

WARHAMMER

AGE OF SIGMAR



TEMPEST OF SOULS



GETTING STARTED WITH

WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR

Welcome to the exciting, expansive experience that is Warhammer Age of Sigmar! Within the following pages you will be introduced to the four pillars of this endlessly enjoyable hobby, and the fantastical setting in which it takes place.

COLLECT!

Collecting dynamic and stunningly detailed Citadel Miniatures is the heart of the Warhammer Age of Sigmar hobby, and there is a huge and varied range of models available to choose from. On page 8 you will find ideas and advice on starting your collection, and beginning your adventures in the Mortal Realms!

BUILD!

Inside this set, and every box of Citadel Miniatures, you will find a simple, easy-to-follow guide for assembling your models. Gradually building your army is one of the most satisfying and enjoyable aspects of the hobby, and with a wide range of customisation options, weapons and gear to choose from, you can really make your collection feel distinctly personal.

PAINT!

Once you've assembled one or two of the miniatures in the box, or perhaps even all of them, you're ready to start painting using the simple yet brilliantly effective Citadel Paint System! Turn to page 32 for stage-by-stage guides which show you how to make your models look great using a variety of easy techniques and specially formulated paints.

PLAY!

For many players, the culmination of their hobby experience is taking a freshly painted army to the tabletop for the first time. If you want to get playing with your new miniatures straight away, turn to page 42 of this book for an overview of the contents of this set, and a selection of exciting battleplans that will teach you how to play step by step.



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.

CONTENTS

THE AGE OF SIGMAR.....	4	START PLAYING	42
WORLDS OF LEGEND.....	6	Battleplan: Surrounded!	44
Collecting Citadel Miniatures	8	Battleplan: Shoot First.....	48
Building and Painting	10	Battleplan: The Crypt.....	52
Playing the Game	12	Battleplan: Lords of the Arcane	56
STORMCAST ETERNALS.....	14	Battleplan: Hallowed Ground	60
LEGIONS OF DEATH.....	16	Battleplan: Lords of Battle.....	62
PAINTING MINIATURES	18	NEXT STEPS.....	64
The Citadel Paint System.....	20	REALMS OF WAR.....	66
Painting Techniques.....	21	Vengeance of Azyr	68
Brushes	22	Spheres of Existence.....	70
Undercoating.....	23	The Soul Wars	74
Basecoating	24	The Free City of Glymmsforge.....	78
Shading.....	25	The Heavenly Hosts	82
Drybrushing	26	Sacrosanct Chambers.....	84
Layering	27	Knights-Incantor	86
Glazing	28	Evocators	87
Basing	29	Sequitors.....	88
Technical Paints	30	Castigators	89
Sequitor	32	Celestar Ballistas.....	90
Castigator	33	Nighthaunts.....	92
Glaivewraith Stalker	34	Lord Executioners.....	94
Grimghast Reaper.....	35	Grimghast Reapers.....	95
Extra Steps: Sequitor	36	Glaivewraith Stalkers.....	96
Extra Steps: Glaivewraith Stalker	37	Chainrasp Hordes.....	97



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THE AGE OF SIGMAR

5

The Age of Sigmar began with the thunderous arrival of the Stormcast Eternals, borne upon the heavenly storm of the God-King, Sigmar.

For time beyond mortal memory the servants of Chaos had ruled triumphant over the Mortal Realms, indulging their vile passions. The Dark Gods, ancient and malevolent beings who dwell within the nightmarish Realm of Chaos, spread their foul corruption ever further. Seven of the Eight Realms had been entirely overrun. Spike-crested fortresses were raised to dominate the lands, and what few scattered tribes of mortals remained were hunted like prey-beasts by those who had sworn their souls to Chaos. Once-proud empires and kingdoms were drowned in blood and terror, and daemonkind cavorted amidst the shattered ruins of great civilisations.

The Dark Gods believed that ultimate victory was at hand, and their booming laughter echoed out across the cosmos. Yet they were gravely mistaken...

Thunder rolled as Sigmar unleashed his heavenly champions – the Stormcast Eternals. Each was once a great hero of the Mortal Realms, snatched up at the moment of death and magically reforged, given superhuman strength and heaven-forged weapons. Now they had come to revenge themselves upon the followers of darkness, and retake the realms from Chaos.

Yet the servants of the Dark Gods were not the only foes who sought to spread their fell influence across the Eight Realms. Sweeping forth in innumerable hordes came the forces of Destruction. Brutish, war-like orruks and their savage allies cut a swathe of devastation across the lands, smashing all in their path.

In Shyish, Realm of Death, ancient skeletons and mouldering corpses crawled from their barrows, called forth by the dark sorcery of Nagash, Supreme Lord of the Undead. Ancient beyond reckoning, cruel and infinitely calculating, Nagash sought to remake the Eight Realms in his own image. He would transform them into an ordered empire of mindless thralls, leashed to his adamantine will.

This is a new epoch, a time of mighty battles and unending war, a time of heroes and monsters. This is the Age of Sigmar!

WORLDS OF LEGEND

The Age of Sigmar is an epic setting populated by myriad armies, powerful heroes and magnificent monsters. It plays host to vast, realm-spanning wars between the forces of Order and Chaos, Destruction and Death. Read on to explore these battle-torn landscapes and learn of the many peoples and creatures of the realms.

GLORY COME TO LIFE

At the heart of the Games Workshop hobby lies a vast range of Citadel Miniatures. From shining heroes to lowly soldiers, virtually every daemon, warrior and creature depicted in the Age of Sigmar is represented in the form of a beautifully rendered model. Even the architecture of the realms is replicated in intricate detail, ready to take its place as a spectacular backdrop for your displayed miniatures.

The motivations behind each collection are as diverse as the models themselves. They are almost invariably a magical alchemy of the aspects that define the hobby – namely collecting, building, painting and playing games with Citadel Miniatures.

There are no guidelines to dictate how much time or emphasis to place on each – it's your hobby. So instead, we'll take a look at just what makes each facet so compelling. As you delve deeper into the unfolding legends of the Age of Sigmar, your collection can take you far beyond the vantage point of a mere observer. The fate of the Mortal Realms is far from decided, and your miniatures are the means by which you become both author and protagonist in that epic war. Your collection can be as expansive as you wish, drawing heroes, war engines and warriors from many distinct races. Alternatively, you may focus on a single element – such as a Stormcast Eternals Warrior Chamber – building it up, unit by unit, into a formidable tabletop force. As any seasoned collector will attest,

looking over the serried ranks of your freshly painted army is always a proud moment. Arranging them upon a lavishly detailed tabletop battlefield ready to face the foe is often the next logical step, and for many, this is the very essence of the Games Workshop hobby.

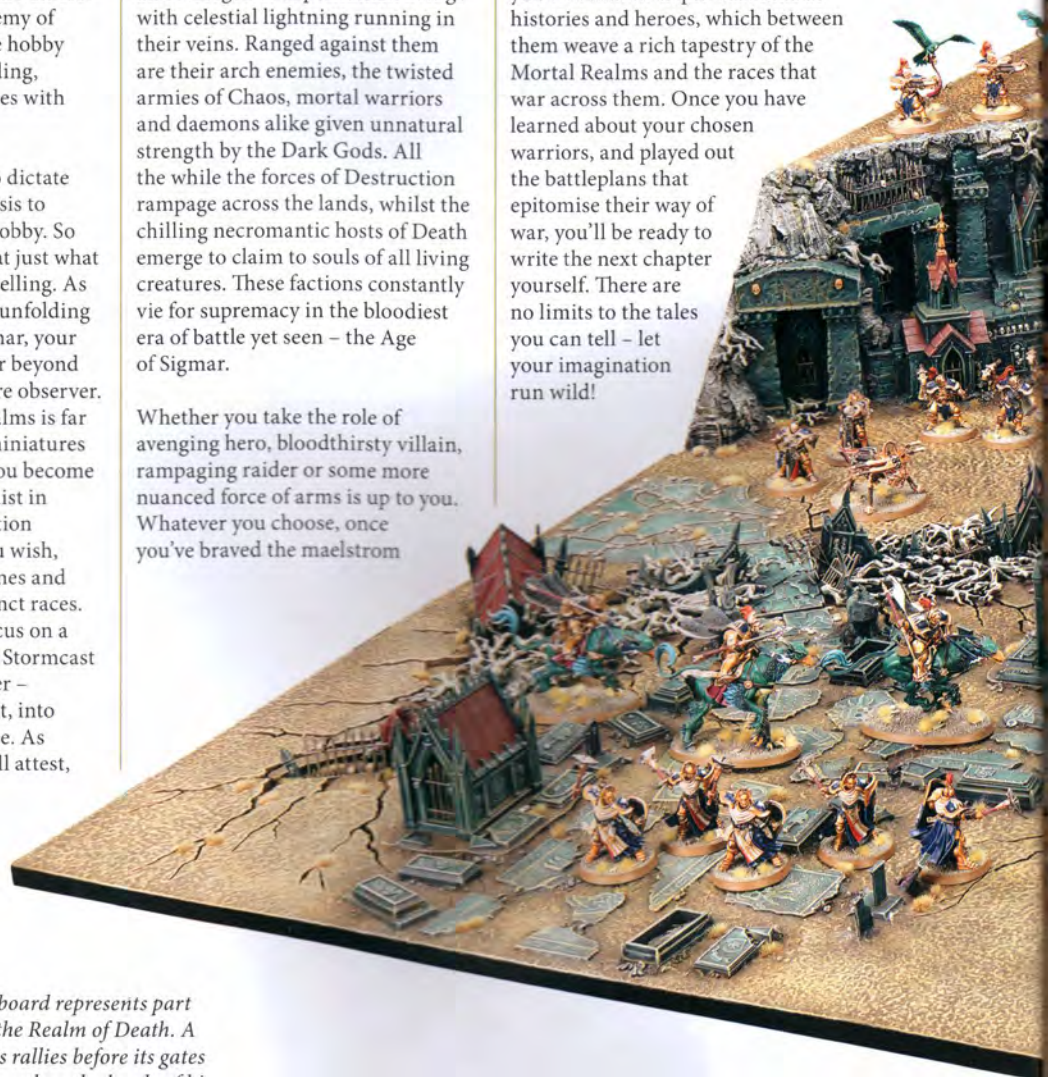
TELLING NEW TALES

Warhammer Age of Sigmar follows the realm-spanning wars between a dozen richly detailed factions and more. The Stormcast Eternals are striking protagonists, heroes taken from amongst the ranks of humanity and reforged as superhuman beings with celestial lightning running in their veins. Ranged against them are their arch enemies, the twisted armies of Chaos, mortal warriors and daemons alike given unnatural strength by the Dark Gods. All the while the forces of Destruction rampage across the lands, whilst the chilling necromantic hosts of Death emerge to claim to souls of all living creatures. These factions constantly vie for supremacy in the bloodiest era of battle yet seen – the Age of Sigmar.

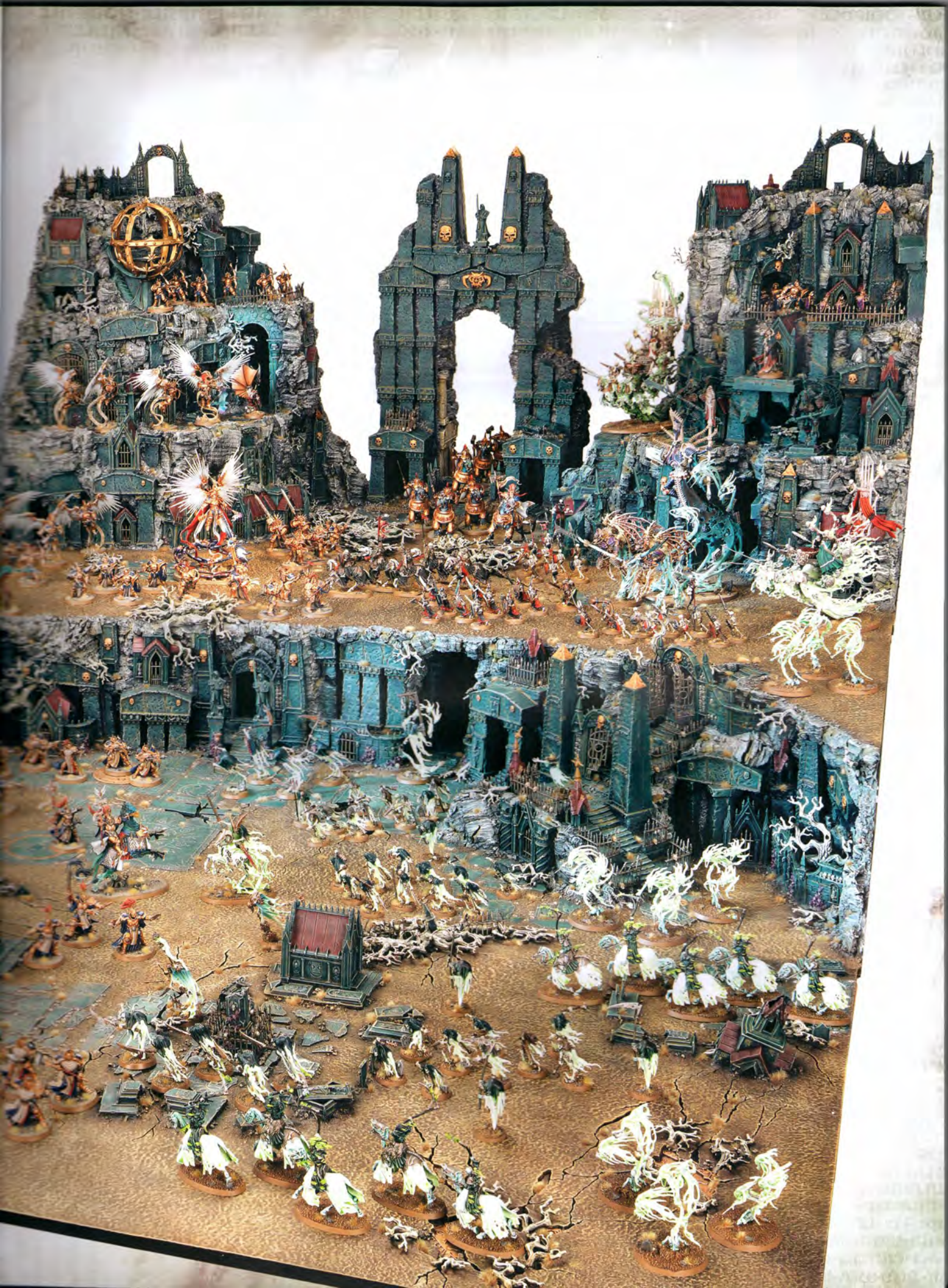
Whether you take the role of avenging hero, bloodthirsty villain, rampaging raider or some more nuanced force of arms is up to you. Whatever you choose, once you've braved the maelstrom

of battle that is the Mortal Realms you'll find yourself wanting to return again and again. As you do so you will explore the rich landscapes of the Warhammer Age of Sigmar hobby – eight new worlds plunged into an era of battle, each with its own warriors, monsters, hazards and treasures. By delving ever deeper into this book, you will embark upon the adventure of a lifetime.

Exploring the background and character of your miniatures is a deeply enjoyable element of collecting an army. Throughout battletomes and campaign books, you will find in-depth accounts of histories and heroes, which between them weave a rich tapestry of the Mortal Realms and the races that war across them. Once you have learned about your chosen warriors, and played out the battleplans that epitomise their way of war, you'll be ready to write the next chapter yourself. There are no limits to the tales you can tell – let your imagination run wild!



This majestic, multi-level board represents part of Glymmsforge, a city in the Realm of Death. A force of Stormcast Eternals rallies before its gates – only to be assailed by Nagash and a horde of his necromantic minions.



COLLECTING CITADEL MINIATURES

The worlds of Warhammer Age of Sigmar offer infinite possibilities for any avid miniatures collector. Their soaring landscapes, vast armies and fantastical battles will fuel your imagination – from your first few models and their journeys in the Mortal Realms to impressive collections and truly epic conflicts on the tabletop.

With such an array of incredible miniatures to choose from, how do you settle on which army, faction or characters to collect first? Sometimes you'll be drawn to a force through the books that recount the battles and tales of its most famous leaders. Alternatively, you may find yourself inspired by a particular army's colours and heraldry, or perhaps the wondrous creatures that fight for it.

Tabletop battles should always be friendly affairs, but at the same time, there's nothing wrong with wanting to emerge victorious from the games you play. Many collectors will look for inspiration in the rules for individual models or units – all

of which can be found on that model or unit's warscroll – gauging their capabilities on the field of battle.

Others relish the challenge of piecing together the 'perfect' army, which is a hobby in itself. These sorts of forces yield the most competitive gaming experience when deployed, so for those with a taste for gritty warfare, this may well be the impetus that drives their collection. There's no right or wrong way, and it always boils down to whatever ignites your hobby spark.

You'll find as you delve further into the Age of Sigmar hobby that almost all factions have battletomes, exciting books that expand upon a

certain force. These are great sources of inspiration, and show a wealth of colour schemes and heraldry. They also include allegiance abilities – including battle traits, command traits and more – that lend new powers to your army. As you learn more about strategy and tactics, you may find that special rules and synergies between units inform your next purchases. Of course, there's no need to restrict yourself to a single army. You might be torn between the heroic Stormcast Eternals and the mercenary Fyreslayers, for example – in which case, just collect both! They look great alongside each other, and can easily fight together in your battles.

The Stormcast Eternals of the Sacrosanct Chamber are warrior mages, each adept at slaying supernatural foes. Just as well, for they face hosts of horrifying Nighthaunts.





It is quite common for collectors of Citadel Miniatures to arrange them on a shelf or in a cabinet, formed up on parade with just as much care as they were assembled and painted.

Warhammer World in Nottingham, UK, has an extensive museum full of displays and dioramas where thousands of expertly painted miniatures take pride of place.

Over time, collections tend to grow as the owner adds more units and lavishes many happy hours over ever more impressive centrepieces. Adding allied factions and diverse units bound by a strong theme can be a very rewarding way to expand a much-loved host.

The army to the right includes mortal followers of Khorne bolstered by the daemonic allies they summon to war.



BUILDING AND PAINTING

The first steps into the Warhammer Age of Sigmar hobby usually involve building and painting your first model. Though you will not get perfect results straight away, with a bit of practice you will find that you have a fantastic band of warriors of whom you are rightly proud. So begins a voyage that can see whole legions brought to life.

One of the greatest joys of collecting Citadel Miniatures can be found in the modelling and painting of your collection, as you assemble and recreate all of the great heroes, terrifying monsters and amazing landscapes of the Age of Sigmar. Nothing beats seeing a fully painted army arranged in a carefully crafted setting – whether as part of an epic fantasy world recreated in miniature, with all the pageantry and spectacle that comes with it, or set up in a display case to be admired by all.

Before painting your models, you'll first need to assemble them. To begin with, you'll want to follow the advice given in the construction

booklet supplied with your models, but as your confidence grows, you may find yourself trying more ambitious methods, leading to more personalised results.

There's real satisfaction to be had in making your miniatures your own, bringing them to life with a paintbrush and teasing out all of their finely sculpted details. Some people revel in treating each miniature as its own work of art, lavishing attention on every millimetre. Others prefer to assemble vast legions of warriors in matching liveries, focusing on the spectacle of massed ranks, armed and ready for war.

There's no right or wrong way to go about this – you should go wherever your inspiration takes you, and do whatever you think makes your miniatures look great. Take your time to consider; the paint scheme you select will help you to imbue your models with character and story, and to define who they are. Why has this particular chamber of Stormcast Eternals got pockmarked, battle-scarred armour? Why do they paint the shafts of their hammers in shining silver? What are they doing in a mysterious landscape of glowing ice sculptures and blue flame? With an ever-growing range of evocative Citadel Miniatures to choose from, the story is yours to tell.





The first stage of bringing your miniatures to life is to have a really good look at the frames, absorbing all the cool details and deciding on how you want to assemble them. Then, whilst consulting the assembly guide, clip the right component parts from their sprues. After that you will need to put them together. Most models will need Citadel plastic glue – a dab or two on both sides of each join, and with a little practice the parts will bond perfectly.



Once the model is assembled and the glue is dry, you will need to undercoat it – this means painting it all one colour as a foundation on which to build your chosen paint scheme. Citadel spray paints are ideal for this. Then, once this undercoat is dry, use your chosen colours to paint on a basecoat. Advanced techniques include using layer paints, shades, highlights, glazes and technical paints to achieve truly stunning results.

WARHAMMER TV

Essential viewing, Warhammer TV's painting tutorials have insights for everyone. These guides are available for free on games-workshop.com and can also be watched via the Warhammer TV YouTube channel. Painting techniques for all kinds of models are covered, from individual warriors and squads to mighty war machines, monsters and even battlefields. And while the videos are a boon for newcomers, they come packed with a host of tips, inspiring ideas and handy techniques that make them equally popular amongst even the most expert miniature painters.

WARHAMMER TV



PLAYING THE GAME

The Mortal Realms are replete with tales of mighty heroes, bloodshed and betrayal. Your own games of Warhammer Age of Sigmar can evoke these epic stories upon the tabletop battlefield. Social, strategic and endlessly varied, the unique thrill of a good wargame cannot be overstated.

The rules presented in this set give you a framework to make the tales of the Age of Sigmar your own. More than that, though, they enable you to tell your own stories set in the Mortal Realms, and to use your collection of Citadel Miniatures in glorious battles of your own devising. Some will fight to free the realms from the horror of Chaos rule, others to crush the upstarts who dare challenge the Dark Gods. Others still may be driven by personal agendas of conquest, glory, or simply the enjoyment of a suitably grand and violent clash. Whatever your goals, these rules allow you to play out one exciting tale of battle after another. Your exploits through

the fantastical landscapes of the realms can be as many and varied as you like. The only limit to the fun is your imagination. Included in this set are the core rules with which to play your Warhammer Age of Sigmar games. With these rules, you can pit any army against any other in whatever exciting scenario you choose. However, these rules are only the beginning of your journey. Games Workshop offers an ever-expanding range of battletomes, campaign supplements – such as the books detailing the tumultuous period known as the Realmgate Wars – and thrilling novels that tell tales from the Age of Sigmar. Whether by utilising the exciting battleplans

available in many of these publications, or drawing inspiration from the events they cover, you need never play the same game twice. The more games you play, the more ideas you will have for what to do next. From laying siege to towering Chaos Dreadholds or duelling with conclaves of wizards amidst the raging heart of a magical storm, to holding a perilous bridge over a river of boiling lava or fighting out the desperate last stands of ragged bands of bloodied heroes, your games will become more immersive by the day. Each new encounter will generate spectacular war stories that you and your gaming group will reminisce upon for years to come.

The Realm of Fire has long been in the grip of Chaos, but since the dawn of the Age of Sigmar, the Stormcast Eternals have begun to seize vital sites across the realm. This fantastical battlefield is hotly contested by warring factions, and resounds to the rattle of dice every week!






Some people become expert in using their collection on the battlefield, giving their units names and taking note of their victories and defeats over many years of gaming. You'll find the vagaries of fate make heroes of the unlikely characters – and betray the mightiest warriors at the most inopportune times! It is these stories that collectors and gamers love to swap over a beverage when the dust of battle has settled.

No gaming table is complete without scenery. The battlefield itself should be as fantastical and impressive as the armies that spill their blood upon it. To help achieve this, Games Workshop sells a variety of scenery kits ranging from simple Sylvaneth Wyldwoods to Realm of Battle boards and imposing Chaos Dreadholds over which many a deadly siege can be fought.

Some gamers have regular opponents with whom they build a friendly rivalry. Each hones their strategy against the other until they know their opponent's army almost as well as their own. Such a relationship can end in a kind of arms race where one gamer will add a new unit to their arsenal for the next game, only to find his nemesis has done much the same – but that's part of the fun!

Many see the peak of the wargaming experience to be a gaming tournament, where like-minded generals gather for a day or weekend of several close-fought games. The type of gaming known as matched play lends itself perfectly to this aspect of the hobby. In these gatherings, the standard of painting and the sportsmanship with which you play the game can be every bit as important as the results of the games themselves.





A Stormcast Eternal's armour and weapons are forged from the magical metal sigmarite by the God-King's artisans, and imbued with the power of Azyr's sentient storms. Each is as pure and free of weakness as its Stormcast bearer.

STORMCAST ETERNALS

The skies erupt with celestial energies as the hosts of Azyr crash to the battlegrounds of the Mortal Realms, twin-tailed thunderbolts sent forth by the God-King Sigmar himself. Theirs is the strength of the heavens, and they have been forged to destroy the servants of the Dark Gods and see the realms freed from tyranny and strife.

The Stormcast Eternals are demigods of battle, forged to fight on the front lines of the great war against Chaos, and to obliterate any others who would seek to prey upon mortalkind. They fall upon their enemies with the force of a blazing comet, striking out with sigmarite weapons wreathed in celestial energies, crushing and blasting the life from their foes with the unleashed fury of the heavens. Formidable is the mission Sigmar gives the Stormcast Eternals – to see the Eight Realms freed from the tyranny of Chaos, and a new empire of reason and hope founded. Yet such is the valour and skill of these warriors that even this gargantuan task does not seem impossible.

The armies of the heavens are perhaps the most formidable fighting force in all the realms. Every single Stormcast Eternal is a former mortal hero whose soul was captured upon death, brought to blessed Azyr

and remade upon the Anvil of the Apotheosis. Should they survive the lethal trials of ascension, they will be granted superhuman strength and resilience, and trained in every facet of combat. Finally, they are equipped with weapons and armour crafted from blessed sigmarite – a substance far stronger than any steel.

To those who witness the heavenly hosts in battle, it is easy to believe them avenging angels, dispatched by a god of furious retribution. Rank upon rank of gleaming warriors advance in lockstep, their every movement perfectly synchronised with the precision of warriors who have spent a lifetime fighting as one. Serried rows of infantry form an impenetrable wall of sigmarite shields that grinds the enemy battle line to pieces, while warriors wielding immense sigmarite bows rain hails of searing lightning into the reeling foe.

Alongside these core Strike Chambers, the Stormhosts of the Stormcast Eternals possess weapons, war machines and war-beasts mighty enough to dominate any battlefield. The Vanguard Auxiliary Chambers are filled with hard-eyed rangers who fight ahead of the Stormcast line, isolating and obliterating key enemy targets and lighting the path for their fellow warriors. The Extremis Chambers contain the heavy cavalry of the heavens, formations of immense Stardrakes that descend from on high with a surge of celestial energy, searing the life from their heathen prey. Then there are the mysterious and reclusive Sacrosanct Chambers, guardians of the Anvil of the Apotheosis and wielders of heavenly magic. Each of these chambers is specialised in mastering a distinct theatre of war, and together they ensure that there is no foe that the armies of Order cannot overcome.



LEGIONS OF DEATH

In the heart of the Shyish – Realm of Death – lies Nagashizzar, a dark metropolis of soaring, bone-carved spires and shadow-haunted mausoleums populated entirely by the living dead. This is the dread capital of Nagash, the Great Necromancer, and from here he weaves his grand plans for dominance over the Eight Realms.

Nagash has existed for untold millennia, since long before the Eight Realms came into existence. Born a mortal man, he achieved ascension to godhood through arcane might and sheer force of will. Now, he is the God of Death, lord of Shyish and undisputed master of all undead creatures. The Great Necromancer's ultimate desire is to reshape the Mortal Realms in his own image, snuffing out every last spark of life until he rules over an empire of bone and ashes. Come that day, the realms will know absolute order, and not a single step or action will be taken by its inhabitants unless Nagash desires it so.

The God of Death is well aware that his vision of the Eight Realms united in death will take an immense span of time to enact, but he cares not, for Nagash long ago escaped the chains

of mortality. He knows that time is on the side of the unliving, and so he plots and schemes in preparation for the moment of his ultimate triumph, sowing the seeds of plans that may not come into fruition for centuries.

That is not to say that the armies of death are idle. Under the command of the Mortarchs – Nagash's favoured lieutenants – skeletal hordes and risen cadavers haunt every corner of the realms, seeking out the living and harvesting their souls, so that they in turn may join the legions of Shyish. Vampires, banshees, great carrion-beasts of the skies – all fight and kill at the Great Necromancer's command.

Since the dawn of the Age of Sigmar the legions of death have grown ever bolder, and with the advent of the Shyish necroquake their numbers

have multiplied a hundredfold. Gigantic hosts of Deadwalkers pound mindlessly upon the gates of Sigmar's great cities, while the restless spirits of the Nighthaunt are dragged from the underworlds by the will of their master, dispatched to terrorise and slaughter the living.

Each soul harvested by Nagash's armies is dragged back to the all-consuming vortex of Shyish, where it can be shaped into a form more pleasing to the Great Necromancer, joining the ranks of his endless legions. This is the true horror of the armies of death – the longer conflict consumes the realms, the greater their numbers swell. There are few more horrifying sights for a warrior than to witness their dead comrades rising from the earth, turning their weapons upon their former brothers-in-arms.





Nagash wields some of the most powerful artefacts in all the realms. His towering skeletal form is protected by the black plates of Morikhane, and he carries both Zefetnebtar, the Mortis Blade, and Alakanash, the Staff of Power. Perhaps his most potent treasures, however, are the Nine Books of Nagash, ancient repositories of necromantic lore and arcane knowledge.

PAINTING MINIATURES

Over the following pages you will find step-by-step guides to painting your assembled miniatures in the colours of their faction, as well as an introduction to the easy-to-follow Citadel Paint System. With an array of essential tips and hints to follow, you'll soon have your army of mighty heroes arrayed in all their fantastical glory!

Painting your assembled collection of miniatures is one of the most satisfying and appealing parts of the hobby for many collectors. It's the stage of the army-building process where your force really begins to come alive, and all the personal touches and creative flourishes you have lovingly added to each miniature are brought to vibrant life.

With the enormous Citadel Paints range at your disposal, there are limitless options when it comes to

choosing a paint scheme for your army. Some collectors will opt for colour combinations that suit their army's intended backstory. For example, a hobbyist creating a dour host of Stormcast Eternals hailing from the Realm of Death might opt for funereal blacks and purples that radiate a sombre, gothic splendour. Likewise, a tribe of feral orruks hailing from Aqshy – Realm of Fire – might smear themselves with red and orange war paint, and mark skull-masks on their faces

with white ash. Effects like these are easy to achieve if you follow a few, simple guidelines.

These essential tips and tricks are presented over the following pages, in a simple stage-by-stage process. You'll swiftly master the basic techniques required to get your models looking fantastic either on the tabletop or in your display case.

And remember, the paint schemes suggested are simply recommended options for those new to the hobby. Should you wish to try something a bit different, the same basic principles can be applied to whichever colour combination you choose. Embrace your creative side!





A Stormcast's imposing battle-plate proclaims their martial might.



Nighthaunt miniatures are highly macabre and dynamic.



Ironjawz orruks are savage, brutal and rippling with muscle.



Blood, brass and skulls are the hallmarks of Khorne's Bloodbound.

A PERSONAL TOUCH

Each fresh army you collect will offer an entirely unique and satisfying painting experience, from the grim and terrifying Nighthaunts to the brutal metal-clad hordes of the Ironjawz. Even within these two factions, there's a huge variety of ways for you to personalise your force.

Many factions, including the Stormcast Eternals, use proud heraldry to unite them on the battlefield. You might want to paint your collection to match those we have created for Warhammer Age of Sigmar; you may be inspired by a photo or piece of artwork, or choose to replicate a particular faction's look. Alternatively, you might wish to create a brand new colour scheme of your own devising – and the icons to go with it. After all, this is your army, your story and your hobby – the direction you take is up to you!



There are few more satisfying and enthralling experiences for a hobbyist than to see one's lovingly painted collection take to the tabletop for an earth-shattering clash between the forces of good and evil. Let battle commence!

THE CITADEL PAINT SYSTEM

Painting Citadel Miniatures lies at the heart of the Games Workshop hobby as an essential element of making the most of your miniatures collection. In this feature, we examine the Citadel Paint System, and show you how you can use it to achieve fantastic results.

One thing that unites almost every collector of Citadel Miniatures is the desire to own beautifully painted armies of our favourite models, whether to conquer all before them on the battlefield or simply to admire.

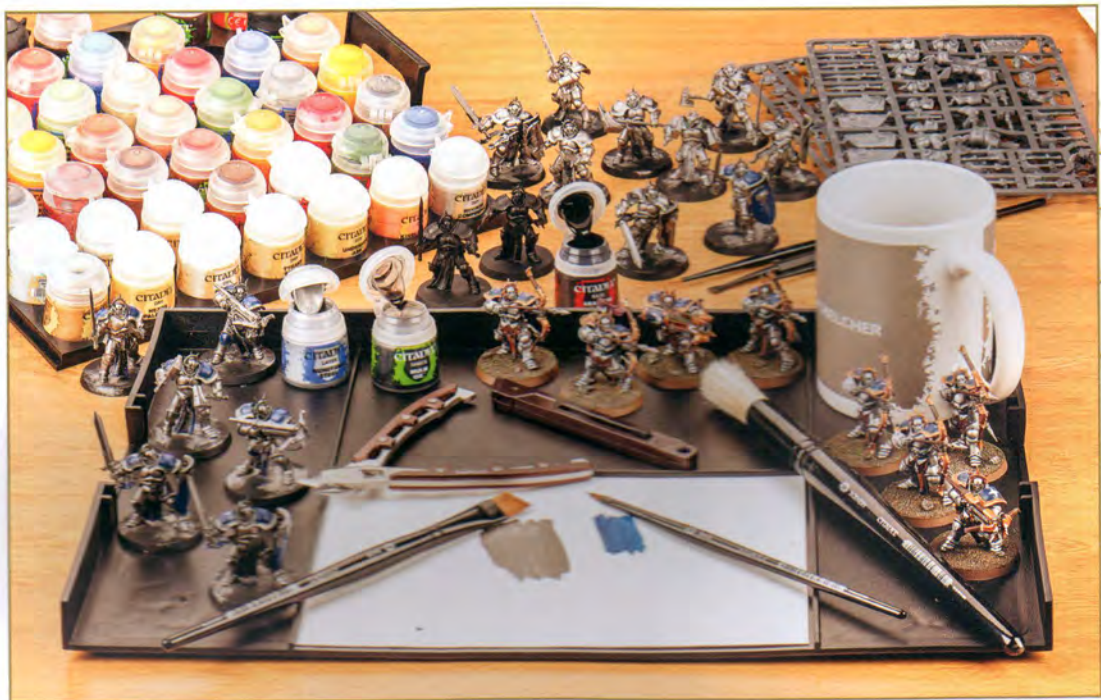
To help with this universal goal, Games Workshop has created the Citadel Paint System, a revolutionary combination of techniques, tools and paints that makes painting straightforward, easy to learn and, most importantly, fun! Using the Citadel Paint System, you choose the colours you want to paint your models, select the techniques you want to use on them, and apply these in a few simple steps for what will be some great results. These pages take you through it, step by step, technique by technique.

To explain it all, we've included advice from our army painters and the 'Eavy Metal team. The army painters create the vast armies and comprehensive painting guides you see in our publications, while the 'Eavy Metal team use their hard-earned skills to produce individual masterpieces that showcase our Citadel miniatures. Read on...



MORE THAN JUST PAINTS

Each type of paint in the Citadel system is designed for a specific purpose, making it easy to create stunning effects. As you read through this section, you'll find visual guides to each of the techniques for which the Citadel Paint System was designed. As you get more familiar with the system, you'll notice how versatile it is: you can use a mixture of techniques, such as layering and drybrushing, and vary the order you use them in.



PAINTING TECHNIQUES



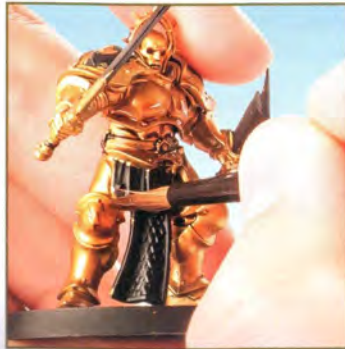
TECHNIQUE 1: BASECOATING (PG 24)

The foundation upon which the entire paint system is based, a well-applied basecoat gives your model a smooth starting point for later stages. Basecoats use Citadel Base paints, with their high pigment content and excellent coverage.



TECHNIQUE 2: SHADING (PG 25)

Shading is a technique that brings out all of the subtle details and textures on your model using Citadel Shades. Formulated to flow into recesses, Citadel Shades provide natural, effective shading to define the details on your miniatures.



TECHNIQUE 3: DRYBRUSHING (PG 26)

Drybrushing is an excellent technique for capturing raised details and creating natural highlights on models, especially those with a lot of small details or sharp edges. Citadel Dry paints are designed to make this much-loved method of painting as straightforward as possible.



TECHNIQUE 4: LAYERING (PG 27)

Layering is the method by which painters use increasingly lighter colours to create highlights on the raised areas of models by adding layers of lighter colour. Citadel Layer paints are formulated with a certain translucency so they can be applied over Base paints and each other with great results.



TECHNIQUE 5: GLAZING (PG 28)

Glazing is an advanced technique that many experienced painters use to great effect on their miniatures, primarily to intensify an area of colour. Citadel Glazes are special paints that can make the basecoats and layers on your models really stand out, or unify areas on your models where the colours might be a little too bright or the layering too stark. Citadel Glazes are designed to sit on the miniature where they are applied, unlike Citadel Shades, which will naturally flow into the recesses on a model and add shading and definition to them.



TECHNIQUE 6: BASING (PG 29)

A miniature is never truly finished until it has been based. Citadel Texture paint is the perfect way to ensure all the bases in your army have brilliant, consistent finishes. Citadel Texture paint can be applied directly onto the bases of your painted models, and it dries quickly, leaving an effective, contoured finish. You can either leave this just as it is, or shade and paint it like any other part of the model. You can even add grass tufts and other materials for a finishing touch.



TECHNIQUE 7: USING TECHNICAL PAINTS (PG 30)

Technical paints are designed to help you achieve a range of effects, from the metallic verdigris of Nihilakh Oxide, to the foetid slurry of Nurgle's Rot and the gore of Blood For The Blood God. The range also includes Soulstone Blue for giving gemstones a subtle gleam, and 'Ardcoat, a clear gloss varnish.

BRUSHES

The Citadel range of brushes has been designed from the ground up by our Studio painters, specifically for use with the Citadel Paint System. Each brush works best for a particular technique, so you can get the best results on all of your miniatures.

BASE

Base brushes have tough-wearing bristles designed to survive the rigours of basecoating your models. There are four sizes (S, M, L and XL) so that you can tackle any painting challenge. You'll notice the larger brushes have a broad, flat head, which is perfect for ensuring your basecoat covers your models, and the thinner, chisel-like ends are ideal for painting neatly up to the edges of areas.

DRY

Drybrushing can be quite hard on your brushes, so the brushes in the Dry range are made to be especially rugged and durable.

LAYER

Layer brushes are perfect for applying Layer paints. This tends to be precise work, and they have fine heads and soft bristles accordingly.

CARE TIPS

1. Wash your brush regularly. Keep a pot of clean, cold water on standby to wash your brush out with. Swirl the brush vigorously in the water to clean it – but don't grind the bristles against the edge or bottom. You should wash your brush often – any time you notice a change in the flow of paint as you are working and when you change colours.
2. Never let paint reach the ferrule (the metal area of the brush just past the bristles). Never dip your brush so far into the paint that it touches this, or when it dries, your bristles will splay out. If you get some paint in there by accident, wash the brush thoroughly.
3. Always use the largest brush suitable for the job. You will be surprised how, with a little practice, you can use a much larger brush than you expected to get the same result. Using a larger brush speeds up the process nicely, and helps ensure smooth results.
4. Keep a sharp point. Maintain the point on your brush by twisting the bristles softly against your palette. Check out our painting tutorials online for examples.

CHOOSE YOUR WEAPONS!

Taken as a whole, the wide range of Citadel brushes available could seem daunting to a beginner, but fear not! Just like collecting an army or building up your palette of paints, you can start with the basics and work up from there.

The best place to start is with a small (S) Layer brush, and a medium (M) Base brush. With these two finely crafted painting implements at your disposal, you will have a great start to your brush collection, and be able to attempt all of the techniques detailed on the following pages with confidence.

Of course, there's nothing like using the right tool for the right job, and as your confidence and skill grows you will want to look into all the other sorts of Citadel brushes. As a good foundation to build upon, however, these two brushes are the choice of the professionals!



SHADE

There are two Citadel Shade brushes, the M and L. Both have bristles designed to hold the maximum amount of Shade paint, improving the flow of the paint as you draw it over your models. For most tasks, you'll want to use the M Shade brush, as the sharp point allows you to apply Shade paints with accuracy. The L brush is for particularly large models.

GLAZE

Glazing tends to be quite precise, so the Glaze brush has synthetic bristles to keep its point while you work.

TEXTURE

The M Texture tool is a spreader for applying Texture paints to your models and their bases. Use the large end to scoop the paint from the pot, and the narrow end to spread it across the surface.

SCENERY

Citadel Scenery brushes are extra large brushes with coarse bristles – ideal for quickly getting a lot of coverage on the large spaces of boards and scenery.



UNDERCOATING

Undercoating helps paint adhere to your models and helps prevent it from flaking off. Most people use an undercoat spray that matches the main colours they intend to use on their Citadel Miniatures, enabling them to undercoat whole units quickly and neatly.

There are a number of spray paints in the Citadel range, from Chaos Black and Corax White to Retributor Armour and Leadbelcher. If you're new to using a spray paint, make sure you read the instructions on the can carefully before you start.

When undercoating models, do it outside in a well-ventilated area and well away from things you value (such as your car or pets). We recommend using a spray stick (see bottom-right) to hold your models, so you can spray the models from every angle without having to touch them while they are still wet.

Before spraying, shake the spray can for at least two minutes so that the paint and propellant mix properly.

Less shaking than this, and you could end up with streaky paint, a cloudy finish or, worse, a totally ruined model. It's worth reiterating: two minutes, no less! Always keep the spray can upright, too, otherwise the spray mix may come out inconsistently.

Sometimes, such as when it's cold outside, you may want to undercoat a model by hand. For this you'll need a pot of Abaddon Black and the largest Base brush you can use for the task. Simply apply the paint like you would a basecoat.

When spraying your models, a quick burst from the spray can (less than a second) from around 8-12 inches is more effective than a prolonged

barrage at closer range, which can obscure the details of your models and leave them dripping with paint. Work around the model, undercoating it in short, quick blasts until the whole miniature is evenly undercoated. Again, a spray stick is handy for this as it helps economise on how much paint you use and enables you to turn the models around without having to handle them, which would risk smudging the undercoat.

Lastly, when you're done undercoating your models, clean out the nozzle of the spray can by turning it upside down and spraying until only gas comes out. This prevents the nozzle from clogging, ruining the can.

A coloured undercoat is great for models that will display large areas of that colour. A Chaos Black undercoat is ideal for darker miniatures, and provides deeper shading. The model in the middle has been coated with Retributor Armour – perfect for the gold worn by the Hammers of Sigmar. The model on the right has been undercoated with Corax White, ready for a deep all-over shade to fill recesses and add texture.



OPTIMAL CONDITIONS

Avoid spraying if it is too hot or cold outside. When it's too cold, the paint struggles to dry, leaving it uneven and streaky; too hot and the paint particles dry before they reach your model, making the paint grainy. Between 15 and 25°C is ideal.

For our spray sticks, we use a piece of wood about two feet long. Stick a strip of double-sided tape along the top and gently attach your models to it, leaving a little space between them. Secured in this way, the spray stick can be held at any angle so you can spray every part of the models. We recommend wearing a latex glove on the hand holding the stick to avoid accidentally undercoating your fingers.





BASECOATING

A basecoat provides the first layer of paint you apply to a model after the undercoat, and forms the foundation of every other colour on the model – indeed, the foundation of the entire paint job itself – so read on for the essentials and a few top tips from the masters.

Basecoating is the first painting technique you'll apply to your miniatures and, if done well, will make painting your models much easier and more enjoyable. Many painting frustrations can be alleviated with a neat, smooth basecoat right from the start. There are four Base brushes in the Citadel brush range. Always use the largest one you can for the job. Not only does it make painting easier, it also

makes it much faster. The Sequitor shown below was painted using an L Base brush and took only a couple of minutes to basecoat. When this main basecoat is fully applied, you can carefully begin to fill in the details of your miniature with different paint colours and smaller Base brushes.

While there is a temptation to use the paint straight out of the pot, always water it down. Firstly, this

stops you applying the paint too thickly. Two thin coats of paint are better than one thick one – a mantra you will come across often in Games Workshop painting guides and tutorials. Remember, you can always put more paint on a model but you can't take it off. Secondly, a dab of water stops the paint from drying out on the palette, which can make it go thick and tacky, leading to a lumpy, uneven basecoat.



1 When getting paint out of the pot, use your brush to take a small amount from the lid rather than dunking the brush into the pot itself.



2 Put the paint on a palette and mix in about half as much water as there is paint. Pulling the brush towards you, coat the bristles in paint.



3 As mentioned in the Brushes section, never get paint on the ferrule. An even application halfway up the bristles is easily enough paint.



4 Using the flat of the brush, apply the basecoat (in this case Retributor Armour) to the model in smooth, even coats.



5 Using several thin coats, rather than one thick one, will ensure that details such as folds in fabric do not lose their definition.



6 When you begin to fill in the details on your basecoated miniature, use a smaller Base brush. This will give you greater control and accuracy.



SHADING

Shading your models with Citadel Shade paints creates areas of rich, darker colour that accentuate the natural shadows on the miniature – perfect for capturing all that detail and creating a sense of depth across the model. A delicately applied shade can really bring your miniature to life.

Citadel Shades are much thinner than other Citadel paints, specially formulated to flow into the recesses and around the details on your Citadel Miniatures. The perfect follow-up to a good basecoat, shading provides your miniatures with effortless, natural depth. Shading is a very simple technique and provides fantastic results on almost any model, from the largest monsters and war machines to the tiniest Clanrat or Nurgling.

Typically, you will apply a Shade before you begin layering or drybrushing your model. It will settle into the recesses and around

the details of your model, making those areas look more pronounced. Sometimes, you might use a Shade later on in the painting process, which can be useful for staining the layers of paint below. Either way, there are three main shading techniques: all-over shading, section shading and recess shading. The first two cover large areas of the model, either all of it or particular sections, while a recess shade focuses on neatly applying the Shade to the model's recesses only.

Citadel Shade brushes have bristles specifically designed to hold plenty of liquid, so you can apply the Shade

simply by painting it on. As you press your brush against the model, the Shade will flow out, and you can use your brush to move the Shade around the model to where you need it.

Because Shades are much thinner than other paints, they will take a bit longer to dry. Factor this in when you are painting – once you've applied your Shades, set the model to one side for half an hour or so. While this model dries, you can be painting another. Don't be tempted to use a hair dryer to speed things up, as this can change the way the Shade dries or even push it out of the recesses.



1 Before you use any Citadel Shade, make sure the lid is firmly closed and shake it vigorously to ensure the paint is well mixed.



2 Use your M Shade brush to take paint from the pot and transfer it to your palette. Citadel Shades do not need to be watered down.



3 When you apply Citadel Shades, your brush should not be overloaded – aim for a saturation like you can see in this example.



4 Apply the Shade to your model in a smooth motion, using the brush to ensure it flows where you want it to go.



5 Sometimes you only want to shade the recesses of a model. In these cases, use a smaller brush so you can paint more precisely.



6 Once you have applied the Shade, give it plenty of time to dry. As it dries, it leaves rich colours within all the crevices, adding depth.

3 DRYBRUSHING

Drybrushing is a fantastic method for quickly capturing all the raised details on a model and providing subtle and effective highlights. Here, we show you the essential steps of this technique, and how the Studio army painters use drybrushing to take their own paint jobs to the next level.

Drybrushing is a technique beloved by painters everywhere, useful for everything from highlighting the scales of towering Stardrakes and Carnosaurs to skaven fur and chainmail armour. Essentially, the technique consists of rapidly brushing your Dry brush against the detailed areas of a model to capture all the raised details with a light dusting of paint.

Drybrushing is very simple, as you can see in the stages below. Having

loaded your brush with Dry paint, you proceed to wipe most of it off on a piece of tissue or paper towel. This leaves you with a small amount of very 'dry' paint on the bristles.

As you brush the bristles against the model, you'll see the paint transfer. The longer you brush, the heavier the coverage will be. When it seems like you are running low on paint on your bristles, simply reload your brush with more paint, carefully wipe off the excess, and carry on.

The beauty of drybrushing is that the results are instant. You can gauge the effect as you go along and decide if the coverage is sufficient and the highlight light enough, or whether you want to continue building up the colour. Because of this, drybrushing is often the stage where you can most clearly see the paint job coming to fruition as highlights appear on the edges over areas of deep colour, and the model nears completion. This gradual improvement is incredibly satisfying to witness.



1 First, load some Dry paint onto your brush directly from the pot. There's no need to take too much paint – just use a little bit at a time.



2 Wipe off the excess paint from your brush onto a piece of tissue or paper towel. You should remove almost all of the paint, as shown here.



3 With the paint removed, your brush should look like this. You can see a little paint remaining in the bristles – this is enough for drybrushing.



4 Next, gently brush the bristles against your model in a quick back-and-forth motion to transfer the paint to your model – like so.



5 For models with large, flat areas, don't drybrush the whole surface. Use an S Dry brush to focus on the edges, and stay out of the recesses.



6 When drybrushing smaller details like this Sequitor's kneepad, use an S Dry brush and careful motions to avoid getting paint on other areas of the miniature.

4

LAYERING

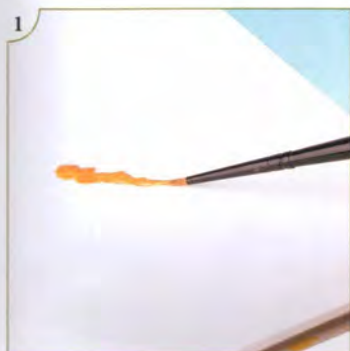
Layering is a painting technique designed to bring life and realism to your miniatures by accentuating the raised areas of a model. Done well, the end result is a beautifully painted model with natural-looking highlights that really stands out on the battlefield.

There are two main techniques to layering: the solid layer and the highlight. A solid layer, as shown in image 3, is designed to cover a whole section of a model while leaving the basecoat and shade visible only in the recesses. This has the dramatic effect of changing the colour of a model. Because Layer paints have a thinner consistency than Base paints, applying a Layer in this way may require several coats of paint to

cover darker colours beneath. Just like basecoating, a few thin layers are better than one thick layer – take your time, apply your layers neatly, and you'll get a smooth, even finish. As with any painting technique, it's easier to add more paint than it is to clean up an overloaded miniature.

Highlighting is another form of layering, designed to simulate the effect of light catching the

raised edges of your miniatures. Light naturally catches the most prominent edges of an object, which is why highlights are only applied sparingly to a miniature and normally only to raised areas as shown in images 4 to 6. A final highlight to a sword or face is often the last process to be applied to a miniature, the finishing touch to all your hard work and a moment to be relished.



1 Gently rotate the brush when drawing paint from your palette. This will help you keep the tip of the brush as fine and pointy as possible.



2 Ensure there's not too much paint on your Layer brush. It should be evenly distributed across the bristles, and never cover so much as to reach the ferrule.



3 When layering across large areas, always try to keep the brush strokes going in the same direction to minimise streaks, lines and patchy sections.



4 When applying highlights along the edge of a detail, use the edge of the brush, as it will give you better control than the tip. This is often called edge highlighting.



5 Be sure to wash your Layer brush regularly, to prevent the paint drying on the bristles and ruining the precision of the brush.



6 Apply multiple highlights, using increasingly lighter colours, to the most prominent edges of the model. This simulates light falling naturally on the model.

5 GLAZING

Glazing is a handy technique that can be used to intensify the colours on a miniature. Though similar in appearance to Citadel Shades, Glazes work in a very different way and with a different purpose. Read on to find out how they will enhance your painting.

Glazes are translucent inks that are designed to alter the hue of a colour, making it stronger and more vibrant. They are perfect for drawing attention to parts of a model that you want to capture the viewer's attention – flames, trophies, faces, flamboyant cloaks, and prominent armour sections.

They are also especially handy when you are close to finishing a model

and find that your highlights have de-saturated a colour, reducing your miniature's vibrancy and definition. This often happens with bright colours such as red and yellow. Depending on your highlight colours, red can take on a pastel hue that borders on yellow or pink, while yellow can end up looking more like cream or bone. Applying a glaze across the whole area will bring back the vibrancy of the original colour

(the basecoat or layer) and gently tone down excessive highlighting, resulting in a much smoother transition between the colours, as shown in the images below.

While Glazes are great when used on their own, they can also be applied directly over a Corax White undercoat with dramatic effect, as shown on the image of the painted Hexwraith below.

STUDIO COLLECTION

This Hexwraith, painted by the Studio army painters, is a great example of how effective a Glaze can be. The whole model was glazed with Waywatcher Green over a Corax White undercoat to give it a luminous, otherworldly feel. The flames on the Hexwraith were layered with Moot Green and Yriel Yellow before they too were glazed with Waywatcher Green to tie them to the rest of the model. It's a quick and simple colour scheme, but devilishly effective.



1 When glazing large areas, the M Glaze brush is usually the best tool for the job, as it can hold a lot of paint in its bristles and still offer good precision.



2 A Glaze should be applied more like a Layer than a Shade: in broad, fluid strokes that cover the whole area without pooling into the recesses.



3 Because of the ink's translucent quality, Glazes work by staining the colours beneath without obscuring them.



4 As you can see, the careful application of glazes has given the surfaces of this miniature an attractive, luminous gleam.



BASING

A Citadel Miniature isn't completely finished until its base has been transformed from flat plastic into an evocative battlescape. This maxim is as true for the rank and file infantry in your army as it is the most glorious Golden Demon winning model.

With your model fully painted, all that remains is to complete it with a great-looking base. Citadel Texture paints are designed with a mixture of coarse and fine grit set into the paint mix so that you can paint them straight onto the bases of your models and they will dry leaving an awesome textured finish.

You can simply apply a layer of Citadel Texture paint to your base

and, once it is dry, you'll have an effective and visually appealing result. The best finishes, however, come when you take a little time to add a few extra details using the techniques you have already learned throughout this painting guide.

A Citadel Shade applied over the Texture paint will create areas of deep shadow, while a drybrush of lighter paint over the top picks

out all the nuances of the gritty surface to create a realistic, rugged effect. With Texture paints, bear in mind that the thick and grainy composition of the paint can damage your brushes (which will also struggle to move the Texture paint around the base) – use an M Texture spreader to apply them instead. Also, always make sure you give them plenty of time to dry before adding any more paint.

CRACKING PAINTS

Some Texture paints, such as Agrellan Earth and Martian Ironearth, are known as cracking paints. They break apart as they dry, creating an arid, sun-parched finish. To achieve this effect, load up an M Base brush with a large glob of one of these thick paints and apply it liberally to your model's base, being careful to avoid their feet. Leave the model somewhere warm overnight to let the paint crack.

Top Tip: Paint a layer of PVA glue onto the model's base first, let it dry, then apply the cracking paint. The cracks will be even bigger!



1 Use the broad head of your M Texture tool to scoop out a glob of Texture paint. Take a little at a time to help you control it on your base.



2 Spread the Texture paint around the surface of the base with your M Texture tool. Use the narrow head to carefully spread it around, covering the entire base.



3 Once the Texture paint has fully dried (this can take around 45 minutes, depending on how much there is), apply a Shade to emphasise all the textures.



4 Finally, once the Shade is dry, give the top of the base a drybrush to complete the look, and apply a basecoat around the base's rim to tidy it up.

7 TECHNICAL PAINTS

To provide a truly impressive level of detail to your miniatures, and to create really interesting effects, look no further than the Citadel range of Technical paints. These are paints that have been specifically formulated to achieve a unique result, from ancient verdigris and splattered blood to rusted metal and gleaming crystal.

Technical paints are some of the last paints you'll use on your miniatures, and are perfect for applying the finishing touches to your paint job. They are designed to add that extra level of realism to a miniature and, as such, are each created with a specific effect in mind, such as glossy bile or freshly spilt blood, though no doubt you'll find plenty more uses for them over time.

Despite their name, Technical paints are not hard to use, especially if you follow these tips from the Studio army painters. Indeed, splattering Blood for the Blood God all over a miniature can be quite satisfying. You can find out more about Technical paints on our YouTube channel, which features videos of this technique in action, so you can see how it's done.

NIHILAKH OXIDE

Nihilakh Oxide is perfect for creating a corroded copper, bronze or brass effect. It has a thin consistency that is best applied with an M Glaze brush – a little bit will give you a light effect, while a

loaded brush (1) will give you a much deeper, milkier finish like real-life verdigris. Here, we painted Nihilakh Oxide across the surface of a Chainrasp's keys (2), making them look ancient and corroded.



Top Tip: Paint Nihilakh Oxide straight over a Corax White undercoat for ethereal spirits and baleful flames.

TYPHUS CORROSION

Typhus Corrosion is like a thick Shade that contains particles of grit which add texture to a model. This paint can be combined with others to create a realistic rust effect.

Apply liberally with an M Shade brush (1) over the area you want to look rusty and let it dry. Then, using an S Dry brush, gently apply a layer of Ryza Rust over it (2) to make it look like filthy, peeling rust. Ryza Rust is part of the Dry paints range.



Top Tip: Paint Ironbreaker around the edges of the metal to show where the rust has been scraped off.

LAHMIAN MEDIUM

Lahmian Medium has two uses, though both are very different. Lahmian Medium is actually paint without a pigment and, as such, it is perfect for reducing the opacity of a coloured paint without affecting its chemical make-up (unlike water, which would dilute it). This is very handy for blending colours on a model or creating your own glazes. Lahmian Medium can also be used as a matt varnish, which is ideal for sealing transfers securely to your miniatures. Simply apply it as you would a Glaze with the M Glaze brush.



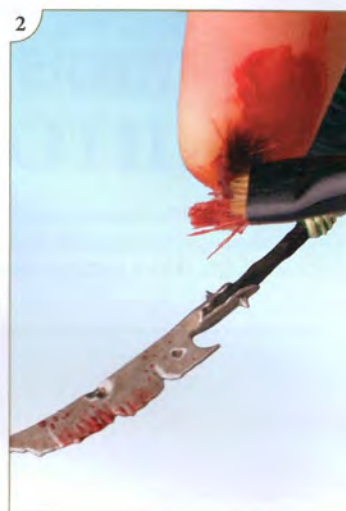
CITADEL AIR

A popular technique for painting Citadel Miniatures is to use an airbrush for basecoats and layers, achieving a smooth, neat coat in virtually no time. The Citadel Air paint range consists of many colours drawn from the Base and Layer range, specially formulated to be fired through an airbrush with no extra preparation. The range also includes Air Caste Thinner which, much like Lahmian Medium, enables you to thin the consistency of your paints for subtle blending and shading.

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD

Khorne's favourite paint, Blood for the Blood God is specifically designed to look like sticky, glistening, freshly spilled blood. Applying it is easy. Use an S Layer brush to drag the paint across the blades and armour of your models (1). You can even apply some to an S Dry brush and pull your finger across the bristles to 'flick' it onto your models, creating a splatter effect (2). The more you do, the gorier the model will be!

Top Tip: Less is more. Start with a little and build it up to create a realistic effect.



'ARDCOAT

'Ardcoat is a gloss varnish that has multiple uses. When adding transfers, apply a layer of 'Ardcoat to the area first to help smooth over any bumps or ridges created during the painting process – it will make the transfer adhere much more easily.

'Ardcoat also works brilliantly as an effect paint. Applied over sorcerous flames, magic swords and gemstones, it gives them a shiny lustre. Lastly, 'Ardcoat can be used as a gloss varnish to protect your miniatures from the rigours of battle.



NURGLE'S ROT

The Plague Father's most fecund blessing in paint form, Nurgle's Rot sets as a glistening residue. We recommend using an M Glaze brush for precision, loaded with a generous glob of Nurgle's Rot (1). Paint it on as you would a Citadel Shade – just be aware that it's a little more viscous, so you'll need to poke it around with your bristles to get it in the recesses (2).

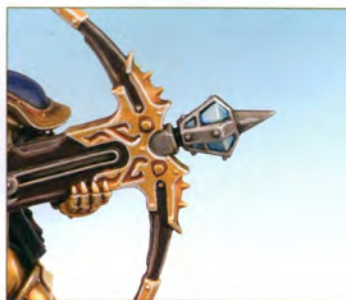
Top Tip: The thicker you paint it on, the more opaque Nurgle's Rot is, so build it up in layers to get the desired effect.



GEMSTONE PAINTS

Painting gemstones and reflective surfaces is often one of the trickiest tasks for a hobbyist. With the aid of the Gemstone paints in Citadel's Technical range, however, it couldn't be easier to get that vibrant sparkle from crystal and glass surfaces. These are called Soulstone Blue, Spiritstone Red and Waystone Green. To begin with, simply base

the desired area with a metallic paint – Stormhost Silver is a great choice, but you can also experiment with others for interesting effects. Then, carefully apply the Technical paint over the top, making sure not to load up your brush with too much paint. There is lots of room for experimentation with this simple technique.



PAINTING STORMCAST ETERNALS SEQUITOR

The Sequitors are the footsoldiers of the Sacrosanct Chambers, pious warriors who channel the power of Sigmar's Tempest through their magical weapons, smiting the unrighteous and the malefic alike. Below you will find a guide to painting these striking and imposing champions of Order.



1 First, apply Retributor Armour Spray all over your model to achieve a rich gold undercoat. Try to get as even a covering as possible. Cover any spots you miss with standard Retributor Armour paint from a pot.



2 Next, use a Base brush to apply Kantor Blue to the pauldrons and the robes, Rakarth Flesh to the tabard and scroll, and Abaddon Black to the back of the shield, the leather straps and the weapon haft.



3 Shade the gold areas and the prayer scroll with Reikland Fleshshade, being careful to avoid getting ink on the rest of the model.



4 Once all the paint has dried, apply a thick coat of Astrogranite to the model's base. Paint Abaddon Black around the rim of the base for a smooth finish.

PAINTING STORMCAST ETERNALS CASTIGATOR

The following guide will teach you how to paint Castigators – bow-wielding warriors who specialise in the destruction of rampaging spirits and daemons. These ranged specialists are armed with enormous thunderhead greatbows, which hurl bone-crushing projectiles filled with searing celestial lightning.



1 To begin, basecoat the miniature with Retributor Armour Spray. Wait for the paint to dry before you continue.



2 Apply Kantor Blue to the armour, cloth and potion bottle as above. Paint the tabard with Rakarth Flesh, and apply Abaddon Black to the leather and bow as shown.



3 Shade the gold areas of the armour and the greatbow with Reikland Fleshshade, being careful not to stain the rest of the model.



4 Once all the paint has dried, apply a thick coat of Astrogranite to the model's base. Paint Abaddon Black around the rim of the base for a smooth finish.

PAINING NIGHTHAUNTS GLAIVEWRAITH STALKER

Unstoppable ethereal hunters, the Glaivewraith Stalkers never cease pursuit of their quarry until their blades pierce the terrified victim's heart. With just a few simple steps you can paint these unrelenting horrors in their full, macabre glory, ready to hunt and slay in the name of the Great Necromancer.



1 To begin with, spray the miniature with Corax White Spray, then apply a basecoat of Celestra Grey.



2 Paint the haft of the weapon with Rhinox Hide. Apply Incubi Darkness to the robes, and Leadbelcher to the glaive blade.



3 Shade the Glaivewraith's head and its spectral body with Nighthaunt Gloom.



4 Once all the paint has dried, apply a thick coat of Astrogranite to the model's base. Paint Abaddon Black around the rim of the base for a smooth finish.

PAINTING NIGHTHAUNTS

GRIMGHAST REAPER

The Grimghast Reapers are hateful spirits cursed to an eternity of indiscriminate slaughter, hacking and slashing blindly with their deadly scythes as they swirl and rush across the battlefield. Follow the steps detailed below to paint one of these nightmarish gheists for the tabletop.



1 To begin with, spray the miniature with Corax White Spray, then apply a basecoat of Celestra Grey.



2 Paint the weapon haft and the Reaper's mask trim with Rhinox Hide. Apply Incubi Darkness to the robes, and paint the scythe blade and the scraps of chainmail with Leadbelcher.



3 Shade the Reaper's head, body and arms with Nighthaunt Gloom.



4 Once all the paint has dried, apply a thick coat of Astrogranite to the model's base. Paint Abaddon Black around the rim of the base for a smooth finish.

EXTRA STEPS SEQUITOR

By following the guides on the previous pages you should have your noble Sequitor fully painted in vibrant blue and gold. With a few extra colours and techniques, as described in the steps below, you can really bring out the features of this model, adding detail and texture.

To follow the optional additional steps on this page, you will require the paints shown below.



1 Apply a light drybrush of Necron Compound over the gold to add texture to the armour and weapon of the Sequitor miniature.



2 Paint the head of the mace and the armour embellishments with Leadbelcher to set them apart from the rest of the model.



3 Carefully paint the weapon haft with Screamer Pink, using an S Base brush to ensure you don't mark the golden armour.



4 Finish by applying Nuln Oil to the recesses of the blue areas and to the areas you painted with Leadbelcher and Screamer Pink.

EXTRA STEPS GLAIVEWRAITH STALKER

A Glaivewraith Stalker model is replete with grisly detail, including swirling trails of ethereal matter, rusted metal and exposed bone. Follow the guide below to really bring these areas to life – with just a few, simple touches you can drastically improve the look of this wonderfully macabre miniature.



1 Apply a layer of Screaming Skull to the bone areas and hands. Be careful to build the colour up slowly, using two thinned down coats of paint.



2 Using an S Dry brush, carefully drybrush the bone, hands and the shaded ethereal trails with Wrack White.



3 Highlight the raised areas of the robes with Kabalite Green, using the side of the brush for greater control.



4 Finish by shading the weapon and haft with Agrax Earthshade to create a dirty, rusted look.

To follow the optional additional steps on this page, you will require the paints shown below.



The Stormcast Eternals steel their souls as Nighthaunts swoop from a cliff-side mausoleum to claim Nagash's due.





Sacristan Engineers aim a volley of crackling bolts from their Celestar Ballista over the heads of their brethren, timing their strike just as a line of Sequitors meets the Nighthaunt foe head-on.



Sensing the approach of Sigmar's warriors, lingering Nighthaunt spirits ambush a marching column of Stormcast Eternals en route to provide relief to a besieged quarter of Glymmsforge.



*Knight-Incantor
Zeraphina Heldensdotter*



Evocator



Castigator



Sequitor-Prime



Sequitor with stormsmite greatmace



Sacristan Engineer



Celestar Ballista



Sacristan Engineer



Keranus, Lord Executioner



Grimghast Reaper



Glaivewraith Stalkers



Chainrasp Horde

START PLAYING

Warhammer Age of Sigmar transports you to the epic battlefields of the Mortal Realms, where the forces of Order fight to liberate the lands from the followers of Chaos, the rampaging armies of Destruction, and the unliving minions of Nagash. Our easy-to-learn rules simulate these conflicts, bringing your Citadel Miniatures to life by giving them unique roles and abilities on the tabletop.

It couldn't be easier to get started. Once you've assembled the miniatures in this set, grab the range ruler and dice also included in the box, and find someone to play with!



Stormcast Eternal
Sequitor-Prime



Nighthaunt
Glaivewraith Stalker

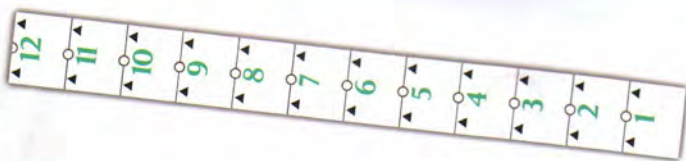
DICE

Warhammer Age of Sigmar uses six-sided dice, often abbreviated to 'D6'. These are used to determine the success of your warriors' actions, such as whether they hit or slay the foe with their weapons.



RANGE RULER

Included in this set you will find a range ruler. All distances in Warhammer Age of Sigmar are measured in inches. Use the markings on your range ruler to work out how far your units can move, and whether any enemies are in range of their weapons, by measuring from the base of each model.



WARSCROLL CARDS

This set includes warscroll cards for every miniature in this box. Each warscroll contains all the information you need to know about that model – how fast it is, how much damage it can take before being defeated, and the range and power of its weapons. It also details any special abilities that the model might possess. Many Nighthaunt models, for example, have the 'Ethereal' rule, which makes them difficult to hurt.

Whenever you need to know anything about a miniature you have on the battlefield, check its warscroll. Warscrolls are explained in more detail on pages 13-14 of the Core Rules booklet, but for now, simply make sure you have them to hand for quick reference.

This set also includes warscroll cards for other miniatures that are not included in this set, so that you can easily expand your collection.



Example of a Warhammer
Age of Sigmar warscroll card

BATTLEFIELD GAMING MAT

In this box you'll find a play mat, which you can use to represent the terrain of a Warhammer Age of Sigmar battlefield. This mat is double-sided; the starter battleplans that follow can be used with either side, unless otherwise noted.



THE CRYPT

Some battleplans require you to place a Crypt terrain piece in the centre of the battlefield. To create the Crypt, simply pull out the tray of the box and turn it upside down. Printed on the reverse side is the structure you're looking for!



BATTLEPLANS

On the following pages you will find a series of introductory battleplans, as well as all the rules you need to start playing your own games of Warhammer Age of Sigmar.

Battleplans are a framework around which you can tell tales of heroism and villainy. They create scenarios in which opposing armies meet, providing exciting and varied settings for the ensuing battles that take place. Each scenario is different; one battleplan might task you with capturing a series of key objectives across a war-torn battlefield, while another may see you attempting to break through the enemy's defensive line.

The six battleplans presented within these pages are designed to introduce you to the basics of playing Warhammer Age of Sigmar. They are simple to begin with, walking you through the fundamentals of the game and allowing you to take command of your army stage by stage. For example, the first battleplan features a single Sequitor-Prime caught in a desperate battle with a group of four Glaivewraith Stalkers. In this battleplan you will be shown the basic rules of charging at the foe and fighting in close combat. Each subsequent battleplan sees an escalation in the conflict, allowing you to field different

units and learn a few more rules. After playing through these six battleplans you will have used all the rules needed to wage all-out war, and you'll be familiar with the abilities of every model in this box. Don't be afraid to refer back to the rules when you need to, and don't worry if you make a few mistakes as you play. Learning how best to utilise your army's full potential takes time and practice.

The next step is to play the First Blood battleplan (see page 12 of the Core Rules booklet), in which you can use any of the miniatures in your collection. Games Workshop offers a wide range of awe-inspiring Citadel Miniatures to choose from, each with its own unique abilities and armaments. Once you've expanded your army, you can check out our other publications, including battletomes and supplements that contain more battleplans, rules and playing modes to further enhance your games. When you're ready, turn to page 64, where you'll find several great ways to add to your Warhammer Age of Sigmar experience.

BATTLEPLAN 1: SURROUNDED!

After a brutal battle, the leader of a unit of Stormcast Eternal Sequitors finds himself alone and up against the remnants of a group of ghostly Glaivewraith Stalkers. Without hesitation, the Sequitor-Prime raises his stormsmite greatmace and prepares to receive his enemy's charge.

1 OVERVIEW

This battleplan is designed to teach you how to charge and fight with your warriors.

2 ARMIES

One player is the Stormcast Eternals player, who controls a Sequitor-Prime. The other player is the Nighthaunt player, who controls 4 Glaivewraith Stalkers.



1 Sequitor-Prime



4 Glaivewraith Stalkers

3 SET-UP

Set up models as shown on the map. The Glaivewraith Stalkers fight in two units, each consisting of 2 models. The models in each unit must be set up and finish any moves within 1" of each other.

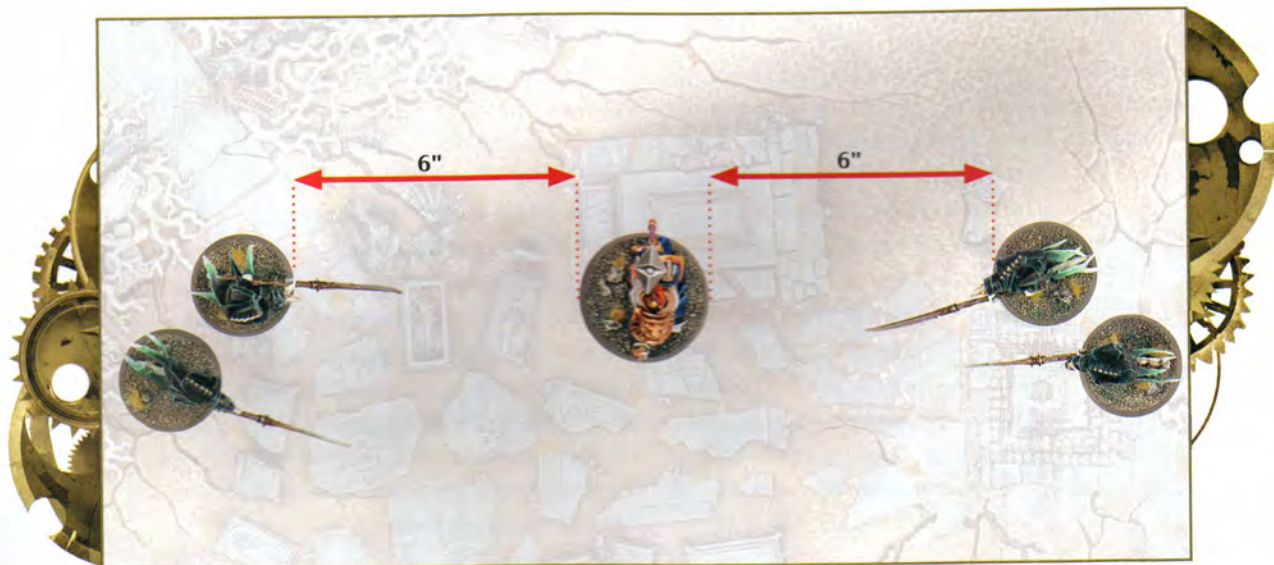
4 COMMENCE BATTLE

Players take turns, starting with the Nighthaunt player. A turn consists of a charge phase and a combat phase. The battle lasts until one player has slain all of their foes.

CHARGE PHASE

SWAP
PLAYER

COMBAT PHASE


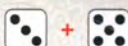



CHARGE PHASE

The warriors bellow war cries before running across the battlefield at the foe.

The player whose turn is taking place can attempt to charge with any of their units in their charge phase. Note that a unit must be within 12" of the enemy and more than

3" from the enemy in order to be eligible to attempt to charge. To charge, pick one of your units and roll 2 dice (2D6), adding the scores together. The unit can be moved up to this distance in inches towards the enemy. If the unit can't get within 1/2" of the enemy by doing this, the charge fails and they cannot move this phase.

ROLL 2D6:  $2 + 4 = 6''$ **ROLL 2D6:**  $3 + 5 = 8''$



The Nighthaunt player rolls 2 dice for each of their units, scoring a total of 6 for one unit and 8 for the other. One unit can move up to 6" towards the Sequitor-Prime, and the other up to 8" towards him.

COMBAT PHASE

When it is time to fight, each side will try to tear their foes apart with blades or claws.

PICK A UNIT TO FIGHT

The players take it in turns to choose a unit to fight with, starting with the player whose turn is taking place. When a unit fights, it first piles in and then attacks.

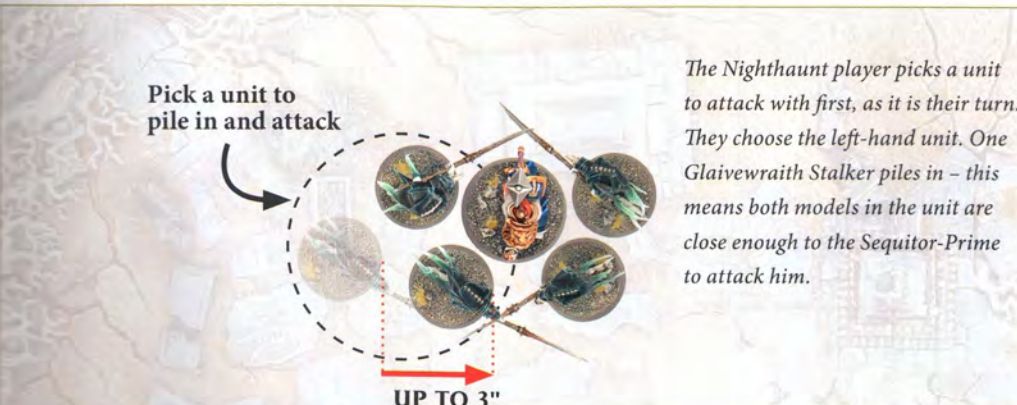
PILE IN

When a unit piles in, each of its models can be moved up to 3" towards the nearest enemy model.

ATTACK

After piling in, models attack with their melee weapons. Make a number of attacks equal to the Attacks characteristic of the weapon.

Pick a unit to pile in and attack



The Nighthaunt player picks a unit to attack with first, as it is their turn. They choose the left-hand unit. One Glaivewraith Stalker piles in – this means both models in the unit are close enough to the Sequitor-Prime to attack him.

FOR EACH ATTACK:

1. Make a hit roll
2. If successful, make a wound roll
3. If successful, the enemy makes a save roll

**GAME EXAMPLE: ATTACKING WITH A GLAIVEWRAITH STALKER**

In the first turn of this game, the Nighthaunt player chooses a unit to attack with first, as it is their turn.

1. Hit Roll

Glaivewraith Stalkers are armed with Hunter's Glaives that make 2 attacks each. Roll one dice for each attack. The To Hit characteristic for a Hunter's Glaive is 4+, meaning each hit roll succeeds on a roll of 4, 5 or 6.



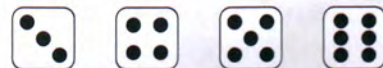
TO HIT: 4+
4 or more on D6 required

**2. Wound Roll**

For each attack that hits, roll another dice to see if the hit damages the target. A Hunter's Glaive has a To Wound characteristic of 3+, and so requires a roll of 3, 4, 5 or 6 to damage the Sequitor-Prime.



TO WOUND: 3+
3 or more on D6 required

**3. Save Roll**

Each time a Hunter's Glaive damages the Sequitor-Prime, the Stormcast Eternals player can attempt to negate the damage by making a save roll.

The Sequitor-Prime has a Wounds characteristic of 2, and is slain once he has been allocated 2 wounds.

The Sequitor-Prime has a Save characteristic of 4+, which means a roll of 4, 5 or 6 will be successful. A Hunter's Glaive has a Damage characteristic of 1, so 1 wound is allocated to the Sequitor-Prime for each save roll that is failed.



SAVE ROLL: 4+
4 or more on D6 required



GAME EXAMPLE: ATTACKING WITH THE SEQUITOR-PRIME

After the Nighthaunt player has attacked with their first unit, it is the Stormcast Eternals player's turn to attack. The Sequitor-Prime is armed with a Stormsmite Greatmace, a weapon that more than makes up for his being outnumbered.

The Sequitor-Prime makes 3 attacks with his Stormsmite Greatmace. He can split his attacks between the units of Glaivewraith Stalkers if they are both within range of his weapon (1", measuring to and from each model's base).

TO HIT: 3+
3 or more on D6 required



TO WOUND: 3+
3 or more on D6 required



The Stormsmite Greatmace hits on a 3+, damages the target on a 3+, and will inflict 2 wounds if the damage isn't saved. This weapon also has a Rend characteristic of -1, meaning 1 must be subtracted from save rolls made against this weapon's attacks. The Glaivewraith Stalkers have a save of 4+ and are slain if they are allocated a single wound. This means that the Nighthaunt player must roll a 5 or 6 to succeed, otherwise 2 Glaivewraith Stalkers will be slain!

TO THE DEATH!

After the Nighthaunt player has completed their first turn, the Stormcast Eternals player takes their turn, starting from the charge phase. Keep taking turns like this until one

player's models have been slain; when this happens, their opponent wins the battle! You can either fight this battle again (why not swap sides?), or turn the page and prepare for the next challenge.

CORE RULES

If something comes up in a game that hasn't been covered here, you'll find the answer in the core rules. The full rules for charging and fighting in combat can be found on pages 5-7 of the Core Rules booklet.



ABILITIES

Warscrolls include exciting abilities you can use. We recommend you use them in your games once you have mastered the basics of this battle. Here are some abilities you can use in this battle if you wish:

The Point of Death: The Nighthaunt player can re-roll failed hit rolls for their Glaivewraith Stalkers if they made a charge move in the same turn.

Ethereal: Glaivewraith Stalkers ignore the Stormsmite Greatmace's Rend characteristic (see above) when making their save rolls.

BATTLEPLAN 2: SHOOT FIRST

Relentlessly pursued by a group of Nighthaunt Grimghast Reapers, an exhausted Stormcast Eternals Castigator-Prime takes aim with her thunderhead greatbow and prepares to make her final stand. Can she despatch her chilling opponents from afar, or will they run her to ground?

1 OVERVIEW

This battleplan will show you how to move your models around the battlefield and open fire with ranged weapons.

2 ARMIES

One player is the Stormcast Eternals player, who controls a Castigator-Prime. The other player is the Nighthaunt player, who controls 4 Grimghast Reapers.



1 Castigator-Prime



4 Grimghast Reapers

3 SET-UP

Set up models as shown on the map. The Grimghast Reapers fight in a single unit, comprising 4 models. The models in this unit must be set up and finish any moves within 1" of each other.

4 COMMENCE BATTLE

Starting with the Nighthaunt player, each player takes a turn consisting of a movement phase, shooting phase, charge phase and combat phase. The battle lasts until one player has slain all of their foes.

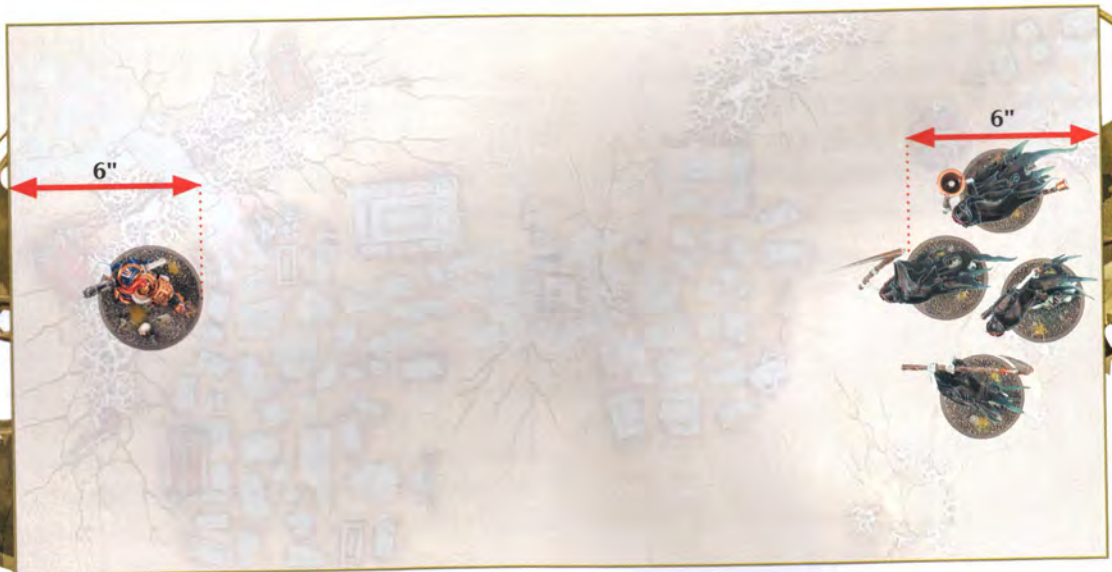
MOVEMENT PHASE

SHOOTING PHASE

CHARGE PHASE

COMBAT PHASE

SWAP
PLAYER



MOVEMENT PHASE

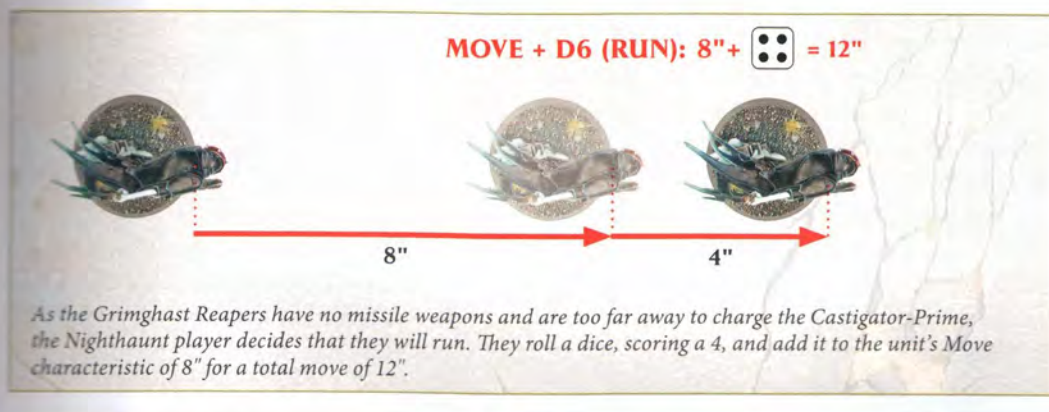
Closing in on the foe's position, the warriors of each side move across the battlefield.

The player whose turn is taking place can move any of their units in their movement phase. Each unit has a Move characteristic on its warscroll. This is the maximum distance in inches that it can move. Each model in that unit can move up to that distance in any direction, provided that they all end their move within 1" of at least one other model from that unit. When measuring distances,

measure to and from a model's base. Models cannot move within 3" of the enemy or over other models – unless they can fly (see Terrain Features on page 53).

RUNNING

When a unit moves, you can choose for it to run in order to cover ground more quickly. If you do so, roll a dice and add the result to the Move characteristic of all models in the unit. However, if a unit runs, it cannot shoot or charge that turn.



SHOOTING PHASE

Once within range of their target, the warriors loose volleys of barbed arrows, fire lead shot, or utilise any other missile weapons at their disposal to cut down their foe at range.

MEASURE DISTANCE AND ATTACK

The player whose turn is taking place can shoot with any of their units that are equipped with missile weapons in their shooting phase. To do so, pick a target unit that is within the Range characteristic of the missile weapon carried by the firing model and make a number of attacks equal to the weapon's Attacks characteristic.

When measuring distances, measure from the firing model's base to that of the closest model in the target unit.

Note that if none of your units has missile weapons, or there are no targets within range, simply skip the shooting phase and move on to the charge phase.

In this example, the Grimghast Reapers cannot shoot, and will be too far away to charge at this stage in the battle, so the Nighthaunt player skips the shooting, charge and combat phases of their first turn, and the Stormcast Eternals player begins their first turn, starting with the movement phase.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

FOR EACH ATTACK:

1. Make a hit roll
2. If successful, make a wound roll
3. If successful, the enemy makes a save roll

**GAME EXAMPLE: ATTACKING WITH THE CASTIGATOR-PRIME**

In the Stormcast Eternals player's turn, the Castigator-Prime can attempt to shoot any enemy unit that is within range of her missile weapon (18").

1. Hit Roll

The Castigator-Prime is armed with a Thunderhead Greatbow and can make a single attack with it in each of her shooting phases. Roll one dice each time she does so. The To Hit characteristic for a Thunderhead Greatbow is 3+, meaning each hit roll succeeds on a roll of 3, 4, 5 or 6.



TO HIT: 3+
3 or more on D6 required

**2. Wound Roll**

For each attack that hits, roll another dice to see if the hit damages the target. A Thunderhead Greatbow has a To Wound characteristic of 3+, and so requires a roll of 3, 4, 5 or 6 to damage the Grimghast Reapers.



TO WOUND: 3+
3 or more on D6 required

**3. Save Roll**

Each time a Thunderhead Greatbow damages a Grimghast Reaper, the Nighthaunt player can attempt to negate the damage by making a save roll.

A Grimghast Reaper has a Save characteristic of 4+, which means you would normally require a roll of 4, 5 or 6 to pass its save roll. However, a Thunderhead Greatbow has a Rend characteristic of -1, meaning the Nighthaunt player must subtract 1 from any save rolls they make for their models – they therefore need a 5 or 6 to pass the save roll.



SAVE ROLL: 5+
5 or more on D6 required



A Thunderhead Greatbow has a Damage characteristic of 1, so 1 wound is allocated to the unit of Grimghast Reapers for each save roll that is failed. As they only have a Wounds characteristic of 1, one model is slain each time a wound is allocated to the unit.

TO HIT
D6 ROLL: 
SUCCESSFUL HIT!



TO WOUND
D6 ROLL: 
SUCCESSFUL WOUND!



SAVE ROLL
D6 ROLL: 
SAVE ROLL FAILED!

8"

The Castigator-Prime is 8" from the nearest Grimghast Reaper – well within her weapon's range of 18". The Stormcast Eternals player rolls one dice to see if their Castigator-Prime is on target, rolling a 5 (a hit!), followed by a To Wound roll of 4, which is also successful. The Nighthaunt player then attempts a save roll but, unfortunately for them, only rolls a 2. 1 wound is therefore allocated to the unit, slaying one of the Grimghast Reapers outright.

CHARGE PHASE & COMBAT PHASE

After the Castigator-Prime has finished shooting, she can attempt to charge the Grimghast Reapers and, if she is successful, there will then be a combat phase. Simply follow the steps in Battleplan 1: Surrounded! to complete the charge and combat phases.

WARSCROLLS

Remember to check the warscrolls for the Castigators and Grimghast Reapers to discover the characteristics of the models you are using and the melee weapons they wield in combat.

TO THE DEATH!

Keep taking turns like this until one player's models have been slain; when this happens, their opponent wins the battle!

You can either fight this battle again (why not swap sides?), or turn the page and prepare for the next challenge.

CORE RULES

If something comes up in a game that hasn't been covered here, you'll find the answer in the core rules. The full rules for moving and shooting can be found on pages 4-7 of the Core Rules booklet.

ABILITIES

Warscrolls include exciting abilities you can use. We recommend you use them in your games once you have mastered the basics of this battle. For example, the Nighthaunt player can make use of their unit's Ethereal ability again in order to ignore the Thunderhead Greatbow's Rend characteristic.

BATTLEPLAN 3: THE CRYPT

A unit of Stormcast Eternals Castigators has discovered an ancient crypt, and driven off the ghostly spectres that infested it. Yet before they can search it for ancient relics, more Nighthaunt spirits are drawn to their presence, hungry for souls to claim for their dread lord, Nagash.

1 OVERVIEW

This battle introduces battleshock tests – which are used to test the bravery of your troops as they suffer casualties in battle – and terrain over which your armies can fight. Once you have played this battle, you will have a good grasp of the core rules of Warhammer Age of Sigmar.

2 ARMIES

One player is the Stormcast Eternals player, who controls a unit of 3 Castigators. The other player is the Nighthaunt player, who controls two Chainrasp Hordes, each unit consisting of 5 models.



3 Castigators



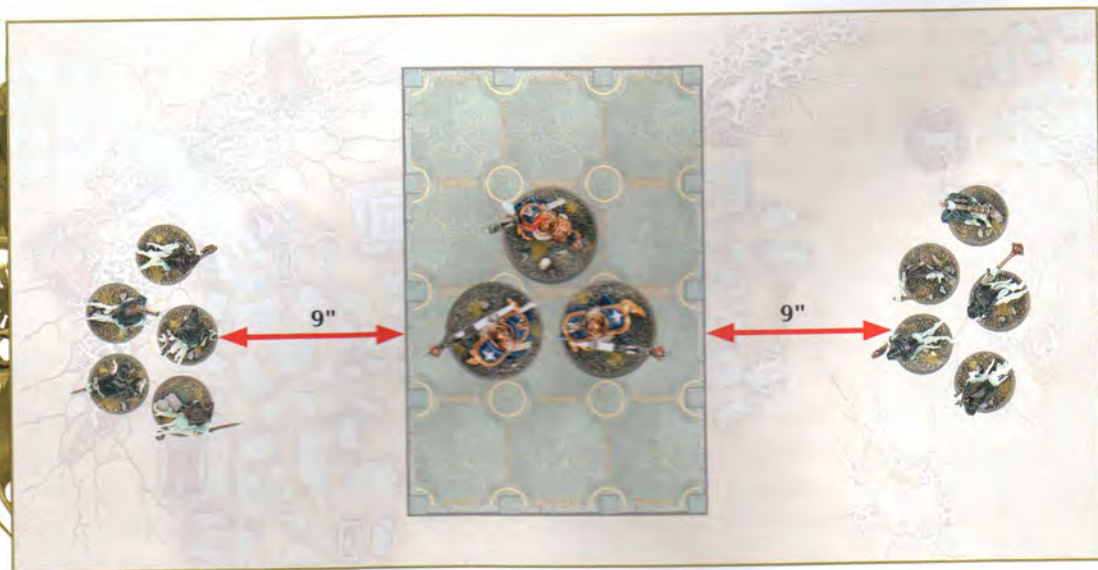
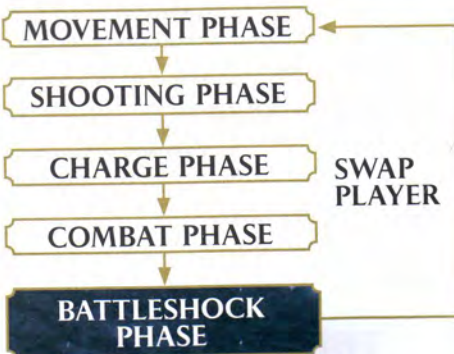
10 Chainrasps

3 SET-UP

Set up models as shown on the map. The models in each unit must set up and finish any moves within 1" of each other.

4 COMMENCE BATTLE

Starting with the Nighthaunt player, each player takes a turn consisting of a movement, shooting, charge, combat and battleshock phase. The battle lasts until one player has slain all of their foes.



TERRAIN FEATURES

The battlefields of the Mortal Realms are many and varied, strewn with ruins, arcane relics, dread fortresses and other esoteric obstacles.

The Crypt is a terrain feature that blocks visibility and hampers movement.

SHOOTING

Units cannot see through the Crypt – when a unit shoots, look to see if the firing model can actually see the target. If the Crypt is in the way then they cannot shoot that target.

MOVEMENT AND FLYING UNITS

Models can climb up or down the side of the Crypt, but only if they have sufficient movement to do so. Simply subtract the height of the Crypt (2") from the total distance a unit can move. That is, unless they can fly!

Chainrasp Hordes are able to fly, their ghostly forms drifting several feet above the ground. When moving, these units are able to move freely over enemy models and terrain (such as the Crypt) as if they were not there. However, they must still finish any moves in the movement phase more than 3" away from the enemy, and each model in the unit must finish its move within 1" of at least one other model from its unit as normal.

COVER

Models on terrain features can utilise them to gain protection from enemy attacks. If all of the models in a unit are on the Crypt, add 1 to save rolls for that unit. Units that are charging are focused on moving and attacking rather than defence; because of this units do not receive the bonus to their save rolls for being in cover if they have charged in the same turn.

MOVE + D6 (RUN):
 $5'' + \text{D6} = 8''$

2" VERTICAL
 4"
 2"
 8" TOTAL

The Castigators are attempting to climb down the Crypt. However, as they are 4" away from its edge, their Move characteristic of 5 is not high enough for them to do so – they must choose either move 4" and finish their move at the edge of the Crypt, or run and gain enough additional movement to reach the bottom. The Stormcast Eternals player rolls a 3, for a total movement allowance of 8", enabling them to move 4", climb down 2", then move a further 2" across the ground from the foot of the Crypt.

MOVEMENT, SHOOTING, CHARGE & COMBAT PHASES

Follow the steps in Battleplan 1: Surrounded! and Battleplan 2: Shoot First to complete the movement, shooting, charge and combat phases.

WARSCROLLS

As before, remember to check the warscrolls for the Castigators and Chainrasp Horde to discover the characteristics of each model and the weapons they bear.

BATTLESHOCK PHASE

As the battle unfolds and casualties begin to mount, novice warriors and those lacking nobility or conviction may turn and run from the horror.

In each player's battleshock phase, both players must take a battleshock test for each of their units that has lost one or more models during that turn.

To do so, roll a dice and add the number of models in the unit that were slain during the turn to the score. If the final result is equal to or lower than the Bravery characteristic of the models in the unit, the test is passed and they valiantly fight on. However, if the result is higher, the test is failed and one model flees the battle for each point by which the test was failed. Remove fleeing models from the battlefield – they are considered to be slain.

Determined to take the fight to their ghostly enemies, the Castigators managed to slay two of the Chainrasps with accurate bowfire before charging into combat and bludgeoning another to death. In return, the Chainrasp Horde wounds a Castigator, but fails to kill him.



In the battleshock phase, the Stormcast Eternals player does not need to take a battleshock test this turn – even though one of their number was injured, none of them was slain. On the other hand, three of the Chainrasps were slain this turn, so the Nighthaunt player rolls a dice and adds 3 to the score for their battleshock test. The total of 8 beats the unit's Bravery characteristic of 6 by two, meaning that the remaining two Chainrasps flee the battle and are removed from play.

TO THE DEATH!

Keep taking turns like this until one player's models have been slain or have fled; when this happens, their opponent wins the battle! You can either fight this battle again (why not swap sides?), or turn the page and prepare for the next challenge.

CORE RULES

If something comes up in a game that hasn't been covered here, you'll find the answer in the core rules. The full rules for the battleshock phase and terrain features can be found on pages 5 and 10 of the Core Rules booklet.

ABILITIES

We've begun to introduce some of the abilities found on the unit warscrolls (such as the Ethereal ability of the Nighthaunt units). Why not try fighting this battle again with each unit using all of the abilities at their disposal?

Despatched by Malendrek himself to eradicate a Stormcast Eternal defensive line, Lord Executioner Keranus singles out the next soul to feel the chill bite of his axe.



BATTLEPLAN 4: LORDS OF THE ARCANES

A powerful trio of Stormcast Eternals mages has been sent to destroy a host of evil spirits lurking within an ancient crypt. Though outnumbered, the Stormcast Eternals are gifted in the arcane, able to manipulate the winds of magic to smite and confound their foes.

1 OVERVIEW

This battle introduces the hero phase, in which wizards can cast spells and the heroes in your army can direct and inspire the warriors they lead. Once you have played this battle, you will have a good grasp of all the different phases that make up a complete turn in Warhammer Age of Sigmar.

2 ARMIES

One player is the Stormcast Eternals player, who controls a Knight-Incantor and a unit of 2 Evocators. The other player is the Nighthaunt player, who controls a Lord Executioner and a Chainrasp Horde comprising 10 models.

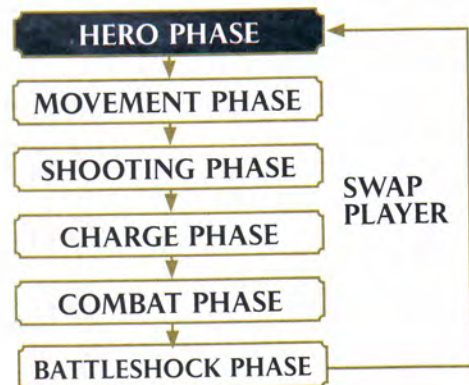


3 SET-UP

Set up models as shown on the map. The models in each unit must be set up and finish any moves within 1" of each other.

4 COMMENCE BATTLE

Starting with the Nighthaunt player, each player takes a turn consisting of a hero, movement, shooting, charge, combat and battleshock phase. The battle lasts until one player has slain all of their foes.



HERO PHASE

Commanders of mighty armies wield their troops like a blade, while mages harness the magical currents of the realms to unleash upon their foes.

In each player's hero phase, if they have any **HEROES** and/or **WIZARDS** in their army, that player can make use of certain command abilities and magical spells.

THE GENERAL

Every army is led by a general, a heroic character to whom command over the various warriors, war machines and monsters falls. At the start of every battle, you must pick one model in your army to be its general. Usually, this will be one of the heroes in your army. In this battle, the Lord Executioner is the general of the Nighthaunt player's army, and the Knight-Incantor is the general of the Stormcast Eternals player's army.

COMMAND ABILITIES

The heroes in your army can issue commands to the warriors that they lead. You receive 1 command point at the start of each of your hero phases, which you can expend to activate one of the following command abilities.


At the Double: You can use this command ability after you make a run roll for a friendly unit that is within 6" of a friendly **HERO**, or 12" of a friendly **HERO** that is a general. If you do so, the run roll is treated as being a 6.

Forward to Victory: You can use this command ability after you make a charge roll for a friendly unit that is within 6" of a friendly **HERO**, or 12" of a friendly **HERO** that is a general. If you do so, re-roll the charge roll.

Inspiring Presence: You can use this command ability at the start of the battleshock phase. If you do so, pick a friendly unit that is within 6" of friendly **HERO**, or 12" of a friendly **HERO** that is a general. That unit does not have to take battleshock tests in that phase.

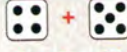
**1 COMMAND POINT SPENT:
FORWARD TO VICTORY**

1ST CHARGE ROLL:

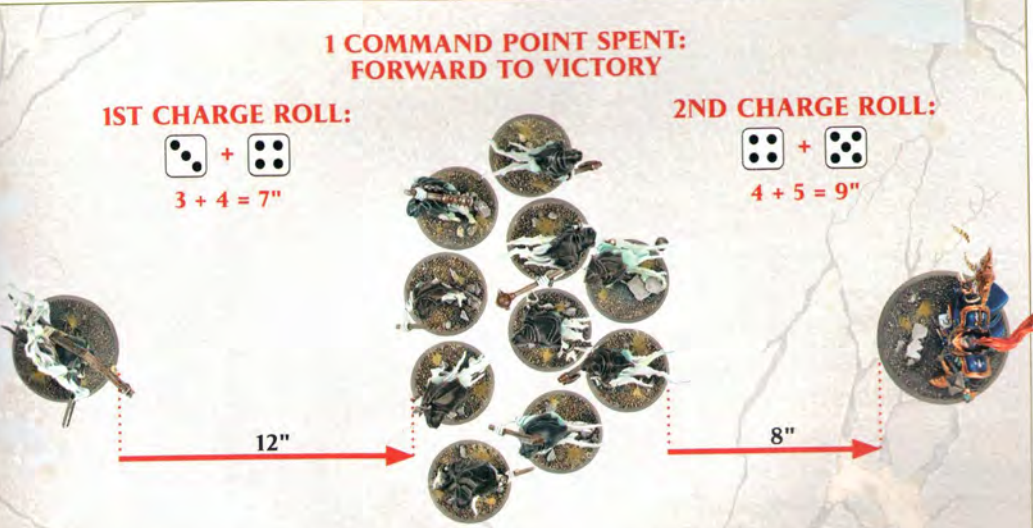


3 + 4 = 7"

2ND CHARGE ROLL:



4 + 5 = 9"



The Nighthaunt player hopes to bury the lone Knight-Incantor beneath the weight of their Chainrasp Horde, but they roll a 7, failing the charge roll by just 1". Unwilling to waste this opportunity, the Nighthaunt player expends a command point to activate the Forward to Victory command ability, enabling them to re-roll the failed charge roll. Their second roll results in 9 – a success!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

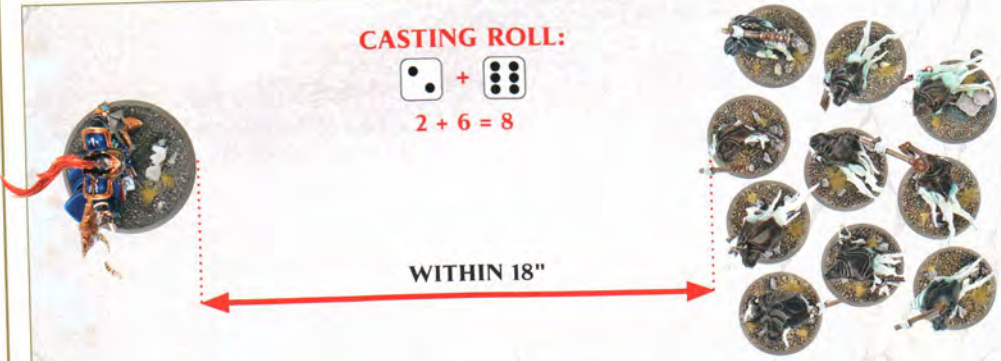
WIZARDS

Knights-Incantor and Evocators are **WIZARDS**, and are able to cast a spell in each of the Stormcast Eternals player's hero phases. In order to cast a spell, first say which spell the wizard is going to attempt to cast and then roll two dice and add the rolls together – this is referred to as a casting roll. If the total is equal to or greater than the casting value of the spell, the spell is successfully cast. Most wizards can use the Arcane Bolt and Mystic Shield spells, though the Evocators only know the Empower spell detailed on their warscroll.

Arcane Bolt: Arcane Bolt has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick an enemy unit within 18" of the caster that is visible to them. That unit suffers 1 mortal wound (see below). However, if the casting roll for an Arcane Bolt is 10 or more, the wizard is able to gather enough aetheric energy to cast a really powerful Arcane Bolt, and the target suffers D3 mortal wounds (see opposite) instead of only 1.

Mystic Shield: Mystic Shield has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick a friendly unit within 18" of the caster that is visible to them. You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for that unit until the start of your next hero phase.

CASTING ROLL:



WITHIN 18"

The Knight-Incantor seeks to assail the Chainrasp Horde facing them with a magical assault. With that in mind, the Stormcast Eternals player attempts to cast Arcane Bolt (secretly hoping for a casting roll of 10 or more to inflict D3 mortal wounds on the unit). Their casting roll is 8 – not enough for the augmented version, but still sufficient to cast Arcane Bolt successfully. They pick the Chainrasp Horde as the target, inflicting 1 mortal wound on the unit, slaying one of them without any hit, wound or save rolls having to be made.

MORTAL WOUNDS

Some attacks, spells and abilities inflict mortal wounds. Do not make hit, wound or save rolls for mortal wounds. Instead, the damage inflicted on the target is equal to the number of mortal wounds that were suffered.

For example, if a Chainrasp Horde suffers 3 mortal wounds from an Arcane Bolt spell, three of their number would be slain outright, as they each have a Wounds characteristic of 1.

D3 ROLLS

Sometimes, a model's characteristic, spell or ability will have a value of D3. Where this is the case, roll a dice, counting a 1 or 2 as a 1, a 3 or 4 as a 2, and a 5 or 6 as a 3.

MOVEMENT, SHOOTING, CHARGE, COMBAT & BATTLESHOCK PHASES

Follow the steps in the previous battleplans to complete the movement, shooting, charge, combat and battleshock phases.

WARSCROLLS

As before, remember to check the warscrolls for the Knight-Incantor, Evocators, Lord Executioner and Chainrasp Horde to discover the characteristics of each model and the weapons they bear.

TO THE DEATH!

Keep taking turns like this until one player's models have been slain; when this happens, their opponent wins the battle! You can either fight this battle again (why not swap sides?), or turn the page and prepare for the next challenge.



CORE RULES

Congratulations! You now know how to use **HEROES, WIZARDS** and generals, and will have incorporated all of the phases of a turn into your games. The core rules further expand upon what you have learned so far, including how to unbind the spells of enemy wizards in order to thwart their attempts to use magic against you. The full rules for the hero phase and using magic can be found on pages 3 and 8 of the Core Rules booklet.

ABILITIES

Now that you're familiar with all the core rules, you can explore the abilities available to your units that are described on their warscrolls. Why not try fighting this battle again with each unit using all of the abilities at their disposal?

BATTLEPLAN 5: HALLOWED GROUND

Two armies clash across an ancient battlefield. Between them lie three tombs, within which are housed powerful relics once borne by heroes of a long-lost civilisation. Both sides seek to drive their foes from the battlefield and lay claim to the treasures buried there.

1 OVERVIEW

This battle allows you to use all of the models included in this set. It also introduces the use of objectives to decide the winner of the battle, instead of simply having to destroy the opposing army.

2 ARMIES

One player is the Stormcast Eternals player, who controls the entire Stormcast Eternals army: a Knight-Incantor, a unit of 2 Evocators, a unit of 5 Sequitors, a unit of 3 Castigators and a deadly Celestar Ballista. The other player is the Nighthaunt player, who controls the entire Nighthaunt army: a Lord Executioner, a unit of 5 Grimghast Reapers, a unit of 5 Glaivewraith Stalkers and a Chainrasp Horde comprising 10 models.

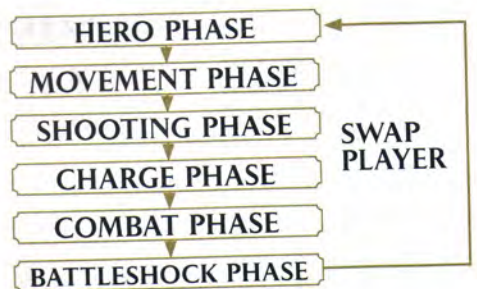


3 SET-UP

Use side B of the gaming mat for this battleplan. The players alternate setting up units one at a time, starting with the Stormcast Eternals player. Units must be set up wholly within their own territory (see map), and the models in each unit must be set up so that they are more than 12" from any enemy models, and no more than 1" from the other models in their unit. Continue to set up units until both players have set up their armies.

4 COMMENCE BATTLE

Both players roll a dice (in the case of a tie, both players roll their dice again until they get different results). The player that rolls highest decides who will take the first turn. The battle lasts for a random number of battle rounds (see opposite) or until one player has slain all of their foes. A battle round consists of two consecutive turns, one for each player.

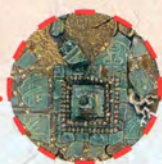


SIDE
B

STORMCAST ETERNALS TERRITORY



OBJECTIVE



OBJECTIVE



OBJECTIVE

NIGHTHAUNTS TERRITORY

LOOK OUT, SIR!

In the swirling midst of battle it is difficult for warriors to single out individuals as targets, especially if their allies are nearby to warn them of danger.

When targeting a **HERO** with missile weapons, subtract 1 from your hit rolls if that model is within 3" of an enemy unit that has 3 or more models.

CONTROLLING OBJECTIVES

The relics hidden on this battlefield will secure victory for the army that possesses them.

This battle is fought to gain control of three objectives, as shown on the map. When the battle ends, check to see how many models each player has that are within 6" of each of the objectives, measuring from the centre of the objective to the model's base. The player with the most models within 6" of the centre of an objective controls it.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

With each side desperate to obtain the potent relics this region hides, it is a race against time to capture them before nightfall – and avoid being destroyed in the process.

Starting from the third battle round, roll a dice at the end of each battle round. On a 3+ the battle ends and the winner is determined as described next. On a 1 or 2, the battle continues for another battle round, and then a dice is rolled again to see if the battle

ends or continues. The battle also ends if one player has slain all of the models in their opponent's army.

If one player wipes out their opponent's army, they win a **major victory**. If the battle ends before this happens, count up the number of objectives each army controls (as described above). If a player controls 2 objectives, they win a **minor victory**. If a player controls all three objectives, they win a **major victory**. Any other result is a draw.

BATTLEPLAN 6: LORDS OF BATTLE

Two mighty warlords have arrived to lead their armies into a battle for control of an ancient crypt, a location of arcane power in this land. Each lord hates their opponent with a deep loathing, and will not rest until they have been destroyed.

1 OVERVIEW

This battleplan features two Citadel Miniatures which can be added to the armies included in this set. Both of the new models represent powerful leaders that will make an ideal centrepiece model for their army. You should be able to find the extra models wherever you purchased this set, and they are also available from the Games Workshop website at games-workshop.com.

2 ARMIES

One player is the Stormcast Eternals player, who controls the entire Stormcast Eternals army: a Knight-Incantor, a unit of 2 Evocators, a unit of 5 Sequitors, a unit of 3 Castigators and a Celestar Ballista. The army may include Astreia Solbright. The other player is the Nighthaunt player, who controls the entire Nighthaunt army: a Lord Executioner, a unit of 5 Grimghast Reapers, a unit of 5 Glaivewraith Stalkers and a Chainrasp Horde comprising 10 models. The army may include Reikenor the Grimhailer.

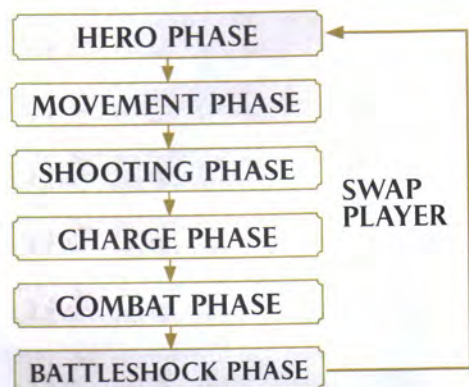
If they are included, Astreia Solbright must be the general of the Stormcast Eternals army, and Reikenor the Grimhailer must be the general of the Nighthaunt army.

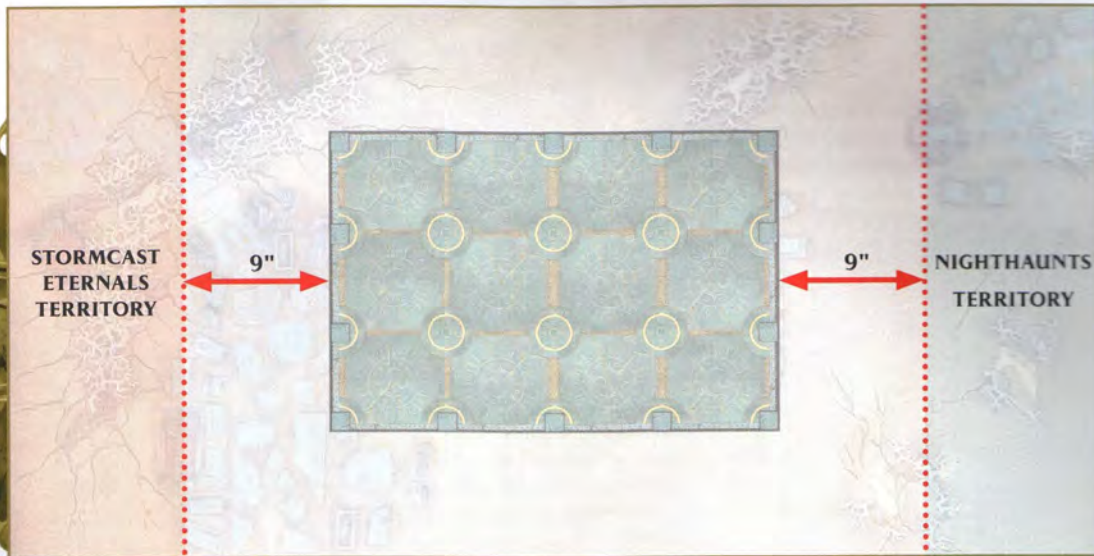
3 SET-UP

Both players roll a dice (in the case of a tie, both players roll their dice again until they get different results). The players then alternate setting up units, one at a time, starting with the player that rolled highest. Units must be set up wholly within their own territory (see map). Continue to set up units until both players have set up their armies. If one player finishes first, the opposing player can set up the rest of the units in their army, one after another.

4 COMMENCE BATTLE

The player who finishes setting up their army first is allowed to pick who has the first turn in the first battle round. The battle lasts for a random number of battle rounds (see opposite) or until one player has slain all of their foes. A battle round consists of two consecutive turns, one for each player.





Astreia Solbright



Reikenor the Grimhailer

GLORIOUS VICTORY

The mouldering crypt is a vital position that each army is determined to hold, and the leaders of both forces harbour an ancient and bitter rivalry that can only be settled one way.

Starting from the third battle round, roll a dice at the end of each battle round. On a 3+ the battle ends and the winner is determined as described next. On a 1 or 2, the battle continues for another battle round, and then a dice is rolled again to see if the battle ends or continues. Repeat this at the end of each battle round. The battle also ends if one player has slain all of the models in their opponent's army.

When the battle ends, victory points are used to determine who has won. The player with the most models on the Crypt at the end of the battle scores 1 victory point. In addition, a player scores 1 victory point if the general of the opposing army has been slain. If one player has 1 victory point more than their opponent, they win a **minor victory**. If one player has 2 victory points more than their opponent, they win a **major victory**. Any other result is a draw.

NEXT STEPS...

So you've had a taste of the excitement and creativity of the Warhammer Age of Sigmar hobby – but where do you go from here? Games Workshop produces a range of miniatures, books, hobby sets and more that will help you take your next steps, some of which are shown here.



The *Warhammer Age of Sigmar Core Book* is your ultimate guide to this vibrant fantasy universe. Within its pages you will find comprehensive game rules for the Age of Sigmar tabletop game, as well as reams of background lore and compelling narrative.



Our extensive range of battletomes will introduce you to the fantastical races of the Mortal Realms, and provide all the unique abilities and warscrolls you need to take your chosen faction to the tabletop.

The Citadel Miniatures range is packed with wondrously detailed models, each with their own unique rules for tabletop play. Reinforce the ranks of your heavenly host with the radiant wizard Astreia Solbright, or spread darkness and terror amongst the living with the fearsome harbinger of death known as Reikenor the Grimhailer.



The *Getting Started with Warhammer Age of Sigmar* magazine is a great introduction to all aspects of the hobby. Replete with indispensable content – from in-depth guides to painting and assembling your miniatures, to an exciting, easy-to-read battle report covering a full game of Warhammer Age of Sigmar – it's an essential addition to your collection. Even better, each copy includes a free Knight-Incantor model!



FREE
MINIATURE
INCLUDED!



Our Stormcast Eternals and Nighthaunt Paint Sets each contain a selection of specifically chosen Citadel Paints, giving you everything you need to complete a great paint job on the models from your chosen faction.

The Warhammer Age of Sigmar Paints + Tools set contains everything you need to build, assemble and paint your collection of miniatures. Included within are 13 commonly used Citadel Paints, as well as a paint brush, mouldline remover and a pair of clippers.



White Dwarf is the ultimate Warhammer magazine. Released monthly, each issue is a glossy 148-page A4 magazine packed with news, features and pictorials, as well as plenty of other exciting content – battle reports, retrospectives, painting guides and much more.



Easy to Build boxes are great for budding hobbyists. Each miniature within is designed to be as easy as possible to assemble – with no glue required – while being detailed enough for the hardest veteran to appreciate.



REALMS OF WAR

Born into existence from the ashes of a sundered world, the Eight Realms have long been the battleground of warring deities. These near-infinite expanses of crystallised magic are home to both mortalkind and living gods. They have played host to battles of apocalyptic scale, and borne witness to deeds of mythical heroism as well as acts of unimaginable villainy.

When the world-that-was erupted in a maelstrom of magic and fire, the God-King Sigmar was hurled into the aetheric void, cast adrift on Mallus, the blazing core of his destroyed planet. It was the Great Drake, Dracothion, that found him within that lightless place, and bore him to the Eight Realms. These sprawling realities, linked together by arcane pathways and each governed by an aspect of primordial magic, had been birthed by the death of the world-that-was. Exploring strange new lands, Sigmar discovered that native cultures of primitive mortals had formed enclaves of precarious safety amidst the monster-haunted wilds.

Under the God-King's guidance, these isolated cultures were transformed from scattered, nomadic tribes into great kingdoms of civilization and order. As the centuries passed, Sigmar's worshippers built soaring monuments in honour of their deity, and forged firm *bonds of brotherhood* and trade with their neighbours. Humble townships were quickly transformed into sprawling metropolises, works of soul-stirring art and song were created, and across the Mortal Realms the light of hope and reason banished the darkness.

Meanwhile, Sigmar searched high and low for his fellow gods, those he had known from the old world. One by one he found them, scattered across reality, awakening them from their slumber. Sigmar formed a godly pantheon, and for a time the nations of man, duardin,

aelf, orruk and even the living dead worked towards the same goal – that of making the Mortal Realms their own.

Gorkamorka, bestial deity of the savage greenskin races, fought Sigmar to a standstill in a duel that lasted twelve days and twelve nights. Recognising a true warrior and worthy foe in the God-King, the twin-headed god of Destruction agreed to seek out and battle the monstrous creatures of the Realm of Beasts, clearing the wilds for the mortal races to settle and colonise.

Grungni, the godly smith of the duardin, had long owed Sigmar a debt of friendship, and repaid that oath by forging countless wonders within the heavenly domain of Azyr, celestial contraptions that harnessed the immense power of the heavens.

Alarielle, goddess of the Jade Kingdoms of Ghyran, roamed far and wide, and where she trod, life blossomed. Cities and townships grew in her wake like fresh shoots sprouting *from rich earth*. Yet in her heart, the Everqueen longed to return to her forest home, and be among her children.

Tyrion and Teclis, the twin aelf-gods, pursued their own mysterious ends. Both deities greatly valued Sigmar's alliance, but their first duty was to their people, too many of whom had been consumed by Slaanesh after the fall of the world-that-was. Tyrion and Teclis formed a tentative alliance with Malerion the Shadow King, and this triumvirate bent their cunning minds towards restoring the former glory of the aelven race.

With tensions undermining it from within, Sigmar's grand alliance was not to last. The Dark Gods of Chaos – those ancient powers birthed by the raging emotions of mortalkind – had not abandoned their desires to conquer all of reality. Slowly, insidiously, they worked their fell influence into the grand civilisations that Sigmar had established. Old hatreds were rekindled, and the seeds of treachery were sown deep.

Sigmar, striving to keep his fracturing pantheon of gods allied under a common cause, did not see the sickness growing at the heart of his new order. Nagash, Supreme Lord of the Undead, scorned the God-King's attempts at diplomacy. Gorkamorka cared nothing for a world untouched by strife and warfare. The mercurial aelven gods pursued their own mysterious ends, and Alarielle the Everqueen retreated into the glades of Ghyran, to be amongst her own people.

Grungni the forge-god saw his people suffer greatly, but *did not raise a hand* in their defence, for he believed that true strength and deliverance could only be gained by autonomy and self-reliance. Though his duardin children did indeed survive and thrive as they took to the skies to escape the slaughter, they cursed their absent god, and Grungni's guilt and shame caused him to abandon Azyr, and go into exile. None, not even the God-King himself, knew where the forge-god went.

Sensing weakness like sharks drawn to blood, the Chaos Gods launched their invasion of the Mortal Realms.

Daemonic legions poured into reality, killing at will. Great kingdoms were brought down overnight, their citizens slaughtered or forced to swear their souls to the Dark Gods. Sigmar's armies fought back bravely against the rising tide of Chaos, earning many bloody victories. It was a valiant but ultimately hopeless effort. His heart heavy with grief, Sigmar was forced to withdraw to Azyr, abandoning his people to depredation and torment.

The following centuries came to be known as the Age of Chaos. It was a time of carnage, deceit and horror, and no realm was spared the touch of darkness.

In Ghyran, the pestilent hordes of the Plague God Nurgle sowed rot and disease into the once-pristine forests of the Jade Kingdoms. An unending torrent of filth seeped into crystal-clear waters, and pus-bloated forms chortled as they sowed Nurgle's rancid gifts deep into the soil. Alarielle and her children fought back as best

they could, but the enemy was too strong, and too many.

Tzeentch, the Changer of Ways, was drawn to glittering Chamon. Here the God of Sorcery had hidden away Ghal Maraz, Sigmar's legendary weapon. The warhammer had been stolen from the God-King through trickery and deception during the Battle of Burning Skies – a climactic victory for the forces of Chaos – and Tzeentch worked to pervert its power for his own ends.

Yet it was the followers of the Blood God Khorne who reaped the greatest toll. Across the Mortal Realms, blood flowed in gushing rivers. Sensing that only by embracing the madness of Chaos could they escape this butchery, many mortals bequeathed their living souls to the Dark Gods, and joined in the slaughter of those they had once called kin. Proud warriors were flayed and hung from the battlements of iron towers. Blood cults and cannibal tribes emerged, and

their savagery rivalled the worst excesses of daemonkind. The sheer, unremitting horror of the carnage caused Khorne's power to swell beyond all his brothers, and soon his mortal and daemonic legions haunted every corner of the realms, butchering and despoiling wherever they marched. Those mortals who refused to swear their souls to the Dark Gods were hunted down like beasts, their numbers dwindling with every passing day.

Yet Sigmar had not forgotten his tormented flock. In Azyrheim, the seat of his power, the God-King forged an army like no other, an army born to battle the twisted horrors of Chaos. Celestial lightning roared across the Heavens, and the thundering of forge-hammers was like a relentless drumbeat heralding the wars to come. The forces of Order would return to reclaim all that they had lost, and the fury of their vengeance would shake the foundations of the realms.



VENGEANCE OF AZYR

In a furious eruption of light and thunder, Sigmar's Tempest broke across the Eight Realms. Warriors clad in gleaming plate armour slammed to earth upon columns of celestial energy, driving back the legions of Chaos through bloody sacrifice. These champions were the Stormcast Eternals, and their coming would herald a new age of hope and righteousness.

Sigmar's long isolation upon the throne of Azyr was not easy. Every fibre of the God-King's being yearned to return to the Eight Realms, to make war upon the hated Chaos Gods and their twisted servants. Yet in his heart, Sigmar knew that there could be no triumph with the forces he had at his disposal, outnumbered and overpowered as they were by the horrors that were sweeping forth from the Realm of Chaos.

To fight back he needed a new breed of warrior, able to face the manifold abominations of the Dark Gods with no fear or doubt in their hearts. And so it was that the Stormcast Eternals came to be. The moment before they gave their lives in the war against Chaos, the spirits of mortal heroes were called to Azyr upon the celestial storm, there to be transformed into champions of peerless martial prowess and indomitable will. Clad in gleaming sigmarite, wielding blades and hammers imbued with the God-King's lightning, they became the ultimate weapons in the war against Chaos. Even death could not claim them, for when struck down they would return to Azyrheim as blurs of celestial power, ready to be reforged anew.

The Stormcast Eternals' first challenge would be to claim the precious Gates of Azyr. These transdimensional portals would be vital in the conflict to come, for they opened the paths between realms, allowing armies to travel unthinkable distances in mere moments. The first lay within the Brimstone Peninsula, which had long been claimed by the mortal legions of Khorne.

The Hammers of Sigmar, first amongst the Stormhosts, were hurled into the field upon bolts of heavenly lightning.

There they met the Goretide, a mortal horde of blood-crazed cannibals and killers led by the Mighty Lord of Khorne Korghos Khul. Khul was a conqueror and tyrant who had carved a bloody path across the Realm of Fire, tearing down great kingdoms and civilisations, and claiming mountains of skulls in the name of the Blood God. His Blood Warriors, swollen with power after centuries of slaughter, would prove deadly foes indeed.



The battle that followed was one such as the Mortal Realms had not seen for an age. Heavens-forged blades met Chaos-blessed axes, and the blood of the impure and the righteous alike flowed in torrents. Many Stormcasts fell in this opening battle, hacked down and torn apart by the frenzied Goretide. Yet under the command of the

mighty Lord-Celestant Vandus Hammerhand, the Hammers of Sigmar refused to fail in this most vital of missions. Khul, who had reaped scores of celestial champions with his daemonic axe, was finally laid low – though not slain – by a smiting blow from Hammerhand, and his ravening horde was scattered. Battered but unbroken, the Hammers of Sigmar flung open the first Gate of Azyr, lighting the path for the armies of the Heavens to come forth. The first engagement of the Realmgate Wars had been decided in the God-King's favour, but there would be many more battles to come.

The strife that followed shook the realms to their core. Great hosts of daemons and slaving barbarians fell upon the Stormcast Eternals and their allies, driven to incandescent rage by this intrusion into their domain. Yet the Stormcast Eternals would not be denied.

Vandus Hammerhand and Lord-Celestant Thostos Bladestorm of the Celestial Vindicators were tasked with retrieving stolen Ghal Maraz from the cursed Eldritch Fortress of Anvrok and returning it to its master. The great Heldenhammer Crusade was successful, though victory came at a towering cost in blood and souls. Once more clasping the realm-shattering weapon in his fist, the God-King knew that the tides of fate were turning in his favour. Yet he also knew that it was not for him to wield the Great Shatterer in this fight. Instead he bestowed it to the mightiest of his champions – the Celestant-Prime. This avatar of righteousness would lead his



armies into battle, and Ghal Maraz would split the skulls of traitors and heretics once more.

The Stormcast Eternals were soon joined in their great crusade by old allies of forest and fen – the Sylvaneth, the vengeful children of Alarielle the Everqueen. It was the Hallowed Knights, most pious of Sigmar’s Stormhosts, who found the seed of the Everqueen, and guarded her vulnerable form from the foul attentions of Nurgle’s minions long enough for Alarielle to bloom into her full and terrifying majesty. The valiant actions of the Hallowed Knights restored the old alliance between the Everqueen and the God-King, and Alarielle set her formidable will towards driving the taint of Nurgle from the Jade Kingdoms.

So too did the Fyreslayers, duardin heirs of the war-god Grimmir’s legendary battle-rage, emerge from their volcanic lairs. These doughty warriors fought not for revenge or even a sense of duty, but in exchange for payment.

This payment came in the form of ur-gold, the mystical substance they believed to be the spiritual remnants of their fallen god. Fortunately, the vaults of Azyrheim were heavy with this rare prize, and so the Fyreslayers joined the forces of Order in the fight for the Realmgates, driving the worshippers of Chaos before them with flame and ferocity.

With such mighty allies at their side, Sigmar’s champions strove ever forwards, claiming Realmgate after Realmgate. The blood of heathens and savages ran in gushing torrents, but the greatest of the enemy’s warriors had yet to enter the field of battle. Led by Archaon the Everchosen, exalted champion of the Dark Gods, the fearsome knights of the Varanguard rode forth to the ruin of their master’s foes. Heroes fell. Entire armies were shattered.

Amongst the armies of Order there were many casualties. Though the Stormcast Eternals were to all intents and purposes immortal, they were not immune to blade or spell. When they fell in battle their

bodies could be remade, but each fresh reforging stripped them of a little more of their humanity. Sigmar looked upon the plight of his loyal warriors and was troubled, for he knew of no solution to this dilemma.

In this dark hour, however, the true quality of Sigmar’s champions was proven. In a final, tumultuous showdown before the great fortresses of the All-gates – fortified portals that led from each realm to the contested Realmgate nexus known as the Allpoints – the Realmgate Wars came to a close. At great cost, the forces of Sigmar had won valuable territory, establishing grand new outposts and cities that stand tall and proud to this day. Yet even now this hard-fought frontier remains far from secure. The hosts of Chaos strike back daily against their hated foes, and the greenskin tribes have been roused to fresh heights of savage fury by the escalating conflict. Meanwhile, in Shyish, the Realm of Death, the power of necromantic magic swells further with every passing day, and the dead are rising...



SPHERES OF EXISTENCE

Eight vast realities hang in the starless void, each governed by a different aspect of primordial magic. These sprawling worlds are enormous in scope – far beyond the measure of mortal minds. Dotted with ancient wonders and time-ravaged ruins, they are home to dangers beyond counting. They are the Realms of Life, Beasts, Metal, Fire, Death, Shadow, Light, and Heavens.

In the wake of the destruction of the world-that-was, great concentrations of magic were expelled into the cosmic void. Slowly, this eldritch matter began to coalesce, dividing – according to the mysterious yet immutable laws that bind like unto like – into eight loosely spherical realities, each dominated by a single elemental force. Over time, the magical essence that comprised each of these realmspheres crystallised, forming landscapes of astonishing scale and grandeur. Thus, the Eight Realms were born.

Surrounding the realms is a great expanse of unaligned magic, a featureless emptiness known as the aetheric void or the Great Nothing. Beyond this is the churning nightmare of the Realm of Chaos, domain of the Dark Gods. Some Azyrite scholars teach that tendrils of hateful matter constantly reach forth from this roiling hellscape, forever seeking to pierce the veil between worlds and spill the essence of Chaos into reality. The Realm of Heavens, Azyr, gleams at the apex of the cosmos. This realm alone stands apart from the Dark Gods, for it is the seat of Sigmar's power, and it was here that he retreated during the terrible Age of Chaos.

Each realmsphere is enormous in size, not truly infinite but far beyond the comprehension of any mortal mind. In the centre of each are the most habitable regions, formed from crystallised magical essence and crushed together into landmasses by immense cosmic forces. As one travels further from this stable core, the magic that binds each realm together becomes wilder and more intense. At the boundary of the Realm's Edge, only beings of pure eldritch energy can possibly hope to survive. These borders of untrammelled magical energy differ from realm to realm; in Ghyran, for instance, this power manifests as an impassable jungle of tangled jade.

The innate essence of each of the Eight Realms shapes not only its physical formation, but also moulds the spirit of all who dwell there. Three realms above all others have been resettled by the free peoples since Sigmar's Tempest roiled across the lands. Aqshy, the Realm of Fire, is a place of raging passions and blazing intensity, dominated by volcanic mountain ranges, boiling seas and smouldering ash-wastes corrupted by the ravages of Chaos. Its people are hot-blooded and impulsive, taking fierce joy in the moment rather than worrying for the future. Their lives burn bright but briefly.

Chamon, the Realm of Metal, is an ever-shifting array of drifting sub-realms and transmutational oceans, bound together by mystical bonds like the crazed invention of some omnipotent alchemist. Chamon breeds mercurial souls; change is constant in the Realm of Metal, especially since Tzeentch staked his claim to it and twisted it beyond the bounds of mortal sanity. Those of its people who survived the maddening flux brought unto their homelands by the Architect of Fate have learned to accept the impermanence of existence and the need to adapt at will.

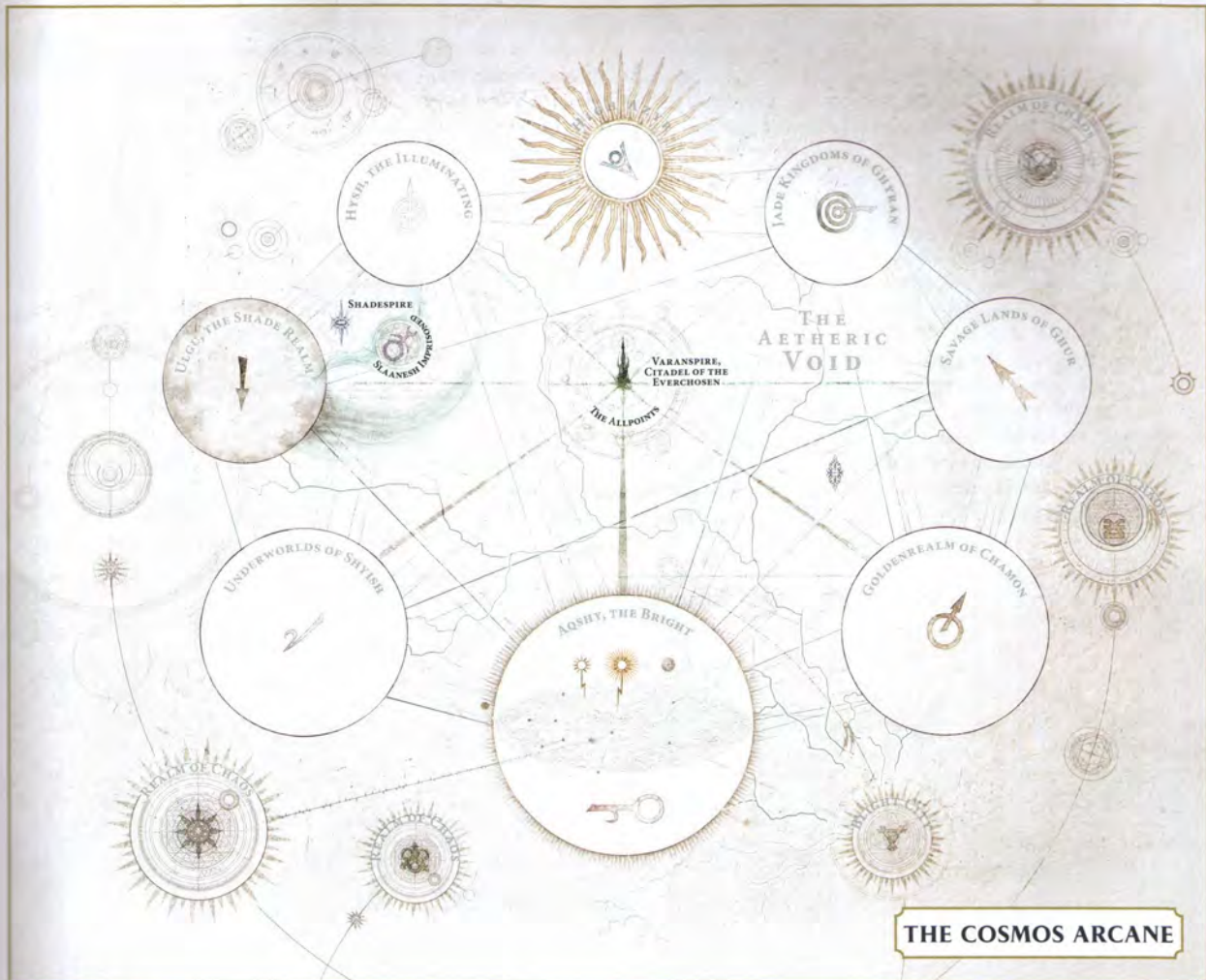
Ghyran, the Realm of Life, is a place of growth and abundance. Here, living cities of vine and bough reach up to taste the sunlight, while vast oceans of swaying crystal-grass fill the air with their haunting melodies. The people of Ghyran once celebrated the waxing and waning of a dozen different seasons, at one with the harmony of nature. Since the coming of Chaos they are locked in a constant battle for survival against the corruption, entropy and rampant disease spread by Nurgle.

These three realms saw the fiercest fighting during the Realmgate Wars, and the greatest of Sigmar's cities are

within their boundaries – among them Hammerhal, Greywater Fastness and the Living City. The Realms of Shadow and Light have only been tentatively explored thus far, for they are fractured and illusory places, in which the taint of Chaos has spread insidiously. Sigmar's armies have made inroads into the Realms of Beasts and Death, but the God-King's influence over these planes does not stretch nearly as far as his footholds in Aqshy, Ghyran and Chamon.

Ghur, the Realm of Beasts, is governed by the endless hunt. The very landscape is a living, devouring thing, the earth shifting and reforming in a constant cycle of predation. Great beasts and monsters roam the wilds and the depthless seas, driven by a hunger they can never satisfy. Those who dwell in Ghur tend to be rugged, practical folk, who prize strength and resolve above all. These mortals scorn trinkets and useless treasures. They value only that which can be used or eaten; in Ghur, meat, bone and hide will fetch a higher price than precious gems. The great city of Excelsis lies on the Coast of Tusks, an oasis of civilisation amid the savage plains. Excelsis has grown rich by trading prophecies mined from the Spear of Mallus, a towering fragment of the world-that-was that looms over the city.

Shyish, the Realm of Death, is a place of endings, home to every underworld ever dreamed into being by the collective faith and superstition of mortal-kind. Here, the dead walk amongst the living, and both forge a precarious existence from the harsh and unforgiving land. Those of Shyish know well the power of ritual and tradition, and tend to possess a grave and fatalistic outlook. The God-King has established several outposts in this realm – most notably the city of Glymmsforge in the Zircona Desert.



THE COSMOS ARCANE

Ancient portals known as Realmgates connect the Eight Realms to one another, and also join locations within each realm. These passages bridge the void between worlds, allowing intrepid adventurers and conquering armies to travel between and across them. Realmgates can take many forms. Some are soaring archways of weathered marble or ancient stone, covered in runes and warding glyphs. Some take the form of night-black pools of chill water, mist-shrouded stone circles, or lofty spiralling staircases that end in mid-air. Others are still more elusive, only appearing when the constellations are aligned and the omens right.

The touch of Chaos has warped many of these eldritch passageways,

for corrupted Realmgates provide a way for the Dark Gods to spill their malignant legions into reality. To travel through many corrupted Realmgates would be to emerge in the nightmarish hellscape of the Realm of Chaos, to have one's soul torn apart and devoured by slaving daemons. Other tainted portals might cast the traveller into one of the fabled Silver Towers, ruled by the malevolent Gaunt Summoners, or simply spill them into the great blackness of the aetheric void from whence they will never return.

For an age, the Dark Gods of Chaos have had free reign to corrupt and despoil the Mortal Realms, and the warping madness of their influence lingers in many corners of these planes of reality. Fortresses and strongholds dedicated to the Chaos

Gods are scattered across each realm. These bastions of evil rise above featureless plains of ash and bone, float over oceans of iridescent flame, and protrude from foetid swamps filled with rotting corpses and frothing scum. The black-hearted inhabitants of these cursed citadels launch frequent raiding parties into territory claimed by the Sigmar's forces, burning and slaying, and stealing away sacrificial victims for their vile rituals.

The God-King's forces have conquered but a fraction of the Eight Realms, and they now face grave dangers on all sides. Each of Sigmar's great cities is but an island of light in an ocean of darkness, and anyone who roams beyond the walls of these bastions risks not only their life, but their very soul.

LIGHTS IN THE DARKNESS

Sigmar's victories in the Realmgate Wars began an age of renewal and consolidation. Great cities were raised upon the ruins of the past, fortified with mighty war machines and guarded by the shining hosts of Azyrheim. Gradually, worship of the God-King began to spread across the Eight Realms once more.

The Stormcast Eternals had made many gains during their initial campaigns against Chaos. Swathes of enemy territory had been reclaimed at great cost, and then consecrated with the blood of the faithful, banishing the taint of corruption. Sigmar now aimed to secure these reconquered lands. He desired

to establish a resurgent empire, a network of great cities that would act as havens and bastions for the scattered mortal tribes that had been so devastated by the depredations of Chaos. This would be no simple task, for the Dark Gods were far from defeated, and launched fresh assaults upon his domain with increasing regularity.

Hammerhal, the Twin-tailed City, was the first foundation of the God-King's new empire. This metropolis was built around a vast portal between the Realms of Fire and Life. It is, in effect, two great settlements governed as one. Hammerhal Aqsha is the industrial heartland, an urban sprawl guarded by towering

walls and the rumbling cog-forts of the Ironweld. Hammerhal Ghyra is a verdant mirror of its twin, a lush garden-city set amidst the overwhelming fecundity of Ghyran. Great lava-moats channelled from Hammerhal Aqsha keep the endless forests of Ghyran at bay, and in return, Hammerhal Ghyra provides vast bounties of healing water and rare trade goods. The Twin-tailed City's armies are beyond counting, its wealth impossible to measure. It is a symbol of hope for all who have suffered under the cruel lash of tyrants and brutal warlords.

More settlements followed those first hard-won beachheads. The Seeds of Hope – a trio of mighty bastions



– were established in Ghyran. The Living City, the Phoenicium and Greywater Fastness are their names, and each was forged in the crucible of war. Hordes of monsters, twisted cultists and war-crazed greenskins sought to topple these beacons of civilisation from the moment of their inception, but the forces of Order fought back with bravery born of desperation, for they knew that if the enemy breached the walls of these fortresses they would show no mercy. The forest-folk known as the Sylvaneth came to the aid of Sigmar's people and their allies, and in a series of momentous battles, the siege of darkness was shattered. The Seeds of Hope stand stronger than ever.

Years on from the culmination of that bloody campaign, many new cities have been established by the God-King's forces, every one built around the formidable shadow of a Stormkeep – the imposing citadels of the Stormcast Eternals that guard each reclaimed Realmgate. From this mighty foundation, each great city expands season after season, building upon ground consecrated by the blood of the faithful. Anvilgard and Tempest's Eye in Aqshy, Excelsis in Ghur, Glymmsforge in the Realm of Death – these beacons of civilisation teem with mortal souls, and their battle-hardened garrisons and formidable defences keep the manifold threats of the realms at bay.

Yet the inhabitants of these havens would be fools to think they are safe behind their high walls. Power invites challenge, and the Eight Realms are filled with warlords who would see the sacking of one of these great bastions as proof of their might. The greenskins gather in numbers greater than ever before, their destructive rampages threatening to overwhelm even the mightiest strongholds with an unstoppable tide of iron. Spies and cultists seep into the bloodstream of civilisation like a spreading poison, and ancient things stir in the dust-laden catacombs far beneath bustling city streets. The forces of Order must remain ever vigilant, for their empire is built upon the precipice of ruin.



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. Aelves, 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 shadeglass. 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, wraithvral, 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 nagines, 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, morgargans, flay-braggarts, stalkers and nachteghals. 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 Templesen, 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 nightgeist, 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 Vaslbud 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 Vaslbud'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 Vaslbud's elite wights, Glymm ordered the city's arsenal to fire their great cannons not at Vaslbud 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 Vaslbud 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 Vaslbud, 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 reforged 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 reforged 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 Vasbad 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 Vasbad'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. Vorgen 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 his former allies, Knossus Heavensen and Zeraphina 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 conflict rages still.

TEMPLESEN'S TOMB

Led by Malendrek, the undead hordes assailed Glymmsforge's southern gate, the very site of the Knight of Shrouds' treachery. The bulk of the spectral army crashed into the ranks of the Hammers of Sigmar, slicing and tearing at their hated foes, seeking to spill the soul-stuff of Sigmar's champions so that their dark master Nagash could reclaim his due. Lord-Arcanum Knossus Heavensen's warriors met this onslaught with grim resolve, smiting the enemy with their blessed hammers and shattering them into motes of spirit energy.

At the height of battle a call came from those guarding the south-western gate, the resting place of the redeemed gargant Templesen.

The message came that a splinter of Malendrek's vast host had breached the tomb's defences, and even now they were shattering the complex wards and channels of blessed salt that safeguarded the fallen giant's skeleton. Malendrek had charged one of his most vile and malicious servants with despoiling the grave of Templesen. The Lord Executioner Keranus was a gheist of fearsome power, a cloaked horror circled by the screeching souls of his former victims, wielding a ghostly axe that cleaved through its victims, soul and flesh alike.

Heavensen immediately recognised the peril. The tomb-wards had never failed before, but against this spectral horde, far larger and

more powerful than any undead army that had ever threatened Glymmsforge, he could not trust that they would hold. If the enemy broke into Templesen's tomb, they could raise the colossal bones of the gargant and use them as an undead siege weapon that would tip the balance in this battle.

The Lord-Arcanum could not leave the front-line ungoverned, and so he entrusted his greatest lieutenant with the task of throwing back this enemy assault and reclaiming Templesen's tomb. The Knight-Incantor Zeraphina Heldensdottor immediately summoned her loyal retinue, and this formidable band carved their way through Malendrek's spirit horde towards the Tomb of the Redeemed.

THE HEAVENLY HOSTS

The Stormhosts are the armies of the Stormcast Eternals, forged and hand-chosen by Sigmar to fight his crusades of reconquest. Consisting of five to ten thousand warriors, each of these formidable fighting forces bears distinctive heraldry, and wages war according to its own military traditions and warrior code. While their methods and exact disposition may differ, each of the Stormhosts retains the same underlying military structure.

As the God-King reclaimed the souls of mortal heroes from across the realms and reformed them into the superhuman Stormcast Eternals, he began to organise his new armies into distinct fighting bodies. Known as Stormhosts, these heavenly armies consisted of thousands of warriors bonded by a common temperament or former mortal existence. Mortals who served Sigmar most devoutly and faithfully in life would find their way into the Hallowed Knights, for example, while those whose souls burned for vengeance were clad in the turquoise of the Celestial Vindicators. Some, such as the Celestial Warbringers, even hailed from the same mortal tribe. This common fraternity allows each Stormhost to fight as a single, entirely unified force.

The exact number of Stormhosts is known only to Sigmar himself, but with each passing season new gatherings of sigmarite-clad warriors emerge on the fields of battle, desperate to earn their own glorious triumphs to equal those of such vaunted companies as the Hammers of Sigmar. The heroic deeds and victories of these mythic warriors are celebrated by the free people of the realms, and particular champions of great renown – such as Vandus Hammerhand, he who struck the first blow against the forces of Chaos – are revered as nothing less than living saints by the common folk.

Just as the disposition and philosophy of each Stormhost varies greatly, so does the grim effect of repeated reforcings upon its warriors. The remaking of a soul does not come without cost.

Some Stormhosts suffer from sudden and profoundly powerful destructive impulses, such as the Blackhammers, while others, like the Hammers of Sigmar, are unable to accept anything other

than unalloyed success, striving no matter the cost for total victory. Many Stormhosts, the Celestial Vindicators foremost amongst them, are single-mindedly driven by an unquenchable need to wreak bloody revenge upon those who butcher and enslave the innocent people of the Mortal Realms. Others find lightning crackling from their gaze when their ire is raised, or thunder rumbling under their every word. Some amongst these troubled individuals whisper that to be reformed too many times is to relinquish one's former existence altogether, becoming something that is both less than human and far more at the same time.



The future of the Stormcast Eternals is as unpredictable as the rage of the tempest that forges them. Perhaps they will rise ascendant to usher in a new era, returning notions of justice, honour and freedom to the shattered peoples who have cast aside such luxuries in the simple struggle for survival. Perhaps they will be found wanting in the direst test of all – the battle to drive back the forces of Chaos. One thing is certain: the Stormcast Eternals strike with unstoppable vigour, and by their hammers and blades, the Mortal Realms will be changed forever.

THE FORGING OF HEROES

In the midst of battle, the mightiest of mankind's warriors were transported away, for they were needed for a greater cause. With rolling thunder and a blinding flash, each of these aspirants was taken to Sigmaron amongst the stars. It was there, in the Celestial Realm, that their true trials were to begin.

In Heldenhall, the great Hall of Heroes, can be found the endless feast. For three days and three nights each warrior must build up strength for the trials ahead.

In the Chamber of the Broken World, barbarians and technocratic nomads alike are blasted apart by lightnings. They are reformed anew – an agonising process that can last anywhere between a few heartbeats to long centuries. Even time turns molten in the Forge Eternal. Not all survive the process.

Seven times seven are the Cairns of Tempering, where body and soul are blended with the Gifts of the Gods. Those that endure these ordeals awaken for the final test.

Upon the Anvil of the Apotheosis are the Stormcast Eternals finally wrought. If they endure the shock waves from the last blessings of the World Hammer, they awaken imbued with the energies of the Realm of Heavens, bequeathed a portion of the God-King Sigmar's own divine powers.

HAMMERS OF SIGMAR

First to be Forged, Never to Fail

The first of the Stormhosts to be hurled into the Mortal Realms, the Hammers of Sigmar bear the responsibility of that honour with strength and nobility. They of all the Stormhosts have been reforged time and time again, for they are ever at the forefront of war. Some amongst them, the vision-plagued leader Vandus Hammerhand included, have begun to pay the price. As one of the largest of the Stormhosts, the Hammers of Sigmar can call upon almost all of the breeds of warrior Sigmar has entrusted with leading his crusade. As the first to be forged, they fear nothing except their own failure. Every man, woman and child across the realms looks to them for salvation, and they cannot be found wanting.



THE CELESTIAL VINDICATORS

Steeled by Hatred, Bound by Revenge

The Celestial Vindicators are vengeance incarnate. Stern and unforgiving, their hearts burn with an enmity for Chaos which knows no bounds. While soaked in the blood of the enemy, as mortals these warriors had prayed to Sigmar – not to be saved, avenged or transported to the safety of Azyr, but for strength enough to smite those who had wronged them. They were granted that wish. During their reforging they have to pass through the Sturmdrang Gate, and many do not return. Those who survive are given a measure of holy rage. Only by the chanting of grim war songs are the Celestial Vindicators able to channel and focus their fury, but in the heat of combat that hate becomes a wildfire that cannot be extinguished.



THE HALLOWED KNIGHTS

Only the Faithful

Zealous beyond measure, loyal beyond question, the Hallowed Knights are driven to fight with unrelenting fervour. They consider the war against Chaos to be a sacred crusade for which no sacrifice is too great. They go to battle clad in burnished silver armour and the royal blue of Azyr, and those who have been reforged many times in Sigmar's service – of which Lord-Celestant Gardus is unquestionably the most holy – emit a lambent celestial light. They fear no evil and welcome a martyr's death, for their trust in the God-King is absolute. Hence they are armoured spiritually as much as physically, often able to shrug off the baleful sorceries of evil-hearted warriors.



ANVILS OF THE HELDENHAMMER

We are the Hammer, We are the Anvil

Reforged as the Broken World span sinister beneath a fell aspect, the Anvils of the Heldenhammer are the dark and brooding heroes of an elder age. Ominous and archaic, they fight like spectres out of legend, preserving practices and battle rites long lost to mortal memory, yet all the more potent for it. They know well that Nagash would shatter the realms to reclaim their souls, and make them his servants for all eternity. The Stormhost's Lord-Relictors brood long on the subject of how best to escape that deathly destiny, creating weapons that can capture errant souls and fighting to the darkest corners of the realms to claim vital knowledge on Sigmar's behalf.



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 reforgings, 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 reforging 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 reforging 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 reforging 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 Heavens 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 ghastly 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.



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-Celestans 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.



NIGHTHAUNTS

The Nighthaunts that roam the fell places of the realms are truly terrifying, manifesting as ethereal phantasms that soar to battle on cold winds. Shaped by the magic of Nagash into forms that echo the sins of their mortal lives, the Nighthaunts are driven by the darkest emotions to inflict horror and death upon the living.

In a hundred thousand graveyards across the Mortal Realms, a bone-numbing chill seeps out from opened tombs and exhumed mass graves. With it comes a deathly mist, and within that strange miasma are the Nighthaunt hosts. These are not corporeal foes, creatures that can be slain with blade or shot, but ethereal entities all but immune to blows from mundane weapons. Imbued with the resurgent energies of Shyish, their power comes from an immortal rage, spite and bitterness that gives them the power to tear flesh and rend the soul. They are able to drift through walls and reach through the flesh of men with their cold talons to still the hearts within.

The Nighthaunts hail from the Realm of Death, especially near the Shyish Nadir and the Innerlands around its sloping rim. These are not normal gheists, spirits of mortal men that have found rest only to be called to another's service, but truly evil undead apparitions, spectres so twisted by Nagash and his undead acolytes that they become ghostly killers fixated on visiting horror upon the living.

Like an ill wind that howls up from the darkest pits of creation, the Nighthaunts attack as an onrushing host of dark spirits. They are sustained by a fathomless hatred for the living. These wraiths fight

to send fresh souls screaming down into the Shyishan underworlds, taking cruel pleasure in knowing the torments that await them as they too suffer the reign of Nagash.

The Nighthaunt armies form the vanguard of Nagash's legions, rising from the corpse-strewn ground or pouring through Realmgates to fall upon their prey. As these spectral hosts howl across the battlefield, damned spirits break away to bring death to their chosen quarries. Even a rag-tag horde of Chainrasps can prove the demise of a phalanx of armoured warriors, for unless a blow is levelled against them with powerful intent and unstinting

Goodmother Devendra looked out once more, anxious to see signs of the warrior host returning. Three days ago they had marched out to battle, all the fine young men desperate to impress in the wake of the storm-comers. She had known even then – feared, she told herself, only feared – that her sons were going to their doom.

There was a plaintive cry, calling her from outside. The voice of her youngest son. For a moment, she dared to hope he had returned. But something was wrong. Frost crept across the glass before her. She felt the air move behind her, and turned.

Three heads rose out of the floorboards, distorted skulls bald and grinning. They reached their claws towards her as they drifted higher, their hands impossibly long, each talon still dripping with spilt blood.

She smiled, and made the sign of Almighty Nagash. Her sons had come home.



Nighthaunts are creatures of tortured spirit and undying hatred. They are feared across the Mortal Realms, for they are evil incarnate.

courage, it will find little purchase upon them. Only those attacks with the driving force of intense emotion behind them can tear through the ectoplasmic body of the Nighthaunt. The fear and confusion that bleeds from each of these unholy gheists is a weapon in itself, for by robbing the mind of conviction, they also rob the body of strength.

Amongst the tattered spirits that form the main body of a Nighthaunt host come those so steeped in evil they have become the de facto leaders of their kind. These wraith-like beings are the shades of murderers, evil sorcerers and executioners, risen from crude graves to take their long-bladed scythes to the souls of the living. As with most of their kind, the form they take is a vile reflection of their

former sins and the manner of their death, for the Great Necromancer has a twisted sense of justice for those he sees as criminals. Those who died in chains, hoping to be finally free in death, find themselves shackled for eternity. Those who turned away in horror from the necromantic arts find undead flocking towards them forever more. Those who took great care to do their murder in secret are remade as screaming, frenzied killers. Knights who rebelled against their masters are forced to betray life itself, leaving hoofprints of cold fire in the air as they ride; those struck by their blades can have their very soul severed from their body.

Wraithly hosts are comprised of many types of strange apparitions, from Lord Executioners and

Glaivewraith Stalkers sent to execute those who have earned Nagash's ire, to burning Hexwraith riders and the legendary Black Coaches, infernal carriages which contain coffins that house the regenerating body of an undead monarch. Amongst the throng can be seen magic-eating crones and shrieking banshees that float as if underwater, each the departed spirits of a black-hearted murderer. When these haggard she-gheists let fly their howls of spite and bitterness, the deathly shriek can turn a stalwart soldier to a milk-white corpse. Even an armoured king or hulking orruk will collapse, dead as stone, at the Banshee's wail. Before the rushing tide of ethereal monstrosities that gather in a Nighthaunt host, few will have the courage to stand firm. Fewer still will survive to tell the tale.





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.



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.

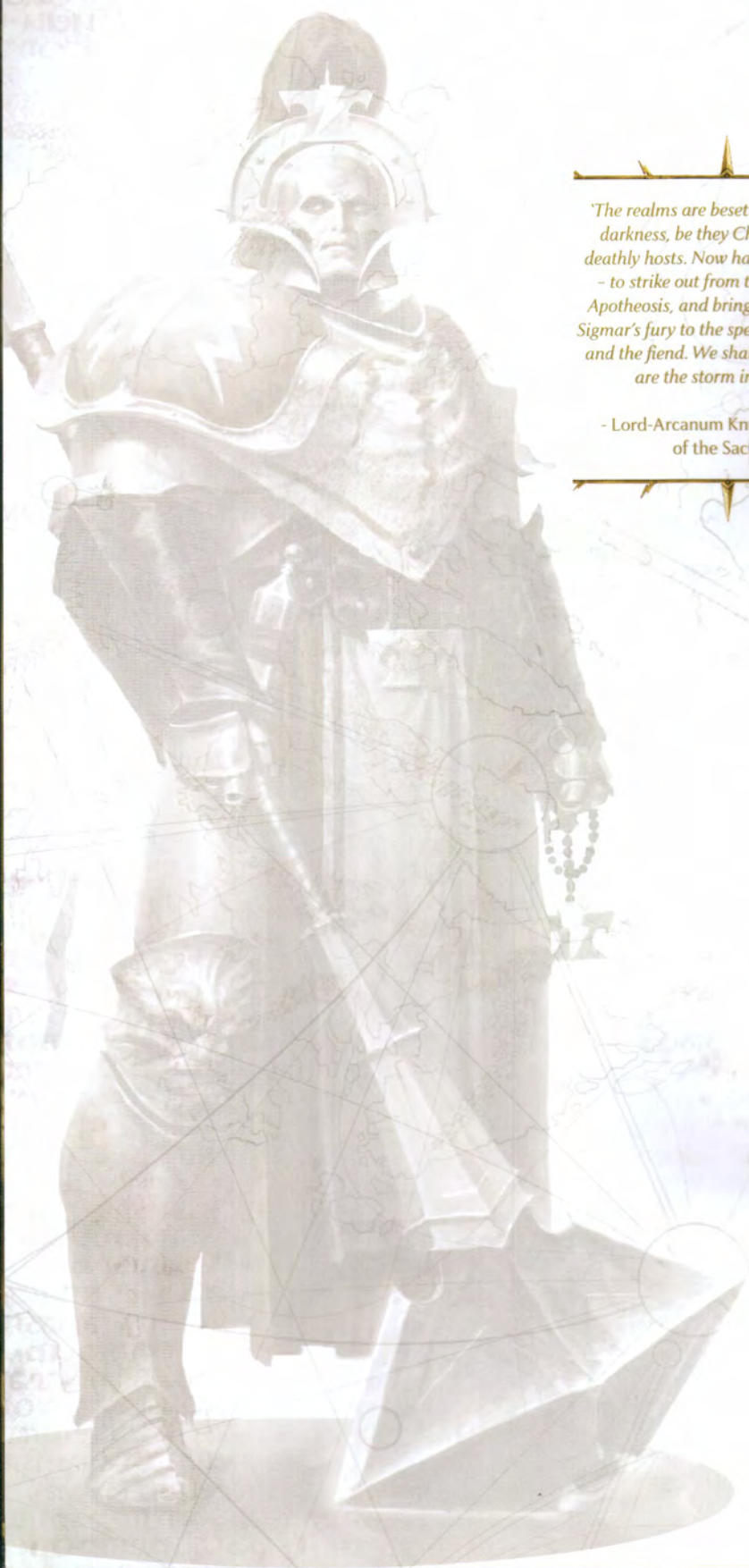
The form of the Chainrasp echoes the circumstances of their death. Those who met their end in chains, their flesh chafed, discoloured and split by the cruel edges of their jailer's bonds, wear those same chains in death. Those weighted

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.



'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
