterned with the hues of decay and riddled with poxes, agues and tumours that swell and burst with every step. So diverse are the myriad diseases unleashed upon the world by Grandfather Nurgle that it takes countless legions of Plaguebearers to catalogue them accurately, whole regiments of rotting tallymen droning in fly-choked voices as they close upon their victims. Pestilent masses of Nurglings, diminutive Daemon-maggots that giggle with glee at their own foulness, scamper and crawl underfoot. Upon the flanks come lolloping, flolloping, tentacled Beasts of Nurgle, belching poisonous flatulence and infecting all, they touch in their misguided enthusiasm. Gesturing grandly with rusted swords and skull-tipped flails at the head of this repugnant procession come the jovial and obese Great Unclean Ones, whose flabby bulk is all but impervious to mortal weaponry. Even to stand downwind of such a sorcerous and foetid beast is to consign oneself to a terrible existence of crippling gastric illness.

'The daemons of Chaos can be likened to hungry and rabid wolves. The shepherd should not waste his time hating the wolf that attacks his flock. He should simply kill it.'

- Volkmar, Theogonist of Sigmar

Cackling Minions of the Great Architect

As the God of Magic and Change, Tzeentch bestows the power of sorcery and mutability on all his daemonic legions. Arcane Warfire sprouts from their every orifice, searing everything it touches or transmuting their victims into new aberrations according to Tzeentch's whim. The most powerful of these daemonic creatures wield even more potent forms of esoteric sorcery, casting down walls or incinerating dozens of foes with the merest thought. The Daemons of Tzeentch are many limbed and ever changing in shape and hue. New appendages grow even as others are drawn back into the Daemons' body and flesh melds together or parts to form a gaping maw that gibbers maniacally. To look upon the Daemons of Tzeentch is to know madness in its purest form.

Tzeentch is a fickle and unpredictable god, being the master of mutation, and this is reflected in the appearance of his Daemons. The Pink Horrors of Tzeentch defy classification, all flailing limbs and gaping, hollering maws that forever reform and alter in a hundred different ways at once. The hovering, bounding Flamers that accompany the Horrors to war are every bit as peculiar, hurling balefire into the thickest concentrations of the foe and then howling in manic satisfaction when their victims meld into strange and terrible new forms. The air fills with the keening of sky-shark Screamers and shimmering Daemon towers that gibber and moan in the language of the mad. Only the avian Lords of Change have minds labyrinthine enough to guess at their master's cosmic intentions, and the near-infinite magical expertise to effect such change upon the universe.

Perverse Practitioners of Excess

Daemons of the Dark Prince mirror their divine master's seductive grace and disturbing allure. They cavort across the battlefield, drinking in the sensations of their mortal victims' heightened emotions before tearing them to shreds in an orgy of bloodshed with their wracking claws. While their bodies, viewed in isolation, are hideous, perverse things that should make a man retch, their exotic movements and sensual words can overpower the resolve of even the strongest men. The slender, epicene frames of Slaanesh's Daemons belie their veiled lethality, for within each of these creatures lies the essence of a ruthless murderer that revels in the suffering of its victims. They strive to perfect the art of battle, wasting no energy with each graceful strike. Such is their unnatural speed and agility that they can easily dance between the clumsy blows of their foes as they lash out with vicious talons to rend and disembowel their hapless opponents. Though not as overtly warlike as the Daemons of Khorne, the daemonic servants of Slaanesh are deadly close combat fighters, relying instead on speed and distraction than brute strength alone. Foolish is the general that chooses to underestimate Slaanesh, as his creatures are just as potent at warping the mind and soul as they are at causing bloody havoc in battle.

*'They are wickedness made flesh, cruel licentiousness given form.
Truth will not save you, for truth has no hold over such aberrations.
Courage cannot save you, for they sup your courage as readily as your
fear. Faith is the only defence you can trust.'*

- Arch Lector Markad to the Congregation of Ulric





The province of Slaanesh is excess in every conceivable form, from gluttony to lust to overweening pride. The Daemons of Slaanesh are graceful and svelte, alluring and intoxicating whilst at the same time possessed of singular hideousness. The Daemonettes of Slaanesh embody this contradiction, having something of the lissom wench about their bodies but more of the vicious hag about their evil souls. Woe betide the warrior who succumbs to their diabolical glammers, for he will wander not into the fulsome embrace of his heart's desire but into the razored claws of a pack of ravening hellspawn. Fiends of Slaanesh are multi-coloured fusions of mammal, reptile and insect, their deadly scorpion-tails flicking back and forth as they gambol and dance through clouds of heady musk into the ranks of the stupefied foe. Long-limbed Keepers of Secrets move with a lithe agility that belies their gigantic size, snipping enemy champions in half with their crab-like claws and greedily scooping up the remnants with their long, prehensile tongues. Spending eternity with such imaginative and sadistic tormentors is perhaps the darkest fate of all.

Unaligned Daemons

The Daemons of Chaos are many and varied, not all existing purely by the will of one of the four major Chaos Powers. Some exist in-between the domains of each of the Chaos Gods. While dangerous to mortals, they are small and insignificant compared to the might of the aligned Daemons. In fact, they skitter about the

Realm of Chaos, food for the more potent forces. Some escape the plane of Chaos to plague the world of men – indeed, they often serve as familiars because they are too weak to resist mortal magic, though many suspect a more self-serving reason may be at heart, such as escaping the Realm of Chaos. Such creatures can be found accompanying a host of Daemons belonging to one or more of the Chaos Gods, drawn to the realm of mortals as a moth to a flame.

Because they do not serve any one Ruinous Power, any of the Dark Gods can use them. The longer a Daemon serves a power, the more it takes on that God's characteristics: those who serve Khorne become red and warlike for example. In time, they might gain enough power and patronage to become indistinguishable from other servants of the Chaos Gods.

Of the un-aligned Daemons that can be found amongst the ranks of a larger daemonic invasion, the most commonly sighted are the dread Daemon Princes and winged, imp-like Furies. Daemon Princes were once mortal, great champions and warlords of men who were blessed with great power and the gift of immortality after a lifetime of slaughter in service to the Dark Gods.

The fell daemon lashed out with its dark blade, cutting down another warrior with a powerful blow that sliced through the puny mortal's steel armour with ease. The two halves of the man fell to the ground blood fountaining in all directions. The daemon roared its pleasure as the blood flowed over its rippling muscles, a cry that was mirrored by thousands of its daemonic kin, bathing in the joy of the slaughter.

Another heavily armoured man stepped forwards, his face a mask of resolve as he swung a heavy sword in both hands. The blade chopped deeply into the daemon's side, and steaming is dripped to the ground. Glancing disdainfully for a moment at the wound, the daemon raised its gaze to lock onto the eyes of the mortal warrior, who staggered as he felt a stab of pain sear through his head. A feral grin touched the creature's lips, exposing raw upon row of needle-like teeth. Fire burned in the daemon's reflective eyes, and smoke rose from its throat as it reached out with a dark taloned hand. The immortal Daemon Prince grasped the man around his neck and twisted viciously. With a sharp crack, the mortal's body went limp and was thrown contemptuously to the ground. Smaller, insubstantial daemons leapt upon the fallen warrior, tearing him apart in their hunger.

The deep wound on the Daemon Prince sealed itself and it into the air, great black-skinned wings unfurling front its back. With a powerful beat of its pinions, it propelled itself towards the few remaining mortal warriors. The red sky above roiled and twisted, and the air was filled with the horrified screams of the mortals and roars of pleasure tearing from inhuman throats.

Occasionally a Champion of Chaos manages to reach Daemonhood without ever having dedicated himself to a particular Chaos god. Such beings are very rare, for without a patron of some kind it takes a superhuman effort to metamorphose into a true Chaos creature.

Independent, or Non-aligned, Daemons are the products of this process. Owing no service, they fight when and where they choose, killing for the joy of the kill, secure in their own immortality. A reward offered by a Chaos god may tempt them to fight with a particular Legion, but they are their own masters. Despite their (relatively) small numbers independent Daemons are found as auxiliaries in many Daemonic Legions.

Evil Unbound

The allegiances of the Daemonic hosts are as fluid and changeable as the whims of the Dark Gods. Some daemonic armies are utterly devoted to a single deity, whereas others are a shifting kaleidoscope of colours and textures, a catalogue of terrors where all four of the Ruinous Powers are represented. Indeed it is rare for a daemonic host to comprise entirely of servants of one Chaos God, for though they are fierce rivals in the Realm of Chaos, the Dark Gods will often put aside their differences and act with one purpose, if only briefly, should the opportunity to lay waste to the mortal realm present itself.

Should such a pact be struck between the Chaos Gods, notoriously fickle as they are, there will inevitably be repercussions. The ends, however, will often justify the means as the strengths of one of the Great Powers can complement the weaknesses of another. The battle-hungry belligerence of Khorne's daemonic generals can oft benefit from the insightful counsel of Tzeentch's prescient oracles, as can the shambling legions of Nurgle be greatly bolstered by the swift and nimble Daemons of Slaanesh. In this manner, an army of Chaos Daemons can be far greater than the sum of its individual parts. Regardless of loyalties or pacts, the Daemons bide their time, for they know with each incursion they come a little closer to their deadly and inhuman goal.



DAEMONIC HIERARCHY

Though they are birthed of Chaos, there seems a strange order to the Daemon spawn of the Dark Gods. Scholars have identified types of Daemon, ranked by relative levels of power, and countless in number.

Each seems unique in their awfulness, but they are also alike. There are distinct forms that arise to curse the Old World time and again, each foul type fulfilling a particular role in some unknowable master plan. There is no understanding the reasons for these Daemon breeds; there is simply the inscrutable way of Chaos.

There are three loose groups of Daemons: Beast, Lesser, and Greater, though even these classifications do not encompass Exalted Daemons, Daemon Princes, or the myriad of the least of all fiends that lurk in the spaces between the realms of Ruinous Powers.

Beasts

Beasts are lowly fiends that exist only to serve the wishes and needs of mortal servants. Champions sometimes use them as steeds or as grunts in their armies. Their dim intelligence doesn't make them any less dangerous, and in some ways it makes them more so, since they have no concerns for their own health and safety.

Though it is possible to summon one of these creatures, they are more often sent into the mortal world by the Dark Gods. When bound to the service of a Champion or similar owner, they seem to be able to cross the borders between the Chaos Wastes and the Realm of Chaos with impunity, entering and leaving at will.

Lesser Daemons

Lesser Daemons have the capacity for thought and reason, and they plot and plan in their ongoing effort to undo mankind's morality. Though powerful or horrifying, most mortals can deal with them for short periods without compromising their sanity or lives.

Greater Daemons

Harbingers of doom, the Greater Daemons are the most powerful servants of the Dark Gods. They are among the mightiest creatures in the entire world, and when they appear, they scorch the very land for miles around with their corruption.

'Foul things, fluttering thing, screeching things clambered and fought, waiting for the arrival of the dreaded one that would lead them to victory. For days they waited until finally, summoned by their ill will, black clouds coalesced from the weeping sky, drawing together as if inhaled by the gods themselves. The gathered host quieted, and as one, they lifted their eyes to the torn and angry heavens. All was still. All was quiet. And then it sounded: a low booming roar, so loud, so powerful that it spread throughout the land. A great chorus of cries lifted from the host, for they knew what was upon them. The master of Chaos had arrived.'

- Tome of Corruption



While Exalted Daemons and Daemon Princes are forces of great power, they are as nothing when compared to the magnificence of the true Masters of Chaos. The Greater Daemons exemplify the qualities of their dark masters, most closely resembling those traits and characteristics mortals expect to find in the Dark Gods. Their powers are beyond all others in the Old World. They are capable of slaughtering armies on their own, and can warp the very landscape with their presence. To know them is madness, to face them is death. They are Chaos incarnate. Use them wisely.

They are the best and greatest minions the Chaos Gods have in their employ, capable of great destruction and influence on the feeble mortals. Since they have such power, they are the closest to the Ruinous Powers, mirroring many of the same emotions and actions of their Gods. Greater Daemons always operate to advance their master's cause. They may be at the centre of a vast conspiracy to undo the structures and organisations within the Empire or be the driving force behind a horde of mortals spilling out of the Wastes to raze Kislev. But one would do best never to underestimate the cunning of these creatures. They are intelligent and driven, and their existence is a blight on the world.

Greater Daemons are the most terrifying of all the Dark Gods' servants. Each is a power unbound by law or reason, a splinter of divine might given towering presence and dread purpose. Every Greater Daemon can fulfil many and diverse roles in the Great Game, for certainty and stability are alien concepts in the timeless spheres of the Realm of Chaos. Warleader, guardian, lorekeeper, assassin, plaything; each Greater Daemon has assumed one or more of these roles during his existence, dependent upon the needs and whims of his divine master.

Without doubt, Greater Daemons are the most self-aware of all the Dark Gods' minions. Each has drives, yearnings and personality, although these are always coloured by the nature of the God the Daemon serves. So it is that various Greater Daemons in service to a single God can differ greatly.

Bloodthirsters are always angry, for Khorne is ever wrathful, yet there is a nuance of character beyond the anger. Where one such Greater Daemon is little more than an unthinking beast, driven forward by the stench of blood and the need to slay, another is honourable rather than brutal, or employs a measure of martial skill to extend the scope of his bloodletting and slaughter. Similarly, a Lord of Change's character might range from the jovial to the spiteful, from cunning tactician to adept warrior. All take care to disguise their purpose from enemy and ally alike, for all Lords of Change are fragments of Tzeentch, patron of meddlers, schemers and conspirators.

To say that Greater Daemons have free will is a statement both true and false. The Dark Gods permit their servants complete freedom of action – even to the point of rebellion against divine edict. However, everything in a Daemon's nature drives it to exemplify the root obsessions of their patron.

'And so when Sigmar's crown is sundered, his hammer shattered, and his divinity revealed as the mockery that it is, the Legions of Chaos will pour forth from their womb far to the north. And wherever they tread, the ground will blacken. And what they touch will wither to dust and blow away. And when they speak, all will bow before their might. And in these final days, the world shall die to make way for the new, the beautiful, and the ever-changing.'

- Unknown

A Bloodthirster is still serving Khorne if it leads its host to oppose another army in the Blood God's service, for more skulls will be taken and blood spilt in Khorne's name. A Great Unclean One who creates a plague that lays waste to a portion of the Garden of Decay is still furthering Nurgle's paternal commandments of pestilential fecundity.

Immortality brings great patience and the Dark Gods are content to play the longer game. They know well that any individuality and initiative shown by their minions will ultimately work to their advantage. Thusly do the Chaos Gods tolerate the indiscretions of their Greater Daemons as proud fathers would forgive the rebellions of wayward children.

A DAEMON NAMED

Virtually all Daemons take care to keep their true names secret, for it can be enslaved by another entity that speaks its title. Only the most powerful Greater Daemons, who need not fear domination by any other creature, do not bother to hide their true names. Therefore, by definition, a Daemon who does not hide its true name is powerful enough to ignore any summoning or strictures placed upon it. These names are redolent with Chaos power, and most mortals that hear them are rendered insane, their minds obliterated as the Daemon's essence is unveiled before them.

The true names of Daemons are completely alien, a rolling tide of guttural syllables beyond the wit of most to even read, let alone pronounce by any mortal who is within their right mind. Knowledge of a true name grants power, and gives some leverage when it comes to dealing with a Daemon. As a consequence, a Daemon never voluntarily reveals its true name, and even upon pain of utter destruction it can rarely be compelled to do so. However, Daemons that have been trapped by powerful sorceries can be tortured to the point that they reveal the true name of another Daemon, providing that it knows any names (but it may lie about this and 'make some up'), usually belonging to a weaker entity of the Realm of Chaos, and a suitable reward for this service is offered. At the very least, this reward will be release from any binding or summoning. In this way, mortals have compiled lists of true Daemon names, though to do so is to invite destruction, for while knowledge of a name grants power over its owner, the Daemon also gains complete awareness of those who learn its true identity.

'Hear me, for I speak with the wisdom of long study and the knowledge of the hidden ages. It has been said by some I see before me that the Daemon can be vanquished and overcome with the power of our sorceries. Can you believe it? Can you believe that your puling, petty magic's will throw down this thing of Night, this lordly servant of dread Chaos? It is the fond foolish hope of babes and dribbling ancients that their weak cries can rule the world and stand against cold-hearted Truth. And there is no truth so cold nor so dark as the true blade with which the Daemon reasons.

Hear me, for I am not blinded by the vanity of selfish eyes. Hear me, and I shall tell of how the Daemon is to be undone and cast into the Void...

- Unknown

'Daemons are the denizens of the Realm of Chaos. Created by the Dark Gods, they are sent forth to aid their mortal Champions in their campaigns to conquer the lands of civilised men. Some are mindless beings of pure animosity, whilst others are cunning and carefully plot the downfall of those they claim to serve. Daemons can be summoned, bound, compelled, and killed. They are beings of magic given form from our nightmares and fears. They exist only to bring about the end of all there is.'

- Viktor Wechsler, Knight of the White Wolf

A Daemon's true name reveals its most fundamental nature. By incanting this name, its owner can be summoned into being, bent to the will of the speaker and made an unwitting slave. Similarly, by laying bare the Daemon's essence, a powerful mortal mind can cast the creature back into the Realm of Chaos. By dominating the creations of the Dark Gods in this way, many mortals fall to delusions of grandeur in which they believe themselves comparable to the Ruinous Powers. Such lofty thoughts are quickly proven false, for to wield the true name of a single Daemon is to incur the displeasure of that creature's real master and deific creator. Many a would-be Daemonologist enjoys a brief moment of success before their soul is shredded, torn to pieces by the manifold creatures that are sent from the Realm of Chaos to punish them for their impudence.

To keep their true names secret, Daemons use a number of false names and titles, which vary according to mood or circumstance – such use names are not important to a Daemon, as they give no real benefit to anyone who knows them. Daemons will apply such 'use-names' to themselves as they think fit or as amuses them, and those with the power to change shape are not above such elementary practical jokes as changing their names to match their latest form.



'They were as varied as thought itself, soaring and clawing, howling and shrieking in a triumphant cascade of madness that drowned everything in its path.'

- The Visions of Loukh

The use-name of a Daemon will often reflect its nature. The Daemons of Khorne, for example, have use-names such as Fluxgore, Skullsucker, The Render of Limbs, The Highhanded Slayer of Innocence and the like. G'rauhilatarak, a servant of Khorne, has variously held titles such as The High Handed Slayer of Innocence, Gorefench and Skullrend. On the other hand, the Daemons of Slaanesh have names and titles such as the Puissant Giver of Indescribable Pleasure, Graceblade, The Lurking Despoiler and The Bringer of Joyous Degradation. Similarly, the Keeper of Secrets Lach'relarian'sithelme has rejoiced in use-names reflecting Slaanesh's obsessions, such as Vilescream, Sindancer and The Lurking Despoiler.

On other occasions, a Daemon will be so pleased with an epithet applied by those it has fought that he adopts the name for his own. H'guturhtuk Urg'pelagua favoured the title of Fluxrot until the Battle of Barren Hill. Those Empire militiamen fortunate enough not to drown in the Great Unclean One's putrid vomit screamed the name Bileflood as they fled the tide of seething and maggoty goo. Most pleased with this panicked description H'guturhtuk decreed that he would henceforth be addressed as Father Bileflood.

Of all Daemons, it is the feathered Lords of Change who most often adopt fresh titles. As Daemons that constantly alter their colour, size and even form on a

whimsical basis, the winged watchers see little value in restricting themselves to a single given form of address. So it is that a Lord of Change may have a hundred or more different titles in use at any one time, some of which are shared between a dozen or more other Greater Daemons. These labyrinthine practices make the identification of any particular Lord of Change a most vexing and complicated process: but then, that's probably the point!

THE SUMMONING OF DAEMONS

Over the centuries, mortals of all races have summoned Daemons. They do so to further their own goals, using knowledge gleaned from heretical texts such as the Grimoire Daemonicus, the Pandemonius and the Liber Malefic. Some seek a powerful protector, or an unstoppable assassin to slay their enemies. Others yearn for knowledge of magic, or even insight into future events. As creatures that dwell outside of time, Daemons have a unique perspective on the real world and can prophesy far into a mortars distant future.

'You have called me across the Great Void so you would learn of the Lord of Change, the greatest servant of Tzeentch, the Changer of Ways? Listen then and heed me well, for I speak with the wisdom of long study and the knowledge of hidden ages. Hear me for I am not blinded by vanity or the shroud of insanity.'

And how would I describe this the most awesome of the Immortals? How do I explain something that defies the human comprehension? How will I tell you of the Lord of Change, the Greatest of the followers of Tzeentch? How can one understand an immortal whose gaze can oversee the entire world at once? What can I tell of a creature to whom a thousand years is but a fleeting moment? How I perceived it when I called it to my Sanctorium all these years ago?

I was young then, and foolish, and believed that my petty magics and pitiful sorceries could hold in thrall this Thing of Night. I summoned it with my spells, by sword and by magic, by fire and by sacrifice of innocent souls. And it came to me, oh yes it came, and only then did I learn the error of my ways.

The Daemon was titanic, and its feathered form writhed with power that was strong enough to tear down my tower. As it moved the colour of its splendid feathers changed. Radiant in its glory or dark in its brooding danger, the hue of the Lord of Change always matched the mood of the Daemon. No other light but the splendour of its thoughts illuminated the darkness of the presence of the Greater Daemon.

Within the depth of the eyes of the Lord of Change lived the deep and multi-layered wisdom of Tzeentch himself. Deep and penetrating was that gaze, and it could read my innermost hopes and fears, as well as my ultimate fate at a glance. And as the Lord of Change surveyed my fate, sibilant laughter filled the air, for all living things must perish. Such is the fate of the unkind universe.

This is what I saw and what I learned when I came face to face with this fell servant of dread Chaos. It stepped out of my summoning circle, broke all my wards and shattered my power. With a word it dissipated my magic. With one sweep of its mighty arms it crushed my bodyguards. It seized me with claws of torment and it told me thus: "The world is a web, where hopelessly trapped mortals strive to control their own lives. The more they struggle, the more firmly they ensnare themselves. And in the centre of the web sits the great spider, Tzeentch the Architect of Conspiracy. As he touches the strings of the web, the mortal puppets dance, and vainly believe that they have free will."

And I knew that it was speaking the truth, and that I was damned.'

- On the Lord of Change, Grimoire Daemonicus



For their part, Daemons are only too eager to ride a summoning's magic back to its source - though without any intention of showing gratitude to the one who opened the door. This is when the summoner discovers just how strong his spells of protection are. Any whose wards are in the slightest way insufficient are swiftly devoured, their magical skills and essence sacrificed to allow the Daemon to survive in the real world. Should the summoner prove to be protected by enchantments of a complexity and power that the Daemon cannot break, he can then assert a measure of influence over the creature.

Even a bound Daemon is a most dangerous servant, ever seeking to throw off its bonds. Any advice and wisdom it imparts are always to further its diabolic bid for freedom, although inevitably couched in terms that seem beneficial to the summoner. The most cunning beasts lure their gaoler into agreement, where the Daemon pledges itself to a period of service. Such a pact can last for days, years or even centuries, yet all end the same way: the Daemon emerges triumphant and the mortal ends up devoured by his captive.

Father Nurgle settled his great mass down among the supporting heap of his smallest minions. Those lucky enough to escape their master's bulk squealed delightedly as they snuggled into the damp warmth of his flesh. Nurgle reclined comfortably and his corpulent face assumed an air of triumphant expectancy.

Nurgle gave a dignified nod to one of the Plaguebearers. Excitedly, the daemon began to beat its drum, slowly and rhythmically as first, and gradually faster as it became carried away by the sense of occasion. All of his servants cheered and applauded, and Nurgle acknowledged them with a smile and a regel wave of his festering paw.

It was the prelude to battle that excited the daemons, drawing squeals of anticipation, from the tumbling little Nurglings. This time the cavalcade was to be joined by others: Champions of Nurgle and their mortal warbands, who were also going to take part in the great war. The Beasts bounced and fussed in their eagerness to welcome the mortals, causing considerable disarray and the odds casualty amongst the serried ranks of warriors.

The warbands flocked to the sound of the drum. They came in carts and wagons like those of Nurgle's own cavalcade, marched into camp, or simply distilled from the surrounding woods like the shadow at sunset. Some of the most severely mutated of them wore bright carnival masks and voluminous robes, completely failing to hide their unique disfigurements of that was in fact their purpose. The Plaguebearers carefully recorded the name of each Champion as he arrived, announcing his titles as loudly as they were able among the rising laughter and squeaking chatter. The show pleased Father Nurgle immensely: the busy scampering daemons, the creaking carts with their tinkling bells, the gaily-coloured masks and carefully decorated palanquins bearing various daemons or Champions. He sighed with satisfaction and patted the little Nurgling that had crawled into the crook of his arm and puddled there.

DAEMONIC MAGIC

Mortal wizards must be born with a talent for manipulating the chaos energy of the winds of magic. Those who are not consumed by their birthright spend a lifetime refining their skill and broadening their understanding, learning greater control and ever more powerful expressions of their gift. By contrast, Daemons are timeless and unchanging. A Daemon's skills – indeed its entire being – are fixed at the moment of creation. They cannot grow and develop as mortals can. Those Daemons steeped in the mysteries of magic were created with that knowledge, and it rarely grows or diminishes. The only way for a Daemon's mastery of magic to improve is through a gift from its God. As each Daemon is an expression of the Dark Gods' own being, for one Daemon to be empowered, another is diminished.

Of all Daemons, the most talented mystics are those loyal to Tzeentch, the Great Sorcerer. Tzeentch's followers have the broadest knowledge of magic's applications. The most favoured Lords of Change are said to know many of the thousands of spells in existence. Tzeentchian magic is wild and destructive, specialising in warping bursts of coloured Daemonfire, though it also has a subtler side, as befits the Great Schemer. Many Daemons of Tzeentch use their magical skills to glean additional power from the winds of magic or even manipulate the minds of enemy wizards.



Few of Nurgle's Daemons possess the same magical abilities as their Tzeentchian rivals, for the Plaguelord views magic as a means to an end, and not the end itself. Nonetheless, Nurgle has enthusiastically embraced sorcery as one of many carriers for his multitude of diseases. The spells used by Daemons of Nurgle afflict the foe with all manner of ghastly pestilences, or weaken the enemy and make them more vulnerable to disease. Nurglesque magic leaves nothing in its wake save liquefying corpses and the buzzing of thousands of thick black flies that grow fat on the putrefaction.

Slaanesh is as intrigued by the art of magic as he is with any other route to power. Though he lacks Tzeentch's innate ability to read and control the flow of energy, the Dark Prince is forever trying to better his mystical skills. Such pursuits are futile, for each of the Dark Gods is trapped in a predestined role just as their Daemons are, but the same obsessive nature from which Slaanesh draws his power also drives him onwards. The only defence against Slaaneshi magic is a strong will, for it plays upon senses, tempting mind and body with deceptive and damning pleasures or bestowing experiences so extreme that they kill.

Khorne does not employ sorcery. The Lord of Skulls abhors the practice of spellcrafting, deeming it to be the tool of weaklings and cowards. Some heretical scholars have postulated that Khorne's detestation of the mysteries rises from immense pride: the Blood God does not suffer himself to be anything other than the

SARTHORAE THE EVERWATCHER

Although no Daemon's true name can ever be known, there has been talk for aeons of the one called 'Sarthorael'. Like all Lords of Change, the Ever-Watcher revels in his contriving and devious nature, hiding his true manipulative genius behind a screen of erratic and fickle behaviour. Yet Sarthorael is more than a mere Lord of Change – he is one of Tzeentch's favoured, sent to spread mayhem to those that the Great Changer deems deserving. Whilst the world of mortals should tremble when a Lord of Change appears before them, so too should Daemons be wary, for Tzeentch does not discriminate – all are fair targets in his game. And so Sarthorael is sent, watching and waiting, with all the craft and slyness of his master, to judge whether the end can really be brought about and, when the time is right, to see if those who stand upon the wastes really have the strength to do it.

supreme power in any field of endeavour. This is not to say that Khorne shuns magic entirely; just its connections to those who would win victory through the manipulation of energies rather than through the righteous pounding of blade upon flesh. Khorne is master of binding runes of destruction and pain into swords, axes, shields and armour. To Khorne this is magic's sole honourable function: to make his champions ever stronger, and to spill ever more blood for the Blood God.



There were times when the weight of millennia weighed heavily on Ischbak Gatrog Nurgle: Not even the contemplation of all the lovely pestilences he had spread could cheer him up. The crop of bright new purple pustules that: go like grapes on his chest gave him not a flicker of pride; and the capering of his daemonic minions seemed tawdry and tedious.

He looked out across the cavernous interior of his great wagon and it brought him no joy. The symphony of flatulence being performed by his followers faded under his empty angry gaze till only a solitary Beastman, too stupid to stop; twanged his goiter.

Ischbak loomed up from his cart, feeling his huge bulk shake his rickety throne. He glared down on his silent followers, unable to derive any pleasure from their terror any more. He let out a long groan. It was all so unbearably tedious.

'I'm bored,' he said, letting cons of ennui show in his voice.

'Nurgle is bored. Two thousand two hundred and twenty-two,' muttered Fabian, most conscientious of his Plaguebearers.

'Nurgle is bored,' roared Manthrax the Minotaur, swatting at a Nurgling who came too close.

'Nurgle is bored.' The muttered undercurrent passed round the interior of the wagon. A few of the wiser champions were beginning to back off towards the edge of the room.

A few Nurglings broke out of Ischbak's exposed innards and swam like tadpoles in the pus that surrounded them. Ischbak gently raised one and placed it on the arm of his throne. He tickled its stomach gently so that it giggled.

The Great Unclean One surveyed his followers' blank, uncomprehending faces. None of them showed the slightest glimmer of understanding. Ischbak had spent all the time since the beginning of the world creating, spreading and observing new diseases. Had he not invented the Crimson Death which covered its victims in great blisters while they writhed in fever? And the

loathsome Gutrot whose sufferers' bellies swelled until they burst, and many others.

Once he had been proud of his creations, taking as much pleasure in them as any other artist. Now they seemed shallow and meaningless. Was he really going to spend the rest of eternity engaged in such petty activity? He had heard that his great rival Gzarik Redclaw Nurgle had perfected a new form of food poisoning that infected fresh crops: with tiny Nurglings. It was so depressing.

The door burst open and his driver Kurt burst in, a smile on what was left of his leprously eroded lips.

'A settlement, Great Nurgle,' he yelled. The noise hurt Ischbak's ears. He gestured for the coachmen to speak more quietly. He tried to work up some enthusiasm for the task at hand. He gave a phlegmy sigh.

'What kind of settlement,' he asked wearily.

'Halflings, oh loathsome one.'

His followers waited with baited breath for his response. Halflings, he thought, feeling a slight glimmer of interest almost in spite of himself. A part of him had been enjoying wallowing in melancholia.

Then inspiration struck him. Perhaps he should treat the runts to the joys of depression. Yes that was it! He would do it!

He looked down on his children and smiled. They tittered in relief.

'A lesson for you, my pretties,' he said. 'No matter how we feel we must always think of our public. The show must go on!'

He brought his fist down hard on the Nurgling. It burst with an emphatic squelch.





When the great plague came to the Brienne valley, threatening to make Brienne a City of Corpses instead of a City of Thieves, there was a great surge of religious sentiment and devotion throughout the region. The shrines and temples of Shallya were flooded with converts, and the goddess's priestesses – whose own ranks had been unkindly decimated – were soon driven to the brink of exhaustion by the excessive demands placed upon their magic and their time.

Further upriver, in the town of Coramdram, a score of ugly deaths sharply reminded the people of the duty which they had to pray to the gods who might protect them – a duty which more than a few had by habit neglected.

But there were some among them – as there invariably are, when the god of plague and pestilence sets his footprint upon a region – who quickly abandoned their own gods, choosing instead to address their placatory prayers to the Lord of Corruption. By this means they sought to be independent of the dubious charity of gods who might justly feel that earlier neglectfulness had disqualified their more wayward worshippers from consideration for special blessings.

One of these careful folk was Ophiria, wife of the ruddy-faced harness-maker Remy Brousse, who saw in the advent of the plague a chance of deliverance from a marriage which had come to seem unbearably tedious.

Remy Brousse was not cruel or quarrelsome, nor given to adulterous liaisons. His only crime, if crime it can be reckoned, was to have become very fat and indolent, while his wife had remained slender and energetic – both of which circumstances might not have been unconnected with the fact that they had no children.

Remy Brousse was a popular man in the district, for he was very clever with his hands, and in a region where leather was expensive he was always willing to make harnesses for poorer folk from rope or cord, or anything else which came conveniently to hand. But such virtues as he had, were no longer noticed by his bitter spouse, who saw only his ugly massiveness, and longed to be free of him.

Ophiria knew that age would not leave her unmarked for many years longer, and she knew also that if she were to win a husband more to her taste than she would need to inherit her husband's shop, to use as a marriage-portion. And so she prayed devoutly to the god of plague and pestilence, saying to him: 'Please take my husband, who has become useless and burdensome to me, but would make a fine and fleshy morsel for one such as you!'

And the god of plague and pestilence, disposed for once to show generosity, did as he was asked.

While she watched the corpulent body of her husband fade gradually away, as though the flesh were melting from his bones, Ophiria began to feel the stinging pains of guilt – for it is never pleasant to watch at close quarters how disease and decay maltreat a man. She began to imagine, in addition, that her neighbours had somehow overheard her secret prayers, and that they suspected her allegiance to the forbidden god.

In order to disguise her true feelings, Ophiria commenced to make loud protestations against the supposed unkindness of that cruel god who had robbed her of all that she held dear in

the world, and when Remy Brousse died she followed his coffin to its resting-place, weeping and wailing most ardently.

The next day and the day after, Ophiria went to her husband's grave, dressed all in black and bare of foot. There she knelt beside the freshly turned earth and forced her tears to come in floods by surreptitiously pinching her most tender flesh. She cried very loudly, before the priests of Morr and all the witnesses who knelt by other graves and shed tears of their own, lamenting the vile injustice of the world – but within her secret thoughts she gave abundant thanks to the Lord of Decay for answering her prayers.

On the first and second day, this performance proceeded exactly as she had planned, and on the night which followed she wondered whether she might have done enough to allay suspicion – but her anxiety was yet unquiet, and she decided that she must continue the pantomime for one more day.

On the next morning, bright and early, she walked yet again to Remy Brousse's grave, still barefoot and black-clad, and knelt down beside it, mustering her careful tears. The others who had taken up their stations at first light looked up at her passing, but paid her little heed.

No sooner had Ophiria begun for the third time to moisten the earth with her false tears than her husband's grave was disturbed by a horrid churning and wriggling. She recoiled in alarm, but was too late: a monstrous worm had coiled itself around her wrist, holding her tightly down. Then another worm appeared, and another, each one longer by far than any she had ever seen before – and the worms began to crawl upon her body, climbing up her imprisoned arms to her shoulders, neck and face.

The sensation filled her with the purest horror, and she began to scream. She thought she was screaming as loud as she possibly could, until she realised that the worms were forming themselves about her head and shoulders into the shape of a bridle and tackle, and that more were winding themselves about her waist to form a girth, while a huge mass of them rested on her back in the image of a saddle – and a rider.

Only then was she privileged to discover how loudly a human being really can scream, with the right encouragement.

By this time, she was not alone in screaming, for the mourners at the other graves had seen what was happening, and Morr's priests were running from the shrine which stood beside the burial ground, to see what was afoot.

Where Ophiria's peculiar rider took her, when it began lambasting her with its whip of worms, no one ever discovered – but she was never seen in Coramdram again.

Her neighbours shook their heads, and speculated that she must have been driven mad by grief, and brought to her extremity to curse the god of plague and pestilence far too loudly for his liking. All of them agreed that it is an error for a widow to grieve too much for what she has lost – and all of them agreed, also, that Remy Brousse would be sorely missed in the town, for there was no one else in the province who could make workable harnesses out of such unpromising materials.



The Eternity Stair

The True Liar's Monolith

The Skull of the First

The Eye of Terror

The Frozen Moon

The Ruins of the Dead King

The Ring of Doom

Machina Daemohium

The Land of the Forgotten

REALM OF THE SORCERER

THE BLOOD GOD'S DOMAIN

The Butcher's Haunt

The Slayer Forge

The Heavenward Halls

Island of Endless Gore

The Brass Citadel

The Shattered Causeway

The Blasted Wastes

The Eyrie of the Watcher

The Blazing Rampart

The Hunting Fields

The Cracked Land

Forge of the Eight

The Black Pit

The Impossible Fortress

The Great Bulwark

The Foundry of Rage

Citadel of the Iron Knight

The Wrathgate

The Boiling Span

FORGE OF SOULS

The Crystal Labyrinth

The Mountains of Questioning

The Vale of Creatures

The Bad Moon

The Obsidian Council

The Bastion Stair

The Causeway of Secrets

The Palace of Slaanesh

The Marcher Fortress

The Great Sea

The Ninth Library

The Grove of Dark Maiden

The Six Circles of Seduction

The Slaanesh Marches
Aridity
Gluttony
Carnality
Paramourcy
Vainglory
Indolency

The Seven Stones

Arghus the Plague Moon

The Great Tree

The Bridge of Fools

The Fungus Lands

THE DARK PRINCE'S REALM

The Vermillion Caverns

LAND OF THE PLAGUELORD

Mansion of the Plague Lord

The Garden of Blight

Rotten Reaches

The Abyssal Sump

The Ossified Hills

The Fields of Tooth and Bones

The Drifting Castle

Wyrmid Reaches

The Eternal Swamps

Lair of the Thirteenth Lord

The Septic Isle

Island of Lepers

Gnawhame

Lair of the Maggot Lord

Arnzipal's Isle

Titan Graveyards

'As I walked through that vast and maddened landscape, I sought to record my journey. Oh, the hubris of man who tries to map the whimsy of the gods! Each time I turn my eyes to this page, that which greets me is different to the previous viewing. Verily, it remains unchanging whilst my eyes are upon it, but when I close this book, the continents shift and flow, and the landmarks dance upon the page, never coming to rest twice in the same place.'

- Liber Malefic



THE REALM OF CHAOS

In the far north, in the area surrounding the polar region of the Warhammer world, beyond the boundaries of sanity and the laws of nature, far from the light of any sun or star, 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 arcane machineries, dwarfing the mountains around it. 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 pour out the winds of magic and mutating clouds of warpstone dust. Here lies the infernal region known as the Realm of Chaos. Few dare to even whisper the name of this land, where the gods of Chaos reign supreme.

The Chaos Gods are immortal creatures with unimaginable abilities and resources. There are many Lesser Powers but only four Great ones: Khorne, Slaanesh, Nurgle and Tzeentch. In order to understand the true natures of these beings, it is beneficial to understand a little of what they are and how they draw their power.

The material world is not the only plane of existence. There is an immaterial world which co-exists with our own and forms a parallel dimension or alternative reality. This is the Realm of Chaos. In the Realm of Chaos there are no planets or stars, no lands, sky or features that we would recognise. Instead it consists of an endless soup, or sea, which is not formed of physical matter but pure energy. This energy is important, for it is the raw matter of the Chaos Powers and of all magic.

The relationship between the Realm of Chaos and the material world is very important, for neither can exist

without the other. Every flesh-and-blood creature has a simultaneous existence in both dimensions. The physical aspect lives in the material universe, but its existence creates a shadow-self in Chaos. It is from this shadow-self formed from pure energy that humans draw their mental powers such as resolve, vigour and determination. Wizards draw their magical energy directly from this shadow-self. Some people call this shadow-self the soul.

The Realm of Chaos is like an endless sea, and like a sea it is neither empty nor still. It is populated by the shadow-selves of both the living and the dead for the death of the material body does not destroy the shadow-self. Severed from its psychic link to the material body, the shadow-self drifts in the Realm of Chaos. As it does so, some of its energies are dispersed into the general flow, but the strongest and most distinctive mental traits remain. The countless shadow-selves of the dead flow together because they are mutually attracted by their common traits.

Thus the shadow-selves of deceased warriors retain their most warlike traits, and flow together into a huge co-joined entity. This movement causes eddies and tides within the warp, and leads to the creations of vortices or whirlpools formed almost entirely of common traits. In the Realm of Chaos these whirlpools are called the Chaos Powers.

A Chaos Power thus represents a particular and generally extreme aspect of the traits shown by the living. The traits which characterise the Chaos Powers are insanity, violence, ambition, greed, and others of a kind which are often felt to typify the worst of human nature. But this is not wholly the case, and Chaos Powers also exist which typify fellowship, charity, law and other redeeming characteristics. Indeed, no Chaos Power is wholly one sided, for no human or other





creature is wholly good or evil, and likewise neither are their shadow-selves. For example, along with violence and bloodshed Khorne has inherited the warrior's sense of honour and martial virtue. Nurgle may typify decay and disease, but he also embodies the human hope and energy that defies the inevitable.

The four Great Powers of Chaos represent the four largest and most powerful of these many co-joined entities. They are so large that they have achieved a coherent consciousness and will, a mind formed from the collective emotions and beliefs of the countless myriads of shadow-selves that comprise it.

Other Chaos Powers sometimes achieve temporary consciousness, but their existence is less stable because they are smaller; they may be likened to slumbering gods whose dreams sometimes achieve a passing solidity and who will perhaps one day awake to full awareness.

A Power of Chaos as described above consists of a vast vortex of energy without material form. However, these entities are so powerful that they can create sub-realities within the fabric of Chaos itself. Thus, at the very centre of the vortex that is Khorne, there exists his personal realm: a vast plain of skulls formed into pyramid where Khorne sits upon his throne. This image of Khorne is his manifestation and the focus of his being. Of course, a Chaos Power is so powerful that he can dissolve his personal realm and form at a whim, creating other places and loons to inhabit as he pleases.

Old Worlders believe that even to mention the names of the four great Chaos gods or their domain will invite misfortune. Instead they try to forget the great shadow that hangs over them and attempt to get on with their lives, each secretly praying that the next great Chaos incursion will not come during their lifetime.

But there are stories of those who have travelled to the Realm of Chaos and returned. These tales speak of a land immersed in perpetual darkness lit only by monumental pillars of flame that soar high into the sky. A place where time has lost its meaning and great champions from the past, present and future fight on, trapped in a world of eternal battle.

The land of the Daemons is surreal and sickening, its shifting planes and dimensions as fickle as a madman's oath. The Realm of Chaos is so alien, so thoroughly

unknowable, that a mortal mind could not even come close to comprehending it. Where it spills out into reality and fuses itself with familiar concepts such as time and space, there exist hideous landscapes that hint at the roiling chaos that lies beyond. Rivers of blood and filth gush upwards, the skies rain blades of bone, and the land boils with ugly, leering faces. Such a realm is the *Umbra Chaotica*, the bleeding edge of the Daemons' domain.

Yet this land is not one that can be marked on a conventional map. Every year the Realm of Chaos waxes and wanes, growing to continent-swallowing proportions when the powers of Chaos unite. Such events are mercifully rare, though Elven scholars have noted with trepidation that the incursions of Chaos are becoming more and more frequent as the years pass by. With every year more Daemons cross the boundary into the material plane, and more daemonic hosts make the journey into the heartlands of their prey. The lords of the Daemon realms smack their twisted lips and chomp their fanged-filled mouths at the prospect of one day bringing the world to its knees, imposing not only a new order but completely changing the nature of existence until it reflects nothing but boundless horror, madness and confusion.

The daemonic legions of the gods of Chaos struggle against each other here, never growing tired of the slaughter, never desiring rest or sustenance. Under the banners of the four gods, Daemon Princes and Greater Daemons lead their hordes, their swollen ranks far outnumbering all the mortals of the world combined.



Beyond the Wastes of Chaos

As one presses farther north into the Chaos Wastes, the laws of reality, and rules of sanity buckle and collapse, until nothing makes sense anymore. The boundary between the real world and that of the Realm of Chaos becomes fuzzy and indistinct – those extremely rare individuals who go beyond the Chaos Wastes and return, liken it to the logic of a nightmare without the relief that comes from waking up.

'There, on the distant horizon, was the Fortress of the Fallen. Unassailable was that fortress, titanic and immovable. Its towers, higher than any mortal palace, wounded the sky. Its gateways were gaping maws that could swallow and vomit whole armies. Poison poured down its watts, polluting everything about it. Slaves had toiled and slaves had died to carve the fortress by hand from the volcanic slag. It was the work of a thousand generations of misery.

Before the fortress gates stretched a forest of death. Corpses lay about it as far as my eyes could see. Here death was feeding off the dead. These were the Gardens of Chaos.

Here dark trees had petrified, and vile winged creatures nested in amongst the branches, gnawing at the remains of the fallen, their shrieks piercing the air, their nests made from the bones of the dead. The graves of the fallen had become a rich loam, sucked upon by the trees of that dark forest. Pierced by the tree roots the dead had stirred once more, and each branch bore a skull, mildewed and pregnant with loathing, a macabre and cruel cargo. Their fleshless jaws clattered in the still air. Only the ceaseless, horrendous waiting of the trapped shades disturbed the field.

Onwards I journeyed, to the Inner Realm of Chaos.'

– Liber Malefic, Marius Hollseher

Within this hazy blur, the Chaos Gods rule from their unholy thrones. Each claims the Realm as his own domain. If there are borders that separate the territory of Slaanesh, Khorne, Nurgle, and Tzeentch, they are not noticeable. The land and sky are mutable in the extreme and seem to shift, twist, and transform each and every moment. This is the domain of Daemons, Spawn, and Mutants, who appear in a bewildering number of forms.

Towards the Eye

Whilst there is no distinct point where the Chaos Wastes dissolve into the Realm of Chaos, it's true that moving closer to this Void is detrimental to the health of one's mind and body. The fragile nature of mortals cannot hope to resist the powerful changes that come from venturing into this land. Creatures of Chaos find great strength in their proximity to the flashing darkness, but even they are sometimes ripped asunder or mutated beyond recognition due to the overwhelming amount of power it produces. Some cannot exist without the Eye of Chaos giving them strength, whilst other creatures are repulsed by it, driving them deep into the Old World to cause mayhem and death.

The domain located beyond the Chaos Wastes is known by many names – the Eye of Chaos, the Warp Gate, and the Realm of Chaos. Its appearance also comes in many forms, seemingly changing for each that approaches. It may appear as a massive gate, a swirling vortex of black energy, or a single, baleful eye a thousand-feet tall—the Realm of Chaos looks different to each person unfortunate enough to see it. Needless to say, eyewitness accounts are rare, as the Realm of Chaos has a way of swallowing up victims.

This is not a material realm, but a place without physical or temporal boundaries, a vast formless limbo

that exists because of the dreams of mortal creatures. In the Realm of Chaos there are no physical laws akin to those that dominate the mortal world. Within its confines hopes and fears are given grotesque shape, and reality is reborn as fevered hallucination. Gravity, shape, space and reason – all are in flux, utterly mutable to the will of the Chaos Gods. Few mortals are capable of perceiving the Realm of Chaos in its true splendour, and are often contradictory, for the living mind recoils from such otherworldly landscapes. For this reason, no two visions of the Realm of Chaos are alike, as the mind attempts to hide the impossible with fragments stolen from memory. The Realm of Chaos is a place of dreams and nightmares, where cause need not follow effect, and within its bounds anything is possible. This is the home of the Chaos Gods.

Here nature itself is cast down, and the very landscape is moulded by the uncaring gods of Chaos. It is a home for monstrous creatures of all kinds, mindless beasts that crave the blood of the living. Here even the earth rebels against what it has become: trees moan in eldritch voices, and the rocks scream their hatred to the skies. Daemons walk freely upon the land, nourished by the magical energy seeping from the great, broken warp gate. This is indeed a hell on earth.

The Realm of Chaos is endless and ever-shifting. It is a dimension devoid of reason and logic, a sphere of reality unbound by space and time. Though infinite in its expanse, it contains nothing but seething anarchy, a constant and paradoxical landscape in which anything that is imaginable can be brought into being. Hopes, dreams, fears and desires are given fleeting form before mutating into new shapes or fading from existence. Cause and effect twist in upon themselves, creating insane loops and impossible anomalies. Nightmares are made real in order to play out in endless succession, becoming more and more horrendous with every iteration. In this realm, rationality has no place, and madness reigns supreme.



A thin veil separates the Realm of Chaos from many other realities. It is the minds and souls of the mortal creatures throughout these myriad existences that feed the realm with its anarchic energies. The emotions of these mortals coalesce and are given substance amidst the wild maelstrom, and strange landscapes are birthed from the deepest recesses of their subconscious thoughts. While most of these projections promptly evaporate, tearing themselves apart and reforming rapidly, those created from the strongest emotions are able to persist. Rage, greed, hope and despair – these and many others are constants in the Realm of Chaos, with each congealing into vast and terrifying domains.

No one is certain what lies in the Realm of Chaos. There are innumerable tales of lost cities, unholy Monoliths, and massive fortresses, created by either the foul Gods of Chaos or their worshippers. All are evil beyond compare, and those that find themselves in one, whether by accident or design, risk going irrevocably insane... if they survive. The details of the interiors of these enormous lost cities, fortresses, and monuments are sketchy at best, they could contain just about anything. The fluid nature of Chaos, especially in the deeper parts of the Chaos Wastes, ensures that even though these places are eternal, they are still subject to almost constant change. Some of these locations are populated with Daemons, Beastmen, and Mutants, while others are curiously devoid of life.

These locations do not seem to conform to any particular position inside the Realm of Chaos, and can be found almost anywhere inside its borders. Scholars claim that approaching these legendary locations is akin to entering into a dream state, heralded by mists, clouds, and darkness. Indeed, more than a few have "travelled" to these locations during their sleep or when engaged in deep meditation, though no one knows how or why this occurs. The Realm of Chaos have a way of realising a person's dreams and nightmares, and specifically seeking out such a location with an iron-will seems to have the best result for seekers. However, even a rock-solid desire is no guarantee these foul places will reveal themselves.

CORRUPTION OF THE CHAOS WASTES

Simply being inside the northern reaches of the Wastes of Chaos subjects an individual to the raw stuff of magic, which, in addition to blasting sanity, mutates the body into horrible and unrecognisable forms. Only the toughest and most iron-willed of individuals can survive unscathed by journeying into this realm.

The barrier between the realms expands and contracts like a living thing. At times when the forces of Chaos are weak, it's possible to travel within a few hundred miles of the pole without conversion; however, when Chaos grows strong, the whole of the Chaos Wastes becomes even more dangerous than before.



THE GREAT GAME

Of all the hellish entities that inhabit the Realm of Chaos, none are greater than the Dark Gods. Known as the Ruinous Powers, the Chaos Pantheon and countless other names, these gods rule great swathes of the realm, claiming dominion over the anarchy that surrounds them and twisting it towards their malefic designs. Never content with their holdings, the Dark Gods are at constant war with one another, waging apocalyptic battles to bring more territories under their command, and seeking ever to sway the souls of mortals into their infernal service.

The eldest of the Ruinous Powers is Khorne – the Blood God and Lord of Slaughter. He is the master of warfare and violence, whose enraged bellows fill the hearts of those who hear them with fury. Tzeentch is the god of sorcery and manipulation. He is the Architect of Fate and the Changer of Ways, and by his magics flesh and thought are mutated into ever-more horrific configurations. Nurgle is the Lord of Decay, the creator of plagues and the bringer of despair. His fecund diseases perpetuate an unending cycle of rot and rebirth. Youngest of all the Chaos Gods is Slaanesh – the Dark Prince and Master of Excess. Through temptation and allurements he drives others to acts of hedonism, feeding off their degradations and revelling in their grotesquerie.

From their own essence, each god creates innumerable Daemons, mindless and merciless slave beings that mirror the cruel will of their deific creator. Formed into vast legions, these Daemons march in unending wars, not only in the Realm of Chaos, but also through the veil of reality. By persecuting their horrors upon mortal worlds, the daemoniac servants of the Dark Gods create the fear and hatred that gives power to their masters.

The Dark Gods of Chaos each have their own particular spheres of influence, their own daemonic servants, and their own sub-dimensional territories in the Realm of Chaos. All of these things are solely maintained by the willpower of the God in question – without that drive, the kingdoms and scions of the Chaos Gods would collapse once more into formless energy.



The Realm of Chaos is not merely the home of the Dark Gods. It is also their battlefield, the arena for the Chaos Gods' Great Game of supremacy. The brothers in darkness are constantly at war with one another, vying for power amid the immaterial planes. Despite their myriad differences, the Great Gods of Chaos share a common goal: total domination of all that is. But such absolute power cannot be shared, even amongst gods. So it is that this peculiar world is burdened by constant wars of attrition in an eternal struggle for supremacy. The hierarchy of the pantheon is in a eternal state of flux, with power ebbing and flowing over impossibly long spans of time. In this Great Game, the fates of worlds and mortal souls are but playthings for the Ruinous Powers.

Vast Daemonic armies clash across crystal plains, venomous forests, bone-choked swampland and rivers of churning gore, pursuing vast wars of attrition as the Chaos Gods claim and counter-claim territory and the magical lifeblood that goes with it. In the Realm of Chaos, where magic is the stuff of being, the breadth of

a domain is not merely a symbol of power, it is indeed power itself. As the minions of one God seize advantage, that territory is moulded to the whims and hubris of its new master, sloughing off its old form to reveal a new countenance. If Khorne's bloody minions overrun a portion of Nurgle's festering garden, the diseased foliage swiftly decays down to nothing, leaving only barren and ruddy wasteland. Similarly, should Tzeentch manage to wrest that same territory from Khorne, iridescent crystalline structures consume the parched firmament.

Alliances in this eternal war are complex, but far from unknown – in fact, the Dark Gods often seek advantage through common cause. Though Khorne is the greatest of the brothers, he is not all-powerful. Tzeentch is his closest rival, but if the circumstances are right then Nurgle – and sometimes Slaanesh – can rise to be his equal or eclipse him entirely. As if this were not complicated enough, there are deep-seated rivalries amongst the gods that can further influence matters. Khorne most despises Slaanesh, whose dark designs are an affront to the Blood God's sense of honour and martial pride and cares nothing for the purity of bloodshed. Slaanesh sees Khorne as a crude brute. Similarly, Tzeentch and Nurgle – respectively the manifestations of hope and despair – need little spurring to come to blows. 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.



'And I saw before me the place of slaughter, a barren field where no tree or other plant grew, where no waters ran and nothing that was not born of evil walked. At each corner of this blighted plain stood a monument raised to one of the dark gods of Chaos (whose names we are forbidden to speak by the Holy Church of Sigmar). These monoliths and totems were as dark and twisted as those they had been raised to edify. I could speak of mounds of putrescence, crawling with carrion-creatures, ancient stones adorned with the broken skulls of men and half-human beasts, but the Archlecter would declare me heretic and have my tongue cut out.

Then I saw, as though through a pink mist, a creature not born of flesh and blood but of the essence of that nightmare realm itself. Its skin was as white as ivory and its eyes shone with an emerald light. It had taken on the appearance of the most beautiful of women but this vision of loveliness was ruined by sharp, pointed teeth and a darting snake-like lounge. In place of delicate hands this siren had dreadful pincers, like those of a crab. Mounted on the back of yet another unspeakable creature of Chaos, the Daemon raised its three arms and I heard an ululating cry issue from its unnatural throat.

And so battle was joined among foul armies of the Four Powers.'
- From the *Visions of Mandrus the Heretic*

Each God strives for dominance over the others, and though one may gain ascendancy for a while, no God has yet succeeded in vanquishing another. As one God gains mastery the others combine against him, and as the allies grow in power they divide, forming new pacts of necessity until another conqueror emerges to be vanquished in his turn.

Of all the complexities of the Great Game, the most compelling is perhaps the relationship between Slaanesh and his brother gods. None can amplify Khorne's fury like the Lord of Excess, whose earthly luxuries and lusts defy the Blood God's desire for indiscriminate slaughter. The mere mention of Slaanesh or his schemes is enough to cause volcanoes to erupt across the Blood God's domain. Though Khorne is the only god openly hostile to the Dark Prince, Nurgle and Tzeentch are also ill at ease in his presence, despite the fact that the most typical hierarchy of power between the four Chaos Gods sees Slaanesh at the bottom. Even they feel the magnetic pull of his matchless charisma, and are both attracted and repelled by their younger brother.

This is due, in part, to the fact that all the Chaos Gods embody the excess for which Slaanesh is known: Khorne with his bloodlust, Tzeentch with his scheming, and Nurgle with his spreading of plague. Each is an obsession that Dark Prince can turn to his will with merely a whispered promise. Lurking deep within the psyche of each of his brothers is the suspicion that the influence of the Dark Prince is rapidly growing, and that Slaanesh will perhaps one day eclipse them all in strength. With this thought in mind, any alliance of convenience with Slaanesh is especially short-lived; while this could be attributed to simple distrust of one who changes sides at a whim, there is an argument that the Dark Prince's rivals fear the secret power he holds over them.

Conversely, Khorne is already seated at the top of the Dark Gods' hierarchy. Regardless of which armies go to battle, and the motivations that drive their conflicts, it is the Blood God who is empowered by the carnage of warfare. It is nigh impossible to topple Khorne's

reign through acts of aggression, for every killing blow delivered in anger serves to praise the Lord of Slaughter. Khorne cares not if entire legions of his own warriors are massacred at the hands of those who worship his brother gods, for so long as the blood flows his power increases. When no worthy enemy presents itself, the servants of the Blood God will even engage in raging internecine wars, battling amongst each other to slake their master's thirst for murder.

While unable to match the sheer rage or violence of their brother, the other Dark Gods constantly seek ways to pervert the fury of the Blood God's barbarous campaigns, and twist his fury to their own advantage. In the fires of war that are spread by Khorne, Tzeentch sows confusion and mistrust, birthing mutations and wreaking change upon those whose way of life has been sundered. On gore-strewn battlefields and amongst the crowded horror of besieged cities, Nurgle sees fertile grounds in which he can spread his plagues and grow his fecund garden. And as conflicts grow to apocalyptic proportions, Slaanesh delights in the escalation of tensions, the extremes to which mortal warriors must push themselves, and the extents to which their cruelty towards their enemies steadily increases. Of all the wars the Blood God persecutes against the other Ruinous Powers, none are more excessively brutal than those waged against the Dark Prince. The malefic desires of these two gods are in one sense directly opposed, yet also serve to amplify one another. Khorne's forces are intent on swift and senseless slaughter, while Slaanesh's servants strive to inflict prolonged suffering upon their enemies. Yet both revel in the wrath and rapture that abound in times of war, and so each seeks ways to eternally escalate the conflict between them.



THE BLOOD GOD'S DOMAIN

The largest of the kingdoms in the Realm of Chaos is that of Khorne, the God of battle, Lord of Rage, Taker of Skulls. No subtlety has Khorne. He has no yearning for beauty of form in his black heart, for he is the Blood God, the Skultaker. He is wrath incarnate, the embodiment of a never-ending compulsion to dominate and destroy. Within his immortal frame there is room for rage alone, and it is his sole desire to drown all of existence in a tide of slaughter, to conquer and kill every living thing until there is nothing left but spilt blood and shattered bone. So it is that Khorne's realm is shaped to his personality, as indeed are all the domains of the Gods crafted to their idiosyncratic nature. The land of the Blood God is one of constant battle and martial challenge. It serves no other function, for to Khorne all else is trivial.

Though the Daemon-filled battlefields of Khorne's realm are many, and each is vast beyond reckoning, there is more to this blasted land than just blood-soaked plains populated with warring Daemons. Violence and despair are constant travelling companions for any unfortunate soul cursed to briefly wander there. Each foreboding hellscape leads to another, more grim than the last. At the heart of it all, Khorne watches from his throne, surveying his lands and pitting his forces against any convenient foe, be they fellow Daemons or foolhardy invaders who seek to wage a doomed war on the Lord of Battle.

Legends tell that when Khorne arose to become first amongst the Chaos Gods, he swiftly fell to warring with Slaanesh. Overmatched and alone, the Prince of Chaos sued for a truce with the Blood God. A token of his honest intent, Slaanesh spoke to Khorne of a sword, a sword that now languished in Tzeentch's Vaults of Aegis. No ordinary blade was this, for it was born out of the times of darkness, and was older even than the Dark Gods of Chaos.

Swayed despite himself, Khorne resolved that he, and he alone, should be master of this ebon blade. Perfidious Tzeentch could lay no honest claim on such a prize. Was not the Lord of Skulls the most powerful of the Gods, patron of warriors and master of the slaughter? Obsession held the Blood God in its merciless grasp, goading him to sacrifice greatly to claim the sword.

So did Khorne dispatch the better part of his minions to claim his treasure, though he did not do so rashly. The Blood God had forged a pact with Father Nurgle. Ceding territory to his corpulent brother to purchase assistance on the field of battle. So did the armies of Khorne and Nurgle march upon the crystal labyrinth in numbers so great that Tzeentch could not hope to prevail. As the battle raged. A score of Bloodthirsters hacked a path to the Vaults of Aegis. Slaughtering its guardians, they stole away the sword.

When Khorne finally beheld the blade for which he had fought, his grim satisfaction was so great that for a moment it almost eclipsed his wrath. He had vanquished Slaanesh, bent Nurgle to his will and humbled Tzeentch.

The Blood God had once and for all proved himself superior to his brothers. The sword was his symbol of that victory. And Khorne swore that it would never leave his side.

It is a realm unlike any other. Storms rage perpetually across crimson skies, sending gale-force blasts seemingly composed of pure rage whipping across the plains and mountains. These angry winds tear into the land itself and rip up great chunks of stone and blood-drenched earth, tossing them violently back down hundreds of leagues away in explosions of raw destruction.

The land, for its part, fights back against the brutal assault of the heavens. Earthquakes send gouts of molten brass skyward, burning up the storm clouds, temporarily ending their rage until the winds re-gather to begin their assaults anew. New mountains erupt from flat land in an instant, some thrusting into the sky like gigantic living swords, others acting as shields against the advance of the storms.

Rivers of boiling blood criss-cross the hellish landscape, dividing the realm into territories over which rival Bloodthirsters wage war. The blood-flows are not content to allow the conquered lands to rest idle. From deep below the ground, new rivers strike through the surface, splitting the lands as easily as an axe opens the bloated gut of a lazy bureaucrat. Each crimson flow sucks down all that once occupied the space, including any Daemon legions that might have been marching there. As with its war against the sky, the land retaliates, pushing the banks of the rivers to close in upon themselves. The brass-spewing volcanoes send liquid metal into the rivers, evaporating the blood within and sealing the wounds with burning fury.

Each piece of the realm of battle constantly fights to obliterate the others. Each acts like a living servant of Khorne, wanting to prove to the master of the land that it is the most worthy of his rewards. A visitor to this nightmare realm would surely be driven mad, knowing that every rock, every breeze, and every drop of what should be water is an enemy, looking to kill him with just as much purpose, desire, and violence as the multitudinous Daemons of the Blood God inhabiting the land. To witness the carnage of the realm of Khorne is to know that conflict is a living, breathing thing and not just a curse that troubles the worlds of men, machines, and aliens. It is to know an eternal truth and, thus, to know despair.

Khorne's dominion is little more than leagues upon leagues of blasted wasteland, made ruddy by the blood spilt upon it and littered with the splintered bones of those fallen in battle. Packs of slaving Flesh Hounds prowl these wastes for intruders, skirting along the edges of seas of blood, roving through mazes of bone and tracking down any interlopers. This blasted wasteland is split by a great crevasse, a canyon many miles long and unfathomably deep. It is said that in one of Khorne's particularly vehement rages, he took up his gargantuan sword and smote the ground, splitting it asunder for eternity. Occasionally, the Canyon of Death erupts with a tide of hot blood. The flood of gore spills out over the plains and sweeps away the heaps of headless corpses and mountains of skeletal remains, surging forth as if existence itself were bleeding from some hideous wound.

Here and there jagged canyons and craters break the uneven ground: the aftermath of a titanic clash of might where the Blood God's daemonic servants battled amongst themselves or against the minions of another deity. Such battles are nigh endless. If one of Khorne's brother Gods does not wish to strive against the Blood God's followers, the Blood God's minions battle amongst themselves. On rare occasions, Khorne will bring mortal champions to this place and test their fighting skills against his Daemons. Few such contests end in victory for the mortal, but those fleshlings who endure find their feet set upon the path to daemonhood, whether it is their wish or no.

The Blood God's realm is a monument to fury and violence. It is built upon foundations of murder and brutal conflict and is home to every facet of battle. This blood-soaked realm echoes constantly with Khorne's bellows and the clash of weapons, the cracking of whips and the clarion calls of innumerable brass war horns.

The very fabric of Khorne's kingdom is tied to his mood which, while never good, ranges between simmering rage and epoch-ending fury. The ground tremors and shakes as the Blood God's thunderous bellows echo throughout eternity. Lakes of blood boil, and the very sky screams. Clouds of choking black ash belch forth from hidden geysers, incinerating milling combatants or propelling great boulders into the sky, only for them to smash hack into the ground with crushing force. Yet still the Daemons battle. They fight not for honour, not for wealth, not even for victory – they fight for fighting's sake, and for the favour of their wrathful lord.

I fell then, through charnel clouds and red mists that swirled about a land of dark ruin and much despair. The cries of some enormous beasts, their lowings of fear and desperation, reached my ears. And still I fell, driven now by fetid winds, towards a wall or cliff of deepest red and blackened iron. Its top was hidden in the clouds far above, its base was girt with boulders and skulls, no larger in my sight than sand specks, that it piled before its inexorable advance. The wall, for such it was, lay unbroken in its awful perfection from horizon to horizon.

I grew afraid, for this was the Outer Realm of Khorne, the Blood God, and this walt his Bastion, the Fortress about the Inner Lands. It now seemed to me that the stench of Death broke my fall as I flew onwards, towards fresh visions of this vast corner of Chaos.

And then ahead I saw a Stair, surrounded by pinnacles and columns and arches of blood and carven bone, circled by Daemons bound within black iron, brazen steps and hideous shrieking mouths. All that could speak or gibber vomited forth the praises of Khorne and shrieked out songs of Blood and Death. The Stair, its treads never built for mortal feet, climbed the dizzy heights, pausing at times before profane runes and stained sacrifice stones. Within the very fabric of the Daemon-thronged Bastion were smaller landings, each of which could have held a lofty and noble palace of our small World. The Stair twisted and rippled on itself, its Daemons chuckling their insane glee at its dreadful geometry, Still it climbed, ever upwards into the clouds of gore that circled overhead.

In all my vision, I saw not one living beast or man.

Through brazen gales and up endless steps I flew, my soul in dread as Daemons snappd about my heels. And before my eyes, as I rose from that place, I beheld the Fields and Meadows of Khorne beyond the Bastion, all guile soaked in red, stained with souls, and planted with endless lines of corpses lashed to their stakes like a grotesquery of bean plants. A thousand thousand Daemons cavorted with their dead and deathless buds, which were watered by gore-filled aqueducts and ditches. The Daemons marched and countermarched about their charges, stopping here to water the unprecious fruits, and there to dung upon them. And the air was filled with the taste of blood, the stench of the slaughterhouse, the noise of blood let from countless unready throats and all about was red beneath the brass sky of that Inner Realm.

– Liber Malefic. The Book of Hated Khorne, Marius Hollseher



The Bastion Stair

The Outer Realm of Khorne is girded by a titanic wall or cliff of deepest red and blackened iron that stretches unbroken from one end of the horizon to the other. The Bastion Stair marks the only entrance into his domain. Surrounded by pinnacles, columns, and arches of blood and carved bone, the Bastion Stair is built as a fortress and prison. Daemons, chained to the walls and steps in unbreakable bonds of spiked iron, scream and thrash at their imprisonment, hurling terrible epithets at anyone unfortunate enough to be close at hand. The steps of the Bastion Stairs are enormous and were never designed to be trod upon by mortal feet — climbing them is more akin to scaling a mountain. The higher it climbs to dizzying heights, the more horrors can be viewed. Gibbering mouths emerge here and there in the steps and walls, praising the name and deeds of Khorne in their Daemonic tongue. Profane runes and bloodstained sacrifice stones, some still bearing the bodies of their victims, can be seen no matter where a person turns. The geometry of the stairs conforms to no logic or sanity and seems to twist and ripple into itself in confusing knots and gravity-defying angles.



The Bastion boasts smaller landings, some of which are of such a massive scale that a castle could easily fit on them and still have room to spare. Daemons and other creatures of Chaos dance and cavort here, gleefully killing each other in a wanton display of blood and slaughter. At no point, however, does any traveller see another normal living creature or beast once they take the first steps of the Bastion Stair — even carrion crows avoid the apparent bounty of corpses and dangling bodies that line its walls and steps.



The Fields and Meadows of Khorne

Journeying up the Bastion Stair seems to take an eternity — the laws of time, cause and effect, and movement collapse under the weight of such a monstrosity. But still, there are those that somehow manage to reach the top of the Stairs and find themselves again on flat ground, but this time within the Inner Realm of the Blood God, on the Fields and Meadows of Khorne.

Unlike the twisting insanity of the Bastion Stair, the Fields and Meadows are neat and orderly, but still horrific. The fields of Khorne are lined with row after endless row of bloody corpses lashed to stakes like a grotesquery of bean plants. Blackened flowers, engorged on blood, grow from the corpses; they are "watered" through a series of aqueducts and ditches filled with gore. Untold thousands of Daemons are charged with the upkeep of these fields, vomiting blood on the fruits and voiding their bowels to fertilise the terrible flora. New corpses are planted every moment, with a tenderness and concern that seems so out of place in such a macabre location. The whole scene is one of blood — even the sky unceasingly burns an angry red. The stench of a slaughterhouse intermingles with the curiously-sweet scent of the blackened flowers and fruit.

I walked across Khorne's Meadows, beneath the brazen sky. All about were the skulls of the slain, and among them grew fields of black flowers, each a shade trapped in death, each bloom twisted face, each leaf a tiny skull, each stem a spine of tiny bones. Crimson-flecked flies sucked at the bloody nectar in the corrupt fields, and the air was filled with a stench of despair. The blooms of death nodded at my passing and whispered to one another in the bitter-scented breeze. At my feet crimson worms and maggots gorged themselves on the lifeblood of Khorne's fallen. The distant shrieks of Daemons, cavorting and dancing around their borders and gardens of blood, reached my ears, blown across that dark meadow by a breeze made sweet with the smell of rotting meat. The sound of tormented laughter drifted by and was swallowed by silence.

And then I came to the Tree of Souls.

Living souls had hung upon its branches and living souls had been buried among its roots long ago, in the winter of that bloody land. Twisted with pain and self-loathing, warped with loyalty to Chaos, the shades had made their pact of blood and now had their reward. Those same shades, now condemned for eternity and piteous in their grieving, gibbered regrets and fears and promises of gratitude from every branch and twig, save one whose defiant eye I met. I paused in the glare of that eye, and waited a while. The tree spoke in a voice of creaking and tearing wood, as if a thousand axes struck at its heartwood.

"By my broken faith, and darkened promises, a mortal walks here in the garden of blood. For all those mortals who have tasted my fruits and drunk of my sweet blossoms, I will taste his nectar, drink of his blood. For once my roots eat of his flesh, he is mine, and what was his is mine. A body... A body... I will be free of this confinement. My loyalty true and clear, I will slay you for my master. Blood beyond measure I will spill upon the battlefields of the world. Oh, to be free of this wooden frame, that I could once more march to the beat of my heart..."

The tree withered and shook its dark branches and I fled, for my fate lay not with those trapped and hideous souls...'

*- Liber Malefic. The Book of Hated Khorne,
Marius Hollseher*

Khorne's Rage

At the outermost edge of this domain there lies a ring of volcanoes that scholars of the profane have come to call Khorne's Rage. Reaching hundreds of miles into air, they belch their thick black smoke and molten brass skyward, creating an impenetrable border that can neither be seen through nor navigated. Darkness and ash hang there, lit ominously from beneath by goutts of flame that incinerate the loose debris along the sides of the volcanoes. Within the ash clouds, blood storms roil. Red lightning dances across the clouds as thunder cracks and rolls, like the snap of a Bloodthirster's whip followed with the sound of the hooves of a thousand charging Juggernauts.

These peaks stand as a bastion against invaders, their toxic ash and scorching brass flows enough to deter all but the most determined of forces. Those who are arrogant, or foolish, enough to make the attempt to cross the torturous border are met with more than barriers of heat and jagged rock. The very rock and brass of Khorne's Rage itself rises up to crush the attackers. Pieces of the rock break away from the side of the mountains, brass flowing into them in a hellish semblance of life blood. Daemons of stone and liquid metal take form, born of rage and defiance. With mindless fury and unadulterated violence, they bludgeon and scorch their foes. Once their grim task is complete, they fall back into lifeless piles, waiting for the call to reform and defend the borders of their master's realm.

Khorne's roars of rage cause the ground to shudder, and each day the volcanoes spew out rivers of earthblood as hot as his anger. They hurl burning brass skulls onto the lands of the weak and disgorge murderous packs of Greater Daemons that swoop down into the battles below.

On the outward slopes of the volcanoes are immense parapets and bastions. Carved from black granite, these tower miles into the sky, a daunting defence against any unwise enough to assail the kingdom of the Blood God. Great infernal cannons and skull-clad altars await Khorne's command to unleash the fires of battle on the domains of the other gods. Mighty fortresses punctuate the brass battlements, each garrisoned with Khorne's bloodthirsty legions. With a single growl from the Blood God, these armies spill forth across the domains of the other gods to bring slaughter and battle. At Khorne's urging, the endless tide of soldiers are whipped into a frenzy, and will fall upon each other in their uncontrollable desire to spill blood if no other foe can be found.

The Daemon Forges

At the base of the volcanoes sprawl the foundries of Khorne, the forges of the lesser furnace-Daemons. In these sweltering workshops, weapons of war are crafted. It is said that within these dire forges labour the souls of warriors who died in their sleep, forever doomed to serve Khorne as slaves. Great smokestacks billow forth clouds of ruddy vapour that mix with the fumes of the volcanoes to choke the blood red skies



with the industry of war. These grim edifices keep Khorne's armouries filled – his numberless warriors armed and armoured by ceaseless toil. All manner of axes, swords, hammers, and armour are created to supply the Blood God's eternal wars. Here, too, the components of Khorne's Daemon Engines are made. Assembly of these huge constructs of war is conducted elsewhere, but the cogs, blades, housings, and armaments all have their beginning here, at the foot of Khorne's Rage. It is a dangerous place to reside, even by the standards of the rest of the realm. At any moment a volcano could erupt, flooding the forge with molten brass. It is of no concern to Khorne if a few Daemons are incinerated in such mishaps; others rise from the Blood Pits to take their place, and the forges continue.

Despite the risks, the furnace-Daemons are able to take advantage of the dangers of Khorne's Rage. Across the plains of battle, it is almost exclusively Khorne's own minions that do battle and perish. At the fringes of the realm, however, other warriors die agonising, terrible, bloody deaths. Using tools of fiendish design and rites that even the most depraved Chaos Sorcerers would dare not undertake, the masters of the hell-forges enslave the souls of those mortals who would dare invade the Blood God's realm and fuse them with the anvils of Khorne. The tormented screams of those thus eternally imprisoned blend with the ringing and clanging of each falling hammer that strikes the forge. When white-hot metal is placed on the anvil and pounded into form, the bound soul feels the scorching heat. Thus, as each new weapon or piece of armour is crafted in the Daemon Forges, it is born to the sounds of Khorne's enemies suffering his everlasting wrath.

The Blood Pits

Warp energy, the raw stuff of Chaos, constantly swirls across the realms of all of the Greater Powers. Its currents and eddies shift and meander seemingly at random, causing mutation within the very land itself and everyone and everything they touch. In most cases, this power does not linger in any one place for long. There are, however, locations throughout the Blood God's treacherous domain where the power of the Warp collects and stirs. When this happens, great craters are often gouged into the blasted plains. None can say if it takes moments or millennia for these pits to form, for time is meaningless within the Realm of Chaos.

Eventually, the Warpstorms break apart, sometimes seeping into the very pits they created. When this happens, Khorne commands his minions to intensify their efforts to harvest blood from the mortal world, using the most violent, destructive, and devastating methods they can possibly bring to bear. The souls that perish in such a campaign give their blood to a special, dark cause. Their crimson essence is collected in the pit, where it is mixed with molten brass and a measure of Khorne's own murderous bile. The resultant lake is a new Blood Pit.

It is from the Blood Pits that new Daemons of Khorne arise. Bloodletters, furnace-Daemons, and many lesser fiends steadily emerge from the Warp and bile infused blood, ready to do their master's bidding. The soldiers that vomit forth from that pit will be charged from the day of their creation until the day they fail their master in combat with claiming more blood to refill their pit. Eventually a pit goes dry, but without fail, soon after it does a new storm begins to brew, restarting the cycle of bloodshed.



The Rivers of Blood

Dividing one region of Khorne's realm from another like jagged crimson scars on the scorched land are the rivers of blood. These miles-wide flows are filled with the blood of those who have fallen in service to Khorne, be they victims or followers. Nearly all blood that is shed on his behalf finds its way to these sanguine canals. The blood itself is hot to the point of boiling. Steam made of vaporised blood hangs in the air all along the length of the rivers, creating a palpable red cast to the regions through which they run. Gigantic bubbles rise to the surface, carrying with them occasional remains of something that was unfortunate enough to have fallen into the river. As the bubbles burst, globules of steaming hot blood launch hundreds of feet into the air, coming back to the ground and landing on the shores in splatter patterns that often resemble the spray of an opened artery.

The Lake of Slaughter

Thousands of blood rivers cut through the land and end up emptying over a bleak precipice miles high, plunging downward in waterfalls of gore. The lake that forms at the base of the wall is larger than any ocean in the mortal realm and populated with creatures that cannot be. Leviathans of brass and bone swim through the lake, devouring all as they pass. Soaring above the lake, Bloodthirsters fight with dragons of pure, solid blood. Those that stray too close to the surface of the lake risk being snatched out of the air by the very lake itself, so hungry is it for carnage. Rising waves on the surface take the shape of warriors and do battle, crashing violently into each other and falling back to the surface in a rain of scattered blood.

The Brass Citadel

On the far shore of the Lake of Slaughter, the ground is littered with skulls, so many, in fact, that whatever foundation may lie beneath them cannot be touched. For miles these skulls stretch away from the shore, and in the distance there rises a great black wall. This is the outer wall of the Brass Citadel, towering over the ageless desolation of Khorne's realm. Decorated with red-veined marble, the metal walls of this unholy bastion are broken by jagged outcrops, thick with crusted blood and ichor, and armoured with serrated spurs of gore-stained brass. Gibbets and gallows displaying the lifeless remains of assailants hangs from them. The moat of the brass citadel is filled not with water, but with the boiling blood of those who have lost their lives to war across space and time. Outside, hideous iron gargoyles snarl from every parapet, ready to spew scalding streams of fiery metal upon those foolish enough to besiege the fortress, with daemonic hatred in their eyes and molten metal in their bellies. Upon the wall stand guardian Daemons, with eyes as sharp as their fangs and swords. They watch for any intruder, ready to defend their master to the last. Within the walls there are thousands of Flesh Hounds patrolling the skull-yard between the outer walls and the keep, gnawing at ancient bones and longing for fresh meat, as well as sniffing out the blood scent of any who would dare attempt incursion. In the skies, flying between the outer walls and the inner keep, elite

Bloodthirsters listen for sounds of invasion on the wind. It is rare that any force musters the strength to assault the Brass Fortress, its guardians deterring all but the most foolish or daring of Khorne's rivals from even trying.

When the attempt is made, the might of the Blood God's personal host is brought to bear with a fury and rage that threatens to rip a hole between realms. While Khorne's brother gods could gain much power should they defeat him in his fortress, the risk of counter invasion is too great for such wars to be waged without dire cause. It is said that if Khorne himself should rouse from his throne and personally go to war against the other gods, his favoured blade would end them all in one mighty sweep, but that such an act would have calamitous results that not even Tzeentch could predict. Because of this, an uneasy state of balance exists. When Khorne does obliterate the invading armies of his brother gods, they do not exact retribution directly. When the threat is ended, neither does Khorne press the advantage, but rather turns back toward his inner sanctum and reclaims his place atop the Throne of Skulls.

Khorne himself dwells within a great vault at the black heart of the citadel's central keep. It is lit by a great fire pit, where dark flames consume the souls of cowards who were cut down as they fled from battle. Eight iron pillars vanish into the ebon gloom to shoulder the inconceivable weight of the throne room's ceiling. Each pillar is inscribed with one of the commandments of Khorne. These edicts speak to the unholy virtues of rage, martial skill and defiance. In the centre of the room the Blood God sits upon a mighty throne of brass atop a vast mountain of skulls, each the grisly trophy of

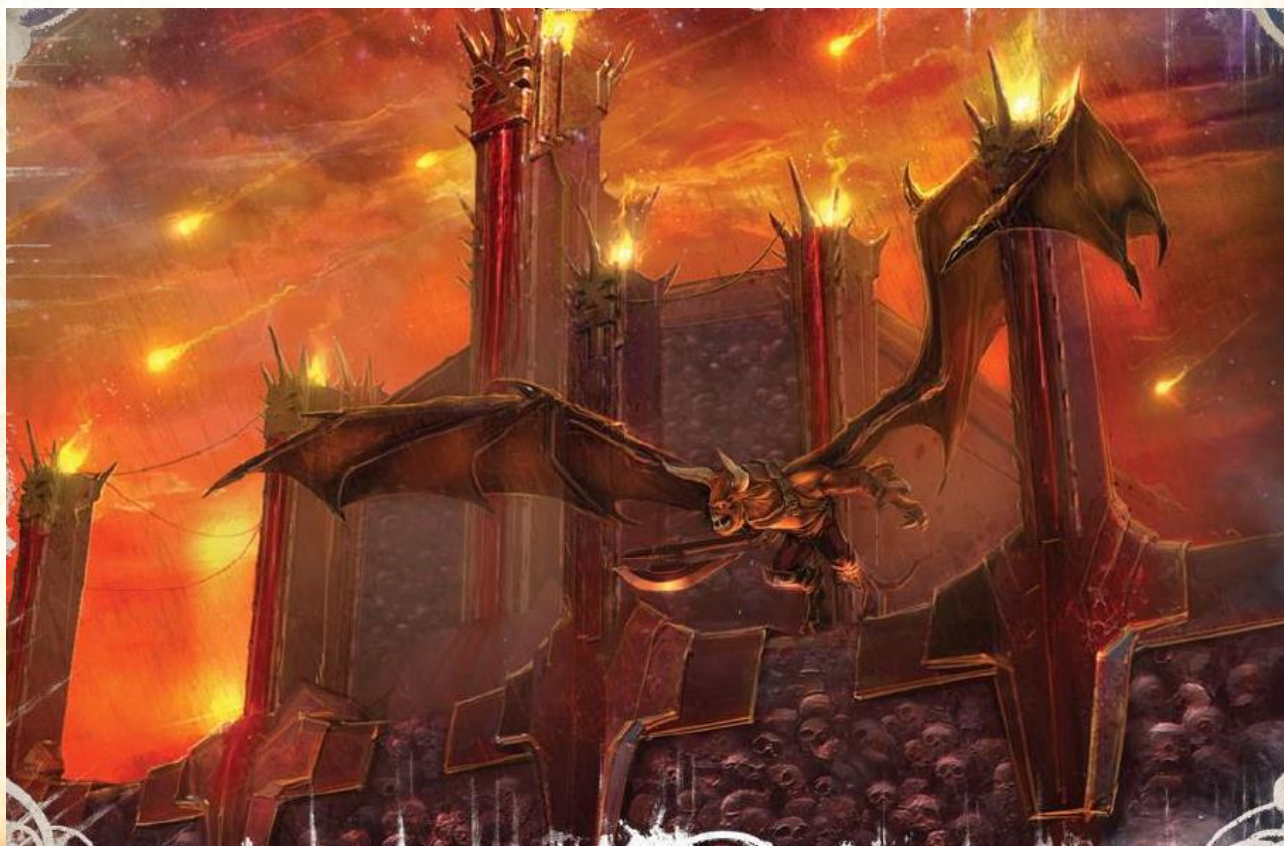
THE BLOOD TITHE

That which Khorne demands is simple: blood and more blood. His only temple is the battlefield, his sole sacrament the gore of nations. Consciously or not, all warrior cultures pay Khorne homage with their acts of murder and destruction, from headhunting tribes of backwater savages to conquering armies of hardened soldiers.

Every single life taken in anger increases the Blood God's power. He looks well upon those warriors who slay their allies, for they prove their understanding of a greater truth – Khorne cares not from whence the blood flows, only that it flows. Those devotees who let a day pass without committing an act of bloody-handed slaughter inevitably incur the Blood God's displeasure.

a champion victorious, or the remains of a champion defeated. Every mortal race that has ever existed, and will ever exist, is represented, from human heads beyond counting to skulls the size of vast boulders. The ever-growing pile of bloodstained bone reflects the material victories of his followers, feeding Khorne's glory but never quenching his thirst for blood and death.

Surrounding the Throne on all sides is a mound of skulls that holds Khorne aloft on his perch. At the foot of the throne, a carpet of splintered bone extends 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. The skulls





closest to him, those of his favoured champions who have perished in service to their lord after hundreds of violent campaigns, would call out across eternity, once more bellowing their war cry: "Blood for 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. 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. Some have described these loyal 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. Further distant, in the shadow of the chamber's eaves lies a mighty anvil, where furnace-Daemons forge weapons and armour for the Blood God's favoured followers – great warriors and mighty war leaders who kill for that which they desire.

'I am Khorne. I am the Blood God. I am the Lord of Skulls. I am the Great Hound of War. Go forth and summon my legions. Gather my armies and break the back of my enemies once and for all. Be victorious and all that you can wish will be yours: entire nations for slaves, whole planets for you to rule. Power beyond your imagination. Fail me and your skull shall be added to those that already rest at my feet.'

Khorne watches over all his minions from his seat on the Throne of Skulls. From there he commands his legions to bring war to the distant corners of the world. Every victory he witnesses leaves him thirsting for more blood. With every defeat, he takes the blood of a failed champion and adds it to the rivers of his realm. Blood will be his; if he must harvest it from his own minions, so be it.

The Blood God

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 who is hundreds of feet tall. 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 decorated with the skulls of conqueror kings, with only a portion of his bestial, snarling face showing beneath the helm, his eyes burning with endless fury in the centre.

At Khorne's side is a mighty double-handed sword from the same black substance as his armour. This fell weapon is known by various names to the races of the world, including Woebringer, Warmaker, and the End of all Things. Legend tells that the drawing of this dolorous weapon is the harbinger of great calamity, and that Khorne could cut through reality itself with but a single stroke were it his desire; allowing his daemonic legions to spill forth. Khorne is said to have mighty

forges and armouries that run for leagues, belching sooty filth into the lightning-cracked air, which are stocked with every weapon imaginable, from cruel-bladed daggers and serrated dirks, to fellsteel halberds and ornate cannons. Yet for reasons long since forgotten to mortals, Khorne always favours this one sword and abides no other blade.

Upon his fingers Khorne wears many brass rings. Most are blazoned with his own jagged skull rune. Upon others are mounted the severed heads of lesser gods claimed, it is said, in personal combat, or less fatal tokens of vanquished foes. What being would dare face the Blood God in the arena of martial prowess remains a mystery, so the provenance of these other rings is unknown, lest they be tokens from the great battle from which creation sprang. When Khorne speaks, he does so in bellows of black rage – each guttural syllable igniting the air in tainted sparks. His every word is a growl of endless fury, and his roars of bloodlust echo across his realm.

In the very direst of need, when his armies are overwhelmed and his citadel beset, Khorne rises from his throne, his armoured footfalls shaking the Realm of Chaos to its core. With an honour guard of Bloodthirsters, each with the power of an army in its own right, the Lord of Battle unleashes his rage upon the foe, scattering the Daemons of his rivals with each sweep of his mighty blade and trampling their broken bodies underfoot. This willingness to take physical participation in the Great Game is what marks Khorne out from his fellow Gods. Even so, such personal interventions are rare indeed, and so each calamitous occasion marks a turning of the tide in the wars of the Gods.

War – constant, mindless bloodletting and destruction – is all Khorne cares for. He is almost heedless of who is victorious, and is far more intent that the combatants fight until they can fight no more. All that Khorne exists for, all that his entire being is bent towards, is the flow of blood from fresh wounds and the taking of skulls.



THE NUMBER OF KHORNE

The number eight is sacred to Khorne. Why this number is of such value to the Blood God is unknown, but it has been so since his first roar of fury. His affinity for the figure, and any of its multiples, is strongly reflected in the organisation of his legions, from the number of ranks of Bloodthirsters – his Daemon generals – to the number of cohorts in a full strength legion. It is a figure that also appears throughout the Blood God's domain, as eight enormous towers ring the Brass Citadel, and a Daemon slain in combat must complete eight tasks before Khorne will once again give them shape. In the most sprawling of battles within the Realm of Chaos, it is always Khorne's eighth wave that is the most powerful. Even his mortal worshippers recognise and revere the sacred number, using it in their blood-soaked summoning rituals and carving it upon their flesh in gruesome ceremonies. The seers of many races have foretold that only after eight ages of war have passed will Khorne's bloodthirst finally be slaked by a last, apocalyptic battle.

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.

THE REALM OF THE SORCERER

Almost as great in scale as Khorne's domain is the crystal labyrinth of Tzeentch, an immense iridescent plateau whose gaudy brilliance sits in stark contrast to the Blood God's ruddy wasteland. Whilst the crystal labyrinth is not so massive as Khorne's kingdom, it dominates the Realm of Chaos no less – though it does so in its own fashion. Countless glittering pathways spring from the very heart of the labyrinth, fractal filaments that enveile their way into the dominions of other Gods and so bind the Realm of Chaos together. It is Tzeentch who holds the Realm of Chaos beyond the material universe and it is the Great Sorcerer's glittering domain that allows him to do so. If ever the crystal labyrinth were to be destroyed, the Realm of Chaos would lose all cohesion shortly after.

Just as Tzeentch manifests and appears in many different guises, many of them fluid and shifting, so too, the realm of the Changer of Ways constantly adapts to its master's whims, desires, moods, and, of course, the demands of his Thousand and One Plots.

Observers human, beast, and daemon perceive and interpret this territory in a wide variety of ways. In fact, some scholars and a few of the more coherent first-hand witnesses who have survived contact with Tzeentch's realm have suggested that neither mortal nor daemon, save perhaps the most powerful Lords of Change, can grasp the true nature of Tzeentch's shifting realm. Most who visit the domain of the Great Mutator quickly go mad; those of exceptionally strong mind and strong will can perhaps interpret but one facet of the often crystalline landscape that, like Tzeentch himself, has an infinite number of faces. Many commentators suggest that the mind can only perceive this world of warp energy wrought into something resembling solid form through symbols or metaphors – images created by the mind of the iron-willed in an attempt to make sense of pure Chaos and constant change. In fact, many commentators rely on paradoxical metaphors even to describe the process of perceiving Tzeentch's realm itself: sculpting with fog, describing a dream as it occurs, singing silently, painting with mist, and the like. The Great Ocean is a sea of madness and insanity, and his realm is the concentrated essence of such things given form.

The Crystal Labyrinth

In spite of the constantly changing nature of the domain of the Architect of Fate and the limited capacity of the mind to perceive and comprehend it, certain common views have emerged from the extant descriptions of Tzeentch's realm. Some observers claim that an enormous crystalline labyrinth dominates the landscape, a luminescent plane shimmering like a polished, mottled opal. Passages in this maze appear, dissolve, merge, split, and change direction seemingly at random. Only the Lords of Change, Tzeentch's most powerful servants, and those with the trenchant insights of the irrevocably mad can hope to understand the design of Tzeentch's deranged maze and to navigate its corridors.

No daemons are needed to act as sentinels in Tzeentch's realm; the labyrinth itself provides sufficient protection against anyone rash and foolhardy enough to attempt an assault on the Great Schemer. A journey through its canyons and caverns remains a perilous one, and only those with the strongest of wills can negotiate its corridors.

Those who claimed to have gazed into the crystalline substance that composes this maze may see more than light reflected and refracted in the fluctuating facets of the shining surfaces. They may catch glimpses of fears, miseries, and hopes made visually manifest; dreams and nightmares; histories real and imagined; potential futures; images of torment, ecstasy, and despair; and abstract thoughts made momentarily concrete as pictures in the crystals. One visionary reported seeing various images of his children at different points in their lives, all of them moments of despair, sorrow, and desperation. Another recounted her experiences in Tzeentch's realm as one of exultation and ecstasy as she witnessed, reflected representations of what she took to be her possible futures, each more joyful and successful than the last.



Yet another claimed to observe nightmare imagery in the mirrored surface of the labyrinth: daemons rending flesh from friends and loved ones, the destruction of his home by dark sorcerers wielding warpfire, and worst of all, the transformation of his own body into a tentacled, writhing mass. When this last traveller was finally able to tear his gaze away from the hellish visions, he discovered that days had passed and that his body had indeed changed into the hideous Chaos Spawn he had seen in his vision. Imperial records show that all three of these individuals met with tragic ends: suicide, insanity, and execution at the hands of the Inquisition, respectively. In one sense, these survivors of Tzeentch's realm were fortunate, as it is rumoured that most who travel through the maze of the Raven God wander it eternally as miserable, insane shells of their former selves, forever tormented by ghastly visions, regrets over their mistakes and missed opportunities, and the hopes for a tomorrow that they will never realise.

While the passage of time in the warp fluctuates and does not correspond to its regular, linear flow in the space-time of the Materium, the inconsistency of time's progression is even more pronounced in Tzeentch's realm. As the anecdote above suggests, in what seems like a few minutes spent gazing into the depths of the crystals of Tzeentch's labyrinthine realm, days or even years can pass. Two individuals might enter Tzeentch's realm in the same instant in time; one might exit moments later and report that years had passed, whereas the other could spend centuries of real time in Tzeentch's realm but swear that he had been gone only minutes. In addition, other peculiarities in

individuals' subjective perceptions of time occur within Tzeentch's realm itself. A single footstep may seem to take hours to complete. What seems like a few seconds spent admiring the beautiful refraction of light on the crystalline structure of the maze can take days. Many visitors "momentarily" transfixed by some curiosity in Tzeentch's realm have died of dehydration or starvation. Others can spend years wandering the insane corridors of Tzeentch's maze without drinking, eating, or resting – their metabolism apparently slowed by chaotic influences.

As if this were not challenge enough, there is no fixed path through this maze, merely a constantly changing series of obstacles and traps created by Tzeentch's unconscious mind. Those trammelled by the labyrinth come to no physical harm, yet none can escape these hallowed halls of infinite possibility with their sanity intact. At every step the air is thick with broken dreams, and everywhere the light sparkles with fragments of shattered personality.



The Guardian of the Maze

Legends tell of an entity known as "The Guardian of the Maze" that inhabits the crystalline labyrinth. Though his name implies that he serves as the protector of Tzeentch's realm, he is said to function more as a gatekeeper and observer. Rumours tell of a path through Tzeentch's realm that, in theory, anyone –



mortal or daemon – may follow to discover infinite knowledge. To follow this path, the inquisitive pilgrim must travel through nine gates, each barred against entry. These portals, three times the height of a man, appear as golden arches wreathed in the blue and pink warfire of Tzeentch. Such is the power of the Guardian of the Maze – or perhaps it is the bizarre temporal nature of Tzeentch's twisting realm itself – that the Guardian manifests as a giant disembodied mouth hovering above all nine gates simultaneously. At each gate, the mouth ponderously speaks, asking those seekers of knowledge one of the nine hundred ninety-nine Riddles of Tzaratxoth. The Guardians itself has no ears and can never hear the reply, and so can never tell the secret to anyone, but the enchantment of the gates means they will open on the correctly reply. The riddles are said to be so taxing that one the greatest lateral and logical thinkers can discern their answer. Those who answer the riddles correctly may pass through the gates and continue along the path to ultimate enlightenment. Those who fail to answer correctly are doomed to wander the labyrinth for all eternity wracked with insanity and regret over the infinite knowledge that might have been theirs.

Legend tells of one being – the only one in all history – who answered all nine of the questions correctly. Strangely, many versions of the story posit that this individual appeared in the guise of a young girl who was accompanied by a small black dog. When Tzeentch questioned him about this failure, the Guardian accused her of cheating. Many scholars have attempted to disclose the hidden significance of this, or if the tale actually happened, or was yet another metaphorical wisp of smoke from the Master of Lies.

The Impossible Fortress

At the centre of the labyrinth, if indeed geographical descriptors such as "centre" apply with any accuracy to this inconstant realm, safe from all save those whose insanity has given them insight into its nature, is the Impossible Fortress of Tzeentch. Some consider this as more akin to a central belief or conceit that might drive a series of thoughts than an actual location, as nothing of this area has physicality as mortals would comprehend.

As with all of Tzeentch's designs, the exact appearance of the Impossible Fortress varies according to the nature of the beholder's aspirations. Some perceive it to be crafted from the same crystal as the labyrinth, whilst others see walls of blue flame or gnarled azure stone. No matter the material, the physical structure of the Impossible Fortress is in constant flux. Spires and towers constantly writhe and burst forth from the fortress' heart, only to collapse and be reabsorbed, as do towers of blue and pink flame and searing warfire. Gateways, windows and other portals appear in the eldritch building's flanks, as if yawning with the ennui of ages, only to fold inwards seconds later, slamming shut like mouths of terrible beasts and then disappear. There is no discernible pattern to this behaviour, for the writhing shape of the Impossible Fortress is somehow bound to the state of Tzeentch's current schemes and there is no predicting such complexity.



Mortals shackled by the psychological manacles forged by a lifetime of habit and enculturation in the material realm cannot fathom the perverse design of Tzeentch's home. Indeed, as the name of this fastness implies, even the most visionary and heretical designers of the material realm could not draft plans for the maddening architecture of the Impossible Fortress.

The innards of the Impossible Fortress are no less confounding than the exterior. Different passages and rooms obey different physical laws, or may exist in other physical dimensions. That which is decreed by gravity to be 'up' in one chamber may be 'down' in another; or can indeed be an alternate state of being entirely, such as sorrow or the past. Were a mortal to find himself in the Impossible Fortress he would not live long before being driven completely insane – but then, what else is to be expected in a place where a man can travel backwards in time by walking across a room? Those who succumb to the warping nature of Tzeentch's palace collapse utterly in an implosion of consciousness and form. Such creatures are reborn as sorcerous familiars and given as gifts to Tzeentch's champions in the mortal world.

Deep inside the Impossible Fortress, according to some profane accounts, lies Tzeentch's fabled Hidden Library. This infinite collection of tomes, scrolls, and parchments of every kind contains every scrap of knowledge and thought ever recorded; stories written and unwritten; histories true and alternate; and accounts of futures potential, actual, and imagined. Many of the volumes are so weighty with knowledge that they gain a sentience of a kind and spend centuries chattering to passersby, arguing with one another, rewriting themselves, and then reorganising their

placement accordingly. Magical chains of warpflame help to protect the books and bind them in place. Horrors serve as grotesque librarians and work tirelessly to re-shelve the works, catalogue the collection, and maintain what passes for order in the Impossible Fortress, though as the concept itself is anathema to the Great Mutator, no mortal could possibly fathom such a design.

As with so many things associated with the Changer of Ways, few things are always as they seem. Although the Crystal Maze, the Impossible Fortress, and the Hidden Library often appear (or at least are often perceived) as delineated above, by no means are these descriptions consistent with every narrative provided by those unfortunate souls who have visited Tzeentch's domain. One attested to that he saw nothing but a bleak hill on which a single, leafless tree stood. Another described Tzeentch's realm as a barren, desert landscape populated by deformed, headless humanoids that continually split and reformed into new bodies. Other witnesses have described a realm of pulsating and constantly morphing protoplasm, towers of fungus and mould, continents of sentient vegetation and vines without finite length, and vast landscapes of nothing but barren stone and ash. It is likely that Tzeentch's realm is all of these things and many more. Others have suggested that observers interpret Tzeentch's realm subjectively, filtering their perception of structured warp energy through their own expectations and experiences. It may be most probable that Tzeentch himself determines how each individual perceives his realm to suit the needs, whims, and conspiracies of the Master of Lies.

Even Daemons cannot easily endure the twisted horror of the Impossible Fortress – only the Lords of Change can safely navigate its corridors, but as these creations are distillations of the madness that makes up his realm they thrive, all the same. As a result, no matter how distracted Tzeentch may be by the Great Game, he is never assailed in his stronghold. The other Gods have lost too many minions just trying to get beyond the First perplexing room, and invaders must negotiate a hundred or more of such chambers to come before the Hidden Library and the great God Tzeentch himself.

'Built of stark madness was that castle, insanity had been its architect. Its walls screamed their hate. Atop its pinnacles sat winged Daemons with hawk-keen eyes that searched for prey. Their claws were red with the blood of the innocent, their forms bloated from feasting on souls.'

The castle rested on a titanic rock, carved in the likeness of the horned head of a Daemon, and its eyes burned with balefires. The towers and bastions were twisted into impossible angles, fighting against order, and yet the castle was symmetrical, weird and disturbing.

Beneath it a sea of fire boiled and erupted. Above it the clouds were torn like paper, and the images of a thousand Daemons fitted the sky. The castle constantly tore itself apart and erected new constructions in a cycle of never-ending flux.

Inside it dwelled a legion of Daemons, feasting on human flesh and human blood. In chambers fashioned of glass and fire dwelled Daemon overlords, studying the world from this vantage point that overlooked creation.'

*– Liber Malefic, The Book of Chaos Foreseen,
Marius Hollseher*

The Changer of Ways

Tzeentch's areas of influence include sorcery, scheming, change, and knowledge. He is known by many names: the Changer of Ways, the Great Schemer, the Father of Lies and Deception, the Great Mutator, the Master of Fortune, the Great Conspirator, the Architect of Fate, the Great Eagle, the Shifting Breeze, the Master of Fate, Tchar, Shunch, Chen, and countless other titles and names. For every name by which the Master of Deceit is known, he has a thousand guises and plots. Everything related to the master of change shifts, mutates, evolves, and transmogrifies. One can go mad – and many have – trying to study even the smallest threads of the Great Schemer and to perform the impossible: to describe him and to fix him to one shape, one form, one motive, one truth. Perhaps the closest manner to characterise Tzeentch is not to describe him at all, as over time, he differs from himself more than he does any other being. Tzeentch, like his endless schemes, constantly shifts, morphs, and transforms.

While the other Dark Gods adopt fixed forms much of the time, Tzeentch manifests in a multitude of guises. Nonetheless, over the aeons, certain traits have emerged in his appearance, his associated iconography, the material presence of his daemonic followers, and the nightmares his visage implants in the minds of those who witness him. Such descriptions often reveal Tzeentch as a cloud of magical light that coalesces huge, grossly formed shimmer-skinned humanoid with gangly limbs in robes that continually change colour. 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. The faces and mouths that cover the daemonic form shift, slide, emerge, and are subsumed back into the unnatural flesh, 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.

Some scholars however, realise that these perceived consistencies, like so many things associated with the Great Deceiver, may constitute a ruse of one kind or another. After all, consistency is often part and parcel of the most convincing lies and confidence schemes.

Although many have described Tzeentch in this way, others have portrayed the Dark God as coloured smoke, crackling energy of an unknown type that burns or mutates the objects it touches, faces in mist, a writhing mass of fleshy protoplasm, and burning runes that hang in space and sear the very air – sometimes all within the same observation. Others show malformed birds, fish, or perverse hybridised versions of the two that swim through the air and fly through the sea. Indeed, birds and fish figure heavily in descriptions of Tzeentch, in his iconography, and in the shapes taken by many of his daemonic and mutated mortal followers.

Other commentators have suggested that Tzeentch, the Great Mutator, has no fixed shape at all. Tzeentch's tangible form, when he chooses to manifest physically, is a mass of constantly shifting flesh. Thus, the constantly fluctuating material body of the Changer of Ways resembles many of his creations, such as his daemons and his realm itself, which similarly have no stable form. Still others have posited that Tzeentch's physical forms are simply images that mortal minds





create to try to perceive and understand something far more abstract, an agent of pure change, mutation, and flux. Such a form is more akin to metaphor than reality, and perhaps suits this Ruinous Power to a greater degree than eyes of flesh or metal could possibly capture. If some truth lies in this line of reasoning, then perhaps mortal minds have come to associate Tzeentch with birds and fish, creatures of air and water, respectively, because both of these animals inhabit fluid environments. Wind, tide, waves, temperature, turbidity, and bodies in motion constantly reshape the air and water in which these organisms live, making them fitting symbols for the Changer of Ways. As with much concerning the Great Changer, however, in the end all is conjecture and supposition, for attempting to know the true form of the Master of Mutation is to embrace madness.

Tzeentch takes great delight in the plotting and politicking of others, and favours the cunning over the strong, the manipulative over the violent. None of Tzeentch's schemes are simple, and indeed often appear contradictory to those few outside observers able to detect the Lord of Sorcery's influence. Tzeentch is not above sullyng his hands with the blood of war, though he much prefers to win his battles through guile and devastating sorcery rather than brute force.

'I watch you. I see the hatred in your eyes, well hidden behind courtly graces. I listen. I know the terrible darkness that hides behind your well-rehearsed lies. I wait for you at the edge of sanity. I taste the pain in your mind, the yearning to end this charade. I make my home in the darkest pits of your soul. In the shadows I bide my time. I patiently wait for you to open your eyes and realise that it is by my will alone that you draw breath. For I am Tzeentch and you are my puppet who dances to my tune.'

Tzeentch perceives every event and intention, and from this information his incomprehensible mind can determine how each and every strand will serve to influence the future. Only Tzeentch can see the tapestry of potential futures weaving forward in time like multi-coloured threads. Tzeentch's plans reach through time and space, and can carry through untold centuries. His plots are complex and interwoven, and he is the principal architect of secret alliances amongst the Dark Gods. For Tzeentch, scheming is not the means to an end, it is the end itself. Coupled with his command of sorcery, this mastery of subtlety and artifice makes Tzeentch almost as powerful as Khorne.

Only a direct attack upon the crystal labyrinth can rouse Tzeentch from his introspections, for much of his knowledge is stored within its arcane lattice – indeed, some such knowledge is said to be so old that Tzeentch is the only being in all of creation that yet remembers it. Nevertheless, the Hidden library is never quiet nor still, though there is about it a certain ethereal tranquillity. As the Great Conspirator contemplates infinity, feathered Lords of Change bind spells and magical utterances of all kinds within fiery tomes. Elsewhere, Pink Horrors scuttle to sculpt the Impossible Fortress, using their magics to reinforce or redirect its structure, all awaiting the next phase of Tzeentch's great plan.

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.



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.

The Riddle of the Mortal World

Occupied as he is with weighty schemes, the Great Sorcerer is not inclined to any form of undue motion – he has minions to attend to such minor concerns. Tzeentch can pass countless centuries at a time seated in a sea of swirling, multi-coloured mist, scrying the Well of Eternity's abyssal depths and examining every flicker in its shimmering surface for clues to events that have yet to pass. Much of his attention is focused upon the mortal world – of all the Chaos Gods, it is Tzeentch who is the most fascinated by this other realm.

In Tzeentch's eyes, mortal creatures are immeasurably steeped in deceit and ambiguity, yet somehow live their daily lives practically unaware of their countless contradictions and hypocrisies, and the blemishes upon their souls. To the Great Conspirator, such a playground presents an irresistible lure and challenge. Unsurprisingly, Tzeentch cannot help but dabble in the mortal realm, sometimes as part of the Great Game against his brother gods, but more often just to satisfy his own instinctive urge to meddle, manipulate and control. It is entirely possible that the Great Conspirator is completely and utterly mad, conjuring schemes that are self-defeating in worlds and dreamscapes that only he can perceive. This would be the most horrifying truth of all, for if Tzeentch is mad, then what is the mortal world save for an expression of his insanity?

LAND OF THE PLAGUELORD

On the border of Tzeentch's realm lies the domain of Nurgle, the Great Lord of Decay who presides over physical corruption and morbidity. He is a cheerful figure who is the father of pestilence and decay, taking delight in fecundity, fashioning new and virile diseases with which to bless the mortal realm. He is the creator of agues and illness, the author of ailment and disease and he gladly, gleefully, gifts his many creations upon all the creatures of the world. His greatest desire is to see a world awash with rampant contagion.

Pestilence is not Nurgle's sole obsession. Nurgle cultivates his garden with a tenderness and pride utterly at odds with his rank and loathsome appearance. As with all worldly things within the Realm of Chaos, Nurgle's overgrown garden is of a scale large enough to befuddle the mind. Perhaps it is not a garden at all, but the mortal minds that contemplate the manifested will of the Lord of Decay must attempt to make some sort of sense out of what they have seen or heard about in whispered tales. They must place it in some sort of relatable context that they can consider without going insane. The same tomes and other forbidden texts that have attempted to describe the lord of the land himself have, for the most part, agreed that the idea of Nurgle's realm being a perverse, deadly, and yet strangely beautiful garden best puts Chaos into terms they can fathom.

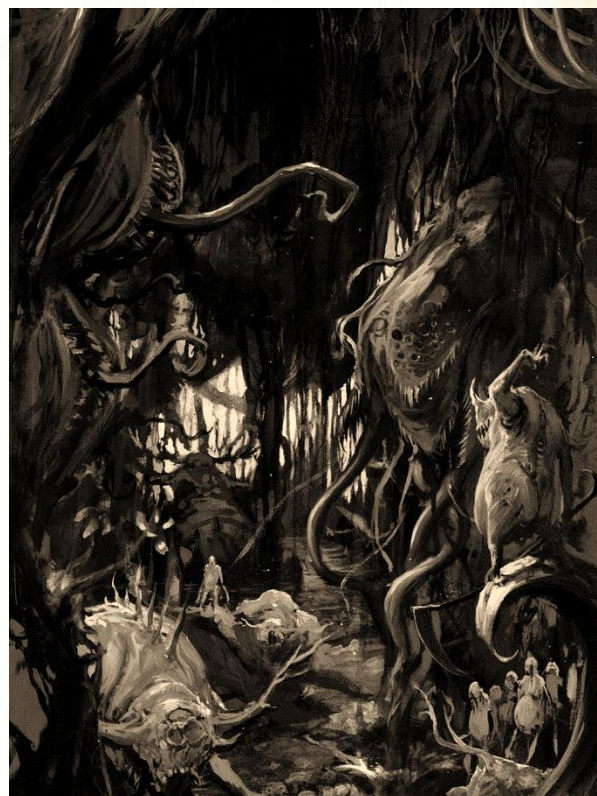
Like a normal garden, the domain of Nurgle is home to a bewildering array of flora and fauna, all interconnected and supporting the whole. Within its bounds are the plants and trees drawn from a thousand worlds across a hundred realities. Bright sprays of red, blue, yellow and purple puncture the autumnal gloom; havens of splendid cheeriness in a dismal woodscape. Each strain of flora flourishes in its peculiar environment, though not all are immediately recognisable, like any gardener, Nurgle cannot resist the recombining of his beloved strains.

Almost everything in the Plaguefather's garden is sonic strange hybrid of vegetable, fungoid and daemonic life. Perhaps as a result of this, the garden is alive with a kind of ghastly intelligence. It is not sentient, as such,

but has enough carnivorous instinct and drive to attack intruders, its plague-smothered vines bestowing all manner of deadly poxes on those who foolishly come within reach.

Beds of bright blue Shovelpetal plants dig themselves up and leave the dirt in which they grew so that Plaguebearers can plant new Skullseeds in the rich loam. As the Skullseeds grow and blossom, they attract bounding, stomping, over-exuberant Beasts that mistake their fruits for the heads of new playthings. This scatters their matter violently into the air where it comes to rest on the wings of the ubiquitous flies. Slowed by the sticky pulp of the splattered plants, these insects become easy prey for other flying creatures that ingest them as they soar through the rot-choked air. Unbeknownst to the predators, bloatflies are carriers of many of Nurgle's experimental diseases and other creations. With their innards thus infected, these predators sicken, vomiting the contents of their guts all across the garden as they fly about and eventually exploding in showers of life-giving flesh and blood. This bounty of mutated and mutilated tissue falls into new areas of the Garden beneath, decaying into compost and starting the cycle of life and death anew.

Though the Garden of Nurgle does share certain commonalities with gardens and jungles in the Warhammer World, it still is not a worldly garden in any sane sense. A visitor in this bizarre and perilous realm doesn't walk from this place to that. He experiences what needs to be experienced. Even the Daemons that tend the Garden are not really what might be thought of as a work force that arrives at a place, does a job, and then leaves for other regions. These Daemons are a part the experience of the garden itself. This is especially troublesome for the Plaguebearers, whose metamorphosed minds were





once mortal, and still strive to impose a modicum of reality in their unreal existences. Still, even the Plaguebearers accept their place in the Garden and spend their eternity enjoying all it offers in their own way.

The Plaguefather affords all his children many ways to explore and appreciate his realm, and even to become a part of it. Though he is a god of Chaos, he also has a need to create order, to monitor his creations, and to control his experiments. A visitor to Nurgle's realm would find a dizzying amount of diversity of experiences. Here he might find trees made of nothing but the flesh of Elves, constantly oozing the tears of a dying race. There he might find fields where tongues sprout up from the earth, each one blistered by the malign influence of a different infection. There is no telling what wonders await around each bend in the paths that stretch and wind throughout the Garden, but any who encounter them will surely have their sanity tested and questioned, should they survive to share the tale.

The Garden of Nurgle is an ever-changing realm, shifting according to the needs and whims of its master. Many areas exist only temporarily, taking shape to allow him to indulge a particular fancy or to be granted to an especially accomplished Great Unclean One as a reward. Even so, the legends hint that some aspects of this foetid domain remain relatively constant. Nurgle has need of fields in which to plant his crops of blighted herbs, pits to hold the bodies upon which he conducts his experiments, and, most important of all, a gigantic and decrepit mansion in which to store his creations, brew his legendary contagions, entertain guests, and plot the course of the Great Corruption.

As Nurgle's power grows, so too does the splendour of his garden. At the zenith of the Plaguelord's power, the undergrowth becomes vital enough to blurt over its boundaries and cast murky tendrils onto Tzeentch's crystal labyrinth and the lands beyond. Left unchecked, the decaying presence of Nurgle's plants crack and weather the arcane geodes from which the labyrinth is composed. Such an assault, however unwitting, inevitably provokes Tzeentch's minions to instinctively attack the incursive foliage, using sorcerous fire to swam root, stem and branch from the shimmering labyrinth. This in turn rouses the wrath of Father Nurgle. Before long, the daemonic servants of the Great Sorcerer and the Plaguelord are at war once again. Such battles can last seconds or centuries, for they only cease when Nurgle's power – and thus the unchecked growth of his garden – recedes again.

In addition to the mainstay regions of the Garden, there are many others that enjoy a less permanent existence, coming and going with the ascendancy and passing of one of Nurgle's many plagues. Some of these likely only exist in the nightmare visions and untrustworthy hallucinations of disease-ravaged minds. Still, the Garden is near infinite, and it is not so unbelievable that a recipient of one of Nurgle's great gifts might be blessed with a fleeting glimpse of the Plaguefather's realm.

With their last dying breaths, some mortals gasp and choke out words saying that they hear faint bells tolling. Perhaps they refer to the blossoms that grow in the Deathbell Lily Fields. When a mortal dies as the result of one of Nurgle's many diseases, one of these pallid flowers opens up and emits a tinny chime to mark the success of Nurgle's handiwork. The ringing is incessant.

The Garden of Nurgle is a wondrous place filled with vitality, mirth, and experiences beyond mortal comprehension. It is a playground for the minions of the Lord of Decay, a laboratory for his work, and a comforting home for a god that knows his realm is the shape of things to come.

'The Garden of Nurgle is how my guide named it, for a garden it was. Trees by their thousand stood with festering boughs burgeoning with rotting fruits and grasping vines. Murky rivers of effluent meandered through the garden to feed the limp blossoms that flourished there.

The sight of that place was an assault upon the senses but the stench was an attack upon my soul. I recoiled as the stink of the garden invaded my lungs. The promises of plagues as yet unknown unfurled within me and made my heart ache. Then I saw it – the palace of Father Nurgle himself. I saw it, and I knew that I was damned because my only wish was to see more.

I watched that place for an age. Watching but unmoving. As the power of Nurgle grew, his garden expanded, encroaching on his rivals. As it waned, so the garden receded. So I learned that Nurgle's power, the strength of his home, was tied to his successes in the mortal realm...'

– From A Discourse with the Damned



Nurgle cherishes the beauty and surprises of his Garden. He routinely takes strolls down its twisted paths, cavorting with his Daemons and stopping to observe as one of his diseases takes its toll on a wounded captive. Nurgle is in touch with his land and its many regions.

In his wanderings outside of the Mansion, he passes by some of his favourite places, many of which have existed since Nurgle first thought of them and are likely to be the models for the reborn universe that is to come.

The Death Beds

The Father of Plagues has been known to end his gentle constitutionals at the Death Beds. It is a place that serves two purposes. Not only are wayward travellers and defeated invaders trapped here, stored in the deep pits and sucking muck of this place awaiting some future foul use, or their eventual demise, but it is here that Nurgle can indulge in one of his greatest forms of entertainment. The Plaguefather loves to hear stories of the realms beyond his own. They inspire him to create new pestilences that are well suited to other lands, and in the Death Beds he has countless potential storytellers. Sometimes he offers these unfortunates the chance to improve their position by spitting the worms from their mouths and sharing tales of their worlds with him. Those who amuse him sufficiently are plucked from the muck and removed to the Mansion. There they have the great honour of becoming vessels for Nurgle's newest plagues. Once they are properly infected, Grandfather Nurgle smiles, gives them one last tender, gut-churning embrace, and sends them back into the lands their stories described.

Here Nurgle also comes to inspect the corpses of those who have strayed within his domain and met an unfortunate end. The heads of the dead are impaled on reeds, their gaping mouths dripping with ichor, while their bodies sag behind and the garden's plagueworms feast upon the exposed entrails.

In death, the corpses of the Death Beds are arranged to face Nurgle's bench. As chanting Plaguebearers busy themselves amidst the foliage tallying plagues, Father Nurgle contemplates the demise of his manifold victims and reflects upon the nature of decay. Many heads have long since rotted to nothing but bone, yet some are in the process of transformation, their flesh still peeling, beetles bulging under their skin, and their eye sockets drooling with fermented filth.

Every so often, Nurgle selects a head and fills it to the brim with infected spores. He then gives these fecund skull-seeds to his Heralds, where they may be secreted in anticipation of future conquests. As a result, plagues will erupt and diseases will spread across fertile lands, ensuring that Nurgle's putrid reach grows ever further.

Poxyards

After visiting the Death Beds, Nurgle often makes the Poxyards the next stop on his stroll. It is here that he tests the efficacy of his contagions of the flesh and spirit. Each malady requires a different set of trials to gauge its ability to achieve the Plaguefather's desires. This means that the physical form of the Poxyards changes to suit the task. For a test of the spirit, this region of the Garden may be filled with crystal clear lakes. A dehydrated test subject may see these lakes and, believing salvation is at hand, drink deeply of the

cool waters. Suddenly the water will turn to pus, tormenting the sick and weakened soul. For a test of a skin-eating disease, the Poxyards may be filled with Clawthrust Brambles. Infected captives can be sent running into the daemon-plants, chased by Beasts. If the captives scream as they pass through the razor-edged branches of the plants, then Nurgle knows that the poor wretches can still feel pain and his affliction needs refinement. No matter the incarnation of the Poxyards, this corner of the Garden always gives Nurgle new insights, and therefore he spends a great deal of time there.

There are other places such as these – places that are always buzzing with activity and joy. The Morabusium where the most precious and toxic herbs take root, the Dungleash Arboretum where refined excrement hangs from trees like putrid, reeking vines, and many others. All of these regions provide Nurgle with the ingredients and insights he needs to further his work at the cauldron when he returns to the Mansion after one of his invigorating jaunts.

The Bile Ponds

On rare occasions a Daemon who abides by Nurgle's path will come to the garden's murky waters to imbibe its sacred filth. Known as the Bile Ponds, these deathly still waters are occasionally breached by pockmarked limbs, which will snatch passing Nurglings and pull them under the reeking surface. Certain pools are used to bless weapons and infect them with greater foul potency. But only the brave dare approach the water's edge and risk the attentions of the betentacled denizens beneath the surface.

The Morabusium

The Morabusium is where the Lord of Decay nurtures and tends to a selection of his most cherished herbs, categorizing them by the manner in which a victim perishes after consuming them. Some of these plants insert foul seeds into the victim's stomach, only for creatures to sprout later; other species see the victim's blood turns to acid, dissolving skin and internal organ. There is little more pleasurable for Nurgle than for his minions to bring him new guests with whom he can share tisanes made from his plants. Unfortunately, these brews often turn out to be fatally toxic to others.

The House of Putrefaction

Within the centre of this necrotic garden stands Nurgle's ancient manse. This dwelling is an enormous, decrepit building, somehow forever in a state of dilapidation, but never quite succumbing to collapse. Rotten timbers and fungus-caked boundary walls extend along the manse's perimeter, bound together by strangler vines. Sentient lichen throbs with life whenever new prisoners are tangled within their twisting fronds, sapping the captives' vitality until they become wilted husks.

Its wracked and twisted structure creaks and groans under the influence of baleful toxic winds. Shutters cling just barely to window frames only half filled with broken panes of filth-covered glass. Sewage drains spill forth beetles, maggots, and twisted centipedes with only tongues for their bodies and human fingers for legs. Paint continually cracks and peels away from the wood beneath, yet the house never loses its grey-green hue. Along the roof, hundreds of chimneys bellow out dark clouds that, upon close inspection, are composed of millions of floating, buzzing flies.

All around this house, trees made of bone bear fruit that rots even as it swells. The leafless boughs of these ancient trees provide shelter for daemonic birds that sing the funeral dirges of any unwelcome visitor. It is a house of pestilence, rot, and death. This is Nurgle's Mansion, and that means that it is also a place of hope and renewal. There can be no explanation for the strength that keeps this structure from collapse save that it is the dwelling place of the Lord of All, whose boundless energy, sense of eternal purpose, and limitless joy for his work finds perfect peace with the inevitability of decay.

Nurgle can often be found sitting in a rotten armchair on the manse's veranda. There, in the sultry heat, he regards the fauna of his garden as they shamble warily past, and it is here, at the front of his manse, where Nurgle accepts offerings from his minions. His fiends take the opportunity to leave rotten tokens at his feet so that they might receive his blessing. These scraps of rusted metals or headless bodies are invariably requests that the Plaguefather has made of them previously, though more often than not he has forgotten precisely what it is that he had asked for.





From there he also entreats visitors, both summoned and unexpected, to approach, share tales and questionable libations, and explore the countless rooms within. Inside the vast structure, a guest could easily become lost. Rotten floorboards send many to a doom of slow consumption by the carrion feeders that dwell in the lower levels. Grand staircases decorated with moth-eaten rugs beckon to wandering souls, leading them to chambers where Daemons are glad to receive new, fresh flesh.

Father Nurgle's manse contains many repulsive rooms. Should the guest bypass these rooms and continue upward, he might find his way to the attic, where Nurgle keeps samples of his multitudinous works of decay, catalogued and counted over and over again by attendant Plaguebearers. In this attic are jars containing the viscera of plague victims from across time and space. Souls are trapped within apparently simple glass containers, left to slowly dim and fade as maladies of the spirit waste them to the bone. There, dusty bell jars contain specimens of long-forgotten plagues and diseases sit on shelves, each categorised by their casualty rate.

If the visitor walked past the stairs and pushed deeper into the mansion, he might stumble upon the kitchens and larders of the Plaguefather's home, where Nurgle's famed cauldron can be found. Every foul ingredient, every pestilent component imaginable (and some that defy sanity) rests on shelves here, neatly labelled and ready to be combined in the great cauldron. Here, the Plaguefather labours to create vile new contagions. A wise guest moves on quickly from here, knowing that to linger is to become flavouring for the noxious stew, for this cauldron is among Nurgle's prized possessions and he likes to keep it full. He uses specimens from his garden, decants rank fluids into vials, and notes his developments with a quill taken from the plumage of a Lord of Change. It is in this great black crucible that the Lord of All brews the many plagues he pours into the mortal realm. Nurgle is a creative being, and he will take inspiration for experimentation where he finds it. Seldom can he resist the temptation to add nearby visitors to his virulent concoctions. Whenever Father Nurgle wishes to make a sudden incursion into the mortal realm, he tips over the cauldron. The noxious

substance oozes down the steps of his house, eventually spilling into the mortal realm.

In the darkest part of the manse lies Nurgle's oubliette. Only the strongest of his visitors are brought down here, as the Lord of Plagues is forever fascinated in discovering the point at which life fades to death, where the strong become weak. Here, such guests are given a chance to fight through labyrinthine corridors in order to gain their freedom. Should they endure the horrors that prowl the dungeon's dank passageways, then they will still have to contend with exposure to subtle poisons that seep through the walls and floors.

Under the influence of these toxins, the victims' skin sags and their muscles capitulate. Soon they become little more than Daemon-like creatures themselves, crawling along the corridors, rasping out their final breaths. However, a chosen few who both please Nurgle with their determined efforts and finally succumb to his putrid delights will be chosen to fight alongside his hordes in war. His chosen may even be granted a rare daemonic gift with which to spread pestilence throughout the mortal realm.

'In the middle distance I saw a great fortress, half-hidden by the miasma of decay that infused its very structure. Rotten and mildewed were its timbers, and its sagging roof was thick with infestation of every conceivable kind. Poison poured down the walls of this most revolting of abodes, polluting everything about. Yet despite its state of decay, I sensed an inevitability about that unhallowed bastion. I knew beyond doubt that it had stood for years uncounting in that same ramshackle form, and would continue on until the very end of time.

Before the fortress gates stretched a forest of death. Corpses, thick with unbridled decay, lay about it as far as my eyes could see. Here death was feeding off the dead. This was the Garden of Chaos. Vile creatures nested amongst the bones of the dead, there to gnaw at the fallen and fill the air with sickly sound of merriment.

Here dark trees had petrified, their shapes indescribable and their essence corrupt. The graves of the fallen had become a rich loam, sucked upon by the trees of that dark forest. Pierced by the tree roots, the dead had stirred once more and each branch bore a skull, mildewed and heavy with loathing.

In that place I looked upon the fate of mankind and wept for the future.'
- Liber Malefic

The Slow Hunt

It has been known for survivors to escape Nurgle's oubliette, but he does not find this displeasing, for his Slow Hunt provides ample sport. He simply climbs up to his balcony where he lets it be known loudly to his minions that his guests have gotten lost in his garden and need to be brought back.

As time is meaningless to Nurgle, he is in no hurry for his prey to be caught. He has no need to send out his greater beasts amidst the spineweeds, fleshworts and through sluggish, poisonous waters to hunt down his victims, for such creatures already lie there in wait. And having heard Nurgle's call, they lumber into action to do his bidding.



Rot Flies hum through the dark woodland, scenting musky trails of fear. Sometimes a larger minion will emerge from its shack in the undergrowth to investigate on Nurgle's behalf. Whole tally-bands of Plaguebearers will shamle out to make good sport of the quarry.

More often than not, Nurgle simply reclines upon his veranda and waits for the trophies to be brought to him. The victims' heads are then mounted on rotting wood within the manse, where Nurgle can look upon them proudly, while the successful hunts-daemon is rewarded with an artefact to represent the Father of Plague's favour.



The Dregs

The Dregs are a quiet corner of Nurgle's vast garden. No paths lead here, and there is certainly no way out, for it is surrounded by stranglespines and stingleaves. It remains a place of shame.

When Nurgle's mortal followers are slain, some are returned to the Dregs. In this quarter of his vast garden, they wallow in the knowledge that they were felled in combat. It is a depressing, swamp-like place, a quagmire of failures. Eventually, they may be returned once again to the mortal realm, but there are those here too who are doomed to remain forever. Among these lost souls are a small few who turned traitor to Nurgle, seduced by other gods, and have prevented his loyal minions from spreading disease. Other have failed spectacularly to follow Nurgle's orders, losing precious vials of pestilence or spilling rare plagues on dead worlds. Even those who were once the most accomplished servants receive no mercy when they have raised Nurgle's ire, and are doomed indefinitely to associate themselves with creatures far beneath their own standing. They remain here in a state of decay until they are forgotten.

Seldom does Proud Father Nurgle dwell upon this quarter of his demense.

NURGLE'S ROT

The Lord of Decay's most infamous accomplishment sets the benchmark for all his other creations. Despite millennia of effort, he has never bettered that disease which bears his name:

Nurgle's Rot. Nurgle's Rot is a rapacious affliction which combines the worst qualities of all the plagues and pestilences that corrupt and slay the living. It is the most contagious, most rapacious, and most heinous of all sicknesses, poxes, and fevers he has ever produced. The Imperial authorities have put entire villages to sword and flame at a single instance of Nurgle's Rot; such is the terror it provokes.

Symptoms vary so wildly that no physician can deduce a cure, but the disease incorporates all the worst elements of every plague that has ever afflicted the world, slowly rendering the sufferer into a bloated, rotting, living corpse before an eventual, agonising demise. Nurgle's Rot is feared all the more because it is rumoured not to end with death. Indeed, legend tells that

Nurgle's Rot is no mere mortal malady, but a daemonic contagion that infests the soul as completely and mercilessly as it does the body. In this way it is believed that the soul of a mortal who perishes from Nurgle's Rot is forfeit to the Plague God and therefore doomed to eternal servitude as a cankersome Plaguebearer.

Tradition has it that, for each person who contracts Nurgle's Rot, a seed like a rotten boil sprouts from the boughs of the mouldering willow trees which grow in Nurgle's garden. As the disease takes hold of the sufferer, that seed is said to swell into a vile, bubonic fruit which feeds off the afflicted person's soul like a tick gorging itself on its host's blood. When the bloated victim expires in a mess of bloody phlegm, the final traces of his soul are sucked into the engorged fruit, and the ripe flesh bursts apart as a new plaguebearer slips and slithers into existence.

Nurgle's Rot epitomises the core of Nurgle's ethos: suffering and overcoming suffering by great bravery and resolve. Those who contract the Rot often slay themselves in reckless battle, hoping to die quickly and cleanly and by this means to avoid becoming a Plaguebearer.



The Lord of Decay

Nurgle can truly be called the father of all pestilence, for his immense frame is home to every disease known to mortals. The legends and tales universally describe Nurgle in unflattering terms. He is said to be a vast mound of rotting flesh, with open sores and gaping wounds in which his lesser minions cavort and frolic. His gigantic body is bloated with corruption and exudes an overpowering stench. His skin is greenish, leathery and necrotic, its surface pock-marked with running sores, swelling boils and numerous signs of infestation. Weeping pustules ooze filth and his bowels constantly issue putrescent waste. Nurgle's inner organs, rank with excremental decay, spill through the ruptured skin to hang like obscene fruit around his girth. From these organs burst tiny Daemons which chew on the rotting bowels and suck upon the nauseous juices within. Beneath his fingernails, maggots and other carrion feeders lay eggs around which develop cysts that periodically burst open and spew their rancid payloads. Such is the appearance of the Chaos God Nurgle – though mere words can barely do justice to his truly impressive foulness. Perhaps the tales are correct. Perhaps they are not. It does not matter, though, because whatever it is dwells within the mansion at the centre of the Garden, there can be no denying that the creations of this being are both foul and wondrous, and the joy with which he goes about his work is infectious.

Even if none of the insanity-inspired stories of Nurgle can be counted on to be perfectly accurate, the

similarities among them are too hard to dismiss, and those similarities extend beyond the gut-churning descriptions of his open sores, exposed intestines, and stupefying stench. Rot and decay are part of Nurgle's nature, but so it seems are jocularity and enthusiasm. Such is the paradox of Nurgle.

Indeed, it may be his boundless energy, the passion with which he delights in his work, and his irrepressible joviality that erodes the minds of so many who contemplate his existence. It seems impossible to believe that a rotund, foetid purveyor of plague and ruin could simultaneously positively beam with mirth and have such concern for the billions of souls upon whom he has inflicted his wracking and hideous poxes. To bend the mind toward the task of reconciling such foulness with such frivolity is to invite madness. Those who are able to do so without slipping into lunacy are fortunate. They will have taken an important step toward understanding the Great Corruption that is to come. Unlike their less "enlightened" brethren, they alone will recognise that the Plaguelord is a tireless gardener of rot, who is always trying to prepare the slowly eroding realm they call reality for its grotesque apotheosis.

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;

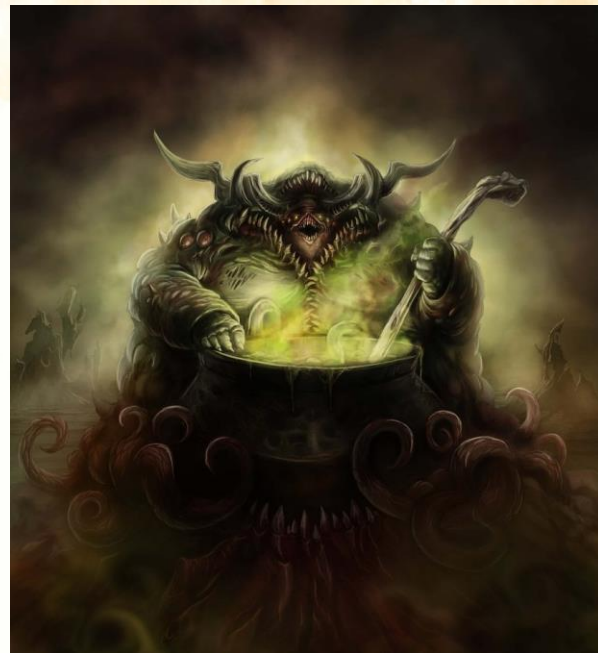
imagine all the cesspools and charnel pits of the world combined into one seething mass. Those that view his hideous palace never again feel that they can be clean and see the world for the pit of filth that it really is.

Nurgle's great delight is in the endless cycle of existence, in life and death. At the heart of his mouldering mansion, beneath mildewed and sagging beams, he indulges his passion. The Plaguefather labours for untold hours at his iron cauldron, a receptacle vast enough to contain all the oceans of the world. Nurgle works to create contagion and Pestilence – the simplest, yet most fecund, forms of life. Such is the ghastly irony of Magic's existence: everything he does is with the goal of bringing more life into the world, yet so many of his creations are inimical to other beings that Nurgle's legend is often that of a destroyer, not a creator. With every stir of Nurgle's maggot-ridden ladle, a dozen fresh diseases flourish. He sings contentedly to himself as he works, plucking ingredients from the sores and fissures on his own massive body and tossing them into the mix. A sniff, a stir and onwards goes his concoction. From time to time, the corpulent god reaches down with a leathery hand no scoop a portion of the ghastly mixture into his cavernous mouth, so to wit the fruits of his labour.

Should the putrid soup meet with approval, the God waddles to the corner of his workshop, where he holds Poxfulcrum, a Daemon blessed with the ability to heal infections, but afflicted with a vulnerability to them all. Opening the corroded cage, Nurgle forces him to imbibe the putrid mixture, watching with ill-concealed excitement for the signs and symptoms of his latest creation. Though Poxfulcrum inevitably purges the disease from his body, the efficacy with which he does so allows the Plaguefather to evaluate his creations. If Nurgle is pleased, he returns to his cauldron – as he empties it into the grate below, the teeming liquid falls as rain upon the mortal world, delivered as a ravaging pestilence to scour the world. If the concoction does not meet with Nurgle's approval, he begins to prepare his soup anew.

Nurgle is no respecter of persons; he will slay both the healthy and the lame, the wealthy and the poor. Elf, Man, Dwarf or otherwise, he cares not at all. And that is perhaps his most curious trait – for Nurgle sees no malice in what he does, rather craftsmanship and creation. Every terrible sickness is a living thing to be nurtured, bred into life.

Those who defy him, seeking cures or enchantments to ward off his efforts, are foes to be crushed. But those who beseech his name and pray for blessings are his children. And bless them he does, not with a cure for the ailment, but with the fortitude to withstand it, and the resilience to revel in their role within his plan. They become vessels for his work, deliverers of his maladies, and he cherishes them. Their bodies become corrupted and mutate, bearing the outward manifestation of Nurgle's blessing. But in this terrible change is born their salvation, for the diseases that wrack them cause no pain, and though their innards rot and fester, death eludes them.



As for Poxfulcrum, she whispers to mortals while the Plaguefather is busy at his cauldron, apprising them of cures for the ailments Nurgle unleashes upon the world. So has she entered the beliefs of a thousand cultures under a thousand names. Some mortals believe her to be Nurgle's daughter, who cures only so that new diseases can take hold, while others see her as Nurgle's bitter foe, a deity of healing and patron of the afflicted.

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. When Nurgle unleashes his ghastly pestilences his power rises to a peak. Like a plague his power grows and may reach pandemic proportions, temporarily overshadowing that of all the other Gods put together. It is for this reason that Nurgle commands a wary respect from all of his brother Gods. Though Nurgle's daemonic legions may not be as ferocious as those of Khorne, nor as numerous as those of Tzeentch, when Nurgle's power waxes even Daemons can fall prey to his repertoire of grisly afflictions.

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.

'One cannot see the horror of his visage. He is a titan of bloated and corpulent proportions. The folds of his sagging belly cascade like a fleshy waterfall, moist, stinking and writhing with foul life. In his bowels, on display through ragged tears in his suppurating skin, tiny creatures wriggle and play, squirming amidst the coils of entrails and the pus like liquids of his gut. A giant head crowns his bloated body, the face lit with mirth, his mouth a vivid slit, a wormlike tongue thrashing merrily as he babbles in a ceaseless stream of words the names of the poxes and plagues he plans to unleash upon his children, for he is a kind father.'

– From *A Discourse with the Damned*



Violations of the Rotten Borders

Though it is rare for Nurgle's manse to be breached by those who yet have purity in their souls, his garden has known a number of incursions. The most common invasions into Nurgle's paradise are the result of territorial disputes with his dark siblings, and so borders, temperaments and ambitions are constantly in a state of flux.

Shards of crystal have sprouted from the gangrenous boughs, heralding the encroachment of Tzeentch's sorcerous creatures. On occasion, whole crystal avenues have erupted in a lunatic path through Nurgle's garden, almost reaching Nurgle's manse itself. Vicious battles were fought amidst the yawning mouths and gaping eyes that lined those pathways. Pink Horrors and horn-mawed Screamers burned their way towards the manse. Under the guidance of Elhe'eladrax of the Eternal Change, they made quick work of the putrescent minions who guarded against their advance. It was the cunning of Ku'gath, the Plaguefather, that prevented Tzeentch's spearhead from reaching the grounds of Nurgle's manse. He lured them into a maze of plants whose poisons gradually tainted and withered the minions of change. When the final, ragged few shambled towards the manse, Ku'gath stood in their way, bombarding them with Nurglings whose disease-caked innards showered their victims with filth. Despite the Plaguefather's eventual victory, his form suffered greatly from magical burns caused by the multicoloured flames spouted by Tzeentch's followers.

'I have seen his Daemonic servants, and they have filled me with dread. But nothing leaves me more certain of Father Nurgle's certain triumph than his mortal emissaries. They are bitter beyond gall, spiteful beyond poison, and they know the frailties of men. Their own bodies are blessed by him, pestilent and so perfected. No pain can they feel, no wound slows their inexorable advance. They are unstoppable like the creeping ague, cruel like black phlegm, as remorseless as the bloody flux.'

From my hiding place amongst the boughs of his Garden, I beheld them in their thousands and in their tens of thousands. And I wept. Joy at their pestilent perfection, envy at their gifts, and sorrow that the world of Men must die, for his children come, won by the promise of painlessness and vigour. But they can live – live! – all men can live, if they know him. But they think that if they fight they can win themselves a few more years. They will never know the agonies and blessings Father Nurgle has to shower upon his children...'

– From A Discourse with the Damned

After each of these failed invasions, the putrid boughs have grown again. Vines have pulled at Tzeentch's magical labyrinth and sentient lichen has smothered its weird, ever-shifting forms. The structure soon buckles under the weight of poison, retreating ethereally away from the borders, and the garden returned to its eerie calm.

Nurgle's paradise also harbours a number of ancient artefacts, many of which are long forgotten in the mortal realm. These precious items are buried under sacred trees, submerged within bile ponds or dropped somewhere unknown where its previous owner was slain in the thick of the forest. During one of Tzeentch's incursions, as the crystal shards of his realm emerged to distract Nurgle's forces, Kairos Fateweaver braved the largest of the bile ponds to retrieve the Staff of Tomorrow, which had lain there since a rebellious Daemon Prince had plucked it from his grasp. The item had lain dormant under the dubious fluids until Fateweaver reclaimed it.

THE DARK PRINCE'S REALM

The final domain in the Realm of Chaos belongs to Slaanesh, the decadent Dark Prince of Chaos. Slaanesh's realm is the smallest corner of the infernal regions, for he is the youngest of the Chaos Gods, and as yet his power is much overshadowed by his brothers. It is no coincidence that a narrow isthmus separates Slaanesh's domain from the rest of the Realm of Chaos. The power of the Dark Prince is but a fraction of the other Chaos Gods, and he seeks whatever advantage he can – including that of defensive position.

However, Slaanesh is unique among his brother-gods. In that he does not try to keep others out. He invites them in. Through a series of tests, he defends his gleaming palace against assault. Tales describe this Palace of Pleasure as sitting at the centre of the Pain Master's empire, surrounded by six other domains arranged in concentric rings. Each ring holds different temptations for those who wander through it, imploring them to succumb to the pleasures it offers.

The Circles of Seduction

Slaanesh's domain is commonly thought a paradise by the mortal souls lured here, but nothing is precisely what it seems. Each region is formed around one of the six deadly seductions of Slaanesh: Avidity, Gluttony, Carnality, Paramountcy, Vainglory and Indolency.

These circles are not only a continuous celebration of Slaanesh's needs and desires, but also his chief defence. An intruder must pass through each of the six circles in turn before reaching the heart of Slaanesh's domain – an act of will that few souls, mortal or daemonic, can perform. As one moves from circle to circle, the desire to succumb becomes increasingly overwhelming. Once mortals have sampled the pleasures of Slaanesh's realm, they cannot stop; compelled towards excess, they think nothing of the consequences – only of the pleasure that indulgence brings. Some, much too late, discover the trap that has been set for them, but this matters not to Slaanesh, who finds moans of ecstasy or cries of horror equally satisfactory, providing they are heartfelt.

Temptation is a weapon just as powerful as a sword or bow. Traps can be sprung to eliminate the weak and dim. The bodies of those who succumb to the myriad temptations of the Dark Prince's realm are consumed by the land itself, or turned into statues that beautify the view for others. The souls of these lost and damned unfortunates feed Slaanesh's insatiable hunger. He invites them in so that they might sustain him and his realm. Those who pass early tests may catch Slaanesh's eye, giving him some amusement for a time as he watches them resist, only to inevitably lose themselves to one seduction or another. Those rare few who make it to the outer walls of the Palace of Pleasure may be graced by a visit from the Lord of Excess himself. None have ever made it into the Palace itself unless Slaanesh wished it, for all who have looked upon his perfection have fallen to their knees and given themselves over, mind, body, and soul, to his Dark Majesty.

The Circle of Avidity

The circle of Avidity forms the outermost boundary of Slaanesh's domain through which a mortal passes is richly appointed beyond the dreams of kings. Scholars collate tales of the impossible realms of Pleasure and Pain, and often describe the first of Slaanesh's treacherous domains as confronting visitors with a spectacle of riches beyond the wildest dreams of even the most avaricious merchants. The temptations within its borders seek to awaken an interloper's sense of greed. They tell of trees, grass, and other plants made from living gold. Gentle breezes cause the grass to shimmer like the waters of an ocean under a noon sun. As the wind passes over the blades of grass and through the branches and leaves of the trees, it takes on a voice that beckons all to take as much as they want and more. The mountains that rise up on the horizon reflect a glorious warm light, letting all who see them know that they too are formed from gold. Pathways through the fields are paved with cobblestones not of granite or shale, but of ruby and emerald. At the edges of the paths, loose gemstones and gold nuggets sit, waiting for anyone to pick them up and slip them in a pouch. Precious stones are sunk deep into every wall, and gilded sculptures line every path. Gold is here, ingots and coins beyond counting. There is always room for one more glittering stone, one more pebble of gold. However, all who attempt to seize this wealth are doomed.



Wandering souls ensnared by this domain would do well to recall the legends that say that if those who lined their pockets with these treasures were able to take their eyes off the objects of their desire, they would note that not all they see was shining. Dull bits of bone and other remains are plentiful here as well. These are all that is left of those who filled their pockets, pouches, sleeves, and boots with so much gold that they collapsed under the weight of it. Unwilling or unable to let the riches go, they died where they fell, smiles on their faces despite their impending ends.

When day turns to night and the golden hues are replaced by soft blue, the sky shimmers ceaselessly. The heavens are filled with diamonds that seem as if they could be plucked from their place in the sky if one could but reach just a little further. Indeed, many try to do just that, forgetting themselves as they do, not paying attention to their surroundings. Higher and higher they reach, climbing trees made of pure gold, even leaping from the boughs, only to plummet back to the ground, fracturing skulls and rupturing organs when they crash. The end comes to them then, but it is a joyous one, for in their minds they see only handfuls of glittering jewels. It is a temporary joy, however. In exchange for a fleeting moment of false elation, they forfeit their immortal souls.

The gemstones hatch daemonic birthlings that burrow beneath the skin to eat their victim from inside to out, ever after wearing the stolen form as a trophy. Mountains of stacked gold reach towards rainbow mosaics of gemstones in the marble vaults high above, glittering ingots and diamonds beyond count litter the ground. These lands contain many a starving wretch

attempting to count the innumerable gold coins. Their sallow faces twist with mounting greed until their piles topple and, weeping, they have to start over again. At every corner and crossroads stand gilded statues, some of beautiful Slaanesh, others of Daemons and mortals trapped in blissful ecstasy. The trails in the diamond dust underfoot betray the fact that the statues were once flesh and blood. To lay but a finger upon Slaanesh's statuary is to join it, with consciousness rendered immortal, but trapped in an immobile golden body for all time. Only those who have left notions of material wealth long behind can stride forth without touching a single coin.

The Circle of Gluttony

Should greed not ensnare, then the next circle is that of Gluttony, with sumptuous banquets and rivers of wine. Mad ravings from those who claim to have seen into the beyond say that if an intruder is able to pass through the golden fields without succumbing to greed, he is next confronted with a beach of golden teeth on the shores of a lake so vast, its shorelines fades to nothing in the distance. The only other land to be seen is a smattering of pale islands, connected to each other by a network of criss-crossing bridges. The finest wine serves as water in this lake but no cups wait to be filled. The bouquet of the wine is strong, pleasant, and enticing. Words from fiery sermons begin to fade in the face of such serenity. Most visitors take very little time before they give up on the idea of cups and fall to their knees to drink directly from the lake. Heads swimming with delightful intoxication, many continue to drink until they slip into the waters and sink below the surface, never to be seen again.

Those who are able to lift their heads from the wine cast their gaze more closely on the islands and see them for what they are – hunched giants holding aloft great tables that groans under the weight of an extravagant feasts. Exotic fruits, rich breads, and meats of every kind are present. Swimming to these islands is

The Grand Ball of Sigridschlosse was an event of shocking debauchery. The nobility of that corner of the Empire, ever a decadent and perverse lot, made sport of inviting the gods themselves to take part in their banquet.

As the nobles began their orgy of excess, every courtier who had partaken in the strange-tasting banquet transformed painfully into a Daemonette, and the magisters at the head of each table burst open like seedpods to reveal Greater Daemons of Slaanesh. The resultant bloodbath saw the town of Sigridschlosse burnt to a cinder, and the plumes of smoke drew no less than six war wagons full of State Troops to the site of the massacre. Battle was joined in earnest, but as ever more blood was spilt, the Daemons of Khorne manifested within the ruins of the banquet hall. For a full week the conflict raged, consuming the neighbouring towns before the Daemon hordes vanished cackling into the ether. Such is the price of mocking the Dark Gods.

perilous, and many whose senses have become wine-addled sink beneath the waves, joining the countless others who have slipped beneath the carmine liquid. For the ones that make it, the reward is astonishing. Each bite is better than the finest meal they have ever experienced. Each morsel is a decadent delight for the tongue. A single taste reduces the imbiber to a bloated fool whose only desire is to gorge until his tortured body gives way under the strain. Faster and faster the wayward consume the food. The voracious eater forces handful after handful down his throat. There, mortal men gorge themselves on the banquet, wide-eyed and desperate in their hunger as others frantically try to gulp down the lake itself. The bloated and the obese moan in pain as they cram ever more food into their wine-stained mouths. In his blind need to consume, he does not notice that some of the meat comes from carcasses with an all-too-familiar form. Even if he were to somehow stop forcing food into his own stomach long enough to recognise the fate that awaits him, he could not stop. Given completely over to gluttonous indulgence, the mortal only stops eating when his body fails and he finally collapses into the feast, awaiting the next hungry diner.

The Circle of Carnality

Beyond the Circle of Gluttony lies that of Carnality, a debauched place where all manner of fleshly pleasures may be sampled. There is perhaps no easier way to corrupt a mortal than to appeal to his carnal instincts. Entire libraries of the Empire are filled with tales of lurid corruption on one side and manuals with instructions for fighting it on the other. In his heart, a Priest knows that his congregation is most likely to fall because of the indulgences of lascivious desire than from any other temptation. The Dark Prince surely knows this as well, and it is why the legends say he fills the third ring of his domain with visions, scents, and experiences that overload the mind and body of anyone who makes it this far.

Rich fields of pleasingly textured grasses fill this ring, lit with teasing, golden hues. Lissom maidens walk the verdant fields of golden light and soft hay, their face and form seemingly sprung from heart's dearest desire. Youthful beauties frolic near-naked in the hallucinogenic musk of the lithe beasts that cavort with them. The faces and fertile forms of the dancers are impossibly sensual, moulded to satisfy perfectly the desire of the heart. The crooning Daemons flock to those who pass by their merrymaking, stroking their flesh and whispering of the sweet, carnal pleasures in which they wish to indulge.

Soft tents made of spun dreamthreads reflect visions gleaned from the deep subconscious of those who gaze upon them, forming sinuous corridors so narrow that a traveller cannot help but brush up against them and feel their cloying embrace. From one vista to the next, visitors travel through a series of decadent tableaux, each more twisted and inviting than the one before it. The crude brothels of the slums or the elegant shadowed parlours of the Empire's upper class cannot present anything close to what the Lord of Endless



Delights offers. Daemon and mortal bodies entwine until they become one. Forms so beautiful they are difficult to look at lie couchant, beckoning. Resisting is all but impossible. But the severed limbs and heads that lie underfoot speak of the truth behind the honeyed words. To tryst with such a creature is purest folly, for there are clawed hands and serpent's teeth beneath the glamour, and an appetite for fleshly pleasures of a different sort.

The sights and sounds of the offered pleasures are sufficient to enthrall most who see and hear them. The assault on the senses does not end with these things, though. The air hangs heavy with an intoxicating musk so rich and pervasive that it penetrates the flesh of all who pass through it, quickening the heart and opening the senses further than thought possible. Thus stimulated, flesh becomes hyper sensitive to even the most gentle breath of air or tender caress. Scents waft from braziers in which smoulder the embers of an incense that triggers memories of amorous encounters of the past.

A mortal in this state is easy prey for the purveyors of delights that surround them. Closing in on their now-willing victims, Daemonettes offer comforts with softly voluptuous flesh, kisses from razor-fanged mouths, and embraces from piercing claws.

The Circle of Paramouncy

Within the ranks of the army of every race, talk of glory is common. Troops are motivated to achieve more than they believe they can by speeches from commanders who exhort the ranks onward to glorious victory. When battles are won, the returning heroes are

held high and showered with praise and adoration. This effect on the hero can be profound. More is possible, he thinks. More can be achieved. More glory can be his. Insidiously, this can also lead to fears of letting it all slip away, of failure and derision. In these thoughts, a path to Slaanesh is laid at the feet of the hero.

This path is not restricted to the soldier. Leaders of cities, churches, and cults all seek approval as well. Even fathers want their children to look up to them. The path is crowded with wayward souls – a path that leads to the fourth circle of The Dark Prince's domain.

Upon entering the next circle, the traveller emerge onto a balcony where they are greeted by roars of approval of an adulating crowd, for this is the Circle of Paramouncy, where intruders are tempted with power and all its application. For any traveller with a desire for personal power within his heart this is a paradise of sorts for a time, a place where every whim is obeyed, and every command fulfilled. For each visitor here, the experience is unique, though there are commonalities for many. An army of admirers waits before them on an endless plain, listening in fevered anticipation for their commands for conquest. Their numbers so great as to blacken the plains, greet those of martial bent, whilst the politically minded are also met in kind, with nations to guide and vassals to rule. Generals nod obsequiously, and exalted lords smile up from smaller balconies of their own, motioning for the honoured arrival to speak. Massed throngs may greet a soldier, cheering his name and erecting statues in his honour. City mayors or Burgomeisters may see themselves establishing such complete order that they gain control of the entire realm.

Whatever the scenario presented to him, the victim of these visions finds it incredibly difficult to pull himself out of the dream. Unlike the dreams experienced when a person sleeps, these illusions do nothing to seem impossible. A soldier has seen others elevated and has been trained for acts of glory. Histories are filled with tales of lords who have carved out great realms and kingdoms. These and more offer solidity to the visions encountered, drawing the dreamer farther and farther into illusionary depths.

But with the cries of sycophancy come barely perceptible whispers of hateful loathing. This feeds the listener's most hidden doubts, to see a dagger beneath every smile and poison in every chalice – the cheering throng becomes a tortuous and inescapable prison, until their paranoia and suspicion have eaten away their soul.

Only self-doubt gnaws at some, and these are the ones who break free. When they do, the dream shatters, revealing, if only for an instant, a vast plain of black soot. Upon it heaps of bones are buried beneath the bodies of millions of others, standing and lying in the burned ashes, still trapped in their individual delusions. The unsettling image flashes by in an instant and the traveller is confronted by the traps of the next circle.

The Circle of Vainglory

Any who are able to break past the cloying crowds and their corrosive self-doubts must then wander through a mesmerising woodland paradise. The Circle of Vainglory is a garden, its maze of paths thick with beautiful flowers and heavy with thorns. What appears to be a grand forest, with dense clusters of majestic trees that house secluded glades is, of course, a trap. Here, unseen voices whisper reminders of past glories, of achievements great and small. Most deadly of all is the remembrance of circles conquered and temptations unheeded. The sound baffling effect of the trees puts the mind in an introspective position. The long walk gives it time to wander. The glades are inviting and serene.

In the centre of each glade is a perfectly still pool that invites the traveller to sit and reflect upon his thoughts. As he stares into the pool, he recalls his accomplishments and dwells on what more he could achieve. The pool reflects the onlooking mortal as a shining saint, but beside them are tortured figures staring intently into mirror-pools of their own, each held immobile by the undergrowth as whispering thorns insinuate themselves into their flesh. Sitting there lost in thought, the undergrowth of the glade begins to creep in on him. Thorny branches reach toward him. Strangling vines descend from the trees and gently coil around his neck. As he closes his eyes and imagines himself striking down legendary foes, conquering grand civilisations, or negotiating heavily favourable trade deals, the waters of the pool rise up and take the shape of whatever represents defeat for the dreamer. Each step an intruder takes with pride in his heart leads him further from his path, drawing him deeper and deeper into the choked undergrowth.

Sensing something is amiss, the ensnared visitor opens his eyes and is confronted by a vision of shame and defeat just before the branches and vines rip at his flesh and choke the air from his lungs, whilst the chanting thorn-children of the garden weave his every failure into a mocking epitaph. The sound of his final scream, stifled by a lack of air, is a delight to the Prince of Painful Raptures.

An incredibly small number of travellers resist the temptation to dream and are spared the torment of confronting their failings. They rise, exhausted by their trials, and pass into the sixth and final realm that stands between them and the Palace of Pleasure.



The Circle of Indolency

Life in the Warhammer World is hard, short, and brutal. For many, each day is a struggle to simply survive to the end of the day. Still, bodies need rest. Surely any wanderer who has made it to the last of Slaanesh's defensive rings must be weary, and especially deserving of repose, even if only for a moment.

Last, and most dangerous, is the Circle of Indolency. Upon emerging from the delightful torments of the previous five domains, anyone who could resist the seduction placed before them at this point would surely become legend. Awaiting the beleaguered traveller, say the whispers of those depraved wretches languishing in perfumed palaces and pleasure dens, is a vision of sublime peace. All struggle is surely a thing of the past. All torment a distant memory. Here is a beach of softest sand, warmed by the rays of a golden sun which calms the soul, and a single draft of the ambrosial waters can rob a mortal of purpose and will. Gentle breezes push scattered clouds through a perfect azure sky. Music is carried on those same breezes, upon which heavenly choirs sing soothing lullabies as the perfumed sea laps at the mortal mind, soothing the spirit. All within this circle, whether root and branch or stock and stone, works to lull the mind and senses. The ground itself rises up and caresses the body of the weary wanderer. Cherubs begin to remove armour plates and burdensome belongings. Coalescing from the salted mists of the waves that break upon the shore, figures with placid features and soothing hands approach and rub tired muscles. The wanderer's bones cry out for rest, even if only for a moment. The memories of an arduous journey fade into nothingness. Peace is the wanderer's at last. But to sleep here is to never again awaken. The lone and level bone-white sand that crunch underfoot is made from the remains of those who have rested here and fallen into a coma of blissful indolence, and the ethereal voices are their souls in torment.

It is peace eternal if the will is not strong enough to snap consciousness back to reality. Determination sends the placid apparitions screaming back to the seas. Resolve collects displaced armour and other possessions. Herculean effort forces the few strongest invaders to rise up and approach the final destination. If this final and most insidious of circles is traversed, then a traveller can finally ascend to the seat of Slaanesh's power. The Palace of Pleasure lies ahead, and surely any who could pass through the six trials is prepared for what awaits.

The Palace of Pleasure

Finally, the mortal reaches the elegant spires of the Pleasure Palace. Slaanesh does not have a stronghold as such, merely a luxurious palace wherein his daemonic followers pay court to their master. This shimmering alcazar haunts the dreams and nightmares of mortals of those that look upon it in a way that no other place can. It is said that contests in every manner of excess are found within the palace, and its fleshy walls pulse to the rhythms of such multifarious decadence. These debauched competitions occur in six great halls, each cavernous chamber devoted to one of the six deadly seductions of Slaanesh. Such are the incredible depths to which these earthly sins are pursued that their practitioners pass beyond pleasure into torments so terrible that only the truest devotees of Slaanesh can take joy in them.

A determined warrior, Daemon or mortal, who survived the predations of the six circles and their inhabitants would naturally assume that the Palace of Pleasure, Slaanesh's residence and seat of power, would be defended with legions of Daemonettes and Fiends. Surely his Keepers of Secrets would confront any invader that made it to the Dark Prince's abode. Thick walls must surround the grounds and towers of his demesne.

Slaanesh has no need of such defences, however. Any invading force, from a lone warrior, to legions of Bloodletters, would find that the only guardians present would be statues of the finest alabaster and perfectly shaped trees. Confused as these warriors might be, nothing could prepare them for the presence of the master of the realm. As the invaders contemplate what they perceive as a lack of defence, the air stills. Unseen choirs sing, and ears weep at the unholy harmonies. A god emerges from his palace. Striding confidently toward the awestruck invaders, the Dark Prince smiles. It is enough to completely disarm any who stand in his presence. They are lost, and they care little of the fact. This, the tales say, is why there are no defensive walls or Daemonic hordes. There is simply no need. Resistance in the face of perfection is not a possibility.

What becomes of those thus ensnared is beyond speculation and more the subject of fevered dreams. Not one soul has trod upon the grounds of the Palace of Pleasure and returned to tell the tale. Scholars of the obscene and decadent debate not only the fate of those who get this far, but even the very structure of the grounds and the palace itself. There being no first-hand accounts, who can say for sure what form the citadel

takes? Some say the palace is a single humble dwelling, making the appearance of the Lord of Obsession even more grand in comparison. Other say it is the most opulent structure ever conceived, stretching for miles in every direction, including upward. Most agree that it must be magnificent. A god of excess and perfection must have a domicile to match. If this is correct, then the spires of gold and marble surely ring an inner courtyard wherein statues of exquisite realism are placed. These statues might be the final form of those who succumbed to the disarming allure of Slaanesh. If so, then their faces would bear a countenance of absolute joy. These statues would capture forever the perfect moment of grace that one would surely feel in the presence of perfection.

It may be that the only inhabitant of the Palace of Pleasure is Slaanesh himself. Perhaps no Daemons of any kind are required to embellish his inner sanctum. Or it may be that the palace is filled with life, a den of iniquity where decadence unrivalled is played out eternally. Regardless, it is the seat of power for the Lord of Pleasure, the Master of Painful Delights, the God of Obsession. It is home to Slaanesh.

The Prince of Chaos

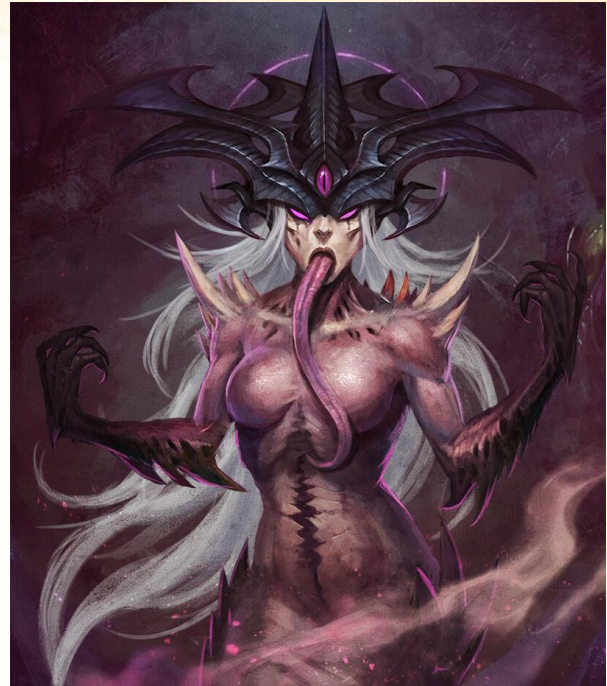
Slaanesh is the Lord of Pleasure, the Obsessive God dedicated to the pursuit of gratification and the overthrow of all decent behaviour. Wherever mortals are ruled by their own unquenchable desires, the Dark Prince is there in the shadows, whispering, tempting, and feasting on a banquet of souls.

Slaanesh is master of cruel passions and hidden vices, and of terrible temptations. 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: long-limbed 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. Known widely as the Lord of Pleasure, Slaanesh is dedicated to the pursuit of excess – the overthrow of all moderate behaviour.

The sensual pleasures of art, music and companionship fascinate Slaanesh and he is drawn to mortals possessed of physical beauty and charm in whom talent and passion burn bright. Unlike the other Chaos Gods, Slaanesh goes out of his way to court the affections of mortals, seeking to ensnare their souls in his web of excess. By fuelling ambitions and offering ever-greater rewards, he leads unwary souls down the path of excess, making them slaves to their craft, as well as to his perverse will. What starts as a desire to excel soon twists into outright obsession, with those mortals enthralled by Slaanesh casting aside decorum and



notions of morality. They are drawn towards the most extreme sensations, seeking pleasure and pain in a vain attempt to fill the void carved into their soul by the Dark Prince's whispers. Stoic warriors are transformed into raving fanatics, and benevolent rulers are reduced to sadistic tyrants.

While the other Chaos Gods rarely welcome intruders to their lands within the Realm of Chaos, Slaanesh loves to lure visitors to his unnatural domain, and those that dare enter the Lord of Pleasure's territory risk becoming trapped in its warped delights for eternity. Once caught in this web of temptation, the bodies and souls of these hapless individuals become the playthings of the Dark Prince's Daemons. Screams of unbearable joy and unfathomable agony echo endlessly across these lands, a ceaseless symphony of cruelty and degradation.

As such, his Palace of Pleasure is not home solely to Daemons and damned souls; it also entertains those mortals Slaanesh wishes to tempt. The Dark Prince is the master of subverting dreams to lure a mortal's corruptible mind into his realm. Indeed, many have turned to Slaanesh for succour, and the Dark Prince revels in both their worship and their weakness. Where Tzeentch sees a world full of opportunity Slaanesh views the mortal realm as a potential source of playthings.

The other Gods are attracted and repelled by Slaanesh in equal measure. Nowhere was this shown more clearly than when the Dark Prince presented each of his brothers with a chalice. Beguiled by Slaanesh's art, Nurgle and Tzeentch accepted the Chalice of Entropy and Lies – glad, despite themselves, to be thought worthy of the Dark Prince's attention. Khorne, on the other hand, could not resolve his wrathful nature with the peculiar attraction that Slaanesh aroused. He smote the Chalice of War a mighty blow, shattering it into a thousand pieces. Yet even as the broken shards tumbled to the ground, Khorne felt compelled to gather

THE NUMBER OF SLAANESH

To Slaanesh, there is no number more alluring than six. Six are the circles of his domain in the Realm of Chaos; six are the deadly seductions by which he enthral his devotees. When his legions go to war, they often do so in groups of six, with each army subjecting its foes to different forms of torment. The grandest plans of Slaanesh usually play out in six phases, each serving as a single movement in a symphony of anguish that, when viewed in total, is far greater and more depraved than the sum of its parts. Mortal followers of the Prince of Pleasure also consider six to be the most beautiful number, augmenting their flesh with six-fold scars, or slicing their tongues into six branching forks. Amongst these sadists, it is said that there are six types of pleasure and six hundred and sixty-six types of pain, all of which must be experienced to achieve communion with their debauched god.

the fragments together. For many days and nights, Khorne worked to repair the damage he had wrought, but when the labour was complete the rage waxed strong within him and he shattered the chalice once again. The Blood God has since recreated and destroyed the Chalice of War untold times, as unable to let the pieces lie as to graciously accept the Dark Prince's gift.

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.

While Khorne is the only God with open dislike of Slaanesh, both Nurgle and Tzeentch are uneasy in his presence. This is due, in part, to the fact that all the Chaos Gods embody Slaanesh's drive for excess: Khorne with his rage, Tzeentch with his schemes and Nurgle with his love of pestilence. Lurking deep within the psyche of each of Slaanesh's brother Gods is the suspicion that the influence of the Dark Prince is steadily gaining in strength and that Slaanesh will perhaps one day eclipse them all.

Although 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.



The Marcher Fortress

The Marcher Fortress is a domain of Slaanesh, and sits as a testament to his vile, hedonistic whims. The fortress is an unlovely thing, towering high into the sky and wounding the clouds and smoke with its piercing spires. Its walls are crafted from blackened stone, veined with pulsing, oozing colours, and mortared with the crushed bones and blood of spent revellers and those that fell in battle against Slaanesh's minions. The Fortress stands in defiant triumph and arrogant pride, mocking Khorne's bloody-handed worshippers. It has repulsed untold assaults upon its darkened walls.

The marches surrounding the fortress are covered with a dark forest of unfathomable depravity made of blasphemous trees. Skulls and mouldering bones dangle from dead branches, and knotty roots pierce the remains of bodies. Immediately surrounding the Fortress lay the remains of a battlefield from long ago. Corpses, rusted armour, and broken weapons litter the gore-soaked plain, intermingled with tattered banners of both the armies of Slaanesh and Khorne. Some bodies still move and moan from their killing wounds, and their rotted faces smile at the irony of their demise. The only sounds to be heard are the shades and wraiths wandering the forgotten battlefield, ceaselessly shrieking, laughing, and crying at their plight.

'There, the lands of Slaanesh stretched out below it, was a Fortress of whimsies and foibles. It was an unlovely thing, stained by war and victory. Its towers, higher than any palace, wounded the sky. Its gateways were gaping maws that could swallow and vomit forth whole armies. Its walls were darkened stone, veined in unnatural colours and streaked with rotted lime and mortar. Here, at the Marches of Slaanesh, was the Fortress, a sign of sovereignty, hated and condemned by Khorne's bloody-handed worshippers.'

Before the Fortress gates stretched a forest of death. From the walls to the near horizon was the dismal wrack of battle: corpses, the rusted swords and armour of the fallen, the standards of Slaanesh and Khorne, all abandoned and forgotten long centuries ago.

The graves of the fallen had become a rich loam, sucked upon by the trees of a dark forest. Pierced by tree roots, the dead had stirred once more, and each branch bore a skull, mildewed and pregnant with loathing, a macabre and cruel cargo. Only the ceaseless, horrendous laughter of the trapped shades disturbed the field. Their fleshless jaws clattered in the still air; the only reply the creaking of a windmill's sails and the grinding of its stones.

For in the shadow of the castle a windmill turned, its sails moving in the still air, and their unclean breeze stirred the tattered flags of the dead. Within, the grindstones shuddered and groaned, while between, pinioned and crushed, were the living corpses of the fallen, ground to make a rich mortar of blood and bone, sinew and brains. Thus was the Fortress maintained and strengthened, its walls held aloft and marked by the power of mortality. Thus was the field before it harvested.

And in the castle's mighty halls, its Daemon overlords feasted and broke bread, in conscious parody of Man's small amenities. All this I saw in an instant, and then my whims was swept onwards...'

*- Liber Malefic, The Book of Chaos Foreseen,
Marius Hollseher*

Sitting in the shadow of the towering Fortress, a lone, massive windmill performs its macabre task. The sails of the windmill constantly turn, despite the fact that no wind caresses the marches. A small army of Slaaneshi Daemons work the mill in a constant frenzy of activity. Corpses, both of mortals slain in battle and Daemons that fell into disfavour in the eyes of the Master are ground into a bloody mortar beneath the titanic grindstone of the windmill. This mortar is used to strengthen the walls of the Fortress above, empowering it with the strength of mortality and the authority of despair. A constant stream of Daemonettes cart this mortar up the winding road, whipped and degraded by the powerful Keepers of Secrets.

Slaanesh's chosen sycophants cavort and revel in unspeakable acts within the confines of the Fortress. For anyone unlucky enough to find themselves within its walls, the dynamics of the Fortress are a mockery of the genteel and courtly rules found in mortal noble houses. Bread is broken and cups are raised in dripping praise to the Lord of Pleasure, and the charade of courtly behaviour reigns in feasts of blood. The Fortress is filled with the constant din of screams – both in pain and pleasure – the cries of lovers and the dying, and the echoing cackling of daemons and debased mortals. The interior is exquisitely appointed in the finest of art, silken cushions, and decorated tables filled with all manner of treats and drink.

However, this splendour is twisted in its presentation. On closer look, the artwork is blasphemous and debased, and seems to move on its own accord. The food has the unhealthy sheen of corruption and putrescence. The furniture appears luxurious and comfortable, but is torturous to sit in. The bodies of



those that have reached their limits in pain and pleasure litter the floors and dangle from manacles – some still serve as fodder for the survivors, or the Daemons, that prowl the Fortress. The residents of the Marcher Fortress tempt interlopers with all manner of delights – food, drink, song, dance, and favours that defy the imagination. Anyone who succumbs finds himself spiralling into a pit of decadence and corruption.

The Vale of Creatures

As its name implies, this area is a breeding ground for all manner of horrible monsters, mutated beasts, and Daemons of bewildering forms. The land itself is a desolate plain, punctuated with needle-like towers and hideous trees that seem to be composed of living, mutated creatures. Colours here shift and transform between muted tones and loud, vibrant hues that appear sickly in their extravagance. Sound has no power here. Noises are quickly swallowed up in the stillness and silence of the Vale of Creatures, so a person must shout to be heard – but even this comes across as a hollow whisper. The horrible sounds of rutting Daemons are reduced to soft murmurs of decadence and depravity. This silence is not that of the peace of the grave, nor ease at labours' end. It is the malicious, plotting silence that occurs before evil acts begin.

Eventually, however, this silence is broken by the sound of a hundred-thousand angry bees, seemingly coming from all directions. The very ground itself heaves and twists, vomiting forth an army of misshapen creatures. The lives of these beasts are brief. Lumpy and hideous, they twist and writhe in pleasure at their birthing, and then turn to each other in search of further depravity. When one falls exhausted from its unlovely exertions, its fellows chuckle at its fate. The body is quickly torn apart by its kin, and the remains

The Realm of Slaanesh was still and quiet, scented with in and sweet corruption. Its silence was not that of the grave, nor of ease at labours' end, nor of peace after the storm. It was the malicious, plotting stillness of evil waiting to be done: the silence before a moan or scream of pain and pleasure. And in that awful quiet the small shrieks of Slaanesh's Daemons were swallowed and muted. Their endless masque and antimasque of forbidden pleasures and hideous pains were reduced to soft murmurs of decadence and depravity.

As I passed over the Outer Realm of Slaanesh, my eyes were numbed by its pale softness and my ears by its endless quiet. I began to believe that any act could be contemplated if only it would provide variety and relief from the silence. I was saved from further weakness by a vile noise, carried on the perfumed and sickly breeze.

Torn from the rocks and stones, there was a buzzing like a hundred angry swarms of bees. Before my eyes the land itself heaved and pulsed, and spat forth mewling, puking and misshapen creatures. Lumpen and hideous, the monsters twisted and writhed in pleasure at their birthing, then turned upon one another in search of further depravity. When one fell, exhausted from its unlovely exertion its fellows chortled and joked at its fate. The corpse sank slowly into the earth of that foul vale, and a new beast was given form from the clay.

As I witnessed the decadence of Slaanesh's land, I was seen by the creatures. As those eyes beheld me, I turned and fled, the fiends of Slaanesh's Realm at my heels...

*- Liber Malefic. The Book of Contemptible Slaanesh.
Marius Hollseher*



are reabsorbed into the ground, where the cycle repeats again. The trees of the Vale perform similar rites, producing an eternal flux of faces, limbs, and other twisted forms. A few of these creatures manage to escape their bonds and roam the open plains, sometimes taking to the air on bat-like wings. Anyone unlucky enough to find himself exposed within the Vale of Creatures risks being violated by its inhabitants, his body used to fertilise the ground, serving as compost and material for the rest.

The Vale of Creatures is representative of both Nurgle and Slaanesh: Nurgle, for the Vale's fecundity; Slaanesh for the experiences found here. As these two powers conflict, so too do the spawn of the Vale. While most of the foul beasts birthed in the Vale of Creatures do not survive, those that are strong enough to make it on their own bolster the armies of Chaos. Some stumble out of the Vale and seek out others of their kind to join in unsavoury unions and bring misery to the lands of mankind.

THE LESSER POWERS OF CHAOS

As we have seen, the great powers of Khorne, Slaanesh, Nurgle and Tzeentch are manifestations in the Realm of Chaos, or warp, of collective character traits. To be more precise, they are formed from common beliefs and emotions associated with particular states of mind. When a man, or other intelligent creature dies, his shadow-self drifts in the warp. There it meets and coalesces with other shadow-selves with which it has an affinity. These appear as whirlpools of energy within the warp, whirlpools made up of shadow-selves which share a common residual belief or emotion. As only the most deeply rooted emotional states survive death, the shadow-self is not a proper reflection of a human or other sentient personality, but only of its core beliefs and most strongly felt emotions.

Each of these whirlpools of energy represents a particular aspect of humanity or of those other sentient races whose thoughts and feelings have contributed towards them. Thus the largest or most extensive are those associated with the most common or deep rooted emotions and beliefs. These are the four great Chaos Powers as we understand them: Nurgle, Tzeentch, Slaanesh and Khorne.

However, there are smaller whirlpools within the warp, lesser vortices spinning around the fringes of greater powers, growing, converging, dividing and eternally moving like the turbulent waters of a deep and troubled river.

Nascent Powers and their Daemons

The shadow-self of a dead creature does not as a rule retain the personality or mind that characterised it when alive. When shadow-selves coalesce in the warp, they begin to achieve a consciousness of their own. The larger they become, the more closely do these entities approach full consciousness. The four Chaos Powers of Khorne, Slaanesh, Nurgle and Tzeentch have long since achieved full consciousness. There are also other powers which, although far smaller and less potent, are in the process of creation. They might be described as waking, or drifting in and out of consciousness, or in a dream state in which they dimly perceive the material world. These are all nascent powers, powers in the process of becoming. One day they will achieve full consciousness.

Nascent powers may also create daemons. These daemons are given birth during moments of relative coherence, or sometimes as an off-shoot of the dreaming mind of the unborn power. The daemons have energy only whilst their power is coherent or active, although they are not destroyed as their master slumbers, rather they become inactive until he wakes once more. Such daemons may interrupt in the lives of mortals just as other daemons do, furthering the interests of their patron and promoting the very traits, emotions, and beliefs that feed him.

Independent Daemons

We have seen how the four great powers have their own pantheons of daemons, creatures given form by their divine masters and driven by a part of his personality. The energy that allows these daemons to exist can be reclaimed by their Power should he wish, dissolving their energy back into the Power from which it derived. Not all daemons are of this kind however, there are also independent daemons which owe no allegiance to any power. Such creatures are small parts of the warp, discreet whirlpools of energy far tinier than the Powers, but fully conscious.

A daemon of this kind is likely to have a mortal origin. A Champion of Chaos who owes no allegiance to a Power may rise to full daemonhood as a Daemon Prince. His mind and shadow-self unite to form a daemonic creature that inhabits the warp and which can manifest bodily in the material world under appropriate circumstances. Daemon Princes are sometimes worshipped by mortal followers who knew them in life.

Other daemons are born from an amalgam of highly focused shadow-selves. This is an unusual occurrence. Recorded instances stem from great tragedies involving the sudden death of several people at once and under particularly horrifying or heroic circumstances. The shadow-selves of the group pass into the warp at the same time, their material proximity ensures their warp proximity, and the circumstances of their death ensure a commonality that draws them together and into a single vortex of energy. The result is a daemon whose character is dominated by the events or emotions elicited by a common death. Such daemons may result from the heroic last stand of a group of warriors. More strange are the daemonic death cults whose members make a pact to live as murderers, hunting down and strangling or stabbing their victims, thereby establishing a commonality of mind or shared experience. These death cultists then slay themselves in the belief that their souls will converge to form an everlasting daemon. Such bids for immortality are not uncommon amongst Chaos Cultists, and give rise to daemons which owe no allegiance to any Chaos Power.

Other independent daemons merely exist, without appearing to drive directly from any living or supernatural precursor. Perhaps they are a natural part of the warp itself, its indigenous inhabitants who regard the influx of shadow-selves from the material universe as an unwelcome invasion. Maybe they are cojoined shadow-selves of creatures that lived in an unimaginably early time before the living races of the current era; ancient Powers whose potency has waned to the point where they are but minor energies in the chaotic whirlpool. It could be that they are the shadow-selves of some order of material creatures that we understand nothing of; the warp forms of things we regard as inanimate but which have their own



immeasurably slow thoughts and lives such as trees, streams, rocks and whole planets. Undoubtedly there is no single explanation for the existence of many independent daemons and many may have an origin which is wholly unique.

THE COURT OF COVENANT

Set apart from the rest of the Realm of Chaos is the Court of Covenant, the neutral territory upon which the Gods meet when they have cause. Each of the Dark Gods has an equal seat at this table, for the natural balance between the Gods is a complex and convoluted weave. No single deity is ever powerful enough to prevail over another without aid and, for the sake of all existence, it is well that this is so. All natural order would cease if one of the Gods were to triumph over his brethren, undoing the fabric of creation and destroying all that exists in the merest blink of an eye.

No matter how territory shifts in the Realm of Chaos, the Court of Covenant is always accessible from the domains of all four of the Dark Gods. It is here that truces are composed and hostilities between the Gods are annulled. Such arrangements are inevitable, for the longer a conflict continues between two or more of the Gods, the Stronger any uncommitted parties become. Ultimately, the Chaos Gods are creatures of enlightened self-interest – they will cease upon any course of action that serves to make another stronger in their stead.

Negotiations between the Chaos Gods proceed according to the character of the deity in question. Khorne always wrathfully bellows his demands – even when his position is not a strong one. Father Nurgle is garrulous in the extreme, ebulliently engaging his siblings in conversation even as he plots against them and disdains their wants and desires. Golden-tongued



Slaanesh speaks rarely, offering golden promises laden with beshadowed treachery, etched in well-chosen words and phrases. But it is devious Tzeentch who is truly the master of this game of bluff and bargain. To the Changer of the Ways the designs of his brothers are as transparent as crystal and as manipulable as clay. It is a rare day indeed when the Great God Tzeentch is bested in the Court of Covenant, and he has more than once reversed the course of the Great Game from within its confines.

THE DRIFTING CASTLE

Even though most places in the Realm of Chaos seem not to be fixed to any one location, the Drifting Castle is truly uprooted and mobile. The Drifting Castle is a curious place, held aloft in the sky by a floating berg of blackened stone. A massive, mighty fortress, it floats along, at home amidst the clouds. Its outer walls are thick and seemingly impregnable, designed to fend off almost any size of army. Towers and manors of stunning size and craftsmanship loom high into the sky, growing taller as they get closer to the middle of the city. A fortress that dwarfs any citadel in the Old World dominates the tallest portion of the Drifting Castle. Truly a city of this size could hold untold tens of thousands of people.

And yet, despite its size and magnificence, the Drifting Castle is devoid of life. No soldiers line its walls. No merchants hawk their wares in the streets. No nobles rule from the gilded throne-room. The Drifting Castle was seemingly created by some indeterminate power, and then abandoned, forever floating about the Chaos Wastes with no real purpose. It's unknown whether the Drifting Castle ever had a population to speak of, and the streets, complete and lined with shops and homes, show no signs of activity. Buildings contain the goods and trappings of a thriving city, but everything is neatly lined up and tidy, as if never used. A thin dust covers every surface, and the signs of a gentle decay can be seen in the walls and all objects. The few trees within the city continually shed dead leaves, though none seem to ever lose them all. Tattered banners, bearing the herald of some unknown and forgotten house or people, flap limply in the lonely wind that provides the only sound in the empty streets and halls.

'The sky above grew darker than the blackest storm and a cold wind blew. There was no rain but a shower of mortar dust, yellowed leaves and tatters of flags. No storm was in the sky, but a castle much as might be found in any mortal land. Often had I imagined clouds to be trees and fish and mountains, and now a feible of some nameless and uncaring power had given this fortress the guise of a cloud. It was an island torn from the land, drifting as the mist on a breeze, yet solid and firm. In all I had seen, this was as strange as any of my visions.'

The castle was as empty as any ruin. Like an animal stuffed and mounted under glass, or a fish salted in a barrel, it had been preserved and pickled by the whim of chaos. Cast aside and left to wander across the heavens, all was still and desolate in that place. The castle's towers no longer knew the sounds of men, its halls held no lofty nobles. Its gates admitted no tenantry, no sentinel stood guard and no porter waited by the gate. Even the carrion birds, sole visitors to its sad portals, had enjoyed their fill of the dweller's hospitality.

The shadow of the castle fell across my eyes, and I could see no more.'

— Liber Malefic

Getting up to the Drifting Castle is quite a task. There are no roads, ropes, ladders, or stairs to its main gate, which sits several-hundred feet up in the air. The only way to reach the Castle is by flying, either through magical means, or by a mount capable of flight. Interestingly, despite the formidable walls and fortification, the gates into the Castle are all wide open, so anyone that can actually reach the walls of the Drifting City can do so unmolested.

On the surface, the Drifting Castle appears to be a looter's paradise, as everything sits intact, and there are no guards to prevent theft. Indeed, the shops and homes of the Drifting Castle are filled with goods of all kinds – weapons, armour, works of art, and other valuables. Anyone can fill up sacks full of loot without problem. However, anything taken from the Drifting Castle begins to rust, corrode, or disintegrate once it leaves the confines of the floating rock. Over the course of a few days, goods from the Drifting Castle become completely unusable, and eventually turn to dust. Even stranger, anyone that actually returns back to the Drifting Castle discovers the same destroyed objects returned, seemingly untouched, in their original location. The dust remains, however, and is prized by Magisters for its destructive capabilities.

Scholars and Magisters believe that the Drifting Castle is merely a symbol of lost hopes, abandoned plans, utter loneliness, and the folly of building grand things to last the ages. No one is certain which Ruinous Power is responsible for creating the Drifting Castle or what its ultimate purpose really is. It merely exists, standing as a testament to the uncaring Gods of Chaos and the hopelessness of life.



NURGLE'S CARNIVAL

The space inside the wagon was cavernous out of all proportion to its tiny exterior size. The cacophonies that filled it were indescribable; the squealing, screaming, chattering and bickering of the Nurglings was beyond mere human imagining. A million unruly school children left to their own devices could not even begin to rival the anarchy or intensity of that daemonic din. The grating drones of the Plaguebearers all counting at once produced a sound so bass and penetrating that it made the vital organs of every daemon vibrate and quiver in time with its beat.

Then there were the indescribable noises, the creaks and groans, the little pops of bursting pustules, the stoppering slicky noises of the frantically affectionate Beasts, and other sounds which were impossible to ascribe to any one source in particular. Amidst it all, waving his arms, the Great Unclean One was trying to make himself heard.

"Ahh... Gentlecreatures, Children, pretties... lend your ears to your loving Father, cease thy aimless chatter, banish thy banal burlblings..."

It was quite useless, the noise continued apace, the squeals and laughter reaching a new crescendo. The Great Unclean One appeared for a moment to be hurt by his fellow daemons' rudeness.

"SHUT UP," he bellowed.

The noise stopped instantly, not even the beat of little daemonic hearts or drip of tiny daemonic noses could be heard. The brow of every Plaguebearer furrowed in concentration as each tried desperately to remember the last number he thought of. The Great Unclean One quickly regained his composure, for he was used to such things.

"Gentlecreatures our pretties... now is time to sing the songs of fate, for the moment has come for the Dance of Death!"

The Burgermeister woke from the nightmare, his heart beating like a drum and his grey limbs quivering with unreasoning terror. Cold sweat ran from his body and stained the bed clothes with fear. On the other side of the bed his fat wife slept soundly on, oblivious to his distress.

The words of the dreamsong echoed in his mind, the cries of some daemonic child threatening and taunting him.

"Flies, flies, eat up his eyes! The Burgermeister's lovely eyes!"

He shuddered as he recalled the verse of the childish rhyme ringing even now in his ears. Throwing aside the clammy bedclothes he walked to the window and threw open the shutters.

As he leaned out of the window, inhaling the cool night air, he looked over the fields and woods which surrounded the village. His own house, newly constructed from the best timber and sporting a cast-iron weather vane, was situated on gentle hill, affording fine views of the pastoral countryside.

His gaze swept across the Newfield towards Redfarm Hill. And then his heart almost stopped. There outlined against the hill was the nightmare made real, a carnival of prancing and cavorting daemons vanishing behind the rise as he watched, and there upon the breeze once more the piercing cackle and diet maddening sung.

"The eyes! The flies! The eyes! The flies! Before the Burgermeister dies!"





INVASION FROM BEYOND

Daemons can only exist in the mortal world if magically sustained, and even then are vulnerable to the inevitable ebb and flow of arcane energy. As such, they can only enter the mortal world in regions saturated with magic, where the influence of Chaos waxes strongest. Most significant of these is the Chaos gateway in the frozen north, where the abode of man and the domain of the Gods are conjoined. As this portal expands, it draws the northern territories into the Realm of Chaos and spews Daemons into mortal lands. Though this is by far the largest breach, there are many other weak points scattered across the known world, legacies of reckless magic through which the Daemons bring ruin and death.

Whilst magic flows, a Daemon is nigh unstoppable, for it cares nought for the plight of its fellows and fears nothing save the terrible wrath of the Chaos Gods themselves. Thus are the battles within the Realm of Chaos, where magic suffuses every particle of dust and air, ceaseless and interminable things, with victors but slowly determined – if indeed they are determined at all. Yet when the Daemons spill over into the mortal plane, their power waxes and wanes with the Winds of Magic, making them highly unpredictable foes. A daemonic host can vanish on the cusp of victory, cast back into the Realm of Chaos as its sustaining magic fades. Conversely, a Daemon army can be whittled away to almost nothing, only to come back stronger and fiercer than ever when the Winds of Magic howl.

Thus the greatest daemonic incursions are born of Storms of Magic, of reckless wizardly duels and other sorcerous calamities. In the frozen north, where a swirling gateway spews raw Chaos into the world, Daemons have free reign to sow terror and malice; little wonder is it then that mortal inhabitants of these climes have turned to the worship of the Daemons' masters. Yet the world is so suffused by sorcerous energy – the Winds of Magic so prone to ebb and flow

– that almost any arcane event can prove sufficient to loose Daemons upon the world. Indeed, the world contains many places where the walls between reality and uncreation are particularly thin, legacies of wild magic through which the Daemons of Chaos can bring ruination and death. There are countless other places where the tide of reckless magic is kept in check only by the careful artifice of mortal creatures – the sites of Elven waystones and Lustrian temple-cities to name but a few. The disruption – or worse, the destruction – of such places can loose so much raw magic that the resulting daemonic incursion can last years, decades or even centuries.

DAEMONIC INCURSIONS

The daemonic armies of the Chaos Gods were unleashed upon the Warhammer world many thousands of years ago, when the great polar gates created by the mysterious Old Ones collapsed. The resulting cataclysm shook the world to its core, and opened a permanent rift to the Realm of Chaos.

Since then, Daemon armies have been a constant threat to the mortal races of the Warhammer world. These incursions can happen at almost any time and place; there is a constant war against invasions from the Chaos Wastes to the north, but the Chaos Gods are able to exploit even the slightest rift in the nature of reality to bring Daemons into the physical plane.

These incursions can range from small events where only a single daemonic creature is able to manifest itself, through to massive invasions by hordes of Daemons, that can only be stopped when all of the peoples in the threatened realm unite to face the foe. No one is safe from the daemonic armies of the Chaos Gods, who have only one aim: to bring terror and destruction to all living things.



INFERNAL INVASION

From their darkling domain in the Realm of Chaos, the daemonic servants of the Gods of Chaos watch, hungering for the chance to unleash their primordial fury upon hapless mortals of the Warhammer world.

Although Daemons spend the majority of their existence locked in the unending conflict that is fought out within the Realm of Chaos, what is time to a being that has seen the birth and death of stars? Years, decades and centuries are fleeting and ephemeral to those who have witnessed the rise and fall of civilisations. For the Daemons of Chaos, that is the view they take of the Warhammer world – it is a transient thing, a playground for their desires and a battleground upon which they can enact all the horrors and cruelty that they crave.

The mortals of the world are as naught in the considerations of the Daemons, be they noble Elves, stalwart Dwarfs, valiant Men of the Empire, barbaric greenskins or hulking Ogres. The disdain of a Daemon towards such a creature might be likened to the indifference with which a cruel boy views the ants that he torments with a magnifying glass or a pot of boiling water – they are playthings, worthless except for the amusement that can be wrung from their frail, pathetic bodies. So it is that the Daemons launch forays from the Realm of Chaos, storming into the mortal plain to enact the dark horrors of their hearts.

Such invasions are bloody and brutal, for no preparation is sufficient for the monstrous power of the Realm of Chaos. As the daemonic legions pour onto the mortal plane Nurgle's greatest plagues are tested to their fullest, their results demonstrated in glorious outbreaks of pestilence and agonising death. Amidst the throng of mortals the Daemons of Slaanesh delight in the excesses of war and brutality, indulging in the carnage and cruelty of war, even as the gore-soaked footsoldiers of Khorne prove their martial superiority against any who stand in their way. Even the servants of Tzeentch revel in the destruction, inflicting change and mutation on the unwary and unwilling, delighting in the bedlam that it causes.

A TIDE OF MADNESS

Daemonic invasions are seldom motivated by territory or plunder, for the otherworldly minions of the Dark Gods have no desire for material wealth. Sometimes, incursions are a key element in some divine scheme for supremacy, the lives and deaths of mortals made over into extra pieces upon the Great Game's sprawling board. But underpinning this truth is that for both the Chaos Gods and the Daemons they command, the mortal world is another canvas upon which to paint

'They come to claim us for their dark masters, to choke the world in decadence, to drown it in disease and blood. What hope can there be for the mortal world? It is assailed by nightmares and its most dangerous dreams, each one given murderous form by the power of ancient and terrible gods.'

- Liber Malefic

their own madness. Tzeentch, the Great Schemer, sends his minions into the mortal plane to further his ineffable plans, while Nurgle, Lord of Decay, does so to encourage the growth of his beloved poxes and pestilences. Such invasions rarely last long, for these rifts can only sustain Daemons for a short time, but always leave desolation in their wake. The destruction wrought by a Daemon is often not a means to an end, but merely the inevitable by-product of that Daemon expressing itself the only way it knows how.

Like the Dark Gods they serve, the Daemons are generous with their gifts, whether the recipient wishes to receive them or no. Nurgle's minions spread plague not to bring suffering and despair, but because they are driven to do so by the dark spark of divine essence within them. They cannot conceive of why their diseases should cause such dismay amongst their victims, for a Daemon of Nurgle finds nothing more joyous than to be afflicted by pox or pestilence. Daemons of Slaanesh revel in excess, and the torment they bring is – as far as they are concerned – the most philanthropic of blessings. Similarly, Tzeentch's Daemons subvert and mutate the natural order not out of cruelty, but are motivated by a combination of their own easily provoked boredom and the assumption that their victims must similarly be driven to ennui by their static and staid existences – something instantly cured by the mutating gift of change. Only Daemons of Khorne are truly selfish, ever seeking to claim skulls for the Skull Throne and so rise to higher status in their dread master's eyes.

In this way, Daemons are akin to malicious children who possess a box of fascinating toys that are fragile by nature but unlimited in number. After all, in its own way, the mortal world is as resilient as the Realm of Chaos. A city humbled by plague or broken by war will inevitably recover; a mortal army torn to bloody ruin by fang, blade and claw or blasted apart by sorcery will soon be replenished or replaced. This may take hundreds of years and cost untold thousands of lives along the way, but Daemons don't reckon time as mortals do, and inevitably find something else to draw their interest in the meantime. If the Daemons even comprehend the harm they are causing, they most certainly do not care.

Inevitably, and with few exceptions, the mortals of the world react unfavourably to the Daemons' beneficence, and assemble their armies to do battle. Though the Daemons are always somewhat dismayed at this most obvious rejection of their gifts (all save the Daemons of Khorne, who simply view an enemy army as a single massive offering waiting to be claimed) their innate joy of battle swiftly overtakes them. After an eternity of fighting their fellow Daemons in the Realm of Chaos, the opportunity to strive against mortals – with their shifting and unpredictable natures – is a fresh and invigorating experience all of its own.

At this point, the biggest and most powerful Daemon in the host assumes overall command. Occasionally, such primacy is guaranteed by that Daemon's standing within the dark pantheon, but most of the time it is a

privilege that must be fought for. Such bouts of dominance can rage for days, as the various pretenders – and the portions of the host at their individual command – battle for control. Once his opponents have been cowed or banished, the victor enjoys unbroachable authority – for a few days at least – guaranteeing that any foe the host encounters will find the Daemons united and of a single purpose.

ARMIES OF UNREASON

For a mortal, there can be few more terrifying experiences than to be caught in the path of a daemonic army. Heralds of the gods ride at the army's head. They spread the proclamations of their masters in a tongue so dark and twisted that it somehow pierces even the guttural battle-chants of Khorne's Bloodletters and the discordant singing of Slaaneshi Daemonettes.

As the main host grows nearer, a shadow falls across the sky, the sun's light choked from the air by the unfurled wings of roaring Bloodthirsters and squawking Furies. If there are Daemons of Nurgle amongst the host, the next thing to be noticed is a bowel-looseningly foul odour, and the baleful drone of a thousand plump black flies. Now the very ground upon which the host marches starts to ripple and flow, as Tzeentch's Daemons spread their gifts of change with rampant glee; water flows uphill, trees twist into blackened and writhing tentacles and the air is suffused with multihued fire. In the final moments before battle, the daemonic host falls silent, tens of thousands of eager daemonic eyes watching to see if the mortals will stand and fight, or flee in terror. Then the air rings to the sound of a hundred sonorous horns. Roaring and

bellowing, shrieking and squealing, the Daemons hurl themselves forward to assail the doomed foe. Where the enemy is strongest, there do the daemonic horde's direst warriors attack. Soul Grinders advance with clanking stride, great iron pistons thumping and harvester cannons booming. Great Unclean Ones lumber forward, bellowing joyfully with each sweep of their rust-pitted weapons, their massive bulk smothering or trampling any foolish enough not to evade their ponderous coming. Keepers of Secrets hack and tear their way through the foe, each blow exquisitely placed to ensure maximum suffering; Lords of Change send rippling waves of untrammelled sorcery arcing through the enemy ranks, mutating and incinerating all in their path. Should a particularly bold or desperate foe withstand these, then they must hold fast before the mighty Bloodthirsters of Khorne, the raging daemonic reavers whose tireless axes claim skulls by the thousand and spill rivers of blood. Few indeed are the mortals who can manage such a feat. When the enemy breaks and flees, snarling Flesh Hounds and chittering Fiends of Slaanesh bound and skitter in pursuit. Diminutive Nurglings swarm over the corpses, picking at eyeballs and playing all manner of foul games with the discarded entrails.

THE BRINK OF DOOM

As terrifying as daemonic incursions are, they are nothing as to what would occur should the Winds of Magic grow strong enough to allow Daemons to walk the world at will. On that day, the world will be subsumed into the Realm of Chaos, and all who yet live will be consumed by insanity and death.



SWIFT AND DEADLY

The wind carried haunting cries through the raging blizzard from all around the archers, strange musical calls that danced through the air. As they gained in volume, Kobach gave the command to halt and his bunched fist brought the soldiers to a stop on the icy road. "Form up!" Kobach barked, his breath frosting the cold air. His men complied with a military precision learned over many campaigns. Despite the bulk of their cold—weather furs, the Kislevites swivelled as one to face the woodlands that bordered the road. The Boyar, Kobach, ignored the chill wind that whipped across his face and instead listened to the strangely enchanting sounds that drifted on the raging blizzard. They spoke to his deepest fears, echoing those he had heard in dreams ever since his patrol had entered the white wilderness north of Praag.

The lilting melody increased in intensity, reaching a crescendo, the strange otherworldly sounds at once jarring and caressing Kobach's nerve. A cry of alarm made Kobach's head snap to the left, breaking his reverie, his eyes glimpsing for a second a dark shadow through the snow. The silhouette was gone before he could focus. Around him now he heard the mutterings of his men as they recalled the old tales of the she—daemons, whose enchanting songs could rob a man of his senses. Here and there a handful of men tore strips of cloth from blankets and coats to bind their ears against the sound, desperate to block out the siren song. "Steady lads," Kobach called to his men, his calm voice masking his own fears as he tried to dispel the unease that spread like wildfire through the ranks.

As the blizzard continued to rage around the beleaguered Kislevites, unease swiftly turned into near panic as tendrils of mist rose and coiled around them. A cloying and pervasive perfume rose with it, heightening senses and fears. Visibility, which had already been poor, now deteriorated to the point where Kobach could no longer see the edge of the roadway, though he knew it to be mere feet away. The scent of the mist tugged at Kobach's mind and soul, at times numbing the fear he felt, at others heightening it to near unbearable proportions. As he struggled with his own terror a warrior fled the ranks, his form swallowed in mist and snow before Kobach could react. The otherworldly cries instantly ceased as Kobach lost sight of his comrade. A deathly silence settled over the huddled company, and Kobach strained to hear a sound, any sound, other than that of his own frantically beating heart and the howling torrents of snow. Then suddenly, without warning, the blizzard ceased, the winds died away and an eerie silence fell.

The silence was broken as a musical bellow split the chill air. Screams of terror and warning came from Kobach's left. He watched frozen with horror as sinuous creatures dashed out of the mist, thin heads twitching from side to side in quick movements like unearthly raptors. Astride them rode lithe female figures, their pale skin in stark contrast to the brilliant patterns and colours of their steeds. The attackers darted forward, the hues on the skins of the mounts rippling and flowing like oil on water. Behind them an almost impossibly tall shadow of a lithe, four—armed form appeared through the mist that now receded as quickly as it had come. As his terrified mind raced, Kobach recognised Soulrender of half-believed tales.

The Kislevites retreated almost as one before the attack, leaving a handful of men behind, their bound ears deafening them to the shouted warnings of their comrades. Unable to help, Kobach watched as the bird-like Daemons flitted forwards, their riders imparting delicate slashes that took the eyes of their victims before they were even aware of the danger. As he ordered the terrified soldiers to ready their bows, Kobach's last sight of those that had been left behind was the Soulrender tearing each man limb from limb in a graceful dance of carnage. As the last man died, the Daemonettes gazed across at the surviving soldiers, predatory smiles and needle-sharp teeth visible even at that distance. They started towards Kobach's men while the Soulrender remained where it was, toying with the entrails of the slain. Faced with a target, Kobach's training took over and he readied his surviving men to fire a volley. He opened his mouth to give the command but with a freak gust of wind his target was lost in a flurry of snow. When it cleared, the Daemons were gone.

Without warning, the screams began from the rearmost ranks as the Daemonettes cut into the unprepared soldiers. As his men reformed to face the threat, Kobach attempted to understand what had happened. Although his conscious mind knew that the creatures must have skirted around his unit during the flurry, the speed that their steeds possessed almost defied belief. Trying to quell his fear, he pushed his way to where the Daemons were slaughtering his men. Kobach found himself gazing up at a pale-skinned Daemonette but, as he raised his axe to cut down the delicate abhorrence, his gaze met that of the Daemon.

His conscious mind tried to goad his body into action as he stared, ensnared by the perverse beauty of the creature, but the seductive power of the Daemonette was too strong, too pervasive. As he stood enraptured, the steed lashed out with its impossibly long tongue. As it enfolded him in its glistening embrace, Kobach was started from his reverie. Frantically he struggled with all his strength, his desperate efforts pitching him into the mud, and the beast released its grip. Still on the ground, Kobach lashed out with his axe, the keen blade cutting into the leg of his opponent's steed. The creature screamed in shrill pain and flinched away, the Daemonette rider gracefully maintaining its balance atop the bucking creature.

Taking the opportunity, Kobach clambered to his feet, and swung his axe once more. This time the steed dodged aside from the blow, faster than Kobach would have believed possible, and the axe cut only air. The Daemonette vaulted gracefully from its mount, eyes glinting. Again Kobach felt the tug of its horrific allure, but with a supreme effort of will was able to resist the call. Unfortunately, his brief hesitation was all the Daemonette required. It darted forward and slashed Kobach from groin to chest with a disturbingly delicate stroke that severed flesh and bone. Kobach collapsed backwards into the mud, his axe abandoned as he tried to prevent his innards slipping out onto the roadway. The Daemonette flashed a predatory smile, its tongue flicking across pointed teeth before dashing towards its next victim. A comfortable warmth spread through Kobach's body as he lay on the ground, and a sudden tiredness pressed at his consciousness. As his men were butchered around him, suddenly the pain didn't seem so bad.



THE COMING OF CHAOS

The Daemons of Chaos have preyed upon the world for many thousands of years. Throughout recorded history not one mortal kingdom has gone unscathed. Cities have been razed and kingdoms toppled, yet these assaults pale in comparison to the greatest of all incursions, when Chaos first burst forth upon the world.

It was during the time of the mysterious Old Ones that the Daemons of Chaos first descended upon the mortal realm. The Old Ones were the architects of the world, able to twist the fabric of space and time to their will, and summon vast energies to be manipulated in the form of devastating magical spells. Borne within mighty ships that could traverse unthinkable spans in a heartbeat, the Old Ones journeyed and manipulated the world according to their whims. It was the Old Ones who brought many of the races of the world into existence: Slann, Elf, Dwarf and Man. It was they too who brought the curse of Chaos down upon the world, for there were entities that even the Old Ones could not command.



THE BIRTH OF CHAOS

For reasons long since lost to history, the Old Ones' great polar gate – the means by which they traversed the stars – collapsed; torn asunder in an explosion of raw power that shook the world to its foundation. Fragments of the gate were flung across the landscape as incandescent comets that struck the ground with enough force to level mountains and shatter continents. The poles of the world collapsed upon themselves, opening rifts into the raw ether of the Realm of Chaos. Huge amounts of chaotic material coalesced into matter in the form of a new and malignant moon.

As the skies burned and the earth quaked, the primal fears of a billion cowering souls took on unholy vigour. Borne forth from this maelstrom of emotion were the Dark Gods of Chaos. From the shadowy Realm of Chaos they looked upon the mortal realm with hunger – for the destruction of the warp gates marked not only the birth of the Chaos Gods but also the departure of the Old Ones. No one, not even the wisest of the Slann, truly knows what happened to these supreme beings. Some believe the Old Ones were destroyed or possessed by the influx of chaotic energy, while others speculate that they deemed the world lost and so abandoned it to its fate. Departed, corrupted or destroyed, the Old Ones were gone; the fledgling races of the world were abandoned and alone before the diabolical desires of the Dark Gods.

The elder races of the Elves, Dwarfs, Lizardmen and Dragons cowered in fear as blossoming clouds of flame filled the heavens and fire rained down over the continents, marking the final departure of the god-like Old Ones. The earth shook with fury and the ground opened up in gaping maws, swallowing entire lands and mountains, while cities and civilisations slipped beneath the raging waters as the oceans heaved and boiled. Reality warped and contorted as a seething rift opened and the fabric of the world itself was torn apart. Agony swept through the souls of all living creatures as invisible winds of power roared across the lands. The dark moon Morrslieb appeared in the skies, joining its brother Mannslieb to mark the birth of Chaos into the world.

The arrival of Chaos heralded the introduction of raw, uncontrolled magical energy, something far more random and dangerous than the refined power wielded by the departed Old Ones. The first races began to realise the potential that could be gained through utilising the unpredictable and dangerous powers of Chaos, this new form of energy, this magic. The graceful Elves proved particularly adept at manipulating it, and they were soon using it to aid the growth of their flourishing civilisation. But with the coming of magic, something utterly new came into existence – daemons.

Scarcely had the scattered pieces of the gate come to rest before the Chaos Gods unleashed their minions upon the world. Raw magical energy flowed over the world in ever increasing tides of rippling prismatic force. Wherever this energy touched land it crystallised into thousands of Daemons, each a powerful facet of its master that burned with the urge to destroy.



Formed of pure chaos energy, daemons poured into the world from their insubstantial realm, ready to gorge themselves on the mortals that fell before them in horror. The defences devised by the Old Ones to protect against this form of attack were overwhelmed by the sheer volume of chaos energy that pulsed into the world, though if those defences had not been in place, the world may, well have been torn apart by the sudden convergence of uncontrollable power.

A tremendous invasion of daemoniac entities swept all before them in a bloodthirsty and terrible war, for none could stand against them. The daemons rejoiced in physical form and sensation, bathing in the glorious slaughter of battle. Their invasions scattered armies before them, and all who faced the screaming daemoniac hordes were hacked down or fled, seeking futilely for safety.

Faced with annihilation, the Slann mustered the greatest armies to be seen either before or since to confront the threat. Thousands upon thousands of Saurus cohorts strove with the Daemons, able to meet the ferocity of the invaders and match it in kind. In a series of terrible wars that spanned centuries and claimed many millions of lives, the Saurus armies initially prevented the Daemons from destroying any of the Slann's temple cities. The strength of the Slann armies rested not solely in the Saurus – to begin with, the Slann were able to bring formidable magics to bear. The scions of the Old Ones split the earth asunder to swallow the Daemons, raised tidal waves to drown them and drew fiery meteors out of the heavens to crush them. For a time the Slann deemed their victory inevitable, for the greatest amongst them possessed sorcerous might that outstripped the most mystically adept of the Daemons. However, as the chaos energy flooded into the world, the balance shifted.

When Nurgle entered the world, he found it ripe with fecundity. He was irresistibly drawn to the rhythmic beat of life, but could not resist manipulating and twisting nature for his own amusement. In the ordered cosmos of the Old Ones, disease and suffering were virtually unknown. Slann, Lizardmen, Elves, and Dwarfs – their first creations – are even today long-lived creatures, little affected by disease and the ravages of old age. However, mankind was created at the cusp of the disaster and was not only imperfectly formed but subject to the full corrupting power of Chaos. They were sorely affected not just by mutation but also by Nurgle's meddling with the natural order of things. Legends among the Chaos tribes tell how a million new forms of life blossomed at the Plaguelord's will – all the viruses, parasites, and venomous pests, both great and small, that bring misery and death to the mortal realm.

As the pulses of chaos energy grew ever stronger, the Slann felt their own magic become wilder. Spells became increasingly unstable, and tiny errors in casting destroyed many hundreds of Slann, their minds ravaged beyond repair or the fabric of their bodies shredded by uncontrolled power. As the Slann grew weaker, the Daemons grew stronger. Where wild magic destroyed the Slann, it invigorated the Daemoniac legions. The Lords of Change, servants of Tzeentch, were born of such magic and could shape it to their own use.

Whilst the magical skill of the Slann had once dominated the battles, arcane supremacy was now with the Daemon hordes, turning the tide of the war against the Slann and their servants. In desperation, the Slann withdrew to their temple cities and set up a series of magical barriers to hold the Daemons at bay as best they could.





THE FALL OF XAHUTEC

For the Daemons, victory now lay in the ruination of the temple cities and the destruction of the Slann's mystical defences. Accordingly, the pattern of war shifted to realign itself about the temple cities of Lustria and the Southlands. For a time, even the ferocious might of the Daemons was not sufficient to breach the Slann's defences, but the minions of the Dark Gods hurled themselves at the cities time and again nonetheless.

The temple city of Xahutec was the first Slann stronghold to fall before the relentless Daemon advance. After many days watching his Daemonic minions batter against Xahutec's formidable barriers, the Daemon Kairos Fateweaver – greatest of the Lords of Change – divined a way to breach the warding. At the height of a fresh attack on the city, the cunning Lord of Change focussed its arcane might and opened a rift in the very heart of Xahutec. With their attention focussed upon the Daemons at their gates, the Slann within remained unaware of their predicament until the rift opened in their midst to spill forth pack after pack of snarling Flesh Hounds. Their attendants outmatched, the Slann unleashed their sorcery, but the baleful brass collars about the Daemons' necks dissipated the magical assault. The Slann and their retinues were overwhelmed in a flurry of tooth and claw, not even given the time to send telepathic warning to the other temple cities. With the death of the Mage-priests, Xahutec's magical defences collapsed. Then the slaughter began.

No longer sheltered by magic barriers nor aided by sorcery, the Saurus defenders were doomed. One by one, the jungle pyramids fell, overwhelmed by Bloodletters and Daemonettes. Pink Horrors set sorcerous fire amidst the defenders, incinerating some and warping others into unspeakable things. As the defences tumbled, Saurus fled by the thousand – but there was no escape. Furies and Screamers swooped from the sky, tearing at fugitives with fangs and talons.

By dusk, Xahutec was a corpse-choked ruin. Bloodletters stalked its glyph-adorned streets, collecting the skulls of the fallen for Lord Khorne, while Daemonettes tortured a handful of survivors in the most sacred temple cloisters simply to revel in the screams of their victims. Atop the great pyramid, Kairos Fate weaver picked through the bloody corpses of the Slann Mage-Priests, devouring their arcane trinketry before shattering the pyramid in a maelstrom of daemonic flame.

THE END OF AN EMPIRE

As the capstone of Xahutec's pyramid tumbled into the blood-clogged streets, the magical barriers across Lustria weakened. Kairos Fateweaver soon repeated his success at the temple cities of Huatl, Tlanxla and Xhotl. Fate did not exclusively favour the Lord of Change however. In the assault on Xhotl, the Slann Mage-Priests were able to hold out long enough to send a telepathic message to their brethren in other cities, warning against the Lord of Change's tactics and allowing them to take precautions.

The shamans of the marauder tribes claim that during this time, when Chaos first entered the world, the most powerful of the Ruinous Powers was Tzeentch. This was his time, when magic and mutation ran rampant. Khorne, Nurgle, and Slaanesh grew fearful that he would eclipse them, and deposed him in a massive battle fought in the Realm of Chaos.

They hurled Tzeentch from a mountain peak, and he shattered on the ground into ten thousand pieces that flew across infinity, each shard metamorphosing into a magical incantation. Today these ten thousand spells trip from the tongues of magic users all over the world.

Tzeentch's power faded, and equilibrium now exists between the Chaos gods, though each strives for dominance in their Great Game.

This myth demonstrates that all magic ultimately derives from Tzeentch, and to cast a spell is to manipulate the very essence of the Changer of Ways. Philosophers in the Empire are largely ignorant of this terrible fact (or suppress the knowledge, fearful of the consequences should the truth get out). Teclis took a great risk in founding the Colleges of Magic. Human wizards are not as resistant to Chaos as Elves, and there is always the risk that their magic will destroy, or worse, corrupt them.

So it was that when Kairos arrived at the temple city of Chaqua, his previous successes could not be repeated, for the Slann had greatly strengthened their retinues. However, so many cities had now fallen that weaknesses were starting to appear in the defences of those that remained. At Chaqua the shield was strong enough to hold something as large as a Daemon at bay. Neither Khorne's strength, Slaanesh's guile, nor even Tzeentch's magicks could break the barrier.

In the end, it was Nurgle's concoctions that brought the defences down. Bowelsteep, the Red Ague, and a thousand other poxes and pestilences infected the lizardmen defenders. They gradually sickened, their scales flaking from their bodies and their limbs wasting away until they were nothing but shivering carcasses of hide and bone. Within a week, a third of the defenders had succumbed – the city fell three days later. The magic of the Slann could not save them from the Plague Lord's diseases, and they too withered, croaking feebly as their flesh erupted with foul, cankerous lesions. The Lord of Decay, as a way of thanking them for humiliating his brothers and allowing him to claim the glory, bestowed upon them Nurgle's Rot, the most devastating of all his many handiworks. The fall of Chaqua was Nurgle's greatest victory in the first Chaos wars and a taste of the power he would hold over mortals for millennia to come.

By this time, the handful of temple cities that remained were those ruled by the very greatest of the Slann. Though they endured, the Slann empire was no more. It had once spanned the globe and proclaimed the destiny of thousands, but the ferocity of the Daemons had brought it to the edge of extinction. Elsewhere, other races were facing a similar fate.

THE FATE OF THE DWARFS

Many thousands of leagues to the east, more Daemons descended upon the Dwarfs. Under the guidance of the Great Unclean One Ku'gath, Daemonettes and Pink Horrors struck at the hastily erected Dwarf defences. The Dwarfs defended hill and crag with all the stubborn tenacity of their race, but they had never before battled a foe such as this. Only because their magic was tied up in runes, and thus safe from subversion, did the Dwarfs manage to battle the Daemons on something akin to equal terms. Nevertheless, the Daemons were relentless.

One by one, the Dwarf fortresses fell, swept from history by the Daemonic tide. In the northern mountains, a thousand unstoppable Bloodletters scaled the walls of Kazad Klad, drowning the keep's stones in the blood of its defenders. A few leagues south-west, the twin bastions of Karag Garaz and Khaz Bryn prevailed against Ku'gath's legions for near on a month, undone only when Nurgie's Rot began to fester in the tam that provided the Dwarfs with water. The walls of Kazad Kol were shattered by sorcerous fire. The defenders of Karak Grong succumbed to the allure of Slaaneshi gold, abandoning their fortifications and beguiled onto the claws of their besiegers. Soon only one great fortress remained – the deeping hold of Karaz-a-Karak – the eternal Everpeak.

Seeking no time to replenish their losses, Ku'gath's legions launched their attack on Karaz-a-Karak. Though his legions had been greatly reduced, the Plaguefather still commanded an army whose numbers were beyond counting. No opposition was encountered on the march to the Everpeak and the outer gate lay unguarded. Ku'gath, deeming his foe already broken, led his army into the tunnels and pillared caverns surrounding Everpeak, unprepared for the stubbornness of the Dwarfs that awaited him. Having drawn the Daemons onto the very walls of their underground fortress, the Dwarfs shattered their own domain and brought the mountain down. This was no act of sacrifice – while Ku'gath and his legion were utterly obliterated, the Dwarfs survived behind the walls of Karaz-a-Karak. There they remained for many long years, until the outside world was safe once more. This was to be the start of their increasing self-imposed isolation from the other races.

THE RUIN OF ULTHUAN

While the Dwarfs endured, the arrival of Daemons on Ulthuan shattered the golden age of the Elves. Until now the children of Ulthuan had lived an idyllic existence, sheltered by the Slann from worldly conflict. Had they not lived so protected, the Elves might have stood some chance against the Daemonic hosts, but as events unfolded they were totally outmatched, victims of their own innocence. When the rifts began to open along the shores of Ulthuan, the Elves swiftly realised the terrible depth of their plight. Those bows and spears the Elves had were designed for hunting, not battle. Only a handful of Elves possessed any kind of armour, and what little they owned had been crafted for ceremony, not the rigours of war. Conversely N'kari,

the Keeper of Secrets who led the assault against the Elves, had learned much in the bloody fighting against the Slann.

It was two days before the Elves were able to muster any kind of defence, and by this time the Daemonic host was deep into the forests of Cothique. Ten thousand Fives, proud but poorly equipped, met the Daemon host in battle under the forest canopy. They were slaughtered. From the emergence of shrieking Daemons from the forest mists to the death scream of the last Elf, all in all it took less than an hour for the Daemons to tear the makeshift Elven army asunder. At the last, the steadfast courage of the Elves far outmatched their experience. Though their army was outnumbered many times over, not one Elf threw down his weapon, not one Elf fled. They fought on, all the while praying to their Gods, vainly imploring them for assistance. N'kari, displeased by the lack of sport to be had from the Elves, released his followers to rampage across Ulthuan as they wished. So began the systematic destruction of Ulthuan.

Under a sky choked with shrieking Furies, ferocious packs of Bloodletters and Flesh Hounds hunted through the ruins of once-proud cities. Broken and afraid, the Elves hid in caves and sheltered on the mountainside whilst the Daemons despoiled the grace of all that they had achieved. Bloodthirsters rampaged through Ulthuan's decay, slaughtering all they found, whilst Keepers of Secrets held court in the ruins of noble palaces, wagering the souls of dismembered captives

against larger prizes. Lords of Change ransacked the alabaster towers of Elven mages, greedily consuming every last line of magical lore. Corpulent Great Unclean Ones shambled through the lands of Chrace and Avelorn, delighting as pestilence and tree-rot raged through the elder forest. The stench of fear and hopelessness was thick upon the land of Ulthuan. As the Elves cowered in their sanctuaries, N'kari drank in the heady scent of despair and rejoiced.

THE PHOENIX KING'S WRATH

For several decades, the Elves were a hunted people, enduring in places so defensible that the Daemons could not assail them. As the daemons swept through Ulthuan, the Elves despaired, seeing no hope in their dire situation. Their fortunes only changed when the power of the Elven Gods passed into Aenarion – first and greatest of the Phoenix kings. Bereft of hope for so long, the surviving Elves were quick to rally behind Aenarion and strike back against their assailants. N'kari regrouped his forces, but they were spread across Ulthuan. The delay allowed the Elven Godling to assemble and equip a mighty host.

League by league, Aenarion won back his land from the Daemons. Finally, in a terrible battle amidst the ruins of Ellyrion, N'kari and Aenarion found each other upon the field. Each could sense the power within the other, and neither wished to yield advantage by attacking rashly. It was Aenarion who ended the stalemate, throwing himself forward and striking at



N'kari without regard for his own life. The battle that followed was completely one-sided. N'kari had the power of a Greater Daemon and the blessing of Slaanesh, but Aenarion had the power of a God. Focussing his rage, Aenarion smote the Daemon a mighty blow that clove him almost in twain. As the deathblow fell, N'kari threw his head back and gave a piercing shriek that could be heard all over Ulthuan, and the Elves believed themselves free.

With the death of N'kari the Daemon host fell swiftly before the wrath of Aenarion. In less than a year the remaining minions of the Chaos Gods were driven from Ulthuan's shores, and a brief peace settled upon the land of the Elves. Yet scarcely had the Elves begun to heal their wounds when the Daemons came again, drawn by the presence of Aenarion, whose Godling might was an irresistible lure to creatures of magic. War surged across Ulthuan once again and the slaughter began anew.

Under Aenarion's leadership the Elves fought hard, but the Phoenix King could only fight one battle at a time, and the Daemons were everywhere. The world was on the brink of being conquered, and even this god-like figure could not halt the advance of the daemons. No longer inexperienced at war, for they had been forged in the fires of battle, still the Elves could not stand before this fresh invasion. Wave after wave of Daemons fell upon the Elven defences. Outnumbered, out-fought and outmanoeuvred, defeat was inevitable for the children of Ulthuan. The final doom of the Elves seemed near at hand, yet one last gambit remained. Caledor, wisest of the Elven mages, had devised a plan: he would create a magical vortex to reverse the flow of energy from the collapsed polar gates, and so prevent the Daemons from maintaining their grasp upon the mortal world. As Ulthuan burned, Caledor journeyed to the Isle of the Dead, and began his great conjuration.

THE GREAT RITUAL

As Caledor's ritual began, Kairos Fateweaver divined its significance. Without delay he led his Daemonic host from the ruins of Lustria to the Isle of the Dead, but could not breach Caledor's magical defences. As the creation of the vortex began, the seas churned and the sky roiled. More Daemons swiftly converged upon the Isle of the Dead, drawn forth by Kairos' summons. As the sorcerous powers combined, Caledor's shield began to buckle, but as the defences weakened the Daemons were themselves assailed by Aenarion's war host. So began the battle to decide the fate of the world. Bloodthirsters hacked at noble dragons and tore them from the sky. Daemons of Tzeentch blasted Elves with sorcerous fire. Nurgle's plagues laid entire cohorts low with sickness as Daemonettes and Fiends of Slaanesh darted through their ranks, slaying with wild abandon.

At the last, only Aenarion stood before the Daemons. He fought as if possessed, hacking manically at all who stood before him. Only when opposed by Greater Daemons from each of the four powers was Aenarion's fate sealed. Dealt a mortal blow, the Phoenix King



nonetheless held the Daemons at bay long enough for Caledor's ritual to be completed. The Isle of the Dead vanished into a raging storm of magical energy. Tidal waves rippled across the Inner Sea, drowning all in their path. The combined will of the Elven mages created a spinning vortex that began to siphon away the magical energy that spilled throughout the world. The magical winds gravitated towards the extreme northern and southern poles of the world, forming the twisted Realms of Chaos and the Wastes that surround them. Unable to exist in the world without their sustaining energy, the daemons were drawn back to these power-saturated areas, leaving behind a world crippled and forever scarred by their maniacal attacks.

For the Elves, victory was bittersweet. Caledor and his followers were trapped within the vortex, doomed to relive their final moments for eternity and Aenarion himself was to be seen no more. The Elven mages were lost to the world, and none since have been able to match their mastery of the mystic arts. With the focus of the magical energy now effectively isolated, the power of the magic that worldly sorcerers had at their disposal was greatly reduced, leaving the weaker mages stricken of any power at all. Set against all this was a weighty prize: the deliverance of the entire world, at least for a time.

In one stroke, the Daemons of Chaos had shattered the empire of the Slann, and decimated both the Dwarfs and the Elves. Never again would there be heroes to match the like of Aenarion. The Daemons could not be only banished, and would soon return. They would be watching and waiting for any opportunity to descend in the mortal world, and finish what had been begun. The final triumph of the Chaos Gods was now only a matter of time.

Shadows whipped around his head, screaming and tireless. He swatted at the ghostly apparitions with his own insubstantial hands, hands that ended in blackened talons. The shadow-creatures taunted him always. They blurred and changed, and he felt that he should remember what these images meant. At times he thought that he did remember, but those moments slipped quickly out of his reach again, and he was left alone again within the darkness with his frustration and his anger.

Flashes of light burned deep into his very being, irritating and disorienting him. He saw a great, powerful figure, beautiful and awe-inspiring as it led an endless horde of gibbering daemoniac creatures. Blood was shed, the blood of mortals, and it felt good. Was this himself he was seeing?



Again the images and sounds flickered out of his mind and were forgotten. Why was he so angry? Who had done him this wrong? Who was he? Be'lakor, he heard whispered, but that name was meaningless to him. Cackling laughter echoed through his being, and rage burned through him again. He screamed in torment, as

he had screamed for thousands of years, though no sound was heard. The hideous laughter rebounded back to him, and he recoiled in loathing, hating indiscriminately and without focus. What was there to focus on?

Flames danced their way around him, and he drew back into the dark shell of himself. He saw himself sat upon a great throne, high upon a mountain. Thousands of souls circled around him, begging for his mercy, their spirits unable to move on to the next plane, bound by shining chains to the mighty throne. He saw himself, a glorious and radiant figure with everything he could ever wish for at his fingertips.

"You could have had all this..." came a taunting whisper in his mind, a voice he knew was his own. He screamed, trying to drown out the voice, but he could not. "It would all have been yours, if only, if only..."

Abruptly, his vision cleared, his mind became his own once more. Darkness was around him, but it was the crisp shadow of his own realm, not the gloom of madness. A flood of memories flowed through the being known as Be'lakor, as the Harbinger, as the Dark Master. With the memories came the hatred once more, for he remembered his tragic fall from the heights of power to insanity, condemned by the cursed Changer of the Ways.

As awareness filled him with clarity, Be'lakor vowed that he would never again fall into that horrid mad existence, that endless parade of inconceivable images and sounds.

"Not this time," vowed the Dark Master.



THE FIRST DAEMON PRINCE

During the countless centuries after the dissipation of chaos energy, the early descendants of Men appeared; heavy-browed, brutal creatures. The Elves and Dwarfs traded with these primitives, though slowly at first. But, soon, Humanity spread north from the southern continent, founding simple communities along the coast of the Tilea Sea and the Black Gulf. Eventually, these peoples moved north and erected the first cities. Meanwhile, the civilisations of the elder mortals flourished, their empires growing mighty and proud, though subtly and almost invisibly influenced by the touch of the warping magical energy. The elder races began to realise the perils and potential that were intrinsically linked to the magic that they were wielding.

And though Chaos wended its ways into the hearts and minds of these peoples, and launched attacks from the swirling regions in the north, it was limited in its hold on Mankind. Throughout the millennia, Chaos would produce Daemons and let them loose, but these creatures were not of this world and could not last for long. The corruption of Warpstone and the lashing Winds of Magic created herds of Beastmen to inhabit the dim places, but still Chaos could not thrive for overlong, for without mortals to fear them, they could not sustain their will. But, then the first Daemon Prince was born.

The first of the mortals to gain immortality, being raised to the status of daemonhood by his infernal masters for countless deeds that attracted their attention and favour, was a being that came to be known in

legend and prophecy by a myriad of names – the Harbinger, the Foretoken, the Bearer and the Darkening, to name but a few. It is written in ancient tomes that the creature's original name was Be'lakor, an entity of eternal darkness and despair, but this is known only amongst a few scholars specialising in the forbidden texts.

A savage primitive from an unknown land, Be'lakor is remembered as the first mortal to give his soul to the Ruinous Powers. A powerful warrior and stalwart Champion of Darkness, the Dark Gods favoured him, luring him north to the Chaos Wastes, where he penetrated deeper and deeper into this bleak land until he came face-to-face with the maddening Realm itself. The Dark Gods rewarded his courage by destroying his mortal shell and recreating him in their image: that of a Daemon Prince.

Reborn into his new body, the Dark Master was a terrifying and overwhelming creature, and soon came to be worshipped as a deity in his own right. Filled with pride and drunk with unimaginable power at his fingertips, Be'lakor strode at the forefront of the armies of Chaos, leading endless legions of daemons that surged periodically from the poles in great wars that ravaged the land. No mortal could stand before him, and he slaughtered thousands at a whim, feasting on the souls of its victims. As his powers grew stronger with each passing day, so too did his pride, which was to prove his downfall.


Filled with overwhelming pride and arrogance, the Daemon Prince began to look on all it perceived with disdain, eventually inciting the anger of the Greater Gods of Chaos. It is written in the dark volumes that he saw himself as equal to the gods of Chaos rather than giving them their worthy respect, and that it was this act which caused his fall from grace. The Dark Master was cast down from his exalted position and cursed by Tzeentch, the Master of Fortune. The Changer of the Ways cursed Be'lakor's name, placing a destiny upon



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, taller far than they and looked with black pride on these his frightened slaves. Lie 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 heath his ashen servants turned, gripped by cold unthinking terror and fled his presence. And on the blasted heath a Daemon Prince was born.



him to become the true spirit of Chaos. From being the favoured son of Chaos, he became a hate-filled and confused spirit-creature, denied physical form. His sanity was stripped from him, and he became a random and unpredictable entity that ruled a dark realm of his own madness. The Daemon Prince would become the Harbinger, He Who Heralds the Conquerors.

For thousands of years Be'lakor existed in madness, time dragging agonisingly slowly, each passing minute feeling to him like a month. The confines of his tortured mind were constantly awash with random thoughts and ideas, filled with frustration, anger and hatred. Finally, the time came for it to arise, waking from insanity to find a world greatly changed. The humans had evolved from their primitive beginnings, though compared to the Elves and the Dwarfs they were still painfully barbaric. Exerting its considerable force of will, Be'lakor left the sustaining Realms of Chaos and travelled south over the lands, an insubstantial and dark shadow-being. Hungrily, the daemon entity took in all that it saw, longing to have physical form to rip and tear at the mortal world it perceived, to once again glory in the thrill of conquest.



THE EVERCHOSEN

But the gods had ordained another fate for the prideful Daemon Prince. A destiny was placed upon this now insubstantial and random Chaos spirit. Over thousands of years, there have been many Chaos invasions of the world, led by all manner of fell daemons and mortal warriors. However, some of these leaders stand out from the others, mighty conquering champions particularly favoured by the Dark Gods. These powerful leaders have each united the followers of the dark gods of Chaos and led the great incursions of Chaos that have ravaged the world. Each one of these invasions could well have overtaken everything, but each has been pushed back at great cost. The mark of the Chaos gods' favour on the elevated warlord who leads the incursion is the dread Crown of Domination, a powerful symbol to the creatures of Chaos that the Greater Gods have marked out this mortal leading their armies.

The pull of Be'lakor's curse weighed upon him, and he found himself compelled to journey to the northern Chaos Wastes, detesting himself for being unable to resist. The first of the great conquerors, Morkar the Uniter, was a human of particular vision and force of will who came from the nomadic northern tribe of the Taalos. He had carved himself a strong following, utilising the gifts of Chaos to elevate himself to the power that he needed to fulfil his grandiose dreams of Kingship and glory, and the gods of Chaos favoured him with their divine attentions. With anger coursing through his being, Be'lakor was compelled by his curse to perform a coronation, placing the Crown of Damnation upon the powerful man's brow as a sign of the gods' favour.

Thus the first great mortal incursion of Chaos was launched. The destruction and mayhem caused by the rampaging followers of Morkar caused a resurgence of chaos energy that pulsed outwards from the north and south poles. As the influence of Chaos expanded, daemons joined this mighty champion, marching side by side with the mortals as they rampaged forth to slaughter in the name of the gods.

Be'lakor, having performed his destined role, quickly sank back into madness, though he screamed and fought with all his considerable will to deny his fate. While some of the tribes fell in behind the armies of the Uniter, many more resisted and were destroyed as a result. Seers and shamans prophesised that a warrior would come to combat this unstoppable force of Chaos, and in their time of need this miracle become a reality. To balance out the mighty, conquering warrior of the north, a warrior was born, the saviour, destined to be the nemesis of the iron-willed champion of Chaos. Falling into insanity Be'lakor did not witness the glorious battles led by the inspired Morkar, nor did he see the rise of his nemesis, Sigmar. The savage human king from the Unberogen tribe, who would later come to be worshipped as a deity by the people of the Empire, faced Morkar in single combat, a titanic conflict that was said to last day and night. The destruction and mayhem caused by this first incursion was finally ended when Morkar fell beneath the crushing hammer of Sigmar, and the Chaos force splintered.

Over the next fifteen hundred years, more warriors have arisen to become mighty warlords and each time Be'lakor has woken from the darkness of his insanity to perform his allotted duty. Each of these conquering champions was a terrifying and unparalleled warrior, and the creatures of Chaos flocked to march at their side. In awe-inspiring swathes, the conquerors have led their numberless armies swarming out from the north, the magical energy they thrive on rolling before them. The supremacy of each of these warriors has not lasted, and the world has managed to cling to life; for each time one of them has risen, another saviour appears to oppose him. Some say that this mighty hero has been sent by the other gods of the world to oppose the Chaotic champion. Whatever is the case, the fact remains that in times of need, a mighty hero invariably appeared where and when he was needed most. With the favoured warlord slain, the armies of Chaos invariably crumble into hundreds of individual warbands that set out on their own path, fighting each other and spreading chaos and havoc in their path. Acting as individuals, they were soon isolated and pushed back into the darker realms and wilderness.

Before each coming of these powerful incarnations of Chaos, Be'lakor wakes from his tortured insanity. It is his curse to lead these mighty warlords to the eternal resting place of the Crown of Domination, to guide them along the hidden paths where they must face a number of mortal challenges in order to prove themselves in the eyes of the gods. Once the crown has been retrieved, it is the Dark Master who is compelled to complete the ceremony, and place the crown on the

warlord's brow in a dark coronation, the fallen Daemon Prince filled with jealousy and hatred. Once the crown has been placed upon the warlord's brow, Be'lakor begins to fade back into his mad state of existence, no matter how much he struggles to resist the pull of insanity. Each time he witnesses the rise of the Uniter of Chaos he is painfully reminded that they take the place that is rightfully his own. Such is his curse, that he must aid them on their path to greatness, filled with the knowledge that it is they and not he who will lead the glorious incursions against the mortal world.

MORDHEIM

The malleability of Chaos is such that Be'lakor did once manage to corrupt his pre-ordained fate and turn his curse awry, thus avoiding fulfilling his hated role. Amidst the turmoil of the second millennium, Be'lakor broke free from the Realm of Chaos once more to walk the world among Men. In the dark times when a great comet plunged the doomed city of Mordheim into twisted madness and the lands around into hysterical pandemonium, Be'lakor successfully managed to take over the body of the next favoured warlord, Khaardun the Gloried. With physical form at last, the Harbinger tried to play out the role of the champion, warping the flesh of its host into an immense monstrosity beyond sane comprehension and become the creature known as the Shadowlord. In triumph, Be'lakor laughed at the Great Gods of Chaos, for he believed that he had foiled their curse – but instead of freedom, he discovered he was trapped. The Great Gods watched on, amused at the actions of the damned Be'lakor as the daemonic entity realised that despite the magical energy that permeated the City of the Damned, in his physical form he lacked the power necessary to travel the shadow-paths to the resting place of the Crown of Damnation, paths that he walked without effort in his incorporeal spirit body. With vast quantities of Warpstone, Be'lakor

believed he would be able to restore his former glory, so he began hoarding the vile substance.

While this seems the likeliest explanation, little survived after the city was struck by the might of Sigmar's glorious hammer. What is known is that he ruled the city as the Dark Emperor, and his word was law. His minions were the Possessed, former men who had surrendered themselves to the Ruinous Powers and Daemonic Possession. Daemons walked the streets, and all of His servants gathered more and more Warpstone to create even more of these abominations. In the end, fury consumed the creature that was Be'lakor given form, who had exerted so much effort straining to reach the shadow paths, that he was totally reliant on the power emanating from the centre of Mordheim, sustaining him in the same manner that the Realms of Chaos sustains the daemonic hordes. Hatred, frustration and anger destroyed the stolen physical form of Be'lakor, sending him screaming back to the Realm of Chaos where he slipped into his downward spiral of insanity once again.

THE GREAT WAR AGAINST CHAOS

Little more than two centuries before the present time, another great incursion surged southwards intent on the destruction of the arrogant and vulnerable Empire of man. Led by Asavar Kul the Anointed, a mighty warlord who through his iron strength of will had risen to become another of the chosen conquerors, the Chaos forces rampaged through Kislev. They slew thousands upon thousands of men, women and children as Asavar Kul set about realising his ambition of glorious conquest. The Empire was corrupt and decayed to its core, caught in the strife of a centuries-long civil war and this fed the growth of the Realms of Chaos. As the



warping influence of Chaos spread southwards the land itself mutated and twisted; trees contorted into blackened skeletons, straining their branches towards warm-blooded creatures and entire herds of livestock were slaughtered as they birthed leering monstrosities, with claws in place of hooves. Pigs were said to stand up and walk around on their hind legs, and the entire lands of the Empire were gripped by mass hysteria.

As the frantic people of the Empire's provinces prayed for deliverance, Magnus the Pious, who would later become Emperor, rose to meet the challenge. He met the armies of Chaos at the gates of Kislev. Praag itself had been overrun and crushed, its streets irrevocably touched by the warping powers of magic. Seemingly filled with the divine powers of the deified Sigmar, Magnus met Asavar Kul in a mighty battle that was to once again determine the fate of the world.

Be'lakor, invisibly watching the battle from the depths of the storm clouds in the heavens above, raged and screamed in frustration as the favoured conqueror was again slain. The pull of madness was upon him, and he finally abandoned himself to the inevitable insanity. He was filled with pain and anger, for he was certain that had he himself been leading the armies of Chaos, then none could have stood before him or stopped him from bringing about a new, golden age of Chaos where it reigned supreme over the world.

DARK SHADOWS OVER ALBION

The mad and enigmatic entity regained its lucidity little over two centuries later, bursting into consciousness as the power of the dread Archaon began to build. And so forth a sixth time the Dark Master rose from his madness and regained his wits in order to fulfil this preordained fate. Be'lakor's memories of what occurred in his past resurfaced, and he once again recalled how he was hurled from his exalted status into darkness. Be'lakor, now in his guise as the Dark Master, knew that once again he would be impelled to guide the Chosen down the hidden paths to the dark realm that housed the resting place of the Crown of Domination. Hatred towards the higher powers of Chaos filled his being, and he was determined not to let history repeat itself once more. Be'lakor set about on a desperate action that would enable him to avoid fulfilling his pre-ordained destiny and regain what he had lost. Be'lakor's curse prevented his incorporeal form from seizing the Crown. The only way he could take the artefact for himself was to restore his mortal form. Only the mightiest magic could achieve this. Be'lakor believed this magic lay within far-flung Albion.

Before the rising warlord was ready to receive the crown, the Dark Master swept unseen over Albion, bringing with him a mantle of blood and destruction. He recognised that this isle held the key to his chance for escape, feeling the pulse of magical energy emanating from it. There, he tore the life energies from the very rock of this mystic isle to weave for himself a new body. He alone knew the resting place of the Crown of Domination, although it is part of his curse

that he cannot touch the Crown until the hand of the chosen warrior has retrieved it. However, if the power of the Albion Ogham stones was focused into his being, Be'lakor realised that he could regain his much coveted physical form and breach the defences that kept the Crown of Domination out of his reach. Then, with the forces of Chaos behind him, Be'lakor had planned to descend on the upstart Archaon and feed on his soul as the Gods of Chaos watched on. If he could claim the Crown for himself, it would be he who could claim the mantle of the Uniting Warlord of Chaos, and it would be he who would lead the daemonic legions on their rampage into the mortal lands of the south. Be'lakor set about attracting servants, those he could corrupt and lure to his side, for he needed minions to do his bidding and focus the power into himself.

The Dark Master turned his attentions to the Truthsayers of Albion, the protectors of the Ogham stones, and set about weeding out those who he could turn against their brethren. Promised great power and gifted with potent magic, these so-called Dark Emissaries began to abuse their ancient knowledge of the Ogham stones, turning their power towards feeding and fuelling the power of the Dark Master. A tremendous battle erupted between the Dark Emissaries and the Truthsayers, both groups seeking help from far shores, securing allies from all the corners of the Warhammer World, and the battles escalated. Thus the War of Albion was begun.



Albion was soon soaked in blood and devastation, and countless stone circles had been desecrated, their power turned to infernal, abhorrent uses. Be'lakor revelled in the bloodlust and horror. As they gained control of the stone circles, the Dark Emissaries used their corrupted powers to siphon off the wild energy of the lands, sucking the vitality from the isle of Albion to feed their Dark Master. As his powers grew, the shadowy Daemon Prince grew increasingly more solid, and he gloried as he slowly began to regain his long-lost physical form.

Goading his minions ever onwards, and greedy for the feel of material form, Be'lakor knew that his chance to escape his doomed fate had come. He began to exert his own power as it grew, and many on Albion could feel his dark shadow like an oppressive cloud hanging in the sky. To others, this feeling was more intense, and the Truthsayers themselves could feel the power of the Dark Master as a heavy pressure forcing itself into their minds. At the same time, Be'lakor began to probe the defences surrounding the Crown of Domination, feeling them begin to yield before him.

Meanwhile, the forces of the Truthsayers had been busy securing new allies, and the forces of darkness were ground to a halt. The Dark Master raged, for he knew that time was short. He could feel that far to the north, the time was nearing when the powerful warlord was ready to receive the Crown of Domination. The Dark Master knew that he must have the powerful artefact within his grasp before then, for even his will could not resist the pull of fate that would require him to fulfil his hated destiny when the time of unholy coronation came.

As the forces of darkness faltered, they began to turn upon each other, and former allies killed many of the Dark Emissaries. The Truthsayers, united within the Bastion of the Old Ones, began to perform powerful incantations, their magic converging to counter the assault of the Dark Master. In a fit of rage the Dark Master, now almost completely in solid, corporeal form, realised that his plans had been thwarted, and his grip on Albion was loosened. He knew that with the advance of his forces halted, he could not filter enough power into himself in time. As his destiny began to pull at him, he knew that he could not resist.

His semi-formed, shadowy figure filled with power, the Dark Master rose to his full majesty and swept from the towering Citadel of Lead as his destiny tugged him unwittingly onwards, leaving his minions to continue their battle against the Truthsayers without him.

But with his new-found power, a number of realisations came to Be'lakor. He knew that the great incursions were becoming more frequent, and the time was nearing when the world would be assailed by one



almighty incursion that would last until the end of time. It did not matter how long this incursion would take to conquer the lands, centuries perhaps, for time is nothing to the gods of Chaos. Hatred burned through the Dark Master, for he knew that he would not be leading the forces of Chaos in these final, glorious battles.

With this hatred came another curious thought. Be'lakor realised that with the power he had gathered into himself during the war on Albion, he was able to resist descending back into madness. He was free of his cursed destiny. Though he had not achieved all that he had dreamed, the Dark Master was far from finished with his treacherous scheming.

THE CORONATION OF ARCHAON

The Dark Master was forced once again to fulfil its destiny. Appearing in the sky above Archaon, Be'lakor descended on dark wings that filled the heavens, and the hordes of Chaos fell to their knees in reverence. The darkly angelic figure of the Dark Master bowed to its knee before Archaon, hatred burning through his immortal soul.

Seething inside, the Dark Master realised that once more he would be merely a shadow behind the rampages of the latest great conquerors of Chaos. After the crowning of the new leader of Chaos, and retiring to its own dark realm, the being sits in silence, plotting and brooding upon its fate. Having gathered itself enough power to resist falling into madness, its scheming mind is now occupied completely with grandiose dreams of power and revenge, and it is slowly formulating a dark and twisted plan to make sure that its dreams shall become a reality yet, whether the gods of Chaos wish it or not.

The rage-fuelled plans of the Dark Master are focused on seeking vengeance against the Greater Gods of Chaos. In darkness, the being known as Be'lakor concocts his final revenge, while the world becomes increasingly aware of the grim and bloody times rapidly approaching, when the lands shall once again feel the hellish grip of Chaos.

In the lands of the 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 recognise that these invasions have become increasingly frequent since their beginnings some 7,000 years earlier, and they fear that the day is near approaching when they will occur every decade, then every year, until a time comes when the world will be awash in one constant, never-ending incursion. Already, the people of the Empire are praying desperately for one to come, one to stand against the dread forces of Chaos, and one to challenge the seemingly unstoppable conquest of Archaon.

The Dwarf line met that of the northlanders with a clamour that shook the valley. At once, the booming war-song of the Dwarfs melded with the harsh cries of the plate-clad Chaos Warriors. The clash of steel upon gromril and the first cries of the wounded sounded soon after.

Be'lakor watched it all from the top of the Magewrath Throne, and hissed with amusement. Of all mortal creatures, Dwarfs were amongst his favourite to torment. Few creatures had such brittle pride as the Children of Grungni, who refused to acknowledge the terror Be'lakor evoked even as it consumed their will to fight.

The Daemon Prince did not know how the Dwarfs had learned he sought to raise the throne, to release the magics bound to his former glories, but he was glad they had come, nonetheless. Be'lakor knew that Archaon would soon demand his presence once more, and relished the opportunity for a malevolence of his own choosing.

With a guttural laugh, the Daemon Prince drew upon the magic buried in his skull-borne eyrie. At once, the shadows of the valley floor came to life. Some crawled across the withered grassland as flickering tendrils, grasping at dwarfen legs, and holding the stocky creatures fast as northlander axes hacked down. Others became vaporous clouds that forced their way through close-set helms and smothered their victims. Dwarfs dropped their weapons and clawed uselessly at their throats, ravaged lungs gasping for air that would not come.

As the shadows struck home, the trickle of terror became a flood, and Be'lakor drank it in like the headiest of wines. He could feel the panic rising in the minds of his foes, could sense limbs growing numb and reactions slowing as fear set in. Yet Be'lakor saw a defiant soul spark brightly amongst the growing darkness. Consumed by indignant wrath, the Daemon Prince took wing, resolving to slay the wretch himself.

A crack of handguns sounded as Be'lakor sped across the battlefield, but the heavy bullets passed harmlessly through his intangible form, skeins of smoke-like essence spiralling in their wake. In response, the Daemon Prince called forth a great shadowy scythe and sent it arcing through the Thunderers' ranks. A dozen Dwarfs fell dead as the blade passed through them, their bodies unmarked, but each face frozen in a rictus of terror.

With a sweep of wings, Be'lakor landed behind his chosen prey, a red-bearded fool who strode to battle naked save for his tattoos. There was no sound to

herald his coming, but the Dwarf knew it all the same. Wrenching his axe free from the bloody ruin of a Chaos Warrior's skull, he spun on his heel and swung at the Daemon Prince. The runes upon the axehead glowed blue as the blade touched Be'lakor's billowing form, and the Daemon Prince snarled in sudden pain. His return blow would have disembowelled the Dwarf, had only it connected, but the Slayer had foreseen the attack, and stepped out of the blade's swing.

The Dwarf was laughing now, making unlikely claims about the Daemon Prince's parentage, and besmirching his prowess in other endeavours. The insults mattered little to Be'lakor, but the Dwarf's continued defiance was another matter. The Daemon Prince could sense the nearby warriors taking heart from their fellow's courage – a malaise that could not be permitted.

As the Slayer swung his axe once again, Be'lakor caught the Dwarf's strike on his own blade and willed the shadows within his own daemonsword to life. They came at once, oozing from the sword to entwine the axe-blade, locking it in an unbreakable grip. Thus, when Be'lakor swept his sword away, the axe was torn from the Slayer's hands, leaving him defenceless before the Daemon. Even then, the Dwarf did not lose his valour, but came forward with meaty hands balled into fists. A moment later, he died as defiantly as he had lived, the point of Be'lakor's sword lancing through his belly.

Steaming, blood-slicked innards slid across the ground. The Slayer made one involuntary mewling noise, then fell still. At once, the courage awakened by the Slayer's defiance was smothered like a candleflame beneath an ocean. Be'lakor gave a savage smile, and took wing in search of fresh prey. There was time for a little more torment yet, before the Everchosen summoned him.





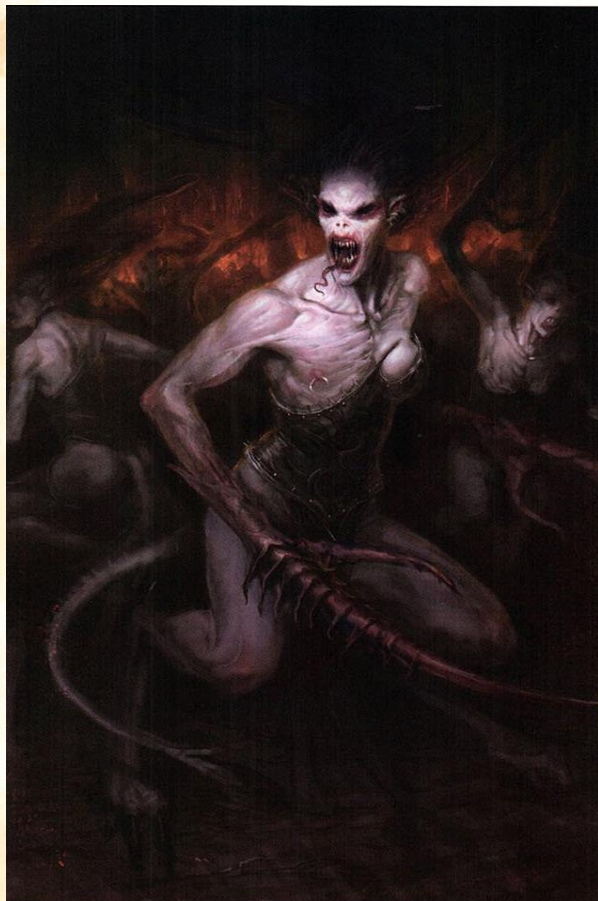
AN UNHOLY TIDE

Daemons are eternal, unchanging. While the practice and theory of war continues apace in the mortal world, the legions of the Chaos Gods remain constant. They seek only to act true to their nature, and that nature is destruction and terror.

Many are the deeds that can loose Daemons upon the world. The minions of the Chaos Gods are adept at prying apart the slenderest rift in reality. Even a careless thought, dream or prayer can bring Daemons into the physical world when the winds of magic are strong. Every realm, every province, every village, has its own tales of destruction. Some such stories are little more than myth, as is the fashion with terrible events that have grown in magnitude with each telling. Other tales are more recent and so massive in their scale that to deny the facts would be foolishness. Though Daemons have no history of their own - such concepts are meaningless to the timeless ephemera of the Realm of Chaos - it can truly be said that their intrusions into the mortal world have shaped past, present and future.

THE VAULTS OF WINTER

The Wood Elves of Athel Loren have many tales concerning the Daemons of Chaos. The most important stories are recounted by the Wardancers - warrior bards who shape stories into dances of life and death. For them the tale with the most power concerns one of their own, a young Wardancer whose pride wrought great ruin on her kin.



Cirienvel, for this was the Wardancer's name, was blessed with a skill of the dance that few could match, yet this was not enough to sate her ambitions. She prayed to Loec, patron of the Wardancers, pleading for help to surpass her peers, and to become the greatest storyteller and dancer of all. For weeks Cirienvel pleaded in her prayers. Finally, a charismatic presence, whom Cirienvel believed to be Loec himself, entered the Wardancer's dreams. Calling Cirienvel by name, the handsome being bade her enter the Vaults of Winter and seek the Casket of Dreams.

Upon waking, Cirienvel sought the advice of Naieth the Prophetess, wisest of the Wood Elf seers. Troubled by Cirienvel's words, Naieth forbade the young Wardancer to enter the Vaults. The caverns were thick with evils that only the watchfulness of Dryad guardians could contain, and the seer did not believe that anything benevolent could be found within those chill depths. Yet the seer's words found no purchase on Cirienvel, for the promise of the vision had sheathed her heart against good counsel. Taking her leave of the prophetess, Cirienvel journeyed to the Vaults of Winter. Taking care to remain unseen by the Dryads who guarded the entrance, Cirienvel slipped inside.

Time seemed to stand still as Cirienvel journeyed through the icy caverns. The guardians of the Vaults were many and foul, with the stink of evil magics about them. Some lurked in the shadows and sang alluring songs of bitter promise that misted in the chill air, Cirienvel closed her ears to them and travelled on. Others fell upon her with claws, blades and snapping teeth, yet Cirienvel was the swifter, and she dodged the attacks of the cavern's denizens and cut them down with blades of her own.

Through temptation and torment Cirienvel passed unhindered until, in the deepest cavern of the vaults, she found the golden Casket of Dreams beneath a blanket of frost. Unheeding of her surroundings and the danger that lurked close by; Cirienvel lifted the Casket from its icy cradle. Without hesitation, Cirienvel freed the hasps, threw back the lid and gasped as the power of the Casket flooded into her. In an instant she gazed upon the dreams of thousands, of untold stories and the dances that could tell those tales. As Cirienvel revelled in her prize, sardonic laughter echoed around the cavern. Awakening from her reverie with a jolt, Cirienvel sensed a foe approached that she could not best. Clutching her prize tightly, Cirienvel fled the Vaults of Winter.

The Dance of Dreams

That night, infused with the power of the casket, Cirienvel danced in King's Glade for the Council of Kindreds and an audience of thousands. Watching from the second circle of the glade, Naieth knew something to be wrong as soon as the dance began. So swift did Cirienvel move that blurred images remained in her wake, each impossible pose captured in sparkling light.

Yet as the Wardancer moved faster and faster, the silent figures that made up the tableau sprang to life. As they did so, their true nature was betrayed – they were echoes of Cirienvel no more, but Daemonettes of Slaanesh unleashed by the magic of the dance and drawn to the scent of Cirienvel's foolish pride.

The Daemonettes fell upon the gathered Elves without mercy, claws slashing and voices keening in time to Cirienvel's dance. As the Wood Elves fought for their lives, the trees of the glade writhed as if roused to agony by the Daemons in their midst. Still the tempo of the dance increased. Pink Horrors burst from the writhing tree-flesh, the light from their wild spells casting impossible shadows. The ground was slick with blood as the Daemonettes darted and struck. Bloodletters emerged where the slaughter was greatest, hauling themselves out of the blood-soaked earth. Through it all, Cirienvel danced on, as unable to stop her motion as she was to undo the harm it had wrought. A massive creature began to take shape within the centre of the glade, translucent almost to invisibility; but becoming more solid with each movement of the dance.

Bowstrings sang out across the glade as the Elves fought back. Some arrows shattered against Daemonic skin, but others bit deep. Kinband chieftains shouted orders. Glaive opposed Hellblade and sword parried claws. Hundreds fell on each side, but the Daemons cared not for the loss. For their part, the Wood Elves could not yield lest the minions of Chaos run rampant through the sacred land of Athel Loren. Gnarled and ancient Treemen joined the fray, their craggy forms casting evil shadows in the light of the fires. Dryads

burst from the treeline to claw and impale Daemonettes with their talons. Yet even these interventions could not reverse the plight of the Elves.

Through it all, Cirienvel danced ever faster. The more swiftly she danced, the more swiftly did the Daemons appear. The Wardancer was a blur, moving far faster than any mortal. The horned figure at the dance's heart threw back his head and peals of dark laughter swept across the glade. It was then that Naieth glimpsed salvation - she saw the Casket of Dreams, curiously untouched by the maelstrom of battle. The Prophetess reached out to the wild magic billowing through the glade. Taming a portion of energy to her will, Naeth lashed out thrice at the Casket of Dreams with tendrils of sorcerous fire. On the third strike, the chest burst asunder. Filigreed fragments hurtled across the glade. Cirienvel collapsed – a puppet whose strings had been severed. The horned figure vanished. The air crackled and warped where the casket had sat, and the Daemons were cast into the screaming rift, buffeted by unseen winds that found no purchase on the Elves. Within seconds, it was over.

Though Naieth's actions had saved Athel Loren, Cirienvel would bear the mark of her folly for the rest of her life. Though she had survived, a terrible numbness had settled into her limbs. Ever after, Cirienvel's movement was pain-wracked and clumsy. The skill of the dance had gone from her, sacrificed to the creator of the Casket of Dreams. For the rest of her life, Cirienvel was haunted by the memories of what she had once been, and of the horned beast who waited to claim her soul.



THE BATTLE OF KRUDENWALD

One of the most famous Daemonic incursions in the Empire is the Battle of Krudenwald, where the Bloodthirster Skarbrand and the Great Unclean One Father Necroth nearly obliterated the holdings of Man within the Drakwald. Many learned scholars of the Empire have tried to discover what led to the incursion itself. While opinion is divided on the matter, the strongest theory blames a series of raids, carried out by the army of Count Hagstaf, against beast enclaves within the Drakwald. In the pursuit of his duty, Hagstaf toppled and destroyed many primitive beast-totems. Such unclean edifices are believed by many learned men to have great magical potential, and the destruction of so many in so short a time would have seeded much of the Drakwald with magical energy. Enough, in fact, for Daemons to cross into the mortal world a handful of leagues west of the Drakwald town of Kelp.

And so, Count Hagstaf's army, already weary from its successes in the Drakwald, battled the Daemonic host astride the Krudenwald-Kelp road beneath a sky thick with thunder. Hagstaf's forces were drawn from three states, boasting some of the finest infantry, artillery and cavalry in the land, yet even so, they were hard pressed. Of the battle's west flank – where the Knights of Sigmar's Blood and several bands of Teutogen Guard valiantly opposed the onslaught of Skarbrand's Bloodletters - there are no records, for not one man survived to inscribe any. Conversely, the private library of the Hagstaf family boasts many fine accounts of the battle's eastern flank – although it should be noted that most such records were scratched out in fever wards, and so may be coloured by the madness of those pox houses.

An Engineer's Report

One such surviving report, penned by Unstoffe von Kreil, the Engineer supervising Hagstaf's artillery, recalls the desperation of the battle. Von Kreil commanded four cannon, each served by experienced crew and sat wheel to wheel on the firmest part of the road. At Von Kreil's command, roundshot after roundshot ploughed into the ranks of the Plaguebearers, punching swirling holes through attendant fly swarms and tearing great gouts of rotting flesh through the shambling Daemons. Yet even as each iron missile came to the rest, Daemonic bodies began to reknit. According to von Kreil, even a severed limb appeared to cause a Plaguebearer little in the way of hindrance. Indeed, he notes several instances of such a Daemon examining the wayward appendage with puzzlement, merely holding it tight to the body whilst the tissue reformed itself.

With his artillery threatened by the seemingly invulnerable Plaguebearers, Count Hagstaf ordered the Jagerhausen regiment, famously tenacious veterans of a dozen Drakwald beast-raids, to carry their halberds against the Plaguebearers' flank. Swallowing their fear, and more than a few mouthfuls of plump black flies, the Jagerhausers charged into the cannon smoke.

Initially, sharpened steel seemed to prevail where the brute force of a roundshot had not. The Plaguebearers' recuperative nature was of little use when one halberd was thrust in its belly and a dozen more hacked at its torso and head. Yet it took at least four or five Jagenhausers to fell one Daemon, and the vile iron swords of the Plaguebearers swiftly took a tithe of the Jagenhausers' strength.

Despite the odds, the courage of the Jagenhausers paid tribute to their reputation. Unheeding of the corpses that lay underfoot, the Middenlanders fought on – though they did so as silently as their unholy foes, lest they invite a mouthful of oily flies. Saved by the charge of the Jagenhausen Regiment, von Kreil had ordered his cannon to rake the Plaguebearers with grapeshot. With the Daemons caught between steel and shot it must have seemed, for a moment, as if victory was near. Only when the massive bulk of Necroth loomed out of the cannon smoke, bellowing with laughter and whirling his iron flail with punishing force, did the Jagenhausers break.

Kreil's account states that the Engineer ordered his gunners to retreat as the terrified halberdiers flooded past. However, he candidly ascribes their survival not to any timely order of his, but the arrival of Count Hagstaf, and his War Griffon, to the fray. Though Kreil speaks well of the Count's valour, it is clear from other accounts that he served better as a distraction than a hindrance to the lumbering Great Unclean One. Several eyewitness testimonies recount Necroth's gargantuan indifference to the blows rained upon him by man and beast. Even more recall the appalling sight of Necroth hefting the barrel of an abandoned cannon in one hand and smiting Hagstaf's Griffon repeatedly about the head with it.

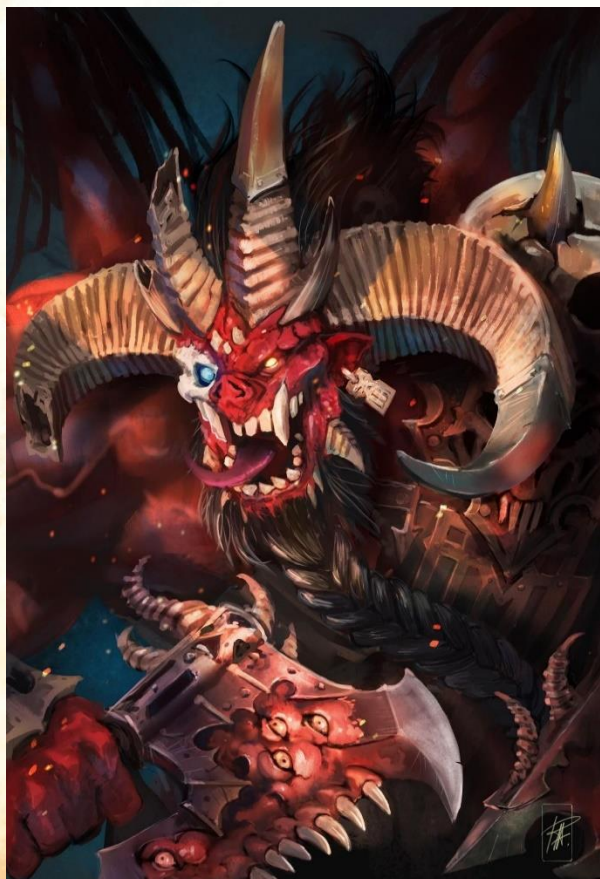


A Fortunate Betrayal

It was as Hagstaf tumbled into the bloodstained and feather-strewn mud, Krell insists, that the course of the battle was changed. As Father Necroth bore down upon the stunned Count, the corpulent Daemon was struck from behind by Skarbrand, who had long since run his own opponents to ruin. Krell does not claim to know for sure what motivated the Bloodthirster to attack his ally, but proposes that Skarbrand saw it as his right to slay the enemy commander and reacted furiously when Necroth attempted to pre-empt him. Taken unawares, Necroth was apparently vanquished with ease by the Bloodthirster. Regardless of motivation, this treachery cost Skarbrand the battle.

As Skarbrand triumphed over his former ally, Hagstaf recovered his wits enough to order his remaining troops to open fire. In Kreil's account, every cannon, handgun and pistol in the Empire lines was discharged at Skarbrand. The creature was torn apart in a fusillade of bullet, shot and shell – indeed, its head was retained as a trophy by Hagstaf until the unfortunate and unforeseen slaughter at Hagstaf manor some eight years later.

Given fresh hope following the death of Skarbrand and Necroth, Count Hagstaf rallied his army and triumphed over those Daemons left upon the field. Krell is one of many who recorded that the Plaguebearers and Bloodletters seemed more vulnerable to harm with the death of their overlords. It was, he noted, as if the Daemons could no longer draw upon the vile energies that sustained them. So it was that Count Herdred Hagstaf snatched a celebrated victory from defeat, and won a historic battle over the dread powers.



THE SACK OF BRAQUIRON

On Winter's Eve, almost 500 years after the reign of Gilles the Breton, hell came to the Bretonnian town of Braquiron in the dukedom of Quenelles. As dusk fell, spouts of flame sprang up on the borders of the domain, cutting Braquiron and much of the surrounding valley off from the rest of Bretonnia. Sensing something terrible was soon to occur, Baron Callard mustered his knights and yeomen. All too soon, a stream of bloodied and terrified peasant refugees confirmed the Baron's fears. Two great hosts of Daemons, each led by a single Bloodthirster, were converging on Braquiron from north and south, slaying all in their path. Canard beseeched the townspeople to flee into the hills or take shelter in his keep and led his followers south, hoping to defeat each horde individually before they could combine.

GEHEIMNISNACHT

The dark moon Morrslieb is full only one night a year, when its orbit brings it closest to the world. This night is known by many names: Geheimsnacht in the Empire and Winter's Eve in Bretonnia, it is Twilight's Tide to the Elves and Ar'Uzkul to the Dwarfs.

On this night, sensible folk lock their doors and bar their windows, but for the followers of the Dark Gods this is a night of celebration. Morrslieb is accursed, a moon formed from material cast into the skies when Chaos first burst upon the world, its proximity strengthens the Winds of Magic, weakening the borders between reality and the Realm of Chaos. On Geheimsnacht, small rifts become large and large rifts become immense, allowing thousands of Daemons to walk the mortal world for one night of mayhem and destruction.

Morrslieb's chaotic orbit means that Geheimsnacht never falls upon the same day in subsequent years, but mortal folk take care never to be surprised by its onset. Defences are strengthened on this, the unholy of nights, with special care given to those places rumoured to hold the favour of dark powers.

In the Drakwald and Mousillon, peasants abandon their hovels and take shelter in castles and fortified inns. In the Ogre Kingdoms, cauldron after cauldron of bloody meat are sacrificed to appease the Great Maw and secure its protection for the faithful. Beneath Zhuffbar, ill-famed caverns are sealed tight by Runesmiths, their exits guarded by dour Ironbreakers and eager Slayers. Across Ulthuan and in the depths of Athel Loren, prayers are whispered to Isha and Asuryan in the light of the sacred phoenix flames. Rich and poor, young and old; all hope that the evils of Geheimsnacht will pass over them; all hope that the night of evils will leave them unmarked by its infinite malice.

Eventually darkness retreats from the sky. Morrslieb begins its slow wane and folk venture out into the new dawn. Some discover neighbouring villages razed to the ground, no trace of the inhabitants to be found save for blood on charred timbers. Others take axes to trees that have twisted into unspeakable shapes, burn crops rotten through with pestilence, or empty barrels now choked thick with black and diseased blood. All give thanks to have survived another Geheimsnacht, and fearfully begin counting the days until it is upon them once again.



The Baron's army confronted the Daemon host two leagues south of the city. Pennants fluttered in the wind as the Bretonnian knights charged into the midst of the foe. At first, the battle seemed to favour the sons of Bretonnia, as the knights drove deep into enemy lines, lances and swords piercing scaled hides and severing foul limbs. As the tang of blood filled the air, a terrible fury awakened in the Daemons. They struck back against the knights with hellspawned rage. Flesh Hounds tore out the throats of horses, pitching the knights to the ground for Bloodletters to disembowel.

Each stroke of the Bloodthirster's axe slew a dozen men. Within moments, the Bretonnian charge was in disarray, and eight-score knights doomed to a terrible death. Callard himself was only saved through the cowardice of his steed. As the Baron led the charge, his horse was consumed with terror and bore him away at great speed. By the time Callard had calmed his horse the battle was over. The Baron's proud army was now a grisly collection of skull trophies and steaming horseflesh. Stung by the shame of defeat, Canard reluctantly set spurs to his horse and returned to his castle and the siege he now thought inevitable.

A Daemonic Duel

In the wake of the slaughter, the Daemons resumed their march upon Braquiron, utterly ignoring Castle Callard and its feeble garrison. From the ramparts of his keep, the Baron watched as the two hosts spat curses at each other across the town square. Few of the keep's defenders slept that night. Those that did suffered from dreams haunted by the howls of Flesh Hounds and chanting of Bloodletters as the two hosts

performed pre-battle rituals. Then, as dawn broke, the Daemon hordes ceased their cacophony. The Bloodthirsters hefted their axes in salute, and the carnage began. Within moments, the town was embroiled in the most savage battle Collard had ever witnessed. The valley trembled as the two Bloodthirsters hacked and cut at one another, bellowing insults and challenges. The other Daemons fought for their overlords. Legions of Bloodletters hacked and clawed, chanting the Blood God's praises as hellblades rose and fell. Flesh Hounds clawed at one another with single-minded ferocity.

So it went on for a dozen days and nights. Though the battle raged back and forth across the increasingly ruined town neither Daemonic host could prevail. As the town below drowned in a sea of blood-gorged madness, Baron Canard watched from the ramparts of his castle, helpless to prevent the destruction. Buildings collapsed under the weight of battling Daemons, or were demolished by the sweep of a Bloodthirster's axe gone astray. Temples were tainted by spilt Daemon blood. Fallen pillars and roof beams were wielded as weapons, while the Bloodthirsters seized huge chunks of rubble and hurled them as missiles into the ranks of Bloodletters. With every hour that passed the two armies dwindled, worn down by mutual bloodlust and ferocity.

On the morning of the thirteenth day, only the two Bloodthirsters remained standing. Their titanic battle had brought them to a vine-strewn Grail Chapel, sanctuary of the fabled Sword Perilous. This desecration finally spurred Canard into action. Bad enough that he had been forced to watch as his land and his knights were ravaged, but Callard could not allow the raging Daemons to despoil the Grail Chapel. Callard did not credit his chances against the two behemoths that remained, but the shame of flight from battle – unwilling though it was – urged the Baron to try.

Callard Rides Out

Ordering the gate unbarred, Canard mounted his destrier and rode down into the valley. Everywhere tokens of profitless slaughter stood in testament to the battle that had raged. As the knight spurred onwards through the smouldering rubble that had once been Braquiron, wounded Flesh Hounds ceased gnawing at their own entrails to snap at his horse's legs. Countless scrawl-covered banners lay trampled into the mud, their bearers hacked and torn apart. Piles of oddly-shaped Daemon skulls were stacked amongst the rubble, leering dark promises of death at Callard as he passed.

Ahead, in the ruins of the chapel, the gore encrusted behemoths fought on. Already their battle had tumbled the outer walls, laying the shrine's altar bare. The hillside shuddered with each blow, yet still neither Daemon could best the other. With one final prayer to the lady, Callard mustered his courage and set his lance. The knight screamed a challenge as his horse sprang forward, yet the Daemons heeded him not until he was within striking distance.

'I see a world drowned in fire and I plague, where madness is the only reason, and death is the only respite. That world will soon be ours, unless we fight these hellspawn with every weapon at our command.'

-Luthor Huss, Prophet of Sigmar

Guided by the Lady, the lance struck the closest Daemon, the knight's momentum driving the iron tip through the brazen armour. Rage and pain mingled in the bat-winged behemoth's roar. It swung around to face the knight, dealing Callard a savage blow that sent him tumbling from the saddle onto the altar of the shattered grail chapel. Yet, in so doing, the Bloodthirster had turned his back upon his brother Daemon, which now smote him a mighty blow that snapped his spine and cast him to the ruined ground. The axe rose and fell again and again before the wounded creature could recover, each swing marking the walls and weed-strewn flagstones with trails of blood. Eight times the axe rose and fell, and on the eighth stroke the victorious Bloodthirster severed the head of his fallen opponent.

The Champion is Chosen

Callard watched as the Daemon lifted the grisly trophy by its braided hair and brandished it at the sky. As the Bloodthirster threw back its head and bellowed a cry of victory Callard remembered the slaughtered knights in the valley below, the ruin that had been wrought on Braquiron. Rage flowed into the Baron and with it came fresh courage and strength. The knight hauled himself to his feet and drew the Sword Perilous from its sheath upon the altar.

The anger rose within Canard once again, and the knight embraced it. Lessons in swordplay and fencing fell away like wilted leaves. Callard struck at the monster again and again, with no thought of tactic or finesse, senselessly battering the creature with all the strength he could muster. Impossibly, the injured knight began to prevail, his rage overwhelming his foe's defenses. Callard's third strike shattered the beast's left hand, and its barbed lash fell to the ground. His fifth broke the Daemon's thigh and his seventh near severed a wing.

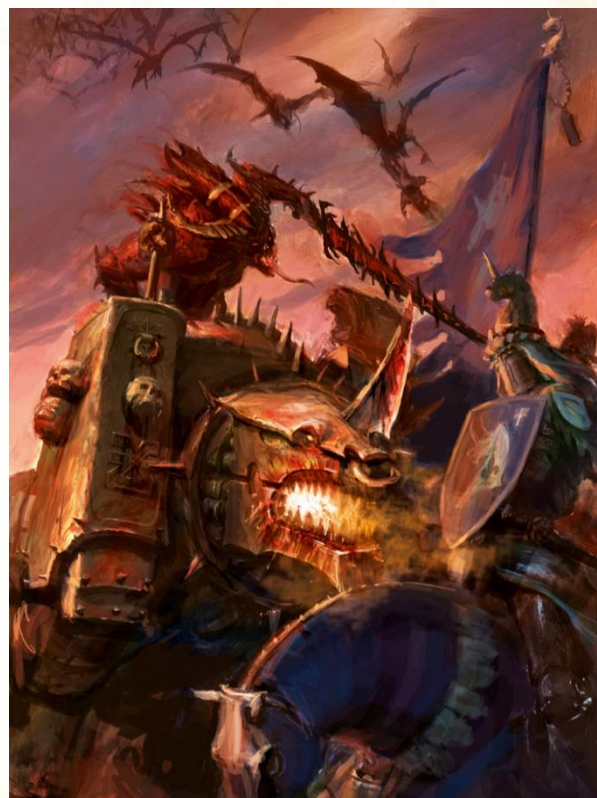
In desperation the Daemon cast aside its axe. Closing its undamaged taloned hand around the knight's neck, the Bloodthirster began to throttle its foe. As the creature's grip tightened, Callard's vision grew dimmer. He could feel his bones grating under the Daemon's fearsome grasp and realised he had but seconds to live. With his final breath, Callard thrust the Sword Perilous forward one last time. The gleaming blade penetrated the Bloodthirster's armour and pierced the creature's black heart. The Daemon gave a final bellow, and collapsed.

On the other side of the valley, the yeoman warders of Castle Callard cheered as shadows fell from the sky. The curtains of fire that had severed Braquiron from its neighbours vanished, and the wan sunshine returned to the valley. Of the Daemons no trace remained, save for the rank ichor that stained every inch of the town's

ruins. The Sword Perilous was discovered amid the ruins of the Grail Chapel, its golden finials melted and blackened. Of Sir Callard, there was no sign. None could be sure of what had occurred in that final battle, but Callard would be remembered as a hero, a knight pure enough of heart to vanquish the greatest of Daemons. Darker tales abound, however. Some whisper that Khorne was so impressed with Callard's battle prowess that, at the last, the Baron was spirited away to the Realm of Chaos, where he would serve the Lord of Skulls for eternity.

THE BATTLE OF SKY'S FALL

Although accurate accounts of a daemonic invasion are (perhaps thankfully) hard to come by, in 2031 renowned Bretonnian bard Tyness Evain recorded in alarming detail the siege of Montfort. A powerful citadel, Montfort could doubtless have withstood an ordinary siege for months, however Daemons of Tzeentch tore their way through the firmament to descend upon the terrified defenders from above. Hundreds of peasant archers died as the two-headed abomination known as Fateweaver reduced the eastern ramparts to boiling slag and though three score Pegasus Knights flew up to assail him they instead found themselves in a dizzying aerial duel against shoals of Screammers. Evain's detailed and somewhat blasphemous description of events eulogises the myriad colours and coruscating patterns amongst the thousands-strong daemonic throng and makes witty rhymes about the eye-searing colours of the army, but the prose becomes deadly serious as he describes the scintillating hide of the Daemon Prince that sundered the gates with its claws. He extols the virtues of Sir Callain as he desperately fought to protect the Prophetess of the Lady and his verses take a melancholy tone as Callain finally faltered, his shield shattered and his breastplate smashed.



To the scholar of the arcane, such an account reveals a great deal of the nature of the daemonic and the ways in which they organise their attacks. Evain describes serried ranks of Pink Horrors, gibbering and exulting beneath sacrilegious banners, the twin-headed Kairos directing their malice. He talks of packs of Flamers of Tzeentch scouring the battlements with arcane fire and brotherhoods of Daemon Princes rending and tearing through the Knights of Bretonnia. It is a harrowing account for its uncompromisingly vivid portrayal, offering a chilling insight into a daemonic attack.

THE BLOOD TIDE

One tale that shows a very different dynamic within the hosts of the Daemons comes from the records of the Dwarfs of Karak Kadrin and is inscribed in the book of grudges kept to this day by Ungrim Ironfist. While the stalwart throng of Karak Kadrin fought against the raging minions of the Blood God, the pestilent children of Grandfather Nurgle attacked with quiet and cunning, Mur'gagh the Thrice Pustulent leading his Coterie of Disease up through the catacombs and tunnels. The armour of the Ironbreakers was little protection against the tide of filth that lapped around their misshapen feet and sloshed against the walls of the tunnels, and in only a few hours Mur'gagh's warband of Plaguebearers had overrun the Under Wardens, filling the lower levels with a putrid mixture of blood and effluent. Realising the plight of his people, King Kram Starhammer gathered his Runesmiths and led a counter-attack deep into the bowels of the earth. In time he and his bodyguard managed to corner the Coterie of Disease and banish them with their runic weapons, but not before a grievous wrong was perpetrated. Although the Dwarfs fighting above the surface drove back the Daemons, three hulking Bloodthirsters of Khorne surged through their lines. Bellowing profane warcries, the Tetragore of Skullgrind slaughtered their way through Karak Kadrin, inexorably drawn towards the workshop of the ancient Runelord Skalf Ironbrow. Although Skalf was mighty and wise, before the fury of the Tetragore he stood little chance. They dismembered the aged Dwarf with the same atavistic



savagery that they turned against his works, shattering the precious Anvil of Krong and a dozen irreplaceable runic items. Although King Kram, weary beyond measure was able to drive the Tetragore from his hold, Skullgrind's brotherhood of Bloodthirsters left bloody carnage in their wake, the halls of Karak Kadrin littered with Dwarfen dead.

What the Daemons of Khorne and Nurgle sought to gain from such an alliance remains a matter of some debate amongst the Runelords and skalds of Karak Kadrin, even thirteen hundred years later. Many maintain it was a directionless act of brutality, unprepared and unplanned. Other, perhaps wiser minds draw the connection between Skalf Ironbrow's boasts concerning a new rune that would humble the gods themselves and the fact that the Dark Gods will not be mocked.

N'KARI'S REVENGE

In 2173, scarcely ten years after Finubar the Seafarer ascended to the Phoenix Throne of Ulthuan, a black storm swept across the fair isle of Ulthuan. The seas boiled and the skies rained fire down upon the land. Many Elves drowned in swollen rivers, were crushed beneath collapsing buildings or incinerated by bolts of polychromatic lightning. Great was the ruin wrought on Ulthuan that night, but the worst was yet to befall the land.

At the storm's height, the great waystone atop Mount Antorec was uprooted and hurled into the valley below. Before the broken shards of the monolith had even come to rest, a cloud of Chaos Furies had clawed their way into the mortal world, tearing reality like wet paper and their mere presence widening the breach further. Moments later, a far more monstrous form forced its way through – the Keeper of Secrets N'kari was reborn into the mortal realm. As the swarm of Furies swooped and cackled far above his head, N'kari stole the magical essence of the storm for sustenance and focussed his own magics on the rift, bringing through a host of Daemons to do his bidding.

The Destruction of Tor Annan

The first town to feel the wrath of N'kari's horde was Tor Annan, a provincial holding in the valley beneath Antorec. The defenders fought back, but could not hope to prevail against the unholy fury that was unleashed upon them. Furies dove and wheeled through the sky like misshapen bats, their shrill cackles and cries freezing the blood of all who heard them. Rage-maddened Bloodletters and Bloodcrushers hurled themselves again and again at the defences, splintering wood and shattering stone, desperate to slay the Elves that cowered inside.

N'kari waded through the bloodshed and the Elves scattered before his coming, all save Eanith, Lord of Tor Annan, and his household guard. They formed a wall of spears opposing the Greater Daemon's onslaught, only to have their weapons splinter on the Daemon's hide. Snapping Eanith's sword beneath the pincers of his massive claw, N'kari thrust his fist into

the Elf's chest. Closing his fingers about Eanith's heart, the Daemon tore the still pulsating organ from the noble's body. N'kari brandished the heart briefly before the Elf's dying eyes, bellowed in triumph and swallowed it whole. Casting the limp corpse aside, the Keeper of Secrets turned his back on the ruins of Tor Annan, and sought out his next victim.

Scarcely had the echoes of battle about Tor Annan ceased when N'kari struck once again, riding the tides of magical energy to instantly emerge on the other side of Ulthuan, scant leagues from Tor Yvresse. Once again, the Elves responded swiftly. Although sorely pressed, the defenders of the fortress were able to hold the Daemons at bay while aid arrived from Cothique and Hoeth. N'kari withdrew his forces at the battle's height, retreating into the Annulii Mountains.

Over the next month, the pattern continued. N'kari struck at outposts in the Dragon Spine mountains, Avelorn and many other provinces of Ulthuan. Indeed, few areas of the Elven realm remained unscathed. Yet each time N'kari would suddenly abandon the battle, sometimes within minutes of achieving a devastating victory. With no end in sight, and the Elven nation in a state of terror, the Phoenix King ordered every seer in the realm to focus their powers of divination on ending the threat, lest the Daemon's dread presence befoul Ulthuan entire.

A Thirst for Vengeance

After much meditation, the cause behind the attacks became clear. With horror, the Elven seers realised that this abyssal monstrosity was the very same being who had led the invasion of Ulthuan over six thousand years ago, slaughtering millions and shaking the Elven civilisation to its core. During that great struggle, the first Phoenix King, Aenarion, destroyed N'kari's mortal form. The Daemon's immortal essence had spent the intervening millennia reknitting a host body, dreaming dark designs of vengeance upon the arrogant mortals who had thought to slay one as mighty as he. The seers believed that N'kari had been reborn a thing of vengeance, consumed with a need to settle old scores. As such, the incursions that had recently plagued Ulthuan were far from random, they were directed by the cruellest of motives. N'kari was carving his vengeance on the descendants of Aenarion, bringing towns and fortresses to battle long enough to spirit his victims away to face the eternal torments of Slaanesh.

Over the many thousands of years since the time of Aenarion the Defender, the hallowed bloodline had prospered and diffused throughout Ulthuan. Not all the scions were of noble rank and had little to connect them beyond their lineage. As such, their disappearance on battlefields where many hundreds of Elves had been slain had gone unnoticed and unconsidered by all but kith and kin.

The seers believed that almost all known scions of Aenarion's line had now been accounted for – either lost to N'kari's rage, or away from Ulthuan and therefore, hopefully, safe for a time. The remaining heirs were twin princes, scarcely beyond childhood by



the exacting standards of Elves. Their names were Tyrion and Teclis. Each carried Aenarion's mark, though in different ways. Tyrion had learned his lessons well and already had both the skill and confidence of a warrior born. Teclis, though weak of body, had proved himself adept at the myriad magical arts. The princes were hurriedly summoned from their home in the Cothique woodland and spirited away to the safest place in all Ulthuan – the shrine of Asuryan. There an army drawn from the finest troops the Elves could field would defend the princes against all possible peril.

As divined, N'kari's attack came soon. Scarcely a day after the Shadow Warriors first brought reports of Daemons in the mountains of the Eataine peninsula, the Keeper of Secrets' vanguard marched within sight of the shrine. As the Daemons advanced, N'kari sent intoxicating visions flowing over the walls of the shrine to bedevil the dreams of those within. Many Elves succumbed to these illusions of desire and phantasms of fulfilment. Some fell into deep comas, never to awaken. Others threw aside armour and weapons, marching blindly into the Daemon hordes and being torn to shreds, or casting themselves from the cliffs to perish on the jagged rocks below. As Elven mages hurried to counter this insidious attack, N'kari urged his legions forward.

The Battle for Asuryan's Shrine

Within moments, the stony slopes of Asuryan's Isle were engulfed by N'kari's hordes. Daemons darted and leapt across the jagged rocks, paying no heed to the clouds of arrows launched into their ranks from the

shrine's walls. Lords of Change hurled bolts of sorcerous fire at the defenders, cawing with delight as Elves twisted and burnt in multi-hued flames. Flocks of Furies swarmed across the defenders, plucking unfortunate Elves from the walls and casting them onto jagged rocks. Nurglings oozed their way through gratings and coverlets to tear and bite at the ankles of the defenders. Asuryan still watched over his shrine however, and daemonic flesh blackened and burnt wherever it touched the walls and fortifications. Yet still the horde came on.

Through it all, the Elves fought without hope, knowing that to yield was to deny the sacred trust of Aenarion. Along the walls, each strove without thought for his own life, hacking at Daemonettes and Plaguebearers until armour and stone were stained with Daemon blood. A hundred unnamed heroes struggled and died that day, Archers from Yvresse and Swordmasters from Hoeth fought alongside knights from Caledor and ElEynon. Wherever the fighting was thickest, there fought the Phoenix Guard, striving as if to drive back the foe by their valour alone. Yet the Daemons cared not for their losses – they were swept up in N'kari's madness.

Finally, the Elves were undone not by a lack of courage or skill, but by the timbers of the shrine's gate. Battered by sorcery and daemonic might, the gate collapsed under the immense weight of a Beast of Nurgle. The Captain of the Phoenix Guard led a desperate counter attack, cutting great wounds in the Beast's flank, but to no avail. The Beast lolloped forward with a burble of joy to greet the onrushing Elves, crushing a dozen

beneath its massive bulk. Momentarily confused by the choked screams, the Beast halted. The colossal creature seemed content to examine the twitching forms of its victims. It was still poking and prodding with pseudopods and tentacles when a wave of Bloodletters burst through the ruined gate.

Finally, the Elves were undone not by a lack of courage or skill, but by the timbers of the shrine's gate. Battered by sorcery and daemonic might the gate collapsed under the immense weight of a Beast of Nurgle. The battle now devolved into a primal contest of survival. Groups of Elves fought back to back as Daemons swirled and slaughtered their way through the shrine. Now the balance of arms began to tilt in favour of the Elves. The merest wound left Daemons vulnerable to the holy power of Asuryan's shrine, and the weakest of N'kari's horde were consumed by cleansing fire. N'kari stepped through the ruined gate and drank in the heady scent of fear and slaughter. None could stand before him, and he strode swiftly through the chaos of battle, climbing the Stair of Eternity and into the innermost sanctum of Asuryan where his prey waited.

The Inner Sanctum

At the last, only twenty Phoenix Guard stood between N'kari and the twin princes, yet the Elves did not yield. The guard fought bravely, on stones already slippery with carnage, yet N'kari would not be denied vengeance. As one arm darted to block the guards' halberds, another gracefully disembowelled half a dozen opponents. Bolts of shrivelling fire burst from N'kari's eyes to consume the rest of his foes. As the last desiccated corpse fell, the young Tyrion knew his defence, and that of his brother, fell solely in his hands. He mouthed a prayer to Asuryan, drew his sword, and went to meet his destiny.



In the wake of Caledor's ritual, the Elves of Ulthuan began construction of a great network of enchanted monoliths. These waystones would curb the worst excess of the Winds of Magic, and dissipate the energy in the Great Vortex where it would bring no harm.

As the Winds of Magic grow in strength, a waystone becomes unable to channel all of the energy to the Great Vortex, and so itself becomes magically charged. This load decreases steadily over time as the Winds of Magic inevitably fall in strength once again and the waystone slowly discharges its pent up power. Should a waystone be toppled or uprooted at this stage it can prove catastrophic as the stored energy is released in one terrible burst, scorching everything nearby with magical fire. Worse still, such a sudden burst of magic critically weakens the borders between the mortal world and the Realm of Chaos, offering any watching Daemons a slender opportunity to burst through into the real world. If the waystone is not repaired or replaced, the background level of magical energy begins to rise, slowly at first, but faster and faster as reality crumbles and more Daemons spill through.

For this reason, there are few duties more sacred to the Elves than the maintenance and protection of the waystones. The High Elf garrisons across the world are stationed more to maintain these scattered monoliths than any other single purpose. Even the Dark Elves of Naggaroth live in fear of the unforeseen collapse of a waystone – although this does not prevent them 'accidentally' felling one for a time to power their terrible rituals.



Promising warrior though he was, Tyrion was overmatched from the first. Despite his great size, N'kari was almost as swift as the Elf prince. The Daemon parried Tyrion's desperate thrusts with ease. In lilting tones, he taunted the Elf with every cheated blow, tongue flicking as he tasted the stink of humiliation. Yet N'kari had made one fatal misjudgement. So focussed was he on Tyrion that the Daemon had all but forgotten Teclis' presence. As Tyrion was knocked sprawling by the sweep of a massive claw, Teclis unleashed an attack of his own. While Teclis did not have the strength and vigour of Tyrion, his crippled frame harboured a nascent mastery of the mystic arts. Now Teclis hammered at the Daemon with all the sorcerous fire he could muster. As the bolt struck, the creature was blasted clear off its feet. N'kari tumbled across the plinth where Asuryan's flame burned, one mighty arm passed through the eternal flame, and the Daemon screamed in agony.

No ordinary flame could mark N'kari's hide, but against this, the sacred fire of Asuryan, the Daemon had no defence. The fire coursed across the Daemon's body, burning ever fiercer as it spread. N'kari screamed as his skin blackened and crackled. Rising to his feet, Tyrion struck the Daemon again, and his sword took up the flame. Each new cut opened up fresh wounds, lancing the cleansing fire into the Daemon's core. Crippled with pain, N'kari was able to do little except stagger away from Tyrion's onslaught. With each stroke, the Elf prince drove the Daemon towards the great arch that overlooked the Sea of Dreams. With a final scream, N'kari's monstrous bulk toppled through the arch and plummeted the thousands of feet into the sea below, where the waves swiftly stole the Daemon from sight.

Tyrion and Teclis emerged from the sanctum to find the battle won. Daemons could not easily endure in this holiest of places, and only N'kari's maddened presence had allowed them to manifest even this long. When the Keeper of Secrets was lost to the sea, the power that

sustained his horde faded, and the Daemons were swiftly consumed by the power of Asuryan, leaving only piles of blackened ash and a lingering odour. As dusk fell, the Elves celebrated their victory and mourned their losses. Through it all, Tyrion and Teclis stood in silence. They knew their destinies had been forever altered, and that one day they would have to face N'kari again.

THE HUNT OF THE VLAGIANS

Of the fate of the Dwarf hold of Karak Vlag, only the Chaos Gods can tell. Dwarf histories merely record that contact was lost with the hold, and when an expedition was mounted to discover what had happened, no trace of Karak Vlag could be found. It was as if the hold had never existed, scooped out of reality by the hands of the Dark Powers its inhabitants doomed to suffer unthinkable torment under the cruel attentions of the Daemons of Chaos.

No text chronicles what miseries were heaped upon the Dwarfs of Karak Vlag in their final days, nor recounts the suffering and bravery of their tale. Whatever happened to Karak Vlag itself is unknowable, but there is one story that remains, one legend that survives, even if none outside the Realms of Chaos know it. This is the saga of the survivors of Karak Vlag who fled under the leadership of Anarbarziz, seeking sanctuary to the south.

Anarbarziz, nephew to the king of the hold, had been away with much of his clan fighting Goblins to the east. Upon returning victoriously to their home, they found it had disappeared. The stench of Chaos hung thickly in the air and Anarbarziz feared further attack. He did not know whether the vanished hold had gone forever and deemed it prudent to seek reinforcements before investigating further. To this end, he turned his throng southwards towards the outpost of Ar Anrak, an outlying fort of Karak Ungor.

The southerly trek of the last surviving Vlagians did not go unnoticed. From within the Palace of Pleasure, the Keeper of Secrets Amin'Writh the Soulflayer regarded the Dwarfen army upon the surface of a golden mirror. The Greater Daemon had not been part of the assault on the hold, but it knew that its master had intended for all of the Dwarf inhabitants to be enslaved. Seeing an opportunity to earn greater favour by delivering the last of Karak Vlag's folk to Slaanesh, Amin'Writh gathered its foul minions.

The Bloody Spires

South of Karak Vlag lies an upland plain dozens of miles across, dominated by tall pillars of volcanic rock. The ground heaves with earth tremors, and the sulphurous pits bubble and boil amidst the ruination of the fire mountains that surround the plateau. These are known to the Dwarfs as the Bloody spires, for once they were the scene of a mighty battle between the Dwarfs of Karak Ungor and the Goblin horde of Grukha the Throttlar. The air is filled with noxious fumes and few oflk, even the hardy Dwarfs, dare travel it. Yet on this day the plight of the Vlagian was desperate and their haste was great, so Anarbarziz decided to lead the throng across this treacherous landscape, rather than take the more circuitous route to the west.

Amidst the bubbling geysers and cloying gases, Amin'Writh attacked. From out of the glittering gateways raced the Seekers of Slaanesh upon their sinuous mounts. Taken unawares, the vanguard of the Dwarfen army was quickly surrounded. From left and right advanced the legion of the Soulflayer, cruel Daemonettes and bizarre Fiends intent on inflicting pain.

Though attacked from all sides, the Dwarfs put up a stiff resistance, none more so than Anarbarziz. Wherever he fought, the Dwarfs were heartened and battled with enormous vigour. So stout was the Dwarfen defence that only the vanguard was lost, and the Daemons of Amin'Writh could find no way to prevail. Seeing that victory remained elusive, the Soulflayer withdrew the remnants of his forces back to the Realm of Chaos, where he sought other means to fulfil his ambition.



Though bloodied, the Dwarfs had been victorious and marched without rest to the fortress of Ar Anrak. Here they relayed their tale of woe to the dour inhabitants. The garrison commander, Kungrim, offered his warriors as escort to Karak Kadrin, which Anarbarziz duly accepted. They began their preparations for the long march at the height of summer.



A Dread Alliance

Though defeated, Amin'hrith was not dissuaded. Approaching the Lord of Change known as the Eldritch Watcher, he proposed an alliance. In return for the Tzeentchian Daemon's aid, the Soulflayer promised to overthrow one of the Eldritch Watcher's rival Lords of Change.

Though the Eldritch Watcher was content to observe from his pinnacle at the Impossible Fortress, it sent many of its Horrors and Screammers to fight alongside the army of Slaanesh. Amin'hrith's swift-moving forces were greatly bolstered by these magical troops and Keeper of Secrets did not delay in attacking again.

The daemonic host of the Soulflayer fell upon Ar Anrak only a few days after Anarbarziz's arrival. The Dwarfs upon the walls showered the advancing Daemons with crossbow bolt and handgun shot, but were forced back from the ramparts by flights of Screammers swooping into their ranks. Daemonettes scaled the stone walls with contemptuous ease, while Horrors of Tzeentch blasted at the sturdy gate with their sorcerous powers.

Attacked from the gate and the walls, the Dwarfs could not hold out against the Daemons and Amin'hrith led his force into the castle. The fighting was fierce in the rooms and corridors within and Kungrim ordered the retreat. Leaving a rearguard to protect their evacuation, the Vlagians and garrison fled the citadel and into the foreboding wilderness beyond its walls.

The Battle of Death Canyon

So it was that the last battle of the Vlagians was to be fought in the winding valley known as Death Canyon – Uzkul-ak-Dreng. In the south-eastern end of the valley Amin'hrith marshalled his otherworldly host. Daemons screeched and bickered while the Dwarfs marched onwards towards them, knowing that they had to break through. The few war machines salvaged from Ar Anrak bombarded the Daemons to break a path through their ranks and Anarbarziz led his Vlagians into the gap.

It was then that reality was torn asunder in the mountains behind the Dwarf army. Brazen horns echoed around the canyon sides and the march of feet thundered deafeningly along the valley. At the head of a dread legion of Bloodletters strode the Bloodthirster Kharang'kahar Goreweaver, drawn to the mortal realm by the scent of battle. Flesh Hounds loped at his sides, baying for blood, whilst Juggernauts stamped and brayed, eager for war.

Caught between the two Daemon armies, the Dwarfs fought back-to-back, Vlagians alongside the Ungorites. There was no chance of victory, yet Anarbarziz hoped that a few of his warriors might survive and carry news to the south of what had befallen his home.

It was not to be, for they were slaughtered to the last warrior, and so what befell Karak Vlag remains a mystery to the Dwarfs this day.

AMIN'HRITH THE SOULFLAYER

Many have been the schemes of Amin'hrith, and many the mortals tempted into damnation by its subtle lures. The Keeper of Secrets took the name of Soulflayer after the Battle of the Winter Grove, during which it slew more than a hundred Wood Elves and later fashioned a long, five-headed whip from their flayed skins.

THE DESTRUCTION OF WAAAGH! GUTSTOMPA

In 2401, Waaagh! Gutstompa fell upon Stirland. With the Emperor and his closest allies embattled in the west, repelling a Bretonnian invasion, it seemed that Waaagh! Gutstompa would bring the Empire to its knees. Yet as the greenskin horde passed through the ruins of Wurtbad, its boss Shaman, Redfang, caught sight of an ancient tome lying charred, but otherwise unscathed, amidst the rubble. Though the script within those aged pages was indecipherable to the aged Orc, he could sense the sorcery locked within its pages and set about teasing it loose with magics of his own. The resulting explosion wrecked the centre of Wurtbad anew, tore asunder the fabric of reality and loosed a mighty host of Daemons into the heart of the Waaagh!

Daemonettes were the first through the breach, dancing and singing as they slashed their way through the milling and confused ranks of Orcs and Goblins. Those initial victims swiftly broke but did not get far –





Hellflayers and Seeker Chariots crashed pell-mell into routing greenskins, scythed wheels and whirring blades ripping them to bloody shreds. As the Daemonettes fought their way further from the portal, more Daemons emerged to assail the greenskins. Pink Horrors giggled and cackled as they hurled bolts of weird-hued fire and Beasts of Nurgle bounded excitedly through the ruins. Towering behind them all loomed the giant figure of Kz'ar'aka, Daemon Prince, Harbinger of Sorrows and Chosen of the Blood God, his axe glinting in the dawn's light.

Yet by this point Gutstompa had managed to bellow some order into the rest of his lads. At the Warboss's command a dozen regiments of Black Orc trampled their way forward through the chaos, paying no heed to the bellows of pain from those who fell under their iron-shod feet. Grinning wickedly, the Daemonettes turned about to face this new threat and sprang forward. The Black Orcs impassively stood their ground as the Daemonettes capered and pirouetted onward. At the last moment the brutes locked their shields, and the Daemonettes collided with an uneven wall of heavy timber, rough iron and stubborn sinew. The warpmetal of the chariots and Hellflayers buckled under the impact, hurling their crew deep into the Black Orc formations. The Daemonettes on foot fared little better. Some of their claws found chinks in the Black Orcs' armour, but most wasted their impact on shields and battle-scarred plate. In response, the Black Orcs' axes chopped down, severing limbs and heads with bloody finality. With the heart cut out of the Daemonette onslaught, the Black Orcs bellowed with the joy of their victory. This Waaagh-shout spread through the ruins of Wurtbad as all greenskins in earshot took up the cry.

The Pink Horrors were the first to suffer the newfound momentum of the Waaagh! Though their wild spells mutated hundreds of onrushing Orcs, they were swiftly hacked apart by the greenskin horde. As each Pink Horror perished, two Blue Horrors burst into existence, but those that weren't bludgeoned in the first moments of their existence quickly scurried off to find shelter amidst the tumbled stones and broken timbers. Yet even as the last Pink Horror fell, Kz'ar'aka loosed his shock troops.

Flesh Hounds hurled themselves into the Orc ranks. Driven mad by bloodscent, the Daemon hounds gave no thought to their defence. Each beast took three or four good choppa blows before it finally lay still. The Flesh Hound attack had buckled and disrupted the greenskin lines, and now Kz'ar'aka hurled his Bloodletters and Bloodcrushers into the gaps. Keening their brutal battle-songs, the gore-hued Daemons attacked with a ferocity that matched even that of the Black Orcs. Hellblades rose and fell in bloody arcs, widening the rents in the Orc lines and allowing other Daemons to enter the fray. Fiends of Slaanesh prowled the flanks, claws and stings slicing and stabbing madly. High above the rest of the fray, in the ruined bell-tower of the Temple of Sigmas Snotlings and Nurglings exchanged volleys of faeces-flecked fungus and festering filth; this battle lacked the desperation and horror of the one being played out below, with both sides cheering each time a revolting missile hit home.

Finally Kz'ar'aka grew bored of watching. Spreading his mighty wings, the Daemon Prince swooped into the heart of the fighting where Gutstompa, ehoppa broken and abandoned, laid about himself with a Juggernaut's severed forelimb. Such a weapon could have been

'Heed me, wretches, for thy doom cometh. All who pass before my gaze shall die in offering to Khorne. But before the slaughter begins, I bid thee all to fight – to strain thine utmost against us in glorious combat. While all thy skulls shall be taken for the almighty, those who die on their feet may yet find the Blood God's favour. Thou may think the manner in which thy lifeblood runs out meaningless, but I can assure thee that a coward's suffering shall never end – never! So raise whatever weapons thou can muster and hope that thy feeble offering is worthy. I relish the carnage that shall be... now, my Crimson Cohort, begin! Let the blood flow!'

- Kzar' tark, Bloodmaster of the Crimson Cohort

though laughable, but the trail of crushed and broken bodies at the Warboss's feet proved otherwise. Kz'ar'aka thought to take Gutstompa by surprise but, warned by the shadow cast by the Daemon Prince's wings, the Warboss wheeled about, his impromptu weapon connecting squarely with the Daemon Prince's torso, badly denting his armour and snapping a handful of ribs. Before the Daemon Prince could recover; Gutstompa followed up with another flurry of blows. Two, Kz'ar'aka deflected with his axe, but the third caught the Daemon Prince squarely about the head, breaking the tip from one of his magnet horns. This last blow too robbed Gutstompa of his weapon, for the tortured Daemon-metal finally gave way. Even then, the Warboss didn't give up, but hurled himself bodily at Kz'ar'aka, kicking butting and punching with wild determination. Grinning evilly, the Daemon Prince set aside his own axe, and latched one betaloned claw about the Orc's throat. Ignoring the fusillade of blows – apart from the one solid kick that landed against already-broken ribs – he pulled the Warboss close, and closed his needle-sharp fangs about Gutstompa's head and bit it clean off.



With Gutstompa's death, the fight finally went out of the Orc horde – almost as one, they broke and fled. Even the Snotlings beat a hasty retreat, their erstwhile Nurgling opponents waving and cheering them on. Kz'ar'aka surveyed the battlefield and was pleased. The portal that had granted him ingress still glowed with power; bringing more Daemons to his side with every passing minute. Better still, the Winds of Magic were gusting, further buttressing his daemonic might. The Daemon Prince knew that it was only a matter of time before one of the Greater Daemons happened upon the rift and seized command of his army. But until that time, there was destruction and anarchy to unleash in the name of mighty Khorne. Waaagh! Gutstompa was but the start.

THE YEAR OF WOE

As mortals reckon time, it was in the year of 2520 that Tzeentch sent Kairos Fateweaver to steal the twelve enchanted artefacts once possessed by the companions of Gilles le Breton. So important was this goal to Tzeentch that he dispatched the greater part of his armies to the mortal plane.

So began Bretonnia's Year of Woe, where the tombs of the companions were ransacked, nearby towns razed and countless thousands of Bretonnians –high and low born alike – met their deaths at the tentacles of Tzeentchian Daemons. Castles were of no defence, for their crude stones were easily tumbled by the sorceries of Pink Horrors or transmuted by the warfires of Flamers. Only at Grail shrines, where the power of the Lady still waxed strong, could any shelter be found. Worse, with each artefact recovered, Fateweaver's Daemons grew ever more powerful. In the initial battles about Montfort and Quenelles, the lances and valour of the Bretonnian Knights cost the daemonic hosts greatly. By the time eight artefacts had been seized, only the boldest dukes would even consider taking the field. In the twelfth month, with only a single artefact outside of Fateweaver's clutches, only King Louen chanced his arm – and he lost far more battles than he won.

The final battle of the Year of Woe was the Siege of Mousillon, for it was in this city that the last artefact lay. At the height of the siege, the Bretonnian armies made one last sortie against their abusers. As they did so, help arrived from a most unusual source. Nurgle had long been fond of Mousillon, for it had been the breeding ground for many of his favourite plagues. He could not bear the thought of the city being eradicated by the minions of hated Tzeentch, and so loosed his own armies. Unaware of the wider battle being fought, the Bretonnians gave no quarter that day. They saw only an army of Daemons given over to fighting amongst itself, and slaughtered everything that came before their lances. Kugath Plaguefather bludgeoned Kairos Fateweaver to feathered ruin, only to find himself pierced on the points of a dozen blessed lances. With the destruction of their leaders, both Daemon armies vanished – doubtless to pursue the battle on more familiar territory – leaving only their battle-ravaged fallen and the very items Fateweaver had come to steal.



AN ELDRITCH ENCOUNTER

"I faced a Daemon once. A foolish Black Magister thought to bring it into our world, and as many have learned before him, such meddling leads to one end: death. The Daemon threw off the Black Magister's eldritch bonds, stepped free from its circle, and skinned the conjurer alive.

The madman's apprentice escaped and came for us. His courage must be commended. A Daemonologist, even an apprentice, is guaranteed to die by fire, which that young man did eventually find. He did Sigmar's will in the end, so I pray Morr had mercy on the lad's soul.

"We – myself and two other Witch Hunters that is – left our lodgings at the Pork and Pot and crossed town to the Black Magister's shack. The house, it seemed to swell, to stretch, and then shrink in on itself. The very thing was alive with evil. Something that had no right to be in our world was within, and it was my duty to send it back to whatever hell it came from.

"I sent the two lads who were with me to hide around the sides of the house while I drew the thing out. I remember the sweat. I wasn't scared, but against my will, it poured off me. By the time I had taken the few steps to the door, I was soaked as if I had stood in a downpour. But dallying on my sodden shirt wasn't my purpose. I sent my boot smashing into the door. And through the open portal, with the door swinging crazily on one hinge, I saw a sight that's stayed with me.

"There on the floor was the twitching Black Magister, his body glistening wet with blood. Not a strip of skin was left, but somehow he lived. Standing over him was both the most beautiful and the most terrifying woman – if woman it could be called – that I'd ever seen. I felt a fire in my loins, and my heart began to quicken. My trusted Dwarfenforged sword dropped a few inches as my eyes drank in all her awfulness. She looked up at me with pools of lavender. Her pale skin was flushed with excitement, and the long tresses of her black hair hung straight down on either side of that exquisite face. She was naked and perfect but for a few sweeps of midnight blue warts that painted her thighs. I would have been hers, had it not been for what she was doing. She held in one hand the Warlock's skin. Her other arm had slipped inside the loosened flesh as if she were considering how to climb inside it.

"Bile filled my mouth, and my eager excitement faded. She knew that I would never be hers. Ever. She recoiled like a spring, head cocked to consider me. And then she sprang. Her face contorted into a twisted snarl, and her eyes burst with violet flames. I back-peddled out of the house and called to my men. We fought her. It was fast and messy. One of my boys, Johannes, died, his head torn from his shoulders. But a few bites from my blade put the bitch down.

"That's it, friend. That's the story. I gave up Witch Hunting that day. You'd do well to do the same."





Spring: a time of gentle rains, warm breezes, pockets of bright flowers in dappled woodlands. A time of promise, of promises. A time for lovers.

A young girl was sitting beside a brook, idly picking flowers and pulling off the petals. She sighed impatiently – knowing she'd get into trouble for being away so long, but her desire to see him again outweighed her fear of the landlady.

'Estelle'. Hearing his voice she jumped to her feet, scattering torn up flowers into the water, and flung herself into his arms.

'Why do we have to keep meeting like this?' she asked him later, as they lay side by side on a bed of crushed grass and herbs. 'Can't I come away with you? I hate the village. They're all horrid to me, and I have to do so much work.'

He looked down at her round, eager face. Maybe, in another world, a better world, he would have taken this girl away from her dreary existence and given her a better chance. But it was too late now. He had changed, there was no way back.

'I want you to have this, Estelle' he said, placing a locket in her unresisting hands. 'I'm going to have to leave now, you'll never see me again. I... I'm sorry, but it's for the best.'

Tears welled in her blue eyes. 'You can't leave me! You said you'd take me away, that we'd get married...'

'I've no time to argue with you, Estelle. Goodbye.' He turned his back on the weeping girl and headed off through the trees, absent-mindedly rubbing the tiny horns budding on his head.

Midwinter: gusts of icy snow ripped through the bare, blackened trees. Birds huddled together for warmth on the swaying branches. It was the dead of night, and three cloaked figures sat hunched under the tree trunks. Between them, propped on a pile of stones, stood an iron cauldron. It was filled with blood.

'Cold, cold!' whimpered a little creature squatting on a rock.

'Shut that thing up Pussbubble or I'll eat it!' snarled the taller of the wizards. Pussbubble reached out a festering hand and gently scooped up the nurgling, brushing away the flies, and drew it into the warmth of his cloak, where it started to purr happily.

'Let's get on with it, shall we, or are we going to spend all night playing with pets? Start the incantations.'

Strange, terrible words rose into the air, words such as should never be heard by men. All except one, a huge starling, the birds flapped away into the blackness of the night. The wizards leaned forward and stared expectantly into the cauldron.

'Lord Nurgle preserve us, the blood's frozen,' said Gall.

'Pussbubble, give me that nurgling. And don't go looking at me like that, you're too fat already.'

As the flailing nurgling sank down through the frozen scum the blood started to liquefy. Gall delicately extended a claw and swirled the dark liquid round in a whirlpool.

The third wizard threw back his cowl and moved his head over the now steaming cauldron. He had no eyes, just empty sockets which continually weeped a greenish-yellow bile.

'I see,' he said in a distant, hollow voice 'I see a world. On the world there is a forest, in the forest there is a village, and in the village lies a child. The child must be destroyed - it could grow to become a mighty tool in the hands of our Master's eternal enemy. Already its soul is tainted with forbidden colours.'

A thin girl with a baby searched through the snowy thickets gathering sticks for firewood. When the baby started to cry she dusted the snow off a fallen tree, and sat down to feed it. As the baby suckled she looked down at its contented face and smiled. It was a fine, healthy child, with raven hair, and striking 'potpie' eyes. Around its neck hung the locket, the only present her mysterious lover had ever given her. Its strange, sinuous shape made her feel uneasy in a way she couldn't really explain so she'd given it to the baby: as a charm.

When she headed back to the village, the bushes behind fallen tree stirred and a cowed figure stepped out. He sniffed the air speculatively, then hobbled off towards the village, carefully following the girl's tracks.

In their wake, a large starling hopped clumsily through the snow, flapping its wings for balance.

'Get into the kitchen and scrub the vegetables you lazy girl,' shrieked the landlady. 'You've been gone for hours! If you don't find more firewood tomorrow you won't get no supper. And your fatherless brat can starve for all I care!'

Too cold and too wet to reply, the girl took her wood into the inn's kitchen, and set to work on the pile of verminous root vegetables. Outside, the snow flurries closed in on the village. The landlady, a fat, sweaty-faced woman, heard the inn door slam and bustled through to see to her customer's needs, clients being rare at this (or indeed, any) time of year.

Though there was a fire (albeit a small, mingy one), the customer hadn't bothered to remove his cloak, and she couldn't see his face. It was obvious that he didn't spend much time washing. When he took his beer off the counter he brushed the landlady's hand and she recoiled in disgust, trying, out of some misplaced sense of politeness, to hide her repulsion.

The strange malodorous guest stayed in the inn all evening, eking out his mug of watery beer till closing time. Villagers came and went, but he paid them little attention. The landlady dimly noticed that a lot of people seemed to be coughing and sneezing. Indeed, she felt a bit hot and feverish herself – there must be a winter cold going round, she thought.

A warband travelled through the forest, their bright appearance a stark contrast to the austere colours of the winter landscape. Jewels flashed on their armour and their banners, tiny bells jingled from the harnesses of their strange riding beasts, and the brilliant colours of their cloaks blazed about them.

As they slowed to cross the stream, a large starling flew down from the pale skies. It landed on the head of one of the riding beasts, and, ignoring the creature's skittish head-tossing, proffered the rider a gift from its jewelled beak. The Champion, a man graced with the head and antlers of a stag, took the gift: a locket fashioned after the sigil of Tzeentch.

'Estelle!' he cried, and spurred his steed back through the woods, ignoring the protests of his travelling companions.

The village is oddly still, and a foul smell fills the air: a smell of death, a smell of decay. Bodies lie sprawled haphazardly inside and outside the houses. Bodies disfigured by purulent green swellings and virulent purple blotches.

The silence is broken by the piercing cry of a hungry baby. It lies in the arms of its mother, but she doesn't move any more, and her body is growing cold. The baby fidgets and squirms, trying to break away from her stiffening grasp.

With a nighty crash, the door to the kitchen flies open, and a tall, antlered figure stands outlined against the pale winter sky. The baby, far from being frightened, gurgles with delight, and reaches out its arms to its saviour.

AN AGE OF DESTRUCTION

The following record of events is described as it would be observed within the mortal world, according to the Imperial Calendar (IC).

-5600 to -4420

The Great IncurSION of Legend

The polar warp gates collapse and Chaos enters the world. Daemonic hordes appear and run rampant across the world. The Slann muster their armies to repel the Daemons, but are steadily overwhelmed. Civilisation is humbled before the daemonic onslaught and many millions are slain.

-4449

The Daemon Prince Fa'vaer the Lithe secures the allegiance of scores of Daemons of Nurgle before invading Nagarythe at the head of a vast throng. Thousands are slain and the Elves of Ulthuan weep bitter tears in the aftermath.



-4420

Under the leadership of Aenarion and Caledor Dragontamer, the Elves of Ulthuan complete the Great Vortex that drains Chaos energy from the world. The Daemon hordes are banished, and can now only enter the mortal realm in areas of great magical saturation.

-2724

Alliance of Darkness

The Witch King Malekith attempts to destroy the Great Vortex. Seeing an opportunity to renew their claim upon the mortal world, the Chaos Gods send a great daemonic horde to the aid of the treacherous Dark Elf. Despite his otherworldly allies, Malekith is defeated by the glittering hosts of Ulthuan, and the Vortex remains functional.

-2423

Quest for the Cursed Temple-City

The scrolls of Itza record how a Lizardman expedition to the ruins of the lost temple-city of Xahutec is ambushed by a daemonic host. Many Slann Mage-Priests are slain in the ensuing battle and Xahutec itself is discovered to be located on the site of a permanent rift to the Realm of Chaos. The remaining Slans are able to close the breach, but the temple-city of Xahutec and its treasures are lost forever.

-2388

Vorass Kineater, a Bloodthirster of Khorne, subdues two thousand lesser Daemons and brings his new vassals onto the material plain in pursuit of vengeance. His infernal host arrives in time to prevent Za'ruzzan the Feathered from securing blood oaths from a vast assembly of Beastmen. While Vorass chokes the life from the startled Ziruzzan, his throng slaughters all of the gathered Beastmen.

-2130

The Daemon's Stump

At about this time, the Ogre Tyrant Argut Skullcrusher confronts the Bloodthirster Baaltor in single combat. The battle resounds throughout the Plains of Zharr for forty days and nights, until the mortally wounded Skullcrusher finally entombs his foe beneath the pillar of rock thereafter known as the Daemon's Stump.

-1979

Fa'vaer the Lithe finds himself enslaved to the will of the Great Unclean One Gurgh'reh. Over the next three centuries he fights slavishly at the whim of Nurgle's Right Hand until his debt is repaid in full.

-1002

The Siege of Nekekharra. The Lithe High Priest Intarep the Mad inadvertently tears open a rift to the Realm of Chaos. Thousands of Daemons rampage through the dusty streets of Nekekharra – any disappointment the Daemons of Khorne feel at the lack of blood to spill is easily overcome by the vista of naked skulls waiting to be claimed. The invasion is only halted when Settra himself returns from campaign, defeats the Great Unclean One who commands the daemonic host and bodily hurls Intarep into the rift.

-429

Under the direction of Ss'sath, ten thousand Daemons sweep across the Badlands. None fight harder than Bonehell of Khorne and his Infernal Executioners.

-370

Daemons in the service of Tzeentch and Slaanesh appear in the mines below the Dwarf hold of Zhushbar, battling furiously with one another. Seemingly unaware of the retreating miners, the Daemons vanish again before Dwarf reinforcements can be brought to bear. The mine is subsequently sealed as forbidden ground, as unseen Daemons can still be heard in its caverns.

-102

The Black Ark Ravager of Souls is drawn into the Realm of Chaos as it returns from the Lustrian shores, and finds itself beached in the centre of Nurgle's garden. The crew are able to fend off attacking Daemons long enough for the Dark Elf sorcerers to cast a spell that will return the vessel to the mortal world. Something goes wrong however, and when the Ravager of Souls returns to its berth at Arnheim, the city finds itself under attack from daemonic hybrids. Virulent plagues sweep through much of Naggaroth over the course of the next decade, decimating the Dark Elf population.

3

Having roused the ire of Khorne, Tzork of Tzeentch is stalked by Skulltaker across the Warhammer world. Even within the Realm of Chaos he is not fully safe as Khorne's Champion and his followers besiege the Impossible Fortress.

c.30

An Enemy Within

Thirty years after Sigmar ascends the throne, the Empire teeters on the brink of ruin. Vorkhan Jarl, long having coveted his Emperor's power, seeks the aid of the Chaos Gods. Briefly tired of their constant fraternal warfare, the dark brothers grant Jarl's desires.

In the battles that follow, the Daemons of Chaos slaughter their way into the legends of this new realm. Ultimately, Jarl's victory is cheated only by Sigmar's tireless courage and peerless battle-skill, and by the fact that the Chaos Gods grow bored on the very eve of victory, and recall their minions to more exciting conflicts within the Realm of Chaos. As the Dark Brothers cannot agree who has greatest claim on Jarl's black soul, they quarter the traitor; an equal share is thus apportioned to each benefactor:

107

Brethil the Hawklord defeats the legion of the Lord of Change Rel'khir on the borders of Athel Loren.



111

Plaguefather's Return

A great daemonic horde sweeps over the Worlds Edge Mountains, bringing ruin in its wake. No one Daemon leads this host, for it is too massive to be guided by a single will, but it is Ku'gath Plaguefather who leads the attack on the Dwarf capital Karaz-a-Karak, just as he had done five thousand years before.

Under the Plaguefather's direction, the Daemons assail the Dwarfen defenders with every contagion ever to curse the world. Yet, as in Ku'gath's last assault, the tenacity of the Dwarfs proves too much for even his most prized plagues. The Daemons breach three layers of defences, but four others remained unsullied by their hands. The siege is eventually lifted and Ku'gath banished by the stout and vengeful arm of King Stromni Axehand.



231

The Battle of Glencurst

Daemonettes and Pink Horrors burst forth from the caverns below Middenheim. They wreak considerable damage to the city and lay waste to the western Drakwald before being vanquished at the Battle of Glencurst by the army of Count Reiner von Mechle.

Von Mechle suffers terrible dreams for the rest of his life. Always the same, these nightmares have him striding eternally across a blasted and twisted landscape, populated by creatures much like those he had vanquished. His remaining years are spent in the care of one temple or another as the priests work to calm his ravaged soul. Fifteen years to the day of his victory, von Mechle vanishes from a locked room – what his ultimate fate is, none can say with certainty.

435

The Fall of Markenhof

This is the last winter the garrison of Markenhof Castle ever see; winged Daemons sweep out of a fiery sky to slaughter everyone inside the walls. The fortress is a blasted and shunned ruin thereafter.

570

The Book of Blood

The Bloodthirster Hellgrim attempts to retrieve one of the eight Burning Books of Khorne from its resting place in the Annulii Mountains. He is defeated by the army of High Mage Calahdris.

623

Warlord Kritsquel of Clan Mors battles the daemonic legion of Kru'ar the Plaguelord. The Skaven prevail, mostly through sheer weight of numbers, but the survivors expire from Nurgle's Rot within a week.

635

A Dark Bargain Denied

Epidemius, the Tallyman of Nurgle, appears in Naggaroth at high summer, seeking to claim the soul of accursed Malekith as payment for alliances past.

Safe behind sorcerous wards, the Witch King loses his armies upon Epidemius. However, prepared for treachery, the plague Daemon soon counters with a great host of his own. For a year and a day, Naggaroth is ravaged and torn between those two mighty armies. The war only ends when Malekith offers the souls of ten thousand kin in his stead – an offer Epidemius greedily accepts.

677

The Fires of Tiranoc

The Plague Drone infestation of Tiranoc begins at this time. In their haste to purge the Daemons, the High Elves burn acres upon acres of ancient woodland.

703

Treachery at Tlanxla

The Changeling, Trickster of Tzeentch, takes the form of the Liche King Arkhan the Black. So disguised, he promises a cabal of Necrarch Vampires untold sorcerous knowledge in exchange for their assistance in an attack on the Lustrian temple-city of Tlanxla. Whilst Zombie hordes fight Tlanxla's Lizardmen protectors to a standstill, the Changeling's Daemons ransack the treasure vaults of both sides, swiftly overwhelming defences weakened by the ongoing battle and claiming many mighty artefacts – which they then devour.

800

Battle in a Bleak Land

The Daemon Tz'arkan leads a host of Tzeentchian and Khornate Daemons out of the Chaos Wastes and lays siege to the Altar of Ultimate Darkness. Decimating the Dark Elf defenders, Tz'arkan uses the power of the Altar to create a bridge between the Realm of Chaos and the Ironfrost Glacier. For the next two decades, until the Dark Elves finally retake the altar, the eastern domains of Nayaroth are beset by gibbering daemonic hordes. Each year thereafter, great hosts of Daemons assail the altar on the anniversary of their initial attack, seeking to recreate Tz'arkan's successes and take the realm of Naggaroth for their own.

801

In response to a challenge by the Daemon Tz'arkan, dozens of Champions of Khorne fortify the defences around the Altar of Ultimate Darkness. The Bloodletters known as the Skullreavers personally account for more than two thousand Dark Elf dead before they are banished to the Realm of Chaos.

850

Marius Mollus, the Grand Theogonist, decrees there to be no other Gods than Sigmar. His screaming form is last seen being dragged away by a blood-red, three-headed hound.

901

The Blue Scribes of Tzeentch enter the private library of Ocasta, an exiled High Elf mage. After stealing a dozen tomes of magical lore, the Blue Horrors inadvertently set a fire amongst the dry pages and raze the library to the ground.

924

A cure for the Crumbling Ague is said to have been discovered in Altdorf's temple of Shallya. Shortly thereafter a plague of Nurglings descends upon the city. Thousands are killed, but the only building to be destroyed is the temple of Shallya, which collapses under the weight of five hundred squalling Nurglings, crushing all the priestesses within. The cure is lost.

1001

King Louis the Rash of Bretonnia orders the removal of an Elven waystone from the site of his winter palace. He spends much of next month in pursuit of a daemonic army that ravages the fledgling cities of Monfort and Parravon. The waystone is later replaced, following the insistent advice of the Fay Enchantress.

1001

The Skull Harvest

Skulltaker descends upon the mortal plane, his goal to claim the skulls of all northlanders who worship any god other than mighty Khorne.

1105

Deep within Karak Kadrin, the Dwarf Runesmith Skalf Ironbrow begins his researches into the lost Master of Rune of Dominion, unaware that he is being manipulated by the Great God Tzeentch.

1157

Contact is lost with the High Elf outpost of Tor Taranth in southern Lustria. Lord Calaveri leads a rescue mission, and finds the decapitated bodies of the garrison in a pool of frozen blood.

1203

The Casket of Dreams

The Wood Elf Wardancer Cirienvel journeys into the Vaults of Winter to retrieve the Casket of Dreams, hoping to harness its power in her dances – unaware that her pride has attracted the attention of cruel Slaanesh.

After many battles, Cirienvel uncovers the fabled casket and returns to the King's Glade. There, infused with its power, she dances as never before. But as she dances, the blurred forms left in her wake transform into hungry daemonic figures, and a tide of Daemons is unleashed into the very heart of Athel Loren.

The Daemons gorge themselves on the magic of the Wood Elf realm before they are banished. Cirienvel is left crippled unable to dance forevermore. For the rest of her life, she hears the dark mockery of Slaanesh echoing throughout her dreams.



c.1230

A Legacy of Damnation

The mad Arabyan sorcerer Mahik al'Rak creates the Portal of Twilight from a series of enchanted mirrors. Shortly after, his body is possessed by a Lord of Change who thereafter influences the magical practices in Araby to the greater glory of Tzeentch. The land will forever bear the stain of this corruption.

1235

Karak Kadrin is attacked by a Khornate and Nurglesque daemonic host. Though the Dwarfs repel the intruders, three Bloodthirsters manage to reach the workshop of Skalf Ironbrov. They tear the aged Runesmith limb from limb and go on to destroy his workshop before they are finally stopped.

1316

The Battles of Stone and Fire

No fewer than three Dwartholds – Karak Mar; Karak Nol and Dok Duraz – are lost to rampaging Daemons. Indeed, that Zhufbar does not fall also is due to the iron resolve of its defenders, a formidable array of emplaced war engines and the timely arrival of a relief army from Karak Kadrin. The Great Unclean One Kugath Plaguefather, failing to conquer where three rival Greater Daemons succeeded (and thus losing Father Nurgle a wager against his brother gods), is banished to the Forge of Souls in punishment.

1330

The infamous Feast of Famine occurs for the first time in the Empire city of Nuln. The debauchery is so great that the Masque of Slaanesh is drawn to attend.

1375

The Elector Count of Nordland, seeking to bring about an end to the hostilities between the Emperor and the Ottilia of Talabecland, hosts peace negotiations at his fortress in Salzmund. All within are slain when the keep is assailed by horde of Khornate Daemons. Both sides blame the other for the slaughter, and the fighting grows notably worse.

1401

Plaguefather Ku'gath makes common cause with U'zhul Skulltaker. The two carve a swathe of destruction across the Bretonnian heartlands. The Daemon army is only defeated when Sir Gryff of Everbyl rallies the peasants of fifty villages to oppose them.

c.1460

A Voyage to Unholy Shore

While crusading in Araby, Marius Hollseher, Elector Count of Stirland uncovers the Mirror of Nightmares and inadvertently travels through it into the Realm of Chaos. For reasons of their own, the Chaos Gods allow the Count to return to the mortal world unmolested, where he writes an account of his journey in the Liber Malefic (shortly before being burned at the stake).

1474

The Sack of Braquiron

Hagra'xa Gorefeaster challenges his fellow Bloodthirster Krag'ulak Doomfoe to a contest of arms. The two Greater Daemons lead their mighty hosts into the mortal world with the intention of doing battle with one another. However, proceedings are interrupted when Baron Callard, seeing his castle and village under threat, leads an army of knights against the Daemons. Alas for the flower of Bretonnia, the knights are slaughtered to a man – hacked down by Hellblades, or blown apart by Skull Cannons.



Only Callard escapes alive – and that but through the cowardice of his steed. Thus free to pursue their duel, the Daemons set about one another with unrestrained fury. Soon only the Bloodthirsters remain standing though they smite each other mightily with blows that shake the valley. Wrath waxing full in his heart, Baron Callard rides out once more and vanquishes both Bloodthirsters. Thus is the contest of arms won, not by Gorefeaster or Doomfoe, but by a mortal given over to rage. Khorne's eye falls upon Braquiron at the moment of Collard's victory, and the Lord of Skulls is pleased. So does Baron Callard pass out of the mortal realm, and begin his service as one of Khorne's chosen Daemon Princes.



1475

A combined crusading army of the Empire and Bretonnia sacks the Arabyan city of Belaliad. They inadvertently awaken the Portal of Twilight, banishing themselves into the Realm of Chaos where they become part of Khorne's eternal war.

1555

Ogres of the Mountaineater Tribe battle the Daemon Kza'arahan in the Skycastle ruins

1668

Herdred Hagstaf, castellan of Fort Schippel, leads an expedition into the Drakwald. Several herdstones are cast down, disrupting the lines of magical force and inadvertently forming a summoning circle. The ensuing daemonic incursion is only stopped by the combined armies of Middenland, Averland and Reikland.

1775

The Dark Elf army of Kar Draonrath defeats Ku'gath Plaguefather. However, this proves to be a pyrrhic victory when half of the city's population succumbs to the nauseating shacklerot in a matter of days.

1803

The Orc Shaman Baduum attempts to unlock the secrets of a captured Anvil of Doom. The resulting magical implosion sucks Baduum, 10,000 of his lads and much of the upper slopes of Mount Grimfang into the Realm of Chaos. Though they battle with ferocity, the Orcs are slain by a horde of Bloodletters.

1851

The Long Night of Chaos

The people of the Empire suffer greatly on Geheimmisnacht this year. Rivers flowing from the Grey Mountains run thick with blood, and great flocks of Chaos Furies sweep over the western states, carrying men, women and livestock off into the night. Marienburg comes under siege as plague-encrusted Daemons stride forth from the filth-clogged northern seas. The army of Marshal Volshar Risbeck, locked in battle with Waaagh! Snagrak as Morrslieb rises finds itself embattled on two fronts when a daemonic host bursts from the Cursed Forest of Karan. Hellflayers and Flesh Hounds tear through the deserted streets of Altdorf; contesting for prey to settle a wager between their dark masters. In Talabheim, the great temple of Shallya is struck by a bolt of pink lightning and comes to terrible life. The temple drags itself across the city and attacks the Elector Count's palace with stone tentacles, enfanged finestrans and warpfire-breathing gargoyles. When the city guard muster to confront it, the temple's door bursts open to disgorge a horde of cackling Daemons in its defence. Of all the Empire's chief cities, only Middenheim is spared – a fact praised by its inhabitants, but viewed with suspicion elsewhere.

1900

The Spellweaver Ranu challenges the Daemon K'z'arkera'ss to a game of chance with the safety of Athel Loren as the stake. The Daemon cheats incessantly, but is unable to best the Wood Elf. On winning the game, Ranu cages K'z'arkera'ss with silverwood and banishes him to the distant mountains of Naggaroth.

2031

The fabled Bretonnian bard, Tyness Evain, records the Battle of Sky's Fall, where 5,000 Tzeentchian Daemons, under the leadership of Kairos Fateweaver, descend from the heavens to lay siege to the city of Montfort.

2173

The Keeper of Secrets N'kari, reborn into the mortal world, ravages Ulthuan in his quest for vengeance on the heirs of Aenarion. Tyrion and Teclis are saved, but the Phoenix Guard are slain almost to the last Elf and the shrine of Asuryan ravaged.

2201

A Throne Denied

The Bloodthirster Ghorr leads a crusade of slaughter across the Badlands. In celebration of his victories, Ghorr then builds a great tower of skulls with a throne set at the very top. However, as Ghorr takes his seat, the

sky shakes with thunder and a great brats skull slams into the tower; pulverising Ghorr; and smashing the tower into uncounted splinters of bone.

2203

In the catacombs below Castle Drachenfels, six treasure hunters discover the library of the Great Enchanter. While looting this arcane trove, they inadvertently disturb the castle's magical defences, opening a rift to the Realm of Chaos. The subsequent daemonic invasion wreaks havoc in the Reikland, razing the nearby towns of Bogenhafen and Ubersreik.

2253

Somewhere in the depths of the Mountains of Mourn, the Vampire Mangari the Old unearths a gemstone crown allowing him to commune with the Great God Tzeentch. The Vampire strikes a pact with the Great Sorcerer. For the next century combined armies of Daemons and the Undead assail Ogre and Chaos Dwarf strongholds.



2298

Something Rotten in Mousillon

The Sorceress consort of Duke of Maldred of Mousillon inadvertently opens a rift to the Realm of Chaos, unleashing a host of Nurgle Daemons into the city. Most of the Daemons are banished in three days of bitter fighting, but a handful of Nurglings escape into the sewers.

2302

The Great War against Chaos

Alliances shift and waver with Daemons vying for dominance and power. Daemons burst from the Realm of Chaos to march under the banner of Asavar Kul and join force with the Chaos warbands at the Siege of Praag. The Realm of Chaos sweeps over Praag and it literally becomes a city possessed, with citizen and stone melded together, taking on all manner of twisted daemonic shapes. The Gods of Chaos delight in the ruination that their children unleash upon the world.

2304

Magnus the Pious defeats the Chaos armies at the Gates of Kislev. The power of Chaos wanes once again and the daemonic hordes are drawn back into the Realm of Chaos. Tzeentch and Nurgle are able to turn the aftermath to their advantage, and displace Khorne, though Nurgle is subsequently undone by his ally's scheming, and the Great Sorcerer gains primacy.

2414

The Daemon Princes Ss'sath and Bonehell fight a bitter duel that sees the hamlet of Rattling Hope trampled underfoot. Upon his defeat Bonehell swears his coterie to the service of Ss'sath.

2452

Eldai Tyssill, emissary of the Everqueen, uses one of the Annulian crystals to banish the Great Unclean One Boilrot.

2460

The Wrath of Karanak

Ricart Drallborg, aspirant wizard of the Gold Order summons the Daemon-hound Karanak to eliminate his rivals. Alas for Drallborg, his enchantments cannot cage Karanak and the Gold Wizard is the first to feel the beast's jaws. Sustained by the stray energies within the Gold College, Karanak then hunts freely and slaughters all the wizards within its walls.

2515

Skarbrand Unleashed

The Skaven burrow of Fester Spike is attacked by a Dwarf expedition seeking to reclaim one of the lost hammers of Valaya. Grey Seer Thanquol attempts to summon a Vermin Lord of the Horned Rat. Instead he mistakenly conjures the legion of the Bloodthirster Skarbrand, which then rampages amongst both the Dwarf and Skaven armies. Blood runs in swift rivers as Thanquol makes a timely escape.

2519

Rulaab the Black warns Skulltaker against the betrayal of Aazella Silkenhighs. The Champion of Khorne repays the debt by joining Rulaab in the Flamewrath of Tachenwald.

2522

Battle at the Wretched Altar

Morathi attempts to summon and bind the Fateweaver to her will upon the ancient, cursed steps of the Wretched Altar but the presence of the Changeling disrupts the black ritual. With the Fateweaver unbound, a host of Daemons takes possession of the Hag Sorceress' acolytes and battle is truly pined, resulting with the mother of the Witch King barely escaping with her life.

2522

The End Times Cometh

Daemons of all four powers muster behind the banner of Archon, Lord of the End Times. The combined horde prepare to march against the armies of the Old World. The mocking laughter of the Dark Gods is heard in every land.





THE DAEMONIC HOSTS

The armies of the Chaos Gods are nothing if not varied. Regiments of Lesser Daemons march forth, flanked by packs of daemonic beasts, echelons of baroque chariots and flocks of raucous Furies. Towering over all are the monstrous Greater Daemons, the warbringers of the Chaos Gods.

In this section, you will find details for all the different troops, beasts, heroes and monsters used in a Daemons of Chaos army. It is also an almanac of sorts, presenting all the imagery, descriptions, characteristic profiles and special rules necessary to use all the elements of the Daemons of Chaos army, from Core units to Special Characters, from Daemonic Gifts to the spell lores of Chaos.

ARMY SPECIAL RULES

This section of the book describes the different units in a Daemons of Chaos army, along with their rules. 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 Daemons of Chaos units, and these are detailed below.

DAEMONIC

Daemons are malevolent, otherworldly entities born from the deepest and darkest emotions of all mortal creatures.

All models with the Daemonic special rule have the Fear, Immunity (Poisoned Attacks, Psychology), Magical Attacks (including all weapons) and Ward save (5+) (except mounts) special rules. In addition, they are also subject to the following special rule:

Daemonic Instability: When a unit of Daemons loses a combat it must take a special kind of Break test called a Daemonic Instability test, instead of taking a normal Break test. To do this, use the following procedure:

- 1) Calculate combat result as normal and roll 2D6.
- 2) If the dice roll is a double 1 or double 6, something unexpected happens:

Double 1 Reality Blinks: All Wounds suffered by the unit this Close Combat phase, including any Wounds suffered by characters that have joined it, are restored, and any models removed as casualties in this phase immediately return to play in their earlier positions. Wounds restored in this manner still count as having been inflicted for the purposes of combat results.

Double 6 Banished! Remove the unit from play as a casualty.

3) Now (assuming the unit has not been wiped out when resolving a double 6) apply the difference in combat results as a penalty to the Daemons' Leadership characteristics. For every point by which the 2D6 roll exceeds this modified Leadership value, the unit suffers one additional Wound, with no saves of any kind allowed.

If characters are present in the unit, the controlling player first allocates Wounds to the unit (up to their current Wounds), then divides remaining Wounds as equally as possible amongst any characters. Once all Wounds have been allocated, the penalty to the Daemons' Leadership is discounted. They can, be rerolled if the battle standard is within 12", use the General's Inspiring Presence rule, and/or be tested on unmodified Leadership if the unit is Stubborn or Steadfast. If a Daemonic unit somehow has the Unbreakable special rule, it takes no Daemonic Instability test.

DAEMONIC ALIGNMENT

Most Daemons are bound to one of the Chaos Gods. Daemons belonging to different gods treat each other as Suspicious Allies. However, Daemon of Khorne and Slaanesh, or Tzeentch and Nurgle, treat each other as Desperate Allies, respectively.

Daemon of Khorne: *Khornate Daemons hunger to spill blood and claim skulls.*

Daemons of Khorne have the Hatred (Daemons of Slaanesh), Magic Resistance (1) and Strength Bonus (1) special rules.

Daemon of Tzeentch: *Tzeentchian Daemons are empowered by Tzeentch's manipulations.*

Daemons of Tzeentch have the Hatred (Daemons of Nurgle) special rule, and re-roll Ward save results of 1. Wizards with the Daemon of Tzeentch special rule can also re-roll channelling results of 1.

Daemon of Nurgle: *Nurglesque Daemons are concealed by clouds of flies.*

Daemons of Nurgle have the Hatred (Daemons of Tzeentch) special rule. Enemy models in base contact with a Daemon of Nurgle suffer a -1 penalty to their Weapon Skill.

Daemon of Slaanesh: *Slaaneshi Daemons have wicked claws that cut deep.*

Daemons of Slaanesh have the Hatred (Daemons of Khorne) and Armour Piercing (2) special rules.



REIGN OF CHAOS

Whenever you roll for the Winds of Magic, total the two scores (in games where you roll 4D6, 6D6 etc, divide the result by 2, 3 etc, rounding up) and immediately resolve the result shown below:

- 2 The Winds Recede:** *The Winds of Magic die down, drawing the Daemons of Chaos back to their otherworldly realm.*

All units with the Daemonic Instability special rule (friend or foe) must immediately take a Daemonic Instability test on their unmodified Leadership.

- 3 Punished by the Gods:** *The Chaos Gods are displeased, and vent their anger upon one of their minions.*

Randomly select one character with the Daemonic Instability special rule (friend or foe. If there are no characters with the Daemonic Instability special rule currently on the board, count this as The Eye of the Storm instead). The selected character must immediately take a Leadership test, losing 1 Wound (with no saves of any kind allowed) for each point by which the test is failed.

- 4 Chaotic Ebb:** *The Chaos Gods squabble, and the Daemons' presence on the mortal plane grows dim.*

All models with the Daemonic Instability special rule (friend or foe) suffer a -1 penalty to their ward saves until you next roll for the Winds of Magic.

- 5 Storm of Fire:** *The skies erupt with magical flame as Tzeentch makes his presence known.*

Roll a D6 for each enemy unit, and each unit that contains one or more Daemons of Nurgle, or models with the Mark of Nurgle, on the board. Do not roll for units that are engaged in close combat. On the roll of a 6, place a small round template centred directly over the centre of the unit – this then scatters D6". Any models wholly or partially beneath the template's final position suffer a single Strength 4 hit with the Flaming Attacks and Magical Attacks special rules.

- 6 Rot, Glorious Rot:** *Nurgle guffaws with joy, and plague blooms.*

Roll a D6 for each enemy unit, and each unit that contains one or more Daemons of Tzeentch, or models with the Mark of Tzeentch, on the board. Do not roll for units engaged in close combat. On the roll of a 6, that unit suffers D6+3 Strength 3 hits with the Ignores Armour saves and Magical Attacks special rules.

- 7 The Eye of the Storm:** *The roiling tide of Chaos slows for a moment.*

Nothing happens, this time...

- 8 The Dark Prince Thirsts:** *Slaanesh's seductive song echoes mournfully around the battlefield ensnaring the souls of all who hear it.*

Roll a D6 for each enemy unit, and each unit that contains one or more Daemons of Khorne, or models with the Mark of Khorne, on the board. Do not roll for units that are engaged in close combat. On the roll of a 6, that unit must take a Leadership test on 3D6, adding the results

together. If the test is passed, nothing happens.

Otherwise, for each point by which the unit failed the test, it suffers a Wound, with the Ignores Armour saves and Magical Attacks special rules.

- 9 Khorne's Wrath:** *With an enraged bellow that shakes the firmament of mortal and daemonic realms, Khorne bombards the battlefield with brazen skulls.*

Roll a D6 for each enemy unit, and each unit that contains one or more Daemons of Slaanesh, or models with the Mark of Slaanesh, on the board. Do not roll for units that are engaged in close combat. On the roll of a 6, place a small round template centred directly over the centre of the unit. This then scatters 3D6". Resolve damage as you would from a stone thrower shot, with the model under the centre of the template suffering a Strength 9 hit with the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule, and all other models wholly or partially under the template suffering a Strength 3 hit with the Magical Attacks special rule.

- 10 Chaotic Surge:** *The tide of corrupting magic grows stronger, as do the anarchic Daemons that suckle from it.*

All models with the Daemonic Instability special rule (friend and foe) gain the Ward save (6+) special rule until you next roll for the Winds of Magic.

- 11 Daemonic Possession:** *The incantations of an enemy wizard have drawn a Daemon's predatory gaze.*

Randomly select one enemy Wizard on the board who does not have the Daemonic Instability special rule (if there are no eligible enemy Wizards currently on the board, count this as The Eye of the Storm instead). The selected Wizard must pass a Leadership test or be removed as a casualty with no saves of any kind allowed. If the Leadership test is failed then before removing the Wizard, place a Herald of Khorne, Tzeentch, Nurgle or Slaanesh (your choice) anywhere within 6" of the slain model that is more than 1" from all units and impassable terrain. If you chose a Herald of Tzeentch, generate its spell immediately. This Herald can act normally in the turn it is created. This model do not have any upgrades or award victory points. If you do not have a spare Herald of Chaos model, or if one cannot be placed on the board according to the aforementioned restrictions, the selected Wizard is removed as a casualty but no Herald is placed.

- 12 Summoned from Beyond:** *The barriers between mortal and immortal planes are further weakened, and yet more Daemons enter the world.*

Place a new unit consisting of 2D6+3 Bloodletters, Pink Horrors, Plaguebearers or Daemonettes (you choose). When placing this unit, it can be placed anywhere on the battlefield at least 1" away from all units, buildings and impassable terrain. It can be placed in any legal formation, so long as the unit's front rank contains at least five models. This unit do not have any upgrades or award victory points. If the summoned unit cannot be placed (because there is not enough room or you do not have enough models), the unit does not enter play at all.

BLOODTHIRSTERS

Fists of Khorne, Drinkers of Blood, Lords of Skulls, Eaters of Gore and Flesh, Deathbringers of Khorne, Blooded Ones, Guardians of the Skull Throne, High-handed Slayers, Bone Lords

The Lords of Skulls are the Greater Daemons of Khorne. They are the brightest and most powerful servants of the Blood God. Indeed, they are the most favoured of all of Khorne's servants. Their bloodlust extends far beyond mortal comprehension, and no amount of killing, no quantity of corpses is ever enough, for the Fists of Khorne ever want more death. Bloodthirsters are hideous avatars of warfare and bloodshed, whose mere presence is enough to send even the bravest mortal warrior mad with fear. They are a force of utter carnage on the battlefield, carving enemies into bloody chunks with their hell-forged weapons.

One may talk with a Bloodthirster, for they speak all the tongues of mortals, every dialect, every strain. This is of little avail, for all that the Lords of Skulls wish is to slaughter the world and lay its steaming carcass at the feet of Khorne. Bloodthirsters exist purely for combat and combat alone, raising its head to the brooding sky to take in the stink of blood and death as it claims yet more skulls for the Skull Throne. They are huge terrifying monsters, the greatest and most deadly of all Khorne's daemons and indeed, all daemonkind. They are Khorne's generals and personal guard, primal manifestations of war that exist only to maim, slaughter and destroy. To see one enter battle is to witness sheer, unfettered ruination. A single Bloodthirster is a harbinger of bellowing death to an entire army of mortals, hewing scores of mortal warriors apart with every swing of its brutal weapons, for it is destructive beyond telling, and lives only for the call to slaughter, maim and rend all that it encounters. It is the fury of war given form, the unfettered primal rage of the world made manifest. Such should be expected of a beast whose master is the god of bloodletting, slaughter and murder. Bloodthirsters are hate-filled creatures whose mere presence drives mortal and daemon alike into an unquenchable frenzy. Their master is the Chaos God of blood-letting, and Bloodthirsters are ranked supreme as the most skilled and ferocious fighters ever to rampage across the field of battle.

Those few who have confronted a Bloodthirster and survived commonly recall an overwhelming impression of vast size and unchecked barbarity, of roaring and snarling death riding upon stygian wings immense enough to eclipse the sun. The Bloodthirsters stand much taller than a man, and are humanoid, with a rangy, muscular build. They bestial legs ending in claw-studded hooves and large, tough membranous wings. A Bloodthirster's ruddy skin is covered with coarse black or crimson fur and brass armour decorated with

'I beheld a raging beast, chained to that wall of bone by brazen and bloody chain. Its every bellow shook the ground upon which I stood; its every utterance fulsome with the Jury of war. As the Daemon's gaze fell upon me, it demanded with looming voice that I set it free, that it might bring the glory of bloodletting to this realm once more. Momentarily I considered the beast's demands, for an ally in that dark realm would have been a welcome thing. But then I realised the folly of such a course; that Daemon had no place in its black heart for loyalty to such a one as I; rage was its only master, and slaughter the only companion it would ever acknowledge. I left that place with speed, and prayed that the chains would hold 'til I was long gone.'


- Liber Malefic

Khorne's skull rune and the heads of their victims, slick and gleaming with the blood of innumerable victims. This armour is forged upon the daemon's flesh by Khorne himself and thereafter becomes a living part of the daemon, even whilst maintaining a brutal intelligence of its own. As such, even the Bloodthirster's armour is wrathful and longs for slaughter, and is sustained by the unholy and immortal energies that drive the daemon's murderous rampage. Many Drinkers of Blood also tear the faces of their victims from their skulls to add them to their armour like some perverse purity scroll.

The face of a Bloodthirster is that of a ferocious dog, a visage alive with horrific savagery and dominated by a maw of snarling teeth like murderous blades. Atop its neck is a bestial tusked head fitted with two bull horns that spread to either side. The horns and head of this Daemon are decorated with profane symbols of Khorne. Their eyes are a milky white without visible iris or pupil and their horns and claws have the appearance of blackened iron. In one hand, the Bloodthirster carries an Axe of Khorne – an enchanted daemon weapon that thirsts for blood and slaughter. A long and cruelly barbed lash, with which the Daemon can easily flay the flesh from a victim's bones, is wielded in the Bloodthirster's other clawed hand. These weapons are wielded with unbelievable force, propelled by muscles as hard as iron and driven by a timeless fury that neither slackens nor fades.

Most Bloodthirsters wield Daemonic Axes known simply as the Axes of Khorne. Said to contain the essence of failed Daemons, these weapons are noted for cutting through flesh and armour with ease. Some of these Daemons also wield great whips made from the cured hides of Slaaneshi worshippers, each snap sounding of moans and screams, the cursed souls languishing in eternal suffering.





No greater source of knowledge concerning the dread daemoniac servants of the Great God Khorne is there than the eight Burning Books of Khorne. Bound in brass and etched in fresh blood, each is said to decree the eight unholy aspects of the Lord of Skulls, and name his Daemons. These grimoires are much searched for by renegade wizards, for knowledge of a daemon's true name is believed to render it servile to mortal command. Such an acquisition is not easily made, for the burning books are scattered across existence and each has its own terrifying and bloodthirsty guardian.

A Greater Daemon of Khorne is known by many names. It is the Blooded One, the Lord of Skulls, the High-handed Slayer, War Given Form. Most commonly, it is as the Bloodthirster that it is known. Monstrous in its size, the daemon sweeps all before it with a rune-forged axe of screaming death, lashing the souls of its foes with a whip that burns with the fires of hell. On giant pinions it soars across the battlefield, bellowing with immortal rage and filled with the barely contained energy of Chaos. Their bloodlust extends far beyond mortal comprehension, and they will attack anything within their reach with incredible ferocity. They do not know fear, other than of their dread master Khorne, and charge headlong into the foe, regardless of the cost or consequence, although the usual consequence is the deaths of those who stand before them rather than flee. Their immense pride in their fighting abilities rarely permits them to call upon allies or servants, and they usually rely only upon their own strength and skill.

Unlike the greater daemons of other Chaos powers Bloodthirsters have no sorcerous abilities, for Khorne loathes such eldritch trickery and shuns the practice of the magical arts. Foolish mortals might consider this to be a weakness, for what god of slaughter would shun so powerful a weapon as magic? However, they cannot be said to be in any way inferior to their daemoniac counterparts. Rather, a Bloodthirster resonates with an echo of his dark liege's wrathful contempt. Indeed, the presence of a wizard amongst the enemy ranks inevitably makes a Bloodthirster fight with even more fury than is normal – if such a thing could be imagined...

Yet it is more than mere wrath that allows a Bloodthirster to eclipse other Greater Daemons. Neither does his irresistible strength guarantee primacy, nor skills earned in an eternity of battle. Rather, it is all of these traits shackled to the Bloodthirster's bestial and predatory nature. Bloodthirsters may well lack the subtlety and versatility of other greater daemons, but they more than make up for it in brute force and single-minded devotion to the aims of the Blood God who gave them existence, for they are driven purely by the urge to slaughter. Other daemons may be reasoned with by the cunning, or bargained with by the foolish, but a Bloodthirster cares not for rhetoric or promises. Within the Bloodthirster's raging mind there is no thought, no deliberation, no appreciation of intrigue or manipulation – it thinks only of the hunt, of the blood to be spilt in Khorne's name and the skulls to be gathered for the Blood God's mighty throne.

Thus is the Bloodthirster the most relentless and single-minded of all Daemons. Others will sometimes retire from battle if overmatched, to husband strength and bring more insidious talents into play, but not so a Bloodthirster. Should

a Greater Daemon of Khorne find itself outnumbered, surrounded, mortally wounded or even beset by a hero empowered with divine might, it does not stop fighting. Such is the nature of a Bloodthirster: it does not retreat, does not falter, but roars fresh defiance with every blow, swinging its axe with ever more bloodlust and cleaving fresh skulls for Khorne with each unstoppable strike.

Some say that the single-mindedness of the Bloodthirster can be used as its undoing, that they can be lured away from the vulnerable by a challenging decoy or clever ruse. However, a decoy must be beyond swift to escape retribution, for the Bloodthirster runs quickly upon sharp hooves, and can fly through the air upon its great leathern wings. As for those who construct ruses, they must be ingenious indeed for a Bloodthirster is no fool. Beneath the fury and hatred there is a keen huntsman's intellect and a warrior pride that will not bear wounding.

A birth of a Bloodthirster into the Old World ravages the land, sending waves of rippling wickedness in all directions, infecting mortals with its hate and thirst for violence. For miles around, the sky darkens, taking on a ghastly hue as clouds, swollen with blood, race across the firmament, spilling torrents of crimson rain onto the land. Black lightning flashes amidst these stinking abominations, lancing from the Chaos-wracked heavens to set fire to the earth.

As the Greater Daemon draws closer to its enemies, waves of its essence roll from its massive form, contaminating the hearts and minds of those mortals in its path. Tempers shorten, and emotions run wild. Fights break out over minor or even just perceived offences, and as the Daemon draws closer, the conflicts turn violent as former friends struggle to kill one other due to the rage that burns in their hearts. Other phenomena testify to the Bloodthirster's power. Animals turn rabid, acting strange and attacking without provocation. The Daemon's presence causes plant life to change, growing thorns or even teeth that gnash at the air, searching for the flesh of the living. And worst of all, inanimate objects perspire. Beads of black blood dot the surface and run, dripping down the lengths of blades or mixing with the fluid in cups.

And then it comes. Black clouds spill over the land, blotting out the sun. Flashing within its cyclopean depths are flashes of red lighting accompanied by booming roars that unman even the boldest heroes or drive them to unearthly acts of violence. And when the acidic rains begin to fall, and when the wind drives the droplets horizontal, a massive entity drops from the eye of violence, unfolding as it does to reveal a Daemon, massive in size with oozing red skin and a mane of gore-encrusted hair. It is the personification of killing. It is the Bloodthirster. It flies on great pinions that beat with a slow rhythm, sending the stench of blood and brass with each stroke of its black wings. Its merest presence stirs the hearts of men to violence, evoking dark thoughts and a bloodlust that demands to be quenched.

The Bloodthirster emits a profane aura of wrath and hate that fuels the beast within all mortals, emboldening them to more daring acts of slaughter, but even the feelings of bloodlust do not stiffen the spines enough of those who see this Daemon in the flesh. Those who have witnessed first-hand the might of a Fist of Khorne go mad from the experience, their minds destroyed by the sheer magnitude of its power and the implications of its purpose.

When the Bloodthirster appears, it unleashes its awful roar, splitting the air with the sound of a thousand screeching souls wailing at once. Those unfortunate to hear the call of the Bloodthirster find their souls shrivelled, consumed by the

fires of hate. The reverberating noise drives all who hear it mad, forcing them into an orgy of slaughter, whereby mortals set upon each other with frightening abandon, slaughtering friend and foe alike.

Though the carnage created by Human hands is horrid, nothing compares to when the Blooded Ones wade into the midst of their armies. Their massive forms blot out the sun; the stench of gore and death form choking clouds of decay that paralyse their enemies with nausea. The sweeping blows of their Daemonic Axes and whips cry out with each stroke, causing their victims to explode as if they were swollen sacks of blood. As the Bloodthirster kills, a cloud of crimson mist hangs in the air about it.

There are eight tiers of Bloodthirster in Khorne's legions, each with its own title and duty, and each gifted its own unique weapons and symbols of rank. The Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirsters comprise the third tier. They are the Blood God's agents of vengeance, sent to tear apart those who have personally insulted him. Relentless hunters, they snare their quarry with cruelly barbed bloodflails before hacking them apart with double-bladed axes. The Bloodthirsters of Insensate Rage are of the sixth host, and are charged with the task of shattering seemingly unbreakable foes. A single swipe from their vast double-handed axe can obliterate an entire enemy battle-line in an eruption of gore. Bloodthirsters of Unfettered Fury are of the eighth and lowest rank, though their might is still beyond mortal reckoning. Clad in baroque armour, they march at the head of Khorne's daemonic armies, pulverising enemy ranks with serrated lash and deadly axe. Regardless of their rank, to face a Bloodthirster is to face utter obliteration. There is no room for manipulation or subtlety in the mind of these abominations – they care only for the crash and clatter of war, and for the feeling of skulls shattering beneath their wicked axes.

The Bloodthirsters are the commanders of Khorne's Daemonic Legions. It is their unclean obligation and pleasure to reap as much blood as possible for their master. A Bloodthirster who fails in his command knows that his bones will join the vast heap beneath Khorne's throne.

On the battlefield, the Bloodthirster is the master of war. He binds his legions to his murderous will, driving his forces to acts of greater slaughter that exalt the name of Khorne. They are beings of incredible cunning, instinctively capable of defeating the best and brightest mortal generals. They can sense which way a battle is flowing, instantly seizing the chance to use their blades and troops to the greatest effect.

When they join the battle, they are terrifying opponents. With each sweep of their dreaded rune axes, they level entire regiments. Their mere presence scorches the earth with potential violence, and the beating of their wings stirs up violent storms as if awakening the very skies to the hatred that boils in Khorne's veins. It is especially dangerous in that it combines malign intelligence with brute strength. No man can stand against the Bloodthirster, for it throws itself into every fight with abandon, butchering anything it can with no regard for itself.

Bloodthirsters are walking demi-gods of death, and their mere presence drives their mortal and daemonic allies into a near suicidal frenzy. They are hate-filled creatures, who

*'Gut them! Slaughter them!
Slay them! Butcher them!
Kill! Kill! Kill!
Never stop, never tire!
Keep doing the Lord's work!'*

-Khar-Har the Undefeatable

bellow and scream challenges to their mortal adversaries, and few are the heroes of the world who can stand up to them and live for more than a heartbeat. Those rare few who witness such an assault and somehow live to tell the tale speak in fearful tones of a towering, bestial form enveloped in rune-scarred brass armour, dropping from the skies on bat-like wings into the very heart of the melee. There, where the rage and terror of war is at its highest peak, does the daemon begin its orgy of unrelenting slaughter.

But the call to battle is never silenced for a Bloodthirster, no matter how many skulls are laid at the foot of Khorne's throne, no matter how many souls are severed from their weak mortal bodies by axe and whip. The Bloodthirster knows neither fear nor mercy. It lives only to kill and fight in the name of Khorne. For Bloodthirsters are immortal warriors and they will fight until war itself no longer exists.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bloodthirster	8	9	5	6	6	6	8	6	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Khorne, Daemonic, Fly (8), Killing Blow, Magic Resistance (1).**

Aura of Fury: *Bloodthirsters burn with such blistering wrath that a wave of fury emanates outwards from them, empowering all nearby with a furious bloodlust.*

All Daemons of Khorne within 12" of a Bloodthirster may re-roll 1's To Wound and gain the Fight in Extra Ranks (1) special rule.

UPGRADES:

Hellfire: The Bloodthirster gains a Strength 5 Breath Weapon with the Flaming Attacks special rule.

Relentless Hunter: The Bloodthirster gains the Hatred (Characters) special rule and gains 3" to its charge range when charging a unit containing any characters.



HERALDS OF KHORNE

Bloodmasters, Skullmasters, Sacred Executioners, Rendmasters

Even amongst the brutal ranks of Khorne's legions, there are those who excel beyond their murderous peers. These frenzied and unstoppable killers have earned special favour in the eyes of the Blood God through deeds of unimaginable carnage.

Most feared of all amongst the Bloodletters are the dread Heralds of Khorne. The Heralds of Khorne are the strongest and most brutal of the Bloodletters, chosen from the ranks of their brethren by the Blood God himself. It is said that upon selection they are set against other aspiring Heralds in a vast arena of the Brass Citadel known as the Skullpit, forced to participate in a contest of champions to wean out the undeserving. The energies of those who fall are reclaimed by Khorne and given to those that remain. Thus the victor becomes swollen with power, and their hellblade, having leeched a measure of this new strength, becomes known henceforth as a blade of blood. Its wielder too is given a title, one that befits their achievements and preferred method of warfare.

Leading the cohorts of the Blood Legions, the Heralds of Khorne are leering visions of damnation brought to life. Each is a ferocious warrior, and leads the Daemon packs beneath them to enact the will of their ruling Bloodthirster. Whether marching at the head of the warriors they lead, or riding to war atop a



Juggernaut, the Daemons of Khorne fight all the harder in their presence. A Bloodmaster cannot simply give in to its desire for slaughter, however, for the Herald's primary role on the battlefield is as a director of the massacre. To this end, these champions imbue the Daemons of the cohort they lead with a portion of their own eternal malice, heightening the inherent bloodlust of the minions of Khorne to fever pitch. The presence of a Herald infuses nearby Bloodletters with even greater ferocity. As the Herald's rage grows, all nearby Bloodletters become gripped by an irresistible madness lending further strength to their blows. They hack and cleave the foe until there is nothing left save a mound of ruined corpses and another victory for the Blood God.

Only those daemons who have accomplished particularly notable acts of brutality are worthy of the title Bloodmaster. Driven to madness by an insatiable need for slaughter, these daemonic champions hack and tear at their foes with a single-minded fury that eclipses even that of other Bloodletters., leaving nothing but bloody chunks in their wake. Rampaging masters of combat, each delight in decapitating their prey and plunging their wailing blade of blood deep into the beating hearts of their enemies. Such deranged ferocity pleases Khorne greatly, and thus he blesses his Bloodmasters with blades of blood. These profane artefacts slaver for the taste of viscera, and guide their wielder's swings unerringly towards vulnerable spots in their opponent's defence. As the Bloodmaster's wrath builds, the emanations of its battle rage fuel nearby daemons of Khorne, lending a portion of the champion's unfettered fury to their own attacks. Soon, all that is left of the foe is a pile of ruined corpses, another bountiful offering of skulls for the honour of the Blood God.

There are those amongst the Heralds of Khorne that favour the headlong charge of daemonic cavalry, that relish the sensation of skulls shattering beneath brazen hooves, and will thunder into the thick of battle to seek out the worthiest victims. These mounted champions are known as Skullmasters, and are forces of utter devastation on the battlefield. Mounted atop a Juggernaut – a steed of living brass and boiling blood – a Skullmaster is most often found in Khorne's armies leading a cohort of a Brazen Thunder Legion, and in battle is always at the forefront of a Bloodcrusher cavalry charge. This pairing results in a force of breath-taking destruction. Few indeed are the foes that can withstand the charge of a Skullmaster, or worse still a Bloodthunder Stampede led by such a creature. Those not split open by the daemonic rider's blade of blood and drained of their essence are ground to bloody paste beneath its Juggernaut's smouldering hooves, or spitted upon its razor-sharp horns.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Herald of Khorne	5	7	5	5	4	2	6	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Khorne, Daemonic, Natural Armour (6+).

UPGRADES:

Locus of Abjuration: This model, and all models in his unit, have the Magic Resistance (2) special rule.

Locus of Fury: This model, and all models in his unit, have the Frenzy special rule.

Locus of Wrath: This model, and all models in his unit, have the Hatred special rule.

BLOODLETTERS

Khorne's Chosen, Hateful Slayers, Takers of Skulls, Teeth of Death, Naked Slayers, Takers of Skulls, Horned Ones, Slaughter-kin

Acts of violent rage and deeds of bloody murder resound through the Realm of Chaos like a thunderous drumbeat, a booming echo that calls the Daemons of Khorne to war. Endless packs of Bloodletters rush to answer the summons, their stooped forms eager to join in the slaughter. Filled with an insatiable desire for blood, these hate-filled Daemons of Khorne are amongst the most aggressive creatures to tear their way through the veil from the Realm of Chaos. Their unholy howls of triumph when spilling blood chill the hearts of all who hear them. Simply put, Bloodletters are violence and murder given physical form and purpose by their insensate god.

The daemon hordes of Khorne are made up of these ferocious Bloodletters, deadly warriors believed to have been foremost amongst the Blood God's followers in mortal life and whose will is as implacable and blood-hungry as Khorne himself. Bloodletters are Lesser Daemons, known variously as the Footsoldiers of Khorne, the Warriors of Blood, the Teeth of Death, or the Horned Ones. The Bloodletters are the rank-and-file of Khorne's daemonic armies. According to the Liber Malefic, tales are told of how mortal servants of Khorne who please their master are rewarded by being given a place within his daemonic legions. The greatest of the Blood God's mortal followers may become Bloodletters, and the greatest of the Bloodletters may ultimately be 'elevated' to the ranks of the Bloodthirsters. Whether the stories of them once being mortal followers of the Blood God are true or not, it is certain that each Bloodletter is a superb warrior, able to make a red ruin of most opponents with their wicked Hellblades.

They are the most numerous of Khorne's daemonic children, and while a single Bloodletter is deadly, a whole pack is truly terrifying. Drawn to battle like scavengers to carrion, they charge towards their enemies with savage ferocity, black tongues flicking in anticipation of the taste of blood. Numberless, they fight amongst each other for the honour of being despatched to the mortal world, to take the fight against those who oppose Chaos and chop their enemies into quivering pieces of meat. They are full of hate, and they live to fight, laughing when they thump into the flesh of their foes. They are carnage incarnate, and they only know killing. Like all Daemons of Khorne, the ferocity of the Bloodletters is boundless, and they will attack almost any foe without fear or thought of the consequences. Mightiest in their ranks are the Bloodreapers – Champions of the Bloodletter hordes. Khorne's domain contains countless legions of these snarling warriors, each of which is like a sea of red flesh from which serried horns and wicked blades protrude.

Their every aspect is designed for their gory craft, and their horrific appearance is an assault upon mortal sensibilities. Bloodletters are bestial creatures, with snarling, fanged mouths. They stand as tall as a man but, apart from their broad shoulders, their frames are slender and wiry with long arms, elongated, horned skulls and twisted, crested backs. Their skin is the colour of blood and flame, ranging from bright red to deepest crimson, and is hard as brass forged upon the anvil of ceaseless war. They frequently paint their bodies with the gore from their enemies. Their skin drips constantly with thick blood that seems to ooze from every pore, their matted manes shaped into spines with dried gore. Their faces are pale and skull-like, with milk-white pupil-less eyes. Their monstrous visages are framed by horns sprouting

from the sides of their skulls. Sharp, needle-like teeth stud a Bloodletter's slavering jaws, from which its long, serpentine tongue constantly flickers to taste the spilt blood of those it slays. Their horns and claws are blackened and flecked with crimson. Rippling muscles lie barely concealed beneath the Bloodletter's scaly hide, knotted sinews that give the Daemon strength sufficient for its jet-black claws to pierce the most unyielding of armours. The Bloodletters' lean bodies are corded with muscle and each is possessed of unnatural strength, able to rip a mortal apart with contemptuous ease. This might is guided by a killing instinct that surpasses that of mortal men, for a Bloodletter is unburdened by any other thought or compulsion than to reap Khorne's foes and claim skulls in the name of its lord. Like the raging god from which they are born, Bloodletters have no desire but to shed blood on the field of battle. They are clad in fragments of armour, which is sometimes melded to their skin, and wield massive swords or axes, the symbol of their lord and master, the God of War.

Legions of Bloodletters patrol the Wastes of Chaos, throwing themselves into battle to prove their worth and might. They live to prove themselves in battle, or die in the attempt, which means little to them as they can simply return to fight another day when summoned once more. Some say these Daemons search for a mortal master to lead them to glory. Others say



'As the Daemons entered the battle, the sky turned a deep crimson and drops of blood fell from the swollen clouds. I 'eard someone chantin' what sounded like a list of names, a lot of 'em sounded Norse but a few of 'em sounded like they was from 'ome. To this day, of all the atrocities I've witnessed in my life as a fightin' man, it's that chantin' I recall most. I 'ear it in my sleep. And sometimes, I'm certain I 'ear the names of all my friends who died that day. I can't help but wonder if one day, my name'll be on that infernal role. Sigmar's Hammer! I need a drink.'

— *Bram Eilbacher, Mercenary*

they are just the manifestation of the Blood God's perverse will, and they exist only to kill and shed blood. Whether through explosions of fury or brutal design, shards of Khorne's wrathful essence congeal and are given form. Groups of these Daemons may make raids alongside Kurgan or Norsemen, but instead of retreating with their spoils, they push on, driven to reach some place of interest or importance. Everything in their path is doomed unless the people can be evacuated in time.

On the battlefield, Bloodletters gather in regiments, chanting their brutal praises to Khorne, Lord of Skulls, as well as the names of those slain in battle. When Bloodletters march against the armies of Khorne's enemies, they carry with them grim banners that hint at the carnage to come. In the fashion of the warriors they are believed to have once been, each unit of Bloodletters carries blades that glow with the heinous energies of their infernal domain, quenched in the blood of a generation of fallen warriors. They march beneath a gore-soaked banner made from the flayed skin of their enemies, that flutter in no earthly breeze upon which the names of their victims are inscribed. Some display the names of slain heroes, inked in the blood that pooled as these champions lay dying. So many names are recorded upon the banner that it is blackened by overlapping daemon-scrrawl. Others are draped with entrails and gore from the countless mortal bodies that have been torn to shreds by Khorne's Daemon Legions. The pungent, coppery waft of these banners tells of the Bloodletters' coming, as does the soul-chilling chorus of hateful bellows that accompanies their red procession. Some of them carry large brass horns with which they sound the call to war.

Unlike the foot soldiers of Khorne's rival gods, Bloodletters march to war in regimented formations, accompanied by an overwhelming charnel stench and proudly displaying the profane iconography of the Lord of Battle. Though they might manifest themselves and even manoeuvre in rank-like precision, once they draw close to their prey, it becomes apparent that they are barely restrained killers that bay for the blood of their foes. As the war-horns of each pack ring out they charge, quickly breaking formation as they enter a battle furore, their black tongues lashing out in anticipation of the taste of blood.

Once battle begins, all semblance of discipline vanishes. Bloodletters care not at all for the intricate art of war. Strategic positioning and the turning of a flank mean nothing to their insatiable hunger and unflinching need to slay. When it comes to slaughter, Khorne finds quantity far more satisfying than quality, and the Bloodletters rush to feed the appetite of the voracious Blood God. Indeed, it takes a particularly powerful Daemon to force Bloodletters to some semblance of a battleplan. Left to their own devices, Bloodletters sprint and bound from one enemy to the next, hacking the foe apart with their murderous Hellblades before springing away in search of new lifeblood to spill. With each fresh kill the Bloodletters bellow a raucous howl that echoes across the battlefield and chills the souls of all who hear.

Few foes can withstand such an onslaught, for the sight of their own comrades cut in half and butchered by howling Bloodletters is enough to break the resolve of even the stoutest soldiers. Those combatants not instantly slain are greeted with a frenzied rage, the Bloodletters screaming with fury as they fall upon them with dark blades, teeth and claws. As they slash at their opponents, the Daemons spit obscene promises of death and suffering, their guttural voices inspiring dread in all who hear them.

In order to maintain their physical form outside of the Realm of Chaos, Bloodletters must partake in constant slaughter, and they loose their murder-lust on whoever stands before them. It is not uncommon for Bloodletters to fall upon each other in their competition to spill the most vital fluid or claim the skulls of the greatest warriors on the battlefields, for in such a way they strive to distinguish themselves before the eyes of their almighty creator. But their fell attentions are drawn most fervently to where Khorne's rage burns brightest. Those who spurn brutal combat or who seek to corrupt the purity of senseless carnage are hated by the Blood God above all others, and it is against these enemies that the Bloodletters are unleashed.

Each Bloodletter wields in its sinewy claws a giant Hellblade, a jagged iron sword forged with heinous power whose blackened blade glows with heinous enchantment. A wound from one of these weapons can slay even the hardest heroes, draining their soul and sucking dry their shrivelled corpse. In truth the weapons are not objects in and of themselves, but a portion of the daemon's own essence objectified in the form of the sword, and it can never be discarded nor torn from its owner's grasp. Hellblades are wicked weapons, their razor sharp and jagged edges would inflict horrible wounds even were it not for the baleful runes etched into them. With a well-placed slash, a Hellblade can fell even the mightiest warriors, sucking all the blood in the body towards the grievous wound so that it may pour out for Khorne. Each life taken by the Hellblade strengthens the Bloodletter, fuelling both its power and rage with more of the Blood God's strength and anger. As such, a Bloodletter is even more terrifying at a battle's close than its start, having gorged itself on the slaughter it has caused, overwhelmed by the need to take more skulls for Khorne. Be that as it may, there is never enough carnage to sate the appetite of a Daemon of Khorne, and it hungers continuously for ever more bloodshed.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bloodletter	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	1	7
Bloodreaper	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Khorne,**
Daemonic, Natural Armour (6+).

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Hellblade (Magic Weapon)

Said to have been forged from shards of Khorne's own black heart, Hellblades cleave the immortal soul.

Attacks made with a Hellblade have the Killing Blow special rule.

'Blood for the Blood God!'

— *Felkane, Bloodletter*

BLOODCRUSHERS

Soul Crushers, Feet of Khorne, Knights of the Blood God

The most favoured of all Bloodletters are granted the honour of becoming Bloodcrushers. Bloodcrushers are Khorne's shock cavalry, a deadly combination of battle frenzied Bloodletter and the unstoppable crushing mass of a Juggernaut of Khorne. When the Daemonic legions go to war, hordes of Bloodcrushers stampede across the battlefield, thundering hooves pounding the ground and trampling Khorne's foes into an unrecognisable pulp. Together they plough through enemy formations, the Juggernaut goring its victims with its brutal horn as the rider swings its Hellblade in vicious arcs. The force of a charging Bloodcrusher can collapse the staunchest of battle-lines, leaving behind a carpet of gore as decapitated bodies are trampled into the mud.

Juggernauts seldom encroach into the material realm alone. In fact, a Juggernaut is often used as an immense war-mount ridden into battle by a Bloodletter – but only once Khorne himself has deemed a Bloodletter worthy of claiming one.

To ride a Juggernaut into battle is one of the greatest honours that Khorne can bestow upon one of his Daemons, a boon granted only to the most favoured of Khorne's daemonic creatures. The beast is a vehicle of fury and therefore only the most favoured Bloodletters and Heralds are tasked by the Blood God to ride one forth from the pens of the foundries.

A Bloodletter becomes a Bloodcrusher when its excessive acts of violence have gained it particular favour in the eyes of the Blood God. Each will be a warrior of considerable might, that has spilled blood across numerous lands and, more importantly, who has acquired a spectacular amount of skulls for Khorne. Of course, the collecting of skulls by Bloodletters is often achieved by

nefarious means, lies and backstabbing, proving every bit as effective as rampant slaughter, but that matters little. It is skulls that interest Khorne, no matter how they are taken.

Such an undertaking is not for the weak, and if the daemon is deemed worthy of the blessings of Khorne, it is taken deep within the Brass Citadel to the great stockade, an enclosed steppe so large that its cracked earth dips beyond the horizon. In this enormous chamber, the floor quakes constantly under the thundering hooves of thousands of Juggernaut herds. The giant beasts stampede across the plain and ram furiously into each other. Sparks fly as their riveted metal hides clash and plumes of ashen smoke billow from their snouts. The Khornate runes carved into their brass and iron hides glow with the heat of a furnace as molten metal blood courses through their daemonic bodies.

Bloodletters do not claim a particular steed through any conscious choice, but by instinct. In fact, perhaps only Khorne himself knows exactly who chooses whom. Honoured Bloodletters are simply beckoned forth into the dark labyrinthine pens, armed only with runic chains. Juggernauts are feral monsters that only respond to strength, and must be dragged from the stockade before serving a Daemon rider. Bloodletters grab the brass collars of Juggernauts or leap onto their backs from the stockade's iron-spiked palisades, attempting to wrestle control of the metal monsters. Most are flung, gored or crushed into an unrecognisable smear before the Juggernaut devours what remains of their essence. However, those who manage to survive through the thrashing and bucking emerge from the Brass Citadel with a truly fearsome steed.

So prized is the reward of a Juggernaut that unworthy Bloodletters have been tempted to steal one, even without the Blood God's blessing. The Heralds who goad the Juggernauts always turn a blind eye to the intruders who step into the pens, for they know full well what happens to those unworthy in Khorne's eyes. The remains of the intruder are rarely found, as whatever remains of them is ground into the red dust that blows through the enclosure.

The Bloodletter emerges much later having restrained his beast, though the process of becoming a Bloodcrusher is only just begun. Once a Bloodletter has successfully dragged his mount from the foundries, the Daemon must



'And to tell of the Juggernaut its like has never been seen. 'Twas a mighty steed of groaning iron and brazen steel, a thing of living metal that stood taller than a man and roared with the furies of a thousand, thousand dead. Its massive head was part hound, part bull, part the incarnate soul of bloody hate. As it moved toward us we saw its countless close-riveted plates, forged in dark fires, bound with runes and unearthly spite. Upon the back of the beast sat a daemon, its skin scaled and slick with the spilt blood of our comrades. As it bared its brazen, gore-speckled fangs we lost all heart and turned, fleeing to the night and terrors yet unseen.'

- Liber Malefic

*'Slay without pity, triumph without remorse.
You are the legions of Khorne, His favourite warriors.
You shall bring defeat and death to His enemies.
You shall crush their world under your heel.
To battle! Let blood flow in His name!'*

- Rorath'rath the Skullwearer

begin to break in the war-beast so it spends more effort trying to fight the Bloodletter's enemies rather than the Bloodletter itself. This process is within itself a battle of daemonic wills, as a beast of such considerable might does not submit easily. Many a Bloodletter has been found gored and trampled into the barren landscape of Khorne's realm, its body driven into the ground by a long-departed steed.

As time is meaningless in the Warp, it is impossible to say how long this process takes. It is typical that the Daemons head across the Blazing Rampart and towards the borders of Tzeentch's realm, an ever-changing place of dark sorcery. There, they war against the Changer of Ways' minions, claiming grisly trophies for their master. The Bloodletter must keep his steed sated, lest it turn upon him in its search for slaughter.

Eventually, Juggernaut and Bloodletter both recognise that they are each driven by the same purpose: to satisfy Khorne's bloodlust. Amidst the carnage, they discover each other's aptitude for murder. They realize that working in concert as a Bloodcrusher, they become an unstoppable incarnation of slaughter, capable of greater deeds in Khorne's name than either would be alone. When the Bloodcrusher has finally become a killing machine united in soul and body, the Murder Bond has at last been forged, and then the real carnage commences.

A Juggernaut can never be completely broken. Trying to tame one is like trying to harness an avalanche or funnel an erupting volcano. When Bloodcrushers go to battle, it is the war-mount, not the rider, who decides where they will attack. When the Juggernaut sights an enemy, its blood begins to boil and it bursts into a flat-out charge. The Bloodletter merely stands on its steed as it is borne through the combat, hacking from on high with homicidal fervour. Incoming blows patter harmlessly from the daemonic beast's hide, merely serving to enrage it further. Only the most devastating weaponry has a chance of piercing its armoured skin, and those who bear such armaments are usually the first to be pulverised beneath the Juggernaut's hooves.

Bloodcrushers can be found in many of Khorne's armies, where they are used as a bludgeoning wedge to break enemy battle lines or smash through fortifications. When battle begins, Bloodcrushers relentlessly hurl themselves at the strongest point of an enemy's lines. The thunder of a group of stampeding Bloodcrushers sends gut-churning reverberations through the ranks of the enemy, eroding the resolve and sanity of many great warriors and generals before the combat even begins. Once the armoured cavalry of Khorne begin their lumbering charge, nothing can deter them from their course. With broad heads lowered and powerful legs pistoning them ever onwards, the Bloodcrushers surge forward like unstoppable battering rams. They smash their way through stone walls and spiked barricades alike without ever slowing down. Sparks cascade in their wake as they batter through

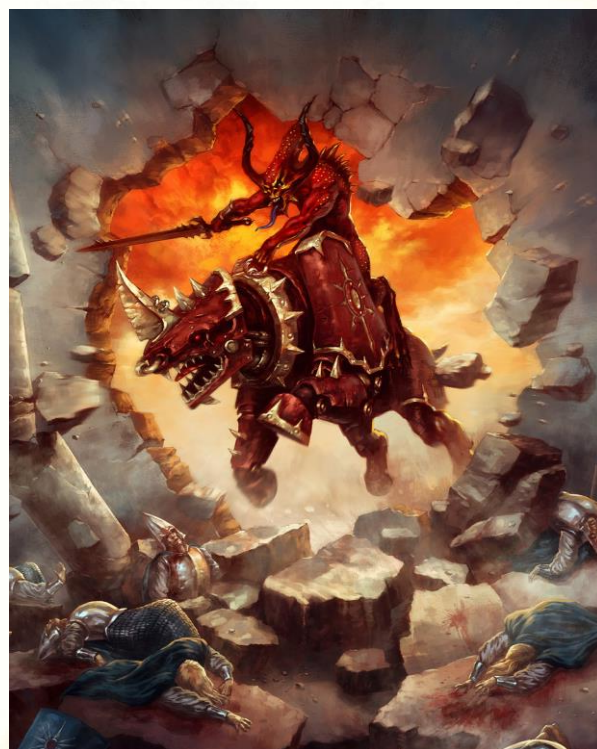
obstacles, lowering their bladed and brutal heads for the collision they know is coming. The ground itself shakes with fear under the daemonic cavalry's heavy treads, and to the sounds of murderous screams from the Bloodletters atop them, they crash into their terrified foes with the force of gigantic sledgehammers. Such an impact sends lifeless bodies flying in all directions, and anything foolish enough to remain in the path of the rampaging beasts is trampled underfoot.

Once embroiled in the press of combat, Juggernauts will crush those that stand before them with the ease of a man wading through grass, each new kill coating their legs with fresh blood and gore. Horns gashing and gutting, teeth gouging and tearing, the daemonic mounts bull their way through any melee. From their broad backs the Bloodletters bring their Hellblades down in great arcs to behead those enemies still standing, taking no prisoners and showing no mercy – to Bloodcrushers, all are fodder for their insatiable appetite for slaughter. Here they hack, maim and gore their way through the strongest troops the foe can muster, exulting Khorne's name with savage joy for each enemy slain. After this initial charge, the Bloodcrushers become totally overwhelmed by their burning need to claim yet more skulls for the Blood God. The Daemons often quarrel at this point, with both Bloodletter and Juggernaut trying to charge towards a different chosen foe. Such contests of wills are commonly brief. The need to spill blood overwhelms any attempt at rational selection, and sends the Bloodcrushers rampaging towards the nearest foe.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bloodletter	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	1	7
Bloodhunter	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	2	7
Juggernaut	7	4	0	5	4	3	2	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Khorne, Daemonic, Natural Armour (5+).



JUGGERNAUTS

Brass Behemoths, Khorne's Unstoppable Rage, Bloodpounders, Hooves of Khorne, Juggers, Blights of Khorne

Juggernauts, or Juggers, are massive armoured creatures that are part daemon and part ensorcelled steel and sinew. They are quadrupeds, with broad bodies, the heads of warped bullgods, powerful legs and heavy, wide-mouth. In silhouette they may be mistaken for the great Rhinoxen that live upon the distant Mountains of Mourne, but to see one is to realise they are as much machine as beast.

Juggernauts are mighty beasts of groaning iron and brass, taller than a man and possessed of crushing mass. The hide of a Juggernaut is composed of riveted and fused metal plating, decorated with icons of Khorne and stained with the dried lifeblood of its mortal victims. This toughened exterior ensures that Juggernauts endure enemy blows with unnerving ease. There are few signs that might be considered flesh to be found on a Juggernaut, save for the eyes that burn with murderous intent and rows of savage-looking teeth that drip with their victims' blood.

Their sinews are steel cables and their limbs are powered by gears and pistons composed of Warp-tainted brass, as are the thick, sharp blades and serrated crest atop its muzzle. Their hindquarters are less heavily armoured than their massive forequarters. A saddle is often cut into the living metal of the beast's flesh. Juggernauts range in colour from vivid red-burnished steel through to deep wrought-iron black. Though they may look more machine than beast, beneath this heavy Khorne-marked armour is the war hungry heart of a vicious Daemon.

Fire pulses within the body of a Juggernaut in the place of blood, propelled about its blasphemous form by a daemonic heart. The Juggernaut's iron-shod feet throw sparks with each step and its brass snout spills choking black steam into the air with every breath. They are forged in dark fires and bound with dire runes, their primordial rage tamed within a shell of artificial metallic muscle and bone. As they trample the earth to rake up ash and dirt with their shod-hoofed kick, they belch fire and smoke, powered from within by the heat of a daemonic furnace. Its breath fogs the air with each snort, a grunt that resounds like thunder. Their metallic bodies are tough enough to withstand great punishment, and heavy enough to mete it out in turn.

Said to be the most brutish of all the Blood God's many Daemons, they are reflections of their creator's aggression, unstoppable force and mindless violence made manifest. They are brutal and fierce creatures, but lack intelligence and discrimination, being pure killing machines.

So savage are Juggernauts that they are not permitted into the inner rings of the Blood God's Brass Citadel; they are kept much further out, where they can gorge on intruders and further develop their bestial instincts for killing.

In the Cracked Land, extending out from Khorne's vast citadel, the bones of fallen warriors, too numerous to ever count, jut out of an ashen wasteland. Further afield, bounding the Cracked Land, swamps of gore churn under crimson skies, and fanged geysers cough up great billows

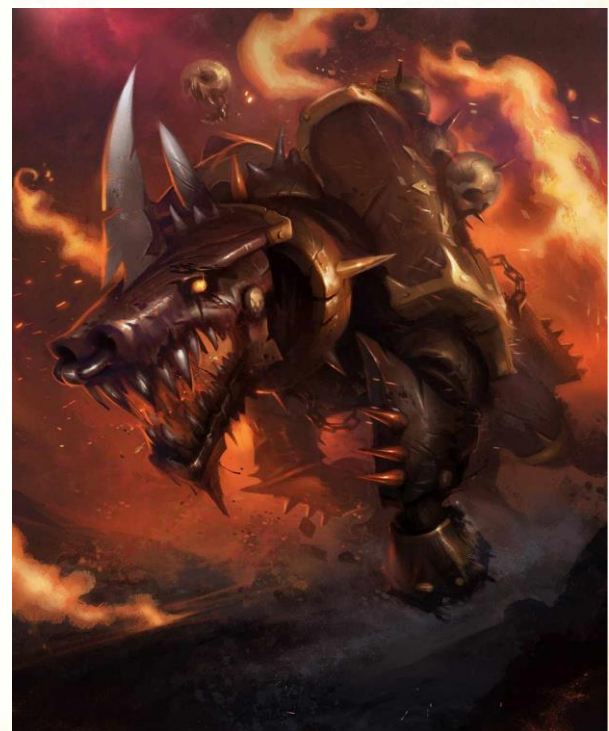
of sulphurous fumes. Rivers of boiling blood gush through the landscape, the flow rising and falling in a reflection of the slaughter being unleashed within the mortal realm. Further out from this region is a place known as the Hunting Fields. It is here that the Juggernauts prowl, forever in search of new things to kill.

Those Juggernauts whose ruddy hides are so dark as to be crimson or almost black tend to be the most aggressive creatures, dominating and killing many of their wild kin. The most violent Juggernauts are highly prized by the Blood God, for they are ideal for use in daemonic challenges of strength, or even as rewards for those who prove their value to Khorne.

Juggernauts are intensely territorial, and are indiscriminate in their rage. Any being who approaches, whether summoned mortal or foolhardy Daemon, will find itself on the receiving end of a Juggernaut's charge, and trampled beneath brass-shod hooves.

To prove their value to Khorne and raise their standing to that of a Herald, a Bloodletter must undergo numerous challenges. One of many such trials is to go forth into the Hunting Fields and capture a Juggernaut. The Bloodletter is only successful in his challenge when he brings the Daemon-beast back to the pens of Khorne's foundries, a great sprawl of smoke-spewing spires located within the smouldering volcanoes on the edges of the Blood God's realm.

Khorne often orders his Bloodletters to undergo such missions, tracking down the beasts and sniffing for their blood. The Bloodletter uses whatever brute strength and keen wits he has at his disposal to survive, hunt, and



eventually capture the Juggernaut. By the end of the encounter, the Bloodletter usually resorts to using his Hellblade to fight off the beast's attacks, using the language of violence to establish dominance over the Juggernaut until the beast exhibits a semblance of compliance.

More often than not, however, the attempts are unsuccessful. The battered remains of would-be Heralds are torn up and scattered over considerable distances around the Juggernauts' domain. It is not without reason that Heralds are significantly rarer than Bloodletters.

Once captured, Juggernauts are kept within immense slab-sided pens, under smoke-choked skies that rain blood, and amidst the noise of metal being hammered into murderous new forms. The walls that hold the Juggernauts in are incomprehensibly dense. Even so, they are battered and cracked due to the constant attempts of Juggernauts to break free from their compound.

Within the confines, large packs of enraged Juggernauts fight for domination. So violent are the strongest of their kind that they will soon trample and savage the lesser of their kin. But, for Khorne, murder is murder after all, and a Juggernaut skull is as prized by him as any other.

For what seems like eternity, these brass and flesh Juggernauts roam the passageways of their pens, their eyes glowing in the darkness, their searing grunts echoing within the confines.

Whilst captive, the Juggernauts are goaded with burning instruments that penetrate even their armoured hides, ensuring that the beasts are at their optimum fury when a rider is summoned into the pens to claim his prize. Occasionally a Herald will become careless at this last stage, and slip in the pen, which is ultimately his last step. The fury that the Herald helped instill within the beasts is swiftly taken out upon him.

The approach of a Juggernaut is heralded by thunderous footfalls and shaking earth, and their every breath fills their prey with fear. As Juggernauts prepare to charge, they roar with the fury of a thousand dead souls. Their inlaid brass plating is festooned with spikes and blades, and the mere charge of a Juggernaut can reduce a fortified



bulwark to splinters. Its limbs slam into the ground as it charges, spurring the creature forwards with staggering force. With its head tilted down, and its blade-horned snout at the ready, its crushing impact knocks foes from their feet before it tramples them into ruin.

Juggernauts make potent mounts for a warrior, as they are as furious and bloodthirsty as any of Khorne's daemonic servants. Juggernauts are ridden into battle by powerful minions of Khorne, for only those possessed of exceptional willpower can hope to control the raging beast. Occasionally, a particularly favoured Herald of Khorne is granted a Juggernaut to better pursue his master's goals. The Herald asserts his will over the Juggernaut as a mortal would over a more earthly steed. Such a pairing is far deadlier than the sum of its parts. The charge of a Juggernaut causes the ground itself to tremble, and few can stand before such an unholy union of awesome warrior and unnatural mount trampling into their midst. Should a foe survive the frenzied biting and goring of a Juggernaut, they are likely to be crushed beneath its brass body, or cut down by the Juggernaut's rider.

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

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Khorne, Daemonic, Natural Armour (6+).

KHUL'TYRAN

Of the known Juggernauts that have made a bloody name for themselves in the mortal realm, few are more infamous than Khul'tyran, steed of the legendary Skulttaker.

Though Skulttaker frequently fights alone, he has also brought slaughter to the world of mortals and beyond from astride Khul'tyran. Together they have caused havoc across the breadth of the galaxy, and the Imperium in particular has suffered greatly from the pairing's deeds. Indeed, they have cleaved an unfathomable number of skulls as offerings to Khorne.

At the time the creature was claimed by Skulttaker from Khorne's infernal foundries, Khul'tyran was said to have been the toughest in the Juggernaut stockade. The Daemon-beast had killed more of his kin than any other before or since. He prowled the perimeter of the pens, regularly making bids for freedom – he once shattered the compound's wall and would have escaped were it not for the dozen Heralds of Khorne who held him back. Skulttaker selected Khul'tyran from the pack when the Champion witnessed the beast goring three Heralds at once. It was a sure sign, by Skulttaker's reckoning, that they could take forth the Blood God's wrath in an appropriate manner.

And so they did. The pair has stormed out of the Warp to harvest a bounty of skulls for Khorne. They have duelled others on countless planets in the mortal realm, never yet losing a challenge. They have claimed the skulls of Orc Warbosses and Elf Princes. While Skulttaker decapitates his foes with the Slayer Sword, Khul'tyran tears into metal armour as if it were soft flesh, and flesh as if it were dust.

So pleased is Khorne with their murderous work, that while in the Realm of Chaos, Khul'tyran is the only Juggernaut permitted to prowl the smokechoked passageways of the Blood God's Brass Citadel, as its reward for unbridled destruction.

FLESH HOUNDS

Relentless Hunters, Khorne's Endless Fury, Inevitable Ones, Blood Trackers, Hounds of Wrath, Beasts of Khorne, Flesh-Renders, Hunters of Blood

The babbling tales of maniacs who have been exposed to the unshielded horrors of the Realm of Chaos speak of the blood-red hounds of Khorne, whose howls of rage haunt their sleep and the memory of which stalks their every waking moment. The baying of the hounds chills the heart, spreading icy tendrils of fear through mortal souls. With twisted crimson frames, these beasts lope across the battlefield, tracking the terror-spoor of their prey, driven by the insatiable bloodlust of their kind. They are the Flesh Hounds, Khorne's most favoured daemonic servants.

'Once a Flesh Hound gets the scent of blood, it's every bit the embodiment of its patron. You have to kill them to get them to stop pursuing their prey. Not that you'd want to get between one and whatever it's chasing!'

– Rombeck the Houndsman

Flesh Hounds are rapacious wolf-like Daemons, with heavy-jawed heads that are both reptilian and savagely canine in aspect, and are some eight feet long from nose to tail. Their lean, wiry frames have an arched back, and are covered in blood-red scales. Around their necks is a ruff or collar of spines, connected by an orange-red membrane of taut flesh with frilled wattles beneath their chins. This gives the neck added protection. Rows of iron plates are driven into the flesh along their backs, held in place by



brazen rivets, each moulded in the shape of Khorne's skull rune. Their apparently unseeing eyes are a milky white. Their wide mouths are equipped with huge, blood-stained fangs like swords and can tear muscle from bone and rip organs from bodies. Their powerful limbs end in two-toed feet with razor-sharp claws of iron that can shred armour and flesh alike. Their blood-slick bodies ripple with unnatural sinew and muscle. The scaled hide of a Flesh Hound is tough and ruddy, with rows of iron plates driven into the flesh along their backs by iron rivets in the shape of Khorne's skull rune. Flesh Hounds are lithe yet powerful, able to dart aside from a swordsman's strike and pull a knight from the saddle as part of the same fluid motion. As savage as their god, they prey upon any who stand in their path, existing purely for the thrill of the chase and the inevitable kill. They are Khorne's blood-hunters, lithe yet powerful, able to dart aside from a swordsman's strike and pull a knight from the saddle as part of the same fluid motion. They are savage killing machines, born from Khorne's wrath and set upon the mortal world to do his bidding.

Khorne hates to see his servants bewildered or slain by hostile magic as he regards the use of spells as contrary to his proud warrior code. Khorne favours his Flesh Hounds above all the other Daemons in his service, and he lavishes them with generous gifts. All Flesh Hounds wear an ornate brass circlet about their scaled necks, driven with spikes and studs. These Collars of Khorne are forged in the heat of the Blood God's rage at the very foot of the Skull Throne. In casting these collars, molten metal is infused with the blood of powerful wizards who have been slain by Khorne's legions. Furnace-daemons then hammer out the brazen gorgets on the anvil that sits in the chamber of the Skull Throne. Thus empowered, these studded bands render Flesh Hounds all but immune to the effects of hostile magic, for Khorne loathes to see his chosen servants felled by the perfidious practice of the arcane. Each brass collar exudes a portion of the Blood God's mighty will, repelling the influence of magic through sheer contempt. In this way, devious spells, illusion and trickery are rendered useless – nothing can throw Khorne's prized hunters off the blood scent of their quarry. Many Flesh Hounds also bear other brands and trinkets: skull-runed rivets, iron plates, bone fetishes and brass chains are all common adornments, granted for felling especially mighty warriors or hated foes. Some of the oldest and most baleful Flesh Hounds bear many dozens of such tokens – so much so that they clink and clatter with every loping step.

'In the distance I beheld a Lord of Change, wings torn and limbs bloody. 'Twas then the heat haze cleared to reveal the Flesh Hounds loping at his heels. Iridescent fire blazed from the Feathered Lord's open mouth and washed over his pursuers, but the collars about the hounds' necks glowed dully and the flames died. Last strength spent, the Lord of Change fell to his knees. With one mind, the pack lunged, and soon their prey was naught but torn offal and bloodied plumage.'

– Liber Malefic

'First I heard the howling in my sleep, when I still could afford to rest, but now I hear it in my wake, continuous, growing ever louder as they get nearer. I have been running for weeks, but now I'm tired, so tired, and the Hounds are almost upon me.'

— *Last words of Hans Steinhof*

Flesh Hounds are Khorne's foremost tool of vengeance. These attack beasts are created to endlessly hunt down cowards, traitors and other fools who have dared to offend the Blood God. When a being – mortal or Daemon – rouses the Blood God's unquenchable ire, he rises from the Skull Throne and sounds a single sonorous note on a great brass horn. This blast echoes through the mortal and daemoniac realms alike as a peal of portentous thunder, rousing Flesh Hounds from their slumber and loosing them upon the hunt. Those marked as their quarry are doomed to be run to ground and torn to shreds by their red, dripping fangs. Bloodcurdling howls and barks emerge from the beasts as they give chase. The Hunters of Blood are merciless predators who know the scent of every mortal creature. Once these blood-hunters have scented their prey, there is little chance of escape. The Chaos Hunt is a fearsome sight indeed and few live to recount its gory pursuit, few can survive gory pursuit by these relentless carnivores, for Flesh Hounds are faultless and instinctive trackers, able to harry their quarry across fen, forest and stone without once losing the scent or tiring of the chase, and will follow their prey to the ends of the earth. These daemoniac animals are tireless, and will never cease the hunt until they taste their quarry's flesh between their fangs. To hear the baying of the Blood God's hounds is to hear the certainty of imminent demise.

Upon open ground a Flesh Hound can keep pace with a galloping horse and once a pack is upon its prey they have little hope of escape, for the hounds are rapacious carnivores as adept at slaughter as any servant of the Blood God. Bloodletters commonly run and leap in the Flesh Hounds' wake, urging the Hounds on with piercing whoops and shrieks of glee, ever eager to claim part of the spoils and sup the blood of the fallen. Across the Chaos Wastes they chase their victims, and none who have heard their howls of rage and survived can ever sleep peacefully at night. Hunting in packs, they will rend any unfortunate being they catch into tiny bits, showering the field with blood for their master. Once the hunt is complete and the prey is slaughtered, the Flesh Hounds growl and snap at each other as they compete for cuts of meat; once stripped of flesh, the choicest bones are then carried back and buried amidst the huge collection of diverse skulls that festoons their master's Brass Citadel. There the Flesh Hounds gnaw upon their victim's bones and wait impatiently for the call of the hunt to sound once again.

Such is the rapacious fury of Flesh Hounds that they are a deadly threat to other creatures in Khorne's domain. Even Greater Daemons must tread warily when out on the plains of powdered bone, for in their native hunting grounds the Flesh Hounds are viciously territorial, and pounce on intruders in ravenous packs. Many Flesh Hound packs contain creatures that are even larger and more vicious than others of their kind – slaving beasts of pure aggression that have dominated their Daemon kin throughout long centuries of challenges. The roar of these Gore Hounds is so redolent with rage that it causes their prey to burst into flames, the scent of burning flesh driving the rest of the pack to even greater heights of fury.

In battle, Flesh Hounds are unleashed against the enemy lines prior to the main attack. Red froth drips from their snarling maws as they charge towards the opposing army. They bound towards the foe with wild abandon, hungry for the taste of living flesh. With powerful limbs they launch themselves at the front rank of their enemies, crunching through the armour of infantry to get to the meat within or tearing at the underbellies of cavalry and monstrous beasts. Other daemons follow in their wake, eager to hack into those who are being savaged. The ferocity of a Flesh Hound attack tears bloody rents in the foe's formation, leaving the enemy all the more vulnerable to the coming assault by Bloodletters and Bloodcrushers. Only steely nerve and certain strike offers any defence against such an onslaught – the primal consciousness of the Flesh Hound is utterly implacable and knows no fear – save for that of Khorne himself – and it would fight on should even the combined hosts of the world stand to bar its path. When the battle is won and the enemy broken and scattered, the Flesh Hounds begin their savage pursuit once more, running the fleeing foe to the ground and tearing them to shreds with their blood-dark savage claws, ensuring none escape the fate that Khorne demands.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Flesh Hound	8	4	0	4	4	1	4	2	7
Gore Hound	8	4	0	4	4	1	4	3	7

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Khorne, Daemoniac, Natural Armour (6+), Vanguard.

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Collar of Khorne (Talisman)

To prevent spells from affecting his favoured servants, Khorne's daemoniac artisans create artefacts with strong anti-magical properties. They hammer out heavy brass circlets, forged in the raging fires of the Blood God's own fury. These collars are fixed around the necks of Flesh Hounds, and are sometimes awarded to mortal champions and daemoniac servants of Khorne as a reward for the slaughter they carry out in his name. This baleful adornment hangs heavy with the Blood God's loathing of sorcery.

This grants the Magic Resistance (2) special rule.

'Far to the north in the frozen wastelands of memory and legend, the blood burn spills across the plains, daemoniac breath frosting in the icy air. Hindered neither by darkness nor the bitter cold. Khorne's savage pack fleets across the benighted tundra. Baying Flesh Hounds lead the chase, the scent of mortal blood thick in their bestial nostrils.

Following close upon the hounds, urging them ever forward, come the Bloodletters, driven by the sateless bloodlust of their kind. Masters of the Hunt, they seek the blood of Man to offer at the foot of the Skull Throne, ever hungry for fresh prey, ever longing to tear the warm red flesh with their talons and to smear the gore triumphant on their horns.

One and all they are the bloody talons of the wrathful Lord Khorne, his unholy magnificence made gloriously manifest upon the world.'

— *Grimoire Daemoniacus*

BLOODBEASTS

The Monstrous Ones, Bloodspawn, The True Form, The Shapeless, Beasts of Blood.

Of all the cursed of Khorne, these creatures are at once the most twisted and brutal and yet most mysterious, for none can tell their true nature, whether they be daemon or mortal. Some mage-scholars suggest that they be mortal, for they can detect in them no connection to the other realm, like those possessed by a daemon. A few go further, claiming them to be some monstrous race unto their own, broken and enslaved beneath the Chaos yoke. Others, those who have faced them in battle or taken up arms to hunt them to the ground say otherwise, for with such terrible magicks torturing and twisting their bodies at every moment, how can any flesh be considered mortal? However, the truth is that they are still both and neither. They are the very raw energy of the vastness of Chaos, cloaked within the vestiges of the mortal damned.

The Bloodbeasts, and others of its ilk beholden to the Ruinous Powers, are wildly diverse in their appearance. If they are Daemons then they care not as others of their type do to maintain a preferred form. Some are little more than a writhing mound of pulsating flesh, gaping maws and vicious spines, while others may be almost human except for in the blankness of their eyes. The truth of Chaos is in its corruption, and these Bloodspawn are the manifestation of this truth.

Bloodbeasts begin as creatures of the Chaos Wastes, savage predators that are drawn into Khorne's domain by the unholy reek of endless bloodshed. Captured by leering Bloodletters, these animals are dragged to the Brass Citadel and hauled within its depths. There, the Blood God works terrible changes upon them, twisting their minds and bodies into shapes more pleasing to his eye. At the same time the Blood God invests his newly forged Bloodbeasts with a terrible hunger for the skulls of his foes.

This desire eclipses all else, and is so fierce that it causes the beasts physical pain. The only way for a Bloodbeast to hold its agony at bay is to gorge endlessly upon the macabre trophies so desired by their dark master. To this end, the Bloodbeast will throw itself into every fight without thought or restraint, turning the monstrous gifts of Khorne against its victims to deadly effect. Bone talons tear through flesh and bone. Osseous, fanged tentacles lash back and forth, impaling prey like harpoons and dragging them into the Bloodbeast's hungry embrace. When a Bloodbeast has gorged itself so thoroughly that leering skulls begin to physically pushing out through the beast's straining flesh, the Bloodbeast's appetite is momentarily sated. At such times the beast is



Their baying chills the heart and spreads icy tendrils of fear through weak mortal souls. And yet worse, yet more terrible to behold, are the huntsmen of this fell pack. Following close upon the Hounds, urging them ever forward, come deformed beings, running and shrieking, shrieking and running, driven by the sateless bloodlust of their kind. With twisted crimson frames they speed across the blighted land, crouched over as if the better to track the terror-spoor of their prey. Masters of the Hunt, they seek the blood of Man to offer at the foot of the Skull Throne, ever hungry for fresh prey, ever willing to tear the warm red flesh with their talons and to smear the gore triumphant upon their curving horns.

compelled to wend its way back to Khorne's realm, there to vomit forth its harvested bounty of bone. No sooner has it done so than its insatiable hunger is stoked afresh like fire once more, driving it forth again to do Khorne's bloody work.

Like all aspects of Khorne, the Bloodbeast is a battle-maddened creature that lives only to take lives and harvest skulls in the name of the Blood God. The Bloodbeasts of Khorne are masses of muscle and tendon, with pulsing veins and whip-cord sinew. Their every orifice is ringed with sharp teeth that tear into the flesh of those who become entangled within their elongated limbs. These limbs and tails are often armoured or scaled, while at their ends they transform into the shapes of crude but deadly weapons, flattening into blades and knives or bulging outwards into spiked maces. Their many snapping jaws, razor-sharp claws and be weaponed tails decapitate and disembowel with a single sweep. The Bloodbeasts are always hugely muscled, and are often emblazoned with the skull-mark of their lord somewhere upon their bodies.

Their means of locomotion will vary from creature to creature, some may walk upright, others on all fours as horses or dogs. Those whose limbs have atrophied beyond all usefulness may drag themselves forwards by their vestigial arms or bunch and ripple along the ground as worms or slugs or snakes. A few may even have wings, although these are not so common among the Bloodbeasts, and if they are present may well be useless for flight. They wear no armour, nor bear arms, but their marks of evil are such to overcome even the strongest of foes.

Bloodbeasts may be found travelling among the multitude of small warbands that cross back and forth over the Shadowlands. They may be treated as beasts of war or of burden, depending upon their temperament and the nature of the corruption inflicted upon them. A few are even venerated by these warbands and carried or dragged in gilded throne-cages, from which their trusted followers do interpret their gibberings as commands and prophecies.

When these warbands join together into a horde the spawn may remain with their trusted masters, or they may be gathered into herds. There they may be controlled en masse before being goaded to crash into

the enemy's lines, creating terror and confusion before the advance of their shock warriors. And finally, when the Shadow bursts free and engulfs the world, these monsters are caught within its flow and wash down across our borders, killing and devouring as they go and further spreading their stain.

Lone Bloodbeasts may be discovered in the forests and hills of the Shadowlands where they prolong their cursed existence by consuming whatever they encounter. Tribesmen like the Hung and the Gospodars do gather and embark on hunts into this blasted country to bring these beasts down for sport. When such a beast is killed, these men congratulate themselves as the slayers of monsters. However, these pitiful, accursed things are nothing but pale simulacrum of the fiends that run together in the dark realms, where the laws do not reach and they may reveal their true form.

Brimming with mindless fury, the Bloodbeast charges headlong into battle, not caring whom or what it is engaged with. Tentacles tipped with razor-sharp barbs, rippling with corded muscle and dripping with gore, whip and lash at foes as the creature charges its foes. Roaring with bestial fury, Bloodbeasts bound towards their prey with fanged maws gaping wide. Driven by an insatiable hunger for skulls, these hideous super-predators are utterly without fear. They are living battering rams whose only thought is to kill and devour every foe in their path.

The Bloodbeast hurls itself into battle with untamed savagery. Helpless foes are snatched up and torn to pieces by scythe-like claws, while osseous, fanged tentacles lash forth to rip and tear. Every swing of its grotesquely swollen limbs throws broken foes through the air. Every snap of its claws sees another head torn bloody from a ragged, spurting neck. Blades glance off its iron-hard flesh to no avail, while even those attackers who draw blood rarely live long enough to enjoy their triumph. Within moments, little but torn meat remains of the foe, the din of battle replaced by the awful crunch and slurp as the Khornate beast gluts itself upon a feast of the severed heads of the slain.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bloodbeast	7	4	0	5	5	3	4	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Khorne, Daemonic, Natural Armour (6+).

"Aye, I know a thing or two about the dark powers, lad. I've killed one of their monsters with my own bare hands! Up north, it was, not far from Karak Ungor. My clansmen and I were chasing rumors of a new Gromril vein – which, blast the luck, proved untrue – when we were attacked by a great beast the colour of fresh-spilt blood. All muscle and sinew it was, and strong as twenty Dwarfs! While the other lads kept it occupied, I leapt upon its back and swung my axe at any appendage that looked important! By Grungni, what a smell! It took a fortnight to wash all the stench and gore from my beard."

– Furkrin Grimzinsson,
Breadmaster, Karaz-a-Karak

SKULL CANNONS

Hellforged Bellowers, Bonegrinders, Clinkerfiends

Legend tells that the Skull Cannons of Khorne were forged in the furnaces at the foot of the Blood God's throne and beaten into shape upon his mighty anvil. Some even believe that they might even have been forged by Khorne's hand, so murderously efficient and callous are they. Like Khorne's Juggernauts, the Skull Cannons are monstrous fusions of daemonic spirit and hellforged machinery. Their twisted and clinkered veins burn with the desire to shed blood and crush bones, to exult Khorne's praises with every trampled foe.

'In the shadow of the besieged Marcher Fortress, I saw the Blood God's host in all its terrible glory. Yet it was the cannons upon the ridgeline that captured my attention. Lined wheel to wheel, they belched fire and gore at the lithe Daemons who sallied in the fortress' defence. I was certain no host, immortal or otherwise, could long endure such a fusillade. Moment later, I was proved correct as the defenders withdrew, leaving the charred remains of their fellows to the enemy's scant mercies.'

- Liber Malefic

A pair of Bloodletters ride atop the Skull Cannon into battle, howling with rough joy and chanting Khorne's praises as their armoured steed rumbles towards the enemy. These are the same Daemons that oversaw its creation in the furnaces beneath the Brass Citadel, and that are now charged to guide it in furtherance of the Blood God's unholy purpose. They take a creator's pride in its every atrocity, prompting it onwards to claim more souls in the name of the Blood God. Not

that the Skull Cannon needs much in the way of encouragement to maim and slay – the Daemon bound within its black heart is as wrathful and murderous as any in Khorne's service. Indeed, a Skull Cannon is more tirelessly wilful and proud than even the wildest of Juggernauts, and it seldom pays heed to the snarling creatures of flesh that have harnessed themselves to its mechanical glory.



Skull Cannons are a nightmare given form. These sentient abominations desire nothing more than to feel the crunch of flesh and bone underneath their spiked wheels, and give praise to the Blood God with every foe torn to shreds within their grinding maw.





As the Skull Cannon grinds across the battlefield, its spiked wheels and rollers mangle everything in its path. The fortunate foes are those that dive out of its path or else die instantly as the engine rumbles over them. Those who somehow survive the initial onset of the grinders are fed screaming into the Skull Cannon's gaping maw, there to be roasted by daemonic fire and ground to fragments. Most of the remains are ejected at the Skull Cannon's rear in a red wake of bone splinters and glistening blood. Only the skulls – so beloved of Khorne – are retained, and fed into the mighty cannon atop the machinery from which the Daemon Engine takes its name. Here, they are infused with the Blood God's endless and abiding wrath, coated in a pitch of boiling blood, until their empty eye sockets weep blood and their slack jaws gibber with rage. Only then, with a roiling boom, does the cannon discharge its payload towards the enemy ranks.



The skulls catch fire as they are launched, and roar with booming laughter as they fly. Piercing laughter peals from chattering jaws before the missiles slam home, erupting in a thunderous fireball that sends broken, charred bodies spinning through the air. They slam into the enemy ranks, scattering foes like ninepins

and leaving a trail of scorched and blazing dead behind. The horror of seeing friends and allies shredded and their remains put to such horrific purpose has broken the will of many a mortal warrior. If the initial barrage does not scatter the foe, the sight of the Skull Cannons racing towards them over a sea of ruined corpses, a cloud of gore erupting behind them, surely will.

Sometimes, the skulls survive where the foe does not, and rest amongst the carnage spitting insults and threats at any who come near. Only by smashing the skull can the enemy end the torrent of abuse, but it is said that the warrior who deals the final blow is doomed to dreams of madness until the day he dies.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skull Cannon	6	5	-	5	5	4	2	3	-
Bloodletter	-	5	5	4	-	-	4	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour save 3+).

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Khorne, Daemonic.

Skull Cannon: Fire the Skull Cannon in the same way as a normal cannon, with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12-48"	10	Flaming Attacks, Multiple Wounds (D6), Slow to Fire

Gorefeast: If this chariot's Impact Hits cause unsaved Wounds, immediately roll a D6 for each Wound caused. For each score of 4+, the chariot regains a single Wound lost earlier in the game.



BLOOD THRONES

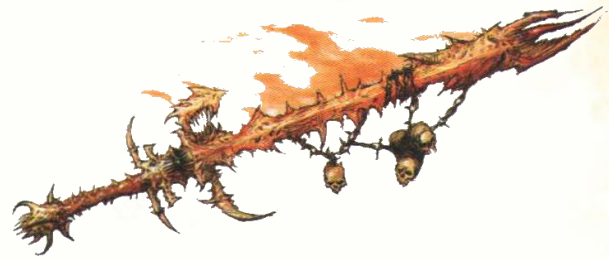
Clanking Boneshredders, Blood-Soaked Spires, Dreadskull Totems

The Blood Thrones of Khorne are potent manifestations of the Blood God's infernal power. These brass-clad daemon engines are fashioned in the image of the very dais upon which Khorne himself is enthroned. It is a mighty Daemon Engine, armoured in brass and driven into battle by iron-shod wheels that crush and mangle all who stand in its path. The bloody carnage left in the engine's wake is all but obscured by the choking black cloud of acrid soul-smoke that billows from its exhausts, the screams of its victims drowned out by the thudding sounds of industry harnessed to battle – the grinding of gears, the clanking of pistons and the roar of the Daemon furnace.

The hull of the Blood Throne is proof against the strongest of blows, for it is crafted from the same daemoniac metal as the body of Khorne's beloved Juggers and cooled in great vats of seething blood. Each Blood Chariot's brass flanks are etched with triumphal runes that proclaim one of Khorne's great victories. The chariot itself is alive in a bloodthirsty manner, for Khorne infuses a daemoniac soul into the war engine during its forging. Many believe that this malevolent spirit ensnares the souls of those it has slain, swallowing their essence in the hope of one day becoming strong enough to escape its metal prison.

Few can comprehend the countless acts of slaughter and atrocity that a Herald of Khorne must commit to earn its place upon a Blood Throne, for such profane gifts are not given lightly. These daemon engines are tokens of Khorne's favour, and a mark of the highest

status. Legend tells that each of the Blood Thrones is forged from a sliver of brass taken from the Blood God's own hallowed throne, infused with a fraction of his own ever-simmering rage. Whether these tales are true or no, it cannot be denied that the daemoniac vessels bound to each engine are amongst the most prideful and vicious of all those in Khorne's service. None but the Heralds of Khorne possess the will to keep their murderous rage upon the leash.



The Blood Throne is a mark of status – a physical manifestation of the Blood God's favour. The Herald of Khorne that resides atop its pinnacle does not rest or repose as would another in his position, but prowls restlessly as his chariot advances, eyes and tongue twitching madly as he anticipates his next kill. No bastion of command is this, as it perhaps would be in a mortal army – the Herald certainly does not attempt to direct the massed regiments of Bloodletters that fight in his shadow. Even when the tang of blood is not heavy on the air, Khorne's Daemons are monomaniacally driven in their pursuit of skulls and slaughter. Once the battle begins, raging bloodlust reduces Bloodletters and Heralds alike to maddened beasts, with neither ear nor voice for the finer details of strategy.

Should the Herald stand sufficiently high in Khorne's favour to resonate with a locus of the Blood God's power, his blessing ripples outward from the throne. So does a portion of Khorne's unbridled wrath become infused within the veins of nearby Daemons, lending ferocity to their blows or driving them into a maddened frenzy.

As the Blood Throne races towards the enemy line, its Herald stands tall, Hellblade in hand. With baleful eyes it scans the battlefield for enemy champions or other worthy foes whose skulls will make the most prestigious tribute to mighty Khorne. His quarry chosen, the Herald urges his Blood Throne forward, roaring with abominable delight as the monstrous chariot slices and smashes its way towards its prey. Khorne cares naught from where the blood flows – the death of a shamed coward offers praise to the Blood



'The throne was nothing less than an exultation of war in its purest and most depraved sense. It cared nothing for honour, glory or even the righteousness of a well-earned vengeance.'

- Liber Malefic

God just as surely as that of an honoured hero. That said, whilst all blood is equal, the skulls of the slain are not. Those plundered from cowards are fed into the Blood Throne's baleful workings, consumed in fire to bring the Daemon Engine fresh vigour. Those taken from the valiant slain are claimed by the Herald and fused with the throne itself, to stand throughout eternity as grim monument to the futility of opposing Khorne.

Blood Thrones often lead Khorne's Legions into battle, directing the bombardments of the hellish Skull Cannons. Belching sulphurous smoke from hell-forged engines, they roar across the battlefield. When several gaping holes are torn in the enemy line, the Herald urges his hideous mount forward and carves a bloody swathe through the ranks of the disorganised foe. Great gouts of crimson gore erupt into the air, and the awful sounds of splintering bone and tearing flesh can be heard as the daemon engine crushes all in their path beneath spiked wheels, grinding bones to dust and wetting the earth with a torrent of gore. Those who manage to dive out of the path of one of these profane contraptions instead find themselves spitted upon the Hellblades of its Bloodletter charioteers, or hacked down by the Herald of Khorne who rides upon the throne itself.

Creatures that fall beneath the Blood Throne's smoke-wreathed bulk are churned up within its hungry maw. They are turned to bloody gruel and consumed, healing whatever wounds the fell machine may have suffered. Yet whilst all blood is considered equal in the eyes of the Blood God, the skulls of the fallen are not. Those plundered from cowards are fed into the baleful workings of the daemon engine, but those of the valiant slain are claimed instead by the Herald of Khorne. He strips flesh from bone and mounts them on the throne itself, where they will forever remain as a grim testament to the folly of opposing Khorne.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Blood Throne	6	5	-	5	5	4	2	3	-
Bloodletter	-	5	5	4	-	-	4	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour save 3+).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Khorne, Daemonic, Gorefeast** (see Skull Cannons).

Totem of Endless Bloodletting: Any Daemon of Khorne whose unit is within 6" of a Herald on a Blood Throne of Khorne benefits from the Herald's locus, exactly as if it were in the same unit.



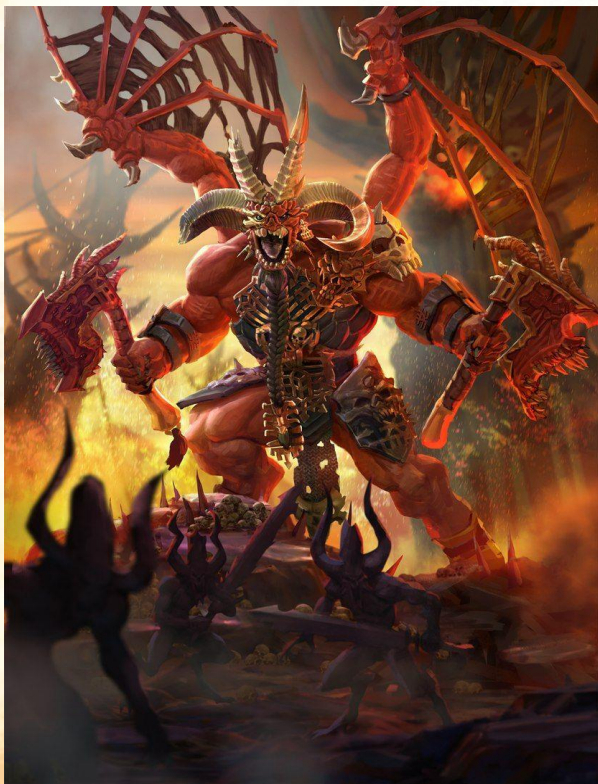
SKARBRAND

The Exiled One, Rage Feaster, Wrathful Reaper, Drinker of Blood

The Bloodthirster Skarbrand was once the greatest of all Khorne's Daemons, the mightiest of his Bloodthirsters and foremost amongst his legions. There is but one pathway to Khorne's favour – that of endless battle. An eternity of battle in the Blood God's name had brought Skarbrand victories uncounted. It was he who tore down the gates of Slaanesh's first depraved palace and visited ruin therein, drowning it in tides of blood. It was he who led the eight Hosts of Murder to their triumph over the combined armies of the other Chaos Gods.

Relentlessly, Skarbrand carved a gore-ridden trail of victories, forever seeking out the next challenge worthy of his martial attentions. At last, after slaughter untold, only the greatest of his fellow Bloodthirsters remained as worthy rivals. Thus Skarbrand sought them out and, at the Battle of Infernus Plains, overpowered even the mightiest of his rivals. As a conqueror he stood atop the piled dead, capturing the soul stuffs of the two most powerful of the defeated and binding them into weapon form. Thus were born Slaughter and Carnage, Skarbrand's matchless axes, blades that crave blood as insatiably their wielder.

Looking down from his Brass Throne, Khorne saw the defeat of his greatest Bloodthirsters. The act pleased him, for the god of rage and battle cares not from whence the blood flows, only that it does so. And in that way did Skarbrand ascend to the head of the Blood God's legions, becoming the right hand of almighty Khorne himself. Victory followed victory, and Khorne's supremacy seemed assured.



In all the endless years of Khorne's existence, no other had piled so many skulls before the Skull Throne, or spilled the blood of so many warriors and innocents alike. Thus did Skarbrand enjoy Khorne's favour like no other. None could stand before the might of the Blood God's trusted servant, his right hand of ruin.

Alas, so proud was Skarbrand that it was a simple task for Tzeentch to fan the embers of his hubris and set him against his master. Ever mischievous and jealous of his brother's growing power, Tzeentch looked upon Khorne's greatest champion and was troubled. The Great Conspirator foresaw his own realm assailed by a red tide, with Skarbrand at their fore. In those visions the crystal labyrinth was shattered, its intricate matrix cracking beneath flaming hooves. So did the Changer of the Ways secretly enter the skull realm, his whispers fuelling the embers of hubris and stoking raging fires of ambition within Skarbrand. Was Skarbrand not undefeated? Was Skarbrand not unstoppable? It was in this way that Skarbrand one day dared to challenge his rightful master.

One dark day, when Khorne's back was turned and his attention elsewhere, Skarbrand's fierce pride grew hot and, blinded by rage, he smote the Blood God a mighty blow. With a defiant roar, he leapt towards the Blood God. Powerful beyond measure was Skarbrand, and he had toppled cities with but one blow apiece or cleaved a mountain in twain, but even he could not pierce Khorne's brazen armour. Only the smallest of chinks was cut in the Blood God's armour, but even this was sufficient to draw the terrible fury of Khorne's gaze and stir his matchless fury.

Awful to behold was the Blood God's wrath. Incandescent with rage, Khorne seized the Daemon by the throat. The Blood God cursed Skarbrand's name and choked all personality from him, leaving only the bottomless rage that had caused him to attack. Climbing the uppermost tower of the Brass Citadel, Khorne cast forth his arm and hurled the Daemon deep into the Realm of Chaos, banishing the Bloodthirster from his presence. For eight days and nights Skarbrand plummeted, a fiery comet of ill-omen streaking across the unchanging sky. The impact of the Bloodthirster's landing gouged a canyon in the landscape and left his wings tattered and torn, his body smoking. Gone was the Greater Daemon's pride, for his very being had

'Servants of Khorne stood from horizon to horizon, filling the air with their shrieks, gibbers and howls of blood. Their battle banner strained in the coppery wind that blew across their ranks. It was a banner of deepest, darkest red, with but a single rune and a legend of simple devotion: Blood for the Blood God. At some secret signal all fell silent, and then came a single shriek of dark and bloody loyalty, a pact of hate and death. It echoed from leathered skins, and grew to shake the clouds. And far above the Daemon's ranks, there was an answering roar of bloody approval, torn from Khorne's brazen throat.'

- The Tome of Blood

been broken and squeezed out. The only thing that remained of Skarbrand was purest rage. Since that fateful day, Skarbrand has wandered the mortal and immortal realms, drowning his sins in the blood of the slain – though he no longer has the wit to fully understand why.

'I will rip the bones from your body and leave your skin to rot! But your skull I will give to the skull-god, and it will be one among the multitude.'

- Skarbrand, *The Exiled One*

Frozen in the moment of that rage-spurred betrayal, Skarbrand has become wrath incarnate, a restless fury that cannot be stopped, trapped for ever in a state of pure, incandescent rage. Wherever Skarbrand treads, order and discipline are replaced with anarchy as those in his path drown in feelings of empty loathing and unrestrained savagery. Even the most rational of beings cannot resist the corruption of Skarbrand's madness. Fast friends and firm allies tear at one another with wild abandon. Craven and brave beings alike claw at their foes without regard for their own lives. Through this anarchy, Skarbrand runs rampant through the unending destruction, twin axes hacking and cleaving their way through the maelstrom of blood and fire until there is no one left to kill. His tortured roars echo around the battlefield, waves of pure rage infused with enough force to shatter buildings and pulverise flesh.

In all of history, there have been none to serve the Lord of Skulls as completely as Skarbrand. Where he went, he brought war, leaving behind a trail of devastation. He has taken mountains and mountains of skulls for the Blood God, and filled vast oceans with gore. Despite his disfavour he has led Khorne's legions against the

other Gods and against mortal kingdoms. He has shaken the foundations of eternity with his wrath and left a trail of slaughter across existence, yet still Khorne refuses to rescind his hated decree. There is little regret in the Blood God's black heart and he spares none for Skarbrand, who in tortured exile serves the Lord of Skulls more faithfully than ever before. From his Brass Throne Khorne watches his former favourite, occasionally plucking the Greater Daemon up to set him upon some new path of bloodletting.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skarbrand	8	10	5	6	6	6	9	6	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Aura of Fury, Daemon of Khorne, Daemonic, Frenzy, Hatred, Killing Blow, Magic Resistance (1).**

Bellow of Endless Fury: This is a Strength 5 Breath Weapon as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Rage Embodied: Skarbrand can never lose his Frenzy. In addition, while Skarbrand is alive, all units within 12" (friendly and enemy) of him are subject to the rules for Hatred.

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Slaughter and Carnage (Magic Weapon)

Each of these daemonic axes contains a Bloodthirster's savage spirit, lending fury to Skarbrand's strikes.

Two hand weapons. Attacks made with these weapons have the Ignores Armour saves special rule.



SKULLTAKER

Khorne's Champion, Blooded Wanderer, Slayer of Kings

Those who have travelled the Realm of Chaos tell of a fearsome traveller who journeys between the various strongholds that dot the twisted landscape. The traveller is a daemon of Khorne known as U'zhul the Skulltaker, and he is the strongest of all Khorne's Bloodletters and the Blood God's immortal champion. Millennia of single combat have forged Skulltaker into a peerless duellist. At his blade have fallen some of the most renowned warriors in the world.

When not campaigning with his master's armies, Skulltaker roams the Realm of Chaos at will atop his mighty Juggernaut, Kuhl'tyran. He appears before fortress and stronghold, bellowing challenge after challenge to the greatest warriors within until one of their number is foolish enough to meet him in single combat. When a foe emerges, Skulltaker dismounts from his loyal steed, salutes the enemy with upturned blade and charges forward to claim another skull in the Blood God's name.

Such duels are brief and bloody, for Skulltaker is swifter than the last beat of a shattered heart and knows every weakness of every enemy. Skulltaker does not slay his foes outright, but shatters their limbs, leaving them helpless. Skulltaker's clawed grasp settles upon his fallen opponent's head, magical fire gouts from his fingertips, searing away skin and sinew until pale bone is laid bare for all to see. With a single perfect twist borne of long practice, Skulltaker breaks the Skulltaker gives a sharp twist of his arm, snapping the freshly stripped skull free from the spine. After taking a brief moment to admire his latest prize, he tosses it into a coarse woven sack filled with trophies from previous victims. He then bellows his challenges at the fortress once more, striking down any further champions that emerge until no others present themselves or boredom sets in. Mounting Kuhl'tyran once more, Skulltaker departs in search of fresh foes.

When he returns to Khorne's realm, Skulltaker presents these trophies to his master. Most will be impaled on spikes upon the parapets around the Brass Citadel beside the skulls of his other victims, but the skulls of those opponents who provided particularly good sport are left to Skulltaker to keep, and he hooks them onto his cloak as prized mementos.



Skulltaker is just as feared in the mortal realms as he is in the courts of the Dark Gods. He is drawn by tales of martial prowess and rumour of mighty combatants who might offer some small challenge. History is littered with accounts of his appearance before the gates of Bretonnian castles, northland encampments, Ogre feasthalls, Elf mansions, Nehekharan necropolises and Dwarf holds, each time demanding that an accomplished warrior be sent forth to face him.

Such encounters never end well for mortals. Indeed, in all the legends surrounding the Skulltaker there is but one account that tells of anything other than his victory. In the legends of the Empire, Skulltaker battles Sigmar in the Worlds Edge Mountains for three days without pause, but ultimately earns nought but defeat from the man-God. Skulltaker still bears the scar he earned that day, and he takes great pleasure in repaying the debt on Sigmar's inheritors at every opportunity – Daemons have long memories, and little desire to grant forgiveness.

Over the millennia, Skulltaker's collection of trophies has become as massive as to be beyond counting. Whilst Skulltaker collects skulls from all his victims, it is only those of mighty individuals he truly cherishes, for with the taking of the skull he inherits a portion of the enemy's strength. He hooks his most prized skulls, mementoes of close fought and satisfactory battles all, onto his cloak. All others he sets upon the parapet of Khorne's brass citadel to watch the approaches to the Blood God's lair. So it is that a Daemon that began existence as a Bloodletter has become something to command the respect of the Dark Gods themselves.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skulltaker	5	8	5	5	4	2	7	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Khorne**, **Daemonic**, **Locus of Wrath** (see Heralds of Khorne) **Natural Armour (6+)**.

Skulls for the Skull Throne!: Skulltaker must always issue a challenge, or accept a challenge if one is offered.

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

The Slayer Sword (Magic Weapon)

Crafted from a single shard of Khorne's boundless wrath, this blade blazes with unholy energy and has an uncanny ability to find the foes weakest spot.

Attacks made with the Slayer Sword have the Flaming Attacks and Killing Blow special rules. If Skulltaker is fighting in a challenge, attacks made with the Slayer Sword also gain the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.

Cloak of Skulls (Magic Armour)

Skulltaker wears ornate brass armour and a heavy leather cloak. Forged from the claimed crania of favoured victims and heavy with dark enchantment, the Cloak of Skulls offers formidable protection against the enemy's blows and spells.

The Cloak of Skulls grants Skulltaker the Natural Armour (3+) and Magic Resistance (1) special rules.

KARANAK

Hound of Vengeance, Endless Hunter, Talon of the Skull Throne, Blooded Slayer

Beasts such as Flesh Hounds might seem to be made with such clear purpose that there is little to mark one from another. This is untrue, and followers of the Blood God claim that there are Flesh Hounds of particular import, such as the massive Hound of Khorne that has been ridden by some of his favoured champions, or Karanak, the three-headed Flesh Hound that prowls Khorne's grand throne room, tireless as his master's rage. Karanak is the alpha of all Flesh Hounds. He never sleeps, for like the Blood God's unreasoning vengeance Karanak is ever watchful. He searches every shadow for intruders and interlopers, or else gnaws on bones discarded from the Skull Throne or stalks careless Bloodletters, emboldened Greater Daemons and Furies who venture too far through the vaulted hall. Should Karanak sight suitable prey he pounces without mercy, their essences torn apart mercilessly. Not for him the lingering death delivered by Slaaneshi Daemons; Karanak's kills are quicksilver perfection, the better to swiftly feed his hunger and his master's need for spilt blood. When Karanak runs out of playthings to devour, he lies at the foot of the skull mountain, gnawing on bones that are not worthy enough to be added to his master's throne.

As the physical manifestation of Khorne's vengeance, Karanak is Khorne's chosen hunter, the Daemon the Blood God unleashes to search out those who have transgressed his creed, or have offered insult to his

colossal pride. Boastful warriors who have proved to be snivelling cowards, great slaughterers who have become sullied with magic, and Khorne's own champions who have failed him in battle – all are prey to Karanak. It is a choice well made, for Karanak is ruthless and implacable, able to follow the blood scent of a quarry across all of space and time in service to his vengeful master.

The hunt begins as Karanak's three snouts taste the air for a trace of his prey. He paces to and fro, growling and snarling as each head in turn savours a portion of the scent. Each can track Karanak's quarry in a different fashion. The first head can follow the trail through space, picking out the specific blood-scent of the target. It can track the victim over plain, forest, mountain, and other environments too bizarre to describe, no matter where they are and no matter how far they run. The second can follow the scent through time, seeing those who try to hide from Khorne's wrath in the recesses of history as well as those who will incite his rage in the future. It can sense the target back into the past to the very creation of everything that is, or forward to the end of the universe. The final head tracks the quarry through his own thoughts, pursuing through dreamscapes and delusions, ensuring that those who manage to outwit the Blood God still betray themselves through their own thoughts. Of the three heads it is the last that is most dangerous, for the first two can be fooled by those with the wit to do so, but only the insane can run beyond the trace of their own mind.



INESCAPABLE FURY

Nothing rouses Khorne's wrath more than those who use magic and trickery to avoid bloodshed, and it is upon these individuals that Karanak is set loose. One such prey was the sorcerous Slaaneshi Daemon Prince known as the Splinter King. Not content with torturing the flesh of his enemies, the King of Splinters used his magic to mutilate time itself creating a contorted principedom within the Realm of Chaos that encroached upon the border of Khorne's domain. The Blood God's Daemon Legions were sent to slaughter this depraved entity, and upon entering his twisted domain they were met by rank upon rank of Daemonettes. But at the moment the battle was about to erupt, the armies were frozen in time, so that the blades borne by Khorne's forces never reached the necks of their enemies. They stood as statues locked in the moment before battle, unable to slake their lust for murder. Upon seeing this the Blood God bellowed in rage. His ire roused Karanak to the hunt, and the savage hound raced to burst through the magics surrounding the Splinter King's domain. Karanak pounced on the Daemon Prince, ripping his essence to shreds, and at that moment Khorne's Daemons were freed from their stasis and allowed to indulge in their long-awaited slaughter.

To be hunted by Karanak is to meet with an inevitable confrontation with the beast, for he never tires and never sleeps. He anticipates all possible moves and chases his quarry swiftly. With the odour of his victim thick in his nostrils, Karanak begins to run, slowly at first and then faster as the prey grows closer and the blood scent grows stronger. As he peers through the veil of reality he sees his prey shining like the burning heart of a volcano, illuminated by Khorne's immense hatred. As leagues untold fall away beneath his clawed feet, Karanak's bestial howls echo through the void, louder and more dreadful with every bounding step. As the number of daemons increases, so too does the snarling din and the hunger for meat. This daemonic dirge echoes throughout the realms, drawing other Flesh Hounds to join in the hunt, all eager for the feast. The bestial chorus of Karanak's hunt has long since become known as harbinger of dire fates, not only in the Realm of Chaos, but in the kingdoms of the Empire and Bretonnia, and a thousand others besides. When mortal men hear that howl they lock their doors, bar their gates and pray that this evil fate is meant for another. For the doomed quarry, the growling sound of pursuit is ever in their ears, following them wherever they flee. Whether a day, a month or a year later, the slaving jaws of Karanak and his pack inevitably find their mark, whereupon they bring a brutal end to those who have incited Khorne's ire.

By the time Karanak reaches his prey ten score or more other Flesh Hounds follow the trail alongside him, each driven to snarling madness by the glory of the hunt. Karanak kills his victims with lightning speed, sinking all three sets of teeth into flesh to swiftly sate his appetite for blood, as well as that of his master. The prey's limbs are torn in different directions, its torso thrashed about until bones are shattered and organs are burst, and amidst showers of gore the hunt is brought to its grisly end. None can stand against such maddened ferocity – within moments of arrival Karanak roars his

victory and departs once more, the tattered corpse of his victim clasped tight between his jaws. The carcass is then dragged back to the Realm of Chaos, to the Brass Citadel where it is laid at the feet of Khorne. If the quarry put up a worthy fight, the skull is added to his Skull Throne, as token of his will obeyed. The remainder of the corpse – blood, flesh and bone alike – is Karanak's to nest amongst and feast upon. For days afterward the sound of breaking bones echoes about the Skull Throne with every crunch of Karanak's jaws as the three-headed hound devours the last of his luckless prize.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Karanak	8	7	0	5	5	2	6	4	8

Note: Karanak may not be the army's General, but may join units of Flesh Hounds.

TROOP TYPE: War Beast (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Khorne**, **Daemonic**, **Hatred**, **Locus of Fury** (see Heralds of Khorne), **Natural Armour (6+)**, **Vanguard**.

Prey of the Blood God: At the start of the game, before deployment, nominate one character in the enemy army – this is the quarry of Khorne that Karanak has come to claim. Karanak re-rolls failed To Hit and To Wound rolls against the chosen character.

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Brass Collar of Bloody Vengeance (Talisman)

Karanak's Collar of Khorne is thicker and heavier than those of his pack. Enchantments of spite are layered over those of abjuration, making the hound almost immune to callow sorcery.

Karanak's collar grants the Magic Resistance (2) special rule. In addition, any enemy Wizard that suffers a miscast within 12" of Karanak takes a Strength 10 hit immediately before the miscast is resolved.

LORD OF THE SLAUGHTER

According to the whims of Khorne, the Daemons of his realm take part in an immense tournament. Khorne takes the Daemonsword known as Khartoth the Bloodhunger, which is capable of cutting through not only matter but also time, and hides it within one of his Flesh Hounds. The legions of Khorne fall upon each other with sword and axe, slaughtering and butchering whilst hunting the Flesh Hounds, who tear part any Daemon who approaches. The Daemon brave, strong or fortunate enough to slay the Flesh Hound containing the Daemonsword becomes Lord of the Slaughter and may wield the Bloodhunger for a day and an age, as Khorne sees fit, the Lord of the Slaughter enjoys great privilege in battles. When Khorne wearies of his Lord of the Slaughter's exploits, the Blood God begins the tournament again. A Flesh Hound devours both wielder and sword, combining their essence, and the Daemons battle again until Khorne finds a new Lord of the Slaughter.



LORDS OF CHANGE

Watching Lords, Winged Watchers, Eyes of Tzeentch, Feathered Lords,

Extreme change is not a natural thing. Beneath every plot, every event, every turn of fate, there lays the machinations of Lord Tzeentch. In the interests of perpetual change, Tzeentch demands the world remain in a constant state of flux, always unfolding, always altering, trapped in a constant process of becoming. The signs of his work are everywhere, from the emergence of a new species to the mutations and corruptions that riddle his benighted servants. He is the master of mutation and magic, and it is up to his greatest servants, the Lords of Change, to carry out his fickle whims.

Tzeentch blessed the Lords of Change, his Greater Daemons, with the ability to see into the future and the past, to see the larger workings of the unfolding randomness that makes up the foundations of reality. Armed with incredible cunning and the timeless wisdom of their infernal master, a deep and subtle understanding of the mortal fears that drive the world within its well-worn rut. How thoroughly the daemon understands and how much he despises the entrapping comforts of stability and familiarity.

And so they devote themselves to breaking the world and making it anew. Each furthers his agenda, but all shatter the structures of mortals to recreate them only to destroy them once again. The Eyes of Tzeentch are as unfathomable as their master, playful in their manipulations of mortals, though tempered by a keen intellect that enables them to see every consequence of every action they take.

The Lord of Change is a being of pure magic that shares its patron's mastery of intrigue and schemes. No secret can be kept from the all-seeing gaze of a Lord of Change, for our own ambitions and woes are laid bare before its immortal stare.

When a Lords of Change reveals itself, it is a vision of horror. A massive feathered creature with the head of carrion bird wobbling on top of a wattled neck, it seems almost frail, almost too weak to support what it does. They have bright, multi-coloured wings, and a gigantic bird-like face and scaled legs that bear talons as sharp and deadly as those of any eagle, the Lord of Change is the most bizarre of all Greater Daemons. Its skin skin that writhes with unnatural energies – indeed, magic courses through their daemoniac bodies as blood pumps through that of a mortal. Lords of Change are often blue or yellow, but individuals may change colour if it suits them, adopting a striking plumage suffused with all the colours of the rainbow. They lean hunched over an ornate staff, grasped in similarly clawed hands, though to underestimate its relatively slight physique is to invite a swift and certain death.

A Lord of Change does not regard it as essential to retain consistency of colour, appearance – or even shape – unless it pleases his whimsy to do so, and the Daemon therefore can assume any shape or hue that takes his fancy. In all his splendored presence, a Lord of Change's most striking and dangerous features are his eyes, for within the depths of its gaze lies all the knowledge and insight of Tzeentch.

*'Curiosity begets knowledge.
Knowledge begets curiosity.
Only great Tzeentch sates both.'*

- The Teaching of Tz'Kul'Anak

Lords of Change have much in common with their master – they are cunning and highly intelligent creatures, and the wisest and most subtle of all the Greater Daemons. Lords of Change are hyper-intelligent, independent, and often have their own agenda, interpreting their master's will to suit their own individual designs. It seems that such improvisation is encouraged, as Tzeentch himself is ever open to the endless possibilities of change.

Within the depths of its eyes lies all the wisdom and understanding of Tzeentch, so that few mortals can withstand the scrutiny of his gaze, and it is said that when a Lord of Change looks upon a mortal he perceives not only the creature's ephemeral flesh but also penetrates into the very depths of the soul, exposing the ultimate failure or realisation of its innermost hopes and dreams as well.

Yet a Lord of Change is as skilled at concealing truth as revealing it. Indeed, it is said that other Daemons – even other Lords of Change – cannot fully glean a truth that one of the Feathered Lords wishes to remain hidden. Thus a symposium of the Lords of Change is a riddlesome and confusing affair, where every question is met with another, and where truth is smothered in layers of deceit. Mutation, division, strife and discord are its goals, and many are the mortal, short-sighted fools who would follow the capricious Lord of Change, to be broken upon their own convoluted scheming.

As manifestations of the Grand Schemer, the Changer of the ways, Greater Daemons of Tzeentch are hideously unpredictable and manipulative. They are the most readily summoned but also most likely to give false or misleading



The Lord of Change sat upon its throne, pensive, brooding, enshaded by the flickering torches and the multi-coloured shroud of its own thoughts. Magnar the Clawed, Champion of Tzeentch, walked forward into the gloom, his clattering footsteps breaking the silence and stirring the swirling clouds of concentration. The daemon blinked and the coloured threads of its thoughts fled back into its skull. The great neck craned forward curiously.

'Magnarrrr....' the voice of the daemon was low and purring.

'My Lord,' Magnar bowed his head low and the eyes of the daemon quivered with consideration.

'Magnar, favourite of all my conspirators... have you come to tell me of the treachery of Meitrich Von Tolennann?' The words that Magnar had rehearsed so carefully clung to his palette. How could he know? Yet if he knew this what else did he know?

The daemon laughed and its laughter was a cawing mockery of innocence like the distant call of crows. Magnar felt as if his flesh were being sheared from his bones by that sound.

'Magnarrr....' the voice purred as the daemon scrutinised its Champion, 'You must remember there is nothing I do not know, no-one I do not suspect! No-one no-one.'

The daemon laughed its mocking laugh once more and Magnar turned his face from that unforgiving stare.

advice and prophecies to further their own eternal schemes. Perhaps their greatest weakness is that they are manipulative to the point of compulsiveness – continuing to twist plots long after their objectives are completed simply to see how far they can push their abilities. No few times have plans nursed for centuries been completed but the end goal foiled simply because the Lord of Change pulling the strings could not cease in its endless pluckings at the skeins of fate.

Of all of a Lord of Change's many terrible qualities, the most dangerous are its multi-layered cunning and fathomless wisdom. Behind the gaze of a Lord of Change lies a curious and wreckful mind, deeply intelligent, yet as uncaring of consequence as it is fascinated by it. The Lord of Change is like a child playing upon some gigantic anthill, poking with a stick at its inhabitants and laughing at the hopeless antics of their defence. Nothing pleases him more than to see the world broken and made anew, to redirect the course of a life or even history itself, spilling hope upon the ground while raising the ambitions of others to such perilous heights that they are destined to fail.

Many Champions make pacts with these Daemons and benefit greatly only for their plans and ambitions to disastrously come to nothing and leave them as twisted spawn rife with mutation. But should a Champion be cunning enough to outwit such a creature, the rewards are almost limitless. Mutation, division, strife, and discord are its goals, and many are the mortal, shortsighted fools who would follow the capricious Lord of Change, to be broken upon their own convoluted scheming.

The presence of a Lord of Change is heralded by a variety of strange effects. From sudden and powerful storms, to random mutations that riddle the flesh of the innocent, nothing is beyond the capabilities of these Greater Daemons. Their reach is far, causing the common man to become fickle and contrary in his emotions. Animals act strangely, spooked by

phantom images. What was once a brave and courageous dog is reduced to a whining, mewling beast terrified by the softest sounds. Spider swarms creep through windows, whilst mice scramble to escape the fields only to be trampled under the feet of confused and startled commoners. The Lords of Change set minds on fire, evoking madness and strange behaviour.

The change on the minds is reflected in the changing of form. Mutations are more rampant. Moles and birthmarks move across the flesh as if by their own accord. Eye colours change to pink, cyan, and lavender, along with hair colour, and even the very flesh. Such changes may be minor, whilst others are magnificent, but none in proximity to a Lord of Change emerge unscathed.

Though these Greater Daemons principally affect the minds, they also injure the environment. Ordinary objects change colour, assuming contrasting and clashing hues or cycling through a number of different patterns until they begin to vibrate with a disturbing eagerness to pick themselves up and wander away. Familiar landmarks vanish, road signs and fingerposts jumble, and the letters in texts seem to lift off the page to rearrange themselves in new and interesting combinations. Trees undergo complete transformations, becoming altogether new species. Dead wood becomes living once more, whilst young saplings decay in a matter of moments. Swirls of strange clouds skid across the sky, changing shape and assuming new forms that twist and writhe in a constant state of becoming.

But of all the changes the Feathered Lords bring, none are as drastic as the effects they have on magic. It's said that when a Lord of Change appears, the currents of magic move in contradictory and conflicting ways, undulating, shifting and producing unexpected and bizarre results. Pools of Dhar ignite and burn with a purple or brown luminescence, and the most practised Magister finds his magical abilities thrown into disarray. Chaos manifestations appear everywhere, and those who see them go mad with fear and panic. It is a terrifying experience to face the might of the Lord of Change, and those who do never emerge unscathed.

As might be expected of a creature born of pure magic and bound to the will of the Master of Sorcery, a Lord of Change is a potent spellcaster. Suffused with raw chaotic energy, a Lord of Change commands the Winds of Magic with an aptitude that only one born of the Master of Sorcery could hope to achieve, allowing him to summon whirling tempests of change and mutation, blast the enemies of Tzeentch with bolts of multi-coloured fire or unravel the mind of an enemy spellcaster from the inside. Sorcery is not the only weapon at the command of a Lord of Change – he is also an erudite tactician, well versed in a thousand ploys and stratagems for any given situation. Accordingly, if a Lord of Change prefers to remain uncommitted in battle it is not through lack of courage or ferocity, but because he likes to direct his forces and better control the flow of the fighting. He instinctively sees the skeins of fate that play over the battlefield, and knows all too well how they can be manipulated.

'The Daemon lied with every breath. It could not help itself but to deceive and dismay, to riddle and ruin. The more we conversed, the closer I drew to one singular ineluctable fact: I would gain no wisdom here. The Daemon's mind was a labyrinth of deceptions. Truth was trammelled at the very heart of that maze, and far beyond my meagre reach.'

- Liber Malefic

'Gates might bar your fortresses, but what guards your mind?'

- Yg'Rizirak, Eater of Ironies

This boundless knowledge makes the Lord of Change much sought after by mortal sorcerers with the wit and skill to bind a Daemon to their bidding. Few such contracts end well for the mortal, however, for there is no cage that a Lord of Change cannot extricate itself from, given time. Not that escape is often the Daemon's first priority – he's much more likely to feign servitude whilst weaving the supplicant tightly into his own ineffable plots. Many Champions have made pacts with a Lord of Change and benefited greatly, only for their plans and ambitions to disastrously come to nought and leave them as twisted, mewling spawn riven with mutation. But should a Champion be cunning enough to outwit such a creature, the rewards are almost limitless.

The Lord of Change is the supreme manipulator of the affairs of the living. His Champions move through the world at his bidding, undertaking whatever task he has set them: a killing, the raising of some mortal to power, the destruction of potential rivals, and a thousand occurrences that might easily be mistaken for chance. Yet all events are pieces which fall into a complex and ever changing plan – a plan beyond the comprehension of mere mortals. This constant appraisal of the world and interference in its progress is not always so subtle. Change can also be violent and sudden, and the Lord of Change is not above waging war to further its aims. The most potent weapon of Tzeentch is not brute force but magic. The Lord of Change is a powerful magician as well as an erudite tactician. If the daemon prefers to remain uncommitted in battle it is not through lack of courage or ferocity, but because it likes to direct its forces and control the flow of the fighting.

The Lords of Change serve as the commanders of Tzeentch's legions on the battlefield and architects of his great plan. They are erudite tacticians, well versed in countless ploys and stratagems. Human champions, armies of the Slaves to Darkness, and Chaos Cults move through the world at the command of Lords of Change, doing the creatures' bidding. If the daemons prefer to remain uncommitted in battle it is not through lack of ferocity, but merely because they like to oversee the movements of their forces and better control the flow of the fighting.

There are nine different ranks of Lords of Change – all with grandiose titles. The ranks themselves fluctuate in hierarchal standing, but the prefix of Exalted is applied to the title of the greater daemon that holds Tzeentch's highest favour at any one time. As the God of Change is fickle, however, even the most lauded daemons can fall out of favour in the blink of an eye. It goes without saying that Tzeentch's ranking criteria are indecipherable, and often appear completely arbitrary to even the most sagacious of his minions.

Lords of Change stride the battlefield in a prismatic aura of ever-changing magic, wielding their arcane powers to advance the myriad plots of Tzeentch. Rather more cunning and aloof than the greater daemons of the other Chaos Gods, Lords of Change will use their feathered pinions to carry them across the battlefield, ensuring that they fight the enemy on their terms and theirs alone. Although a Lord of Change elects to use magic and trickery to further its ends, it is still a fearsome fighter, rending foes with its claws and preternatural strength, its talons able to pierce the thickest armour. Do not mistake the Lord of Change's odd appearance or penchant for trickery as a sign of weakness. The Lord of Change is a formidable opponent in combat, and befitting of its status as a Greater Daemon. Over the millennia, countless

heroes have underestimated these strange creatures, thinking their wiry frames and fluttering wings fragile, only realising the terrible depth of their misjudgement when their lances and swords shatter against the daemon's immortal skin, leaving them powerless.

The Lord of Change is almost always armed with some weapon or device of Chaos – a mighty artefact infused with the essence of magic. With these swords and axes, the Feathered Ones can hack their way through the hardest of opponents. Before closing with its foes, though, it fixes its enemies with a potent stare that immobilises those brave enough to meet it. While held, the Feathered One closes to slash with its Chaos Weapon before loosing a cackling screech.

More than their Daemonic traits, Lords of Change are master magicians. They can draw upon the raw power of Tzeentch, twisting and warping it to serve their needs. Not only are they skilled at working with magic, they are also skilled at resisting it. They can emasculate spellcasters by removing their magical ability and leaving them exposed to the Lord of Change's vicious temper.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lord of Change	8	6	5	6	6	6	6	5	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Character).

MAGIC: Lords of Change are Wizards who use spells from the Lore of Tzeentch.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Tzeentch, Daemonic, Fly (8).**

Barrage of Knowledge: All enemy models within 8" of a Lord of Change suffer a -1 penalty to their Weapon Skill and Ballistics Skill. This has no effect on Daemons of Tzeentch.



GAUNT SUMMONERS

The mysterious Gaunt Summoners hail from the Crystal Labyrinth deep inside the Realm of Chaos. Willowy creatures saturated with magic, each one appears as a robed figure. They are faceless save for a mouth lined with needle-like teeth, while a dozen glistening eyes blink from the sides of helms grotesquely melded into their flesh. In the gnarled grips of their three hands are strange gifts from their master Tzeentch, the Architect of Fate – arcane tomes, warptongue blades and enchanted changestaffs, which can set flesh to writhing like an enraged serpent at the merest touch.

The Gaunt Summoners stand high in the favour of Tzeentch, their spells able to twist landscapes and immolate armies in warpflame. When they deign to join the Legions of Tzeentch they do so either to lead them on some nefarious cause at the behest of the Great Schemer, or to further their own ineffable aims.

Since time immemorial the Gaunt Summoners have built towering structures that conjoin the mortal realm and the Realm of Chaos – impossible fortresses, silver spires and twisting mazes which ensnare their foes in webs of madness. Among these architectural insanities stands the Whisperfane, a twisted stronghold of living nightmares and deadly illusions. Those who brave its mirrored ramparts find their own strength turned against them by its insidious magics – great warriors are driven mad with rage and cunning wizards are ensnared by their own spells.

The Gaunt Summoners are an elite cabal of Tzeentchian sorcerers, perpetually shrouded by a maddening cloak of sorcerous deceptions. The Gaunt Summoners are dreaded for their reality-twisting incantations. Indeed, some of the most horrific atrocities of Chaos can be laid at their feet.

Of the ranks of Tzeentchian Sorcerers there are few higher than the dreaded Gaunt Summoners. Each of their number could single-handedly shift the tide of a battle. It is said that there are nine Gaunt Summoners, each one ordained by the



Architect of Fate – certainly, it is rare for more than a single Summoner to appear at any one time. Some believe this too is a lie, and that the Gaunt Summoners are merely facets of a single entity of terrible cunning and magical might.

Upon achieving that terrifying level of accomplishment, each Gaunt Summoner is gifted with even greater arcane power, a flying Disc of Tzeentch, and the key to one of the nine Silver Towers. These lairs of hidden knowledge are insanely complex machines, puzzle-fortresses beyond the scope of mortal minds. As a pastime, the Gaunt Summoners delight in letting captives loose in their labyrinthine corridors, impossible dimensions and ever-shifting pathways, watching with amusement as they are slain in an infinite number of ways by the lethal creatures and devious traps therein. Those few that fight their way to freedom are granted boons, but such an occurrence is rare indeed.

Tzeentch uses the Gaunt Summoners as weapons, pitting their searing warpflame against his foes or having them summon hordes of daemons to overwhelm enemy lines. Furthermore, the sorcerers scry the twisting paths of the future on their overlord's behalf, and through them is Tzeentch able to weave his own plans into the great web of fates.

Some futures are far from certain. Torn from the treacherous minds of daemons, the Summoners must wring out their meaning. However, they prophesy a time when the mortal realm will be consumed by the Realm of Chaos, and it is towards these dark days that the Gaunt Summoners strive.

When taking to the battlefield alongside Legions of Tzeentch, the Gaunt Summoners are regarded with a level of awe normally reserved for Lords of Change. With but a word, these master sorcerers can call forth daemons from nearby Warp Gates or cripple the enemy by turning their own mental strength against them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gaunt Summoners	4	3	3	4	4	3	3	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: Gaunt Summoners are Level 3 Wizards who use spells from the Lore of Tzeentch. In addition to their other spells, they know the *Summon Daemons* spell below.

Summon Daemons Cast on 8+

Summon Daemons is an **augment** spell with a range of 18" that can target units of Pink Horrors, Screemers or Flamers. The target unit immediately gains D6 Wounds worth of models added to the unit.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Tzeentch, Daemonic.

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Warptongue Blade (Magic Weapon)

The body of anyone cut by a Warptongue Blade is wracked with sickening and uncontrollable mutations.

If a Warptongue Blade causes an unsaved Wound in close combat, the target must pass a Leadership test or be removed as casualty, with no saves allowed.

HERALDS OF TZEENTCH

Changecasters, Fluxmasters, Fateskimmers

As the magically fashioned slaves of Tzeentch, Horrors are considered automatons to be expended as part of a carefully wrought plan. Should a servant of greater power be required, Tzeentch will create a Herald, a more stable type of Horror, to lead his foot soldiers. Heralds are the same lurid hue as the Pink Horrors, but do not morph into a pair of Blue Horrors when struck down. Instead, the magic of their creation has made them far stronger and more resilient than their smaller kin. A Herald's binding magics allow it to continually reknit its form, absorbing ravaged segments of flesh back into its body to be replaced with fresh protoplasmic tissue. Their unearthly powers are not to be taken lightly and they are close in their master's council.

These creatures are more powerful than Horrors, and are blessed with independent minds and have enough of a consciousness to direct the capering masses of other Pink Horrors without constant guidance from a Lord of Change, directing furious sorcery against Tzeentch's enemies. More dangerous is a Herald of Tzeentch's gift of precognition. By projecting their minds further into the timestream they can protect themselves, and the Pink Horrors around them, preparing a defence based on certainty, rather than chance. The mere presence of a Herald of Tzeentch drastically increases the abilities of nearby Daemons, mutating them into new and stronger forms and empowering their magic.

The lieutenants of the daemonic convocations, the Heralds of Tzeentch help lead the multi-coloured hosts to battle. Ambitious and daring, Heralds seek to enact swift and traumatic change – hurling the fires of Tzeentch at their foes before leading the charge, gibbering madly all the way.

Gifted sorcerers, Heralds can summon forth the fires of Tzeentch – warpflame of pink or blue – to blast enemies into bubbling pools of living sludge. Many Heralds also carry arcane tomes or scrolls from which they periodically recite incantations, augmenting their sorcerous might. Heralds are ambitious, and eager to gain praise from the Lords of Change. Those that perform especially worthy deeds are gifted with Discs of Tzeentch or Burning Chariots, which greatly enhance their mobility, power and status.

For those brave or desperate enough to call upon Tzeentch for aid, many will choose to attempt to summon a daemonic Herald to interpret the infinite complexity of their master's divine will,

or receive his unholy blessing. Only the most powerful sorcerers would attempt to summon one of the greater daemons or ancient daemonic princes, and even then only under the direst of circumstances, but daemonic Heralds seem to strike the right balance between risk and reward. Heralds of Tzeentch should never be underestimated however, and are more than a match for all but the most potent Sorcerer, with due care and attention taken at all times during summonings.

While there are a number of specific titles for these daemonic lieutenants, they are collectively known as Heralds of Tzeentch. The most common type of Herald is the Changecaster, named for the mutating magics they wield. They can often be found leading packs of Horrors within a host of a Scintillating Legion, a task much akin to herding beasts, for the Horrors are wont to caper off at any moment. Other Changecasters serve in more mundane and less frustrating roles, guarding sources of magical power or overseeing repairs within the Crystal Labyrinth.

The title of Fluxmaster is borne by those Heralds who ride a Disc of Tzeentch, so named because as they fly across the battlefields at great speed, reality reshapes itself in their wake. They are often used as messengers and outriders within the Scintillating Legions, and will frequently use their speed to dash into cover before using their psychic powers to hurl changebolts to smite the foe. Some will lead packs of Screammers in charges on the enemy's flanks, while others take charge of groups of Horrors, using their speed and advantageous position to better augment and direct their charges or confound their foes.

Those Tzeentch Heralds that acquire a Burning Chariot – usually through trickery – are known as Fateskimmers. These Daemons will swoop and dive across the battlefield, cackling madly as they unleash fearsome sorceries from their lofty perches before smashing their bizarre contraption into the enemy lines. The most cautious and controlling of the Fateskimmers lurk upon the battle's edge, moving along the back lines of their host and yelling orders amidst the madness and change-fire. There have been several instances of Fateskimmers leading entire formations of Burning Chariots to war.

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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: Heralds of Tzeentch are Wizards who use spells from the Lore of Tzeentch.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Tzeentch, Daemonic.**

UPGRADES:

Locus of Transmogrification: When a model with the Split special rule in this model's unit is slain, you may re-roll dice results of 1-3 to see if it turns into two Blue Horrors.

Locus of Change: At the start of the turn, roll a D6. This model, and all models in his unit, have a Strength value equal to the result until you roll again.

Locus of Conjunction: Spells cast by this model, and any models in his unit, are resolved at +1 Strength.



PINK HORRORS

Whirling Destroyers, Bouncing Squealers, Spinning Sourguts, Cackling Flames

To describe Horrors, the Lesser Daemons of Tzeentch, is all but impossible, for they are pure chaos unbound, given whirling, changing form, with boundless energy, writhing with power from the Dark God of Magic. Pink Horrors are the magically fashioned slaves of the Lords of Change. To the Greater Daemons they are beyond consideration, mere automatons to be expended as part of their carefully wrought plans.

Capering, ravaging, corrupting and seething with eldritch energy, they shriek and whine, dance upon the air, and unleash blue, green and purple fiery blasts from their fingertips. Their gangling limbs drip with magical flames, their chests erupt with gaping maws. Flashes of mystical energy trail sparks in their wake as they leap and bound across the battlefield. daemons with a cruel sense of humour, the Horrors of Tzeentch embody the maddening inconstancy of the Change God. Even death does not quiet these flame-spewing monsters, as their bodies simply split apart to create smaller, but no less dangerous, fiends.

Unique in their form's utter unpredictability, Pink Horrors are shapeless masses of solid magic that undulate and transform, cycling through a myriad of different shapes and colours, ever changing, always in a state of becoming. Scarcely taller than a goblin, they are swirling blurs of mercurial daemoniac energy coalescing and dissipating on a whim, never maintaining a discernible form for more than a heartbeat. New faces push out against their rubbery hides only to retreat as the section is replaced by a new flap of skin or a nest of writhing tentacles. They amble along, warping everything they touch, spraying showers of multi-coloured sparks with incredible bursts.

Their behaviour is no less random. One Pink Horror might caper and gambol about, tearing at its strange flesh, while another shrieks and giggles like the maddest of men. Some grumble and lash out, letting loose terrifying shrieks or streams of nonsense, and others are utterly silent, nearly immobile, trembling with barely contained energy.

Strangest of all is their ecstatic cackle which sounds like the ceaseless braying of a lunatic. Pink Horrors continually make this noise, so the approach of several

together sounds unnervingly like the advance of the hordes of Bedlam itself. As they laugh, the air around them fills with little strands of pink magic and the ground about their feet smoulders with a curious rosy light.

To look upon a Horror of Tzeentch for more than a few moments is to invite madness. They are full of boundless energy and spin like tops as they hop and whirl across the battlefield, blurring into a frantic mass of colour, madly cackling and braying incoherently with demented glee. Horrors are made from pure magic and glow as they move, creating a dazzling carpet of vivid colour. Horrors can nonetheless be said to have two distinct states – the Pink Horror and the Blue Horror.

Pink Horrors are identified by their luminescent pink skin and their high-pitched squeals of laughter. They whirl about in a frantic and barely controlled ecstasy, giggling insanely and stretching out their long arms in anticipation of the fight. Flashes of energy dart from the Pink Horrors' waving fingertips as they leap across the battlefield, consuming the enemy in pink fire. The casting of these spells fills Pink Horrors with increased joy, and they emit especially high-pitched merriment as the eldritch energy screeches from their upraised hands. Combat drives them to new delights, and even death seems to satisfy some deeply rooted compulsion.



"What are we? Your scholars claim we exist only to tempt you, yet in a very real way we are you. We are your own desires, your own fears, your own ambitions and rages, given form (if not flesh). How can you fight us? Only by fighting your own Humanity, and why would you want to do that? You would be fighting against life itself. For what is Chaos but life?"

– Tzaal, Momentarily lucid Horror

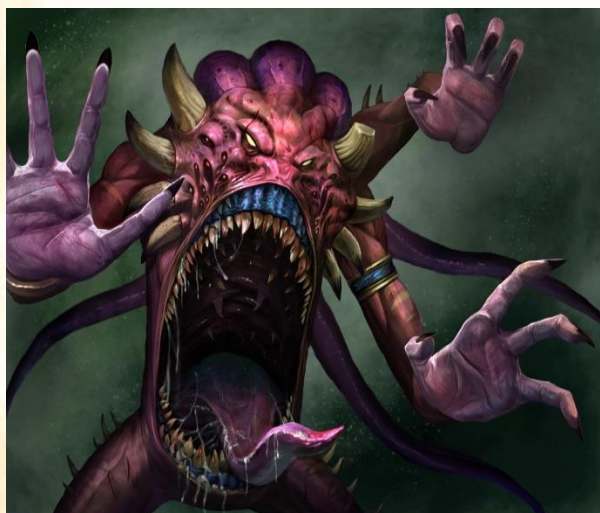
'Horrors are Pink. Horrors are Blue; Where once there was one. Now there are two!'

- From the Canticle of Change

The Horrors sow the seeds of Chaos wherever they tread. The land upon which they shamble is left forever changed. Also, in their wake, they leave behind the twisted remains of any would-be attackers who have fallen victim to their mutating aura. They are living embodiments of magic and change, and they become more powerful in large groups. Such Daemon packs can inflict terrible mutations on their foes and even transform them into more Horrors of Tzeentch.

Pink Horrors congregate in packs, the magic in their forms harmonising to reach new levels of potency. A single Pink Horror is capable of loosing goutts of eldritch fire, but when gathered in herds, they can change the very fabric of realities, launching waves of changing energy that wreaks havoc with their opponents' forms. In sufficient numbers, these Horrors generate enough magical energy to summon forth the warpflame of Tzeentch, which they hurl amidst much giggling to engulf the foe in sheets of magenta flame. Don't believe for a minute that simply slaying these things is the answer. Many warriors have done just this only to find themselves facing twice as many of these horrid things.

When wounded, this bound magic is unleashed in spectacular and unpredictable fashion. The Pink Horror exhales a final lunatic cackle or piercing squeal before rapidly decomposing into an ectoplasmic blob of gyrating magic. With a characteristic whoop of satisfaction, this residue swiftly alters colour and divides into two Blue Horrors or causing them to explode into a shower of fiery sparks or clouds of multi-coloured energy. Blue Horrors are diminutive replicas of their parent Daemon, though their temperament is quite different. They are sullen and malicious, like evil-tempered children, and wear perpetual scowls as they sneer and grumble their way through a battle. Once spawned, Blue Horrors swiftly rejoin their fellows, adding a deeper whining note to the incessant chortling of the group as they attempt to grapple with enemies and squeeze the life from them.



When not fighting they become blurs of hunched and shambling blue colour. These new, malicious daemons attack with renewed vigour, lashing out at those that harmed their previous form with flickering bolts of magical fire. They too can conjure flames, but their conflagrations are blue in colour. The Horrors continue to fight together in a blur of blue and pink radiance, before inevitably wandering off in search of fresh entertainment. Only once the two blue Horrors are destroyed can one be sure that the daemon has been truly banished.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Pink Horror	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Blue Horror	4	3	3	2	3	1	3	1	7
Iridescent Horror	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

MAGIC: A unit of Pink Horrors is treated as a Level 1 Wizard that uses spells from the Lore of Tzeentch. It receives an additional +1 to cast for each rank of 5 or more models in the unit, after the first, to a maximum of +3. Each time the unit casts a spell (or is targeted by a special rule that affects a Wizard), you must nominate one Pink Horror in the unit as the caster (or target) for the purposes of line of sight, range, etc. In the event of a Pink Horror unit rolling a miscast, do not roll on the Miscast table. Instead, the unit suffers 2D6 Strength 10 hits.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Tzeentch, Daemonic.

Split: When a Pink Horror is slain in close combat (not removed as a result of Daemonic Instability). Roll a D6; on the result of 1-3, the Pink Horror will explode, inflicting an automatic Strength 3 on the unit that inflicted the Wound, distributed as a missile attack. On the roll of a 4-6, the Pink Horror will split into two Blue Horrors instead; replace the slain Pink Horror with two Blue Horror models at the back of the unit. If you do not have access to enough Blue Horrors, treat the result as having rolled a 1-3 instead. When resolving attacks against a unit with both Pink and Blue Horrors present, the Blue Horrors are targeted and removed as casualties first.

The air spat with magic – magic that burned and hissed, magic that spurted like blood and burst into iridescent multi-coloured flames. The Horrors foamed like a crashing sea upon their adversary.

"Blood for the Blood God!" bellowed Feldor, Champion of Khorne, but it was not blood that flew from his cleaving axes but the daemonic magical ichor of the Horrors of Tzeentch.

A Pink Horror stretched its shaky hands and caught his cloak. With a single sweep of his broad axe he cleft the creature cleanly in two, but even so its mad laughing face continued to bray and cackle. Another axe blow severed a clawing limb, but as each Pink Horror fell, its corpse bubbled and turned into two Blue Horrors which rose again to claw and rend at the beleaguered Champion.

SCREAMERS

Soaring Predators, Sky-sharks, Swoopers, Shrieking Skyrays

From the ether of Chaos come the Screamers, glimmering sky-sharks that ride upon the winds of magic as a bird glides upon the breeze, swooping and diving on currents of raw power which only a Daemon can perceive. A Screamer is a large glimmering being that looks something like a mutated purple manta ray. All along the edges of their flattened bodies are sharp barbs and horns. Their tails extend out behind them for a few feet, ending in a horned, mace-like tail. They can be easily spotted by the streaks of colours they leave wherever they fly. With a wing span well over two meters, the Screamers of Tzeentch gracefully glide through the sky, seeking their next victim to devour.

They have no real conscious thought, existing merely on instinct and mindlessly hunting along the winds of magic, fighting with Discs of Tzeentch for the souls of the dead. In the Realm of Chaos, Screamers roam the tides of magic, preying upon the shadow-souls of mortal creatures, lone Chaos Furies and other unfortunate magical ephemera. Indeed, once a pack of Screamers has the scent of a mortal's shadowself, they pursue it ruthlessly through the myriad immaterial planes that compose the Realm of Chaos. Once the Screamers catch their doomed prey it is torn to pieces in an eyeblink with their strange sucking maws lined with razor-sharp teeth, the gossamer shreds of its soul-stuff offered up as a gift to Tzeentch.

Nor do Screamers confine themselves to defenceless prey. If a Screamer's instincts tell it that a foe can be overwhelmed and consumed, it pounces without hesitation. Particularly bold shoals of Screamers have even been known to attack Greater Daemons, latching onto them with bristle-toothed maws and sucking the prey's magical life-force out through the wound. Large monsters must be particularly wary of shoals of Screamers, for they are capable of gouging out huge chunks of flesh with their lamprey-like mouths.



Screamers are intensely attracted to places of extreme emotion, drifting towards places where agony, fear, love, and hate run fierce. Once they discover such a rich place, they tease out the souls to feast upon as they depart for whatever reward they hope to attain. When a Chaos army gathers, they are drawn down from the Realm of Chaos to places that have suffered from recent tragedies or to battlefields, often brought on by the tensions that mount before a conflict. They slip free from their Aethyreal bonds to enter the world of Men and circle overhead, sampling the flavours of Human emotions. The Screamers follow armies into war, sensing a great harvest of souls to feast upon. Here they gather in shoals, diving down upon the enemy and feasting on the escaping souls of the slain. The residual emotions can keep Screamers around for weeks after the battle has finished, making them surprising opponents in places thought abandoned.

Adapted as they are to hunting amongst the otherworldly tides in the Realm of Chaos, Screamers might seem frail and peculiar in the mortal realm, yet they are opponents to be feared nonetheless. Despite the seemingly fragile nature of their slender frames, their daemonic resilience affords them moderate protection against incoming blows, but it is the difficulty of hitting such swift, airborne creatures in the first place that makes Screamers so hard to fight effectively. Festooned with fangs, horns and spurs, they dive on the enemy from the heavens, issuing their horrific scream as they rip through the ranks of enemy soldiers, tearing them to shreds with razor-sharp teeth and horns, or eviscerating them with the vicious spines on their tails. Their slashing blades slice through armour and flesh before soaring skywards once more to ride the currents of the Winds of Magic, blood and ichor trailing from their flanks.

The essentially primal, not to say mindless, nature of the Screamers means that they are easily dominated by the will of other Daemons. That said, if their controller's attention begins to wander, the Screamers inevitably return to their instinctive behaviour and conduct vicious, darting attacks on vulnerable prey – possibly including their erstwhile controller.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Screamer	1	3	0	4	4	2	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Tzeentch, Daemonic, Fly (9).

Slashing Attack: If a unit of Screamers moves over one or more unengaged enemy units in the Remaining Moves sub-phase, choose one of those units – it suffers D3 Strength 4 attacks per Screamer. These attacks hit on a 4+ and are treated as shooting attacks.

Lamprey's Bite: Close combat attacks a Screamer makes against Monsters have the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

"I sensed that hidden within these graceful and fragile creatures was a formidable predator's instinct. I trod carefully through their nest, lest they catch scent of my magic and devour me along with it."

- Liber Malefic

DISCS OF TZEENTCH

Steeds of Tzeentch

The Realm of Chaos is inhabited by the Chaos Powers and their minions, by the shadow-selves of mortals, and by unsure flittering creatures born from the recurrent emotions of the once-living. It is a hell of sorts, and a heaven of sorts, an endless sea of perdition. It is inhabited by numberless hunters and killers, things that prey upon the flittering creatures and even upon the shadowy spirits of men. Not the least of these are the shoaling Discs of Tzeentch, also known as the Steeds of Tzeentch. They roam the tides of the warp like shoals of barracudas, searching for the vulnerable things that inhabit it. Discs are vicious and uncaring hunters. They can scent the shadow-self of a vulnerable human, quickly find it and tear it to pieces, carrying the remnants back to their Lord Tzeentch.

The daemonic mounts of Tzeentch are known as Discs. These bizarre creations are neither daemon nor construction, but a nightmarish blend of the two. So swift and agile are Screamers that they are highly sought after as steeds, however their instinctive nature can swiftly prove calamitous should their controller's attention wander too greatly. As such, a Screamer has to be transmuted into a new form before it can safely be used as a mount. These Discs of Tzeentch retain the flattened and manta-like shape of the Screamer, but their magical bodies are transformed into unlikely shapes and aspects as part of the binding ritual, often completely round or symmetrical. As a result, some Discs of Tzeentch are covered in eyes, whilst others are sheathed in living metal, iridescent feathers, scales or sometimes more bizarre and esoteric substances such as gold, glass or even fire. There are over a thousand, thousand possible combinations. They have no limbs, and move by hovering or flying through the air.

The Discs of Tzeentch float in the clouds of swirling energy that makes up the Realm of Chaos, drifting through the Aethyr, feasting on lower Daemons and the souls of the damned. They are formless things of shadow on this mad plane, vicious and uncaring. They are commanded by their dark master to seek out and destroy the essences of mortals who are pulled into the plane and retrieve their souls for Tzeentch to change.

All was speed and fury as he goaded his sky-shark faster and faster through the warp. The winds of magic screamed and howled about them as they whirled with the currents and tore through veils of insubstantial substance. Gauzy streamers of the stuff caught about them and trailed behind in billowing tatters. His eyes stung as they passed under waterfalls of colours he knew no words to describe. Solidity and form had no meaning in this strange world of magic and, unlight. Coloured sparks flashed here and there, sometimes darting into his mouth and bursting out of his nose. The sky-shark bucked and plunged beneath him, twisting higher and higher. At last he realised what extraordinary power lay in the moment, and in a moment the thought was gone and all was speed once more. His body shook in spasms and the sky-sharks snapped around his feet, their skins glistening as magical sea-spray burst over their flashing bodies. Soon they would overtake him and tip him into the waves of the warp. He laughed aloud in defiance and a thousand daemons heard his cry and turned as he tumbled and was lost laughing amongst the foaming pack.

Sometimes, Tzeentch despatches these creatures into the mortal world. Once out of the Realm of Chaos, their magical bodies assume a strange physique. Most become round and flat, capable of flying through the air much as they did in their native plane. The magic that transforms them always gives them some other alteration, some mutation that sets them apart from others of their kind.

Coruscating with mystical force, Discs hover several feet above the ground, skimming gently forwards upon the winds of magic themselves. Discs of Tzeentch are highly desirable and popular steeds, reserved only for Tzeentch's most favoured minions. The prestige afforded by such an obvious sign of their infernal master's blessing is a position of esteem that many aspire to, but few actually achieve. Discs of Tzeentch are often used as daemonic steeds by the Herald s of Tzeentch, who use these bizarre mounts to hover above the battlefield before swooping down to strike the foe from an unexpected angle. While the gibbering hordes of the Changing One leap and gambol along the ground, the Heralds of Tzeentch drift above them on the floating Discs, raining magical fire upon their foes. The Discs of Tzeentch themselves are not defenceless either, lashing out around themselves with bolts of magical lightning, or manifesting whirling tentacles or ripping claws to slash at enemies who approach too close.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Disc of Tzeentch	1	3	0	4	4	1	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Tzeentch, Daemonic, Fly (9).



FLAMERS

Burning Horrors, Flame Spouters, Flaming Whirlwinds, Bearers of the True Fire of Change, Pyrodaemons, Fire Daemons of Tzeentch

Flamers are strange beings, even by the peculiar standards of Daemons. They are beings of pure magic, only given form when cast out of their plane into the mortal world. When they appear, they are disturbing to say the least. They are found only rarely in the mortal world and then only at times when Tzeentch despatches them to aid the great hordes that wage war against the soft men of the south.

Their lower portions resemble inverted mushrooms whose stalks have become muscular bodies from which sprout two flexible arms. Their semi-solid tubular bodies sprout gnashing faces and grimacing maws that mimic the last anguished cries of those they have slain, whilst gangly arms splay into tooth-lined orifices spattering magical flame. A Flamer has no head as such, but its eyes and gaping maw lie between its swaying arms. Hunched, a Flamer can tower over a man if it rears up to its full height, though they can vary in shape and size as one might expect from a daemon of the Changer of Ways. They glow with a strange inner brightness and as they move magic drips from their trunk-like arms and evaporates forming misty shapes in which momentary visions appear. The Flamer is surprisingly agile. Its fungoid body can flex with great strength, allowing it to move by jumping and bounding. Though somewhat ungainly in their bizarre appearance, Flamers are capable of a fair turn of speed, expelling gaseous ichor through the pinkish fungoid 'skirt' at their base to bound and leap across the

ground with considerable mischievous gusto. Flamers can clear obstacles with ease, and their strange mode of locomotion can even see them bounce across the surface of a body of water, their impacts sending up geysers of steam with each landing.

They bound and slither across the battlefield, unleashing bursts of yellow and blue fire from their burning limbs, incinerating the enemies of Tzeentch with blasts of burning magical flame that mutate everything they touch. Disturbing shapes and apparitions dance in those flames, and they have an unnatural habit of bursting back to life even long after they have been stamped out. The flames can be shot across long distances or spewed all around in the confusion of a melee. This magical fire of Tzeentch burns not only flesh but reality itself and its caress can shatter the senses as completely as it chars and burns the body. Their mewling jaws shriek with delight as they ignite the very fabric of reality itself, searing flesh and armour alike. Flesh burned by the fire of change melts like wax, while the bones underneath shift and re-align like cats in a sack. A Flamer's victim might briefly feel invigorated, before collapsing into a writhing puddle of flesh. The Flamer is no less deadly in close combat as it can also focus its pyrotechnic power to scorch enemies in melee – a deadly attack against which even the armour of a knight is of scant protection.

As the warpflame crackles and hisses, smaller magical flames spill to the ground and take on the imitative form of a nearby object or person. With apparent glee and raucous laughter this eldritch marionette impersonates whatever is happening around it, in a manner both mocking and disturbing. The Flamer



Albrecht bellowed with rage as blue flames pattered off his armour once again. 'Damn you, gutter-child of Chaos!' the knight screamed as the magic gnawed at his shoulder. The Flamer arched its fungoid body, small blue flames spattering from its limbs and drifting to the ground. As each magic fire drop fell it immediately vaporised with a hiss. 'Ssdammyooo... damnyou... gutterchild of Chaoss.' A miniature parody of Albrecht formed in the azure vapour, a figure wearing Reikland armour and carrying a broadsword like his own, with a slack-jawed face and the voice of a spoiled child. Damn you! Gutter rat-a-tat-tat, it screeched.

The Flamer struck again and the blue fire began to seep through Albrecht's armour. The knight's sword tumbled to the ground and he collapsed, screaming his agony through burning lips. The marionette lay on its back kicking and gesturing melodramatically, calling out in its squeaky voice. 'Hot! Hot! Hot!'

'The Horrors aid us at the bidding of the Raven God, but they do not come alone. The blessed Flamers march beside them. We are truly favoured by the Changer of the Ways! Watch as the Flamers spew their gouts of multi-coloured flames into the enemy's ranks and see the type of power our god wields!'

- Taz'shul, Warchief of the Shuluk tribe

usually ignores these little parodies of reality, but will occasionally become irritated by their yowling mockery and thus obliterate them with a burst of blue flame before moving on in search of fresh prey. As the Flamer journeys away, the diminutive scenes disintegrate into spluttering pools of magic essence which slowly fade away into nothing – although the shrieking laughter often remains for some considerable length of time afterwards. A Flamer will typically be followed by a series of these tiny images, which grow unstable and vanish as the Flamer moves away.

Though the expressions on their sinister faces might suggest otherwise, Flamers are quite instinctive creatures and require the leadership of a more powerful daemon to heed any but the most rudimentary instinct, and as such they are finely attuned to the thoughts of a Lord of Change. They are almost literally the instruments of the Greater Daemon's will and spring vigorously across the battlefield at a Changebringer's command. As with Pink Horrors, Flamers are considered an expendable resource by the Lords of Change. As such, it is not uncommon to see swarm after swarm of the burning Daemons throw themselves unthinkingly against seemingly impregnable defences, overwhelming the foe as much with sheer weight of numbers as the blankets of flame that herald their advance.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Flamer	6	2	4	4	4	2	4	2	7
Pyrocaster	6	2	5	4	4	2	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Tzeentch, Daemonic, Flaming Attacks, Skirmishers.

Flames of Tzeentch: This weapon has the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
18"	4	Flaming Attacks, Multiple Shots (D6)

EXALTED FLAMERS

Exalted Flamers are amongst the most powerful of all the Flamers of Tzeentch and exude sorcery from every pore and wrinkle of their fungoid flesh. Unlike their lesser brethren, they are capable of independent thought and action, and are powerful enough to act upon their own if they wish. More often than not, however, they are found leading units of Flamers or Pink Horrors.

Exalted Flamers are able to channel magical flame to a far greater extent than ordinary Flamers and Pyrocasters, and can conjure up great billowing sheets of Warp-magic, or hurl bolts of sorcerous change that make the very air sizzle with their passing. The fires of Tzeentch manifested by these beings are more powerful and varied than those of typical Flamers, coming in two distinct varieties, each with its own corresponding colour: singular blasts of blue that have greater range and striking force, and gouts of pink that cover a wider area and can slay more creatures at once. Should any foe survive these ranged attacks and draw close, the Exalted Flamer will attempt to bite them with its fire-ringed maw, lashing out with its formidable tongue of flame.

Exalted Flamers of Tzeentch can be seen streaking through the skies of the Realm of Chaos atop Burning Chariots of Tzeentch, only occasionally deigning to appear otherwise, perhaps when robbed of their chariot by a conniving Herald of Tzeentch. From aboard this hovering craft, the Exalted Flamer rains down billowing sheets of warpfire from on high, carpeting the battlefield with the flames of change. Such Daemons tend to lord it over those beneath them, performing attention-grabbing pyromantic displays as they race across the sky.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Exalted Flamer	6	4	4	4	4	3	4	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Tzeentch, Daemonic, Flaming Attacks.

Exalted Fire of Tzeentch: During the Shooting phase, the Exalted Flamer can shoot either Pink Fire or Blue Fire. These do not have the Move or Fire special rule.

Pink Fire uses the rules for fire throwers and the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
n/a	D6	Flaming Attacks, Slow to Fire

Blue Fire uses the rules for grapeshot and the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12"	D6+3	Flaming Attacks, Slow to Fire

If a misfire is rolled when resolving Pink Fire or Blue Fire, the Exalted Flamer suffers D6 Strength D6 hits with the Flaming Attacks special rule.

'At first I took them to be mindless fungi, swaying in the breeze. Until, that is, one their number let loose a great belch of flame, and its companions began to giggle.'

- Liber Malefic

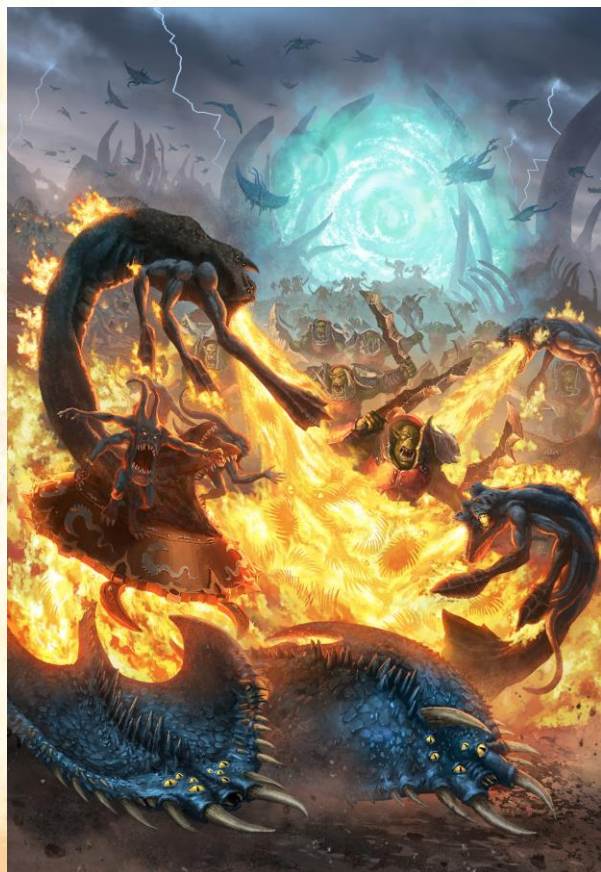
BURNING CHARIOTS

Warpflame Reavers, Firegliders, Blazing Sky-Striders

Tzeentch's chariots are Discs of sorcerous fire shackled to a pair of Screamers. Burning Chariots of Tzeentch hurtle across the Realm of Chaos like incandescent meteors, bringing the Great Sorcerer's chosen emissaries to every corner of existence. As they blaze through the heavens of the mortal world, Chariots of Tzeentch are commonly mistaken for comets, which are in turn interpreted as omens of great events and terrible wars. Such is Tzeentch's destructive nature, such prophecies commonly come true; the chariot hurtles from the sky, its daemonic master unleashing furious bolts of flame against those who would thwart the Great Sorcerer. Burning Chariots trail a wake of warpflame that can immolate those they fly over, and enable their riders to bring the gift of change to their enemies with joyous impunity.



The Exalted Flamers who ride atop the Burning Chariots are able to channel magical flame to a far greater extent than their lesser brethren, and can conjure up great billowing sheets of Warp-magic, or hurl bolts of sorcerous change that make the very air sizzle with their passing. For their part, the Discs and Screamers that make up the bizarre chariot are drawn to raw magic like moths to a flame, and therefore to the Exalted Flamers, who exude tasty sorcery from every pore and wrinkle of their fungoid flesh.



Sometimes, a Burning Chariot will even be accompanied by a handful of surly Blue Horrors. The diminutive Daemons are always ready to associate with anyone other than the irritatingly and incessantly cheerful Pink Horrors, and furthermore see the Burning Chariot as an excellent vehicle from which to sow their own particular brand of sullen mischief – this normally takes the form of crude insults, but they're also content to gloomily club or throttle anyone who comes near.



More unusual are those Burning Chariots bound in service to Heralds of Tzeentch. These are normally acquired by trickery – Heralds have little patience at the best of times, and none at all in training Screamers and Discs. They therefore consider 'borrowing' a chariot from an Exalted Flamer to be entirely in keeping with their status. Such a feat requires great cunning indeed if the Herald in question wishes to escape the Flamer's wrath. Indeed, many Heralds bear the scars from past contests, and craft complex magical wards to forewarn them when their chariot's true owner comes to reclaim his property. However, all these trials and tribulations seem as naught once the Herald is free to swoop and dive across the battlefield on his new possession, cackling madly as he unleashes his fearsome sorceries upon the enemies of his god.

The hosts of the Burning Sky Legions are commanded by such thieving Daemons, who will lead multiple Burning Chariots to war. Whether the Exalted Flamers are simply following the Herald to recover the stolen chariot is uncertain, but their ability to devastate an enemy army in the process is not.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Burning Chariot	-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-
Exalted Flamer	-	4	4	4	4	2	4	3	7
Blue Horror	-	3	3	2	-	-	3	1	7
Screamer	1	3	0	4	-	-	4	2	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Tzeentch**, **Daemonic**, **Exalted Fire of Tzeentch**, **Fly (8)**, **Flaming Attacks** (Exalted Flamer only), **Slashing Attack**.

'Hear me, mortal creature. Should you dare to gaze into the eye of fate, be prepared for what shall stare back at you. You think you act of your own accord, but that is the greatest of lies. You are no more than a puppet on my strings, your destiny mine to decide.'

- T'chaz'narr, Great Herald of Variegated Fortune

FIREWYRMS

Perhaps the most perfect example of the gifts granted by the Lord of Change, the Firewyrms is a personification of its god, constantly rippling and shifting with the power of change. Its body is an ever-changing mass of pseudopods, tentacles and clawed limbs that spew multi-colored flames, sowing mutation in their wake, able to spit magical flame at any who stand in their way. They are like nightmarish dreams, their twisted bodies rippling and shifting with change. Their bluish, purplish skin that blisters perpetually with bulbous eyes and gaping and chattering maws open upon their distended limbs. They often have bird-like features such as beaks and feathers on their bodies as well. But most alarming yet, balefires leak from their every screaming orifice, flames that are the colours of each of the Winds of Magic, incinerating those close by.

'Look upon the sacred Firewyrms! Its presence here is surely a sign that the Raven God favors us! What fools these pathetic southerners be! They do not realize the gifts they are being granted by being slain by this most sacred of beasts. They have been chosen to be reshaped by the gifts of the Lord of Change, and they try to fight against it? Change is as inevitable as death! You know not how blessed you are! Though you reject him, my Lord grants you his boons!'

- Gudrun, Magus of Tzeentch

Wherever the flames of Tzeentch strike, the power of the Changer is manifest. As the Firewyrms shambling, claws, and drags itself into battle the eldritch flames that it constantly vomits wreak havoc on everything they touch. What purpose these creatures serve within Tzeentch's great scheme is unknown, but one thing is certain, these creatures represent the fate Tzeentch has in mind for all those who would stand in his way and resist the inevitability of Change.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Firewyrms	*	3	4	4	4	3	4	*	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Tzeentch, Daemonic, Random Movement (3D6), Random Attacks (D6).

Exalted Flames of Tzeentch: This weapon has the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
18"	4	Flaming Attacks, Multiple Shots (2D6)



KAIROS FATEWEAVER

Oracle of Tzeentch, Tzeentch's Hand, Keeper of the Destiny Scrolls,
Mocking Watcher of Fate

Even Tzeentch dares not enter the Well of Eternity, the vast receptacle of knowledge at the heart of the Impossible Fortress. The Great Sorcerer, mighty though he is, cannot be sure of survival within the inky currents of infinity. Still the Well of Eternity holds great sway over Tzeentch's mind, for it is the one puzzle he cannot solve, and the one mystery he cannot know – a challenge almost painful in its intensity. It was in the cause of understanding that Tzeentch hurled Kairos, a Lord of Change known as Fateweaver to mortals, into the foreboding depths of the Well. While the Great Sorcerer was not prepared to risk his own being in such a venture, he had no such misgivings at risking one of his servants in such a fashion.

After being lost within its depths for years uncounted, Kairos eventually clawed his way back out. However, the journey changed him. Now, Kairos can perceive things that even Tzeentch cannot see. Kairos' right head sees possible futures as clear as day. No scheme is hidden from its sight and the infinite possibilities of tomorrow crystallise into irrefutable fact. Kairos' left head sees the past without the petty colourations of perspective and bias. Past and future pulse through a body shrivelled and twisted by its passage through the Well. Valuable as this vision is, it comes with a heavy cost. Both of Kairos' heads are blind to the present; he cannot see time as it passes – only events that are to come or whose time has already lapsed.



For many ages of mortals Kairos Fateweaver sat at Tzeentch's right hand, stirring the stygian depths of the Well as he whispers aloud the secrets of what will be, or truths about what has already come to pass. Nine times nine Lords of Change transcribe these insights with quills drawn from their own plumage and inked with Tzeentch's blood. Each scribe jealously guards the secrets he hears – every such facet of eternity is a powerful tool in the unending intrigue and collusion of Tzeentch's court. For his part Tzeentch cares not about the scheming of his minions, for he knows all that they know. Each secret transcribed by a Lord of Change is made a part of Tzeentch forever and his understanding of eternity comes ever closer.



Kairos' blindness to the present makes him vulnerable to physical attack – the future does not reveal itself swiftly enough to predict battle's to and fro. Nevertheless, Kairos' unique vision allows him to stay one step ahead of adversaries, pitting various assailants against one another in plots that straddle the timestream. In the arena of magic, Kairos is unstoppable. He knows every spell in existence, every sigil, sign and quirk of mystical power; though even he cannot marshal them all without a modicum of preparation. On the occasions Fateweaver leaves the Impossible Fortress it is always in the service of a dire task, be it the recovery of a magical artefact, the predestined crushing of an army, or some other terrible purpose of Tzeentch's great ineffable scheming.

Tracing burning sigils in the air, the Fateweaver grants foes the gift of blessed mutation or hurls pyrotechnic blasts of warfire, always keeping his eyes on the twisting threads of fate, awaiting the one moment when they should be manipulated to win the day. Kairos is truly the master of destiny, the preternatural abilities and limitless knowledge granted by his time in the Well securing his place as the greatest and most favoured of the daemons of Tzeentch.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kairos Fateweaver	8	1	0	5	5	6	1	1	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character).

"We see that which was and thus we know your secrets. We see that which shall be and thus we know your fate. The now is trivial to us – we know the day we perish is not this day."

- Kairos Fateweaver

'The thoughts of mortals are the fulcrum upon which their every choice teeters, the mechanism by which they navigate the pathways of their lives. How would they react, I wonder, to the knowledge that their ideas and beliefs were not always their own? That the inner voice inside their mind belongs to another? Indeed, only the wisest amongst them have ever suspected they are but puppets...'

- Kairos Fateweaver, the Oracle of Tzeentch

MAGIC: Kairos Fateweaver is a Level 4 Wizard who generates spells in the following unique way. When Kairos chooses spells, his left head may choose a total of four spells from the Lores of Life, Metal, Light and Heavens. His right head may then choose a total of four spells from the Lores of Death, Beasts, Shadow and Fire. Both heads always know all spells from the Lore of Tzeentch. At the start of each Magic phase, decide which head Kairos is using this turn. He may only cast spells known to that head during this turn.



SPECIAL RULES: Barrage of Knowledge, Daemon of Tzeentch, Daemonic, Fly (8), Ward save (6+).

DAEMONIC GIFTS: Twin Heads (see Daemonic Gifts section).

Staff of Tomorrow (Arcane Item)

The Staff of Tomorrow was constructed by Kairos Fateweaver himself, its core imbued with the arcane essence of rival Lords of Change. The rod is wrought of changefire, and is saturated with prophetic visions glimpsed in the Well of Eternity. It is a foundation worthy of bearing that which rests atop it – the artefact known as Kairos' Tome of Destiny. This book records what both of the Fateweaver's heads proclaim, mixing insights into the shrouded past with visions of possible futures. As Kairos croaks, new text scribes across the pages, morphing and rewriting itself even as time and events unfold. To look upon those pages induces madness, but to be struck by the staff itself is worse, for it is fluxmade manifest. Those blessed by its touch ripple with agonising transmutations. As he is blind to the present, Kairos often uses the book as reference, judging his position in time by the pages currently being written. Kairos lives apart from the flow of time. Thus he does not easily succumb to ill-fortune, for fate can always be altered if one has the proper knowledge.

Kairos allows you to re-roll a single D6 of your choice once per turn – declare before you make the re-roll. If this is used to re-roll a single dice from a batch of 2D6, 3D6 etc, the other dice in that batch cannot be re-rolled.



THE BLUE SCRIBES

Azure Arcanologists, Wandering Wizardkin, Tzeentch's Quaestors

Some say there was a time when Tzeentch was the greatest of all the Chaos Gods, and he ruled his brethren through his sorcerous might. In time, the other Gods deposed the Great Sorcerer in a mighty battle and cast him from his perch amid the Endless Mountains.

The resulting impact shattered mighty Tzeentch into ten thousand pieces. These shards of god-stuff were flung across infinity and the might of the Great Sorcerer was forever diminished. These events form the birth of magic in many legends, for it is said that each shard of Tzeentch shifted form to become a spell or incantation. These quickly multiplied throughout mortal minds and so spread throughout eternity. Though each was too small to retain any of Tzeentch's personality, the Great Sorcerer slowly became aware of these fragments and resolved to reclaim them.

To this end, Tzeentch created two Daemons, P'tarix and Xirat'p, tasked with learning every spell in existence. Though Blue Horrors in form and surly personality, the quest required these Blue Scribes to be more self-aware than others of their kind. Ever careful of betrayal, Tzeentch bestowed this intelligence with care. P'tarix can transcribe the magical syllables of any spell to parchment, but cannot read. Xirat'p can read his brother's scribblings, but cannot understand them. Squabbling between the two inevitably ensues. Judging his work to be good, the Great Sorcerer sent his newest creations out into existence, and bade them not to return until their quest was complete.

The Blue Scribes ride their Disc of Tzeentch through realms eternal and mortal, squabbling as they seek lost fragments of their God to bind them with parchment and ink. P'tarix scrawls frantically with a quill crafted from a lord of Change's pinfeather. Xirat'p reads the written words to check for mistakes; in so doing unleashing the power bound within on any unfortunate enough to be nearby. Though not combatants in the truest sense, the Blue Scribes' mission often draws them to battlefields, where the most destructive and powerful magics are used. If threatened, Xirat'p starts reading at random from the accumulated scrolls, trusting to the hand of fate, his master, to guide him to the correct scroll for each occasion. This can have quite spectacular and bizarre results, with a foe as likely to be struck by multi-coloured lightning as he is to be drenched by his own personal thunderstorm or transmuted to solid gold.

In truth, the Blue Scribes can never complete their task, for magic has multiplied in the service of mortals. This is well for Xirat'p and P'tarix and for existence itself. Should the Blue Scribes complete their task, Tzeentch would swallow them, reuniting the lost fragments of his being and absorbing the extra power born along the way. It is doubtful that any creature, mortal or Daemon, would survive such a renewal...

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
The Blue Scribes	-	3	3	3	3	2	3	2	7
Disc of Tzeentch	1	3	0	4	4	1	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Tzeentch, Daemonic, Fly (9).**

Spell Syphon: *P'tarix can steal a portion of the power enemies use to cast spells.*

Whenever an enemy successfully casts a spell (including bound spells, etc.) place a counter next to the Blue Scribes. At the start of your next Magic phase, the Blue Scribes can make a channelling attempt for each counter. Once the Blue Scribes have attempted to channel, remove all counters from them.

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Scrolls of Sorcery (Arcane Item)

These cracked and jumbled scrolls contain details of every spell ever written – though finding the correct one at the opportune moment can be something of a challenge.

The Blue Scribes can cast one spell from one of the eight Lores of Battle Magic in the Warhammer rulebook during each of his own Magic phases. You can choose which lore the spell is to be cast from, but must roll a D6 and consult the magic lore to see which spell is cast (the Blue Scribes can therefore never cast a signature spell). If there is no viable target or you choose not to cast the spell that has been rolled, the Blue Scribes do not cast a spell that turn. Spells cast by the Blue Scribes are treated as bound spells with a power level equal to their casting value.



THE CHANGELING

Perplexing Prankster, Deceiving Horror, Tzeentch's Trickster

The Changeling personifies the part of Tzeentch's psyche that is the meddler, the deceiver, the trickster. He can take the form of other beings, from the tiniest of insects to the most massive of Greater Daemons. The Changeling has taken the forms of warriors and wizards, master thieves and trusted advisors. During its time in disguise, the Changeling spread lies and misinformation, wove webs of falsehood, sought out others who might be ambitious enough to be corruptible, and planted seeds for future plots.

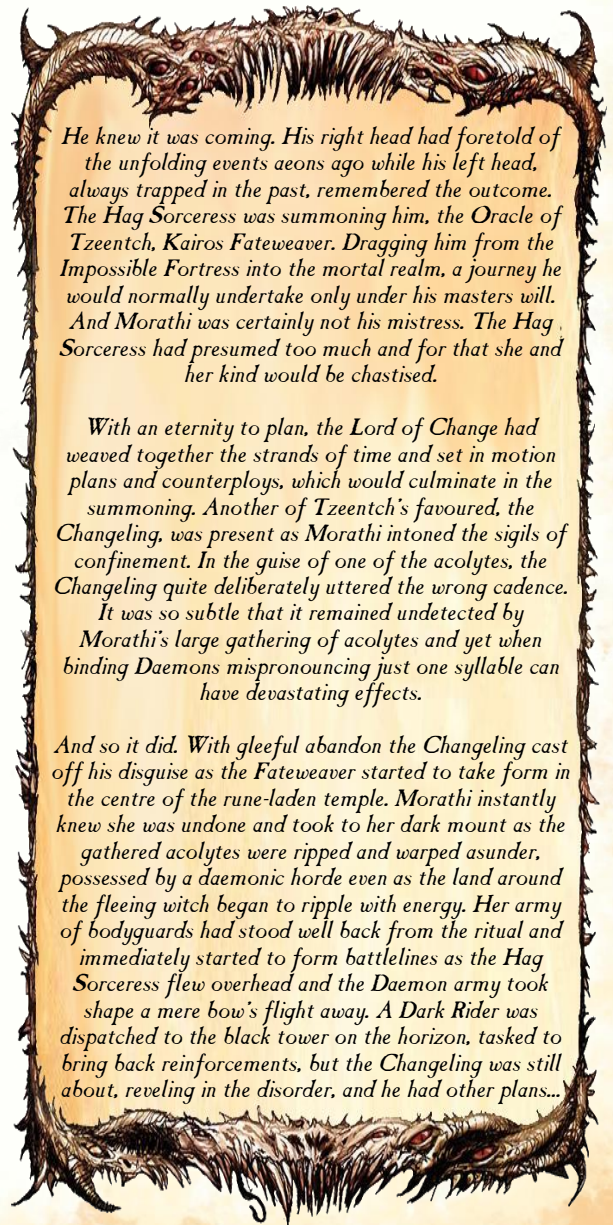


None, save perhaps Tzeentch himself, know the Changeling's true form, for he goes cowed and cloaked when in his own shape. Indeed, the Changeling has worn so many different guises throughout the long ages that even it cannot remember its original form. The Changeling stands shoulder height to a man, though such a state would likely be temporary at best, as the Changeling bores very quickly, and rarely maintains even its own form for long. Should the Changeling ever assume its normal form, if it truly has one, it will certainly be to suit its own ends. Not only can the Changeling mirror the form of another, he can adopt mannerisms and personalities in so flawless a fashion that even the Dark Gods can be deceived. In all of creation there is only one entity that the Changeling cannot duplicate: the Great God Tzeentch himself. The Grand Schemer will not suffer any being to steal his identity, even for a moment.



Keeping track of The Changeling's whereabouts is an impossible task. Even the Flesh Hounds of Khorne have failed to track the mischievous troublemaker down, despite hunting it many times. Only Tzeentch himself, it seems, knows of The Changeling's whereabouts at any given time, but is happy to let his pet get up to its usual mischief, revelling in the discord that follows in its wake. Should the Changeling become involved in the schemes of others, anything will be possible, and neither side can be sure of who, if any, will benefit from (or even be aware of) its capricious involvement until it has left to seek further amusement elsewhere.

Mischievous by nature, and afflicted with a low tolerance for boredom, the Changeling exists to play malicious tricks upon all about him. On one such occasion, taking the shape of a Daemonette, he stole the silver apples of knowledge from Slaanesh's palace.



He knew it was coming. His right head had foretold of the unfolding events aeons ago while his left head, always trapped in the past, remembered the outcome. The Hag Sorceress was summoning him, the Oracle of Tzeentch, Kairos Fateweaver. Dragging him from the Impossible Fortress into the mortal realm, a journey he would normally undertake only under his masters will. And Morathi was certainly not his mistress. The Hag Sorceress had presumed too much and for that she and her kind would be chastised.

With an eternity to plan, the Lord of Change had weaved together the strands of time and set in motion plans and counterplots, which would culminate in the summoning. Another of Tzeentch's favoured, the Changeling, was present as Morathi intoned the sigils of confinement. In the guise of one of the acolytes, the Changeling quite deliberately uttered the wrong cadence. It was so subtle that it remained undetected by Morathi's large gathering of acolytes and yet when binding Daemons mispronouncing just one syllable can have devastating effects.

And so it did. With gleeful abandon the Changeling cast off his disguise as the Fateweaver started to take form in the centre of the rune-laden temple. Morathi instantly knew she was undone and took to her dark mount as the gathered acolytes were ripped and warped asunder, possessed by a daemonic horde even as the land around the fleeing witch began to ripple with energy. Her army of bodyguards had stood well back from the ritual and immediately started to form battlelines as the Hag Sorceress flew overhead and the Daemon army took shape a mere bow's flight away. A Dark Rider was dispatched to the black tower on the horizon, tasked to bring back reinforcements, but the Changeling was still about, reveling in the disorder, and he had other plans...



On the edge of the Dark Prince's territory he then assumed the form of a Plaguebearer and slipped into Nurgle's garden, only to grow tired of the game and abandon the apples to rot amidst the decaying fronds. When Slaanesh discovered the theft, he flew into a rage and sent his armies to retrieve the lost treasures. So did Slaanesh and Nurgle come to blows, the former believing the latter to be a thief, and the latter convinced the former had engineered a pretext for invasion. The Changeling was already elsewhere – stealing Collars of Khorne from Flesh Hounds and melting them down to create brass dioramas of the Blood God's greatest defeats.

So has the Changeling passed through eternity, sowing mischief in his wake. It was he who cut away Slaanesh's hair while the Dark Prince slept, and from it wove the cloak that Tzeentch presented to the mortal champion Egrimm van Horstmann. It was the Changeling who sealed the doors of Khorne's citadel while he was away campaigning, forcing the Blood God to shatter his own proud gates when he returned. The Changeling's handiwork is always obvious after the fact – indeed, part of the prank is to make the victim aware of his deceiver, but impotent to act against him. It is of little surprise then that Tzeentch's brother gods burn with desire to destroy the Changeling, to tear him limb from limb and scatter his parts and pieces across reality; yet somehow he always evades capture.

Though Tzeentch loves to take credit for the Changeling's schemes, only a handful of the Daemon's adventures are carried out at his patron's direction. The Great Schemer is content to let the Changeling roam wild throughout eternity, causing havoc where he may. Each meddling opens up more possibilities in the Great Game, and Tzeentch watches with amusement as the Changeling weaves his uneven tapestry of disruption. That so many of his pranks have caused terrible wars is of no concern to the Changeling. Sowing discord is what the Changeling does best, and its actions invariably lead to duels, battles and even prolonged wars. He loves conflict, for it breeds opportunity to deceive and dismay like nothing else. His enjoyment

begins even before armies clash: impersonating messengers and generals to disrupt strategy wherever possible. Although more an instigator than a fighter, once it abandons its false identity, the Changeling has no qualms about joining the fray personally. It can cast spells to blast the enemy with eldritch fire, and in combat its Trickster Staff adopts the qualities of its opponent's most powerful weapon. When battle begins, the Changeling is to be found where the fighting is thickest, adopting the shape and skill of the most powerful foe, pounding the enemy to pieces with malicious enthusiasm and borrowed muscle.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
The Changeling	4	3	4	3	3	2	3	1	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: The Changeling is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Tzeentch.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Tzeentch, Daemonic, Locus of Transmogrification (see Heralds of Tzeentch).

Formless Horror: At the start of each Close Combat phase, choose an enemy model in base contact with the Changeling. The Changeling may increase any or all of his Weapon Skill, Strength, Toughness, Initiative and Attacks characteristics to match those of the chosen enemy model until the end of that phase. If the chosen model has more than one value for a characteristic (as is the case with a mounted model), the Changeling may always choose the higher value. The Changeling cannot match the characteristics of an enemy that is fighting in a challenge, unless the Changeling is fighting in the same challenge.



GREAT UNCLEAN ONES

Fly Master, Stench Lord, Nurgle's Plaguefather, Plague Lord, Decayed One, Father Nurgle

The servants of Nurgle wander the Chaos Wastes in great cavalcades. Ever-marching, they move from place to place, expounding on the glories of pestilence, imbuing all things with sudden tumescence, leaving in their wake fields of blistering, swollen, split, and rotting corpses and vegetation. Plaguebearers count the glories of their hideous master, while carpets of Nurglings mewl and whine, picking and twitching in the perpetual becoming that defines their existence. And behind the great parade are the droves of mortal followers, driven mad with despair and titillated by the wonders revealed to them by the servants of Nurgle. But of all of the members of this unruly host, none are quite so horrific as the Great Unclean Ones.

The massive terrors are a blend of sheer grotesqueness and rampant decay. They are sinister things, whose affection and corruption evoke shuddering madness from those who witness it. They have no shame, no sense of decency, revelling in the basest acts. Fat wormy fingers probe the depths of their dripping nostrils. They randomly spray their leavings in great clouds of such pestilential power that the faintest whiff kills. They gorge themselves on food and drinking, spilling their tainted meals out onto the ground through the rents and tears in their prodigious bulk. When not indulging their bestial appetites, they laugh and pinch, coddle and coo their mewling broods of Nurglings.

On the battlefield, the Great Unclean One waddles into the thickest of the fray, muttering such foul jokes that the souls of those who hear them shrivel. It joyously slaughters foes, chortling with disgusting mirth. It might snatch a fleeing warrior to stuff the unfortunate soul into its suppurating maw only to spray the mostly dissolved carcass in a stream of noxious vomit. In the bodies of its victims bloom the most unsightly monstrosities, and the Fly Master, always patient and endearing towards its spawn, will pause to aid in the birthing of some new unspeakable enemy or harvest the shoots of fungus and corruption from the twitching dead.

The Greater Daemons of Nurgle are among the most horrific Daemons known to mortals. Beneath clouds of swarming fly souls, they are almost perfect replicas of Nurgle himself, both physically and in terms of their personality. Indeed, a Great Unclean One is sometimes referred to as Nurgle or Father Nurgle by his underlings, although of course each also has his own daemonic name.

A Great Unclean One is invariably a gigantic figure bloated with decay, disease and all imaginable kinds of physical corruption. The skin of the Daemon is generally greenish, a necrose and leathery surface covered with pockmarks, sores and other signs of loathsome infestation, cavernous wounds from which spill torrents of chunky pus, and fields of quivering blisters. It is a breeding ground for every pox and blight ever to torment the good people of the mortal world.

'Until I looked close, I thought his skin was roiling and writhing. Then I saw dozens of tiny Daemons burrowing through his flesh, gnawing on his bones and suckling from his vile secretions. All this horror was belied by the beast's cultured voice, which welcomed me as a long-lost son even as I fell retching to my knees.'

- Liber Malefic

Rotten horns branch from its skull, and a prehensile tongue, fat and pink, worms from its grinning maw. His inner organs, rank with decay, spill through the ruptured skin and hang like rotting drapes about an immense girth. They pump corruption throughout its massive bodies, leaking filth and bile over its thick hide, painting it with fresh new contagions to tickle the flesh. From these organs burst tiny pustulant creatures called Nurglings, which chew and suck upon the nauseous juices within, and whom the Fly Master sees as his brood. These tiny creatures hatch from pustules in the Great Unclean One's flesh, so they are constantly being renewed as they get shaken aside, squashed and even eaten by their master. Such foulness echoes the fundamental truth of the universe: whilst there is life, there will be ruin and decay, even unto the end of all things. Some know them as the Stench Lords, for their very presence infects the air with every contagion known to man and beast. Truly, the Great Unclean Ones represent the inevitable decay and decline of all things.

In perverse contrast to his horrific appearance, the Great Unclean One is neither morbid nor consumed with despair – if anything the opposite is true. Great Unclean Ones are exuberant in the pursuit of their enthusiasms which drive the living. Great Unclean Ones are invariably ebullient and obstreperous, full of a natural will to organise and achieve. Indeed, it is not uncommon for Great Unclean Ones to compete amongst themselves in the matter of spreading Nurgle's plaguesome blessings across the world. Gregarious and curiously sentimental, Great Unclean Ones hold their followers dear in a fatherly way and even refer to them as their 'Children'. Between the rancid coos and the constant praises that stream from its seeping maw, its existence is maddening. They take great patriarchal pride in the achievements of their fellow creatures, proclaiming vociferously the splendours of the poxes and sores evinced by those around them, and bellow with hearty laughter which



'Go forth, my children; bring our father's blessing to all living things.'
- Fluxrot the Pestilent, Great Unclean One

can be heard for miles in response to the destruction wrought in Nurgle's name, for all death and destruction is pleasing to the Decayed Ones. Such love of Nurgle and his children breeds a cheerful readiness to fight in his name, for the corpse-strewn battlefield is a fertile garden for new disease and pestilence.

The signs of a Great Unclean One are visible to all, even to those that would deny such a thing could ever stain the world. The air grows heavy and humid, and the very winds seem to slow, laden as they are with the faintest hint of rot, blending the odours of a rotten tooth with the carcass of an animal left too long in the sun. In the folds of clothing, buried in the smallclothes beneath armour, in the crevices of the flesh, there is tickling movement as a new maggot is born. Swollen black flies seem to come from nowhere, first individually, then in great swarms.

As the Daemon draws closer, the infestation of flies and maggots spread. They infest everything, from food to water. Fruits and vegetables ripen on the vines with such speed, that they burst, spilling their seeds onto the ground in a syrupy mess of pale slime. Everything blooms and ripens to the perfect moment of harvesting only to collapse into foul-smelling rot and perversion.

And then, the Great Unclean One appears. Its awfulness spreads throughout the land, causing lesions to appear on the flesh and existing cancers, warts, and buboes to grow. All that lives gives way to decay and rot, sagging on the vine. Clouds of flies blot out the sun, and the very air dies, filled with the stink of death. And the booming laughter and profane muttering drive those who hear it mad with despair.

When a Great Unclean One addresses his blighted throng, he expostulates in a manner immediately reminiscent of the great leader he is, chivvying and directing his decaying minions with a paternal indulgence at odds with his monstrous appearance. This combination of physical corruption and energetic endeavour is the most extraordinary characteristic of Nurgle's Great Unclean Ones. Yet, just as this love of Nurgle's creations brings the Great Unclean One

immense joy, he is filled with rage when the petty-minded enemies of Chaos try to thwart Nurgle's grand designs. Such wrath initially manifests as a thunderous and adjective-laden oratory, declaiming those who question Nurgle's will, but swiftly descends into brutal, if still somewhat jovial, violence if the heretic isn't to be cowed by words alone.

These monstrous daemons occasionally materialise in the mortal world, leading a cancerous host of lesser daemons to spread their master's diseases. They enjoy competing amongst themselves to see who can reap the most plague-dead. As they advance in the midst of the army they shout encouragement and cheer the exploits of their favourites. Should even the smallest Nurgling be slain then they will weep and wail in an exaggerated fashion, sometimes taking a brief interlude to compose a mournful elegy in their memory. Most importantly of all, they are great showmen who appreciate the spectacle of battle and are always prepared to cheer and applaud heroism on either side.

In the Old World, tales are told of the Carnival of Chaos: a nomadic cavalcade of covered carts that brings with it all the pestilences and ills that befall the living. The shrouds of the wagons are rotten and tattered, the wooden frames are bent and splintered and the metal fixings are pitted and rusted. Yet within the plodding caravan of Nurgle all is bustle and activity as the Great Unclean One prepares to launch a festival of decay and destruction upon a village, town or army. In many ways, Nurgle's visitation is akin to a travelling circus or great fair, save that the entertainment it offers is disease, sickness and death.

As the caravan draws near to its destination, the excitement of the Daemons reaches fever pitch. Plaguebearers take stock of pestilence and disease, counting the reserves of sickness, the number of Nurglings, each other and eventually anything that stands still long enough to be counted. Amidst the deep-throated drone of the Plaguebearer's endless tally. The Nurglings chatter and prance like small children about to embark upon a special treat. They squabble and squirm, snigger and squeal as their numbers increase and diminish beyond the Plaguebearer's ability to count them. Amid the general hullabaloo and sense of anticipation, the overly affectionate Beasts of Nurgle hound ceaselessly from Plaguebearer to Plaguebearer, leaving pools of slime and dribble as they pass.



"Nurgle's Children, our pretties, our pets... How Nurgle loves his little children! How Nurgle loves his little pets..."

- Extract from writings found scrawled bloodily from floor to ceiling in the locked study of a wealthy rural landowner on the outskirts of Nuln. The mewling wreck that was found gibbered and moaned ceaselessly, crippled in mind and mutilated in body. He cradled and caressed many self-inflicted wounds, but none dared to dwell upon the cause of his missing hands.

When the Great Unclean One speaks his manner is immediately reminiscent of the great stage manager and leader that he is. He addresses his cast of Plaguebearers, Nurglings and Beasts, building their enthusiasm by recalling the fine aesthetic qualities of famous diseases of the past. He may mention in passing the wine-dark sea of purple-patterned decay, the fine flaky texture and slightly salty tang of eczema. As the multitude clamours for more, he will describe the gem-like shine of a boil as it wells to a head, and the final satisfaction as it bursts forth, exposing a glistening cavity of inflamed flesh.

As the great plague carts and wagons of the cavalcade of Nurgle approach their target, the unsuspecting village or the sleepy town, the daemons prepare their campaign of destruction. In all respects it is a performance, and like all performances it has its prelude as well as its climax. In this case the prelude is the Dance of Death, enacted the night before the assault, when the daemons of Nurgle dance a great Dance of Death encircling the town or village seven times in an undulating tide of mouldering flesh.

Creaking wheels and the clop of hooves at dusk announces the carnival's arrival. From the gloom emerges a procession of wagons drawn by emaciated horses. The once colourful canvasses of these decrepit carts are torn aside, and gangrenous daemons jump out. Plaguebearers prepare for the performance while Nurglings bicker underfoot. From the largest carriage shuffles a hulking Great Unclean One, the plagued ringleader of the show.

As the moon rises into the sky the Dance of Death begins its course, the cast of daemons moves solemnly over the hills and fields. As the procession moves past the outlying houses, dogs and cattle take up the cacophonous noise, adding their barking and howling to the rising song. As the night progresses and the first circuit is complete, the excitement begins to mount. The songs become raucous and the dancing more and more animated. Nurglings sing in falsetto, the Plaguebearers in tenor, and the Great Unclean One provides a deep baritone. They sing of the delicious doom that awaits their victims. As the pageant progresses, the cacophony gets louder, and is joined by the howls of dogs and howling of cattle from the nearby settlement.

As the seventh circuit is begun, the Daemons abandon themselves to a frenzy of song, laughter and madness in which they cry out the terrible things they intend to do on the morrow. As the dance nears its completion, the noise drifts through the air into the houses of the living. Those mortals awakened by the song lie too terrified to move from their beds, whilst those still sleeping experience strange and disturbing dreams. Animals panic in their stalls, or break out of their fields. Butter curdles and milk turns sour. As dawn's sickly glow permeates the air, all falls strangely silent. The seventh circuit is now complete, and the songs of fate are at an end. Then the daemons begin the main entertainment, afflicting every known disease upon their screaming audience. By nightfall, only rotten bones tell of the carnival's passing.

The appearance of a Great Unclean One is more than sufficient to unman even the boldest hero. The air sours with the presence, filling it with a pestilential mist that causes the flesh to rebel, infesting all mortals with horrid illnesses that wreak havoc with the body and mind. With each new blast of flatulence, some new plague is born, each rumbling belch produces legions of virulent diseases, and those unfortunate to face these Daemons have little hope of living through the encounter.

The Great Unclean One contaminates the earth as much as it does the air. Wherever it goes, it leaves a trail of slippery slime that breeds Nurglings by the thousands. The grass brightens and grows until it can no longer bear the weight of its expanded form. The rocks dissolve, and the earth turns into a soupy morass of excrement and mud. What's worse is that the trail of a Stench Lord remains for decades, polluting the earth and seeding the land with future calamities for the unwary.

When roused to battle, a Great Unclean One is a truly horrifying entity. He bellows ribald joy across the battlefield in stentorian tones as the flesh of its foes bursts with contagion, encouraging its minions with booming mirth, brimming with the jollity of one fulfilling divine commandment, and pauses only to unleash his formidable sorceries against targets ripe for Nurgle's blessings. Though it is awful to behold and experience, it is far worse to fight. Its dripping hide corrodes the strongest steel, and plumes of acrid smoke and droplets of acidic excreta surround the Daemon as it wades into the thickest knots of its enemies. And through it all, it disgorges the contents of its vast and often-exposed gullet, spewing an unholy combination of entrails, partly digested flesh, wriggling maggots and its own vile excrement in a torrent that not only burns but afflicts its victims with the most virulent of all plagues to stalk the lands of men.

Made ponderous by his colossal bulk, a Great Unclean One is slow to advance upon the enemy, but is all but unstoppable once he has reached his target. Any foe foolish enough to stray into his path swiftly discovers the immense strength concealed by the Greater Daemon's corpulent form. Whether a Plague Lord batters his enemy with an iron sword dripping with virulent fluid or a plague-ridden flail matters little, for the result is the same – an indescribable mess of blood and bone, already teeming with Nurgle's choicest festering pestilences, as unstoppable as the inevitable march of decline and decay itself. Few indeed are the foes that can stand for long against such pestilential might.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Unclean One	6	6	3	6	7	7	4	5	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Character).

MAGIC: Great Unclean Ones are Wizards who use spells from the Lore of Nurgle.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic, Poisoned Attacks.**

Extreme Contagion: *The Great Unclean One exudes a plaguefilled aura that rots and debilitates any foes foolish enough to enter into close proximity.*

Enemy models in base contact with the Great Unclean One at the start of any close combat phase suffer a Wound on the roll of a 5+ which Ignores Armour saves. This has no effect on Daemons of Nurgle.

HERALDS OF NURGLE

Poxbringers, Sloppity Bilepipers, Spoilpox Scriveners

In the Garden of Nurgle it is a great honour to serve amongst the foot soldiery of the God of Decay, but there are some amongst the ranks of the Plaguebearers that are destined for still greater things. Those that prove exceptional in terms of power, ability or capacity to bear the most loathsome of diseases are granted further blessings from Grandfather Nurgle. In the vast shadows of the Great Unclean Ones are Nurgle's Heralds, the commanders of the Plague Legions' Tallybands.

'By the time ye bones begin to rot, Gribbleworms are still there, but you are not...'

- Nonsense rhyme of Gryst, the ill-fated Sloppity Bilepiper

Though they share many loathsome features, Plaguebearers are by no means identical in appearance and ability, for Nurgle's Rot is somewhat variable in its virulence and incubation. The longer a victim can endure against Nurgle's Rot, the greater in the Plaguelord's sight the resulting Daemon shall be. From the souls of such hardy individuals are shaped the repulsive Heralds of Nurgle who march in the daemonic legions as proof positive that even the strongest and ablest cannot indefinitely defy disease and despair. Heralds of Nurgle possess a strength and hardiness that belies their rotten frames, as well as a jovial nature somewhat at odds with the world-weary aspect of their droning minions. These champions of plague and misery use their grotesque abilities to lead and augment the Lesser Daemons beneath them, or to perform the most vital duties throughout their god's garden. The Heralds of Nurgle each have their own proclivities and armaments, and are given impressive titles based on these.

Poxbringers project an aura of malign authority. They stand taller and broader than the Plaguebearers that surround them, their lumpen heads crowned with magnificent sets of rotting antlers. These daemons are the most common lieutenants of

the Great Unclean Ones, who ensure their orders are carried out to the letter. They lead their kin into battle with gallows humour. Wielding their plagueswords with prodigious strength, Poxbringers hack down the enemy's champions and sorcerers while unleashing their own unclean spells to corrupt and despoil. Nurgle himself awards the most accomplished Poxbringers with extra duties, which they discharge with solemn pride. One such individual is Wretch Gab'larr, who is tasked with studying the effects of Nurgle's plagues upon specimens never before encountered, then describing them to his master upon the porch of Nurgle's Manse.

Plaguebearers infected with Chortling Murrain fall into a comedic fever, compulsively capering and quipping. Thus are Sloppity Bilepipers created, and sent with gutpipes and marrotter to amuse Nurgle's Tallybands. Their jokes and songs find little purchase amidst the glum Plaguebearers, but Nurgle's other daemons find their antics hilarious. Great Unclean Ones boom belly laughs as Nurglings shriek with mirth, and the Beasts of Nurgle flop about in excited circles, confused but desperate to join in the fun. Unfortunately for Nurgle's foes, Chortling Murrain is very infectious, and can cause mortals to laugh until their sides literally split. Yet the Bilepipers themselves are always the final victims of their disease. If it goes into remission, their knack for jesting vanishes, leaving them doomed to become the next marrotter and set of gutpipes for their desperately grinning replacement.

Spoilpox Scriveners are responsible for ensuring that the Plaguebearers of their Tallyband do not shirk. They are spiteful creatures, always looking to punish their fellows, and their mood upon the battlefield is worsened by their snotty and revolting allergies to the Mortal Realms. The Scriveners know the tally of diseases that must be counted, and they record the names of those Plaguebearers that lose count using scritchling quills made from the plucked tail feathers of Lords of Change. All the while, the Scriveners browbeat the daemons around them, their nasal voices booming from proboscises terminating in huge mouths that can bite a man in half. Those whose names they take down risk being punished by becoming new Sloppity Bilepipers, whose tomfoolery the Scriveners despise most of all.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Herald of Nurgle	4	5	5	5	5	2	4	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic.

UPGRADES:

Locus of Virulence: This model, and all models in his unit, automatically wound in close combat on a To Hit roll of 6+.

Locus of Fecundity: This model, and all models in his unit, have the Regeneration (6+) special rule.

Locus of Contagion: If this model, or any model in his unit, scores a 6 To Hit in close combat, the target immediately suffers an additional automatic hit resolved at Strength 4.

PLAGUEBEARERS

Tainted Ones, One-Eyed Rotter, Horned Rotbag, Maggotkin, Rotbearers, Tallymen of Plagues

On nights when Morrslieb hangs bloated in a starless sky, Empire folk bolt their doors and windows, and hang sprigs of fragrant herbs by the fireplace to ward away the Tainted Ones. If a person should die of illness on such a night, it is whispered that daemons will take his soul. Indeed, in some remote villages, the mortally sick are left outside to perish lest the Plaguebearers infect the healthy when they come for them.

Plaguebearers are the rank and file of Nurgle's legions which appear rather like horrendously diseased and mutated Humans, savaged by sickness and hunger. They are vile creatures whose stench alone is enough to knock a Troll unconscious. These loathsome Lesser Daemons are crafted from the blighted soul-stuff of mortals who have been slain by dreaded disease called Nurgle's Rot, a terrible and incurable contagion and one of Nurgle's finest concoctions. This perfect disease runs an excruciatingly slow course, during which its victim's body bloats up and rots like that of a corpse. Enduring unspeakable agonies yet wholly unable to die, the sufferer's soul is slowly eroded until eventually they welcome the misery and malignancy of their condition. Driven mad by the Plague God's foul gift, they finally perish, only to be reborn in the Garden of Nurgle as an immortal Plaguebearer, forever condemned to afflict others with the Plague Lord's contagions.

A Plaguebearer carries the marks of Nurgle's Rot throughout eternity. What little of its skin that can be seen beneath the discharge of innumerable sores is tinged with suppurant greens and vile browns. Plaguebearers have distended, cyclopean faces that leer from atop famine-wasted frames and corpulent bellies, split open in great pus-oozing wounds to reveal the bloated organs within that are so swollen with corpse gas that many have split-open guts, from which rancid entrails dangle like old rope and the wriggling maggots that feast on the rot. Resting above this prodigious bulk is a gaunt rib cage covered by thin green or ochre flesh that testifies to their master's nature. Two spindly limbs just barely bear their sack-like bodies, bent by pestilence so virulent it warps the bones. Of all of their features, it is the egg-shaped head perched on a thin neck that's the most disturbing. Atop this monstrous frame perches a twisted, one-eyed visage, its fanged maw chanting a gruesome catalogue of diseases to itself. Pus weeps continuously from a Plaguebearer's single bloodshot eye which darts about searching for new victims to infect with its plaguesword. Beneath the

eye is a wormy mouth, slick with the filth dripping from its rolling eye, poison drooling from its fangs. From its forehead protrudes a single twisted horn – in the late stages of Nurgle's Rot this horn sprouts from the sufferer's brow. It is a thing to be detested, but it is a thing of power. Fighting a Plaguebearer is a truly disgusting experience and involves considerable risk of disease.

It is the Plaguebearer's eternal role to herd Nurgle's daemonic forces in battle, as well as keep stock of the diseases, allocate appropriate fates to each new victim and attempt to maintain order amongst a naturally chaotic horde. In their deep bass voices, they mutter and grumble naming and counting all the diseases of the world that afflict mankind, numbering the poxes and contagions in sonorous chants that burble and echo from fanged mouths. These onerous duties have earned Plaguebearers the title of Nurgle's Tallymen in popular lore.

Units of Plaguebearers are surrounded by a constant drone. This thrumming sound is created by the endless counting as the Daemons attempt to calculate the ever-changing requirements of their master, and the hosts of plump flies that attend the Plaguebearers, hovering like a black cloud over their heads. When the Plaguebearers



'Grumbling? I'm not grumbling. I should be grumbling, though, leading this lot of stumbler-mites. 'Tis the chanting I can't abide. Always the Eyerot ditty, never willing to give another disease a chance. And there they go again, not even worthy of their mucus...'

– Ghlub'tar, a sample of his stream of invective

*'Cher-holera, tie-eye-phoid, cern-sum'shun, hally-toze-iss!
 Black plague, white plague, bloody red 'n' brarn plague!
 Can-ker, way-ster, foot-an'-marf, fester!
 New-moniaaa, bu-bonicaaaa, neeeew-mo-niaaa, beewboney-caaaa!
 Runnin' sores, seepin' sores, rottin' sores, weepin' sores!
 Eh-emfer-seemer, die-eye-a-rear, nasty caser wax in yer ear!
 Lerr-ustrian runs, Cathay tum, Tilean sick-nerrse of ther thumb!
 New-moniaaa, bu-bonicaaaa, neeeew-mo-niaaa, beewboney-caaaa!
 Small pox, big pox, chicken pox, pig pox!
 Diseases of the eller-ment'ry kind, unease of the alleyment'ry kind!
 Common cold, infler-wenzer, nasty rash, dis-temper!
 New-moniaaa, bu-bonicaaaa, neeeew-mo-niaaa, beewboney-caaaa!'*

– *Wormfingers, Plaguebearer*

are fighting these foul buzzing creatures fly into the eyes and mouths of their enemies, clogging their ears, and crawling up their nostrils. In battle, they can use these swarms to get close enough to vomit a virulent combination of entrails, maggots, and filth onto an opponent. A multitude of Plaguebearers counting all at once produces a sound so sonorous and penetrating that it is enough itself to make a mortal feel distinctly unwell. It is all but impossible to tally something amid such chaos, though this in no way discourages the Plaguebearers from their efforts. They are the daemonic embodiment of the need of mortal creatures to impose meaning upon a meaningless and uncaring void.

Plaguebearers breach the boundaries between the mortal world and the Realm of Chaos to spread woe and despair, spilling their filth wherever they go. The Lesser Daemons of Nurgle are the tireless stagehands of the daemonic carnival. Bands of Plaguebearers are the most organised and efficient of Daemons upon the battlefield, shambling purposefully towards a chosen foe. Like something from a nightmare, they engulf the foe before hacking them apart. Should a foe endure long enough to strike back, his blows will have little effect on the Plaguebearers, for their corrupted forms feel no pain and regenerate damage at a frightening rate. Dripping with unnatural excretions, they are every lingering death, every moment of delirium and fevered starvation.

Venerated by the Chaos cults of the Lord of Despair, the Tainted Ones are living symbols of Nurgle's blessings, personifying all that the Dark God is. By embracing the nature of these fiends, the cultists learn to accept their own corruptions and grow beyond them. Those few who foolishly stand against the Plaguebearers, they learn a terrible lesson about slow, leprous death.

Followers of Nurgle are often indistinguishable from the trains of plague victims forced to wander from town to town, driven on by their countrymen's unwillingness to aid them. Those processions that venerate the Lord of Decay are often granted Plaguebearers to guide them on their travels, shepherding them along like so many leperous sheep. And with Plaguebearers come a host of new diseases that can spread like wildfire throughout the towns and hamlets speckling the countryside.

The arrival of Plaguebearers upon the field of battle is often preceded by a gurgling litany that floats upon the wind like an airborne infection. The chanting starts slowly, quietly, eventually rising to a hacking, bubbling crescendo that burbles, phlegm-like, as the Plaguebearers recite the names of Father Nurgle's favoured creations.

From the least important bubo-licker to the most vaunted herald of disaster, every one of Nurgle's Tallymen carries a gnarled plaguesword to call their own. Forged of ancient iron, badly rusted and festering with a thousand contagions, these battered iron blades are coated with a loathsome and necrotic slime whose touch brings disease and death. The slightest scratch from one of these corroded weapons can damn a mortal in an instant. No two plagueswords are alike in the afflictions they bestow, for Father Nurgle enjoys to the full the splendid variety of ailment at this command. As such, a victim struck by a plaguesword is just as likely to develop the symptoms of a relatively harmless influenza as he is to perish from a fatal attack of the bowel-loosening Weeping Pox or the soul-rending Nurgle's Rot, while others are laid low by the Noxious Squirm, the Sevenfold Sloughing or any one of a billion-and-more other diseases. Such is the unnatural virulence of these contagions that they can even cause supernatural creatures to wither and fade, felling Dryads like blighted trees and eating away the ethereal essence of ghosts and ghaunts until their despairing wails fade to nothingness. Plaguebearers take a dutiful pride in their plagueswords, ensuring they are always smeared in crusted layers of contagious filth, and fastidiously dulling their edges on slime-coated rocks.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Plaguebearer	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	1	7
Plaguerridden	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic.

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Plaguesword (Magic Weapon)

These corroded blades weep a loathsome and necrotic slime whose touch brings disease and death.

Attacks made with a Plaguesword have the Poisoned Attacks special rule.

'When we'd finally dispatched the last of the chittering monstrosities, we returned to the village to tend to our wounds. Our respite would prove to be brief, however. To our horror, one of the dead villagers suddenly stood up and began to recite the names of the most vile diseases known in a lyrical, almost child-like way. If ever there existed a nursery rhyme for pus, boils, and pox, this was it. The sing-song creature stood upon thin, bowed limbs, and from several gaping sores on its chest, a noxious green pus oozed. I ordered my men to flee from the sight of it at once.'

– *Captain Sabrina Geltz of the Wolfenburg Forest Vipers*

PLAGUE TOADS

Rot-Eaters, Sewer-Kin

The blackest, filth-choked swamps and lightless sumps of the Plague-Father's realm have served as a spawning ground to all manner of daemonic beasts and foul creatures. At the heart of Nurgle's otherworldly garden lies a mighty lagoon whose baleful waters are thick with all manner of diseased fluids. Amongst the less of these blasphemous creatures, although by no means the least nightmarish, can be found Nurgle's Plague Toads, also known as rot-eaters and sewer-kin, wallowing in the excrement-choked silt of the lake's shoreline. They are toad-like bags of brackish filth and pus whose wide maws can swallow a man whole.

These semi-sentient Daemon-vermin are, by some reckoning, bloated Nurglings swelled by indulging their appetites and wallowing in the worst noisome decay. Others maintain that each of these creatures are devolved and accursed Plaguebearers who failed to keep track of Nurgle's Tally. In either case they are the victim of the petty abuses and ire of Nurgle's other get, thus earning an even more revolting body in which while away eternity.

'I've been a sewerman for all my life, but I have never seen anything like what I saw down there today.'

— Gurnek Rausmann, Altdorf Sewerjack

Legend has it that when the war between the Dark Gods goes ill, Nurgle sets asides his cauldron and concoctions and makes his way down to the lake, there to squash Plague Toads until the pleasing patterns left by their bile and blackened blood restore his spirits. Finding the first one is easy – finding other can take some time. As a Plague Toad is little more than a rubbery bag of skin filled with noisome liquid, the damp squelch it makes when trodden on is easily recognized by other Plague Toads for miles around. Unsurprisingly, these Daemons suddenly discover heretofore-unknown reserves of urgency in the attempt to find a bolt-hole safe from the Grandfather Nurgle's sight.



Little wonder is it then that Plague Toads escape to the mortal world at the merest opportunity. As well as being dragged along like pestilent flies in the wake of Chaos summonings and daemonic incursions, these maligned Daemons are drawn to places of disease and decay in the mortal world such as the dank reaches swamps, sewer-pits and stagnant mires, but will settle for any watercourse at a pinch. There they devour the unwary that cross their path and finding sustenance in suffering and befoulment. It is in such locals as these that those well-verse in the lord of the Plague Father can corral the beasts and bind them to their will, offering them the chance to glut their appetites on yet uncorrupted flesh. If disturbed, a Plague Toad will fight with a determination belied by its lumpen appearance, goring enemies with its slimy horn, or using its prehensile tongue to drag victims into its gaping mouth.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Plague Toad	6	3	0	4	4	3	1	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic, Expendable, Marsh Strider, Poisoned Attacks.

POX RIDERS

Plague Toads are often corralled and herded into battle as mounts by Nurgle's Plaguebearers, who go lolloping into battle atop these verminous horrors to taint and slaughter mortals, in a tide of nightmarish horrors. Where they can, Plaguebearers capture and harness Plague Toads to be their mounts, stalking and squeezing them from their filth-choked lairs in the darkest cesspools of the realm of decay. The Plague Toads themselves are none too happy with the imposition, but with Plaguebearers clinging precariously to their slippery, slime-covered backs they have little choice but to comply with the wished of their parasitic riders and carry them into the fray. These Pox Riders, as they are known, often take the vanguard of a Plaguedaemons battle line, crashing into the ranks of mortal foes like bloated cannonballs, their riders' tainted blades slashing about, necrotic filth and brackish blood spraying up from them as they fall, heedless of their losses. Such attacks can shatter the resolve of the hardest soul, and even if not, they will have held their enemy in place long enough for the rest of the Lord of Decay's favoured children to engulf the enemy in horror.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Plaguebearer	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	1	7
Plagueleaper	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	2	7
Plague Toad	6	3	0	4	4	3	1	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic, Marsh Strider, Poisoned Attacks (Plague Toad only).

'Words simply cannot express the full horror of the beast. Its pestilent hide was distressing enough to behold, but the smell? It was less an odour than a malefic spirit in its own right. I don't believe I shall even be free of it.'

— Prince Yvrec of Lothorn

PLAGUE DRONES

Blighted Swarmers, Festerwings, Bubonic Buzzers, Rotting Riders, Harvesters of Sorrows, Pus Crows

High-ranking Plaguebearers are known amongst the Daemon legions as Plague Drones; a title that conveys commendable humility, yet belies the power beneath. These stewards of Nurgle's garden ride into the mortal realm mounted upon Rot Flies – colossal Daemon-insects whose appearance is so repugnant it leaves festering scars upon the mind. From their lofty positions the Plague Drones can properly tally the diseases running rife across the battlefield, as well as swiftly intervene should Nurgle's divine plans meet with heavily-armed resistance. These haughty daemons wield plague swords dipped seven times in cauldrons of Nurgle's Rot, and carry sacks of death's heads tied to their saddles. Fashioned from the stitched and wax-sealed heads of powerful mortal warriors, each death's head is full to bursting with virulent slop.

The Rot Flies themselves are amongst Nurgle's most loathsome creations. Some Beasts of Nurgle, perpetually disappointed by the rag-doll inactivity of their mortal playthings, develop a kernel of bitterness in their ebullient souls. Crestfallen puzzlement leads to frustration and ultimately an aching resentment of the mortals that spurn its company. Over the millennia, a thin seed of malice grows in such a Beast's heart, feeding upon depression and angst until it throbs like a canker at the Daemon's core. The final straw comes when the Beast is betrayed unto death by those it wishes to call its friends. Banished to the Realm of Chaos by some ingrate's blows, the Beast fllops and huffs into a tremendous sulk, its tiny mind gnawed by the knowledge that it cannot return to the mortal domain. It flops down in the swampy filth of Nurgle's garden with a sigh of resignation.

This is when the Rot Fly that lurks within begins to take over. Over the centuries that the Beast is bound to remain in the Realm of Chaos, it slowly pupates, secreting a thick mucous of negativity to protect it from the harsh reality outside. As

the chitinous nub of hate that lurks within the Beast grows strong on the sallow bulk of its former incarnation, a daemonic metamorphosis takes place. Eventually the creature within bursts out of its fleshy sac as a full-grown Rot Fly, a creature of pitiless malice hell-bent on wreaking its revenge upon an uncaring universe, burning with spite towards all the enemies that rejected the attentions of its former incarnation. Plaguebearers prize such steeds even above the Palanquins of Nurgle, for in their haste to punish the mortals that spurned their larval form, Rot Flies will speed into battle at great pace. The thrum of the flies' monstrous wings, the grotesque twitch of their dangling legs and the pulsating foulness of their bloated bodies all evoke atavistic horror in Nurgle's enemies. Yet this is as nothing to the terror they unleash when they attack.

As the Rot Flies fall upon their prey, blade-sharp legs sink into soft flesh and leathery wings buzz in a flapping purr of motion. Their iron-hard stingers punch through armour, while their serrated chitin forelimbs rend flesh and break bones. Prehensile proboscis and posterior mouth-parts latch onto the faces of their victims, and the Rot Flies let out titters of mean-spirited laughter as they pluck heads from necks and swallow them whole. When facing the unremarkable warriors of the mortal realm, a Rot Fly will slowly digest all meat from a skull before spitting out a plague-infused death's head that its Plaguebearer rider can hurl at the foe. Given the chance, though, Rot Flies will hunt down the impertinent mortals that slew their previous incarnations. A special fate is reserved for such individuals. Opening their maws wider than physical law should allow, they consume their persecutors whole, keeping them trapped in their mucous-filled abdomens for eternity as punishment.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Plaguebearer	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	1	7
Plaguebringer	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	2	7
Rot Fly of Nurgle	1	3	0	4	5	3	2	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic, Fly (6), Poisoned Attacks (Rot Fly only).

UPGRADES:

Death's Head: *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. When hurled into the enemy, the rotted craniums burst, scattering its noxious contents over the unfortunate enemy.*

Death's Heads have the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12"	4	Multiple Wounds (D3), Poisoned Attacks, Quick to Fire



NURGLINGS

Pus Spores, Mites of Nurgle, Sore-Pickers, Gleeful Castoffs, Tiny Plagues

The rotting bowels of the Great Unclean Ones swell with pus and contagion, and within each such swelling there grows a tiny and malevolent Daemon called a Nurgling. Like infants, they feed on the nutrients of the mother, though in this case, it is the rancid milk of pestilence. As the Nurgling matures it feeds upon the filth, pus and slime that dribbles from the sores of the Great Unclean One. In time, a diet of filth enables the Nurgling to grow large enough to allow it to eat its way out of the wet innards, born to whatever horrid existence it faces. These foul things inhabit the bodies of larger Daemons, preferably the Great Unclean Ones who spawn them. Nurglings creep into the crevices, burying themselves beneath the diseased flab of their bulky forms and suckle on the cancerous wounds that weep foul pus. While covering their host, they jockey for the favour of their master, purring with pleasure when caressed or squealing with delight when offered a choice morsel of flesh.

In this sense, Nurglings really are the children of the Great Unclean Ones. Perhaps this is why the Plague Lords take such parental pride in the little creatures, petting them affectionately and allowing them to suckle upon their sores. They coddle them, coo at them, and caress them, showering them with affection – though such endearments are no obstacle to the Greater Daemon's tantrums and bottomless hunger. That said, this does not prevent the proud parent squashing its progeny underfoot, or gobbling one or two up for a quick snack in a moment of compulsive and absent-minded peckishness. Many Nurglings rot away, get caught between the Daemon's prodigious toes, or are dissolved in its gastric juices.



Nurglings are also bred from the pus shed by Great Unclean Ones. As these massive, bloated fiends walk the land, they leave a swathe of oily filth in their wake, pregnant with Nurgling spores. The fluid collects in sticky pockets, lying in wait for the hapless passer-by who has the misfortune to dip his foot in the morass. The foulness enters the victim's body by contact with the skin, travelling through the blood to lodge inside of the abdomen where it grows, feeding on the body's excrement. In time, when it is large enough, it distends its host's belly and cries out insults and profanities as much and as loudly as it can. When the Nurgling ripens and eventually grows tired of such behaviour, it struggles its way out into the world through the alimentary canal and leaves its host by one end or the other, depending on its mood, to be free and seek its fortune in the world. Such experiences, whilst terrifyingly unpleasant, are never lethal – just very uncomfortable.

Once 'hatched', such Nurglings may look for others of their kind – they are indeed sociable creatures, but many content themselves in the filth and squalor of Human cities, feasting on offal piles, sewers, and the like. For whatever disgusting reason. Nurglings always remember their mortal parent with some strange affection, and periodically creep back to bestow their gratitude in the form of boils or some other interesting disease.

Physically, Nurglings are the very image of Father Nurgle himself, with friendly mischievous faces, jagged antlers, bloated green bodies, limbs which are often distorted or disproportionate, and exude a foul-smelling slime from every orifice. The only difference is their size, as a Nurgling is no taller than a foot high.

The Nurglings flocked to their master, squabbling and bickering in their impatience to nestle in the moist comfort of his decaying bosom.

"Ahhh... My little pretties, my loving mites, my splendid pets," the Great Unclean One burred contentedly in his deep, rolling voice. "Come to your father, my handsome pus spores, my playful scab-eaters."

The Nurglings tittered and pinched one another spitefully, chasing each other through the rotting innards of the Greater Daemon, each eager to attract the attention and praise of their lord.

With a broad and loving smile, the Great Unclean One raised a hand and plucked a Nurgling from where it had settled in a fold of gushing organs in a spilling from the massive daemon's chest. The Nurgling squealed and squirmed as the hand enveloped it, mewling with delight. Scabrous fingers caressed it for a moment before popping it whole into the Great Unclean One's mouth.

They are gregarious, agile and constantly active. Normally they swarm over the body of a Great Unclean One, picking at his skin, squealing with pleasure if their master favours them with a tit-bit or a caress, otherwise squabbling amongst themselves over the most comfortable recesses of the Great Unclean One's carcass. The very personification (or daemonification) of a boil or pustule with legs and teeth that pick and tear, they infect with filth-encrusted claws.

Sometimes Nurgle sends his Great Unclean Ones to the mortal plane to spread his delicious plagues. While the greater daemon ravages the world, some of his Nurglings might fall from him and find themselves stranded among mortals. This is a great opportunity for fun and frolics, and they giggle incessantly as they spread infection. They delight in petty acts of vile mischievousness, curdling milk, souring cream, hiding valuables, poisoning children, causing wounds to fester and numerous other misdeeds. When crops wither and fever sweeps the villages, peasants often blame the mischief on the Nurglings.

A Nurgle host is accompanied by untold hundreds of the creatures, hiding in the folds of robes, nestling in gaping wounds, and hitching rides in the diseased stomachs of Chaos steeds and pestilent hounds. Nurglings rarely attack a foe by themselves, preferring instead to gather in swarms of chattering, gibbering green bodies. Although they are tiny there are many of them and they move together in a huge, writhing mass, like a sea of green corruption or a carpet of filth. Like small over-excited children the Nurglings bound and scamper across the battlefield, shrieking and bawling, and falling over each other in their eagerness. Their numbers are so great that they look like a living mound rather than hundreds and hundreds of individual bodies.

In battle they gather like coalescing puddles of noisy grime, surrounded by a miasma of filthy disease. When faced with an enemy they advance in a furious swarm to overwhelm their foes in a tide of tiny grabbing hands, clawing and gnawing at the foe's legs, biting his feet and ankles, leaving the lower part of their legs covered with festering bites before licking at any interesting sores or abrasions they discover. Their tiny teeth are as sharp as razors, leaving festering little bites upon their victims, but rarely killing them outright – although such an attack can prove to be the beginning of a long, disease-ridden demise, as something nasty takes root in the wound. In large numbers they can prove lethal, for they fearlessly hurl themselves at far larger foes and bury them in a heaving mass of

"The stench of death hung heavy in the air, and it was all we could do to keep our stomachs. The village had clearly succumbed to the plague, and not a soul had been spared. Even the cows in the fields were nothing more than festering corpses. But there was more at work in this village than met the eye. I sent Sergeant Messner to take a closer look at the fields. A few moments later, his cries of horror were accompanied by a loud chattering sound. As we rushed to his aid we spied dozens of small creatures erupting from the bodies of the cows, all coated in mucus like newborn calves. I doubled over and retched until I could scarcely move."

- Captain Sabrina Geltz of the Wolfenburg Forest Vipers

diseased flesh. Such an ignominious end has claimed a surprising number of mighty warriors, and in sufficient quantities Nurgling swarms can even drag down monstrous beasts, biting, clawing and squishing the life out of their victims.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Nurglings	4	2	2	2	2	6	3	6	7

TROOP TYPE: Swarm.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic.

PALANQUIN OF NURGLE

Oftentimes, a group of Nurglings will carry a Herald of Nurgle aloft on a Palanquin – an ornate and portable throne decorated with mouldering finery and decaying cushions, mildewed and encrusted with filth. The surging of the tiny creatures propels the Palanquin at the dictates of their master – even into the midst of battle should he wish where the Nurglings will bite and claw to defend the throne's occupant with burbling enthusiasm. While a Palanquin may not be the swiftest form of transport, many a Herald of Nurgle is proud to ride upon one. From his lofty perch he can survey the disposition of Nurgle's forces and – more importantly – be seen to be of higher status than the hordes of Plaguebearers who shuffle about under their own power.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Palanquin of Nurgle	4	2	2	2	-	-	3	8	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic.

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.



BEASTS OF NURGLE

Slime Hounds, Nurgle's Lapdog, Putrid Bounders, Tentacled Plagedog, Bombastic Contagions

The horrid Beasts of Nurgle are massive lumbering fiends that are as stupid as they are ugly – and they are hideously ugly, a truly horrendous aberration. The product of too much corruption in an area, these things combine the features of several different creatures fused into one nightmarish being, creating a terrifying abomination. Its corpulent form is both sticky and slimy, as a layer of infectious ooze seeps from its every pore and orifice. It has the soft, mottled body of a massive, black-spotted slug that glistens with dewy excretions, its enormous body weighed down with slime-slick muscle and blubber. It is topped by a massive head with a large, drooling, fang-filled mouth yawn wide in their flesh, dripping with diseased mucus. Its face is topped by a fringe of writhing pox-riddled tentacles from which oozes a paralysing slime. These can throttle a man, or bite out his jugular with their lamprey fangs. Growing all along the length of its moist body are razor-sharp spines that stick out in random places. About midway down the trunk, a pair of useless legs ending in clawed and webbed feet flop about uselessly. The thing's body ends in a long whiptail growth fitted with a sharp stinger which wags constantly from side to side. Though somewhat uniform in appearance, the Beasts are heavily corrupted and sport many mutations and alterations, giving these creatures a wide array of unpredictable abilities and features.



The Beast of Nurgle is no less deadly than it is ugly, for its touch causes paralysis and its slimy secretions rot everything they cover. It drips with slime that burns the ground, their lashing tentacles and rasping tongues infecting their foes with a single caress. Each "step" taken by a Plaguebeast leaves behind bubbling pools of acid that give off contagious fumes. An unspeakable reek wafts from the beasts' foul bodies, and paralytic goo seeps from their skin to leave trails wherever they go. In fact, so great is their stink that birds fall from the sky, trees wither and die, and grass for scores of feet all around turns to ash. The very proximity of a Beast is sufficient to kill small animals and plants, and even larger creatures may age and decay perceptibly in its presence. Indeed, the Beast is the very embodiment of mindless decay.

Despite its fearsome appearance and deadly attributes, seen by mortals as an essence of mindless decay and horrid rot given putrid flesh, Beasts of Nurgle exemplify the Plaguelord's endless enthusiasm and excitement for forces of life and death. The Beast is an affectionate creature that behaves in all respects exactly like an over-friendly and easily excited puppy. Their simple minds know nothing of malice or spite, and as they squirm into battle they do not seek to slaughter the enemy, but to play with them. It craves attention and hunt down new playmates with rambunctious glee, greeting newcomers by slobbering all over them with lavish licks, their tentacles quivering with excitement, and their slugtails wagging, splashing toxic slime everywhere. Once they get thoroughly worked up they can rarely (if ever) contain themselves and leave little piles of acrid slime in their wake.

In battle the Beasts run backwards and forwards in their eagerness to meet new friends, constantly rolling over and inviting the Plaguebearers to scratch their backs and pop their pustules. The Plaguebearers try to maintain order, encouraging the Beasts to move in certain directions or to attack or hold back as appropriate. As the administrators and leaders of the Nurgle horde, the Plaguebearers are seen by the Beasts as their masters' – and special friends. Beasts are intensely loyal creatures and always eager to please, so they usually attach themselves unshakably to one particular Plaguebearer.

'Wither when you stand, toll the bells of the Tallyman.

Sores that run with pus, toll the bells of Epidemius.

Boils that grow and pop, toll the bells of Gru'glop.

Come rains of gristle-pus, toll the bells of Rotigus.

Seeds that are bibulous, toll the bells of Horticultural.

The tallow is lit to light you to bed, the plaguesword is coming to chop off your head.

Chip chop, chip chop, 'til the last of them are dead.'

- Drone-chant led by Gru'glop, Poxbringer of the Dirgebells

All this attention is not a problem to other creatures of Nurgle, but tends to kill mortals fairly rapidly. The Beasts' friendly disposition is of little help to enemy warriors crushed beneath their enormous bulk, or struck down by the myriad plagues that pulse from their bodies. The beasts have no idea of their own strength, hitting the enemy lines like living battering rams to crush and rend all around them as they flail with joy. Of course, their corrosive slimy bodies and deadly drooling saliva means that their unthinking friendliness often results in the death of their playmates.

Only when their playmates stop moving altogether do the beasts pause for a moment, burbling anxiously as they cast about for suddenly absent friends. Yet soon enough their beady eyes fasten on some new victim and, with delirious hoots, the Beasts of Nurgle are off once more. In their wake, the crushed remains of their last playmates bubble and pop as they slowly dissolve into a puddle of diseased mush. In this way the creature excitedly leaves a trail of death and destruction as it lovingly poisons and kills just about everything it touches. As the Beast has only the most rudimentary sense of intelligence it never anticipates the result of its boisterous behaviour, and registers only a slight sense of disappointment as each new friend goes still and boring. Victims of the Beast are not necessarily dead, their still and apparently lifeless bodies are merely paralysed so the Beast can return to them once the battle is over.

The Beasts of Nurgle congregate in herds near the edge of the swirling darkness that marks the border between the Umbra and the Realm of Chaos, feeding on Nurglings and other Daemons that spill out from the Aethyr. Rarely, these herds slip south, into the hunting territory of the Kurgan and Hung where many of these creatures wind up as food for the cook pots. Beasts of Nurgle are only seen during Incursions, but liars and madmen have claimed to see them, spinning wild stories about how friendly these things are.

Some of the most disgusting Champions of Nurgle actually desire these creatures, hoping to ride them into battle. Amongst the Kurgan and Norsemen, hunting Beasts of Nurgle is an act of extreme courage, and those warriors who survive the experience are counted among the best in the tribe.

'The footprints upon the ground were puzzling. They were scattered like grapeshot from a cannon and filled with puddles of noxious slime. I didn't like the look of the stuff one bit. One of the men put a small branch into one of the puddles and it dissolved in a hiss of smoke. He fell ill later that day and died screaming as boils erupted on his skin in showers of pus and blood. We burnt his corpse in the pyre alongside the dead villagers. To be sure, it looked like a horde of different beasts had rampaged through the town, but each set of prints only went on for a few steps. There were hoofprints, claw marks, small circles from what appeared to be tentacles, misshapen human feet. Whatever it was that made these tracks, it weren't any beast I've yet seen.'

- Captain Sabrina Geltz of the
Wolfenburg Forest Vipers

Chaos cultists of Nurgle who have access to forbidden rituals sometimes summon one of these creatures from the Realm of Chaos to guard their secret temples. Beasts of Nurgle are loyal even to mortal followers of Chaos – unlike most other daemons they will not (usually) try to eat their summoners, and can be trained. However, cultists must always remember to perform the necessary constraining rituals, lest they be reduced to putrid jelly by the affections of their Beast of Nurgle overjoyed at their return.

In battle, the Beasts run backwards and forwards in their eagerness to meet new friends, constantly rolling over and inviting the Plaguebearers to scratch their backs and pop their bulging pustules. Needless to say, the Beasts cause more disruption and carnage amongst their foes through sheer enthusiasm and misplaced friendliness than if they had purposefully set their minuscule minds to the causing of harm. The Plaguebearers try to maintain order, encouraging the Beasts to move in certain directions or to attack or hold back as appropriate – although such attempts are inevitably doomed to failure.

Beasts of Nurgle see Plaguebearers as their masters and special friends and look to them for instruction. Beasts are intensely loyal creatures and always eager to please, so they often fight alongside Plaguebearers initially before gleefully bounding off in search of new friends.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Beast of Nurgle	6	3	0	4	5	4	2	*	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic, Poisoned Attacks, *Random Attacks (D3+1), Regeneration (6+).

Attention Seeker: Beasts of Nurgle can issue and accept challenges, as if they were Characters.

Slime Trail: Enemy units do not receive combat result bonuses for attacking the flank or rear of models with this special rule.



KU'GATH PLAGUEFATHER

Fetid Brewmaster, Plagueweaver, Rotting Poxmaker

Whilst other Great Unclean Ones work to spread the plagues already extant, Ku'gath, the Plaguefather, is fascinated by the breeding of new and virulent life. Ku'gath aims to one day breed a contagion that can infect the gods themselves. The Plaguefather prides himself upon his detachment – after all, what concerns could possibly encroach on this great work? So absorbed is he in his search for the perfect plague, Ku'gath remains relatively untroubled by the shifting balance of power within the Realm of Chaos, yet this is not to say that the Plaguefather does not play his part in the Great Game. Ku'gath's experiments are nothing without practical results, and he is ever eager to test fresh creations on the battlefield.

The Plaguefather rides upon a massive palanquin bedecked with alchemical paraphernalia: vials full of seething powder, bloated flasks of indescribable liquid and hessian sacks stuffed to bursting with Nurglings specially bred to be vessels of the Plaguefather's current inventory of poxes. This great bulk is supported by a carpet of straining Nurglings, and Ku'gath is attended on by countless others, all bred from the Plaguefather's pox vats. In battle, Ku'gath hurls his Nurglings into enemy ranks. The daemons burst on impact, drenching the target with disease-ridden fluids. Ku'gath watches keenly as each Nurgling's pox takes effect. Should the subsequent plague achieve Ku'gath's expectation, he gurgles as delightedly as a proud father. If the results do not meet with approval, Ku'gath immediately brews a refined version of the plague, dunks a fresh Nurgling into the mixture, and let fly once again.



Of all Nurgle's Daemons, Ku'gath is the most willing to enter the physical realm – his quest for more efficacious plague-reagents knows no boundaries. A few drops of mortal blood can turn a quiescent pox into a raging epidemic. Ku'gath has discovered that ground Skaven bladder, for example, increases the virulence of Red Pox a hundredfold. Thus, in the cause of experimentation, Ku'gath makes a point of acquiring fresh specimens whenever he enters the mortal worlds. Indeed, the Plaguefather keeps a variety of specimens, mortal and Daemon, caged in a dank chamber among the sagging rafters of Nurgle's decaying mansion, so that he always has a suitable supply of ingredients to hand.

It is during forays into the mortal world that Ku'gath has encountered the one race that has penetrated his scientific detachment to kindle his rage – the Dwarfs. On a professional level, the Plaguefather hates the creatures for their resilience to disease; on a personal level, he is embittered by a truly ignominious defeat beneath the walls of Karaz-a-Karak. Either way, there is no doubt in Ku'gath's mind as to the first test subjects when his perfect plague is prepared.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ku'gath Plaguefather	4	6	3	6	7	7	4	6	9
Palanquin of Nurgle	4	2	2	2	-	-	3	8	7

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character).

MAGIC: Ku'gath is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Nurgle.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic, Extreme Contagion, Hatred (Dwarfs).

DAEMONIC GIFTS: Nurgling Infestation, Slime Trail (see Daemonic Gifts section).

Necrotic Missiles (Magic Weapon)

Plague-ridden Nurglings constantly burst from Ku'gath's body like foetid hatchlings.

This shooting attack is fired according to the rules for a stone thrower, except Ku'gath may move, but not march, and fire. It has the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12-36"	5(5)	Ignores Armour Saves, Slow to Fire

In the event of a misfire, Ku'gath has accidentally squashed the Nurgling and the shot has no effect.

'All things must wither and die. Let root and bower blight, to feed the pestilence of abandoned hope.'

- Aghalhor, the Bringer of Poxes

EPIDEMIUS

Nurgle's Tallyman, the Maggot King, Plagued Panjandrum, Reckoner of Mortality

Throughout the Empire, the hideous Epidemius is known as the Reckoner of Mortality. When a settlement's plague-pits overflow, the corpse-mound might part to reveal a palanquin drawn by a score of silent Nurglings carrying a fat Plaguebearer who scribbles ceaselessly on reams of parchment. Sand trickles down the hourglass by his side, and a brass bell hangs from a pole above his head. When this horror has finished recording every detail of suffering and disease into his ledger, the Nurglings sound the bell and clash gongs to usher the spirits of the plague-dead screaming into Nurgle's embrace. Then the entourage vanishes in a choking haze.

Epidemius is Nurgle's chosen Tallyman, one of the seven Proctors of Pestilence and the cataloguer of all the Plaguelord's diseases. Epidemius wanders the mortal plane and the eternal realm, noting new strains of virus and recording every facet of every contagion. Epidemius' task is an unending one, and it generates a great deal of paperwork, so he rides a palanquin to share the burden – and to more easily force a path through Nurgle's hordes. Two dozen Nurglings attend the Tallyman's every need, providing the parchment, sharpen his quills, operating the death's head abacus to aid his calculations, excreting the ink for the quill pens and even defending Epidemius from harm should a foolish enemy venture too close.



Epidemius brooks no idleness or distraction from his helpers who, unlike other Nurglings, remain deathly silent lest they disturb their master from his task and thus rouse his ire. Woe betide any noisy Nurgling who disturbs his calculations, for he will pop them with his pen. Like Nurgle, Epidemius abhors anything that distracts from the serious matters of life and death. The only sounds that can be heard are the gooey shufflings as Nurglings heave the palanquin forwards, and the irritable scratching of the Tallyman's quill as he seeks to keep his records up to date. As he shuffles along his way, Epidemius surveys the thrift and splendour of Nurgle's creations from his lofty perch, making note of casualties and infection rates as well as secondary symptoms such as unusual colourations and odours. This information, properly collated and distilled, is of incredible value to Father Nurgle in brewing up his next batch of awful unguents. It must be recorded with absolute precision and in a timely fashion to be of any use.



In the depths of a dimension formed of purest entropy, a tiny but repugnant Daemon crawled cautiously towards its master's living throne. A frown of concentration twisted the occupant's revoking features as his quill scratched away, recording even/ permutation of every disease that had ever been unleashed upon the world of mortals. It was a thankless task and even the most dim-witted Daemon knew that the Tallyman of Plagues did not appreciate being interrupted. The diminutive Nurgling crawled the last few yards on its distended belly and gulped nervously before clearing its throat with a grotesque rattle.

"WHAT do you want this time?" roared Epidemius, infected spittle flying in all directions. "Er... most foul Tallyman of Plagues..." squeaked the Nurgling, "Lord Bileflood is trapped by the rat-kin. Bled away for their brews, I swears it!"

"Is that so?" said Epidemius, pensively. Laying down his quill, he craned his rubbery neck and cast an appraising glance toward the molten volcanos glowering on the horizon, where the footsoldiers of the Blood God waged their eternal wars. "Then I think we had better muster our forces, little one. It is time for old debts to be honoured, and mortal blood to be spilt."

Epidemius' path through the mortal and eternal realms is an unpredictable one, for he goes wherever the spoor of pestilence leads him. He is busiest of all when Nurgle's power is strong, for the might of the Plaguelord is inextricably linked to the constantly shifting ebb and flow of disease. Campaigning armies, with all the poor hygiene and unmentionable diseases that entail, offer a glut of work for the Tallyman, but also present rare opportunities for more unusual studies. When the Reckoner roams the land, he heralds blight and woe, and the folk of the Empire fear for their souls. It is thought that if his diligence were interrupted, the world might have some respite from Nurgle's affections.

Of greatest interest to Epidemius are infections and fevered behaviours afflicting determined or ambitious souls. Nurgle's cankerous plagues do not merely infest the physical form, they also run virulently rampant throughout a being's soul, destroying his sense of self and moral direction as thoroughly as they corrupt his fevered body. Observing this decline is a rare privilege. A skilled observer - and there are none more skilled than the vile Epidemius - can read this flaked and crumbled trail of soul-stuff as it departs the mortal coil, gleaning all manner of knowledge and adding a portion of the spirit's strength to his. As an offer of thanks, Epidemius' entourage strike bells and gongs when such a soul finally succumbs, ushering the tainted spirit into Nurgle's paternal and welcoming embrace. What happens to it there, none can say - least of all Epidemius, whose interest in a subject dies along with its physical shell. Happily, there are always fresh victims to investigate...

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Epidemius	4	5	5	5	5	2	4	3	8
Palanquin of Nurgle	4	2	2	2	-	-	3	8	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic, Locus of Virulence** (see Heralds of Nurgle).

The Tally of Pestilence: *Epidemius can draw power from the souls of plague victims and channel it to make other Daemons of Nurgle stronger.*

Whilst Epidemius is alive, keep a count of all unsaved Wounds caused by Daemons of Nurgle (friend or foe) and by spells from the Lore of Nurgle.

At the start of each of your turns, consult the table below to determine the effect of the Tally of Pestilence. Note that these effects are cumulative. If Epidemius is killed, these effects are immediately lost.

Wounds	Effect
0-6	No effect.
7+	All Daemons of Nurgle (friend and foe) gain +1 Strength.
14+	All Daemons of Nurgle (friend and foe) gain +1 Toughness.
21+	All Daemons of Nurgle (friend and foe) gain the Killing Blow special rule.
28+	All Daemons of Nurgle (friend or foe) re-roll failed ward saves.



HORTICULOUS SLIMUX

The Grand Cultivator

There are those who say that Horticultural Slimux was the very first Plaguebearer created by Nurgle. Certainly, he has been the custodian of Nurgle's garden for as long as even the most ancient Great Unclean Ones can recall. While Horticultural is much beloved by his master, he is notorious among the usually jovial Daemons of Nurgle for his lack of humour, known as "old sour-seed" – although any Nurglings caught sharing this opinion tend to find themselves being used as bait for Mulch, his monstrous mount.

Gnarled and leathery like a rotted apple left too long in the sun, Horticultural is a pragmatic and humourless being with a no-nonsense approach to battle and gardening alike. Sitting astride his lumbering molluscoid steed that snaps at the foe with its slime-encrusted jaws, the Gardener ploughs ever onward through Nurgle's domains, tilling the foetid soil with his Grundleplough and casting an experienced eye over the festering flora all around him.

A Herald of special powers, Horticultural has an eye for tending the diseased plant-growths so beloved by Nurgle. None knows better when to deadhead a

skullrose, divide up a witchspike shrub, or graft new tendrils together to make entire new flora. Indeed, if he had his way, Horticultural would spend all his time tending and pruning the endless vegetation fields around Nurgle's great manse. The Lord of Plagues, however, has other ideas.

Nurgle moves in cycles, and after seeing his Grand Cultivator at work in his garden for a time, the God of Decay senses the need for a change, and sends Horticultural into realspace to plant his seeds. There is none better at spreading the glorious growths of the garden. Horticultural is a pragmatic and humourless being, and goes about his task – whatever it may be – with the same no-nonsense approach. He finds the uncontaminated regions of reality disturbing, and seeks to garnish them as quickly as possible with Nurgle's blessing, although he will grumble as he does so of his 'beauties back home', for he trusts no one to tend his prized plants in his absence. But no sooner has Horticultural set his grundleplough working than Nurgle grows restless again. He decides that now is not the time for planting, but instead the time for reaping. And so, hefting his rusty pair of pruning shears, Horticultural



joins the Plague Legions for battle. Heads and limbs are snipped with the same precision and skill he shows when trimming down a bleeding marrowtree.

As he goes about his duties, Horticultural conjures the tendrils and mutated fronds of Nurgle's garden and ushers them into reality as if with only a thought, overrunning sites of sorcerous power with its boundless fecundity. Within moments of sowing a seed, a boundless fecundity erupts, creating a small facsimile of his master's garden. Such infested areas, populated by the likes of daemonic Feculent Gnarlmaaws, augment the diseased hordes of Nurgle and cause all others to weaken in the unnatural miasma.



Horticultural prefers the familiar surrounds of the Garden of Nurgle to the comparative sterility of the material world. When compelled by Nurgle to lead his Plague Legions to war, the Gardener is thus sour and bad tempered, despising the cleanliness of the realms and blaming their denizens for every pang of worry he feels about his temporarily untended meadows.

It is rare to see Horticultural alone, for he is almost always accompanied by bounding packs of Beasts of Nurgle, whose foolishness he always forgives, and who look to him like hounds do their master. The creatures frolic in the slimy and poisonous wake left behind by the Grand Culvitor's squelching mount, and will respond to the Herald's call with unmatched enthusiasm. Horticultural tolerates the Beasts' antics, but the same cannot be said for Nurglings. When no Great Unclean Ones are watching, Horticultural has been known to feed the imps to Mulch. This foul diet ensures Mulch's bite is extremely toxic.

Where Horticultural goes, a grotesque flourishing follows, as the soil swells with burgeoning flora that spread disease and decay like scents on a breeze. As he makes his progress across the battlefield, the terrain behind him is tilled to a rich loam from which Nurgle's bounty may flourish.

With a thump of his tumour-hardened foot upon the shell of his faithful mount, Horticultural Slimux rides to battle. It is not the quickest of charges, but what it lacks in speed it makes up for with sheer toxicity. Though he might seem slow, Horticultural is relentless, and champions beyond count have fallen to the rusty snick of his pruning blades.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Horticultural	4	5	5	5	5	2	4	3	8
Mulch	4	3	0	5	5	4	1	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic, Locus of Fecundity** (see Heralds of Nurgle).

Beast Handler: Friendly Beasts of Nurgle within 8" of Horticultural Slimux re-roll failed charge rolls and To Hit rolls of 1.

In Death There is Life: All friendly Daemons of Nurgle get the Regeneration (6+) special rule while they are within 8" of Horticultural Slimux.

Cultivating the Garden of Nurgle: Once during the battle, at the start of your turns, you can set up a Venom Thicket (see the Warhammer Rulebook) within 3" of Horticultural Slimux and more than 1" away from any other model or terrain feature.

DAEMONIC GIFTS: **Slime Trail** (see Daemonic Gifts section).

'When the plague moon bloats up fat like Nurgle's jaundiced eye, when the Maggotkin go a-marching, and the mists churn foetid moist, then can the daemons of the Plague God be beckoned hence to walk the realms.

Firstly should ye dig the Filth Pits, the tri-lobe deeps all wriggling a-rotten, and slickenslop their walls. Take the unfaithful, the fools that live and them that do not, and cast them hence unto the tripletmaw, to wallow there 'midst the blessed sludge.

Speak ye then the seven incantations of plentiful rot. Intone the dirge of the bubotic blessing, and vomit the urging prayer. Let the words of Nurgle drip like pus from thy rotted gums, 'til they gather miasmal all about.

Dance then, though your bones might creak and your plumpened blisters burst, for Nurgle delights in a revel. Toll the bells of welcome 'round the Gnarlmaaw trees, and cry out praise 'midst the shrilling of the maggots and the droning of the flies. Then does the mouldering curtain part, and rustengate creak open to the Garden Glorissime. Then shall the Tallybands trudge out, to bear Grandfather's givings hence. Then shall the blessings of Nurgle be upon thee, and his fulsome gratitude be thine. Give praise! Give praise! Give praise! The daemons of Nurgle are come!

- Gulthrox the Festerling, On Summoning Ye the Daemons of the Grandfather

KEEPERS OF SECRETS

Slayers of Slaanesh, Feasters of Pain, Great Horned Ones, Base Ones, Despoilers of the Flesh

Passion, pleasure, pain, and inspiration: these are the hallmarks of the Keeper of Secrets. The Greater Daemons of Slaanesh personify limitless experience and unfettered desire, the very concepts born into flesh. They are repulsive and horrific, yet they transfix mortals with a monstrous allure that defies explanation.

The Base Ones are ultimate licence. They exist to evoke the senses, to create, to experience, and to exult in the mortal whims of passion. They also dull the mind, making it harder to appreciate the ordinary and the mundane. They are the pain of failure, the agony of excess, and that which drives mortals to more daring acts to escape the ordinary.

Like a dancer, the Greater Daemon moves with liquid grace, flitting about like the gentle brush of a lover's fingers on the flesh. Wherever it goes, all becomes possible. But when it passes, it leaves behind anguish and agony, as real and as painful as the sharp stab of a cruel knife. And all those who have known the greatest pleasure are wracked with despair and loss, uprooting themselves from the normal experience to follow after the haunted promises of the Great Horned Ones as they sway to the tune of Slaanesh's wicked laughter.

A Keeper of Secrets is a ruiner of purity, a despoiler of the faithful and a terrible harbinger of rapturous damnation. It draws strength from the corruption of others, and feasts upon sin and excess as a mortal might sup fine wines and sweetmeats. To a Keeper of Secrets, fear and lust are the most succulent of dishes, but any mortal rapture provides sustenance – particularly if the victim can be propelled from the heights of one to the depths of another. Nothing is more delectable to a Keeper than the act of snatching a prideful



popinjay from the adulation of his followers, drowning him in stark terror, then returning him, broken-minded and wallowing in his own involuntary filth, to the mockery of the comrades who once roared his praises.

The Keeper of Secrets is the most beguiling of all of Slaanesh's creations, yet awful to behold. It is a creature that has no conventional beauty. It is androgynous, many limbed, and yet measured, sensuous, ethereal, and titillating to any that set eyes upon it. Many-limbed and jewel-eyed, sensuous in movement, yet at the same time brutal and fierce, a Keeper of Secrets is the Greater Daemon of Slaanesh. Its towering, gemstone-bedecked form stands many times the height of a man, with four powerful arms – the lower pair ending in immense crablike claws, and the upper pair in powerful humanoid hands – springing from its muscled torso. They beckon and weave as it sways to the music of mortal delight and the hurt that results from over-indulgence. Its huge jewelled eyes contain the secrets of pleasure and pain, hidden lusts and terrifying impulses. Its skin exudes a narcotic musk that acts to magnify the senses, enrapture the spirit, and thrust dark impulses into the minds and hearts of mortals. Its head and powerfully muscled body are decked with gorgeous jewels and delicate silks, and its razor-sharp claws are decorated with brightly coloured lacquers.

Its head, sometimes human, sometimes bestial, is ringed with a nest of curved horns that glisten with an oily sheen. A serpent's tongue writhes from between its razored teeth, tasting the air and the perverse energy contained within. A number of swollen breasts cling to the left side of its torso, like vast obscene ticks. Others have the single female breast which distinguishes all Daemons of Slaanesh, and dress in a baroque costume of chain mail and leather armour. It stands upon strong legs that give way to almost reptilian claws. It strides the earth, clad in an elaborate costume of bizarre colours and exotic materials, from iron-hard chains to the softest velvets. The colour of its skin varies widely, but is always a pastel shade of red, orange, electric blue or vivid green. The insides of the ears, the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet are generally a lighter, mottled shade of the same colour.

It is said that no two Keepers of Secrets possess identical features, indeed, the *Liber Malefic* claims that the appearance of each is sprung from Slaanesh's capricious whim at the time of the Daemon's manifestation. Certainly, there is a great deal of variance between these Greater Daemons. Some are endowed with a decidedly bovine aspect, whilst others have a beguiling and androgynous facial structure that belies a corrupt and debauched heart. Horrific as it is, it nevertheless commands the eye, whatever it happens to be doing.

Keepers of Secrets are possibly the most entrancing of all immortals. They are highly intelligent creatures, whose silvered words and languid gestures belie their true power. It is said that these Daemons can hear anything that is said

*'Pools of blood glisten so brightly,
Death cried echo so harmoniously,
We drink deeply of fear and pain,
Only thus we can soothe our fiery hearts.'*

- Illaitanen, Handmaiden of Slaanesh

*The deadly embrace,
The bliss of the knife's edge.
The flashing dark tips,
Awash in crimson triumph.
Tortured and delectable,
The release from mortal life.
The dance of the blades,
Swift and exquisite,
The pain that brings pleasures,
Heralds the ecstatic scream,
Ultimate, perpetual victory.
All are under Slaanesh's dominion,
Our Lord and Darkling Lover.*

anywhere, in any dimension, and thus they are called the Keepers of Secrets. Due to their vast knowledge, it is a great temptation for a daemonologist to summon such a creature and try to bargain for information.

The moment a Base One appears in the world, the tendrils of Slaanesh's foul will spreads, carried on the Winds of Magic to tantalize and torment mortals for miles around. There is an unclean trembling in all things, potential struggling for release. Mortals break out into sweats, and their hearts pound against their chests. Animals become inflamed and turn violent, kicking against their stalls or tearing against their harnesses. Weapons throb with invisible tumescent energy. Wood shivers and warps. The trees creak, and the earth yawns, gushing merry water from its depths. Inhibitions fade, old loyalties dim, and the bonds of trust weaken. Passion fills the hearts and minds of all, and if unchecked, mortals revel in wild abandon.

But the physical tingling of desire is not all that results from the hint of a Keeper. Artists become feverishly inspired, fanatically sketching and drawing, creating masterpieces far beyond their skill. From the lips of poets come exquisite verse that perfectly captures sorrow absolute or unabashed desire. From the throats of singers spill songs of such beauty that those who hear it die from broken hearts. The Daemon fills the dreams of mortals with such visions of beauty that they thrash about weeping for the unachievable perfection of their nightmares. When they awaken, their days are spent in melancholy, yearning for that which they cannot have and can never attain.

The closer the Daemon comes, the more pronounced its effects. The artist paints with his own blood, the poet claws out his own eyes just to see what true darkness is like, the singer chokes and drowns on the lyrics as she struggles to be free from her imperfect throat. As the world softens, assuming warm colours and gentle, rounded, glistening forms, blades sharpen, emotions run hot, and madness flares in the mind.

The Keepers laugh and delight in all things, and they constantly drive their slaves to greater acts of experience. The Base One can play any instrument, draw any image, and to hear them sing is to lose your soul. Their cackle is the blend of a heartless woman and an innocent child.

They murder without thought, compassion, or remorse – killing just to see the aesthetic in the spray of blood or the pitch of a dying man's scream. Witty and capricious, they indulge in every fantasy with cruel and selfish abandon, caring not one whit for those they harm.

Drawn to misery and suffering like a fly to offal, a Keeper of Secrets regards the application of pain as an exquisite delight to be savoured and enjoyed. When a Keeper of Secrets walks

in the lands of men, the battlefield is wracked with exultations of agony and ecstasy. The Greater Daemon of the Dark Prince cuts down his prey, savouring every kill.

When a Keeper of Secrets appears, all hope is lost. Its presence wreaks havoc with the minds of those mortals around it, interfering with their ability to concentrate, distracting them with its unnatural charisma. The Base One dances through battle, sliding past regiment and would-be hero alike, exulting with each slash of its pincers, its laughter mingling with the screams of the dying.

A Keeper of Secrets is a master of manipulation and temptation. It knows the hearts of men, and can despoil even the purest of intentions as only a Greater Daemon of the Dark Prince can. While an exceptionally formidable fighter in its own right, a Keeper of Secrets derives far more pleasure from seducing its prey before turning the hapless thrall upon his own allies.

These huge and powerful Daemons are only used by Slaanesh when all else has failed. Violence is but a small part of Slaanesh's nature, but when force is the only solution, these beings are perfectly equipped for it. They take a gloating, sadistic pleasure in killing and torture, and exist only for the delights of carnage. They take particular pleasure in destroying the creatures and followers of Khorne. They must enjoy – or be destroyed!

The Greater Daemons of Slaanesh are the closest companions and servants of the Lord of Pleasure. Pain and pleasure are blended for Keepers, making them terrible fighters who are unafraid of any injury or peril. Signs from their underlings of weakness, horror or anything other than blissful enjoyment of the battle arouse their anger.

For Slaanesh, war is yet another sensation, one that can be accentuated through victory and the causing of agony. The Keeper of Secrets is designed to find the ultimate gratification in the art of killing. Moving gracefully across the battlefield, these creatures scream, moan, and writhe in ecstasy as the thrill of battle rakes through their veins. The conduct of these daemons on the battlefield is horrific to witness, often consuming raw flesh, inflicting pain upon themselves to induce a frenzy, addicted to the sensation of destruction. Causing pain has become a basic need for these daemons and they will do anything to intensify the ecstasy of violence, but no amount of slaughter can slake their lust. Once the last cruelty has been committed, these foul servants of Slaanesh immediately yearn for their next fix, which can only be found by wreaking still greater devastation. Commanding utter devotion, these creatures lead great hosts to war, salivating at the untold pleasures to come.

A Keeper of Secrets is a terrifying foe to face, delighting in exquisite pain, the caress of claw through skin and muscle, bone and organ. Like all Greater Daemons, a Keeper of Secrets towers above the battlefield, emanating an aura of sensuous beauty that hides its true nature. Its enormous razor-edged claws can tear apart a heavily-armoured knight with one graceful slash while its hands can crush bone and sinew with horrifying ease. No other Daemon can match a Keeper's fluid grace in battle. Its actions are a ballet of exquisitely performed blows. Every strike by claw or blade is bestowed with almost delicate precision; a sensuous caress becomes a rib-crushing embrace, and a casual swipe becomes a drawn-out gouge which spills organs and blood upon the ground in all manner of pleasing patterns.

'It granted me all that I desired; but took from me all that I valued. I would give anything to look upon its beauty once again.'

– Liber Malefic

'What a world you mortals inhabit! Rich in sensation, suffused with suffering and reeking of all manner of unfulfilled desire. Come, embrace me, and learn the exquisite gifts my Prince can bestow.'

- Sss'el'ari the Golden, Lord of Paramountcy

Adorned with claws, tentacles, and intricate weapons capable of causing insufferable misery, such a creature would always be a danger. However, nor are the Keeper of Secrets' lethal talents limited to purely physical combat. Formed of the stuff of Chaos and gifted with the subtle and insidious magic of the Dark Prince, a Keeper of Secrets is an accomplished spellcaster, and their mouths constantly work to expel their beguiling words and thoughts into the atmosphere, weaving a magical aura over the battlefield. They can wrack the enemy with spasms of agonising pain or pleasure, clouding their minds with dark whispers of glory and creating insidious illusions of their worst fears and greatest desires. A Keeper of Secrets delights in using its guileful and malign magics to turn man against man, brother against brother, enamouring and englamouring the foe with tricks and illusions, and withering men's bodies until they are no longer capable of fighting.

On and off the battlefield, the Keeper of Secrets easily dominates mortals with its otherworldly allure. Those who fall victim to the Despoiler's glamour do anything to please their master, forgetting all that is decent as they lose themselves in the Daemon's aura.

When this game becomes tired, dull, done, the Base One will likely plunge its pincers deep into their slave's flesh, pausing to experience the heat of the organs throbbing their last, to drink in the fading light of their eyes, before scattering the carcass into bloody gobbets. This fate, perhaps, is better than abandonment by the Great Horned One, for once a creature has basked in its presence, nothing will sate their overwhelmed senses ever again.

The Liber Malefic tells of a great army that fell to its knees at the very sight of a Keeper of Secrets. To look within the piercing black eyes is to know the endless love of Slaanesh. But jealousy broke out amongst the troops because each man believed that he had the favour of this magnificent being. Angered by this, the army tore itself to pieces limb by limb, until none remained. The daemon merely watched, licking its lascivious lips at the sight of such blissful violence.

These powerful daemons are sometimes referred to as the Feasters of Pain, for they delight in the torment and misery of others. As with all servants of Slaanesh, Keepers of Secrets have no fear of pain or injury themselves, and every sensation, be it painful or pleasurable, provokes from it only exhilarated squeals and cries that assail not only the senses, but also the fundamental pillars of reason itself. A Keeper of Secrets bestows care and attention on every blow, turning a sensuous caress into a rib-crushing embrace, and a casual swipe into a drawn-out gouge which spills organs and blood upon the ground in pleasing patterns.

Keepers of Secrets consume the souls of those whom they slay, delicate dainties that further empower Slaanesh. As such, to fight a Keeper of Secrets is to risk not merely a terrible and agonising death, but also tempt eternal damnation. Many defeated have awoken to find themselves in the Realm of Chaos, damned forever to be tormented for pleasure by the followers of Slaanesh. It is said that Keepers of Secrets favour the soul-stuff of Elves above that of all other races – why this should be so is unclear, but no realm suffers as greatly from the predations of Slaaneshi Daemons as does the isle of Ulthuan.

Those few brave mortals who would face up to a Keeper of Secrets must be pure of heart and mind, for such a monster is surrounded by many seductive enchantments that lull the conscious will and deaden the senses. Even then, the pure of heart have often fallen prey to either the subtle manipulations of a Keeper of Secrets or to its overwhelming martial and magical skill. In this way, many heroes have fallen beneath the wicked claws of this beast, enraptured by their own dreams, unable to resist their own primal urges and desires while the Greater Daemon of Slaanesh toys with them, dismembering them with exhilarating delicacy and precision. A mortal creature will gaze in awe at the Keeper of Secret's uncanny beauty, while the daemon's terrible claws tear his entranced body apart.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Keeper of Secrets	10	8	5	6	6	6	9	6	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Character).

MAGIC: Keepers of Secrets are Wizards who use spells from the Lore of Slaanesh.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic.

Sensual Barrage: *Heady waves of pain, pleasure and every type of sensual overload emanate from the Keeper of Secrets.*

All enemy models within 6" of the Keeper of Secrets suffer a -1 penalty to their Weapon Skill and Initiative. This has no effect on Daemons of Slaanesh.



INFERNAL ENRAPTURESSES

Muses of Agonies, Bringers of Discord, Herald of the Choir Infernal

To a Daemon of Slaanesh, there is no greater pleasure than leading a mortal soul down the path of infinite excess, and in this endeavour Infernal Enraptureesses are true virtuosos. Like all of the Dark Prince's Herald, they are creatures of impossible grace and terrifying beauty who dwell in the inner sanctums of their master's Palace of Pleasure. They are music makers, crafters of sublime harmonies and mindshattering cacophonies. Their songs ring loud over Slaanesh's domain, shifting from lilting sonatas to bombastic capriccios with jarring irregularity. Through their music they are able to convey vast arrays of extreme emotions in quick succession, or may instead focus on one droning note until the mood it expresses is all-consuming. Only when the Dark Prince's Daemon Legions march to war does the song of the Infernal Enraptureesses reach its operatic crescendo.

'Hope, love, hate. All are but desire by other names. Thus it is that desire is always foremost amongst the concerns of mortals, and through their desires we shall lead them into our benighted paradise.'

- Proclamations of Elsand'daa'arai

An Infernal Enraptureess often advances ahead of a Slaaneshi army, using her beguiling charms to infiltrate enemy cities. Veiled by daemonic illusion, she presents herself as a muse to mortal artists, those who strive to create beauty amidst the horrors of war. In feeding their passions she allows their craft to flourish, bringing out of them the greatness that had always lain dormant. At



first she comes to them in their dreams, stripping them of their inhibitions and magnifying the ambition and obsession buried deep within their souls. She then places in their minds a vision of the perfect piece of music that they will one day compose, an opus so idyllic that it will end wars and unite empires, or a battle-hymn so bellicose that soldiers will march in their millions just to hear its rousing notes. Those the Enraptureess visits enter a state of utter bliss. They feel themselves liberated from all other concerns, casting aside their responsibilities and abandoning family and duty in order to delve further into their artistic practice. Many die of starvation, having forsaken food and drink as they toil at their masterpiece. Others are reduced to gibbering lunatics, their minds and souls unable to bear the weight of their beautiful undertaking. Eventually, only a single musician remains, and to this hapless mortal the Enraptureess reveals herself. The pupil then learns that, in order for their great work to be completed, they must become the instrument of its execution, and must give over their flesh to be played by their muse for eternity.

With her newly crafted mortal instrument, the Enraptureess plays songs that sow discord throughout the enemy city. This music reaches all ears, but flits ever on the edge of hearing, existing as a soft whisper that turns compatriots against one another. Citadel guards find themselves helplessly distracted, their animosity and paranoia flaring out of control. Those who try to craft sorcerous wards over their holdings find it impossible to concentrate, allowing their emotions to bleed unchecked into their spellcraft, resulting in catastrophic backlashes that flay them of their souls. As this discordance continues to grow, and the enemies' defences begin to fracture, so does the song of the Enraptureess call out to the armies of Slaanesh, drawing them towards her.

HEARTSTRING LYRES

Wrought from the contorted body of a willing subject, and strung with tattered fragments of that mortal's soul, a heartstring lyre is a living instrument of destruction. When played by an Infernal Enraptureess, the lyre emits screams of pure elation and raw torment that vibrate through the physical and spiritual essences of those who hear them. By playing a cacophonous medley of notes, the Enraptureess conducts each individual muscle and nerve fibre in her enemies to dance to its own anarchic rhythm, causing their bodies to rip themselves apart. Alternatively, the Daemon muse can strum her weapon to create a focused blast of sound that resounds within the souls of her enemies, vivifying their emotions to such an extent that their joy can no longer be contained, and erupts through their flesh in a shower of glorious gore.

When the Dark Prince's legions arrive, the Infernal Enraptureess takes a leading position in the battle. With every pluck of her heartstring lyre she sends waves of oblitative sonic energy coursing through the ranks of the enemy, her mood determining whether they die in a state of unbridled ecstasy or agonized despair. As her song progresses, the battlefield is brought closer into harmonic alignment with Slaanesh's domain, allowing ever more Daemons to pour through the veil of reality, whereupon they join in the Enraptureess' sadistic symphony.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Infernal Enraptureess	6	7	6	4	3	3	8	5	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic.**

Discordant Disruption: *An Infernal Enraptureess can play discordant music that is so intense it causes physical harm to those that are attuned to magic.*

All enemy Wizards within 18" of an Infernal Enraptureess whose casting roll contains any double suffers a Strength 4 Hit for each double rolled.

Harmonic Alignment: *The music played by an Infernal Enraptureess harmonically aligns the realm she is in with the realm of Slaanesh, allowing Slaaneshi daemons to manifest more easily upon the battlefield.*

All Daemons of Slaanesh within 6" of an Infernal Enraptureess may re-roll failed Ward saves.

Versatile Instrument: *An Infernal Enraptureess can quickly switch between playing a swift medley of short notes with her heartstring lyre, or a single massive blast of sound.*

During the Shooting phase, the Infernal Enraptureess can play either Cacophonous Melody or Euphonic Blast. These are missile attacks.

Cacophonous Melody uses the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
18"	4	Multiple Shots (2D6)

Euphonic Blast uses the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
24"	6	Multiple Wounds (D3)

'It's nothing like me! You promised me that it would be an excellent likeness. The hundred you've had and for this... this... ordure.' Von Gottschalk was furious. He prodded the offending bronze statue with his walking stick.

The artist wiped the mark from the statue's foot with a soft cloth. He sighed.

'The two hundred barely covered my material, my lord. The portrait is exact, taken from the cartoons I prepared last month. The posture is yours, the demeanour military and noble, the size as specified, no more than two feet. You saw and approved my waxes.'

'It is rubbish. And now I suppose you'll want your final three hundred, eh? Well damn you. I won't pay.'

The artist said nothing as von Gottschalk left. He stood by the window and watched the pompous fool stride down the street. 'Be careful who you damn, fool.'

By midnight, all was finished. The chalk markings on the artist's work table had been the hardest job, so precise, and all to be drawn from memory. But now von Gottschalk's statue stood in the middle of the largest chalk circle. Even the girl he had chosen from the street below was ready to do her part. Gold had cured her reluctance. The artist picked up a mallet, testing its balance and weight. Perfect. He began to whisper softly. The room grew warm.

The girl stepped forward, and ran a finger down the statue. She caressed it, stroked it, and traced its contours and shapes. Her fingers left faint lines of sweat and grease on the bronze. The artist's whisper had become a soft chant.

Von Gottschalk stirred from his dreams. A piece of cheese, or too much of that Tilean wine, no doubt. He rolled over.

The artist's eyeballs were rolled back, his breath was a hoarse rasp, a single word, endlessly repeated. The mallet was raised above his head.

'Slaanesh! Slaanesh! Slaanesh! Slaanesh! Slaanesh...'

The girl turned and shrieked. The mallet came down with all the artist's strength. The statue topped slowly, as if held up by an unseen hand. Its head was cracked, and as it landed, the face fell off.

In his bed, von Gottschalk fell silent.

HERALDS OF SLAANESH

Artisans of Pain, Abbesses of Avarice, High Bacchantes of Glut

Of all the Chaos Gods, it is only Slaanesh whose desires and practises are most alike those of a mortal ruler. To this end, the Dark Prince surrounds himself with a court of the most powerful Daemonettes to attend and entertain his own unholy pleasures. Made up of the immortal and the immoral alike, only those in great favour are given the honour of basking in his presence. The more privileged a Daemonette is – the more she pleases the Dark Prince – the closer to his throne she is allowed to approach, and the most favoured of all such Lesser Daemons of Slaanesh are instilled with a greater measure of his divine power. These are the handmaidens, fastest and most deadly of his courtesans, creatures of impossible grace and horrifying cruelty. Also known as the Heralds of Slaanesh, these Daemons are more powerful than their sisters, and are allowed free reign within the Pleasure Palace. The greatest of their kind are even privileged enough to ascend Slaanesh's dais, where they feed their twisted patron sweetmeats and stroke his body with their oiled claws. These courtesans and handmaidens also act as his personal guard.

When they are not reclining around their master's throne, the Heralds of Slaanesh serve him in other ways. They attend not only to the whimsical desires and needs of the preening Godling, but walk amongst the mortal realm at his direction. Across the world, these Heralds carry messages to cults and lead the countless rituals that glorify their blasphemous master and invite his blessings. These ceremonies are sometimes held openly, more often in secret, but the celebrant who directs the worship and unleashes the orgies of gluttonous excess is always one of Slaanesh's handmaidens.

Heralds of Slaanesh not only attend to Slaanesh's whimsical desires, but muster his armies, plot his campaigns (Slaanesh is easily bored by the minutiae of war) and act as messengers whose excursions into the mortal world bring morsels of courtly intrigue to Slaanesh's ears. Such scraps can lead to the corrupting of a mortal ruler and the Dark Prince is always attentive. At other times, the Heralds carry their master's word to specific followers singled out for divine notice. Not all such visitations are welcomed by those who receive them, for Slaanesh is nothing if not effusive in his tempers, but the coming of a Herald of Slaanesh has nevertheless become an omen of great import.

Primarily, the handmaidens act as lieutenants in the Dark Prince's Legions of Excess, leading the Lesser Daemons of the cavalcades to fulfil the desires of the legion's ruling Keeper of Secrets. There are a number of titles borne by the Heralds of Slaanesh, such as Artisan of Pain, Abbess of Avarice, or a High Bacchante of Glut. Whatever the epithet, a Slaaneshi Herald is a beacon of depravity, and wherever she goes, she whips the other minions of the Dark Prince into a hedonistic furore, inspiring them to new heights of depravity. To them, battle is but an ongoing dance, and the Heralds are accomplished choreographers and performers both; on the battlefield, they cast agonising spells to render their foes insensate and inspire them to give in to their deepest needs, before nimbly falling upon them with bladed limbs.

'I can show you a portal that can take you to a special place. There you will experience pleasure without conscience, Delights without boundaries. There you will find wealth without working, Gratifications beyond count. Won't you come with me?'

- Siren song of Sha'ris, Deacon of Lust

While they are masterful warriors and leaders, it is also to these depraved creatures that the Lord of Excess entrusts his more subtle machinations – such as acting as temptresses within the varied circles of torment that surround the Pleasure Palace, or seducing weak-willed mortals to their god's cause – as of all his Daemons, they are most sensitive to the delicacy that the Dark Prince's ploys require on occasion. They might establish Slaaneshi cults, corrupt noble lords, or simply assassinate a commander in his quarters. With promises of glory and self-fulfilment, the Herald twists the aspirations and ambitions of her prey into self-obsession, paranoia and madness, luring the victim onto the indulgent road towards self-destruction and the furtherance of the Dark Prince's desires.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Herald of Slaanesh	6	7	6	4	3	2	7	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: A Herald of Slaanesh that is upgraded to a Wizard uses spells from the Lore of Slaanesh.

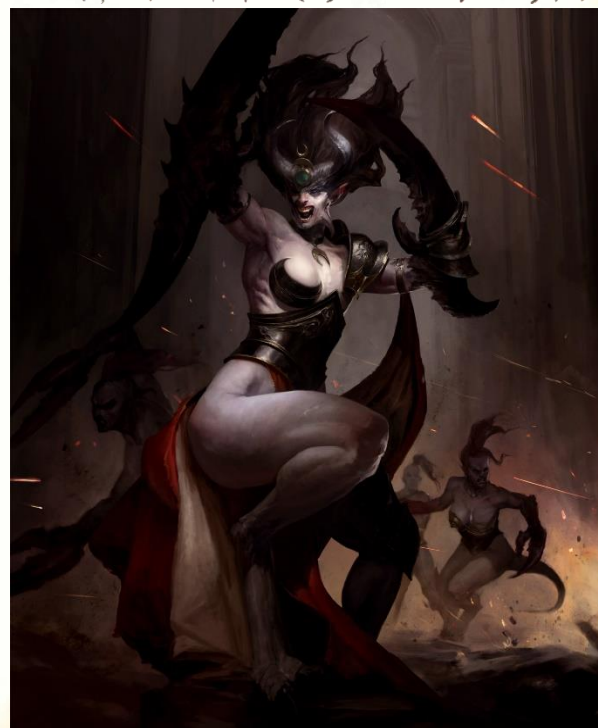
SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic.**

UPGRADES:

Locus of Grace: This model, and all models in her unit, automatically pass Dangerous Terrain tests, "Look Out Sir!" tests and characteristic tests (but not Leadership tests).

Locus of Swiftiness: This model, and all models in her unit, have the Always Strikes First special rule.

Locus of Beguilement: Any enemy unit in base contact with this model, or a model in her unit, are subject to the Always Strikes Last special rule.



DAEMONETTES

Young of Slaanesh, Maidens of Ecstasy, Children of Slaanesh, Bringers of Joyous Degradation, Decadent Seekers, Givers of Indescribable Delight, Debauched Ones

Daemonettes are Slaanesh's Lesser Daemons and the most numerous of all his servants, and his most potent symbols of seduction and languor. Existing only to serve his twisted will, in some ways they are extensions of the Prince of Pleasure, exulting in the sensual experiences they enjoy and inflicting pain to excite their depraved sensibilities. They abound throughout the Dark Prince's domain, gathering in heaving throngs to lounge upon silken cushions and toy with the flesh of their latest playthings. Their twisted minds are fixated on physical, mental and spiritual pain. They take in and divulge the most lurid and perverse secrets they have pried from mortal hearts, using this knowledge to rise ever higher in the esteem of their decadently wilful master. Though they are often used as soldiers of Slaanesh in war, on occasion, the Serpent may bestow one of these creatures onto a mortal as some kind of perverse gift that almost always kills its recipient.



The Daemonettes are warriors and messengers, both in Slaanesh's domain and beyond. When the forces of the Dark Prince go to war, packs of Daemonettes serve as a core for many of his armies. As creations of Slaanesh, they are given to extreme depths of emotion, and when their hatefulness becomes all-consuming they lash out, their horrifying legions marching forth to tear down that which they find repugnant, unrefined and crude, and replace it with artistic vistas of destruction. Well-ordered societies, conclaves of the chaste and phlegmatic, disciplined armies that kill without passion or joy – these are the most distasteful to Slaanesh, and so it is upon such groups that the Daemonettes loose their outrage. When at last they return to their master's domain, the Daemonettes take with them not gold or jewels, but truths learnt from the dying lips of their enemies – unique morsels of suffering borne upon terrified screams.

Daemonettes have creamy, pale skin and large, emerald pools that glow with a malevolent inner light for eyes. They have purple hair, though many have horny bone ridges instead. Instead of hands, their slender arms end in scythe-like talons or chitinous claws filled with razor sharp barbs and edges that are capable of severing limbs, ripping through armour, and tearing flesh from bone. Their slender, clean-limbed bodies and faces are something like those of Human women, but they often only have one breast and a razor-edged tail. These man-sized Daemons stand upon two legs that end in two-toed feet fitted with black talons.

Daemonettes often dye their bodies or decorate themselves with a variety of bizarre designs, painted or tattooed onto their skins in the pastel colours of Slaanesh. Slaanesh's symbol, endlessly repeated, is the most popular motif. They sometimes wear elaborate chain mail armour. Legions of these creatures are a sight to behold; historical texts tell of hundreds of daemonettes dancing and singing in perfect unison like a choreographed killing machine.

Like all creatures of the Lord of Pain and Pleasure, Daemonettes are horrific and disturbing beings. No right-thinking creature should find beauty in these merciless killers, and yet these Daemons somehow transfix and beguile onlookers, bending them to their unspeakable will. They have a perverse beauty, unnatural and disturbing, but at the same time are undeniably potent. Disturbingly beautiful, with eyes that promise a lifetime of forbidden pleasures, the Daemonettes of Slaanesh possess the ability to distract a man in battle. Such power is at least as deadly as is the Daemon's formidable skill with a blade.

Given their grotesque appearances, it's hard to imagine these beings as seducers. History has proved time and again that their entrancing presence and honeyed words have lured many a mortal to an agonising death. Daemonettes have an androgynous charm that is augmented by a permeating sense of beguilement. They are possessed of the hypnotic glamour for which all Daemons of Slaanesh are abhorred, seditious magics that bestow their repulsive features with perverse beauty that is as irresistibly beguiling and attractive as it is wholly disturbing and utterly potent. The bewitching, opal eyes of these creatures and their alluring, carnal features are always considered the height of

'Come to me. Come to me! You know it is what you have always desired. All your life till now has been a desperate dream of me... awaken! Awaken, and come to me, for your reward awaits in my arms...'

– Leshtrigell, Daemonette

'As I gazed upon her, time seemed to stop. She was the answer to every fantasy I'd ever had. Her allure opened doors within me that I hadn't known existed, and I was prepared then and there to give myself to her. I welcomed her embrace and I dropped my arms to my sides to accept her favour. Then, suddenly, she was gone. Thank Sigmar for the Cannon regiment from Nuln that were behind me. If a lucky cannonball shot hadn't torn that foul Daemonette to shreds, I would have let her slit me up a treat and probably thanked 'er for it.'

– *Derwood Gruber, Reikland Spearman*

beauty by the beholder. Like many of Slaanesh's daemons, however, to give in to this sensory overload is to risk destruction. This aura disguises the Daemonette's nature, for without it the beholder would see the creature for what it is – an androgynous blasphemy. Though their true forms are repulsive and terrifying, this supernatural power makes them appear as the ultimate beauty and object of desire in the eyes of mortals, regardless of their race, gender or morality.

Whenever possible the Daemonette will start a fight by negotiating – or rather, by seducing. Daemonettes exude a hypnotic musk that hangs about them like a cloying perfume, which causes men to be even more susceptible to their otherworldly charms. They are great temptresses and those who cannot see through their alluring mask will be eternally damned, their souls despoiled, used, and deposited at the feet of a new, vile master. These potent seductresses are all but irresistible; even the strong of mind, those who can see the foul beast beneath the exterior mask, have been known to enter the fatal embrace of a daemonette. To fight against them is to fight against your heart's desire, sapping strength from the limbs, befuddling the mind and eroding the will for battle. Some have been known to lay down their weapons and surrender, only to be gutted like fish upon the blades of the Daemon women. Those who face the Daemonettes in battle find themselves stricken with unnatural emotions, their martial instincts giving way to overpowering feelings of lust and adoration. Yet there is something about the Daemonettes' charms that causes self-loathing amongst any who view them. The most stoic warriors find themselves overtaken by jealousy and disgust, seeing perfection in their otherworldly foes that is impossible for they themselves to attain. Only a warrior of uncommon willpower can withstand the temptations presented by a Daemonette.

The Daemonette transfixes the weak-willed as a snake charms a mouse, drawing ever closer, moving surely, forming sensual words on her perfect lips, deluding, seducing, until she can plunge her talons into her foe. If a potential opponent is willing to listen to her seductive whispers and murmurs, she will offer him pleasures undreamt of by mortals, lulling him with her words until she is close enough to indulge in her own favourite pleasure: impaling a victim on her razor-sharp limbs. To a Daemonette's twisted sensibilities, this is the perfect mingling of an almost erotic ecstasy with the equally delicious sensation of inflicting a painful death on the other party. Thus these seemingly frail creatures can best the most hardened warriors sent to face them, turning the battlefield into a decadent arena of sport for the amusement of the Prince of Pleasure.

None exposed to the Daemonettes forget the tide of sensuality that washes over them as they gaze upon those graceful forms; the strange feelings evoke both repugnance and a perverse longing that forever gnaws at the minds of those who see them. It is only when a Daemonette is poised to strike that she unveils her true appearance. Her opponents look upon the grotesque disfigurements of her face and body, seeing her barbed claws for the first time just as those cruel talons are about to tear through flesh. Those few who survive are left devastated in mind and soul, forever haunted by the monstrous beauty of the Daemonettes.

None can say what unearthly delights a Daemonette is believed to pleasure the soul with but, upon the reeking field of battle,

pain and oblivion is what they bring to all who cross their path. In battle, Daemonettes can be seen in a swift surge dancing across the blood-soaked ground, dead bodies forming a carpet beneath their feet. Their honeyed voices are raised in joyous, trilling songs of praise to Slaanesh as they slay and maim in the name of agony and pleasure. Daemonettes surge across the battlefield on lithe legs, the whorls of pigment from their gaudy tattoos forming dizzying fractals of colour and shape.

Capering troupes of the perverse creatures dance from foe to foe, gifting each in turn with gaping wounds from their scythe-like talons, claw hands slicing through flesh and armour to bestow a savage and sensation-filled death upon the foe. Cruel and spiteful, yet loving in the fatal affections they lavish upon those who dare refuse their chaotic charms. They are dextrous killers, gifting their victims with a mixture of excruciatingly painful caresses and the most delicate and tender of killing strokes. Their voices raised in cheerful, even joyous songs of praise to Slaanesh, the Daemonettes slay and maim in the name of Pleasure. Even in the most gruesome of conflicts, the Daemonettes smile in secret ecstasy as they go about their deadly work, delighting in the raw waves of emotion emanating from their enemies. They are vicious in the extreme, and never miss an opportunity to inflict a last twist on a foe's wounds before they can die. Indeed, Daemonettes enjoy nothing more than playing with their prey, such as holding up an enemy's severed limb to show the shocked victim or using their serpent-strike speed to inflict dozens of cosmetic wounds to trace blasphemous words on their target's body. Each act of disfigurement and degradation is met with shrill keening excitement by all the Daemonettes, each trying to out-perform the other in some extravagance. By drawing out such horrific acts they can continue to drink in the torment and despair, eagerly lapping up the raw emotions that fill the air. As the mortal dies, his life-blood spilling out in torrents, she laughs the thrill of the kill and the ecstasy and pain of the mortal's death titillating her capricious whim.

When a battle is done, Daemonettes stride amongst the fallen, charged with a most unholy task. They retrieve the shattered vessels of those who have lived according to the Dark Prince's ethos of excess. The Daemonettes bring these souls to Slaanesh's palace in the Realm of Chaos, where those who made pacts with the Dark Prince and fought well in battle are anointed as Daemon Princes. Those who foreswore Slaanesh or proved craven upon the field, are damned to dwell in the otherworldly Palace of Pleasure for an eternity of torment. For worshippers of Slaanesh this place is paradise unbound by moral stricture, where all cravings, no matter how sickening, can be fully indulged. For those luckless enough to have entered lightly into their diabolic pact it is a hell that never ends.

Occasionally, a Black Magister will summon one of these Daemons to learn forbidden lore or to experiment with foul carnal pleasures. Most summonings such as these lead to tragedy, as well as the release of one of Slaanesh's more dangerous minions into the Old World.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Daemonette	6	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	7
Alluress	6	5	4	3	3	1	5	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic.**

'Twas there, in that strange garden, that I beheld the trust beaux of creatures. Their voices were intoxicating, their touch bliss. They begged me to bide with them, that together we might stave off the tedium of existence. Yet though my body yearned to remain, my soul saw plainly the snare set for it. I hardened my heart to their piteous pleas and fled, the joy of my escape matched only by a sorrow I could not explain.'

– *Liber Malefic*

SEEKERS OF SLAANESH

Riders of Slaanesh, Disciples of Decadence, Darkling Delighters

Hidden within the circles of Slaanesh's domain in the Realm of Chaos are great meadows of gold and silver that crest into rolling hills and idyllic dales. Here roam herds of Steeds of Slaanesh, running uninhibited across the iridescent plains. They are incarnations of the Dark Prince's free spirit, allowed to flit and gallop as they please. Like birds on the wing they migrate across the arcane pastures, changing direction at the blink of an eye.

Sometimes a Daemonette or, rarer still, a mortal champion, will steal into Slaanesh's glorious pastures to secure themselves a Steed from amongst the herds. Such an endeavour is arduous, for the beasts do not tire and can run at great speed for an eternity if required, outpacing any pursuer. To succeed, the hunter must be wily and exploit the creature's insatiable curiosity. Like all Daemons of Slaanesh, the Steeds crave sensory experiences, and they will quickly investigate something that is new or different. A cunning pursuer can lure a Steed with shining gems or a silvery bauble, or ambush them as they drink from rivers of exotic spirits or scented oils.

If a Daemonette can sneak close to a Steed while it is distracted, she can use a chain of fine gold or silver to ensnare it. Steeds are vicious, their clawed feet kicking and their tongues lashing out like whips as they seek to escape. Once chained, however, a Daemonette can swiftly subdue the beast and make it her own. With her new mount secured, the Daemonette will ride to war as a Seeker of Slaanesh, one of the Dark Prince's immortal huntresses.

Once mounted, the bond between the two daemons cannot be broken; a daemonette always rides the same steed and takes great pleasure in customising and decorating its mount. Together, the eternally linked creatures become Seekers of Slaanesh. The daemonettes spend countless hours painstakingly applying lurid dyes, tattoos, and sigils to the steed's skin in reverence to their dark master. Each Seeker is unique, and a line of these deadly troops riding into battle will contain a gaudy variety of daubed daemons.

Some Seekers carry elongated horns that they blow as they ride, sending out a cacophonous dirge that spurs their pack onward and strikes terror into the hearts of their quarry. Others hold aloft graven icons or banners that bear the profane symbols of Slaanesh, from which the decadent energies of his domain exude, forming an intoxicating cloud that surrounds the Seekers.

Daemonettes are beings to be feared, but when mounted upon the formidable Steeds of Slaanesh, they become fast moving instruments of terror – one lure among many that he uses to ensnare new souls. Seekers of Slaanesh form the vanguard of many of the Dark Prince's armies, and are the core of his Hunter Legions.

The Steeds of Slaanesh are swift beyond belief, their sinuous bodies undulating as they speed towards the foe on delicate, bird-like feet. Some legends say that the Seekers can charm time itself and so travel between the seconds. Other tales claim that the Seekers' steeds are formed from the guilty desires of all living creatures and so can never be outrun, for who can flee beyond the reach of his yearnings! Wherever the truth lies, to become the quarry of the Seekers of Slaanesh is to doom oneself to an inevitable, torment-filled death.



A Steed's eyes possess a disarming, intelligent quality, though in truth it is little more than a beast, acting purely on the whims of the God from which it was created. It can taste the winds of magic and seek out the spirits of mortals just as a natural creature senses odour on a drifting breeze. Each soul has a unique flavour and, after but a single taste, the Steed can follow that one specific being throughout eternity if it wishes. This allows them to track their prey over vast distances, pursuing them relentlessly and without fatigue until the target inevitably succumbs. Their riders find this most useful for, like all Daemonettes, the Seekers are playfully cruel. They delight in running a luckless mortal ragged, pursuing him across leagues upon leagues of rugged and broken countryside. Then, when all seems lost, the Seekers break off their pursuit, allowing the prey to regather his failing strength and rekindle a waning hope of escape.

'When I first encountered the wild huntresses, 'twas the horror of their claws and the obscene aspect of their steeds that foremost afflicted my soul. Thanks be, I can see neither in my mind's eye any longer, but the huntresses' otherworldly singing still echoes through my dreams. It is a sound at the same time both terrifying and wondrous, possessed of an ethereal beauty that is eclipsed only by its perversity. The more I try to banish it from my thoughts, the more hungrily my mind yearns for its blasphemous harmonies.'

- Liber Malefic

Such hunts can continue for months or even years, with the Seekers goading the mortal to the very edge of mental and physical endurance. Only when the quarry's mind collapses and he willingly succumbs to their embrace do the Seekers end the hunt and drag his soul back to the Realm of Chaos. With his surrender, the mortal robs the Seekers of their entertainment, but damns himself to an eternity of exquisite torment in the Palace of Pleasure's loathsome chambers.

'This way sisters! There's the prey! I love it when they run.'
- Shee'la'sar, leader of the hunt

With their unnatural tracking ability, there is little sense in running from a Seeker, and few of their chosen quarry ever escape. The Daemons often back off in their pursuit so as to prolong the terror of their victim, fanning the flames of false hope for a little longer. When they go for the kill, the Steeds' long, toxin-coated tongues dart out to ensnare their victims, shuddering in delight as they taste the mortals' souls. Before the horrified morsel can struggle free, they are dragged towards the daemonic beasts and their riders, whose fanged smiles and curving claws welcome them to an agonising oblivion.

Malign of intent and with the predatory swiftness of a striking cobra, Seekers dart across the endless battlefields of the Realm of Chaos, springing ambushes on vulnerable prey. Seekers will often stalk enemy armies for days, preying upon the unwary, their haunting cries echoing in the dreams of those they hunt. These siren-hunters use the speed of their steed to toy with their mortal prey, oft-times delaying the moment of the kill in favour of prolonging the suffering of their quarry. The steeds themselves fight with a ferocity at odds with their lithe appearance. Their barbed tongues lash out with deadly accuracy and speed, while the Daemonette's claws and swords slash and tear with exquisite precision and grace.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Seeker	6	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	7
Heartseeker	6	5	4	3	3	1	5	3	7
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic, Fast Cavalry, Poisoned Attacks** (Steed of Slaanesh only).



STEEDS OF SLAANESH

Swift Carriers of Blissful Death, Flesh Lickers, Tongue Flayers, Degraded Ones, Whips of Slaanesh

The Steeds of Slaanesh are strange, disturbing creatures that roam in herds along the borders of the Realm of Chaos. They are curious bipedal chargers, delicate and bird-like in nature with a body shape not unlike that of an ostrich, sans feathers, propelled on two long, muscular legs. Like all daemons of Slaanesh, the Steed has a perverse beauty, combining grace and elegance with a wholly unnatural appearance. They have long, sinuous bodies that writhe ceaselessly as they speed across the field of battle towards the foe on delicate, bird-like feet. About halfway down its long neck, there sometimes grows a vertical row of breasts, marking this thing as a creature of the Serpent.

Steeded vary enormously in colour, and run the entire gamut of pigment from pastel yellows and oranges, through to moody blues and sultry ochres. Each has a mane of silken hair running from the crown of its head to the tip of its twitching tail. The glossy fur on its legs and upper body is typically lavender, whilst the head, tail, and underside are pastel yellow with mottled deep red markings. This colouration is in part tied to the part of Slaanesh's domain from which the Steed hails, but is further complicated by the addition of dyes and tattooed markings applied by its Daemonette rider. While at rest subtle colours and hues play over the skin of the beast, beating out a hypnotic and seductive rhythm. As the creature moves, these patterns swirl and pulse in time with the skittering gait of the beast, smoothly and almost imperceptibly flowing from one form to the next.

The most disturbing quality of this creature is its conical head equipped with a sphincter-like mouth. Its head is extremely narrow, little more than a slender snout with eyes that glint with the energies of the god that created them. Steeds of Slaanesh have long tubular tongues that ends in a sharp barb, which can taste the desires of mortals, and so swollen are their sensoriums that they can trace fear, joy and lust on the breeze from a mile away. It flicks constantly from their toothless mouth, bright electric blue in colour, and they use it like a whip to ensnare their enemies. The tongue lashes out and ensnares an enemy, dragging the victim forwards so he can be attacked by the Steed's rider. It secretes an oily venom, and even the slightest touch of a Steed of Slaanesh's tongue is to be feared. The beast's saliva is laced with untold intoxicants that heighten sensations even as they subdue struggles and deaden reflexes. Should the victim survive the attack, his

'In what can pleasure be found? Why, anything! Let your imagination run unbound by petty convention. Revel in the acts brought by your knowledge of Slaanesh. Even in the sternest discipline of arms there is satisfaction. So are the Lord of Pleasure's armies brought to the field, willing and ready for the fray.'

- The Hidden Tome of Slaanesh

waking life will forever be plagued by alluring hallucinations, and his dreams haunted by temptations of the darkest kind. Their sticky tongues taste everything around them, enabling them to sense the terrain and move with alarming speed.

A Herald mounted on a Steed of Slaanesh is a foe to be greatly vary of, for these beasts skitter and bound across the battlefield at astonishing speed, springing on unwary enemies and cutting them down with lashing, agonising cuts from its sharp tongue. For this reason, they are sometimes referred to as the Whips of Slaanesh, or Tongue-flayers.

The Steeds of Slaanesh are rarely encountered away from Daemonettes or Champions of Slaanesh, but when they are, they can be as much of a threat as their masters. Steeds, though dim creatures, are filled with natural cunning and are expert hunters who like to toy with their prey. They may drag off a townsman whose death cries last for days, driving the locals mad with fear.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic, Fast Cavalry, Poisoned Attacks.



FIENDS OF SLAANESH

Rams of Slaanesh, Chimerial Leapers, Harbingers of Deadly Fragrance, Fiends of Exaltant Excess, Embodiments of Excessive Delight

The Fiends of Slaanesh are a foul race of Daemonic creatures, and one of the most bizarre of the Ruinous Power's creations. They appear as an unholy mixture of physical creatures and writhing nightmares. They are chimerical beings, formed from the Chaos-induced dreams of mortal minds and given shape by the Dark Prince of excess. Almost indescribable, they are a hybrid creature that combines reptilian, insectoid and anthropomorphic characteristics. It has a segmented body, a broad stinger tail covered in fine scales that drips with venom, and two pairs of humanoid legs that end in cloven hooves branch out from the rear body to give the creature stability, with one pair of legs that faces forward and a second pair that is twisted to face backwards. From the front of the lithe body grows a Humanoid torso covered in a row of breasts and a pair of arms. Each Fiend also has a pair of claw-tipped and gangly arms that it commonly uses as front legs. A Fiend has not the necessary intelligence to apply these arms as grasping appendages, although it can employ them as weapons to deadly effect.

The shape of a Fiend's head is sleek and draconic, somewhat reptilian, not too unlike that of a monitor lizard, or bovine in appearance, with a mouth crammed full of slender but viciously sharp fangs, and from which flickers a long muscular tongue, sensing for prey. From its head sprout two gnarled horns, rows of insectile spines or shocks of sickeningly vibrant hair. A Fiend's large and many-faceted emerald, alien eyes perch on either side of its head, rolling about in its skull, and glitter with an utterly sadistic malevolence. The Fiend's hide is either white or some muted pastel shade, whilst their legs are somewhat darker in tone – commonly a deep green or blue, often etched with the garish whirls and patterns of Slaanesh's sacred sigils.

It is an unusual creation, especially for aesthetic Slaanesh, for it lacks any form of humanoid intelligence and seems barely capable of even propelling itself forwards with any form of skill at times. However, the gangly appendages do not stop Fiends from being incredibly swift creatures, able to skitter and situate across all manner of terrain at frightening speed. There is something unnameably disturbing about a Fiend's gait, for its twitching dance rocks it from side to side. In this way, a Fiend will take at least three or four steps for every pace it advances, splayed legs beating out an arrhythmic toccata that

'These creatures have no place in the world. Their unholy forms are an insult to reason and truth. Their impure songs will lead you to eternal damnation. Hell exists, and it sprang from the nightmares of mortals.'

- Lothar Metzger, Witch Hunter

praises the glory of the Dark Prince of Chaos. Fiends of Slaanesh sing to each other as they run, emanating a high-pitched and pervasive chitter that few mortals consciously hear. This sound resonates throughout the Winds of Magic with deafening force, causing minor disruptions in all manner of magical feats and inflicting severe headaches and memory loss on wizards who have not prepared themselves. So it is that the first sign of a Daemonic Legion's onslaught is a wave of insanity sweeping through wizards and priests, as the chirping song of the Fiends of Slaanesh echoes through their dreams.

Within the Realm of Chaos, Fiends wander and prowl the circles of Slaanesh's magnificent domain, frolicking in the glow of adoration and excess that permeates that twisted landscape. They amuse themselves by hunting each other and interlopers through the winding forests and along the beautiful shores. Attacking and then withdrawing, the Fiends carefully dissect their prey with precise cuts from their claws, toying for an age with those they chase until the final deathblow comes as an ecstatic release to their victim's agony. In addition to their snipping claws, each Fiend has a barbed tail that waves sinuously behind it. This formidable appendage can lash out with force powerful enough to crack open even plate armour, and its stinger is loaded with a potent venom that brings agony and death.



'They hunger for souls as desperately as mortal men yearn for wine and vittles.'

- Liber Malefic

Fiends are base creatures that scour the Chaos Wastes in search of victims (innocent or otherwise) to torment. Barely above the mutated predators that share the same grounds in terms of intellect, these things are vicious omnivores, taking great pleasure in sampling the flesh of their still-living victims. They prowl the Chaos Wastes in packs, attacking groups of Kurgan, Hung, and Dark Elves. On occasion, a group of Fiends may descend into Norsca or elsewhere, destroying livestock and abducting townsfolk. Their attacks may seem at first the work of animals, but their trail indicates something far more sinister.

Though a Fiend is perhaps frailer than other Daemons of the same stature, only a fool would underestimate its combat prowess. Quite apart from the significant peril posed by a Fiend's deadly claws, an adversary should also be wary of the stinger atop its supple and segmented tail. The Fiend can lash its long barbed tail from side to side, or use it to strike directly over its head and stab its opponents. This barb is laced with a soporific venom capable of sending even a battle-maddened Orc into a deep coma. Similarly, the Fiend exudes a pervasive and oily musk a heavy fragrance that attracts and immobilises their prey. When inhaled, it courses through the body of its victim, gnawing away at centres of reason and numbing the unfortunate foe to all but the most extreme of stimuli, lulling victims into the death's sweet embrace. The narcotic pleasures they exude are reserved only for their enemies, lacing mortal thoughts with the most rapturous of hallucinated visions. As a victim succumbs to the pervasive sweet state of euphoria, their limbs grow heavy and their thoughts drift dreamily elsewhere. Notions of combat, strategy and even survival fade from their consciousness, and are replaced by an endless, salubrious sea of delirium. It is then that the Fiends close, moving like a wafting breeze given form until the Daemon's razor-sharp claws sweep down and rend its unresisting victim apart with luxurious care.

When a Fiend strikes, it seems to the addled minds of those it has enraptured like a harmless manifestation of their deep subconscious. Few foes put up any semblance of a fight – most are simply slaughtered in a state of unbridled ecstasy. Only a superhuman feat of willpower has any hope of fighting through its bewitching aura, and a mortal who somehow emerges from the euphoric nightmare alive will never be the same again. Though they recall little of the experience – their mind unable to recollect the Fiend's dreams without inviting insanity – they are left with dim impressions of writhing limbs and long, lashing tongues, of inhuman squeals of delight and impossible faces contorted with the ecstasy of pain. Even worse than this is the overwhelming sense of sweet suffocation that haunts their every waking moment – a cloying, seductive scent that sends dark desires into their heart and an irresistible urge that beckons their soul to certain destruction.

As the daemonic beasts close for the kill, they let out a keening song to each other – a haunting discordance interweaved with melodic riffs and a throbbing, bass beat. This call is not merely sonic, but also etheric, resonating through the veil so that it is heard all the way back in the Palace of Pleasure. Daemonic creatures within Slaanesh's domain are entranced by these distant hymns and lullabies, their eyes glazing and their sadistic revelries becoming drawn out as they listen to the Fiends' music. For mortals – especially those attempting to wield sorcerous energies – the siren call of the Fiends of Slaanesh is far less pleasurable, and the rapidly shifting scale and pitch can cause eyes to vitrify, noses to bleed and eardrums to burst. This shrill chorus continues to echo long after battle, and through its song the agony and ecstasy of slaughter can be heard for days, months, or even years to come.

When war calls, the Fiends are summoned through disturbing rituals and grouped into formations. These packs stalk ahead of the Daemonettes and run alongside the Seekers of Slaanesh, dashing forth to strike vulnerable targets. There is stiff competition amongst Fiends to be first into the fray, with each striving to place the greatest number of enemies under the effects of its own delusion. Those whose musk is most hypnotically potent are known as Blissbringers, and are capable of transforming stoic warlords into carefree dreamers, adrift with ecstasy and completely incapable of defending themselves.

When the daemonic Legions go to war, Fiends of Slaanesh prowl about the flanks of the battle. They rely on the mind-rotting aspects of their musk to lure the unwary into ambush, slaughtering foes seemingly inviolable to such frail, meek-looking creatures. A corner of the battlefield under attack from Fiends of Slaanesh is often quiet, with musk-addled victims waiting insensate for the Fiends to deliver the fatal blow. This oblivion can be a time coming, for Fiends are no less given to torture than the Dark Prince's other minions. When the effects of the Fiend's musk fade, the victim experiences simultaneous agony from a dozen wounds.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Fiend of Slaanesh	10	4	0	4	4	3	6	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic.**

Soporific Musk: Models in base contact with one or more Fiends of Slaanesh suffer a -1 penalty to both Weapon Skill and Initiative. This has no effect on Daemons of Slaanesh.

'The Fiend emerged from its bolt-bale and, within moments, was set upon by three or four Daemonettes, who cast weighted nets to pinion their prize. It struggled furiously at first, heaves and claws flailing madly as it tried to escape. Then the Daemonettes brought forth a twisted drinking horn, graven with repulsive images, and arced the captive to sup from its silvered rim. When the nets were removed, the Fiend stood unmoving and docile until its new mistresses led it away to battle.'

- Liber Malefic

SEEKER CHARIOTS

Shrieking Shandredhans, Glorious Doomriders, Pallid Vanguard

Seeker Chariots are not subtle creations. Indeed, their every excessive aspect draws the eye and lures the senses. Chariots of Slaanesh exult in the spreading of both pain and pleasure. Crafted from gleaming metals and overly-adorned with intricately disturbing decorations, Seeker Chariots rejoice in Slaanesh's nature of excess.

Each chariot is covered in hooked blades, razor sharp spikes, and slicing edges. These blades are honed to an edge so sharp that legend says they cut not just flesh and bone, but the victim's soul as well. The rear axle and wheels of the Chariot also hold yet more scythe-like blades and anyone caught in their path is quickly reduced to a gory spray.

As the straining steeds urge the chariot to full speed, swirling shapes sear the air with unholy hues and blinding streaks of the most vibrant and luxurious colour. The metal axles screech in a disharmony akin to the wailing of tormented souls, a terrible cacophony that ululates between the chanting of the Daemonettes and the lilting hoots of the snake-bodied Steeds. Indeed, to stand against such a machinery is not simply a contest of arms, but a struggle of wills that shakes the boundaries of sanity itself. When the chariot finally crashes home, the Daemonettes dance from yoke to spar, laughing as their every disembowelling strike weaves bloody trails in the air.

The wounds it inflicts cause unimaginable suffering as flesh is severed and nerves are stimulated beyond pain. Many victims that survive claim to have been paralysed by the sensations of their wounds, and say that despite the raw agony of their injuries, they felt the disturbing tinkle of seeping pleasure that goaded them to continue fighting so they could experience that terrible joy again.

The Seeker Chariots patrol the borders of Slaanesh's domain, racing along at terrible speeds. Chariot crews

'At the chariot's onset, the foe broke and fled, turning their heels to its blades. At once, the contraption's cruel mistress ordered a halt, and for long moments the Daemon Engine stood still and silent. Only when the enemy steeled their nerve and regained formation was the chariot ordered forward once again, the Daemonettes atop it singing with wild joy.'

'This time, the enemy did not flee, but braced their arms and stood firm beneath their colours. To see such defiance in so bleak a place momentarily cheered my heavy heart. Fleeting I dared imagine that courage was the weapon that could defeat all the denizens of this ignoble realm, that honour and comradeship could overcome any terror and see the unholy banished forever. Then the chariot hit home against the ragged line, and my hopes were washed away in a gory spray of severed limbs.'

- Liber Malefic



feed on the sensations such swiftness generates in their hyperaware senses. Addicted to the glory of speed, the thrill that knowing a single mistake can smash the Chariot to pieces is as delicious as the terror of their fleeing victims.



It is true that Seeker Chariots are liberally bedecked with all manner of slicing and shredding blades, but the Exalted Seeker Chariots take such lethal adornments to a whole new level. Indeed, the entire rear axle is nothing more or less than a giant whirling mass of flensing metal – anything that falls beneath the chariot's wheels is therefore destined to emerge behind as little more than a fine red mist. Though a victim's body may perish in a swift (if spectacular) fashion, the unfortunate soul endures much longer. The chariot's blades are laden with baleful enchantment and hook deep into the spiritual remain, drawing it ever deeper into the maelstrom of metal. A soul can last for hundreds, even thousands, of revolutions before its tortured ephemera breaks free to whatever awaits beyond, and its pain-wracked wails are sweet clarion notes to the Daemonettes above. Thus do the Exalted Chariots seek the foe where they are most numerous, for each tormented spirit screams in a voice all of its own; the more victims fall into the chariot's blades, the more delectable the resulting symphony of pain.

Exalted Chariots seek the foe wherever they are most numerous, ploughing into them with abandon.

Heralds of Slaanesh often elect to ride into battle atop an Exalted Chariot, where the speed and agility is as prized as the capacity for inflicting beautiful pain. This is not only because it allows them to savour the agonies of the chariot's victims, but because the elevated perch ensures that the Herald can be easily seen by both vassal and foeman – an important factor for a creature so prideful and preening. These Daemons bask in the adoration, hate, and jealousy such status inspires in their lesser brethren. From atop the wheeled throne, the Herald can reach down to whisk intriguing specimens from the chariot's razored maw. Such is not an act of kindness. Indeed, enemies claimed in this manner soon start screaming to be returned to the embrace of the merciless blades below, if it means they will remain not a moment longer in the grasp of the dotting Herald's cruel affections.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Seeker Chariot	9	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-
Exalted Chariot	9	-	-	4	4	8	-	-	-
Daemonette	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	2	7
Alluress	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	3	7
Steed of Slaanesh	-	3	0	3	-	-	5	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 6+).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Slaanesh**, **Daemonic**, **Impact Hits (2D6)** (Exalted Seeker Chariot only), **Poisoned Attacks** (Steed of Slaanesh only).



HELLFLAYERS

Scented Harvesters, Decadent Reavers, Shred-Chain Sisters

The Dark Prince of Chaos prides himself on the splendour of his decadent realm. Alas, the constant warfare and anarchy that so defines the Realm of Chaos has ever worked against Slaanesh's pursuit of perfection by leaving battle-slain corpses littered across his lands like the petals of a particularly repulsive plant. Thus do the Hellflayers ride hither and yon across the alabaster plains, their reaping blades cutting and slicing the distaff flesh into small pieces that Slaanesh's otherworldly flora can easily devour.

Of course, Daemonettes being the preening and selfish creatures they are, the menial work of tending and feeding their lord's garden is a weighty chore. There are no emotions to feed upon in such a task; no tortured and amplified sensations to sample. Without such things, Daemonettes grow lethargic, and their forms can even start to dissipate. So it was that for a time that only those creatures who had displeased mighty Slaanesh were sent to crew his Hellflayers, there to while away the millennia serving the bloody harvest.

Yet if Daemonettes are cruel, they are also wily. It wasn't long before a particularly wilful pair defied their master, and brought their Hellflayer not to the battle's aftermath, but to its gory height. Within moments, blades prepared for rotting corpses proved just as keen when set upon living flesh. Severed heads and limbs flew like chaffed wheat; daemonic ichor spattered

across the Hellflayer's steeds and crew. Yet all this went unnoticed by the Daemonettes, for they were gripped by a battle-rapture they had never known. Like all things sprung from Slaanesh's spiteful land, the metal from which the Hellflayer had been forged was deeply attuned to the sensations of the living. As its blades sank into flesh, each victim's every suffering was transmuted into a spiritual incense so intoxicating that it drove the Daemonettes into an impassioned frenzy, magnifying their speed until their strikes became so swift that no eye could follow them.

When Slaanesh learnt what had transpired, he was angered, for no Chaos God easily tolerates flouted authority, yet he was also pleased, for that lone Hellflayer had wrought much carnage – Slaanesh's armies have ever been weaker than those of his dark brothers, and anything to alter the balance was cause for delight. So it was that the Dark Prince decreed that to ride a Hellflayer would no longer be a punishment, but an honoured station of war. Ever since, Hellflayers have driven in the vanguard, blades mangling and maiming foes caught in their path. As for the two rebellious Daemonettes, Slaanesh transmuted them into unfeeling marble and set them on the far end of his causeway, their backs forever to the decadent glories they had once known and enjoyed. The cursed ones stand, even to this day; a silent reminder to all the Dark Prince's followers of what happens to those who would dare flout his will.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hellflayer	9	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-
Daemonette Crew	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	2	7
Alluress	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	3	7
Steed of Slaanesh	-	3	0	3	-	-	5	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 6+).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic, Poisoned Attacks** (Steed of Slaanesh only).

Soulscent: If a Hellflayer causes one or more unsaved Wounds with its Impact Hits, the Alluress receives a number of bonus Attacks equal to the number of unsaved Wounds caused. This bonus lasts until the end of the turn.

'Three of the wretches were slaughtered instantly, dragged into that maelstrom of wicked Daemon-steel. The fourth, through some laughing fate, became snagged on the central chain. For a moment he hung there, his heels scraped Moody as the machine charged on. One of the Daemonettes reached out a claw. At first she caressed the wretch's cheek, like a mother soothing a frightened child. Then, as I knew it must, her dotting smile transformed into a leer of pure wickedness. The claw was a Mur as it snipped at the victim's wrists. A moment later all that remained of the fellow were his severed hands – still clutching the chain – and an empty scream echoing through the night.'

- Liber Malefic

CONTORTED EPITOMES

A Contorted Epitome is not a single Daemonette, but paired attendants chosen for their ability to abide one another's presence. Their close bond is cemented by sacred guardianship of an ornate Mirror of Absorption – a priceless magical artefact entrusted to them from Slaanesh's palace. This treasure is as much a daemonic being as it is an object, a living framework that writhes on striated tentacles at the Daemonettes' demand.

Legends claim the Contorted Epitome's genesis can be traced to an unknown artificer hundreds of years ago. He strove to perfect the art of silvering glass, and each of his prototype mirrors were fought over by the rich and noble. Slaanesh was greatly pleased by the epidemic of narcissism that ensued, and plotted to capture the alchemist for his own agenda. By the end of his long and famous life, so the story goes, the artificer was one of the wealthiest artisans of his generation. On his deathbed, as he gazed proudly at his own reflection and pondered the many successes of his life, Slaanesh reached out through the glass and drew him into the Temple of Twisted Mirrors, where he was imprisoned forever more.

Hoping to strike back against his captor, the artificer invented the Mirror of Absorption, a looking glass with the ability to swallow excessive energies, which would slowly drain the power of Slaanesh himself. Unfortunately, that artefact was soon shattered by the sheer magnitude of Slaanesh's vanity. Recognising its worth, however, the Dark Prince forced the artificer to make dozens more of the devices, bound them within semi-sentient frameworks that could move independently, and gifted them to his favourite Alluresses. So was born the Contorted Epitome.



Legend says that the artificer is still trapped within a refractive subrealm, and if his name is spoken six times in front of a looking glass, he will emerge as a deadly spectre to slay the speaker.

In battle, these artefacts harness and absorb the most excessive of enemy attacks, keeping their Slaaneshi owners safe from harm. Only the humblest weapons can hope to shatter them; a wooden sword would have more effect upon them than a runic cannonball. To look upon such a mirror is to become spellbound by the reflection of your strongest fears and desires, and to become trapped within – if the Daemonette attendants do not slay you first.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Contorted Epitome	6	5	0	4	5	4	5	4	-
Alluress	6	5	4	3	-	-	5	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Shrine.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic.**

Gift of Power: *The Alluresses that guard a Contorted Epitome can use its power to enhance their own spells.*

For each friendly Contorted Epitome on the battlefield at the start of your Magic phase, add one dice to your power pool.

Swallow Energy: *A Contorted Epitome steals the most intense and excessive energies, channelling them back to Slaanesh's Temple of Twisted Mirrors.*

A Contorted Epitome's Ward Save is increased by +1 for every point of Strength above 3 that every Attack targeting it has. So, against a Strength 4 Attack it has Ward Save (4+), against Strength 5 it has Ward Save (3+) and so on.

Horrible Fascination: *When a warrior stares into the Contorted Epitome's mirror, they see all of their hopes and fears reflected there, and cannot tear their eyes away.*

At the start of the enemy's turn, each enemy unit that is within 12" of one or more Contorted Epitomes and has Line of Sight to it must pass a Psychology test. If failed, that unit may not move in the Movement phase this turn.

Acquiescence: *The Herald engulfs the foe in an arcane haze of dreams and unattainable desires.*

Innate Bound Spell, Power Level 3. The Contorted Epitome contains the *Acquiescence* spell from the Lore of Slaanesh.

SHALAXI HELBANE

Monarch of the Hunt

Towering, statuesque, and possessed of an impossible grace, the titanic Keeper of Secrets known as Shalaxi Helbane, Monarch of the Hunt, hunts the deadliest prey in the Realm of Chaos. As one of Slaanesh's favourite greater daemons and a tracker and duellist of supreme skill, it is Shalaxi's privilege to bring war to the champions of the rival gods. Able to discern the secrets of the Dark Prince's foes through blended senses, this statuesque warrior has slain a thousand rivals and more.

Should an enemy warlord reach sufficient prominence for the Dark Prince to become irritated by their existence, a mental impulse will burst in Shalaxi's soul. This is a raging wildfire in comparison to the spark of compulsion that might come to being in a mortal mind. It initiates a quest so all-consuming that the hunter Helbane never stops, running the prey to ground with tireless determination and the savvy of an expert tracker. Shalaxi's sensorium, exaggerated by the sheaf of strange antennae that rises from the greater daemon's head like an ornate crown, allows one sense to be perceived as if it were another. The hunter can see fear as a misting cloud that betrays a distant quarry, detect the scent of a spell before it is cast, hear the shearing sound of a mortal's life-thread being cut away, or taste the tang of cowardice as if it were bitter citrus upon the tongue. By blending the senses at will, Helbane can see the trail of a flying quarry hanging as a swirling line in the air, and can even peer through the Warp. This makes the Keeper of Secrets all but inescapable – once Slaanesh has set his favoured agent on the trail of a hated foe, death is the sole outcome.



Shalaxi has ensnared and slain warrior kings, dragons, greater daemons, and hulking tyrants of destruction. Often, the hunter runs alone, for mortal followers and even Daemonettes struggle to match their leader's pace when the hunt nears its conclusion. Other times, Shalaxi is accompanied by a pack of Fiends, the beasts trilling in joyous abandon as they race with their loping alpha. At hunt's end the Keeper does not attack unseen, but speaks a challenge so carefully crafted with the subtle tongue of Slaanesh it cannot be refused. Shalaxi's followers live in hope of witnessing the grand kill that follows.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Shalaxi Helbane	10	9	5	6	6	6	10	6	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character).

MAGIC: Shalaxi Helbane is a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Slaanesh.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic, Sensual Barrage.**

Irresistible Challenge: *Few can resist the sorcerous challenge delivered by Shalaxi Helbane – those who do find their cowardice rewarded with crippling agony.*

Enemy characters who refuses a Challenge from Shalaxi Helbane suffer D3 Strength 5 Hits which Ignores Armour saves.

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Soulpiercer (Magic Weapon)

Shalaxi's hallmark longspear, that weapon spoken of in so many obscene songs and verses among the followers of Slaanesh, is a weapon of stunning sharpness and reach. With the hunter's expertise behind it, it is able to dart in past the swing of a ruinous greataxe to impale the heart.

Spear. When fighting in a Challenge, Shalaxi Helbane has the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.

Shining Aegis (Magic Armour)

This masterfully created shield can turn aside blows and magical spells.

Shield. This shield gives Shalaxi Helbane the Magic Resistance (1) special rule.

Cloak of Constriction (Talisman)

Any opponent that draws too close to Shalaxi Helbane finds themselves ensnared by the Cloak of Constriction, its tentacular pseudopods making it impossible to make a clean attack.

All models attempting to strike Shalaxi Helbane in close combat must pass a Strength test or lose 1 Attack.

SYLL'ESSKE

The Vengeful Allegiance

Most of Slaanesh's muses are fickle beings. By contrast, the creature that has become Syll'Esske represents a permanent symbiotic bond between two individual entities. Syll Lewdtongue was once spurned by Slaanesh's courtiers for growing too attached to those the Herald had chosen for inspiration. When Syll set eyes upon the hulking mortal war-slave Esske fighting in the gladiatorial pits of Slaanesh's gardens, the fates of both changed forever.

The mortal warrior proved to be extremely receptive to Syll's patronage. Esske's resultant rise through the ranks of the gladiatorial pits was meteoric, for Syll spoke only wisdom. Soon the towering Esske was a champion swollen with the glory of Slaanesh, eventually becoming a Daemon Prince. But even though Esske claimed to be a native of Slaanesh's realm, as a former mortal, the warrior was considered a second-class citizen by the other daemon courtiers. Frustration and humiliation soon gave way to rage.

With Syll as guide to the inner workings of the palace, and with the Herald's whip-arm proving lightning fast, the two became an unstoppable force. It seemed no feat of magic or might was beyond them as they took their revenge upon those who had ridiculed them. In front of



Slaanesh's throne, a pact was made between the two – a dark ritual that empowered them both. The rite bonded them together so thoroughly that they now fight in perfect synchronicity.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Syll	-	7	6	4	-	-	8	4	8
Esske	8	8	5	6	5	5	8	5	9

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic, Terror.**

Deadly Symbiosis: *When they attack, Syll will strike first, creating openings that Esske can take advantage of.*

For each successful To Hit roll by Syll, Esske may re-roll one failed To Hit roll the same phase.

Lithe and Swift: *Spurring one another on, Syll and her consort stride across the battlefield with uncanny swiftness.*

Syll'Esske may re-roll failed charge and pursuit rolls.

Subvert: *Syll torments the foe with whispers and visions, distracting them from their duties.*

At the start of each of your turns, one enemy Character within 12" and Line of Sight of Syll'Esske must take a Psychology test. If failed, no units can use that model's Leadership until the start of your next turn.

Regal Authority: *Syll's consort is revered as a mighty ruler by their followers.*

All friendly Daemons of Slaanesh within 18" of Syll'Esske may re-roll 1's To Hit in close combat.



DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Axe of Dominion (Magic Weapon)

This enchanted greataxe can cut through even stone with ease.

Great weapon. All attacks made by Esske automatically Wound with the Ignores Armour special rule.

Scouring Whip (Magic Weapon)

Syll's many-tailed whip loops around the weapon arms of the enemy, yanking them out wide.

All models in base contact with Syll'Esske lose 1 Attack.

THE MASQUE OF SLAANESH

Eternal Dancer, Accursed Maiden, Darkling Deceiver

The Masque was once the most favoured of all the Daemonettes. Her sensuous movements enraptured her audience, captivating them beyond distraction. Kings and emperors long past were said to be willing to give away their lands in exchange for a single dance. She danced for the joy of performance and wove enrapturing displays so dazzling that they could strike even immortal gods silent with awe by her prowess. There was good reason for this; her dancing and beauty were unrivalled, even amongst the followers of Slaanesh. Yet the Masque was undone when Slaanesh suffered his most terrible loss in the Great Game, manoeuvred by Tzeentch into a war with Khorne and Nurgle that he could not hope to win.

Thinking to ease Slaanesh's mind and ills, the Masque danced for her dark lord. Never before had she performed with such skill. She glided across that ballroom floor of broken dreams and sundered promises, each sensuous and graceful motion flowing effortlessly into the next. No mortal could have watched her dance that eve and remained unmoved, yet Slaanesh was angry at his defeat, and his proud heart filled with the acrid pain of humiliation. As he watched the Daemonette dance her faultless dance, Slaanesh saw only a barbed jest at his expense, a subtle mockery aimed at his wounded pride.

All at once, the Dark Prince could bear no more and flew into a terrible rage. He laid a curse upon the Masque, condemning her to dance throughout eternity against her will, unable to rest her limbs or take the merest pause to savour other experiences. Her dances would now speak in testament of Slaanesh's glory, every motion a stylised rendition of one of the Dark Prince's great victories. His ire spent, Slaanesh turned his back upon the Masque and retired to his inner chambers, where the touch of his handmaidens could perhaps temporarily heal his great hurt.



So has the Masque been doomed ever since. She dances across the mortal and immortal planes to music only she can hear, forbidden to ever again know rest. Movement wracks her limbs at all times but she can never stop her dance. Driven insane by the perpetual music that plays within her mind, and her mind alone, she dances, cackling, throughout the Realm of Chaos. When it pleases Slaanesh to unleash his pet, her captivating steps carry her into mortal lands.

She is drawn to places of sensory excess and is wont to appear before the high table at great feasts, or during the closing act of a fine opera, dancing for the attendees. Her golden mask flickers and changes as her dance progresses, taking the guise of the characters she portrays. Such is the power of the Masque's curse that all nearby are drawn into her unholy pageant. Eternal Daemon or mortal man, all play their parts in her fluid pantomime as flawlessly as if they had been rehearsing for the moment all their lives, dancing in time with the Masque until their bones break, limbs and muscle rip, and their brains rupture under the strain.

The dance's tempo changes as the story of Slaanesh progresses. In the Dance of Dreaming, where the slumbering prince waits to be born, the Masque and her chorus drift in sedentary and languid movements. Conversely, the Pageant of Pain, re-enacting one of Slaanesh's great victories over Khorne, is a tableau of spasmodic movements that ends with the entranced cast tearing at each other's throats and eyes. Not all the dances are from the past – they are drawn from all points in time. The power of the Masque's curse allows her to recreate events yet to come, from the caging of Loec and the purging with fire of Nurgle's garden, all the way up to the legendary Rhan'k'adanra, the final battle and twilight of the gods. Any who survive these manifestations have only the scantest memories of what truly occurred. They see only the ruin and death around them, and feel only the bone-weary agony of a body pushed beyond its limits. Meanwhile and elsewhere, the Masque dances ever onwards, leaving behind the wrecked minds and corpses of her victims, still twitching to her silent tune long after their hearts have stopped beating. To fight the Masque is to face a creature of intense seduction; any adventurer, male or female, will likely be drawn to the endless dance, unwilling to fight the creature.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Masque of Slaanesh	10	7	6	4	3	2	7	5	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Slaanesh**, **Daemonic**, **Ward save (3+)**.

The Eternal Dance: At the start of each of the controlling player's Close Combat phases, the Masque must choose one dance to perform from the list given below. These abilities target one enemy unit (which may be in combat). Each dance has a range of 12" and does not require line of sight. Until the end of the phase, the target suffers a penalty to the characteristic stated (to a minimum of 1).

Dance	Penalised Characteristic
The Fleshspasm Polka	-1 Strength
The Waltz of Lethargy	-D3 Initiative
The Dance of Dreaming	-D3 Leadership

DAEMON PRINCES

Dark Princlings, Deathbringers, Eternal Blasphemies

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, bestowing immortality, unimaginable strength and forbidden power. This blessing can come at any point in a Champion's life. Some are elevated after mere decades of service to the dark Gods, whilst others labour for centuries, their mortal span unnaturally increased beyond that of normal men, before they are deemed worthy by their unholy masters. They are mighty beyond compare, lordly creatures of awesome might.

Daemon Princes vary enormously in appearance according to the whims of their patron God. Some bear the same mutated gifts they once received as Chaos Champions, such as additional arms, tentacles or scaled skin, yet there are some features that virtually all Daemon Princes share. Through some strange quirk of daemonification, all such beings have gnarled horns, murderously sharp talons and a writhing, lashing tail. Many Daemon Princes also have powerful wings upon which they fly across the battlefield, laying waste to the enemy at will with gigantic weapons imbued with raw chaos energy. Though Daemon Princes do not need weapons - in many ways the Daemon Prince is a living weapon - most carry gigantic blades imbued with raw chaos energy or a lesser daemonic spirit.

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.

In character, Daemon Princes are as divergent as the Champions of Chaos from whose ranks they spring. Some are awesome warriors capable of sweeping aside mortal armies in an unyielding storm of martial fury. Others are potent sorcerers, for their unholy essence exists equally in the physical and magical realms. Few Daemon Princes are

'And behold, the Daemon Prince comes in the full panoply of war. At his passing, the trees scream their rage to the uncaring sky and the stones writhe with hatred. He hunts the enemies of his Master, for his meat is mortal flesh and his wine mortal souls.

He has been attired for battle by his Master. At his left hand moans a Daemon, bound in the shape of a sword. In songs of blood and hatred echo forth, and fill the sky with a terrifying sound that stirs the dead and slays the living. At his right hand stands a pack of Daemons, huntsmen all, waiting for the moment to release their hounds, thirsting for blood and skulls and the taste of innocent souls.

Behind the Daemon Prince waits the legions of his Master, arrayed in fluted and gold-chased armour, brighter than the sun and darker than midnight. Each holds a shrieking sword, all of which scream in disharmony with his blade. Each joins the chorus of Chaos, a promise worse than death for those who hear it. Above them rise the bloodied icons of their Master. Beneath the feet of the Daemons the earth itself writhes, as if seeking to escape their presence.

Behold, the Daemon Prince. The time of woe is upon us.'

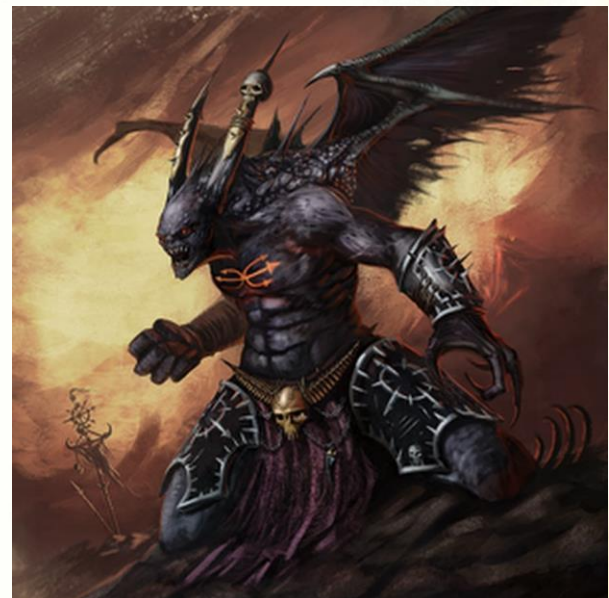
- Grimoire Daemonicus

servants of Chaos in all its forms, and most of these hellish beings are dedicated to the service of one specific God. A rotten-bodied Daemon Prince of Nurgle spills pestilence in his wake, while one who follows Tzeentch sees the strands of destiny as a mortal perceives hues and shapes.

Some Daemon Princes will enter the Realm of Chaos to serve their god in other worlds or dimensions, while others will serve as the commanders of Chaos armies, destined to wage eternal war on behalf of their masters. As they stand on the borders between mortal and daemon, Daemon Princes are known to command legions of either men or daemons. 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.

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 fragments of their master's will made manifest. Indeed, some of the oldest and most powerful Daemon Princes are worshipped as deities in their own right by some northlands tribes. 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. While they may have been removed from the sphere of mortal desires and emotions, Daemon Princes nonetheless retain their comprehension of such yearnings, the better to manipulate followers and events to the ultimate glory of the dark Gods.

Many Daemon Princes care little that the battlefield has changed - they continue to rampage and slaughter in their god's name just as they did in their previous lives. Others believe themselves to have escaped the role of pawn, and have their eyes set upon becoming master of the Realm of Chaos. They do not realise that to transcend a level of the Great Game merely binds them tighter to eternal damnation. The crowns of the gods are not for mortals to steal.



DAEMON PRINCE OF KHORNE

Ultimately all champions of Chaos walk a path to glory, hoping to earn the eye of their chosen patron and be found worthy of transformation into a daemon prince. These are large and powerful daemons, second only to the mighty greater daemons. In order to please Khorne a mortal has to become a killer of men, slaying his foes without compunction or pause and hunting down magic users in particular. If a mortal is found worthy in the eyes of Khorne he undergoes a transformation. The recipient of daemonhood grows in size, becoming a hulking creature over ten feet tall and bulging with slabs of iron hard muscle. He sprouts a tail and horns and fearsome claws. Those gifts of chaos and mutations he earned in life remain, only scaled up to suit his new size.

The daemon princes of Khorne are far from uniform, for each represents the personalities and trademarks of the champions they were in life, but there are some factors they hold in common. Many of them have large leathern wings like those of a Bloodthirster, scaled skins the colour of blood, heads of massive hunting hounds.

Many daemon princes bear arcane weapons or suits of magical armour. Because Khorne is the patron of warriors, his daemon servants are even more likely to bear such wargear than those daemon princes of other gods. Like all of Khorne's servants his daemon princes never use magic, and may well wear items that ward them from spells such as brass collars.

DAEMON PRINCE OF TZEENTCH

The ambition of every mortal worshipper of Tzeentch is to achieve ultimate power and be elevated to the rank of Daemon Prince. However, only the most treacherous, deceitful, manipulative, and dedicated of Tzeentch's servants will ever achieve this glory. When a mortal is transformed into a Daemon Prince, he grows immeasurably in size, and sprouts a long, snaking tail of sinewy flesh. His hands and feet become fearsome talons, and large horns erupt from his distended skull.

However, these distinguishing features are the only similarities that Daemon Princes share, as their personalities, traits and even the mutations they received in their former life can dictate the outcome of their transformation, and they are infinitely varied in shape and hue. These Daemon Princes are powerful spellcasters, many of them having been sorcerers or powerful lords of Tzeentch before their daemon rebirth. They often have enormous, feathery wings in a similar style to the Lords of Change. A Daemon Prince is so large and powerful that it can kill a man with but a casual swat of its murderous talons, but most of them carry an ornate blade or a lavishly decorated staff, the better to slay their victims.

Daemon Princes of Tzeentch are second only to the Lords of Change in power and prestige, but retain much of their individuality, and are not merely extensions of their master's will in the same way as the other daemons of Tzeentch. The fact that they were once mortal themselves allows the Daemon Princes a far greater understanding of those that serve them, and they ruthlessly use this knowledge to corrupt and manipulate their pawns to achieve their goals. Existing as they do in both the physical and magical realms, they can perceive the various strands of fate with a skill that not even the most favoured of Tzeentch's mortal vassals can rival.

'I knew not what horrified me more: the Daemon Princes blasphemous glory, or the fact that in its presence I too yearned for the unholy blessing it had received.'

- Liber Malefic

DAEMON PRINCE OF NURGLE

Mortal Champions of Chaos who excel in service to Nurgle, bringing plague and ruin to the civilised lands, are sometimes rewarded by their patron. The unlucky perish from their diseases, or are bequeathed so many mutations that they devolve into mindless Chaos Spawn. A favoured few are brought before Nurgle himself, and if they survive the terrors of his foul garden, he raises them to daemonhood. Their body enlarges. Horns, talons, a tail, and sometimes wings sprout from their changing form. All manner of contagion erupts over their new body, yet they treasure each festering cyst and scabrous blister. Nurgle grants them a daemon blade that can split flesh with a mere touch.

Daemon Princes of Nurgle often remain at their master's fortress as his devout servants yet sometimes return to their old tribe in the Chaos Wastes. They lead their former companions into battle, feared and revered as a veritable god, yet in reality they are nothing but the slaves of the Plague Lord, doomed to serve his every whim.



DAEMON PRINCE OF SLAANESH

Tales from the Liber Malefic tell how once-great warriors, consumed by their desires and temptations, have literally transformed in front of others. At the moment of final, amazing alteration, skin falls from muscle, bone reshapes, wings and horns sprout, and all manner of foul appendages surface, basking in the glory of their fell master. Often three times or greater in size than their former stature, these creatures rightly inspire thoughts of absolute terror.

Once in such a state, these favoured champions also shrug off their mortality, destined to serve their god for eternity. They gain an intense thirst for souls and rampage through the mortal and daemon realms, hunting their master's enemies. As perverse as any other follower of Slaanesh, these daemon princes are twisted into a form more pleasing to their master. While sharing common traits such as wings, a powerful tail, and razor sharp talons, Slaanesh's daemon princes are lither and far more graceful in their actions than daemon princes that serve the other Ruinous Powers. They may even wear fine robes or armour in a vile mockery of their original form. Their armour is often imbued with disgusting runes, and their potent weaponry is ancient and magical in nature, able to carve through flesh with the greatest ease. Even more so than such creatures of the other Ruinous Powers, a Slaaneshi daemon prince will be at the forefront of its army, whipping the troops into the lust of battle, caressing their senses with its words, and tearing through flesh with masterful strikes.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Daemon Prince	8	8	5	6	5	5	8	5	9

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.

CHAOS FURIES

Chaos Shrikes, Gargoyles, Crows of Chaos

Furies are vicious Daemons with hooked claws and leathery, bat-like wings. A short mane of rough fur runs from the Fury's vestigial horns to the base of its spine. Its face is a brutish and bestial affair, with cruel glinting eyes set above a blunt snout and a broad mouth filled with dozens of needle-like teeth. Their faces have more in common with Dragons than they do with Humans, as they are twisted into snarling visages full of sharp angles and wicked fangs set beneath searching, feral, red eyes. Furies are commonly black, however, as beings of unrefined chaotic power, they can appear in all manner of hues, depending on which of the Dark Gods is currently in ascendance.

'I watched as the Furies picked over the corpse, squabbling in harsh tongues as they argued over the juiciest morsels from the feast.'

- Liber Malefic

Furies are yowling shards of malevolent energy – Chaos in its purest form. They are not associated with any particular Chaos god, but are simply manifestations of Chaos Undivided. As a result, they are the weakest of all Daemons to terrorise the world, though remain more than a match for most mortals. They are well aware of their standing within the hierarchy of Daemons, and defer to all others of the Daemonic host save Nurglings. Furies are the first Daemons to enter the mortal realm when the borders of reality are weakened. Where Furies swarm, other

Daemons are sure to follow. A pack of these Daemons is considered to be the harbinger of perilous times. When the tide of magic ebbs and the daemonic Legions begin to fade, Furies return to roost on the site of the rifts. Indeed, there are many places in the Old World where the peasantry bar windows and chimneys, to prevent lone Furies from entering their homes at night and stealing their children.

With no patron of their own, and little in the way of conscious thought, Furies are utterly subservient to the whims of the Dark Gods, and shift in aspect and power as the balance of the dark pantheon alters. They are easily subjugated by other Daemons, whom they regard with a mix of dread and awe, and are utterly subservient to the whims of all the Dark Gods. Tzeentch makes the most use of Furies, using them as messengers and spies in both the mortal world and the Realm of Chaos. On the other hand, Khorne generally considers Furies altogether too feeble for his purposes, and as a result only employs them when all other alternatives have been exhausted.

Furies are essentially cowards and their flocks prefer to hover above the battlefield rather than embroil themselves in conflict. They swarm at the edges of the battle, avoiding the thickest fighting if they can. They are almost endlessly patient, and stalk prey for hours – or even days – before committing to a fight. They prefer to fight battles in which they have the decided advantage, picking off isolated targets, descending in squabbling flocks on leathery wings to attack war machine crews and lone heroes isolated from their comrades. When they sight a vulnerable victim, the Furies descend from the sky, a wailing mass of



Lightning scarred the sky. The Daemon Prince lashed about with its ebon blade, cutting down another warrior with a powerful blow that sliced through the puny mortals' armour with ease. The two halves of the luckless fool collapsed into the rain-soaked mud, blood gushing in all directions.

The daemon roared its pleasure as the gore splattered across its rippling muscles, a cry that was mirrored by the screeching swarm of Furies circling above its head.

The air shook with thunder, and the seeping wound on the Daemon Prince scaled itself. With a cry of victory it leapt into the air, black-skinned wings unfurling from its back as it sprang towards the remaining mortals. The sky above roiled and twisted with speeding and unnatural forms as the ravenous Furies plunged out of the night. Within seconds the air was filled with the mortals' horrified wails and gluttonous roars of pleasure screamed from inhuman throats.

Piter raised his gaze to the sky, shielding his eyes from the glaring sun with his calloused hand. He frowned slightly as he saw the dark specks in the distance, unaware that his fate was already sealed. He clicked his tongue, urging his pock-mutes forwards.

Glancing up again moments later, he saw the dark shapes had resolved into speeding unnatural forms, descending on feathery wings. His mules bucked and whinnied in terror as the hellish. Furies descended, yet Piter found himself unable to move, his heart frozen in stupefying fear, even as the creatures ripped apart first his animals, then himself, limb from bloody limb...

vengeance from which there can be no escape. They are also cruel, so when they have a victim, they like to toy with it first, ripping at the flesh just enough to inspire fear and set it running where they follow for a while. Once they've tired of the sport, they kill their prey in the most painful manner they can devise. A pack of them in action is reminiscent of a flying school of piranhas, tearing a luckless victim to pieces. Should the foe flee, the Furies will relentlessly give chase for, as with scavengers in the real world, they can sense fear and weakness and will exploit both to the fullest. The only true defence against an attack by Furies is to stand your ground, fending off the Furies until the magic that binds them to the mortal plane fades away, or they dart away and seek a less dangerous prey.

They enjoy their time in the Old World, with the incredible variety and taste of the prey they can catch, and have no wish to shorten that time by hunting something larger, more numerous, or more ferocious than themselves. Chaos Furies haunt forlorn places, always searching for lone or injured travellers. It's believed Chaos Furies infest the mountains all over the Empire, especially as of late, and they harass and destroy caravans laden with arms and supplies, making deliveries all the more difficult. Given the relative strength of the Chaos Fury and its penchant for cowardice, the best way to avoid facing one in battle is to always remain part of large groups, and do as little as possible to cause oneself to stand out from those groups, even in battle. If faced with concerted opposition, they will flee rather than risk becoming unstable.

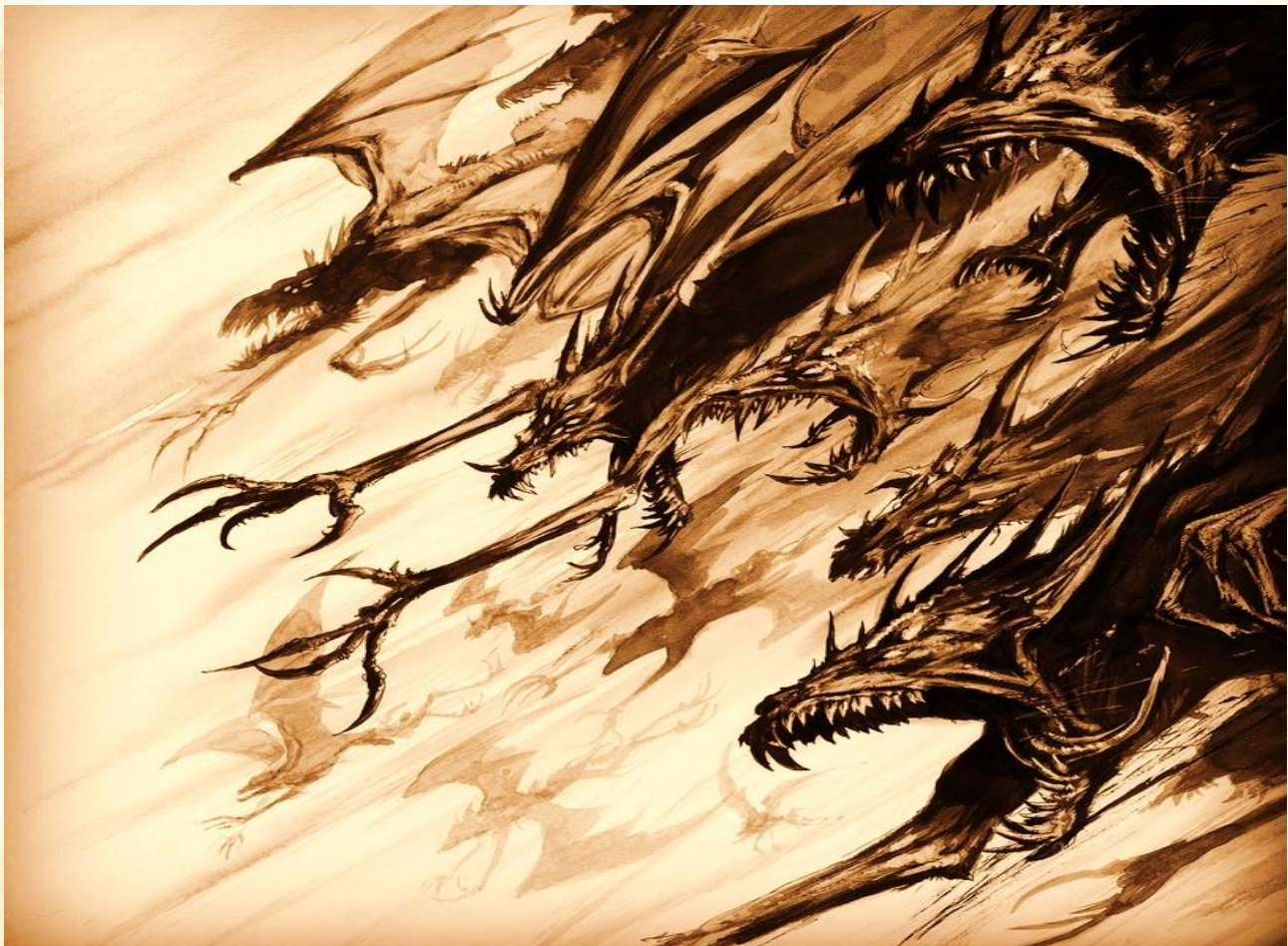
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Fury	4	3	0	3	3	1	4	2	2

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemonic, Expendable, Fly (10).

'The reason I called for this meetin' is that them bloody winged monsters is back, hidin' out in the woods and snatchin' up whatever they can find, just like last time. Mind you don't go out alone and keep a watch on all sides when you're on your patrols. Tell the peasant folk to lock up at night and don't go outside no matter what they might 'ear. These ain't brave creatures, but they got some wits about 'em and if they see an easy dinner they'll be on it quick as you can blink.'

- Hermann Toureg, Sheriff and Warder of Blacklock Forest



SOUL GRINDERS

Iron Doomstriders, Harvesters of Souls, Clinkerspaw

When a Daemon's physical body is slain, he can surrender his true name to the Forge of Souls. The dark bargain thus sealed, the Daemon's crippled essence is bound to a mighty Warpmetal hulk. Thus is he reborn as a Soul Grinder. No two Soul Grinders are exactly the same, but all are bizarre to look upon. The transformation has a tendency to mimic the Daemon's inner desires and then distort them just enough so that even it finds the results loathsome. Yet the change also grants might far beyond that which a Daemon normally enjoys.

All of the souls you will reap.

All of your spoils of war.

To be a keeper of the Forge.

But a trifle price for the boon that is bestowed upon you.

- From the Iron Pact

A Soul Grinder's clanking tread shakes the ground with every step, and it is devilishly fast for a creature its size, able to scuttle swift as a horse's gallop, or even faster should the scent of battle touch its nostrils. Piston-driven legs thud home with sickening force, crushing to bloody paste those beneath. Formidable though a Soul Grinder's brute strength is, he does not need to rely on it alone to slaughter his foes, for the transformation grants weapons to match the newfound stature.

Legend tells that if the Soul Grinder can garner sufficient mortal souls, the Forge of Souls frees the Daemon from his mechanical prison and returns him to the existence he once knew. Alas, as with all bargains

struck within the Realm of Chaos, this is a debt not easily settled. Many a Soul Grinder has come within a single kill of clearing his debt with the Forge of Souls, only to have ill-fortune see him destroyed, rather than the intended victim. Worse still, if vanquished, the Soul Grinder must sell itself to the Forge of Souls once again, or return to the oblivion it so dreads. Should a Daemon remain a Soul Grinder too long, his original identity begins to fade, subsumed into the machine that he serves. After a few millennia of the binding it is gone entirely. Thus can a Daemon come to be eternally damned, even as he seeks the same fate for mortals.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Soul Grinder	8	3	3	6	7	6	3	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemonic, Natural Armour (4+).

Implacable Advance: This model can move (but not march) and still shoot any one of its weapons.

Caught by the Iron Claw: Immediately before the Soulgrinder makes its Attacks, nominate one model in base contact with the Soulgrinder. That model must pass an Initiative test. If failed, all other attacks the Soulgrinder makes against that model this turn hit automatically.

Harvester Cannon: This allows the Soulgrinder to fire Grapeshot. If a misfire is rolled on the artillery dice, the Soulgrinder instead suffers a wound with no saves of any kind allowed.

UPGRADES:

Baleful Torrent: This follows the rules for a Fire Thrower. If a misfire is rolled on the artillery dice, the Soulgrinder suffers a wound with no saves of any kind allowed instead of rolling on the chart.

Daemonbone Claw: If a Soulgrinder has a Daemonbone Claw it can exchange all of its Attacks for a single special Attack – this is declared after the Caught by the Iron Claw rules is resolved. This Attack is resolved at Strength 10 and has the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule.

Phlegm Bombardment: This shooting attack is fired according to the rules for a Strength 3 Stone Thrower which does not have Multiple Wounds (D6). If a misfire is rolled on the artillery dice, the Soulgrinder suffers a wound with no saves of any kind allowed instead of rolling on the chart.

Warp Gaze: This shooting attack is fired according to the rules for a Bolt Thrower.



BE'LAKOR

The First Daemon Prince, The Harbinger, The Dark Master, The Shadow of Terror

Be'lakor was the very first mortal raised to the exalted rank of Daemon Prince, though what sacrifices he made and what horrors he inflicted to do so are lost even to the oldest tales. However it was Be'lakor that drew the Chaos Gods' gaze – he somehow managed to intrigue all four of the dark brothers sufficiently that each granted him a portion of their godly might. This soon proved a mistake. The Chaos Gods seldom share anything for long, and so it was with Be'lakor.

As the first – and at that time, the only – Daemon Prince, Be'lakor was an incomparable prize. Thus did the Chaos Gods war for control of Be'lakor's tainted soul, each one determined to force his brothers to relinquish their claim. As battle raged, each of the Chaos Gods offered Be'lakor ever greater power, if he would simply consent to lead their armies to victory. Such a bargain was little to Be'lakor's liking, so he tricked each of the Chaos Gods into granting their proffered gifts and then fled to the mortal world without fulfilling his part of the bargains.

Be'lakor arrived at a time rife with opportunity for one such as he. The great polar gates had collapsed, and magic coursed across the world. Daemons had followed in the magic's wake, and Be'lakor wrested many of them to his will, forging an army to serve his own purpose, rather than those of the Chaos Gods. Thus did the Daemon Prince conquer the primitive humans of the north, though many tribes came willingly to his service, for they had already pledged themselves to the Chaos Gods, and rightly saw their reflection in Be'lakor's dark majesty. He was a creature of living shadows, tangible only when he wished to be, a master of terror and illusion who feasted upon mortal fears.



For many generations of the barbarians, Be'lakor revelled in his new station. He crushed races whose names are now long forgotten, and brought war upon the nascent realms of the Elves and the Dwarfs. Few could withstand Be'lakor, for the stuff of Chaos blew strong across the world, and it was his weapon and sustenance both. Cities fell beneath his wrath, their names erased from history and their peoples trampled to dust. With each victory, Be'lakor ordered monuments raised to his glory. Thus were the toppled stones hewn into new shapes: thrones, statues and skull-set monoliths, and they throbbed with the power of Chaos.

Winding stairs reached into the sky, the better for the Daemon Prince to bask in the life-giving Winds of Magic, and wells were sunk deep into the ground, so that he might sup from the chaotic energies that had seeped into the bedrock.

However, each conquest not only made Be'lakor more powerful, it also edged him closer to downfall, for even in rebellion, he had unwittingly performed the Chaos Gods' bidding. Be'lakor had done much to spread the creed of Chaos across the world. In time, the Daemon Prince's mightiest mortal followers drew the unblinking gaze of the Chaos Gods, and were raised to Daemon Princehood themselves. This time, the dark brothers made no effort to share their mortal prizes, and nor was there any need, for there was no shortage of suitable champions. In a comparative eyeblink, Be'lakor became but one Daemon Prince amongst many. Where he had once ruled without challenge, he now found himself beset by dozens of would-be usurpers. Worse, with each new Daemon Prince who ascended, Be'lakor felt his own powers ebb, as the gifts bestowed upon him were stripped away and granted to more loyal servants.

For long years, battle raged across the mortal lands Be'lakor had claimed, as the newborn Daemon Princes sought to carve out their own territories. Yet none could achieve dominance, not even Be'lakor, for all his wit and guile. Countless thousands of humans perished in the wars of the Daemon Princes, yet out of this great evil, some good emerged. So many daemonic legions had been drawn into this conflict that the realm of Ulthuan was not so beset as it might have been, and this allowed the Elves the opportunity to marshal one last desperate attempt to stem the tide of Chaos – a Great Vortex that would siphon magic from the world.

The Elves' great success was the Daemon Princes' downfall. As magic faded from the world, the Daemons were drawn back into the Realm of Chaos. Be'lakor was the last to be banished, for his connection to the mortal

'Hark well, as I tell you the tale of Be'lakor First-Damned, may his forgotten true-name be forever cursed. In his arrogance, he drew the gaze of the Chaos Gods to this world, bringing damnation upon us all.'
- *Frederich Weirde, Chronicler of the End Times*

plane was greater than any, but even he could not resist the vortex's pull. With a thin, screeching wail, the Daemon Prince departed the mortal world. In the moment of Be'lakor's banishment, his monuments collapsed, the ruins swallowed by the hills as if they had never been. No trace of his dominion remained.

For thousands of years, Be'lakor's essence drifted through the Realm of Chaos. He yearned to set foot upon the mortal world once more and, feigning repentance, beseeched the Chaos Gods to send him forth once more. Yet the dark brothers remembered all too well how Be'lakor had once deceived them, and had devised a suitable punishment. Thus, for the second time in his existence, Be'lakor had succeeded in uniting the Chaos Gods with a common goal, though he found the second occasion less to his liking than the first.

Unlike other Daemons, Be'lakor would not be permitted to cross to the mortal world whenever the Winds of Magic blew strong. Instead, he would leave the Realm of Chaos only at the Dark Gods' wish. This was a boon they granted sparingly, and then only to crown a mortal as the Everchosen of Chaos – a ceremony which served to assure the celebrant of his Gods' favour, and torment Be'lakor with his fall from grace. Each time the coronation was concluded, Be'lakor was compelled to visit his rage upon the world as advisor to the Everchosen. Infused with unwanted subservience, Be'lakor led daemonic armies at the command of this Everchosen, only to be banished once more when his unwanted mortal liege was defeated.

Yet once again, Be'lakor proved his guile, and found ways to stretch forth his will upon the mortal world. In his times of formlessness, he whispered through the dreams of madmen and warlords, offering his service if only they would summon him into the mortal realm. Too often, such men accepted Be'lakor's promises, foolishly believing that they could control the Daemon Prince for their own ends. Once given a gateway to the mortal world, invariably Be'lakor slew his liberator, seized the fool's followers as his own and set them to rebuilding the glories of his halcyon days. Yet such freedom seldom lasted long. Be'lakor's power was but a fraction of that which he had commanded in ancient days, and his ambition ever outstripped his ability. Thus, time after time, a mortal champion laid Be'lakor low and sent the Daemon Prince's wounded spirit back to the Realm of Chaos, there to plot another escape, or await the rise of the next Everchosen.

Twelve times now has Be'lakor fulfilled his destiny as harbinger, each time attempting to escape his pre-ordained fate, but ultimately meeting with failure. Now, as the hour of the thirteenth coronation draws near, Be'lakor is driven as never before to throw off his shackles. He is determined that this time, the daemonic legions will not march at the whims of Archaon Everchosen, but in accordance with his own plan, whether the Chaos Gods wish it or no.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Be'lakor	8	9	5	6	5	5	8	5	10

'He is the First, the Harbinger of Doom. Where he treads, the shadows writhe, and the light flees in terror. Speak not his name.'

*- from the Book of Shadows,
translated from Arabyan by Albrecht Anroth*

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character).

MAGIC: Be'lakor is a Level 4 Wizard who knows all the spells below:

Bolt of Dark Light Cast on 6+
Bolt of Dark Light is a **magic missile** with a range of 18" and causes D6 Strength 5 hits.

Nightmare Cast on 6+
Nightmare is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". The unit immediately must take a Panic test. This has no effect on models already in close combat.

Curse of the Dark Master Cast on 7+
Curse of the Dark Master is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". Until the start of Be'lakor's next magic phase, the target unit suffer a -1 To Hit penalty with both shooting and close combat attacks.

Fog of Death Cast on 9+
Fog of Death is a **direct damage** spell that targets all enemy units within 18". Each unit suffers D6 Strength 3 hits.

Coils of the Serpent Cast on 12+
Coils of the Serpent is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 12" that targets a single model (even a character in a unit). The target must pass a Toughness test. If failed, the model is crushed to death and is removed from play, with no saves allowed.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemonic, Fly (8), Terror.

The Dark Master: All enemy units within 12" of Be'lakor suffer -1 to their Leadership.

Shadow Form: Be'lakor has a Ward save (6+), and any missile attacks targeting him have a -2 To Hit modifier.

Lord of Torment: If one or more enemy units failed a Panic or Break test during the previous turn (after any re-rolls for special rules such as a Battle Standard Bearer's Hold Your Ground! rule), Be'lakor receives D3 additional power dice in the Magic phase, which only he can make use of. Any unused power dice are discarded at the end of the Magic phase as normal.

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

The Blade of Shadows (Magic Weapon)

Be'lakor wields an esoteric, daemonic blade, its ghostly form in eternal transience between shape and shadow; solidity and silhouette. Mastery of this weapon enables Be'lakor to scythe through armour, scale, flesh and bone without resistance, its essence changing in an instant from formless shadow to murderous edge at its master's whim. Whether the weapon is a part of the Daemon itself, or perhaps an ancient gift bestowed upon him by the Dark Gods that Be'lakor somehow retained in spite of his fall from favour, none can truly say.

The Blade of Shadows has the Ignores Armour Saves special rule.

LORE OF TZEENTCH

The Lore of Change

FIRES OF CHANGE (Lore Attribute)

When a Daemon casts a spell from the Lore of Tzeentch that causes one or more unsaved Wounds, choose a unit of Pink Horrors or Screammers within 12" of the caster, and roll a D6 for each Wound caused. If it is a unit of Pink Horrors, add 1 model to the unit for each result of 5+. If it is a unit of Screammers, add 1 model to the unit for each result of 6. Models are added, one at a time, to the back rank. If the back rank is full at any point, or the unit has a single rank of at least five models, the next model starts a new back rank. Models that cannot be placed (because there isn't enough room, or you do not have sufficient models) are lost. Models created in this way have no upgrades and do not award additional victory points.

BLUE FIRE OF TZEENTCH (Signature Spell)

Cast on 6+

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 have this spell target 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 rolling 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

CHILDREN OF NURGLE (Lore Attribute)

When a Daemon casts a spell from the Lore of Nurgle that causes one or more unsaved Wounds, choose a unit of Plaguebearers or Nurglings within 12" of the caster, and roll a D6 for each Wound caused. If it is a unit of Plaguebearers, add 1 model to the unit for each result of 5+. If it is a unit of Nurglings, add 1 base to the unit for each result of 6. Models are added, one at a time, to the back rank. If the back rank is full at any point, or the unit has a single rank of at least five models, the next model starts a new back rank. Models that cannot be placed (because there isn't enough room, or you do not have sufficient models) are lost. Models created in this way have no upgrades and don't award additional victory points.

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 bowel-loosening 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+.

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 ABUNDANCE

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 (to a maximum of a 3+ save for Daemons of Nurgle). 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

BORN OF DAMNATION (Lore Attribute)

When a Daemon casts a spell from the Lore of Slaanesh that causes one or more unsaved Wounds, choose a unit of Daemonettes or Fiends of Slaanesh within 12" of the caster, and roll a D6 for each Wound caused. If it is a unit of Daemonettes, add 1 model to the unit for each result of 5+. If it is a unit of Fiends, add 1 model to the unit for each result of 6. Models are added, one at a time, to the back rank. If the back rank is full at any point, or the unit has a single rank of at least five models, the next model starts a new back rank. Models that cannot be placed (because there isn't enough room, or you do not have sufficient models) are lost. Models created in this way have no upgrades and don't award additional victory points.

LASH OF SLAANESH

(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.

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 so, the casting value is increased to 18+.

'You might wonder why we left you alive while we had such sport with your comrades. I do not expect you to appreciate our artistry in producing such exquisite splatter-patterns, for only the handmaidens can truly perceive the splendour in the intricacies of such arterial paintings. Nor could we expect your brute and insensate mind to fathom the finer aural points – the hell-song chorus of sheared limbs, agonised cries and splashing disembowelments. We made you watch our play because we value your fear... your shock and terror is to us the sweetest of delicacies. We have truly feasted here. As always, it is over far too soon.'

- Ssliitha, Herald of Slaanesh

DAEMONIC GIFTS

Daemon Princes and Greater Daemons are blessed by their gods, forever marked as slaves to their will. Daemonic Gifts are special rewards that Chaos gods bestow upon their most favoured daemonic followers.

Many are the gifts bestowed upon them in their daemonhood, many are the weapons and magicks at their disposal to slay the enemies of Chaos, to befuddle their minds and terrify their souls. By these gifts are the Daemon Princes known, each individual from his dark brothers, a mighty warrior, a potent spellcaster, lord of the armies of the Chaos Wastes and heralds of the world's destruction.

Characters may select one or more Gifts from the list below. Multiples of the same Daemonic Gift may not be taken for a single Daemon.

CHAOS DISRUPTION 30 points
The air around the Daemon seethes with chaotic energy, deflecting arrows and bolts.

Any missile attack targeting the Daemon or the unit it is with suffers an additional -1 to Hit penalty.

SOUL HUNGER 30 points
This Daemon is driven by a terrible and undying hunger for the blood of all mortal creatures.

The Daemon may re-roll failed rolls To Hit and To Wound in the first round of any combat.

WARD OF CHAOS 30 points
The air around the Daemon is distorted and twisted, making it difficult to harm the Daemon with missile weapons.

The Daemon has the Ward save (3+) special rule against missile attacks.

RADIANCE OF DARK GLORY 25 points
Raw Chaos power emanates from the Daemon, strengthening its presence in the material realm.

The Daemon and any other Daemonic unit of the same allegiance within 12" suffers one less wound than normal when taking Instability tests. This has no effect on the Reality Blinks or Banished results.

MASSIVE STATURE 20 points
The Daemon is vast in size, and even more resilient to damage than usual.

The Daemon has +1 Wound.

DAEMONIC ARROGANCE 20 points
The Daemon is arrogant and proud beyond measure and holds all dangers in utter contempt.

The Daemon gains the Stubborn special rule.

WITHERING GAZE 20 points
The Daemon's gaze destroys anything it looks at.

This is a missile attack with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12"	6	Quick to Fire

DIABOLIC SPLENDOUR 15 points
The Daemon's grip on the mortal realm is particularly strong, protecting it against its normal vulnerabilities.

The Daemon may re-roll failed Ward saves.

'Blood for the Blood God!'

GIFTS OF KHORNE

The following powers may only be taken by Daemons of Khorne.

DARK INSANITY 55 points
An unquenchable and terrible fury goads the Daemon ever onwards.

The Daemon replaces its normal Attacks with the Random Attacks (2D6+2) special rule.

AWESOME STRENGTH 50 points
This Daemon strikes not with its own might, but with that of its dreadful master Khorne.

The Daemon gains +3 to its Strength.

SPELL DESTROYER 25 points
The Daemon can wrench magical power from its foes, using its own Chaos essence to attack the minds of enemy wizards.

If an enemy spell is successfully cast on a model with this Gift, or the unit it is in, roll a D6. On a 4+, the spell is destroyed after it has been resolved, and the enemy must discard the spell for the rest of the game.

SPELL BREAKER 25 points
By shifting portions of its being into the winds of magic, the Daemon can disperse hostile sorcery.

One use only. When an enemy spell has been cast, a Daemon with this Gift can use it instead of attempting to dispel the spell by using dispel dice. This gives them 6 free dice to attempt to dispel the spell, which cannot be combined with any other dispel dice. This may also be used to dispel spells that Remains in Play.

IMMORTAL FURY 25 points
This Daemon is consumed by a terrible and everlasting rage, driving it to ever more savage feats.

The Daemon gains the Hatred special rule, which applies in all rounds of close combat. However, it must always pursue fleeing enemies.

BATTLEMASTER 25 points
The Daemon is a warrior of exceptional prowess.

The Daemon receives +1 To Hit in close combat.

MIGHT OF KHORNE 20 points
The Daemon is powerful beyond mortal reckoning.

The Daemon gains the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.



'Behold the Great Mutator and the gifts he will bestow upon you.'

GIFTS OF TZEENTCH

The following powers may only be taken by Daemons of Tzeentch.

TZEENTCH'S WILL 60 points
The Daemon is party to Tzeentch's knowledge of the intricate pathways of fate and can tug upon the strands of destiny should it so desire.

The Daemon may re-roll a single D6 once per player turn that directly affects it.

TWIN HEADS 55 points
The Daemon has a second head which contains a duplicate brain, allowing it to more swiftly interpret and harness the capricious winds of magic.

The Daemon gains +2 to all casting rolls.

POWER VORTEX 30 points
The Daemon uses the nature of its magical binding to empower its sorcerous might.

This Daemon adds an extra Power dice to the pool in each of the controlling player's Magic phases.

MASTER OF SORCERY 30 points
The Daemon has great magical knowledge, honed on a thousand forgotten battlefields over deathless millennia.

The Daemon gains the Loremaster special rule. In addition, it can use any of the lores of Magic from the Warhammer rulebook instead of its normal Lore.

DARK MAGISTER 25 points
The great and glorious servants of Tzeentch do not merely control magic, it pulses through their veins as blood does in lesser beings.

The Daemon ignores the result of his first Miscast.

IRIDESCENT CORONA 20 points
Glittering multi-coloured fire encases the Daemon's form, burning all those who draw near.

Enemy models in base contact with the Daemon at the start of any close combat phase suffer a Strength 3 Hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule. Any wounds caused count towards combat resolution.

FLAMES OF TZEENTCH 20 points
Focussing his arcane might, this Daemon can project a blast of flickering magical flame at its enemies.

The Daemon gains the Flames of Tzeentch special rule.

ALL-SEEING EYE 15 points
The baleful gaze of the Daemon reveals the innermost hopes and fears of any who fall under it.

At the start of each of your Magic Phases, you may pick one enemy unit within 24" of the Daemon. That unit must reveal all Magic Items and Hidden units in it.

'Come to Plaguefather Nurgle; let him embrace you.'

GIFTS OF NURGLE

The following powers may only be taken by Daemons of Nurgle.

STREAM OF BILE 30 points
The Daemon can vomit forth a stream of maggots, blood and noxious slime which chokes his victim in filth.

This is a Strength 4 Breath Weapon. It has no effect on Daemons of Nurgle.

NURGLE'S ROT 25 points
Nurgle's choicest pestilence bubbles through the rotting torso of this Daemon, festering the bodies and souls of all whom come near.

Enemy models in base contact with the Daemon at the start of any close combat phase suffer a Strength 2 Hit with the Ignores Armour Saves special rule. Any wounds caused count towards combat resolution. This has no effect on Daemons of Nurgle.



PESTILENT MUCUS 25 points
This Daemon's skin is covered with enormous scabrous boils, filled with rancid fluid. When struck, these loathsome pustules spray all nearby with a yellowish ichor, brimming with disease.

When this Daemon suffers a wound, all enemy models in base contact must pass a Toughness test for each wound inflicted on the Daemon or themselves suffer a wound, with the Ignores Armour Saves special rule. This has no effect on Daemons of Nurgle.

NURGLING INFESTATION 25 points
This particular Great Unclean One is practically brimming with Nurgling pustules and takes the greatest pride in hatching scores of the loathsome creatures during battle.

Great Unclean One only. At the start of each of your turns, one unit of Nurglings within 6" of the Daemon automatically regains D6 Wounds lost earlier in the battle.

NOXIOUS VAPOURS 25 points

None can withstand the putridly gut-wrenching odour of this Daemon!

All enemy models in base contact with this Daemon is subject to the Always Strikes Last special rule in close combat. This has no effect on Daemons of Nurgle.

TRAPPINGS OF NURGLE 15 points

The body of the Daemon is clad in matted filth, hardened sores and scraps of metal, granting extra endurance against the blows of an enemy.

The Daemon gains the Natural Armour (5+) special rule.

SLIME TRAIL 10 points

Some of Nurgle's Daemons expel a repulsive trail of slime as they move, hindering all who pass through it.

Enemy units do not receive combat resolution bonuses for attacking the flank or rear of a Daemon with this ability, or any unit he has joined.



'Join our pageant, little one, and dance for pleasure and the joy of pain.'

GIFTS OF SLAANESH

The following powers may only be taken by Daemons of Slaanesh.

SPIRIT SWALLOWER 50 points

This Daemon drinks the spiritual essence of the living and becomes ever stronger with every soul it devours.

Roll a D6 for each unsaved wound the Daemon causes in close combat. On a 4+, the Daemon regains one wound lost earlier in the battle.

TEMPTATOR 30 points

Many who come face to face with this Daemon are dominated by its unearthly will and become slack-jawed and drooling playthings.

At the beginning of a combat, one enemy character in base contact with the Daemon must take a Psychology test. If the test is failed, the character will direct his attacks against friendly models or units chosen by the Daemon's controlling player. These wounds count towards the Daemon's combat resolution. If there are no suitable targets in base contact with the character, he or she does not attack at all this turn.

SIREN SONG 25 points

The Daemon sings an alluring song, drawing the enemy to their doom.

This gift is used during the enemy turn, before charges are declared. Nominate one enemy unit within their maximum charging distance and with Line of Sight to the Daemon – this unit must be able to charge according to the normal Warhammer rules. The target unit must pass a Psychology test; if failed, they must declare a charge against the Daemon (or the unit it is with).

SOPORIFIC MUSK 25 points

The cloying aroma of the Daemon saps the will and erodes the senses, deadening any survival instinct. Enemies close to the Daemon find their minds confused, and their limbs heavy and slow.

Models in base contact with one or more models with this Gift suffer a -1 penalty to both Weapon Skill and Initiative. This has no effect on Daemons of Slaanesh.

UNNATURAL SWIF'TNESS 25 points

The Daemon's lithe and graceful form darts back and forth with unimaginable speed, spilling blood and snapping bones before its victim has registered danger.

The Daemon has the Always Strikes First rule.

ALLURE OF SLAANESH 20 points

The Daemon is surrounded by a mind-altering aura that befuddles the enemy. The appearance of the Daemon is so peculiarly captivating that few foes can summon determination enough to land even a single blow upon it – even as the Daemon's claws begin to wind and tear their way through the victim's entrails.

Enemy models in base contact with the Daemon must pass a Psychology test. If the test is failed, the affected model may not strike blows in that round of combat.

ENRAPTURING GAZE 20 points

The perversely enchanting gaze of this Daemon holds the attention of all foolish enough to meet it – even when they should perhaps be looking elsewhere. Transfixed by the magical gaze of the Daemon, the enemy cannot bring themselves to strike.

Units in base contact with the Daemon must use their own Leadership value. This has no effect on models with Immunity (Psychology).

TORMENTOR 20 points

Any hit from this cruel Daemon will attack the mind of the victim as well as their body. So horrible is a death at the hands of this Daemon that it strikes fear into the hearts of even the bravest of enemies.

Each unsaved Wound inflicted in close combat from the Daemon counts as two Wounds for the purposes of combat resolution. This has no effect on models with Immunity (Psychology).



'Where the Daemon treads, there treads the weabbling after. Where stalks the dark hunter of the night, creeps behind the craven fool.'

I say you can find out the servants of darkness and tell them by their Mark. For believe me, each bears a Mark, each bears an outward scar of the devilry within. No man is born so unnatural that his body does not revolt at the foul pollution spawned inside.

And by these Marks can you tell them. By the horns of the beast – for they have turned themselves from the light and should be slaughtered like the kine in the fields. By the scales of the snake – for they slither in dark places and should be beaten with a rod. By the feathers of the eagle – for they have vexed the gods with vain flight and should be brought down with a stone...'



HELLFORGED ARTEFACTS

AXE OF KHORNE

30 points

Magic Weapon

The Gorelords of the First Circle are Bloodthirsters of the highest rank, given the honour of leading the Lord of Skulls' great hosts. Each Gorelord bears an axe that is part Daemon, part battle-notched iron. This weapon is little less blood-hungry than its wielder, and ever spurs its owner to fresh slaughter. This unholy blade screams with the power of the Daemon bound inside it, a Daemon eternally thirsty for the blood of mortals.

Daemon of Khorne only. The wielder receives +1 Attack for each enemy model he is in base contact with, to a maximum of +3 Attacks.

ARMOUR OF KHORNE

25 points

Magic Armour

Clad in bale forged armour laden with runes of slaughter and carnage, the Daemon's bide is all but immune to the blows of mortal men.

Daemon of Khorne only. Medium armour. In addition, magic weapons carried by enemy models lose all their magical abilities whilst the bearer remains in contact with the Daemon.

ICON OF ENDLESS WAR

25 points

Magic Standard

This brass standard constantly drips blood, the smell of which quickly drives all of Khorne's followers mad with battle-lust.

Daemon of Khorne only. The unit adds D3" to its charge move.

STAFF OF CHANGE

50 points

Magic Weapon

Raw chaos flows about this gnarled and writhing weapon, running up and down the stave as tongues of crackling rainbow fire. The mere presence of this staff causes all natural things to cry out in pain as it reshapes the world according to the Daemon's whim. To be struck by this staff is therefore to feel the touch of change itself rendered into a mewling and mutating mass by the unstoppable energies of Tzeentch.

Daemon of Tzeentch only. Any character or monster that suffers one or more unsaved Wounds from the Staff of Change must immediately pass a Toughness test or suffer an additional D6 Wounds with the Ignores Armour Saves special rule. If such a model loses its last Wound to the Staff of Change, it explodes! All models within D6" immediately suffer a single Strength 5 hit.

DAEMONIC ROBES

20 points

Talisman

The Daemon is clad in shimmering robes that reflect not only the colours of the rainbow, but also some of the pent-up fury from incoming blows.

Daemon of Tzeentch only. The Daemon can never be wounded on better than a 3+.

BANNER OF CHANGE

25 points

Magic Standard

So saturated is this banner with the power of change that it distorts the world around it, turning man and beast to revolting degenerative spawn.

Daemon of Tzeentch only. Bound Spell, Power Level 4. The Banner of Change contains a **direct damage** spell that targets all enemy units in base contact. The target units suffer 2D6 Strength 3 Hits.

BALESWORD

25 points

Magic Weapon

Legend tells that there is one Balesword for each of Nurgle's favoured plagues. Moreover, each blade is thought to have been congealed from the infected waste matter that each plague draws forth. The merest touch of this massive befouled blade is fatal to all creatures, Daemon, mortal and undead.

Daemon of Nurgle only. Attacks made with the Balesword have the Poisoned Attacks and Multiple Wounds (D3) special rules.

PLAGUE FLAIL

25 points

Magic Weapon

This flail's heads are the shrunken skulls of plague victims, its chain crafted from knotted and desiccated entrails. Pestilence hangs heavy about it still, ever seeking to escape.

Daemon of Nurgle only. Flail. Any character or monster that suffers one or more unsaved Wounds from the Plague Flail must immediately pass a Toughness test or suffer another Wound with the Ignores Armour Saves special rule.

ICON OF ETERNAL VIRULENCE

25 points

Magic Standard

Each drop of blood spilt beneath this dank shroud is immediately infected with every affliction known to Nurgle. As the unleashed diseases run rampant, the foe becomes ever more dismayed.

Daemon of Nurgle only. Each unsaved wound caused by the unit rolling a 6 on their To Wound roll adds an extra point of Combat Resolution.

LASH OF DESPAIR

25 points

Magic Weapon

The cords of this whip are spun soul-stuff hungry for escape. When the lash cracks forward, the soul-streamers splay outward, striking wildly at all nearby.

Daemon of Slaanesh only. The Lash of Despair uses the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12"	As user	Quick to Fire, Multiple Shots (D6)

WITSTEALER SWORD

25 points

Magic Weapon

The Witstealer Sword was forged in the molten heat of desire and cooled in a vat of Slaanesh's blood. Thus did the Dark Prince think to arm his champion N'kari fit to defeat Skarbrand. Alas, desire has never burned so hot as wrath, and N'kari saw swift defeat. What became of the sword after that point, legend does not tell.

Daemon of Slaanesh only. Any character or monster that suffers one or more unsaved Wounds from the Witstealer Sword must immediately pass an Initiative test or suffer another Wound with the Ignores Armour Saves special rule.

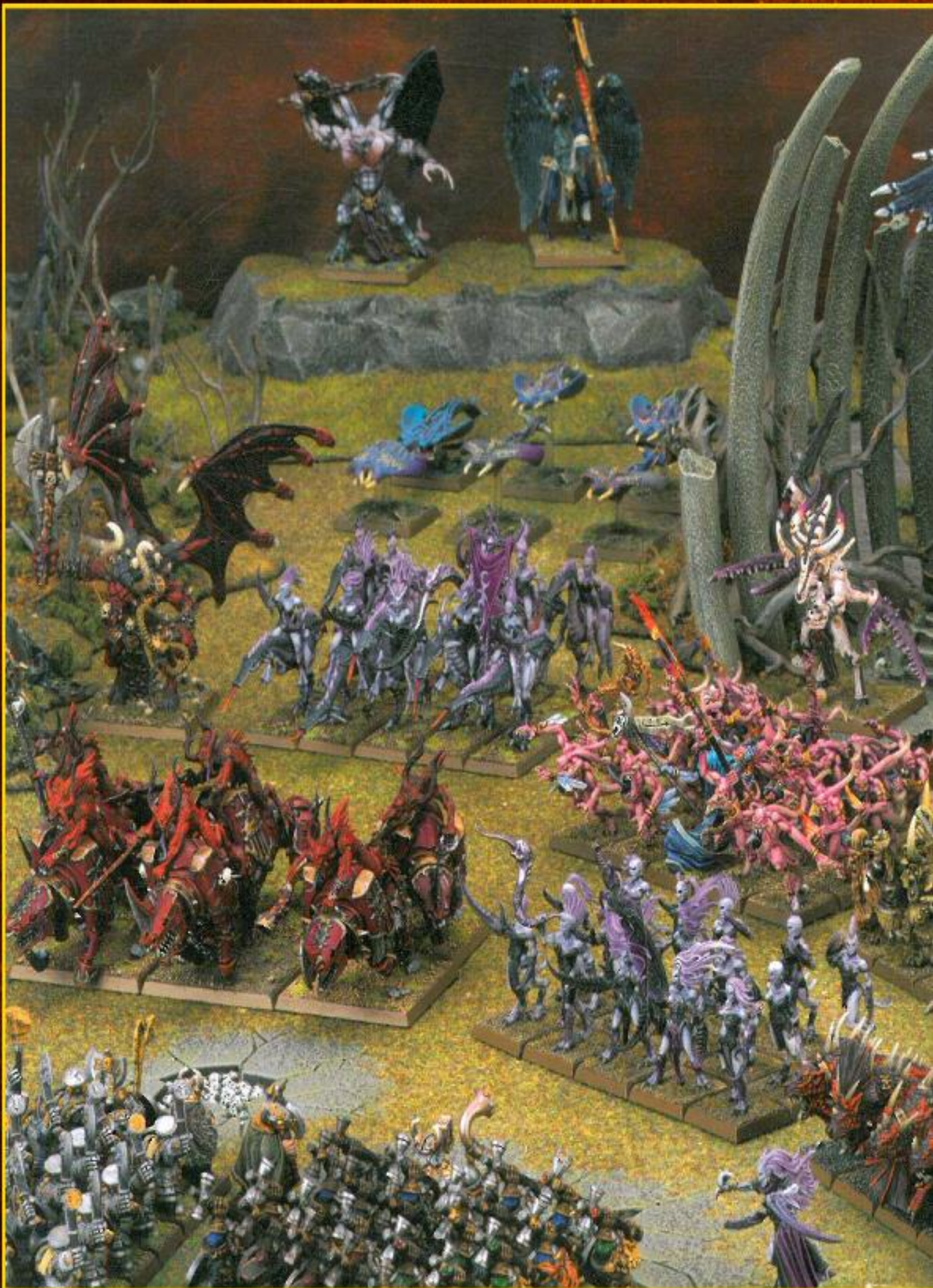
BANNER OF ECSTASY

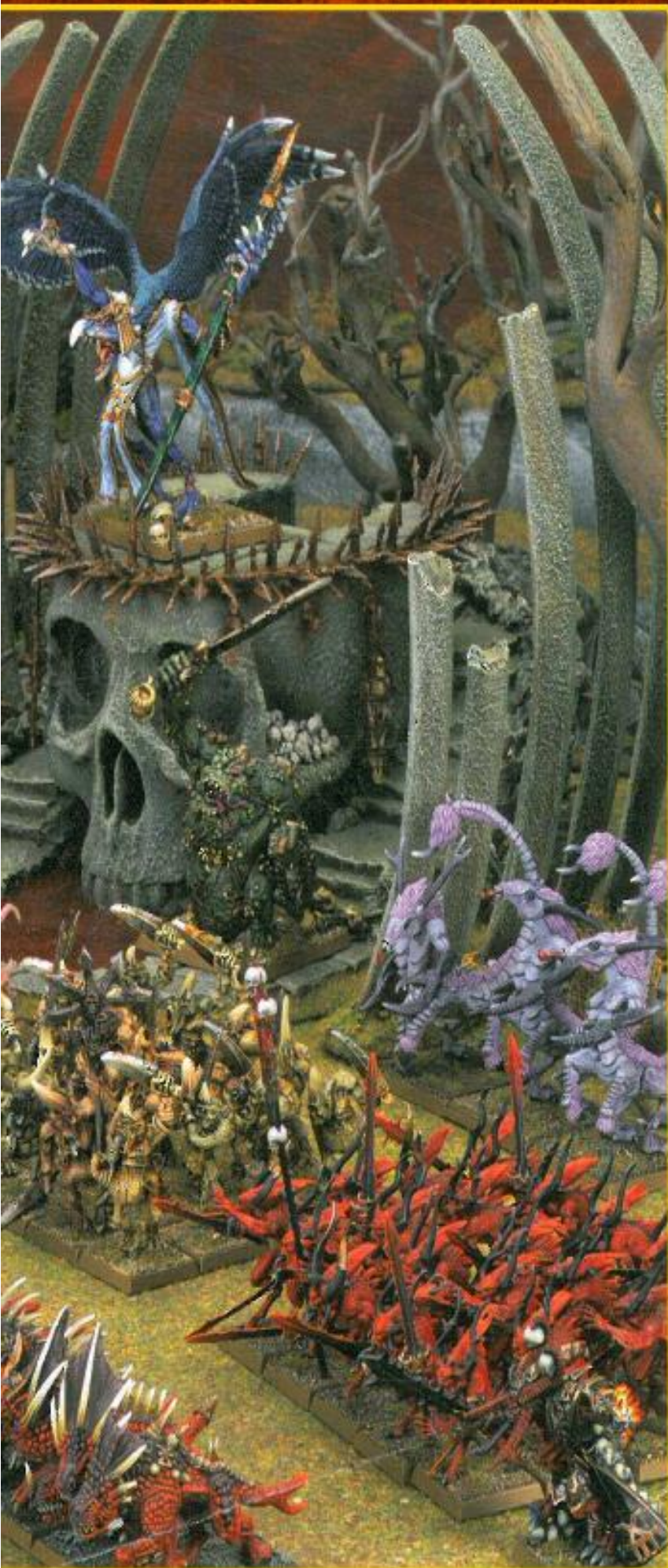
25 points

Magic Standard

This standard fills daemons of Slaanesh with such euphoria that they care not whether the battle is won or lost, provided there are still bodies to caress.

Daemon of Slaanesh only. The unit is Stubborn.





DAEMONS OF CHAOS ARMY LIST

A Daemons of Chaos army is truly glorious, full of vibrant colour and dark splendour. As a Daemons of Chaos general, you can crush your foe with regiments of Lesser Daemons, packs of howling daemonic beasts or slaughter them with the unbridled might of Greater Daemons and Soul Grinders. The mortal world lies ripe for conquest! Muster your daemonic minions, gather your hosts, and prepare to lay waste to all that is!

This section of the book helps you to turn your collection of Daemons of Chaos miniatures into a daemonic host 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:

BLOODLETTERS OF KHORNE											13 points per model
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	
Bloodletter	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	1	7	Infantry	
Bloodreaper	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	2	7	Infantry	

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Daemonic Gift:

- Hellblade

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Khorne
- Natural Armour (6+)

- One Bloodletter may be upgraded to a Bloodreaper.....10 points
- One Bloodletter may be upgraded to a musician.....5 points
- One Bloodletter may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May have a magic standard worth up to.....25 points

- Name.** The name by which the unit or character is identified.
- 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).
- Troop Type.** Each entry specifies the troop type of its models (e.g. 'infantry, monstrous cavalry' and so on).
- Points value.** Every miniature in the Warhammer range costs an amount of points that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield.
- 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.
- 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.
- 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.
- 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

BE'LAKOR

520 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Be'lakor	8	9	5	6	5	5	8	5	10	Monster (Special Character)

Daemonic Gifts:

- The Blade of Shadows

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- The Dark Master
- Fly (8)
- Lord of Torment
- Shadow Form
- Terror

Magic:

Be'Lakor is a Level 4 Wizard who knows the spells Bolt of Dark Light, Nightmare, Curse of the Dark Master, Fog of Death, and Coils of the Serpent.



SKARBRAND

510 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skarbrand	8	10	5	6	6	6	9	6	9	Monster (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Medium armour

Daemonic Gifts:

- Slaughter and Carnage

Special Rules:

- Aura of Fury
- Bellow of Endless Fury
- Daemon of Khorne
- Daemonic
- Frenzy
- Hatred
- Killing Blow
- Magic Resistance (1)
- Rage Embodied



KAIROS FATEWEAVER

445 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Kairos Fateweaver	8	1	0	5	5	6	1	1	9	Monster (Special Character)

Daemonic Gifts:

- Staff of Tomorrow
- Twin Heads

Special Rules:

- Barrage of Knowledge
- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Daemonic
- Fly (8)
- Ward save (6+)

Magic:

Kairos Fateweaver is a Level 4 Wizard who generates spells in the following unique way. When Kairos chooses spells, his left head may choose a total of four spells from the Lore of Life, Metal, Light and Heavens. His right head may then choose a total of four spells from the Lore of Death, Beasts, Shadow and Fire. Both heads always know all spells from the Lore of Tzeentch. At the start of each Magic phase, decide which head Kairos is using this turn. He may only cast spells known to that head during this turn.

KU'GATH PLAGUEFATHER

510 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Ku'gath Plaguefather	4	6	3	6	7	7	4	6	9	Monster (Special Character)
Palanquin of Nurgle	4	2	2	2	-	-	3	8	7	-

Daemonic Gifts:

- Necrotic Missiles
- Nurgling Infestation
- Slime Trail

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Nurgle
- Hatred (Dwarfs)
- Extreme Contagion
- Poisoned Attacks

Magic:

Ku'gath is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Nurgle.

Mount:

Palanquin of Nurgle

LORDS

SHALAXI HELBANE

555 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Shalaxi Helbane	10	9	5	6	6	6	10	6	9	Monster (Special Character)

Daemonic Gifts:

- Soulpiercer
- Shining Aegis
- Cloak of Constriction

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Irresistible Challenge
- Sensual Barrage

Magic:

Shalaxi Helbane is a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Slaanesh.



SYLL'ESSKE

350 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Syll	-	7	6	4	-	-	8	4	8	-
Esske	8	8	5	6	5	5	8	5	9	Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Light armour

Daemonic Gifts:

- Axe of Dominion
- Scouring Whip

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Deadly Symbiosis
- Lithe and Swift
- Regal Authority
- Subvert
- Terror



LORDS

BLOODTHIRSTER

430 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bloodthirster	8	9	5	6	6	6	8	6	9	Monster (Character)

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Medium armour

Special Rules:

- Aura of Fury
- Daemonic
- Daemon of Khorne
- Fly (8)
- Killing Blow
- Magic Resistance (1)

Options:

- May replace hand weapons with great weapon.....7 points
- May take any of the following:
 - Hellfire.....35 points
 - Relentless Hunter.....15 points
- May take Magic Weapons, Daemonic Gifts and Hellforged Artefacts up to a total of.....100 points

LORD OF CHANGE

430 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Lord of Change	8	6	5	6	6	6	6	5	9	Monster (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Lord of Change is a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Tzeentch.

Special Rules:

- Barrage of Knowledge
- Daemonic
- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Fly (8)

Options:

- May take up to two Wizard Levels.....35 points/level
- May take Magic Weapons, Daemonic Gifts and Hellforged Artefacts up to a total of.....100 points



GREAT UNCLEAN ONE

430 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Great Unclean One	6	6	3	6	7	7	4	5	9	Monster (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Great Unclean One is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Nurgle.

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Nurgle
- Extreme Contagion
- Poisoned Attacks

Options:

- May take additional hand weapon.....6 points
- May take up to three Wizard Levels.....35 points/level
- May take Magic Weapons, Daemonic Gifts and Hellforged Artefacts up to a total of.....100 points



KEEPER OF SECRETS

430 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Keeper of Secrets	10	8	5	6	6	6	9	6	9	Monster (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Keeper of Secrets is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Slaanesh.

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Sensual Barrage

Options:

- May take a shield.....6 points
- May take up to three Wizard Levels.....35 points/level
- May take Magic Weapons, Daemonic Gifts and Hellforged Artefacts up to a total of.....100 points



LORDS

GAUNT SUMMONER OF TZEENTCH

245 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Gaunt Summoner	4	3	3	4	4	3	3	2	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Tzeentch

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 4 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted on a Disc of Tzeentch.....25 points
- May take Magic Weapons, Daemonic Gifts and Hellforged Artefacts up to a total of.....100 points

Daemonic Gifts:

- Warptongue Blade

Magic:

Gaunt Summoners are Level 3 Wizards who use spells from the Lore of Tzeentch. In addition to their other spell, they know the *Summon Daemons* spell.



INFERNAL ENRAPTURESS

195 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Infernal Enrapturess	6	7	6	4	3	3	8	5	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Discordant Disruption
- Harmonic Alignment
- Versatile Instrument

Options:

- May take Magic Weapons, Daemonic Gifts and Hellforged Artefacts up to a total of.....100 points



DAEMON PRINCE

240 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Daemon Prince	8	8	5	6	5	5	8	5	9	Monstrous Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Terror

Options:

- May take up to four Wizard Levels (except Daemon Princes of Khorne).....35 points/level
- May wear one of the following:
 - Light armour.....5 points
 - Medium armour.....10 points
- May be upgraded with the Fly (8) special rule.....25 points
- May take one of the following:
 - Daemon of Khorne.....15 points
 - Daemon of Tzeentch.....15 points
 - Daemon of Nurgle.....15 points
 - Daemon of Slaanesh.....5 points
- May take Magic Weapons, Daemonic Gifts and Hellforged Artefacts up to a total of.....100 points*

*A *Daemon Prince of Khorne* may take up to 150 points.

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.

HEROES

SKULLTAKER

215 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skulltaker	5	8	5	5	4	2	7	4	8	Infantry (Special Character)

Daemonic Gifts:

- The Slayer Sword
- Cloak of Skulls

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Khorne
- Daemonic
- Locus of Wrath
- Natural Armour (6+)
- Skulls for the Skull Throne

Options:

- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Juggernaut of Khorne.....50 points
 - Blood Throne of Khorne.....160 points

KARANAK

230 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Karanak	8	7	0	5	5	2	6	4	8	War Beast (Special Character)

Daemonic Gifts:

- Brass Collar of Bloody Vengeance

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Khorne
- Daemonic
- Hatred
- Locus of Fury
- Natural Armour (6+)
- Prey of the Blood God
- Vanguard

THE BLUE SCRIBES

80 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
The Blue Scribes	-	3	3	3	3	2	3	2	7	Cavalry (Special Character)
Disc of Tzeentch	1	3	0	4	4	1	4	2	7	-

Daemonic Gifts:

- Scrolls of Sorcery

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Daemonic
- Fly (9)
- Spell Syphon

Mount:

- Disc of Tzeentch



THE CHANGELING

155 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
The Changeling	4	3	4	3	3	2	3	1	8	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Daemonic
- Formless Horror
- Locus of Transmogrification

Magic:

The Changeling is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Tzeentch.



HEROES

EPIDEMIUS

205 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Epidemius	4	5	5	5	5	2	4	3	8	Infantry (Special Character)
Palanquin of Nurgle	4	2	2	2	-	-	3	8	7	-

Daemonic Gifts:

- Plaguesword

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Nurgle
- Daemonic
- Locus of Virulence
- The Tally of Pestilence



Mount:

Palanquin of Nurgle

HORTICULOUS SLIMUX

300 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Horticultural Slimux	4	5	5	5	5	2	4	3	8	Monstrous Cavalry (Special Character)
Mulch	4	3	0	5	5	4	1	4	7	-

Equipment:

- Great weapon

Daemonic Gifts:

- Slime Trail

Special Rules:

- Beast Handler
- Cultivating the Garden of Nurgle
- Daemon of Nurgle
- Daemonic
- In Death There is Life
- Locus of Fecundity

THE MASQUE OF SLAANESH

160 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
The Masque of Slaanesh	10	7	6	4	3	2	7	5	8	Infantry (Special Character)

Daemonic Gifts:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Daemonic
- The Eternal Dance
- Ward save (3+)



HEROES

HERALD OF KHORNE

110 points

Profile

Herald of Khorne

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
5 7 5 5 4 2 6 3 8

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Daemonic Gifts:

- Hellblade

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Khorne
- Natural Armour (6+)

Options:

- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Juggernaut of Khorne.....50 points
 - Blood Throne of Khorne.....160 points
- May be upgraded with one of the following:
 - Locus of Abjuration.....20 points
 - Locus of Fury.....40 points
 - Locus of Wrath.....40 points
- May take Magic Weapons, Daemonic Gifts and Hellforged Artefacts up to a total of.....50 points

ARMY BATTLE STANDARD

One Herald in the army may carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. The Battle Standard Bearer can have a magic banner with no points limit. However, a model carrying a magic standard can only carry other magic items, Gifts and Artefacts up to a total of 25 points.

HERALD OF TZEENTCH

110 points

Profile

Herald of Tzeentch

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

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Tzeentch

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Disc of Tzeentch.....25 points
 - Burning Chariot of Tzeentch (replacing the crew).....70 points
- May be upgraded with one of the following:
 - Locus of Transmogrification.....25 points
 - Locus of Change.....25 points
 - Locus of Conjuraton.....40 points
- May take Magic Weapons, Daemonic Gifts and Hellforged Artefacts up to a total of.....50 points

Magic:

A Herald of Tzeentch is a Level 1 Wizard uses spells from the Lore of Tzeentch.



HEROES

HERALD OF NURGLE

110 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Herald of Nurgle	4	5	5	5	5	2	4	3	8	Infantry (Character)

Daemonic Gifts:

- Plaguesword

Magic:

A Herald of Nurgle that is a Wizard uses spells from the Lore of Nurgle.

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Nurgle

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 1 Wizard.....50 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Palanquin of Nurgle25 points
 - Plague Toad of Nurgle.....35 points
 - Rot Fly of Nurgle.....45 points
- May be upgraded with one of the following:
 - Locus of Virulence.....25 points
 - Locus of Fecundity.....25 points
 - Locus of Contagion.....50 points
- May take Magic Weapons, Daemonic Gifts and Hellforged Artefacts up to a total of.....50 points

HERALD OF SLAANESH

100 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Herald of Slaanesh	6	7	6	4	3	2	7	4	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Herald of Slaanesh that is a Wizard uses spells from the Lore of Slaanesh.

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Slaanesh

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 1 Wizard.....50 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Steed of Slaanesh.....25 points
 - Exalted Seeker Chariot of Slaanesh.....190 points
- May be upgraded with one of the following:
 - Locus of Grace.....20 points
 - Locus of Swiftmess.....50 points
 - Locus of Beguilement.....50 points
- May take Magic Weapons, Daemonic Gifts and Hellforged Artefacts up to a total of.....50 points



HEROES

EXALTED FLAMER OF TZEENTCH

70 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Exalted Flamer	6	4	4	4	4	3	4	3	7	Monstrous Infantry (Character)

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Flaming Attacks
- Exalted Fire of Tzeentch

Options:

- May be Mounted on a Burning Chariot of Tzeentch (replacing the crew).....70 points



CHARACTER MOUNTS

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Juggernaut of Khorne	7	4	0	5	4	3	2	3	7	Monstrous Beast
Rot Fly of Nurgle	1	3	3	4	5	3	2	3	7	Monstrous Beast
Plague Toad of Nurgle	6	3	0	4	4	3	1	3	7	Monstrous Beast
Palanquin of Nurgle	4	2	2	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

Special Rules:

- *Juggernaut of Khorne*: Daemonic, Daemon of Khorne, Natural Armour (6+).
- *Rot Fly of Nurgle*: Daemonic, Daemon of Nurgle, Fly (6), Poisoned Attacks.
- *Plague Toad of Nurgle*: Daemonic, Daemon of Nurgle, Poisoned Attacks.
- *Palanquin of Nurgle*: Daemonic, Daemon of Nurgle, Poisoned Attacks.
- *Steed of Slaanesh*: Daemonic, Daemon of Slaanesh, Poisoned Attacks.
- *Disc of Tzeentch*: Daemonic, Daemon of Tzeentch, Fly (9).

BLOOD THRONE OF KHORNE

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Blood Throne	6	5	-	5	5	4	2	3	-	Chariot (Armour save 3+)
Bloodletter	-	5	5	4	-	-	4	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment (Crew):

- Hellblade

Equipment (Blood Throne):

- Scythes

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Khorne
- Gorefeast
- Totem of Endless Bloodletting

Crew: 2 Bloodletters

EXALTED SEEKER CHARIOT OF SLAANESH

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Exalted Seeker Chariot	9	-	-	4	4	8	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour save 6+)
Daemonette	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	2	7	-
Steed of Slaanesh	-	3	0	3	-	-	5	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Scythes

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Impact Hits (2D6)
- Poisoned Attacks
- (Steed of Slaanesh only)

Crew: 3 Daemonettes

Drawn by:

4 Steeds of Slaanesh

CORE UNITS

BLOODLETTERS OF KHORNE

12 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bloodletter	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	1	7	Infantry
Bloodreaper	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Khorne
- Natural Armour (6+)

Daemonic Gift:

- Hellblade

Options:

- One Bloodletter may be upgraded to a Bloodreaper.....10 points
- One Bloodletter may be upgraded to a musician.....5 points
- One Bloodletter may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May have a magic standard worth up to.....25 points

PLAGUEBEARERS OF NURGLE

12 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Plaguebearer	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	Infantry
Plagueridden	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Nurgle

Daemonic Gift:

- Plaguesword

Options:

- One Plaguebearer may be upgraded to a Plagueridden.....10 points
- One Plaguebearer may be upgraded to a musician.....5 points
- One Plaguebearer may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May have a magic standard worth up to.....25 points

DAEMONETTES OF SLAANESH

12 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Daemonette	6	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	7	Infantry
Alluress	6	5	4	3	3	1	5	3	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Slaanesh

Options:

- One Daemonette may be upgraded to an Alluress.....10 points
- One Daemonette may be upgraded to a musician.....5 points
- One Daemonette may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May have a magic standard worth up to.....25 points

PINK HORRORS OF TZEENTCH

12 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Pink Horror	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry
Blue Horror	4	3	3	2	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry
Iridescent Horror	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Split

Options:

- One Pink Horror may be upgraded to an Iridescent Horror.....10 points
- One Pink Horror may be upgraded to a musician.....5 points
- One Pink Horror may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May have a magic standard worth up to.....25 points

CHAOS FURIES

14 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Chaos Fury	4	3	0	3	3	1	4	2	2	Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Expendable
- Fly (10)



CORE UNITS

FLESH HOUNDS OF KHORNE

21 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Flesh Hound	8	4	0	4	4	1	4	2	7	War Beast
Gore Hound	8	4	0	4	4	1	4	3	7	War Beast

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

Options:

Daemonic Gift:

- Collar of Khorne

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Khorne
- Natural Armour (6+)
- Vanguard

- One Flesh Hound may be upgraded to a Gore Hound.....10 points

NURGLINGS

40 points per base

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Nurplings	4	2	2	2	2	6	3	6	7	Swarm

Unit Size: 2-12 bases

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Nurgle

PLAGUE TOADS OF NURGLE

31 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Plague Toad	6	3	0	4	4	3	1	3	7	Monstrous Beast

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Nurgle
- Marsh Strider
- Expendable
- Poisoned Attacks



SEEKERS OF SLAANESH

22 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Seeker	6	5	3	3	3	1	5	2	7	Cavalry
Heartseeker	6	5	3	3	3	1	5	3	7	Cavalry
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

Options:

Mount:

- Steed of Slaanesh

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Fast Cavalry
- Poisoned Attacks (Steed of Slaanesh only)

- One Seeker may be upgraded to a Heartseeker.....10 points
- One Seeker may be upgraded to a musician.....5 points
- One Seeker may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May have a magic standard worth up to.....25 points

SCREAMERS OF TZEENTCH

32 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Screamer	1	3	0	4	4	2	4	2	7	War Beast

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Fly (9)
- Lamprey's Bite
- Slashing Attacks



SPECIAL UNITS

BLOODCRUSHERS OF KHORNE

60 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bloodletter	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	1	7	Monstrous Cavalry
Bloodhunter	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	2	7	Monstrous Cavalry
Juggernaut of Khorne	7	4	0	5	4	3	2	3	7	-

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Khorne
- Natural Armour (5+)

Options:

- One Bloodletter may be upgraded to a Bloodhunter.....10 points
- One Bloodletter may be upgraded to a musician.....5 points
- One Bloodletter may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May have a magic standard worth up to.....50 points

Equipment:

- Hellblade

Mount:

Juggernaut

POX RIDERS OF NURGLE

35 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Plaguebearer	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	Monstrous Cavalry
Plagueleaper	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	Monstrous Cavalry
Plague Toad	6	3	0	4	4	3	1	3	7	-

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Nurgle
- Marsh Strider
- Poisoned Attacks (Plague Toad only)

Options:

- One Plaguebearer may be upgraded to a Plagueleaper.....10 points
- One Plaguebearer may be upgraded to a musician.....5 points
- One Plaguebearer may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May have a magic standard worth up to.....50 points

Equipment:

- Plaguesword

Mount:

Plague Toad

SEEKER CHARIOT OF SLAANESH

80 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Seeker Chariot	9	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour save 6+)
Daemonette	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	2	7	-
Alluress	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	3	7	-
Steed of Slaanesh	-	3	0	3	-	-	5	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Scythes

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Poisoned Attacks (Steed of Slaanesh only)

Crew: 1 Daemonette and 1 Alluress

Drawn by:

2 Steeds of Slaanesh

FLAMERS OF TZEENTCH

32 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Flamer	6	2	4	4	4	2	4	2	7	Infantry
Pyrocaster	6	2	5	4	4	2	4	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 3-6

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Flaming Attacks
- Skirmishers
- Flames of Tzeentch

Options:

- One Flamer may be upgraded to a Pyrocaster.....10 points

SPECIAL UNITS

BLOODBESTS OF KHORNE

60 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bloodbeast	7	4	0	5	5	3	4	4	7	Monstrous Beast

Unit Size: 1+

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Khorne
- Natural Armour (6+)



BEASTS OF NURGLE

55 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Beast of Nurgle	6	3	0	4	5	4	2	*	7	Monstrous Beast

Unit Size: 1+

Special Rules:

- Attention Seeker
- Daemonic
- Daemon of Nurgle
- Poisoned Attacks
- *Random Attacks (D3+1)
- Regeneration (6+)
- Slime Trail



FIENDS OF SLAANESH

55 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Fiend of Slaanesh	10	4	0	4	4	3	6	3	7	Monstrous Beast

Unit Size: 1+

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Soporific Musk

FIREWYRMS OF TZEENTCH

55 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Firewurm of Tzeentch	*	3	4	4	4	3	3	*	7	Monstrous Beast

Unit Size: 1+

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Tzeentch
- *Random Attacks (D6)
- *Random Movement (3D6)
- Exalted Flames of Tzeentch



RARE UNITS

SKULL CANNON OF KHORNE

240 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skull Cannon	6	5	-	5	5	4	2	3	-	Chariot (Armour save 3+)
Bloodletter	-	5	5	4	-	-	4	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment (Crew):

- Hellblade

Equipment (Skull Cannon):

- Scythes
- Skull Cannon

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Khorne
- Gorefeast

Crew: 2 Bloodletters

PLAGUE DRONES OF NURGLE

50 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Plaguebearer	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	Monstrous Cavalry
Plaguebringer	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	Monstrous Cavalry
Rot Fly of Nurgle	1	3	0	4	5	3	2	3	7	-

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Nurgle
- Fly (6)
- Poisoned Attacks (Rot Fly only)

Options:

- One Plaguebearer may be upgraded to a Plaguebringer.....10 points
- One Plaguebearer may be upgraded to a musician.....5 points
- One Plaguebearer may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May have a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may take Death's Heads.....7 points per model

Equipment:

- Plaguesword

Mount:

Rot Fly of Nurgle

HELLFLAYER OF SLAANESH

100 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Hellflayer	9	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour save 6+)
Daemonette	-	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	7	-
Alluress	-	5	4	3	3	1	5	3	7	-
Steed of Slaanesh	-	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Scythes

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Poisoned Attacks (Steed of Slaanesh only)
- Soulscent

Crew: 2 Daemonettes and 1 Alluress

Drawn by:

2 Steeds of Slaanesh

BURNING CHARIOT OF TZEENTCH

140 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Burning Chariot	-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-	Chariot
Exalted Flamer	-	4	4	4	-	-	4	3	7	-
Blue Horror	-	3	3	2	-	-	3	1	7	-
Screamer	1	3	0	4	-	-	4	2	-	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Scythes

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Exalted Fire of Tzeentch
- Flaming Attacks (Exalted Flamer only)
- Fly (8)
- Slashing Attack

Options:

- May take 3 Blue Horror Crew.....6 points

Crew: 1 Exalted Flamer

Drawn by: 2 Screamers of Tzeentch

RARE UNITS

CONTORTED EPITOME

175 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Contorted Epitome	6	5	-	4	5	4	5	4	-	Shrine
Alluress	6	5	4	3	-	-	5	3	7	-

Unit Size: 1

Crew: 2 Alluresses

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Gift of Power
- Horrible Fascination
- Acquiescence
- Swallow Energy



SOUL GRINDER

250 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Soul Grinder	8	3	3	6	7	6	3	4	7	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Harvester Cannon

Special Rules:

- Caught by the Iron Claw
- Daemonic
- Implacable Advance
- Natural Armour (4+)

Options:

- May be upgraded to one of the following:
 - Daemon of Khorne.....15 points
 - Daemon of Tzeentch.....10 points
 - Daemon of Nurgle.....10 points
 - Daemon of Slaanesh.....5 points
- May take Daemonbone Claw.....10 points
- May replace the Harvester Cannon with one of the following:
 - Baleful Torrent.....25 points
 - Phlegm Bombardment.....25 points
 - Warp Gaze.....15 points



SUMMARY

LORDS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Be'lakor	8	9	5	6	5	5	8	5	10	Mo
Bloodthirster	8	9	5	6	6	6	8	6	9	Mo
Daemon Prince	8	8	5	6	5	5	8	5	9	MI
Gaunt Summoners	4	3	3	4	4	3	3	2	8	Ca
Great Unclean One	6	6	3	6	7	7	4	5	9	Mo
Infernal Enrapturees	6	7	6	4	3	3	8	5	8	In
Kairos Fateweaver	8	1	0	5	5	6	1	1	9	Mo
Keeper of Secrets	10	8	5	6	6	6	9	6	9	Mo
Ku'gath Plaguefather	4	6	3	6	7	7	4	6	9	Mo
- Palanquin of Nurgle	4	2	2	2	-	-	3	8	7	Mo
Lord of Change	8	6	5	6	6	6	6	5	9	Mo
Shalaxi Helbane	10	9	5	6	6	6	10	6	9	Mo
Skarbrand	8	10	5	6	6	6	9	6	9	Mo
Syll	-	7	6	4	-	-	8	4	8	-
Esske	8	8	5	6	5	5	8	5	9	MI

HEROES	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Epidemius	4	5	5	5	5	2	4	3	8	In
- Palanquin of Nurgle	4	2	2	2	-	-	3	8	7	-
Exalted Flamer	6	4	4	4	4	3	4	3	7	MI
Herald of Khorne	5	7	5	5	4	2	6	3	8	In
Herald of Nurgle	4	5	5	5	5	2	4	3	8	In
Herald of Slaanesh	6	7	6	4	3	2	7	4	8	In
Herald of Tzeentch	4	3	4	3	3	2	3	2	8	In
Horticultural Slimux	4	5	5	5	5	2	4	3	8	MC
- Mulch	4	3	0	5	5	4	1	4	7	-
Karanak	8	7	0	5	5	2	6	4	8	WB
Skulltaker	5	8	5	5	4	2	7	4	8	In
The Blue Scribes	-	3	3	3	3	2	3	2	8	Ca
- Disc of Tzeentch	1	3	0	4	4	1	4	2	7	-
The Changeling	4	3	4	3	3	2	3	1	8	In
The Masque of Slaanesh	10	7	6	4	3	2	7	5	8	In

CORE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Bloodletter	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	1	7	In
- Bloodreaper	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	2	7	In
Chaos Fury	4	3	0	3	3	1	4	2	2	In
Daemonette	6	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	7	In
- Alluress	6	5	4	3	3	1	5	3	7	In
Flesh Hound	8	4	0	4	4	1	4	2	7	WB
- Gore Hound	8	4	0	4	4	1	4	3	7	WB
Nurplings	4	2	2	2	2	6	3	6	7	Sw
Pink Horror	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	In
Blue Horror	4	3	3	2	3	1	3	1	7	In
- Iridescent Horror	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	In
Plaguebearer	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	In
- Plagueridden	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	In
Plague Toad	6	3	0	4	4	3	1	3	7	MB
Seeker	6	5	3	3	3	1	5	2	7	Ca
- Heartseeker	6	5	3	3	3	1	5	3	7	Ca
- Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7	-
Screamer	1	3	0	4	4	2	4	2	7	WB

SPECIAL UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Beast of Nurgle	6	3	0	4	5	4	2	*	7	MB
Bloodbeast	7	4	0	5	5	3	4	4	7	MB
Bloodcrusher	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	1	7	MC
- Bloodhunter	5	4	5	4	3	1	4	1	7	MC
- Juggernaut of Khorne	7	4	0	5	4	3	2	3	7	-
Fiend of Slaanesh	10	4	0	4	4	3	6	3	7	MB
Firewurm of Tzeentch	*	3	4	4	4	3	3	*	7	MB
Flamer	6	2	4	4	4	2	4	2	7	In
- Pyrocaster	6	2	4	4	4	2	4	2	7	In

SPECIAL UNITS (cont)	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Pox Rider	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	MC
- Plagueleaper	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	MC
- Plague Toad	6	3	0	4	4	3	1	3	7	-
Seeker Chariot	9	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-	Ch
- Daemonette	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	2	7	-
- Alluress	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	3	7	-
- Steed of Slaanesh	-	3	0	3	-	-	5	1	7	-

RARE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Burning Chariot	-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-	Ch
- Exalted Flamer	-	4	4	4	-	-	4	3	7	-
- Screamer	1	3	0	4	-	-	4	2	-	-
Contorted Epitome	6	5	-	4	5	4	5	4	-	Sh
Alluress	6	5	4	3	-	-	5	3	7	-
Hellflayer	9	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-	Ch
- Daemonette	-	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	7	-
- Alluress	-	5	4	3	3	1	5	3	7	-
- Steed of Slaanesh	-	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7	-
Plague Drone	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	MC
- Plaguebringer	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	MC
- Rot Fly	1	3	0	4	5	3	2	3	7	-
Skull Cannon	6	5	-	5	5	4	2	3	-	Ch
- Bloodletter	-	5	5	4	-	-	4	1	7	-
Soul Grinder	8	3	3	6	7	6	3	4	7	Mo

MOUNTS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Blood Throne	6	5	-	5	5	4	2	3	-	Ch
- Bloodletter	-	5	5	4	-	-	4	1	7	-
Disc of Tzeentch	1	3	0	4	4	1	4	2	7	WB
Exalted Seeker Chariot	9	-	-	4	4	8	-	-	-	Ch
- Daemonette	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	2	7	-
- Steed of Slaanesh	-	3	0	3	-	-	5	1	7	-
Juggernaut of Khorne	7	4	0	5	4	3	2	3	7	MB
Palanquin of Nurgle	4	2	2	2	-	-	3	8	7	In
Plague Toad of Nurgle	6	3	0	4	4	3	1	3	7	MB
Rot Fly of Nurgle	1	3	0	4	5	3	2	3	7	MB
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7	WB

Troop Type Key: In = Infantry, WB = War Beast, Ca = Cavalry, MI = Monstrous Infantry, MB = Monstrous Beast, MC = Monstrous Cavalry, Mo = Monster, Ch = Chariot, Sw = Swarms, Un = Unique, WM = War Machine.







