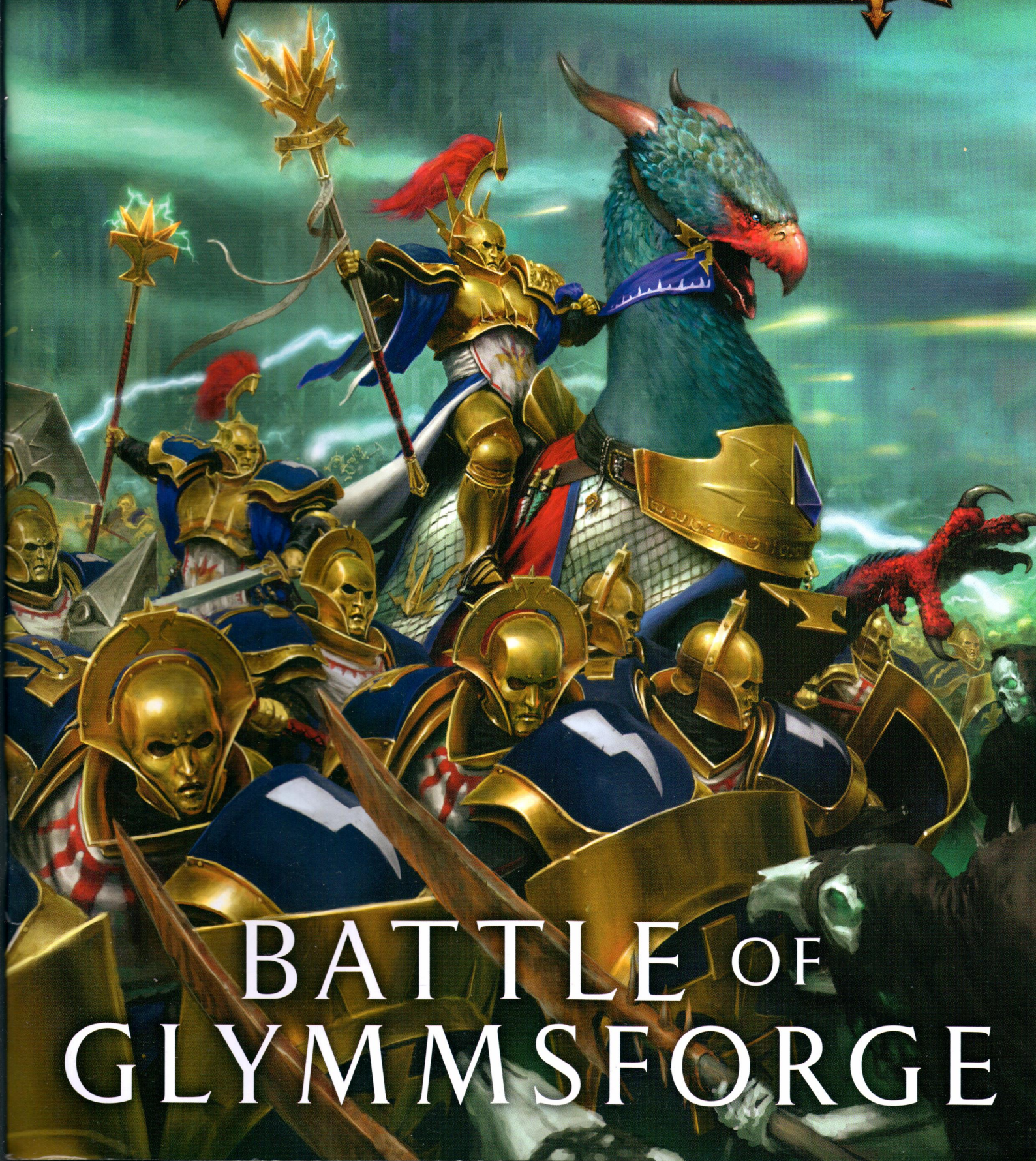


WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR



BATTLE OF GLYMMSFORGE

From the maelstrom of a sundered world, the Eight Realms were born. The formless and the divine exploded into life. Strange, new worlds appeared in the firmament, each one gilded with spirits, gods and men. Noblest of the gods was Sigmar. For years beyond reckoning he illuminated the realms, wreathed in light and majesty as he carved out his reign. His strength was the power of thunder. His wisdom was infinite. Mortal and immortal alike kneeled before his lofty throne. Great empires rose and, for a while, treachery was banished. Sigmar claimed the land and sky as his own and ruled over a glorious age of myth.

But cruelty is tenacious. As had been foreseen, the great alliance of gods and men tore itself apart. Myth and legend crumbled into Chaos. Darkness flooded the realms. Torture, slavery and fear replaced the glory that came before. Sigmar turned his back on the mortal kingdoms, disgusted by their fate. He fixed his gaze instead on the remains of the world he had lost long ago, brooding over its charred core, searching endlessly for a sign of hope. And then, in the dark heat of his rage, he caught a glimpse of something magnificent. He pictured a weapon born of the heavens. A beacon powerful enough to pierce the endless night. An army hewn from everything he had lost. Sigmar set his artisans to work and for long ages they toiled, striving to harness the power of the stars. As Sigmar's great work neared completion, he turned back to the realms and saw that the dominion of Chaos was almost complete. The hour for vengeance had come. Finally, with lightning blazing across his brow, he stepped forth to unleash his creation.

The Age of Sigmar had begun.

Welcome to *Warhammer Age of Sigmar: Battle of Glymmsforge*. This sumptuous box of Citadel Miniatures contains two armies ready to build, paint and play with, whilst this booklet sets the stage for an epic clash set in the fantastical realm of Shyish.

Warhammer Age of Sigmar is a tabletop game for two or more players, where you can command an army of Citadel Miniatures representing one of the many forces vying for supremacy over the Mortal Realms. Using Citadel paints you can personalise each and every detail of your army, and with the warscrolls provided you can tell new stories with each game.

WHAT'S IN THIS BOX?

On the following pages you will learn of one of the fantastical worlds of the Age of Sigmar – Shyish, the Realm of Death. Against this backdrop unfolds a cosmic rivalry between two ancient gods that have carried their hatred across the ages.

The God-King Sigmar has long fought to spread the light of civilisation to the Mortal Realms, and has battled for aeons against the terrible forces of Chaos to

take back what little territory he can from the clutches of the Dark Gods. Now, however, he faces another dire threat – that posed by the Lord of Undeath, Nagash.

In his fight for Order, Sigmar has recruited and reforged the finest warrior spirits of every land, transforming them into Stormcast Eternals, immortal champions imbued with the might of the storm. When he stole coveted souls from Shyish, Nagash vowed his revenge, unleashing an apocalyptic curse across the entire cosmos. Howling hosts of Nighthaunts race across the lands, falling upon any who stand against them. One of the first to feel their wrath is the free city of Glymmsforge.

Read of the mighty Sacrosanct Chambers, created by Sigmar to fight eldritch foes such as daemons and wraiths. Against these heroes are ranged the malevolent spirits known as Nighthaunts, unholy gheists desperate to claw the living into an early grave.

Warscroll cards are included for every model in this box, allowing you to use these two rival forces on the field of battle from the moment they are assembled. The stage has been set – so let battle commence!

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THE SOUL WARS

The Realmgate Wars were fought for the magical portals that bound the Mortal Realms together, but another conflict has been brewing in the shadows for thousands of years. This is a battle not for resources, nor for pure conquest, but for the immortal souls of the living and dead.

THE LORD OF UNDEATH

Nagash, the Great Necromancer, has long harboured a grave-cold hatred for the living. His origins can be traced back through the timeless void to the world-that-was, where his desire for control over his arid homelands led him into a spiral of dark magic and corruption. Over the long millennia of his transformation into an unliving god, he has been thwarted and even slain by mortal agents – Sigmar Heldenhammer amongst them.

But Nagash is truly immortal. He reforms in his foremost stronghold after each death, though it may take him centuries to do so. With each defeat, his loathing for the disorder and anarchy of living things becomes more pronounced, and now he seeks nothing less than to rule a macabre necroscape where all are in thrall to him and him alone.

In Nagash's vision, not a single muscle would move, not a single eyelid flicker without his will. This has been his secret goal for time immemorial, though as a being of cunning and immense intelligence, he has never revealed the true extent of his plan. From the beginnings of the Age of Myth to the most recent days of the Age of Sigmar he has openly coveted the Realm of Death, but in truth he wishes to rule over the entirety of existence, for his megalomania long ago exceeded the bounds of sanity.

Many deities, demigods and brave men have denied Nagash's claim, and many have perished for it in the most hideous of ways. For the Great Necromancer is not a part of the natural cycle of life, death and afterlife, but is an unliving subversion of it, and he has grown powerful indeed over the aeons. He is a god of undeath, a figure of pure dread, and to the mortals of Shyish he is as horrific a creature as the Chaos Gods themselves.

THE THEFT OF SOULS

Nagash is a being full of loathing for all living things, but the ones he despises most of all are those who steal from him. Petty concerns such as grave robbery or the looting of priceless relics he considers beneath him – though he sometimes takes sport in sending the ghosts of the original owners after such plunderers. Rather, the Great Necromancer focuses his bitterness on those who take for their own ends the souls that he sees as his rightful tithe. Elves, duardin, humans, demigods and monsters have all drawn his ire in this manner over the millennia of his long existence. Not a single transgression has gone unmarked. But it is the actions of Sigmar Heldenhammer over any others that have caused Nagash to tighten his grip to a stranglehold on the Realm of Death, remoulding Shyish into a dystopian nightmare in the name of power and revenge.



In order to forge a celestial army and wage anew his war against the encroaching tides of Chaos, the God-King Sigmar has resorted to drastic measures. He takes up the souls of those mortal warriors brave enough to defy their oppressors and gives them new life in Azyr. Through the arcane process known as reforging, the God-King blasts apart their mortal essences and remakes them,

imbuing their spirits with a measure of his celestial power. Those who come through the process intact – who are strong enough to pass through the Cairns of Tempering and stalwart enough to survive their transfiguration upon the Anvil of the Apotheosis – become the immortal warriors known as Stormcast Eternals. Over centuries of labour and arcane preparation, the newly forged Stormhosts have gradually amassed into a weapon powerful enough to drive back the forces of Chaos on a thousand battlefields and more.

To create his divine legions, Sigmar scoured every Mortal Realm where the war raged thickest. In deathly Shyish he took warriors not only from the living peoples he had settled there long ago, but also from the long dead, those avenging spirits of antiquity that had given their lives to defy Chaos. These ancient souls he fashioned into a fighting force that formed the core of the Anvils of the Heldenhammer Stormhost – black-clad and sombre, forged under a dark moon, but noble nonetheless. They were to become one of the most celebrated and stalwart of all Sigmar's Stormhosts. Though there are those in Shyish that consider the Anvils to have abandoned their people at a critical time, songs of their achievements are still sung in every underworld across Shyish.

To Nagash, this was the worst of all Sigmar's crimes. To snatch a mortal being from the threshold of death, to save them from the axe or spell at the very last moment – that was at least still the province of the living. Nagash, quite used to exploiting the laws of mortality, had watched with interest as Sigmar took souls from across the Mortal Realms, but although each saved spirit was one denied to him, he was content for the time being to observe and plot his revenge. But, in taking the ancient and heroic souls of Shyish to create

the Anvils of the Heldenhammer, Sigmar had overreached himself, and broken a cardinal law in Nagash's depthless eyes.

Sigmar had created an army from Shyish's sepulchral recruiting grounds at the expense of the Great Necromancer's own legions. Every soul seized from a Shyishan underworld to become a Stormcast Eternal was one less wight, wraith or banshee that would otherwise have answered Nagash's call. It was an insult that the Great Necromancer intended to avenge tenfold.

SHYISH, REALM OF DEATH

Every Mortal Realm is at its heart a coalescence of magical energy blended with the raw stuff of creation. When the realms came into being after the destruction of the world-that-was, the vast majority of Shyishan magic – the energies of death – came to rest in one area of the aetheric void. That area is known to Azyrite scholars as the Shyishan realmsphere, or the Realm of Death.

This impossibly vast reality is comprised not of simple landmasses, but of the underworlds of the living, with every conceivable afterlife given first a spiritual presence and then later made manifest in that great realm of endings. Every mortal belief is granted actuality in Shyish – the men and women of a Chamonian culture who believe in an ordered golden paradise to which sufficiently rich souls ascend will, upon their death, be sent to an afterlife of that very description. Duardin that believe in an endless mine of diamonds will posthumously find themselves, favourite pick in hand, joining their ancestors in the joyous prospecting of the Glittering Seams.

Conversely, those who believe they will be punished for their wrongdoings are spirited away to terrible purgatories of their own culture's creation, struggling to tread water in lakes of fire or cursed to entrapment in a colossal spiderweb as they are forever stalked by giant arachnids. The Realm of Shyish is neither good nor evil, it is simply the end of all things, where all souls will – or should – find their due.

ANCIENT HISTORY

As with all Mortal Realms, the greatest concentration of pure magic was once found at Shyish's edge. Meanwhile, at the core of that deathly reality, magic was scarce and difficult to harness, for the motes of energy that made up its power were few and far between. It was there, in the centre, that the cultures and civilisations of Shyish were most like the heartlands of the other Mortal Realms. Though there was a morbid cast to all aspects of society in such places, crops were grown, children were sired and brought up, and wonders of civilisation were raised from crude clay and rock to dizzying grandeur. It was there that the tribes and nations of men, duardin and aelf introduced to the realm took deepest root of all.

On the edges of the realm, however, civilisation was almost impossible to establish. There the stuff of Death magic was in abundance, so much so that many of those areas were inimical to life. Travellers venturing there would age a hundred years in a day, find their vital energy lost to the wind, or become ever thinner and less substantial until they finally transformed into a lonely gheist. The pioneers and explorers of the lands soon learned to avoid such places and instead settle in those underworlds that had coalesced into being near the heart of Shyish. There the living co-existed with the dead in a hundred different nations and more. For a while, order and progress reigned, for Nagash had not yet cast his shadow across the lands.

At the dawn of the Age of Myth, Nagash had awoken, buried alive under a vast mountain-cairn, trapped by the cataclysm that had destroyed the world-that-was. It was Sigmar that released him from this fate, for the God-King hoped to win an ally in his great quest to bring Order to all the realms. Being a creature of justice, Nagash honours his debts just as he punishes transgressions against him. At first, the Great Necromancer and his unliving servants worked alongside the Pantheon of Order to build Sigmar's civilisation. But the God-King had, in his mercy, given

freedom to a deadly enemy – and in doing so set in motion a chain of events that would see Shyish remade from the inside out.

GRAVE-SAND

In every Mortal Realm, the energies of magic coalesce into a substance known as realmstone. Shyishan realmstone takes the form of sand-like granules, ranging in hue from mauve to amethyst to black. It is said that each grain of grave-sand is intrinsically linked to the end of a certain thing or person, and a mortal's lifespan can be measured by how much grave-sand is bound to their spirit. Should a man gifted in the arcane arts be stalwart enough to roam the formless dunes of Shyish, he might find his own trickle of sand, capture it in an hourglass, and in reversing its flow extend his lifespan significantly.



The endless deserts of Shyish are so dire and malignant that their power is not easily seized. No mortal can truly wield it, but Nagash embodies the energies of undeath and easily binds them to his will.

At first, Nagash's plan to seize all of Shyish was subtle, almost imperceptible. When the forces of the Dark Gods rose to prominence, he saw his domain contested, even conquered by the armies of Chaos over the course of the War of Bones. But he would not let this interfere with his schemes, relocating when necessary, and continuing to spin the webs of his grand plans unabated. Not even the far-seeing sorcerers and shamans of Tzeentch perceived his intent for long decades, for the mindless, predictable cadavers that do Nagash's bidding are of little interest to the Architect of Fate. Without so much as a whisper to any save his closest and most faithful servant, Arkhan the Black, Nagash began to amass the realmstone of Shyish and build monuments to his own ambition within his long-claimed territory.

Countless thousands of skeletons were sent each year to the edges of the Realm of Death. Being already dead, they were more resistant than mortal men to the baleful amethyst energies that shimmered over those dunes like an Aqshian heat-haze. Their task was to claim the grave-sand that cascaded down the dunes there, and bear it back to their master's inner sanctum. Yet even an unliving warrior can be undone by harnessing too much Shyishan energy. Each skeleton took but a single grain of grave-sand from the Realm's Edge – inadvertently shortening the lifespans of those whose supply they stole from – and bore it back with painstaking care across ten thousand leagues and more.

Skeletons do not tire, feel boredom, or entertain doubt, and so the strings of unliving servants stretched out across the land like colonies of ants collecting grains of sugar from a larder to bear back to the nest. As generations of mortal lives came and went, the skeletal legions amassed

a vast amount of the substance at Nagash's bidding – an amount so massive it has changed the nature of Shyish itself.

Nagash vitrified this realmstone hoard using his own dark arcana, fashioning it into obsidian-hard bricks of the substance known to men of learning as shade-glass. Unseen by any save the dead, new monoliths of this strange material began to take form near Nagashizzar. Using work gangs of skeletons driven into frenetic, clockwork motion by necromantic overseers, the Great Necromancer began the building of massive cyclopean monuments that dominated the skyline of Shyish. The largest by far was the Great Black Pyramid, a colossal structure built upside-down at Shyish's heart.



The ripples and eddies in Shyish's energies that began to cascade across the realm caused many a necromancer's spells to raise far more undead than they intended, but few knew the true cause of the phenomenon. Those seers and soothsayers that had an inkling of the disaster on the horizon knew better than to speak of it, lest they be seen to challenge Nagash's plans.

THE GREAT BLACK PYRAMID

When Sigmar's Tempest broke across the lands, Nagash's aeon-spanning endeavour was by that time well underway. Already he had annexed dozens of underworlds, and overcome and consumed those minor gods of Death that ruled them. Though he made great gains

in power in doing so, every such conquest was secondary to his true agenda.

So slow had Nagash's grand plan been in coming to fruition that few comprehended its majesty and scale. No deity is without ego, and many put the colossal pyramidal monument down to the arrogance of one used to enforcing his own worship. None realised that within that edifice's mirror-smooth exterior was a network of impeccably placed tunnels and tubes that resonated with, and to some extent channelled, the energy of the aetheric void. Neither did Nagash's allies and enemies fully appreciate that by gathering such a vast amount of grave-sand at a single point, Nagash had ensured that the greatest concentration of magical energy in Shyish was no longer at its edge, but at its centre.

The skaven, their wrinkled noses ever sniffing for the scent of opportunity, had agents abroad even in darkest Shyish. Hearing of a vast treasure hoard of magical energy, their whiskers picked up disturbances from across the wastes. Seeking Nagash's power for themselves, the Grey Seers of the Masterclan sent their agents from the Clans Eshin to investigate.

Sure enough, the shadowy assassins of that skaven subculture found that at the heart of Nagash's realm there was solidified magic by the tonne – in fact, the largest structure in all Shyish was made of just such a material. If those agents had simply returned to their masters, bearing word of their discovery, history would have been very different. Instead, after donning cloaks of purest shadow and slipping into a penumbral state, the skaven operatives made their way past the eyeless guardians of that great pyramid and slid into its labyrinthine depths without so much of a rustle of cloth.

The skaven were not the only ones to approach Nagashizzar as the Great Necromancer's masterwork reached completion. An invasion of orruks from the Ghurish Hinterlands

emerged from a Shyishan Realmgate and threatened to besiege Nagashizzar. Perhaps Nagash would have discovered the vermin crawling within his pyramid if it were not for the distraction caused by the roaring, bellowing orruks that dared to assail his power-base. Endeavouring to complete his work before the greenskins could endanger it, Nagash continued apace with the great ritual he had been planning, seeking to bring it swiftly to its conclusion before there was even a remote chance it could be sullied by the brutish presence of the orruks.

Ironically, in doing so, the purity of Nagash's ritual was corrupted by the verminous agents of Chaos instead. The greedy skaven of the Clans Eshin were chipping away at the shadeglass within the chambers of the great pyramid as Nagash reached a critical part of his ritual – and that deed alone was enough to disrupt it.

As Nagash's spell gathered pace, the giant pyramid at the heart of Shyish began to revolve – slowly at first, but quickly gathering speed. Spinning so fast it became a blur, a cone with an impossibly sharp tip, it pushed downward – not drilling through the earth, but bending and distorting it, like an arcane weight placed on the fabric of the cosmos. Down and down it went, pulling the stuff of Shyish with it until the entire realm became in shape more like a funnel or a whirlpool than a flat disc. This metaphysical feat was Nagash's masterwork, for in remaking the Realm of Death he had ensured that, from that point on, all of its underworlds would gradually but irrevocably be drawn to him.

No longer would Nagash have to endure the souls of the Shyishan dead, nor those of the living, escaping his clutches. They would slowly, irresistibly be sucked into the deep abyss that was Nagash's new domain – the Shyish Nadir, where even death must meet its end. But that fell apocalypse had been corrupted by the agents of Chaos, and the consequences were to rewrite the nature of magic in every Mortal Realm.

THE SHYISH NADIR

That great cataclysm of the Realm of Death was an act of such immense significance that it changed the fate of every underworld. The skies darkened to purple-black, multitudes found their flesh sloughing from their bones, and a plague of a billion skull-faced beetles filled the skies. More than that, it sent ripples of violent energy across the entire cosmos. Nagash had remoulded Shyish to his desires, and in doing so sent a tidal wave of endless magic cascading across all the realms.



Every cadaver and corpse in the Mortal Realms was suddenly reconnected with the spirit that had once dwelt within it. Linked to their rotten remains by a shining silver thread of soul-stuff, many of those spirits found themselves drawn along those threads as if through the tiniest of Realmgate portals, transported back to the lands of their living incarnation to emerge as undead wraiths.

A phenomenon of undeath has taken hold of every realm, the minions of Nagash multiplying in number and power to a nigh unstoppable degree. Wild magic boils in the air, invisible to most, but invigorating in the extreme to those with the skill to harness it. Even the most meagre of hedge wizards finds a hurricane of arcane power at his fingertips, devastating spells but a single phrase away – though few can control them for long. These sorceries, shorn of their natural lifespans by the seething energies of the Realm of Death, do not dissipate, but continue to linger long after casting. The realms have been beset not only by a plague of undeath, but by an outbreak of lawless, endless magic that can only be controlled by the most talented of mages. So begins a new age, and a new war with it.

In that time, the Mortal Realms were beset by all manner of terrors on that darkest of all nights – the Great Hexensnacht, as some call it in the lands of the Amethyst Princedoms. The farmlands and hills were overrun with buggabs, flickerhaunts, hog-heads, scare-the-crows, hob-a-lanterns, noctis horrors and cairn-cloaks.

Alleyways and cobbled streets became infested with mock-beggars, wraithvials, withercrones, gallarchs, whispering loupfers, spectres and lane hags. Each crossroads was cursed by the presence of call-from-the-graves, feastwraiths, watch-wraiths, grimmtols, false naginees, bargheists, mortwächters, lords o'gallows and scregs.

Even those necropolises on the outskirts of each nation, left well alone by the people, came to life with tomb drakes, vuulghasts, pteragheists, morrgargans, flay-braggarts, stalkers and nachtenghals. There was no escape, even in the temples and churches of the old gods, for hexenwraths, boggals, oubliesques, grave-eaters, blood-bones, white dames, bansheeds, shacklegheists and scarefingers dragged the common folk back to their crypts to feast.

The poor, meagre though they were, fought to defend home and hearth against witchlings, djinny-burn-toes, black hounds, nicksouls, men-o-bones, hexenskrees and altergheists. Even the mansions of the rich were blighted by ximbhuls, hell-waines, grimwrights, dark coaches, dock-a-thanasdays, gloomsots, skull-bugs, carkhunds, nightgheists, slake maidens, and phantasms of every form, fashion, and description. There was not a dwelling-cluster in any realm that had not its own gheist, no league-stone or highway that was not haunted, nor any swineherd or traveller who had not his own tale of woe from the grave.

- The Tale of Ten Thousand Tombs,
as penned by Juvius Thrawl,
last scribe of Fort Alenstahdt

THE FREE CITY OF GLYMMSFORGE

Of all Sigmar's strongholds in the underworld of Lyria, Glymmsforge is the most sacred. A city of concentric walls and towering spires built around an ancient Realmgate to Azyr, its defences include an enchanted twelve-pointed star that can keep out daemons and ethereal undead. But against betrayal from within, no city is ever truly safe...

Glymmsforge is a walled city whose spires claw the skies of the Zircona Desert. It lies at the heart of the underworld of Lyria, an afterlife where the dead are given succour and strength through the celebration of their mortal deeds. Risen high by an army of Dispossessed duardin masons and human guildsmen, its construction from palisade fort to massive urban stronghold took less than fifty years.

One of the free cities of Sigmar's new order, Glymmsforge was built around the portal known as the Shimmergate, one of the few Realmgates that leads directly from Shyish to Azyr. Not so much a material portal as a blur of light shimmering in the air, it can only be reached by means of the spiralling stairways of pure amethyst that reach up into the Zirconan skies.

One who ascends the Shimmergate's stairs may, if he is considered worthy, find himself emerging through a cloud of purple mist into the sky-realms of High Azyr. It is said that angelic figures descend from the mauve-white clouds of the Shimmergate, and in the Age of Sigmar, this has never been truer.

After the Anvils of the Heldenhammer tore control of the portal from the Slaanesh-worshipping tribes that long sought to corrupt it, the Shimmergate has been reinforced time and time again by the labours of man, duardin and aelf. Ever grander curtain walls have been erected around it, its outer battlements scraping the clouds, with the last two concentric layers encircling not only the city but also a freshwater lake, known as Glass Mere, that lies nearby. The Shimmergate's independence and strategically vital link to the Realm of Heavens has allowed the site to be reinforced many times by the armies of Azyr, even when war rages around the site's outer limits.

Glymmsforge's most powerful defences are not physical in nature, but spiritual. In addition to being assailed by the bloodthirsty scions of Chaos, it was attacked by hungry spirits throughout its founding. In the city's early days, many hundreds of lives were lost each week, and missing persons were found hacked apart, terrified to death or drained of all vital fluids with each moonless night. For a time, all of its citizens – whether refugees who had sought safe haven inside Glymmsforge's walls, or the free citizens of Azyr brave enough to resettle there – put aside their prejudices and worked together. In the darkest and most haunted nights, a human face is a welcome sight no matter its provenance.

The citizens of Glymmsforge make use of a great many cats – not only the small black felines native to Shyish but also grander beasts imported from Ghur. So useful do these felines prove at keeping out vermin, as well as warning of esoteric perils, that they have been incorporated into the amethyst-and-sable heraldry of the region. Gifted with senses beyond those of mortal men, they can detect the ethereal and the supernatural, and hiss a warning whenever an invisible deathly shade draws near.

Every respected superstition and fragment of peasant wisdom is writ large across the city; sprigs of icethorn and silvered mistletoe grace every door-frame, sharpened stakes of Aqshian flamewood are affixed to every inn or tavern's hearth, and posies of strong-smelling herbs are worn in pouches about the neck to ward off unwelcome miasmas. The populace of Glymmsforge knows well the dangers of the night, but they do not let fear rule them. They have the celestial light of Sigmar to guide them, the Anvils of the Heldenhammer's vassal Stormkeep at the city's heart, and – when all

else fails – they have casks of the city's sweet black liquor to see them through the darkest nights.

Perhaps it is fitting for a Shyishan city that, over time, the reinforcements Sigmar sent from Azyr to maintain the newborn city began to include the dead as well as the living. With the miles-long processions of flagellants and war altars that descended from Azyr came the bodies of twelve Celestial Saints. They number amongst them duardin, aelves and even the redeemed gargant Templemen, as well as humans, and their skeletons are all prized relics. Each is so redolent with celestial energy that even deceased they can hold back a daemon or a ravening nightgheist, just as if a warrior priest had channelled the power of the God-King against it.

The bringing of the relic saints was a turning point for Glymmsforge. After the Hammers of Sigmar and the Anvils of the Heldenhammer had joined forces to clear the Zircona Deserts of evil presences, the reliquaries were installed in mausoleums around the city in such a way that they formed the extremities of a twelve-pointed star. Sigmar's faith has always been synonymous with the number twelve – it is said that when he was a mortal man, he led twelve great tribes united under Ghal Maraz against beast, orruk, gheist and daemon.

That great star is surrounded by a circle of purple salt, ground into great channels of blessed silver traded from Chamon in exchange for the city's principal export – the grave-goods known as shrouds of blissful rest. The star is a far stronger defence against evil than any moat or crevasse, and no undead can cross it.

But it is not only the restless dead that wish to see Glymmsforge brought low.

THE THREE HEROES OF GLYMMSFORGE

Before the coming of the Shyish necroquake, the Age of Sigmar had been called by some a time of progress and hope, but even that was a bold claim. Still the shadow of Chaos stretched long over the lands. The most part of Shyish was still under its dominion, countless underworlds put to the torch, beset by madness or riddled with disease by the invading hosts of the Blood God, the Architect of Fate and the Father of Plagues. Still more were claimed by the inventively violent followers of Slaanesh and the pestilent swarms of the Great Horned Rat.

Just as much of a threat were the lords of undeath that sought to bind all things, living and deceased, to their rule. The survivors, refugees and new settlers of Shyish fought every day against the dread forces that would see the last flames of mortal defiance snuffed out from the realm, and the city of Glymmsforge was amongst the worst affected.

Because the city had been built strong, and because its magical defences had been invested with so much of the city's resources, the ethereal undead that sought to claim it could not cross its borders. In times of war, the people of Glymmsforge retreated deep into the concentric rings of their city. They lowered their portcullises and melted the blessed lead that would pour from their gargoyle-spout runnel networks onto any evil creature that approached. With the ready fresh water and thriving fish farms of Glass Mere close at hand, a vital trade route to Azyr within their walls, and the Anvils of the Heldenhammer to defend them, the people of Glymmsforge could last indefinitely against a conventional siege.

Lady Olynder, the undead queen of the Kingdom of Grief, had long desired to claim Glymmsforge as part of her kingdom of dread. She had seen a worthy challenge in the city's towering walls, and had sent one of her vampiric allies to lay them low on her behalf. He was called

Vaslbad the Unrelenting, and he was well named, for once he attacked his enemies he did not stop until they all lay dead. Even Azyrite magic could not harm him, for he rode beneath a banner that made him proof against all hostile sorceries and rune-blessed weapons. The horizon grew dark when his army went on the march, blackened by legions of horn-helmed wights and sepulchral skeletons from ages past. When they came to Glymmsforge, hundreds of the citizens sought to flee through the portal to Azyr, fearing all was already lost. It is a testament to the steel in the souls of Sigmar's people that tens of thousands more shrugged off their feelings of foreboding, took up arms and girded themselves for the coming war. Under the leadership of the city's Lord-Castellants and mage kings, they manned the walls and prepared to fight to the last. The tale of Glymmsforge's defence against Vaslbad's hordes is glorious and long in the telling, filling a hundred and fourteen stanzas of Mudo Herst's History of Greater Lyria. Many verses are devoted to the actions

of three noble heroes, individuals whose inspired leadership saw them become legends within their own lifetimes. Foremost amongst them was Knossian Glymm, royal son of the line of mages who had claimed kingship over Lyria during the Age of Myth.

When defending the city's northernmost mausoleum gate against Vaslbad's elite wights, Glymm ordered the city's arsenal to fire their great cannons not at Vaslbad or his guard – for they could be healed by their thrall necromancers – but at the siege engines of bone that were making for the walls. Buying the city a reprieve, he then persuaded the Angelos Chamber of the city's Stormhost to risk a vertical assault on Vaslbad in order to rip his protective standard free. Though many were slain by necromantic magic in the attempt, the Prosecutor-Prime Galen Sleekwing tore the enchanted standard away moments before Glymm himself rode against Vaslbad, impaling him through the neck with a thrice-blessed lance.





Though Glymm was near cut in half by the return blow, his valour and audacity saw him claimed by Sigmar in a flash of cerulean light. He was reformed as Knossus Heavensen, and elevated to the rank of Lord-Arcanum in the God-King's Sacrosanct Chamber.

Knossus was not the only defender of the city to be taken up to Azyr by Sigmar. At the western mausoleum gate, the talented spellshaper Serafin Heldett led seven companies of free people to battle in the face of an endless horde of Deadwalkers. Over a gruelling series of engagements that lasted nine days, she coordinated a magical assault from the city's embittered Eldritch Council temple that turned the desert itself against the invaders and the necromancers that drove them forth. Aided by living sandstorms that hid her troops from sight whilst scouring the flesh from the enemy, the spellshaper fought so hard that on the ninth day barely a dozen warriors survived on either side.

Heldett duelled the last clutch of necromancers with blasts of

amethyst fire, though an eldritch bolt took her in the chest at the last. She too was snatched away by Sigmar before death could fully claim her. In less than a month, a thirty-foot tall statue of precious silver garlanded with amethyst roses was raised to Serafin Heldett's memory in the city's market square, and songs of her glory, beauty and wisdom were sung in every tavern. Meanwhile, in High Azyr she was reformed as Zeraphina Heldensdottor, her magical ability magnified, granting her the power to wield the storm itself.

GLORY AND BETRAYAL

Whilst the eastern gate was held by the Anvils of the Heldenhammer – who famously took not one step back in its defence – the city's southernmost gate was defended by the veteran Vorgen Malendrek. There he led the defences against the ghastly undead thrall known as the Slender Knight.

Malendrek's strategic nous and history as a civil engineer proved invaluable over the course of the siege. Though he was disfigured by the scars of many previous battles

against the undead, and though he was aged before his years by dreams of a dark rider clad in a grave-shroud, none disputed that he had one of the finest military minds in the city.

Malendrek's leadership saw his men bait the Slender Knight's undead riders into hidden moats, misted fields of steel spikes and carefully prepared kill zones in the outer conurbations of Undst Keep. Though the mounted wights ploughed through one line of defence after another without a flicker of uncertainty, the slow attrition of Malendrek's traps slew foes by the score.

Malendrek led the final assault against the Slender Knight's inner circle, three lances of warrior priest cavalry engaging the undead riders from all sides simultaneously. He claimed a bloody but impressive victory. Yet his cunning tactics did not set aflame the minds of the citizens in the same way as the victories of Knossus Glymm and Serafin Heldett. Critically, neither did they inspire the God-King

himself to bear Malendrek up to Azyr, for though he was cunning as well as devout, Sigmar had not judged the old soldier worthy of a place in his immortal host.

The fact that his god had passed him over whilst his peers were elevated to eternal glory sat ill with Malendrek, but he did his best to make peace with it. It was not easy. When the Hammers of Sigmar emerged to bolster the war effort and held a council to determine how to tip the balance in the favour of their brothers, the Anvils of the Heldenhammer, the veteran's contribution was not even mentioned.

Malendrek fought all the harder to clear the rest of the southern city of wights and Deadwalkers as the invaders were finally driven off. The undead hosts made Malendrek and his men bleed every step of the way. By the time Vaslbard himself was crushed by the hammer of Lord-Celestant Lynos Gravewalker, Malendrek was near death, for he had personally sustained two debilitating injuries in his dogged defence of the south gate.

These too he overcame, for he was nothing if not resolute, but the wound dealt to his soul did not heal. Instead it festered, made worse every time he walked past the silver statue of Serafin Heldett or heard a minstrel sing the Ballad of Knossian Glymm without so much as a nod of respect in his direction.

As Malendrek's soul grew colder, and as he lost more of his friends and trusted comrades over the course of the city's cleansing, a voice in the darkness of his dreams promised him the glory that he had long considered his due. Malendrek believed the rustling, reed-thin voice to be that of a figure he had heard of in his mother's bedside stories – Elder Bones, a mythical wizard-king of ancient times whose true name had long been forbidden from the common tongue.

The voice of Elder Bones promised Malendrek a sudden ascendancy at the head of an army that could

conquer Shyish entire, uniting it in prosperity over the course of an eternity of glory. All that the voice required of him was that he dig out a portion of the twelve-pointed star at the south gate mausoleum in the dead of night, and fill it with purple sand instead of blessed salt.

At first, Malendrek dismissed the susurrus of whispers as a last trick of Vaslbard's surviving deathmages, but from what he knew of the undead, such subtle methods were usually beyond them. Despite himself, over many sleepless nights, he came to entertain the idea of acquiescing to the voice's request. The seed of the idea took deeper roots than he liked to admit.

Finally, drunk and embittered on the anniversary of the city's victory over the forces of Vaslbard the Relentless, Malendrek stumbled to his horse and rode to the outskirts with a breacher-spade over his shoulder. He found the perimeter of the city's twelve-pointed arcanogram, dug out the blessed salt there, and replaced it with inert sand he had gathered from the bone wastes, before crying the phrase that had haunted his dreams.

'By the dunes of lost Nehekhara, I am thine!'

DARK TRANSFORMATION

Summoned by Vorgen Malendrek's last words as a mortal man, from the south of the city came a great moaning, a rushing wind that blasted straight into him. Cold as ice, it penetrated his body to reach his soul. Over the course of a single agonising minute his flesh was stripped away, as was that of his horse, to leave little more than two blood-slicked skeletons behind. Malendrek stared up at the metropolis, crowned by fireworks and oblivious in its celebrations, with empty eye sockets that glowed with balefire. The traitor captain had found his own immortality, but not in the form he had desired. He was forever in thrall to the figure he knew as Elder Bones – or as he is more properly known, Nagash.

Three weeks later, events long-planned came to a head in distant

Nagashizzar. The apocalypse of Shyish rushed across the realm, a hurricane of energy mingled with an earthquake that shook the lands to their core. Malendrek, disconsolately wandering the Zircona Desert to steal mortal warmth from travellers and nomads, was claimed utterly by that deathly gale. In that moment he finally knew the face of the one to whom he had sold his soul, and that he had damned himself forever.

Nagash was swift to mould Malendrek's anguish and self-loathing into a deadly weapon. The veteran was to lead an army of wraiths in the conquest of his own city, for on the southern perimeter there was a way to cross the threshold that none knew of save he and his master. That same night he rode at the head of an army of wraiths to finally bring down that which proud Sigmar considered so important. It was a duty he took to with the same determination with which he had defended Glymmsforge in his mortal life.

But Sigmar was no fool. The God-King had long prepared contingencies in case of some grand act of betrayal by Nagash, for he knew his rival well. As the necroquake threatened to overwhelm his new strongholds in Shyish, Sigmar sent brotherhoods from each of his Sacrosanct Chambers into the Mortal Realms in blazes of celestial energy. When Vorgen Malendrek and his Nighthaunt army poured over the city's threshold at the site he himself had sabotaged, he got no further than the courtyard, where he was greeted by some familiar faces. There before him stood Knossus Heavens and Zerafina Heldensdottor.

Sending one of his lieutenants on a diversionary attack to the south-west of the city, Malendrek rode as hard as he could for the Stormcast heroes. His bile and bitterness empowered him, filling every bone with such malign power that amethyst fire crackled in his wake. The battle that was to follow was the stuff of legends, a clash of rival gods made real on the battlefield – and that battle rages still.



OF
**STORM &
SPIRIT**

SACROSANCT CHAMBERS

The Sacrosanct Chambers of the Stormcast Eternals are more attuned to the magic of the storm than any other. It is they who wield the raw power of the Heavens in Sigmar's name, hurling thunderbolts, summoning meteors and wielding weapons so redolent with aetheric power they can send a spirit or daemon screaming into nothingness.

The Stormcast Eternals were created by Sigmar to be his ultimate weapon. They have strength enough to slay the worshippers of the Dark Gods, to smite the daemon back to the nightmarish realm from whence it came, and to banish the evil spectre with the celestial might of Azyr. Yet behind their gleaming masks there still exist human souls, and troubled ones at that. The Sacrosanct Chambers may not only hold the key to defeating Sigmar's direst foes, but to the salvation of those he sends to fight in his name time and time again.

Faster, stronger and tougher than mortal men, the Stormcast Eternals are a force like no other, and they have the aetheric power of Azyr flowing in their veins. They are clad head to toe in the celestial metal known as sigmarite, a substance harder than steel, and carry weapons made of the same blessed material. When tyrannical rulers and fiendish conquerors seek to enslave and despoil the Mortal Realms, it is the Stormcast Eternals that cast those evil-hearted men down from their thrones, slaying them with hammer, bolt and blade. They are made to take on the most monstrous of foes, and ready to give their lives in the attempt, for they are selfless and brave, and are ever eager to prove their worth as Sigmar's faithful.

Even when a Stormcast Eternal dies his war is far from over. As he is slain his body disincorporates into celestial lightning and streaks upwards into the heavens. Eventually it reaches High Azyr, which can be seen as a swirl of stars above every other realm. There his energy is reformed once more into the form of a Stormcast Eternal, ready to strike out again in service to the God-King.

Yet this cycle of immortality is a far from perfect process. A Stormcast Eternal does not always disincorporate upon death. Should he be slain by a

sufficiently eldritch spell or weapon, his innate connection with Azyr may be disrupted. This means that he is truly lost, his spirit never returning to be reformed.

Furthermore, when a Stormcast Eternal is reformed, he becomes both more than human and less at the same time. He may lose something of himself, whether a treasured memory, a true name, or a fragment of that which made him a human soul in the first place. Over the course of several reformings, he may become an entity that has more in common with the storm itself than with the mortal stock he left behind.



One of the most critical stages of a Stormcast's reforming is his transformation upon the Anvil of the Apotheosis. In a great pillared hall, upon the ensorcelled altar at its heart, the energy that forms him is wrought with the stuff of the stars themselves. It is focused into a new form through the magic of the Six Smiths, legendary beings descended from the duardin god Grungni the Maker. Throughout the process, the essence of the Stormcast is controlled and shepherded by the skills of the tempest mages of the Sacrosanct Chambers. These warrior sages are critical to the reforming process, for their duty is that of the guardian as well as the tamer of souls.

To be remade upon the Anvil of the Apotheosis is a traumatic experience fraught with danger. It can lead to the demise of the soul, or perhaps worse still, can result in the Stormcast's spirit tearing free and becoming what the Shyishans call a lightning gheist. Destructive in its confusion and pain, the crackling blur of animus can cause carnage across the Sigmarabulum and beyond.

It is the duty of the Sacrosanct Chambers to recover – or neutralise through magic – such errant souls. It is a testament to their skill that many of these souls make it back to the Anvil to complete the reforming process, though not all are salvageable. The Sacrosanct Chambers are rightfully feared as well as held in awe, for should Sigmar deem it necessary, they would kill a rogue Stormcast Eternal in a heartbeat.

Much like the other echelons of Sigmar's gleaming hosts, the Sacrosanct Chambers have many different conclaves and retinues within their order. All of their members were once wizards, sorcerers or beings of magical talent, for they are recruited exclusively from souls that had some aptitude for spellcasting in their former lives. Some are from exotic kingdoms indeed, and have such skill with the arcane they rival even the aelven elders of Azyr. The Lord-Arcanum of the Grave Brethren – the foremost Anvils of the Heldenhammer Sacrosanct Chamber – hails from another era entirely. Though his history is shrouded, his ability to wield the transmutive magic of Chamon is such that he turned the gold stores of the rebel city Agnostai to granite with a wave of his hand.

The Lord-Arcanums that answer to each Stormhost's Lord-Commander are powerful mages in their own right, as are the Knights-Incantor

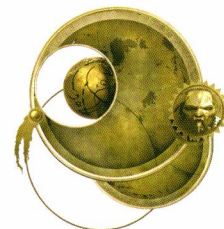
that act as their lieutenants in the field. The killing energies of the storm are theirs to command; they can loose the fury of the tempest in a dozen different ways, summoning hurricanes of devastation and gales of aetheric force. The rank-and-file warriors that fight under them do not manifest magic outwardly, instead channelling their mystical power into their own bodies and sigmarite weaponry. This makes them extremely dangerous warriors, for their innate potency is increased all the more by the lightning of Azyr crackling around their hammers, staves and shields. Those they smite are not only cut apart or broken by the blow, but also scorched and blasted by celestial energy.

As the Sacrosanct Chambers' warriors enter the war for reality that has been long raging across the realms, they bring the ferocity of the storm to all of Sigmar's foes. The God-King has long marshalled their strength in secret, for as experts in the manipulation of spirit energy, they make for the perfect weapon against the ethereal

hosts of Shyish. Nagash is seen as a betrayer in Sigmar's court, and the God-King anticipated that the Great Necromancer would expand his power via magical means sooner rather than later. When the Shyish necroquake broke across the realms, the doors of the Sacrosanct Chambers were flung wide in response, and many of their warriors cast into the realms to hold back the tide of wraiths that threatened to consume Sigmar's new cities.

For the Sacrosanct Chamber's aether-mages, another duty lies beneath their traditional role of the guardians of the Anvil. These warrior mages have been despatched not only to protect the strongholds and cities of the free peoples, but to explore those locations where the stuff of eternity and the cycle of life itself has been shaped or manipulated. Their retinues fight their way through layers of antiquity to find fragments of the truth, striking out for some of the most lethal and arcane sites in all the Mortal Realms. They have been seen in the amethyst

sepulchres of Shyish, the lost city of Shadespire, those of the Jade Kingdoms most synonymous with rebirth, and a hundred other esoteric locations besides.



Though not even their fellow Stormcasts know it, these crusaders have a holy task given to them by Sigmar himself. They search for the key to reversing – or at least allaying – the flaw in the immortality of the Stormcast Eternals. They are the greatest hope for the warriors of the Heavens, for in High Azyr the side-effects of the reforging are becoming steadily more pronounced. If Sigmar's crusade is to stay true to the values that make it righteous, his mightiest warriors absolutely cannot fail.

Knoessus Heavensen of the Hammers of Sigmar ruffled his Gryph-charger's feathered mane as he looked around the spires and buttresses of the north gate mausoleum. There was a frown on the tattooed brow beneath the Lord-Arcanum's mask. The old place seemed smaller, somehow, than when he had last seen it, almost fragile next to the glory of Azyrheim. Yet in many ways it was still his home, and he would give his life to defend it. He had already done so once.

Since the cataclysm of Shyish had broken across the realms, whenever Knoessus closed his eyes, his storm-sight glowed stronger than ever. It had not been difficult for him to find the break in the twelve-pointed symbol that kept Glymmsforge safe. The site even smelt wrong, a musty note under the tang of ozone.

Certainty dawned on Knoessus as he looked hard at the arcanogram cut into the cobbled streets. The arcane defences had been compromised – and not by accident, for the wound in the symbol's magic ran deep. For this, he swore to himself, the perpetrator would be made to pay dearly.

Knoessus turned to his warriors and mages, nodding in approval at Zeraphina and the nearby Sacristan Engineers as they set up their Celestar Ballista. It was fitting that their brotherhood should shore up the city's arcane defences as Stormcast Eternals, just as they had fought to hold back the dangers to the city as mortals.

'Here it comes,' said Zeraphina, motioning toward the horizon. 'The deathstorm approaches.' She made the sign of the twin-tailed comet, and closed her eyes in prayer for a moment before leading her retinue to the east.

Roaring across the Zircona Desert came a howling hurricane of green-grey energy. Its greater mass was comprised of shrieking Chainrasps, clawing the air as they hurtled forward on a wave of energy. With them came scythe-wielding wraiths, jailor-things carrying enchanted shackles, executioner-spirits and heralds of disaster tolling deathly bells.

At the head of the ghostly army were deathly riders, rising high above the rest of the host like the foam on a cresting wave. The leader at the fore was darkly magnificent, balefire streaking from his eyes as his commanding voice lifted above the unnatural wind. Knoessus felt somehow like he recognised him, impossible though it seemed.

The Lord-Arcanum closed his eyes, just for a moment, and felt a claw of cold shock close around his heart as he saw into the rider's soul. It was Vorgen Malendrek, of the south gate. The veteran's betrayal of his kin stung Knoessus more than any blade.

'So be it!' he shouted. 'Malendrek the Malcontent, I call you out. Come to meet your doom!'

The leader of the deathly host drew his blade, and rode hard towards him.



LORD-ARCANUMS

Masters of aetheric lightning who can manipulate the cerulean energy of Azyr, the leaders of the Sacrosanct Chambers are known as Lord-Arcanums. Their storm-sight allows them to see the souls of living creatures, the better to heal their kindred, and when allied with wind-swift Gryph-chargers, they are all but inescapable.

Those given the rank of Lord-Arcanum by Sigmar earned it by wielding eldritch power in the name of freedom. These brave souls risked body and soul in defying the Dark Gods, for to draw the ire of those Chaos worshippers who can bend reality with magic is to invite an agonising demise indeed.

With the power of Azyr crackling through him, a Lord-Arcanum can summon lightning as easily as another man draws breath. In battle he reaches up into the skies, a corona of corposant playing around his staff, before pulling down devastating energies from above. Much like those that bear the Stormcasts to the realms, these strikes thunder down to earth, but they bring only destruction, blasting or immolating their targets even as smaller chains of lightning cascade through his comrades nearby,

invigorating them with the power of the storm. It is thought amongst the Sacrosanct Chambers' ranks that the devastating sky strikes summoned by each Lord-Arcanum are the Prime Electrids, latter-day offspring of the Great Bolts – those columns of lightning so fierce that Sigmar has used them to level castles and slay godbeasts alike.

Such displays of power are impressive to Azyr's legendary celestial creatures as well as its armies. The wind-swift beasts known as Gryph-chargers are especially drawn to those who wield the lightning of Azyr. Though it takes time to win the loyalty of one of these creatures, when a Gryph-charger joins forces with a Lord-Arcanum the resultant bond is strong indeed; united in their hatred for the foe, they fight as one. Gryph-chargers are able to wind-shift into

a blur of crackling energy for a short time, re-materialising with their talons inches from the prey. Such is the link between its rider and the energies of Azyr that the Lord-Arcanum can translocate along with it. This allows them to ride the aetheric winds, hurtling forth as swift as a stormbolt.

Should a rogue soul escape from the Anvil of the Apotheosis and get loose in the city-like sprawl of the Sigmarabulum, it is this alliance of warrior and celestial beast that hunts them down before they can wreak too much havoc. On the field of battle, Lord-Arcanums can capture the souls of slain Stormcast Eternals for a time before they vanish into the Heavens, drawing their energies back to reality with potent incantations before restoring them into their mortal incarnations to fight all the harder.



KNIGHTS-INCANTOR

The Knight-Incantor is a gifted stormcaller, able to summon hurricane winds and gales of mystical energy from the firmament to smite those who cannot be slain by conventional weapons. Those who ignite a Knight-Incantor's wrath soon find themselves battling against a living tempest.

The Knights-Incantor of the Sacrosanct Chambers are second only to the Lord-Arcanums in rank. These stormcaller mages often lead brotherhoods of Stormcast Eternals in the absence of the chamber's commander, for their sage wisdom and arcane abilities give them the strategic skill they need to overcome a multitude of foes with only a handful of warriors.

With their rods of office, the Knights-Incantor can channel the energy of the storm into a raging hurricane, or send crackling bolts of arcane power to smite those who would defy Sigmar's will. Many carry scrolls imbued with potent void magic, relics able to dispel the hostile emanations or baleful spells of the fiends they face in battle. But of all their powers, it is the Knight-Incantor's ability to call down the storm with their voice that is their

foremost tool. When attending the Anvil of the Apotheosis, the Knight-Incantor sings the music of the spheres, voice splitting, overlapping and winding into several celestial melodies the better to calm and reorient the souls that undergo the transformation into a Stormcast Eternal. That voice can also be used as a powerful weapon. With a rising chant, the Knight-Incantor draws in motes of magic, marshalling celestial power from a zephyr into a gust, then a howling gale that blasts out to hurl their enemies across the battlefield. With a cry of exultation the storm mage can set loose a shock of lightning, or summon a downpour of freezing hail to douse the fires of anarchy and misrule. Such is the Knight-Incantors' power over the arcane they can even sing a lilting refrain that draws spiritual energy toward them, which they then capture in a vial carried at

the waist. In times of great need the Knight-Incantor can hurl one of these spirit flasks into the midst of the foe, there to shatter with a thunderous explosion that sets loose a frenzied storm-spirit. Any warrior unfortunate enough to be close to the impact site will be beset by a crackling cloud of living lightning that can melt eyes and burn tongues from mouths in a single terrifying instant before escaping into the aether.

'Thunderheads, spirits of the wrathful sky, I call upon you! Gather unto me! Smite these evildoers from on high, that the earth itself may tremble at your rage!'

- Vitilya Tundras, the Skysinger



EVOCATORS

Evocators fight with sword and staff, their weapons linked together with chains of summoned power, a sizzling arc of lightning stretching and writhing between them. The combination of heavens-blessed weapons and crackling storm energy makes the Evocator deadly indeed.

The Evocator is a mage capable of embodying the tempest's energy. Rather than unleashing it in the manner of the Knight-Incantor, he summons it only to take it into himself. To even attempt such a feat, an Evocator must commune with the Heavens atop the highest spires of the Sigmarabulum for long months, eating and drinking nothing and meditating on the glory of the High Star Sigendil until he has truly become one with the heavenly energies rushing around him.

Those who survive this ordeal come back stronger than ever before. An Evocator in his full battle rage has sparks flashing from his eyes and tiny veins of lightning visible under his skin. He fights at close quarters, his skill with tempest blade and stormstave honed under the finest duellists of the Sigmarabulum. He is considered no less a mage for it;

indeed all Evocators are respected highly in the Sacrosanct Chambers. To take something as elemental and powerful as a storm into oneself and yet survive shows a stamina and strength of personality that echoes that of Sigmar himself.

On the battlefield, Evocators band together, keeping their distance from any mortal allies, for the arcs of celestial energy they channel could leap out to strike those who approach at the wrong time. The magic they channel is so violent it can blacken and scorch even the sigmarite armour of those who wield it. Instead, the Evocators use that energy to empower their Stormcast brothers with Azyrite energy.

Those archers and crossbowmen that seek to take the Evocators down from range soon find themselves undone, for even should a rain of shafts fall

upon the Evocators, the projectiles will be burned from the skies by the leaping lightning brandished between their weapons. On through the thickest fire the Evocators stride, leaving tiny serpents of lightning in their footprints.

Only when the enemy is in striking range does the Evocators' martial prowess become manifest. Having trained long together in the Sacrosanct Chambers, they fight with an interweaving storm of blows that is all but impossible to avoid. When their tempest blades and stormstaves strike the foe, the captive cables of energy that link their weapons wind around the enemy, burning them to the bone before leaping back to crackle between their master's weapons once more. Even an orruk horde would buckle under the intensity of such an assault.



SEQUITORS

The line infantry of a Sacrosanct Chamber is comprised of its Sequitors, stern warriors who channel the tempest through the magical weaponry bequeathed to them by Sigmar. To be struck by such a warrior is to feel the energy of the storm discharging with thunderclap force.

Sequitors do not consider themselves to be true mages, being at the first stage of their arcane mastery, but to mortal eyes they are supernatural to a terrifying degree. Towering over the people they are sent to defend, each Sequitor has the strength of three stout men. They wear armour of burning sigmarite, thunder rumbles with their war cries, and their weapons glow blue with the power of High Azyr. When they fight as one, a corona of energy crackles around them, building in intensity to form crowns of corposant that mark the Sequitors as the living weapons of Sigmar.

Key to a Sequitor's power is their weaponry. Most wield a heavy and angular stormsmite maul in one hand, and a broad soulshield – somewhat like that of a Liberator – in the other. Yet there the similarities to the rank-and-file of the Warrior

Chambers end. A Sequitor is able to channel magic into the armaments they carry to war – imbuing either their weapon or shield with aetheric power, then moving this enchantment between them to weave fluidly between stalwart defence and blistering attack.

When a Sequitor's tools of war are energised with the innate magic of the wielder, the might of the storm flows through them, causing them to glow blue with arcane force. A soulshield so empowered can turn aside even a blow from a daemon-possessed blade or a Hexwraith's soul-cutting scythe. When a stormsmite maul is infused with the energy flowing from the Sequitor's soul, it discharges the force of each strike with terrible effect, stunning the adversary's mind into thunderstruck inactivity as it mangles and scorches their flesh.

Still more formidable are the two-handed maces used by the strongest of the Sequitors' number. These stormsmite greatmaces have each been laid against the head of Ghal Maraz, the Great Shatterer itself, for a night and a day – and over that time they have inherited some of its godly power. The thunderous impact of such a weapon can tear through baroque plate or chitinous mutation as if it were paper-thin. When such a weapon lands a solid blow upon unprotected flesh, it will blast its target to nothing more than a scattering of cinders.

The true purpose of these weapons is not to engage mortal foes, but to slay the otherworldly. Should a stormsmite greatmace strike a creature not of the waking world, such as a gheist or daemon, it can blast apart that entity forever, banishing it from the Mortal Realms.



CASTIGATORS

Castigators are powerful ranged support troops, commonly employed by the Lord-Arcanums of the Sacrosanct Chambers against those ethereal enemies that can kill with but a touch. These shock troops fire their deadly projectiles over the heads of their brothers-in-arms to detonate in blasts of cerulean force.

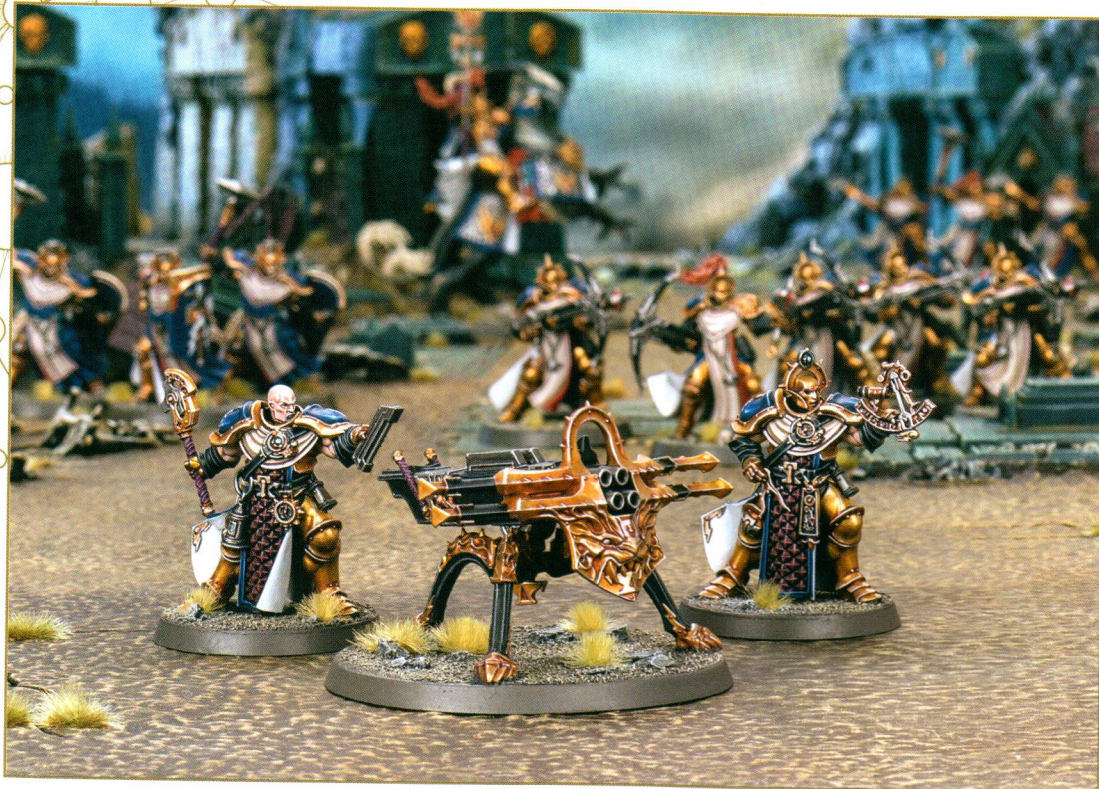
The Sacrosanct Chambers value firepower highly, for when battling the spirits of Shyish, destroying them before they can bring their razored claws to bear is often the best course of action. Against an ectoplasmic enemy, an arrow or iron bolt finds little purchase, often passing through the fiendish entity's body as if it were no more than shadow. The Castigators, the ranged firepower specialists of the chamber, employ weapons far deadlier and more inventive than those used by other ranged fighters.

The thunderhead greatbow is a miracle of Azyrite science and ingenuity. In form it is something like a heavy crossbow, though it is far bulkier – and it needs to be, for it fires no mere bolt. The projectiles the greatbow hurls are more akin to maces, stout of shaft and broad of head. At their ends are flasks

wrapped in bracing bands of metal, and it is the contents of these vessels that is the Castigator's true weapon. They are filled not with liquid, but with the storm-breath of the Stardrakes the lords of the Extremis Chamber ride to war.

The Castigators seek the aid of the Extremis Chambers' Stardrakes whenever they return to High Azyr. These celestial creatures are the star-born children of Dracothion, Sigmar's first ally in the Mortal Realms, and they gladly make common cause with Stormcast Eternals of all kinds. In a sombre dawn ritual, the great beasts exhale their stormcloud breath upon the thunderhead maces arranged carefully in a twelve-pointed star before them, just as their forefather breathed life onto the God-King whilst he still clung to the core of the world-that-was.

Once that tempestuous energy has filled each weapon, the Castigators attune their spirits to them, the better to wield their full potential. When empowered by the spirit energy of the wielder, the thunderhead greatbow launches these powerful projectiles with such force that the impact can punch through the armour of a Chaos warrior and crush the ribcage behind. As the thunderhead mace strikes the foe, the flask at its head bursts in a storm of crystal shards, and the energy within is released. When used against an ethereal enemy the true potency of these weapons becomes clear. Should they strike a wraith or a daemon, or even shatter on the ground beneath, they release a stormcloud of aetheric energy. The ensorcelled breath of the stardrake, when unleashed in this manner, can disincorporate a diabolic creature in an instant.



CELESTAR BALLISTAS

The artillery piece known as the Celestar Ballista is light in construction, but as deadly to immortal creatures as it is to enemies of flesh and blood. It fires bolts of blessed sigmarite, each imbued with a thunderbolt. On impact, these projectiles explode with devastating effect, sending chains of lightning leaping out to strike those nearby.

The Sacristan Engineers of the Sacristan Chambers hail from the Conclave of the Thunderbolt, and they command the chambers' magical artillery. When one of their Celestar Ballistas is set up to defend a sacred site, to approach it is to risk an explosive death.

These war machines were first devised to defend the Anvil of the Apotheosis from attack. Installed by the foremost engineers of the conclave, they were set in the high archways that overlook the city and the sacred halls within. So cleverly were they designed that they could pivot around in a full circle with ease – ostensibly for a better field of fire should the Sigmarabulum ever be attacked, but also so they could be brought to bear against any aetheric apparition that broke free from the Anvil over the course of a traumatic reforging.

The Celestar Ballista is constructed in such a way that it can be broken down and carried by the two Sacristan Engineers that operate it, for the Stormcast Eternals are first and foremost a mobile force. In practice, it is more often utilised as a defence asset, coveted by Lord-Arcanums and Lord-Celestants alike. Wherever such a war machine is set, its versatility and impressive rate of fire allows it to dominate the battlefield, and when focused on a single target, its accuracy and power can deal a grievous blow to even a greater daemon of the Dark Gods.

Even without any enchantment, the sigmarite bolts flung from a Ballista's firing apparatus could punch through a raised oaken drawbridge. Yet the Sacristan Engineers have their own method of using celestial magic. By taking each bolt to the top of the Sigmarabulum's spires, they

use their magical talents to coax coils of stray lightning down into the rune-inscribed projectiles. The risks inherent in this arcane process have led to more than one premature reforging, but this is considered a worthwhile sacrifice by those who see the end result. Once a bolt has been fully charged in this manner it becomes blisteringly hot, and can induce star-given visions in those who touch it with their bare skin – not for nothing do the Sacristans wear heavy forge gauntlets as they go about their work. The better to keep this valuable asset safe, it is stored in a specially constructed cartridge until it is time for its power to be unleashed. In the midst of battle, these bolts are then loaded into their ballistas and shot like streaks of blue-white energy at the foe. Should their strike be true, they will blast right through the target in a chain explosion of arcane force.



Lord-Arcanum Knossus Heavens on Gryph-charger



Knight-Incantor
Zeraphina Heldensdottir



Evocator-Prime



Evocator



Evocator



Sacristan Engineer



Celestar Ballista



Sacristan Engineer



*Sequitor with
stormsmite greatmace*



Sequitor-Prime



Sequitor



Castigator



Castigator-Prime



Castigator



On the outskirts of Glymmsforge, Knossus Heavensen and a Sacrosanct Chamber of the Hammers of Sigmar prepare for a long night of battle as Vorgen Malendrek leads an unliving tide of Nighthaunts against them.



Malendrek, Knight of Shrouds on Ethereal Steed



Verrekno, Guardian of Souls



Keranus, Lord Executioner



Glaivewraith Stalker



Chainrasp



Chainrasp



Chainrasp



Chainrasp Dreadwarden



Chainrasp



Chainrasp



Chainrasp



Mawcrasp, Spirit Torment



Grimghast Reaper



Grimghast Reaper



Extoller of Shyish



The chill air fills with spine-tingling howls and moans as the Nighthaunts drift steadily and unstoppably towards their prey. Even the strongest fortress walls form little impediment to the ethereal servants of Nagash.

NIGHTHAUNT SPIRITS

When a spirit is corrupted by the dark energies of undeath, it changes from a spectral reflection of its mortal self into a Nighthaunt. Clawed, skeletal limbs emerge from tattered grave-shrouds, whilst features fall away to leave horrific skulls, often with distended jaws and jutting yellowed fangs.

The dusk air grows chill and the sky dim. The stench of open graves and mildewed cloth mingles with the pervasive, dank atmosphere of an underground crypt. Unnerving moans and howls echo in the winding mist, low and menacing, whilst a pitiful weeping haunts the cusp of hearing. At first, these unnerving sounds might be dismissed as tricks of the imagination, but something in the back of the mind insists that they are real, that they come from no natural creature – and that they are growing closer. In the middle distance, witch-lights bob and glow, and flickers of balefire cast a sickly green pallor through the fog. The clank of chains, the toll of a dolorous bell, and the moans of the tortured dead grow louder.

On this fell eve, the Nighthaunts have come to steal the souls of the living.

THE ETHEREAL HOSTS

There are countless millions of spirits in thrall to Nagash, for he claims power over all things that pass through their mortality into Shyish. Unlike the rotten corpses and rust-clad skeletons that the Great Necromancer raises from the earth of the Mortal Realms, the spirits he has bound to him have a malevolent animus of their own.

Just as Sigmar takes the most noble and powerful mortal souls to reforge as Stormcast Eternals, Nagash makes the most potent of Shyish's dead into the leaders of his ghostly armies, allowing them a measure of sentience and independence whilst ensuring that, ultimately, they are puppets to his will. Under the command of these monarchs of the dead, lesser Nighthaunts gather into armies so numerous they seem at a distance like some choking fog rolling across the land. Only when they grow close does it become clear that this is an army of spirits,

each cursed soul trapped in its own nightmare, and each filled with an unquenchable need to drag the living into an early grave so they too might suffer the reign of Nagash.

ON THE NATURE OF THE NIGHTHAUNT

The hideous spirits that haunt the Mortal Realms have no corporeal form in the true sense. This is usually because their physical body has long ago turned to dust, or has been eradicated entirely by some diabolical curse or spell.



Some Nighthaunts are spirits wrenched from their mortal shell by dark magic, some are slaves that have been bound to a thrall-master for all eternity, others are those whose bodies were destroyed in a manner so hideous and shocking that only their ravaged spirit was left behind. Still more are souls that willingly left their bodies in search of astral travel and spiritual enlightenment, but have been ensnared by the forces of necromancy and turned into a hateful creature of undeath instead.

Although the spirits of once-living creatures can enter Nagash's domain from a hundred different fates and more, they are all corrupted, shaped and remade to better serve his malevolent will.

'By the Manner of Their Death Shall Ye Know Them.'

- Lintel inscription on the Sepulchral Gate of Nagashizzar

In the case of the Nighthaunts, the form these departed spirits are given is directly connected to the manner of their demise. Seen through the dark lens of the Great Necromancer's twisted sense of justice, they receive the fate they deserve – a great many of them were criminals, murderers or traitors in their former lives. Very little can amuse a soul as ancient and steeped in evil as Nagash, yet still he finds a flicker of fulfilment in meting out punishments to those souls that believed death to be an escape from their torment – and each of these fates is far more severe than the crime would ever warrant.

Because of this, the Nighthaunts come to resemble that which defined their demise. A criminal soul that met his end in the stocks, humiliated and starved to death as punishment for some taboo, will find those same stocks weighing heavy upon him, bending his spine for the rest of time. A poisoner's soul may be afflicted with a terrible thirst, but whenever he drinks, the water eats away at his insides like acid and dribbles off into the earth. Those who were put to death after a botched coup d'état are forced to serve the needs of drooling Deadwalker monarchs, the crown always within their reach, yet never theirs. Those of royal blood who committed regicide are given all the trappings of rulership, only to be unseen and unheard by all for the rest of eternity. With such morbid rewards does the Great Necromancer ensure his armies of spectres are forever filled with rage, hatred and

frustration, those same emotions that make them such formidable opponents in times of war.

All Nighthaunts make for deadly enemies when their drifting menace turns to all-out attack. These ethereal creatures can pass through a castle wall to get at the cowering mortals behind, leaving only a halo of hoarfrost to mark their passage. Yet they are not fully incorporeal. The power of their sheer hatred and despair allows them to reach with claws, teeth and ghastly weaponry into physical reality.

Some Nighthaunts can plunge their bony hands straight through armour, flesh and bone to penetrate the chests of their victims, stilling their hearts with the ice-cold touch of their talons. Even a Chainrasp freshly summoned from its tomb can rake its grave-chilled claws across a victim's flesh, shredding it to the bone – and in the darkest nights, these fiends can do this whilst remaining entirely unseen. The oldest and most evil wraiths, on the other hand, have an unnatural

and disturbing power. Within their skeletal frame and hunched posture lies a terrible strength, and they can cut their prey in half with a single swing of the scythe, while some can kill with the slightest touch.

As the Age of Sigmar begins to bring civilisation back to the lands long forsaken by sane men, Nagash has unleashed his Nighthaunt hosts upon the Mortal Realms in far greater number than ever before. The coming of the Shyish necroquake has seen the tortured gheists of countless criminals and cursed men rise from unmarked graves and gallows-pits. They gather into seething, moaning throngs that ride the hurricanes of magical energy billowing from Shyish, falling upon the cities of the living to sow dread and slaughter. Their given duty is not merely to kill, shepherding more and more souls into troubled Shyish as they do so, but to take back that which has been stolen from Nagash.

Amongst the ranks of the Nighthaunt hosts are commanders of the dead. Each wields a ghostly

throne as a mortal general wields his troops, and as their campaigns of malice come to a head they seek out those marked by Nagash for retribution. With them come ghostly executioners, their axes hungry to take the heads of those who should by rights have been long dead, and their nooses ready to tighten around the necks of the defiant. But perhaps it is the jailer-things that drift from Shyish at Nagash's command that should be feared most of all. With their shackles they can bind a spirit as it leaves its mortal form, taking that essence back to Nagashizzar to be remade in a fashion more pleasing to the Great Necromancer – and the celestial souls of the Stormcast Eternals are not immune to this grim fate.



‘You who would defy Nagash!’ called out Vorgen Malendrek, his words harsh as a raven's croak. ‘I claim your souls as tithe!’ The Knight of Shrouds rode hard for the gleaming figures at the breach, the winds of Shyish billowing around him. Behind him came a horde of Chainrasps, each moaning in their own private anguish as they made haste to vent their frustration on the hated mortals before them. A glowing spear of lightning seared towards Malendrek, hurled by the witch Zeraphina. It missed him by a hand's breadth to blast a Chainrasp to ectoplasmic mist behind him. Malendrek resolved to torture her soul, once his jailers had it captive, with the knowledge that she struck the first blow and yet lost nonetheless.

Another bolt of lightning struck at Keranus the Executioner as he drifted alongside Malendrek, only for one of the spectral skulls that attended him to intercept the bolt in a blast of azure energy. Malendrek cackled and spurred his deathly steed all the harder, his host flying at his heels. The creatures of the grave would not be so easily deterred.

‘We are coming for you!’ he shrieked, riding hard around a sudden thunderhead of celestial energy that blossomed in his path. ‘You will ignore and defy us no longer!’

Two Stormcast Eternals darted into his path, arcs

of lightning leaping between their golden weapons. Malendrek lowered his sword and feinted right. One of the Stormcasts moved to intercept, only for Malendrek to kick him in the side of the head as he rode past. The Stormcast stumbled for a moment, giving Keranus the opportunity to take his head with a sweep of his massive axe.

The azure flash of the Stormcast's soul leapt towards the heavens above – only to freeze, and then be drawn with a shriek of tortured energies into one of the heavy padlocks of Mawcraep, the Spirit Torment, which swung like a censer in front of him. The relic's lock turned with an audible clunk.

‘You will all be remade in darkness!’ screeched Malendrek, riding hard towards the breach in the Glymmsforge arcanogram. Then, in a blur of energy, the mounted lord in the midst of the Stormcast Eternals was suddenly in front of him, his long stave surrounded by a wreath of celestial force. A swing of the staff forced Malendrek back, his steed recoiling as if stuck. The Stormcast's mask was at his hip, revealing a face all too familiar – that of Knossus Heavensen.

‘It is you who will suffer, Vorgen the traitor,’ said the Stormcast Eternal, sparks leaping from his eyes. ‘There was a reason Sigmar did not call for you.’

Vorgen Malendrek screamed in outrage, raised his blade high, and leaped in for the kill.



KNIGHTS OF SHROUDS

On the bleakest nights of the human soul, the Knights of Shrouds ride at the head of a massed gathering of undead. They drive the Nighthaunts to slaughter the living wherever the light of hope and progress shines out from the darkness, their disembodied voices ringing out over the moans of the deceased.

Each Knight of Shrouds is a fearsome combatant and driven leader, for he seeks at all times to justify his decision to betray his former kin. All were respected leaders in their mortal lives, but they were steadily ground down by the horrors of war with the undead, and ultimately pledged allegiance to Nagash instead of striving against him. The Knight of Shrouds known as Malendrek is a notorious traitor, a turncoat who chose to rule in Nagash's hellish dystopia rather than serve Sigmar. He was not the first to barter his soul for generalship of a powerful undead host, but now commands the greatest army of Nighthaunts outside of the Shyish Nadir.

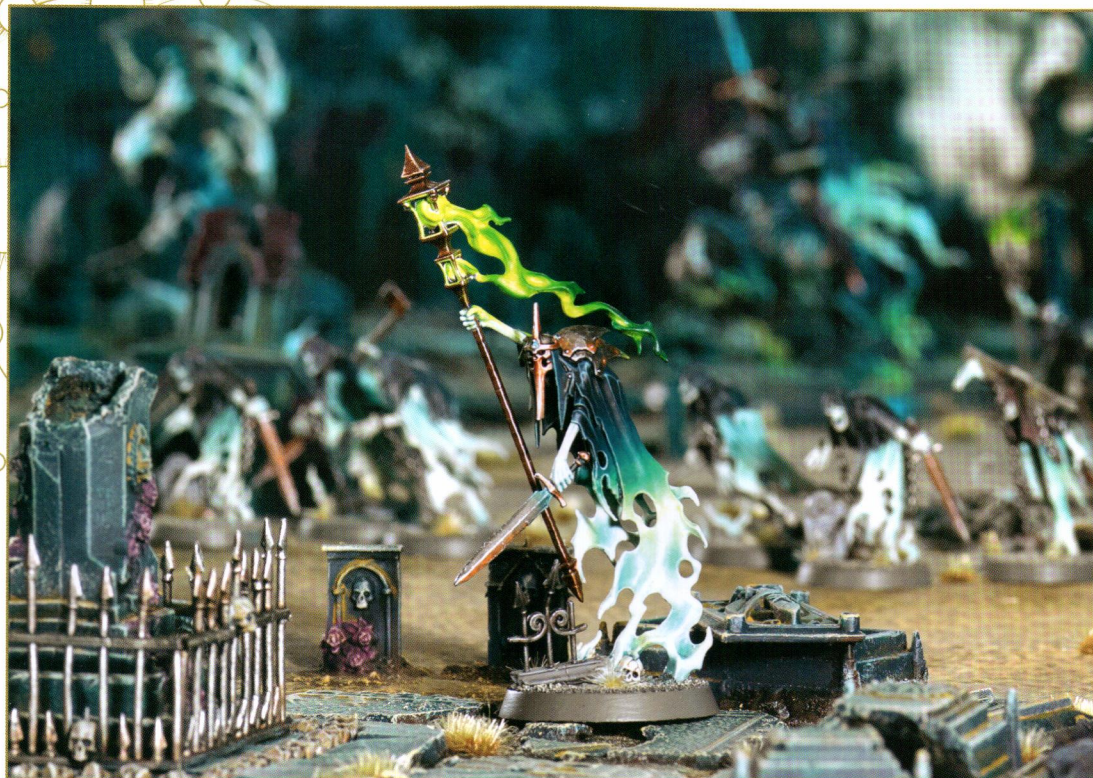
A Knight of Shrouds will always have a tale of tragedy and betrayal in his past. He may have led his forces into an ambush, only to ride away mere minutes before the trap was sprung.

He then would watch from afar as the blades of an unliving host cut his men down, and Necromancers raised them back up as a fresh army for the legions of Nagash. He may have killed the sentries of a fortress and opened gates long-barred on a moonlit night, allowing a horde of skeletal legionnaires to stalk into his home and slaughter his kin in their sleep. He may even have taken his ancestral blade to his own people in order to prove his new loyalty and fitness to serve as a general of Nagash's armies. Whatever the route the Knight of Shrouds took, the end result is the same – he is respected and obeyed only by the dead, and held in contempt as the worst kind of traitor by everyone else.

Tortured by his own decision to turn from the path of light, the Knight of Shrouds plunges ever further into the blackness of undeath. Secretly,

he tells himself he had no choice, that anyone else would have done the same in his position, but a worm of doubt gnaws at what is left of his soul. Perhaps it was necessity which spurred him on to the dark deed that came to define him. Perhaps it was simple cowardice or human weakness that led him to this fate, effectively cursing him to destroy that which he loved for the rest of time. But who could truly blame him, for when matched in a battle of wills against the Great Necromancer, what man could hope to triumph with his soul intact?

In the end, it matters little. Rebellion is impossible for one whose loyalty has literally become bone deep. The Knight of Shrouds' enchanted blade belongs to Nagash alone, and every victim that falls to his magical blade adds another lifetime to a dire punishment disguised as reward.



GUARDIANS OF SOULS

All Guardians of Souls keep vigil over the dead, driving those around them to the heights of hateful malice in the name of Nagash. Powerful wizards in their former lives, restless spirits are drawn to the eldritch lanterns that are the source of their power. To see a Guardian of Souls is to know that doom fast approaches.

Should a traveller stray into a graveyard or mausoleum in the dead of night, he may see an unwholesome fire burning in the gloom. This is no will-o-the-wisp or magical illusion, but the nightmare lantern of a sorcerous Guardian of Souls.

These drifting creatures are nexuses of undead energy, and they form the focal point of each Nighthaunt host. As mortals they each dabbled in the dark arts of undeath, but after realising they trod a perilous downward spiral they stepped away, seeking purity of the soul instead. Since their death Nagash has remade these former magic users as living conduits for the necromantic energy they once spurned. The ornate lanterns they carry are redolent with fell power that invigorates the dead, and wraiths are drawn to them as a starving peasant is drawn to the window of a feast hall.

The Nighthaunts feel something akin to hope when they see the light of the Guardian's coming, but they derive no true sustenance from it – instead they are driven to a greater hunger born of fear and despair.

The first Guardian of Souls to blight the realms – Verrekos Ossian – carries within his lantern a candle of human tallow that was lit upon the Flame of Nagashizzar, a perpetually burning brazier that hails from the time of the world-that-was. This unhallowed fire can drive a dormant Nighthaunt into a frenzy. The light of the Flame of Nagashizzar has been transferred to a hundred nightmare lanterns since. For a servant of Nagash to feel its lambent kiss and not claim a life before the dawn is dangerous indeed, for to be found wanting under Nagashizzar's light is to invite banishment – or worse, utter obliteration.

The fire of the Guardian's lantern perpetually flickers toward the domain of the dead, and hence the mind-chilling smoke it exudes does not rise up to the heavens, but instead drifts toward the battlefield. Wherever the flame's cold fingers find cadavers beneath the earth, it summons their spirits back from Shyish to emerge screaming out of their grave. Moreover, it is visible to the dead across hundreds of leagues, regardless of what lies in the way.

A Guardian of Souls will always gather his kind to his side, but when he drifts across a cemetery, dynastic sepulchre or battlefield of yore, unquiet souls are drawn by the hundred to collect behind him. These spirits are given new animus and purpose, bound into a host of ravening gheists ready to butcher and devour in the name of the Great Necromancer.



LORD EXECUTIONERS

Bent under the weight of his executioner's axe and the hangman's apparatus bound to his curving spine, a Lord Executioner is a macabre killer. Sent to claim the lives of those who have escaped the cold justice of Shyish, the spirits of the wrongfully executed drift around him, crying out their anguish into the night.

Unusually amongst the ranks of the Nighthaunts, the Lord Executioner is a deliverer of justice rather than a criminal who defies it. These figures were held in fear in life as well as in death, for their calling was that of the headsman, their duty to decapitate or hang by the neck those who flouted the law of their kingdom. Theirs was a task attended to with diligent dedication, even relish. Some such executioners became enamoured with their craft, able to kill ostensibly in the name of law and order, but also to satisfy their own craving for power. Towards the end of their tenures, they did not look too closely at the circumstances surrounding each kill.

Every Lord Executioner has innocent blood on his hands, and has been made to pay a thousand times over for it. The first of their number, Vholdian Keranus of Elixia,

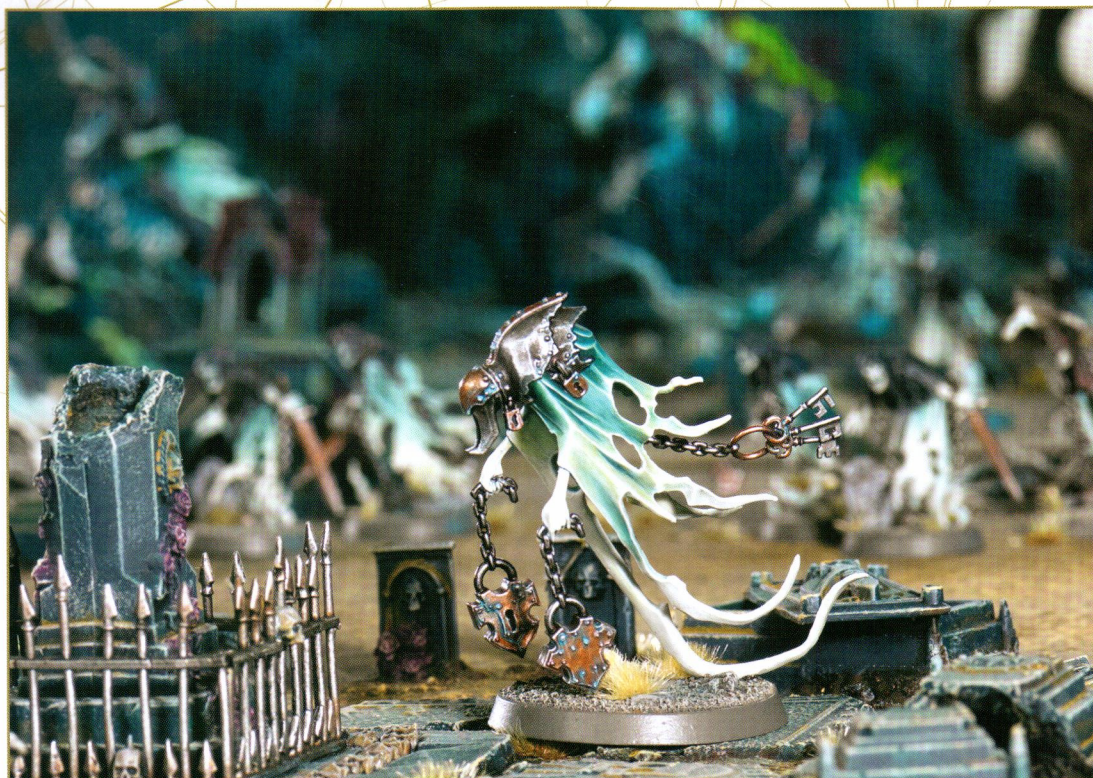
famously hanged over a thousand criminals, but never a man from his own city.

Towards the twilight of his life, Keranus became sickened by the endless crack of spinal cords and the death rattles of decapitated heads. Though he never admitted it, he grew to fear the loll-tongued, bulge-eyed apparitions that haunted his dreams and his meditations on the nature of death. He retired from his lifelong career, much to the chagrin of his liege lord, Varastis the Velvet. But he could not leave behind his legacy.

Years later, Keranus was dragged screaming from his family's homestead in the Elixian mountains, hauled from his bed by the relatives of an innocent man wrongly executed. He was blinded with a sharpened bone and hanged to death with his own entrails.

Awakening as a tormented spirit in the Barren Mountains of Shyish, Keranus' despair and rage was so intense that Nagash gave him new life as an undead executioner. He was sent back into the Mortal Realms to claim the lives of heroes and kings that defied Nagash or his Mortarchs, and took to his new role with gusto.

Every spectral executioner is constantly driven to the edge of madness by the disembodied, chattering skulls of those innocents he executed in life. These spirits do not merely harass their killer, but preserve his existence from esoteric threats, deflecting spells and ensorcelled blades at the last moment. They do so purely to ensure their killer is never allowed to escape his own bloodlust, and to remind him that those who bend the laws of justice for their own ends still pay a heavy price.



SPIRIT TORMENTS

The masked creatures known as Spirit Torments were pitiless jailers in life. In death, they play much the same role, though they imprison the soul rather than the body. They seek out those that Nagash deems his by right of rulership, bludgeoning them with their ensorcelled iron padlocks before locking away their spirits.

The Spirit Torments are the lords of the Great Oubliette of Shyish, a continent-sized underworld of dank cells and ice-cold dungeons. Known as shacklegheists to the elders of the Shyish Innerlands, they were once a rare sight in the Mortal Realms, but of late are sighted more and more.

The most powerful Spirit Torment in Malendrek's dire host is known only as Mawcrasp, a name that strikes terror into the hearts of all that hear it. When Mawcrasp is present in a Nighthaunt legion, he inspires great terror amongst the living and the dead alike. There is something about his malevolence, his aura – other than his dreadful aspect – that gives rise to a terrible foreboding, and those spirits that cluster about him dare not risk his wrath.

Spirit Torments are entrusted with a duty Nagash considers vitally

important, for it is their role to capture the souls of transgressors – in particular those that Nagash sees as having escaped their due fate. These rogue souls the Spirit Torment draws into his shacklegheist chains, heavy devices of cold iron that act as enchanted jails. A soul taken into this eldritch device is bound as soon as the lock closes tight, either remade as a lesser Nighthaunt or trapped in a pocket of unreality linked to the Great Oubliette. They cannot escape until that padlock is opened, – usually sending them into the clutches of a jailer king, a Mortarch, or perhaps even Nagash himself.

First, however, the Spirit Torment must ensure the soul is released from its mortal clay. This it does by swinging its heavy, lock-capped chains around itself – should one of them connect, it will stave in a ribcage or a skull as easily as if it

were a direct hit from a cannonball. Spirit Torments take pleasure in their dark work, only dimly aware that they too are prisoners in a jail of dark sorcery they can never escape.

Since the coming of the Shyish Nadir, the Spirit Torments have been seen in Shyish in far greater numbers. They are often accompanied by hosts of wraith-like enforcers and lackeys, whose duty it is to slay their master's target ready for him to bind it. Some Shyishan scholars risk their sanity by keeping track of where and when these creatures appear – of late they have found a correlation with the appearances of Stormcast Eternals across the Realm of Death. Whether this is coincidence, or a symptom of a cunningly laid trap yet to be sprung, is a matter they dare not speak of in fear of incurring the mind-rending wrath of Nagash.



GRIMGHAST REAPERS

Arch plotters and schemers in life, Grimghast Reapers are cursed in their undeath to kill indiscriminately. Whether those foolish enough to stand before a Grimghast Reaper do so out of bravery, stupidity, or petrifying fear matters little – they all end their lives hacked apart into bleeding chunks of meat.

A great many mortal nations, tribes and cultures fear the ghastly figure of the reaper. These skull-faced horrors wield large scythes, pitted with age and a patina of rust or verdigris, but wickedly sharp nonetheless. Unlike their Cairn Wraith cousins, Grimghast Reapers do not kill purposefully and deliberately, but scythe down the ranks of mortal men with unnatural vigour. These wraiths embody the indiscriminate kill, a perverse punishment for their murderous crimes in life.

All Grimghast Reapers were once careful and meticulous killers who sought to hide their murderous nature through long preparation and misdirection. Some were trusted viziers or aides that ensured their position beside the throne was safe through assassination and the employment of mercenary blades. Others killed with whispers, setting

the passions of fiery souls ablaze with lies – or even fell truths – until their unwitting puppets were driven into a murderous rage with jealousy or grief. One thing all Grimghast Reapers have in common is that in mortal life, they took great pains to never get blood on their hands. All that changes radically when Nagash claims their souls.

Grimghast Reapers are blindfolded or bound so that even the pale witch-sight of the undead is forbidden to them. Driven into a murderous fugue state by Nagash's will, they are set loose upon those they once called kin – for the Great Necromancer reasons that if they enjoy killing those they once called allies, they should be given the chance to do so on a far wider scale. Because of this, it is common for a Grimghast Reaper to kill his kith and kin before his wider rampage across the Mortal

Realms begins. Some knowledge of this act seeps into the mind of the Grimghast Reaper over time, driving him even deeper into self-loathing and anguish – negative emotions that only fade when his scythe is hacking through flesh and bone.

Some amongst the Grimghasts are known as Extollers of Shyish. Once spiritual leaders that defied Nagash, as mortals they spoke out against him, preaching that death should remain a pure part of the cycle of life. These souls Nagash fashions into preachers and harbingers of undeath, gifting them with great death knells that they might forever ring the praises of their master. Upon hearing this dread bell, mortals feel a chill note of fear struck into their souls. All too often it is the bell itself that brings their end, sending their disembodied souls screaming out to claw in horror at those nearby.



GLAIVEWRAITH STALKERS

A Glaivewraith Stalker is an unstoppable force. Its long blade always points at the beating heart of its intended victim, just as the needle of an arcane compass indicates the highest concentration of magic. Though it drifts slowly toward its quarry, it is inevitable that the creature's glaive will one day pierce the chest of its prey.

No creature embodies the slow, inevitable terror of death better than the Glaivewraith Stalker. These creatures do not move swiftly, for to them, time is all but immaterial. They were once hunters, joyful and magnificent riders mounted on swift steeds, relishing the pure, heart-pounding thrill of the chase. The fact that their quarry was innocent of any crime was completely immaterial to them, though those souls they callously sent to the afterlife did not forget the manner of their death – whether being pierced through with spears, riddled with arrows or ripped apart by hunting hounds.

These ghostly victims petition the lords of undeath for a measure of revenge, and due to Nagash's strange sense of cosmic justice, that wish is often granted. When the killers meet their final ends, they find themselves given a new hunt to partake in –

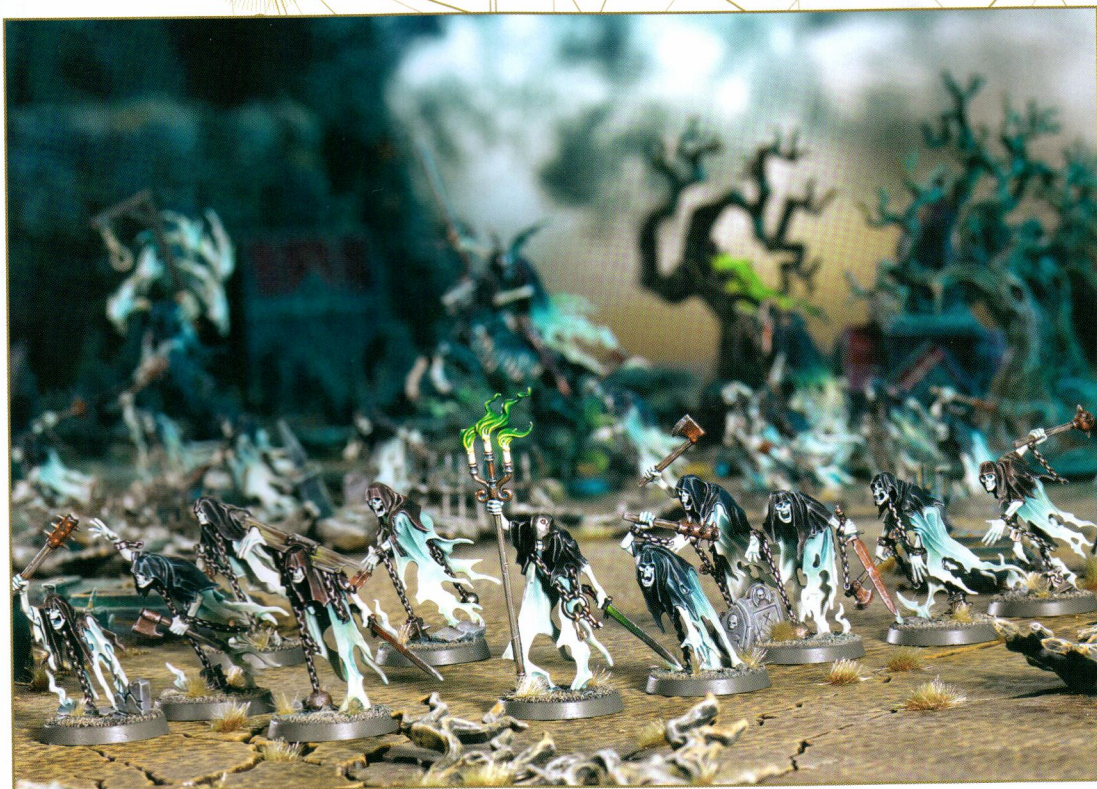
which becomes an all-consuming obsession from which they can never rest. Now they drift steadily after their prey to the heartbeat thump of a drum made from human skin, any sense of enjoyment or predatory glee replaced by a cold surety. There can be no escape, for the Glaivewraith Stalker never stops in its slow advance, and it can pass through walls and locked cellar doors as easily as if they were shafts of light.

A Glaivewraith Stalker is a hunting creature set by its master upon a particular target, although it will kill any that seek to hinder it with the irritable indifference of a man swatting a blood-sucking gnat. Its mortal prey could run, sprint, or ride a wind-swift steed into the most remote or well-protected of areas, but he cannot escape his fate. He still has to eat, sleep and rest – and that is when the Glaivewraith grows

closer by the second. Those who have realised a Glaivewraith is upon their scent have evaded them for years, even decades, until the memory of the creature begins to fade. Then, when their guard finally relaxes or they can run no more, they will fall into deep sleep. Sooner or later, the point of the creature's long blade will find them, piercing them through the chest in a terrible awakening. The gheist's leering and bestial visage is the last thing such victims see.

*'The Glaivewraith, it comes for you,
It follows you about.
There's no escape from what it will do,
Old Bones has found you out.'*

– Lyrian lullaby



CHAINRASP HORDES

A horde of Chainrasps is a frightening force, for though one can be slain with enough conviction, two others will take its place. A sword or axe might pass right through a Chainrasp without finding purchase, but the spiked clubs and rusted swords wielded by these evil beings can mangle flesh as easily as any mortal weapon.

The most numerous of the Nighthaunts are known as Chainrasps. Taken from the souls of the meanest, most irredeemable criminals across the realms, they are more numerous than the blades of grass on the verdant plains of Thyria. Wherever civilisation takes root there are those that would exploit and despoil it, and wherever there are such men, there are righteous souls who would punish or even kill them for doing so. If those judges of men are too eager with their blade, they too end their days bound to the will of Nagash, becoming the ghostly enforcers known as Dreadwardens.

The form of the Chainrasp echoes the circumstances of their death. Those who met their end in chains, their flesh chafed, discoloured and split by the cruel edges of their jailer's bonds, wear those same chains in death. Those weighted

down with manacles or heavy iron cannonballs drag that same weight with them as they strive to sink their claws into mortal flesh. Those that died mad and screaming still give voice to that same deathly shriek, made all the more disturbing by the corrupting energies of undeath. Some are even watched over by the same jailors, the Dreadwarden's candles lighting a path through an eternity that is impossible to escape.

To encounter a Chainrasp that is still whole of body and mind is extremely rare, for these lesser spirits have only despair and hatred to keep them together. A part of their animus has been stripped away by the agonies of their transformation into wraiths, and their half-formed, cadaverous bodies reflect this. Their madness and despair is so all-consuming that when they gather in sufficient number, they leave behind a kind of

spiritual frostbite. Over time, this intense negative energy saps the victim's will to fight, making him easy prey when the darkness returns, and the Chainrasps move to the attack once more.

As with many of their spectral kin, Chainrasps take cruel pleasure in the fact that those they slay inevitably find a horrible fate awaiting them in Shyish. Misery loves company, after all, and there is no company more dolorous than the Realm of Death's ghostly legions. With the coming of the Shyish necroquake, swarms of Chainrasps have risen up from unmarked graves across the realms, emerged by the hundred from the gallows that hanged them, and burst from the plague pits of cities ravaged by disease. They throng together, driven by the stench of death to become a howling gale of spirits all but impossible to survive.

PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES

The table below provides points, minimum and maximum unit sizes and battlefield roles for the warscrolls in this box, for use in Pitched Battles. Used alongside the rules for Pitched Battles in the Core Book, this provides you with everything you need to field your army in a Pitched Battle against any opponent.

STORMCAST ETERNALS UNIT	UNIT SIZE		POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
	MIN	MAX			
Celestar Ballista	1	1	120	Artillery	
Knight-Incantor	1	1	140	Leader	
Lord-Arcanum on Gryph-charger	1	1	240	Leader	
Castigators	3	18	80/400		
Evocators	3	12	140		
Sequitors	3	18	80/400		Battleline if army has STORMCAST ETERNALS allegiance and general is a Lord-Arcanum

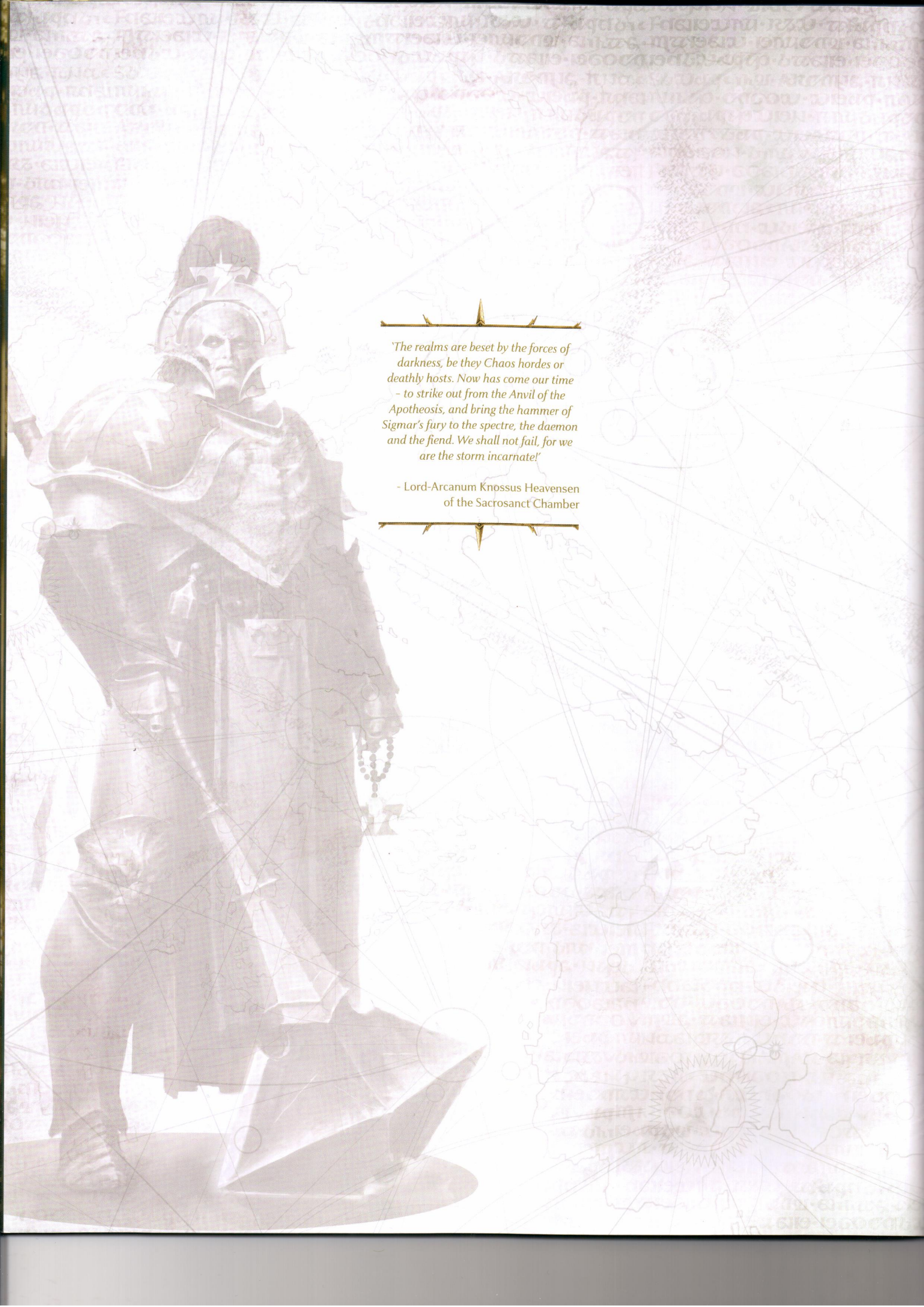
NIGHTHAUNT UNIT	UNIT SIZE		POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
	MIN	MAX			
Chainrasp Horde	10	40	100/360	Battleline	
Guardian of Souls	1	1	120	Leader	
Knight of Shrouds on Ethereal Steed	1	1	140	Leader	
Lord Executioner	1	1	100	Leader	
Glaivewraith Stalkers	5	15	80		
Grimghast Reapers	4	12	60		
Spirit Torment	1	1	120		

USING NIGHTHAUNT MODELS IN A LEGIONS OF NAGASH ARMY

The following units may be selected as part of a **GRAND HOST OF NAGASH**, **LEGION OF SACRAMENT**, **LEGION OF BLOOD** or **LEGION OF NIGHT** army as described in *Death Battletome: Legions of Nagash*, and gain the appropriate faction keyword. If all of the units in your army have that keyword, they can use the associated allegiance abilities from that battletome.

- Chainrasp Horde
- Glaivewraith Stalker
- Grimghast Reaper
- Guardian of Souls
- Knight of Shrouds on Ethereal Steed
- Lord Executioner
- Spirit Torment





*'The realms are beset by the forces of
darkness, be they Chaos hordes or
deathly hosts. Now has come our time
- to strike out from the Anvil of the
Apotheosis, and bring the hammer of
Sigmar's fury to the spectre, the daemon
and the fiend. We shall not fail, for we
are the storm incarnate!'*

*- Lord-Arcanum Knossus Heavensen
of the Sacrosanct Chamber*