

WHITE DWARF™

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WEEKLY MAGAZINE

WARHAMMER 40,000

WARHAMMER

CITADEL MINIATURES

ISSUE 37

11 OCTOBER 2014

LORD OF DECAY
A FORBIDDEN TREATISE ON
GRANDFATHER NURGLE



NEW WARHAMMER MINIATURES

BEHOLD THE BLIGHTKINGS!

WHO CAN WITHSTAND THE DISEASED POWER OF NURGLE'S FAVOURITE SONS?

WHITE DWARF™

ISSUE 37
11th October 2014



Editor: Jes Bickham
jes@whitedwarf.co.uk

Assistant Editor: Matt Keefe
mattk@whitedwarf.co.uk

Senior Staff Writer: Adam Troke
adam@whitedwarf.co.uk

Staff Writer: Daniel Harden
dan@whitedwarf.co.uk

Production Lead: Rebecca Ferguson
rebecca@whitedwarf.co.uk

Digital Editor: Melissa Roberts
melissa@whitedwarf.co.uk

Lead Designer: Matthew Hutson
matt@whitedwarf.co.uk

Designer: Kristian Shield
kris@whitedwarf.co.uk

Designer: Ben Humber
ben@whitedwarf.co.uk

Photo Editor: Glenn More
glenn@whitedwarf.co.uk

Photographer: Erik Niemz
erik@whitedwarf.co.uk

Photographer: Martyn Lyon
martyn@whitedwarf.co.uk

Distribution Lead: Andy Keddie
andy@whitedwarf.co.uk

Publisher: Paul Lyons
paul@whitedwarf.co.uk

OPENING SALVO

You probably can't have failed to note how popular the plastic Nurgle Chaos Lord miniature is – over in sister publication *Warhammer: Visions*, it's formed the mainstay of Blanchitsu for many a month. Well, this week it's joined by some belief-beggar new Warhammer models: the Putrid Blightkings and the mighty Chaos Lord Gutrot Spume. Never before have I witnessed such a splendid array of fearsome foulness – truly they are stunning exemplars of the sculptors' art. I can't wait to build and paint some and after reading this issue I hope you'll be supplicating yourself before Grandfather Nurgle too.

We've also got full rules for these mighty heroes of darkness, so you can add them to your Chaos army as you fight for survival in the End Times. And why not let us know how you're doing in your End Times games? Is Nagash trampling all before him or are you successfully beating back the undead legions? Write in!



A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of several overlapping loops and a long horizontal stroke at the end.

Jes Bickham - White Dwarf Editor

CHAOS

PUTRID BLIGHTKINGS

Mutated by the disgusting blessings of Nurgle, the twisted Blightkings are champions of the Plague God who have been bloated by his power. They are the vanguard of Nurgle's armies, a pestilent brotherhood bound by the will of their putrescent deity.











The Blightkings were once Chaos Warriors, tall and powerful foot soldiers who have proven both their loyalty and value to the god of decay. Once chosen by their patron, these blessed few are marked out in a disturbing and obscene manner, infected by a single daemonfly with a festering daemon-kiss. Within days of that initial touch, the warrior's body begins to change, muscular flesh altering until he resembles a suppurating, obscenely mutated creature, rather than the hale warrior he once was. His pock-marked flesh bulges and splits and his limbs become lumpen and malformed.

These Putrid Blightkings are drawn together like moths to a guttering candle, forming tight-knit warrior bands of Nurgle's most fearsome and devout. The names of these groups are legend among the legions of Chaos; the Repugnants, the Fly-brothers and the Rotlords, to name but three. Every member of their fraternity is a hulking brute of flesh and muscle whose bulk overshadows a Chaos Warrior like a grown man might a child.

The Blightkings rejoice in their calling – their bodies have become living shrines to Nurgle's bounteous generosity and they revel in the strength and resilience it gives them.

Their foul figures are all but impervious to injury, unfeeling to the sword strokes and arrows of their foes. As Blightkings, they exist only to lay low the mighty that the weak may feast upon their corpses. They are the bane of kings and priests and their grimy blades sunder monsters and men with equal disdain.

The Putrid Blightkings are a breathtaking new multipart plastic kit, a boxed set of five heavy infantry foot soldiers that are so impressively full of character and detail that any one of them could pass for a lord or hero. Each of the Putrid Blightkings has been wracked by mutation to the extent that his armour barely fits around his corpulent flesh, which hangs down in oleaginous folds or bulges around plates or greaves. There are worse abominations on the flesh of the Blightkings, however; limbs have mutated into crab-like claws, bellies have rotted open to reveal yawning maws and blisters, boils and lesions marr every surface.

The Putrid Blightkings box is brimming with variety. Each of the five models can be assembled in at least two distinct ways. These options aren't just alternate hands or arms (although there are plenty of those too), but sizeable pieces such as torsos and armour plates that completely transform the appearance of the model.



The effect of this is that each model is like a fully-formed character in their own right, reminiscent of the much-loved Nurgle Lord released a few years ago. You'll see some classic Nurgle weapons on these models, and the profusion of bells and plaguefly motifs is very welcome indeed.

On top of all this there are also options for a full command group. The huge, corroded bell with skull knocker and triple-spore banner (complete with metallic flies' wings) look great.



Left - Mouldering horns sprout from the hooded head of this Putrid Blightking, while foul lesions and cankerous sores marr the flabby skin of his arms.

Right - Once hale and muscular Chaos Warriors, elements of their armour remain the same – behind the gorget, however, the extent of the change on this Blightking is obvious.



Left - A massive, gaping mouth in the belly of this Blightking would be bad enough, but the revolting tongue clutching the rotting head (about to eat it or just enjoying a good old lick?) makes it completely repulsive.

Right - This Blightking's arm has been replaced completely by insectile claws.



Left - A close up of the bell, carried into battle by the Blightking musician. Note the rotting wood the bell hangs from and the creepy skull that acts as the bell striker.

Right - If you thought a massive, toothed mouth in your belly was bad, this model, which has a Nurgling peering out between the sausage-like intestines, takes the biscuit. Not to mention the livid pustules ripping through his flesh.



Left - Should we talk about the horrible, malformed tentacle arm or the cavernous hole in this Blightking's stomach? Or the bells that hang from them, tolling out the death knell of all who oppose Nurgle's will?

Right- The huge, pocked blade of this executioner's axe is typical of all the Blightking weapons, battered by hard use and corroded by disease.



FOCUS ON... THE PUTRID VARIETIES OF BLIGHT

We thought we'd take a look at just how incredibly varied the models in the Putrid Blightkings box are. Each of the pairs of models shown below is made from the same basic body, but the replacement of substantial pieces like the fronts of the bodies, as well as the arms and heads, completely changes the look of the model, making each one unique. The set thus produces 13 essentially distinct models (two variations on each of the five basic bodies, plus options for a champion, musician and standard bearer). With further options for the heads, arms and weapons, you can make a lot of different Blightkings. The parts are gathered on the frame to make locating the right parts for each model as easy as possible, and the fittings are all very straightforward. The construction booklet in the box (which also contains their rules) shows you how to make any of these options. Great stuff.



Above - The keen-eyed will see that these models are both built from the same core body – but the kit contains different arms and torsos to make them look completely different.



Above - This pair of Blightkings are also both made from the same core body but, again, look dramatically different in finished form. The variety is endless.

FOCUS ON... THE THREE ASPECTS OF NURGLE

The favoured warriors of the Chaos Gods often take on an aspect of their god's appearance. Where Khorne's followers are often dog-faced and rabid, and Tzeentch's pink and fiery, Nurgle's warriors are invariably bloated and pus-ridden, just like their lord.

Nurgle revels in entropy, hopelessness and physical corruption. Mortals who worship him are often already sullied and turn to Nurgle not in the hope of falling victim to disease but in the hope that he can release them from it, or, at the very least, take away the suffering. He won't, of course, not unless they're especially promising subjects.

The Putrid Blightkings are prime examples of Nurgle's benediction. They have sunk the lowest, both morally and physically, only to be raised up by Nurgle for their devotion. In their appearance you can see the three aspects of Nurgle: the leper, the fallen knight and the Daemon. The leper embodies physical decay – wasted limbs, emaciated faces, pus, boils and rotten flesh. The fallen knight represents moral decay, a warrior brought low by misery and despair. Many of Nurgle's followers still wear the armour they wore when they served other masters. The Daemon aspect is Nurgle's greatest offering, the gift of his own visage to his most devout followers.



CHAOS

GUTROT SPUME

The betentacled monster known as Gutrot Spume is a mighty Chaos Lord, blessed by Father Nurgle for his bravery and tenacity. Once thwarted by the Emperor, Karl Franz, Spume has craved vengeance ever since. As the End Times approach, his hour draws nigh.



Gutrot Spume is the master of the plague fleets, a foul and fearsome warrior who serves the vile god Nurgle with intense devotion. Once merely a hunter of deadly sea creatures, Gutrot Spume met his match in a duel against a rot-kraken. Instead of death, however, he earned the favour of Nurgle, who blessed the fearsome warrior with bounteous mutations, creating a champion through whom he could sunder the mortal realm.

Spume closely matches the design and aesthetic of the Putrid Blightkings, also released this week. His body is bloated and swollen by Nurgle's power, wracked with all manner of mutations. Instead of a left arm, he has a morass of lashing tentacles, writhing, grasping things that look set to draw his victim into the gnashing maw where his armpit would be. Gutrot Spume is a plastic miniature oozing Chaotic menace.



Above, left - Years ago Spume duelled a rot-kraken beneath the Sea of Claws. The flailing pseudopods and clawed mouth are a gift from Nurgle to remind his Champion of the battle.

Above, right - Spume's body is pitted and scarred with the signs of pestilence.



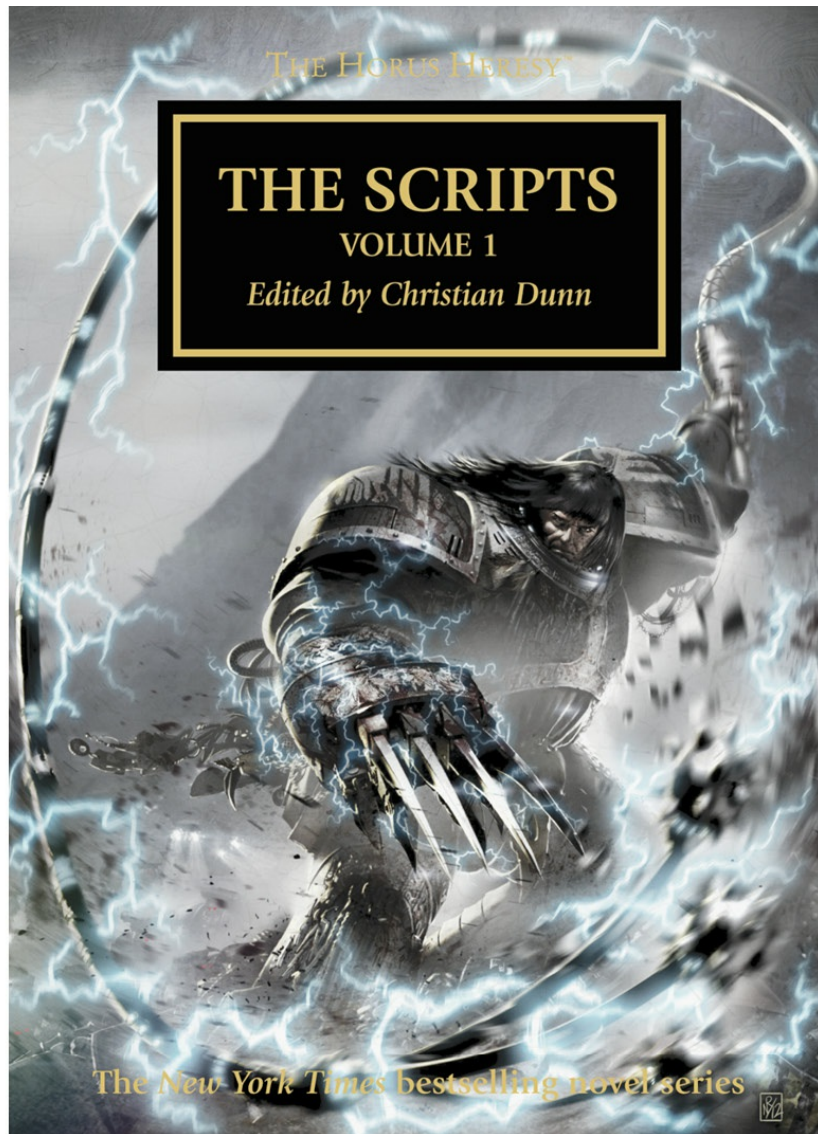
Above - Even Gutrot's axe is dented and corroded, the blade notched from hard use upon those who oppose his master's will.



HORUS HERESY: THE SCRIPTS VOLUME I

Indulge yourself in the complete transcripts for the first wave of Horus Heresy audio dramas.

Hardback | 320 pages
Edited by Christian Dunn



Horus Heresy: The Scripts: Volume I contains the complete, unabridged production scripts for the first six Horus Heresy audio dramas: Dark King, The Lightning Tower, Raven's Flight, Garro: Oath of Moment, Garro: Legion of One and Butcher's Nails. Each of these transcripts contains directions for the accompanying sound effects, character notes and an introduction from editor Christian Dunn.

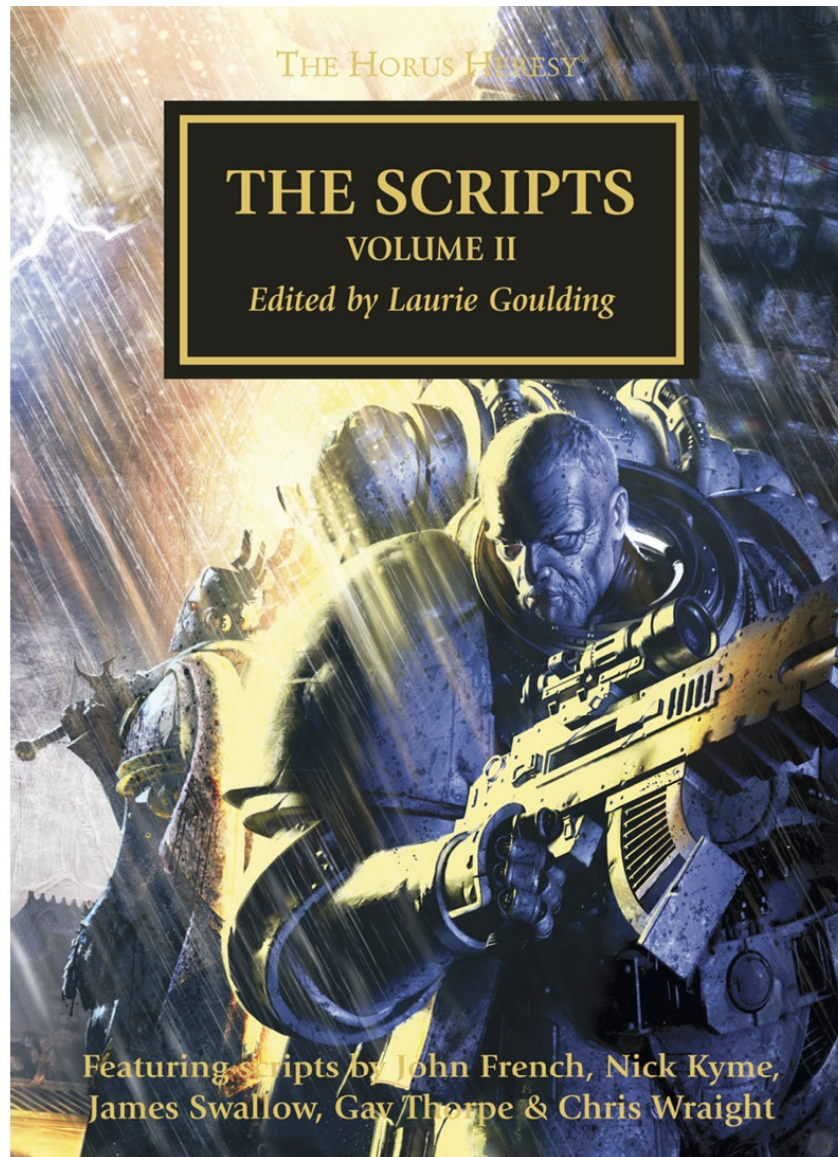
If you fancy a peek behind the curtains of these exciting Horus Heresy tales, there really

is no better way, whether it's getting to grips with Rogal Dorn's doubts in *The Lightning Tower* or joining Garro on his first assignment as a Knight Errant in *Garro: Oath of Moment*. Available on general release now for the first time.

HORUS HERESY: THE SCRIPTS VOLUME II

The second volume in the Horus Heresy Scripts series is also now available on general release.

Hardback | 416 pages
Edited by Laurie Golding



Continuing in the same vein as the first volume in the series, Horus Heresy: The Scripts: Volume II compiles a further six unabridged scripts for the next tranche of audio dramas: The Sigillite, Honour to the Dead, Garro: Sword of Truth, Garro: Burden of Duty, Grey Angel and Censure. They are collated, along with the same great additional content that you find in Volume I, and just as with the first volume, this book is now available on general release in stores for the first time.

All the transcripts in this book are excellent, but stand-outs include Grey Angel, which takes the action to Caliban (and asks some pertinent questions of Luther). And if you liked Know no Fear, you do not want to miss Censure.

VULKAN, REGENT OF NOCTURNE

The Primarch of the Salamanders Chapter was renowned as an indomitable warrior with herculean reserves of strength and stamina. When Horus stoked the flames of betrayal, Vulkan's Legion pledged itself to the protection of mankind and delivering just retribution.



When Vulkan was snatched up by the powers of the Warp and deposited on the cruel world of Nocturne, it paved the way for one of humanity's greatest heroes to rise from the crucible of suffering. Rather than an overlord or master, Vulkan was a teacher, mentor and protector, a role he would embrace when the Emperor rediscovered him and bestowed upon him the XVIIIth Legion.

Vulkan's reputation is one of indefatigable courage and will, superhuman endurance and an unshakeable nobility of spirit. His presence lifts the spirits of those around him, for

who can feel fear when a titan of such legendary strength and fortitude stands beside them?

Forge World have recently put the finishing touches to Vulkan, the latest Primarch in the Horus Heresy Character series. Clad in the Drakenscale armour, a miracle of Imperial engineering hung with the skull of the firedrake Kesare, Vulkan is all but impregnable. In his fist he wields Dawnbringer, a warhammer so potent that a single blow from it could kill almost any creature. Mounted within the armour of Vulkan's left wrist is a discreet heavy flamer, high-powered version of the type carried by Terminators, that is capable of blanketing ranks of the enemy in a wave of super-heated promethium. This iconic miniature is available to order now, and comes with a resin base that resembles the shattered earth of Isstvan V.

Forge World produce highly detailed resin models from the worlds of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000. Visit www.forgeworld.co.uk to learn more.

RULES OF ENGAGEMENT

Picture the scene: the end of a long day's gaming and you decide what is really needed is one last game to finish off the day. But – disaster! – everything's packed away. What to do? We have the answer...

It's the end of a long day's gaming and you and your best gaming buddies are sitting round the dining table explaining how all of your victories were due to skill and fine judgement and all of your defeats down to atrocious bad luck and underhand tactics. You decide that what is really needed is one last game to finish off the day. But the games table is packed away and all you have to hand is a handful of vehicle models, some dice, and a tape measure. Fortunately help is at hand, for the racing game will fulfil all your needs and provide the perfect end to your day!

THE RACING GAME

This is a simple racing game designed to be played by any number of players. Each player will need one Citadel miniature, which represents their racer, four six-sided dice and a tape measure. You will also need at least one scatter dice and one artillery dice. Any miniature can be used as the racer, but cavalry, flyers, vehicles, chariots and bikes are best!

ON YOUR MARKS...

Before starting the players need to create the racing track. The race can take place on any suitable flat surface. Place a number of obstacles on the surface for the players to race round; the terrain you use for your games makes the best obstacles, but you can use anything you have to hand. In fact the racing game was originally intended to be played on a dining table after a meal – just race round the plates and cups!

With the obstacles placed, you must decide where the start and finish lines will be, and what route the racers must take round the table. We recommend keeping this pretty simple for your first race or two. You can build up the complexity of the track as you gain experience of what works for your gaming group. A good starting race is to say that the players all start within 6" of one table edge, and must race down to within 6" of the other end of the table and then back again in order to win.

GET SET...

Each player rolls one of their dice. The player that rolls highest places their racer anywhere behind the start line, and places the one dice they rolled beside the model. In the case of a tie the younger player sets up first. The other players then set up, from the player with the highest score to the player with the lowest. Keep the three dice you didn't roll in your hand.

The sequence in which the racers are set up is also the turn sequence for the rest of the race: the player who set up their racer first will go first in each turn, the player who set up second will go second, etc.

GO!

On your turn you pick up all the dice beside your racer, and either add one dice from your hand or take any number of dice away and put them back in your hand. You can never increase the number of dice to more than four or to less than one (think of them as representing which gear the racer is in). So on the first turn you could slow down to one dice, or speed up to three.

Next roll the dice and add them together. The total is the distance in inches you must move. The move must be straight ahead (see the rules for special actions below for a few more options). After completing the move you may change the facing of your racer by swivelling up to 90° on the spot to the left or right. Then place the dice you rolled beside your racer, so you know how many dice to start with in your next turn, and then your turn is over.

Everybody else takes a turn in a similar manner. The first player to complete the circuit wins the race!

STALLING

It's very easy to forget to place the dice you rolled beside your racer, or to absentmindedly pick them up after rolling them and place them back in your hand. Easily done, but it can really spoil the game, so to encourage players not to do it, we have the dreaded Stalling Rule: if you forget to place the dice you rolled beside your racer, and another player has taken a turn, then when you spot the mistake, you stall. Take one of your dice and place it by your racer and put all of the remaining dice back in your hand!

DAMAGE

Sometimes another racer or an obstacle will get in the way and stop you from completing your move. When this happens your move ends 1" short of the obstacle and you must check for damage. If the 'obstacle' was another racer, they must check for damage too. Sometimes you will have to check for damage for other reasons – for example if you are attacked.

Whatever the cause, you must roll one of your dice, either from your hand, or from beside

your racer. On a roll of 4-6 your racer avoids any damage and nothing happens (return the dice), on a roll of 2-3 your racer spins out (see below), and on a roll of 1 your racer spins out and you lose one dice for the rest of the race (so the first time this happens, the number of dice you have drops from four to three, and so on). If a player loses their last dice because of the damage rules, then their racer is wrecked and out of the game.

SPINNING OUT

If you spin out, roll the scatter dice to determine the direction you are facing. If you roll a Hit then you can choose the facing. When you spin out, place one dice beside your racer and must return all of the rest of the dice to your hand.

SPECIAL ACTIONS

You may, if you wish, carry out the following special actions in your turn.

Attack

Attacks represent you firing weapons at other racers. Only a racer that has some form of ranged weapon may make this type of attack. After finishing your move, pick a target that is within 18" of your racer, and roll any of the dice you didn't roll for your move (i.e. the leftover dice you have in your hand). When used to make an attack, dice are treated as D3s rather than D6s. Add together the total rolled on the dice you used, and if this is equal to or greater than the range to the target, then the target must check for damage (see above). You can't attack in a turn where your car hit an obstacle or carried out another special action.

Go Flat Out!

You can, if you wish, go flat out. Declare this before rolling the dice for your move, and roll the artillery dice along with the dice you'd normally roll. If you roll a number, add it to your move. However, if you roll a misfire you halve the distance rolled on the other dice for your move! Note that the artillery dice is not placed beside your racer along with the other dice you rolled; roll it, add the score to your total, and then put it to one side.

Go Into Reverse

If you roll one dice for movement, you may either use it to move ahead, or use it to move straight back in reverse. You may make a turn of 90° after a reverse move.

Sharp Turn

You may, if you wish, try to make a sharp turn during your move. This allows you to make your 90° turn at any point in the move. Or, if you prefer, you may make two turns, each of up to 45°, one at any point during the move and the other at the end.

You must declare that you will try to make a sharp turn before rolling the dice for your

move. Then roll the dice and check what you've rolled. As long as you don't roll any 1s you carry out the sharp turn successfully. If you do roll a 1 on any of the dice, you fail to carry out the sharp turn and must move normally. If you roll two or more 1s, then you spin out at the end of the move instead of making a normal turn.

Combining Special Actions

Moving flat out, making a sharp turn, and moving in reverse may be combined together in any combination you like. Attacks, on the other hand, can only be made when you make a standard move – attacks may not be combined with another special action.

DIFFERENT SORTS OF RACERS (optional)

Players may choose to take one of the following options for their racer. It almost goes without saying that the racer must be represented by a suitable model!

Highly Manoeuvrable: You may re-roll any one movement dice each turn, but must add +1 to damage rolls.

Heavily Armed: You start the race with three dice rather than four, but roll two extra dice whenever you make an attack.

Turbo-charged: You may re-roll the artillery dice when moving flat out, but must add +1 to damage rolls.

Well Armoured: You receive a 4+ saving throw against damage inflicted by enemy attacks, but cannot move flat out.

THE LORD OF DECAY

Nurgle is one of the great gods of Chaos, the cheerful father of pestilence and decay. He takes delight in fecundity, fashioning new and virile diseases with which to bless the mortal realm. His greatest desire is to see a world awash with rampant contagion.



One cannot unsee the horror of his visage. He is a titan of bloated and corpulent proportions. The folds of his sagging belly cascade like a fleshy waterfall, moist, stinking and writhing with foul life. In his bowels, on display through ragged tears in his suppurating skin, tiny creatures wriggle and play, squirming amidst the coils of entrails

and the pus-like liquids of his gut. A giant head crowns his bloated body, the face lit with mirth, his mouth a vivid slit, a wormlike tongue thrashing merrily as he babbles in a ceaseless stream of words the names of the poxes and plagues he plans to unleash upon his children, for he is a kind father.

– From A Discourse with the Damned

Nurgle is one of the great Gods of Chaos, a powerful, jovial figure who is the father of pestilence and decay. He is the creator of agues and illness, the author of ailment and disease and he gladly, gleefully, gifts his many creations upon all the creatures of the world.

He is described as a plump, grotesque figure who is most commonly seen hunched over his foetid cauldron, endlessly toiling to produce the perfect pox as his next creation. He sings contentedly to himself as he works, plucking ingredients from the sores and fissures on his own massive body and tossing them into the mix. A sniff, a stir and onwards goes his concoction. In time he will create a mixture he is pleased with, a new flux to unleash, and so he will pour it through the grate beneath his cauldron, to rain down upon the mortal world, delivered as a ravaging pestilence to scour the world. Nurgle is no respecter of persons; he will slay both the healthy and the lame, the wealthy and the poor. Elf, Man, Dwarf or otherwise, he cares not at all. And that is perhaps his most curious trait – for Nurgle sees no malice in what he does, rather craftsmanship and creation. Every terrible sickness is a living thing to be nurtured, bred into life.

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

Appalling though this change might seem to those who fail to comprehend it, to a soul devoted to Nurgle it is a bounteous gift. While Men of the Empire, Bretonnia or even the Elves and Dwarfs are repelled at the thought, the north-landers welcome it as a blessing, a sign of Father Nurgle's favour. And favour it surely is, for what has a Warrior of Chaos to fear of a sword thrust when he can feel no pain? What does an arrow to the knee mean for a soldier whose guts hang in mouldering loops from a lesion in his belly? Madness though it might seem, the blessings of Nurgle are tantamount to immortality; a gift to be cherished, sought after and shared. And Nurgle is a sharing God – all the world will yet bask in his glorious decay.

HIS MORTAL ENVOYS

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

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

– From A Discourse with the Damned

In the Realm of Chaos, Nurgle controls numberless legions of Daemonic minions, and on rare occasions they are able to breach the fabric of reality and invade the material world. More often, however, he must rely upon the hands of mortal servants willing to accept his bounteous blessings and carry forth his gifts. In the far north, tribes devoted to Nurgle fester and grow; Marauders, Chaos Warriors and the Putrid Blightkings raise banners to their foul deity in preparation for war. Even as the Northmen muster in their thousands, agents in the lands of the Empire, Bretonnia and beyond conspire, willingly betraying those around them for the blessings of the Lord of Decay. What city can survive a siege when its wells are poisoned with potent contagions?

The advance of Nurgle's hosts can be likened unto a stain from a spilled wineglass spreading across a tablecloth; rolling forward with gruesome inevitability and tainting all it touches. In the same way, the hordes of Chaos press onwards, as steady and relentless as death. Ahead of Nurgle's legions travel plagues and poxes that assail the enemy. Borne upon the air, in infected streams and rivers and by the wildlife that flees their coming. The faithful and resilient might withstand the hacking fevers they bring, but many lack the fortitude and die in bloody, sweaty agony before a sword stroke ever falls. All the while rank upon rank of relentless foes advance, a horrendous clamour sounding their march. The deafening tramp of their footfalls is matched only by the furious buzzing of countless flies and the malignant, sonorous clanging of bells.

In battle, the scions of Nurgle exhibit none of the frenzy of Khorne, the finesse of Slaanesh, nor even the guile of Tzeentch. Instead, as with all things, they advance stoically and unflinching through hails of arrows and shot, their bulging flesh absorbing punishment that would kill an ordinary Man many times over. When they arrive they do so with the inexorable nature of death, rusting and pitted blades rising and falling with the tempo of heartbeats. Few issue battle cries when they fight, instead there is only the

clang of steel on steel, the wet smack of metal on flesh and the relentless droning of the clouds of flies that surround them.

Nurgle's champions are mighty warriors in their own right. Not only is their fortitude increased, but also their capacity to slaughter. They develop mutations such as claws or tentacles with which to thrash the foe and their strength increases to inhuman levels. The greatest among these Champions are the Blightkings, who fight as warrior brotherhoods, shields locked together in an impregnable wall of bulging flesh and rotted steel, and the Lords of Chaos, whose martial prowess is almost without match. These fighters have the eye of Nurgle ever upon them, for it is from their ranks that he will surely draw his Daemon Princes. Such a reward is the heart's desire of every follower of Chaos, and they will fight all the harder, and risk any suffering in their quest to attain it.

FESTUS THE LEECHLORD

Festus was an apothecary of great skill, a creator of herbs and tinctures whose skill was such that he became rich and famous. He cured ailments, repaired wounds and was renowned for his good works, until the gnashing fever evaded his every effort to find a cure. As bodies mounted up around him, each more pathetically ruined than the last, Festus was driven slowly mad.

Desperate, he made his pact with Father Nurgle, the results of which plunged Festus into stark insanity. Nurgle bestowed upon Festus the knowledge to understand the gnashing fever, but also every other disease and sickness in creation. This newfound knowledge was Festus's rebirth. He became the Leechlord, determined to experiment with every disease, improving upon their design and documenting their effects.

In the long years since, he has gathered around himself an army of Nurgle, all the better to witness the effects of his experiments upon the waiting world. He has tested his potions on countless prisoners, soldiers captured in battle, for who better to prove his success upon than the hale and healthy? As the End Times approach, he is ascendant, empowered and preparing to unleash his greatest horrors so far.

He walked there, or so I thought. A many-chinned man who seemed as a priest or apothecary, merry in his work, but desperate also. He tended the garden with the fervour of a desperate man, yearning for the approbation of his master. The small gibbering creatures that swarmed the garden mewed and purred around his feet. Calling him favoured. They whispered of the plans his master has for him. Gardener of Nurgle, they whispered. But I knew him as Festus.

*– From A Discourse with
the Damned*

THE GARDEN OF NURGLE

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

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

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

– From A Discourse with the Damned



SEETHING RIVALRIES

Among the four Gods of Chaos there is little if any unanimity, for they each have their own designs and appetites. Their only shared desire is to see the Warhammer world, and indeed the whole of existence, thrust into unending Chaos. Far from uniting them, however, even this joint purpose is a cause of more strife.

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

GUTROT SPUME

As a youth the Norscan known as Gutrot Spume earned his reputation hunting the predators that prowled the coast of his homeland. In time he was recognised for his great skill, rising to be not only the lord of his tribe, but the Master of the Plague Fleets. It is said by the northerners that there are as many ships in the plague fleets as there are ice trolls in the northern wastes, and if this is true then the soft realms of Men in the south are doomed.

Spume's flagship is the Rotten Beast, a gargantuan vessel which appears to be made from the carcass of a sea beast. Writhing tentacles lash nearby vessels with a sentience of their own, with the power to crush a greatship. When the plague fleet heads south, the Empire will burn.

THE EVERCHOSEN

The once-pious Archaon is perhaps the strangest of Nurgle's Champions, for he is the chosen of all the Chaos Gods, the Everchosen of Chaos, destined to bring about the ruination of the world.

Archaon is in fact one of the few things that the Chaos Gods can all agree upon. He has united or conquered the tribes of the north, crushing those who opposed him and gathering the greatest army that the Warhammer world has ever seen. Every Champion of Chaos has bent the knee to his will, or risks his wrath and each of the Chaos Gods has imbued him with their power. For Nurgle, the eve of his great invasion is a moment of glory. When the End Times come, it will be an hour of endless plague.



THE RULES PUTRID BLIGHTKINGS GUTROT SPUME

Gutrot Spume and the Putrid Blightkings are champions of Nurgle, disease-ridden warriors gifted with a portion of their god's strength and resilience. Read on, mortal creatures, for here you will find their full rules along with tactical suggestions courtesy of Nurgle himself.



The Putrid Blightkings are a terrifying prospect for most opponents. Individually they are formidable warriors capable of besting an enemy hero (even some lords) in single

combat. A unit of them – at least 10-strong – is an even scarier thought.

The Putrid Blightkings are best employed right at the heart of your army, where their corpulent bulk can roll inexorably up the battlefield and get stuck into close combat. The plague of flies that surrounds them should make them hard for the enemy to hit and any Attacks that do land still have to go through their diseased bulk. Just killing one of them would be an achievement. In return, they can dish out vast amounts of damage, changing their weapons to suit their foes. Use great weapons for armoured foes, hand weapons and shields for pesky Elves, and two hand weapons for anything that’s easy to puree.

The only major threats to the Blightkings are massed firepower and spells that inflict a lot of damage (like Magic Vortices). A Chaos Sorcerer with the Mark of Nurgle casting Fleshy Abundance and Curse of the Leper should ensure they power through, while the Blades of Putrefaction will help them chop through tough targets. The unit can take a Magic Standard, too, and the Gleaming Pennant is always worth taking. It’s cheap, but it could be the trinket that saves your Blightkings from an embarrassing failed morale test.

Gutrot Spume is a dependably violent Chaos Lord, albeit with added tentacle-shaped benefits that make him even better in combat. He’s slow to fight due to his great weapon, but his resilience should see him survive most challenges to strike back. Against high-level Lords such as Karl Franz and Tyrion, Gutrot may struggle, so put him to use bludgeoning as many heroes and monsters as possible for those all-important rolls on the Eye of the Gods table. While Gutrot can march into battle, he can also ride a Warshrine, turning him into a super-resilient war machine that radiates the power of Chaos. With a unit of Blightkings marching alongside, your opponents will be hard-pressed to destroy both before they get into combat.

PUTRID BLIGHTKINGS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Putrid Blightking	4	6	3	4	5	3	5	3	8
Putrid Blightking Champion	4	6	3	4	5	3	5	4	8

The Putrid Blightkings can be included in a Warriors of Chaos, Daemons of Chaos or Beastmen army. Their points cost counts towards your Special units allowance.

TROOP TYPE: Infantry

UNIT SIZE: 5+

POINTS: 40 points per model

EQUIPMENT: Chaos armour, an array of weaponry, Shield

SPECIAL RULES: Eye of the Gods (Putrid Blightking Champion only), Mark of Nurgle.

Bountiful Blades: At the start of each combat, a unit of Putrid Blightkings can choose to fight with a great weapon, two hand weapons or a hand weapon and shield.

OPTIONS:

May upgrade one Putrid Blightking to a Putrid Blightking Champion... 10 points

May upgrade one Putrid Blightking to a musician... 10 points

May upgrade one Putrid Blightking to a standard bearer... 10 points

May take a magic standard worth up to... 50 points

GUTROT SPUME

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gutrot Spume	4	8	3	5	5	4	7	5	10

Gutrot Spume can be included in a Warriors of Chaos, Daemons of Chaos or Beastmen army. His points cost counts towards your Lords allowance. (Remember that in the End Times, you can spend 50% of your points on Lords!)

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character)

POINTS: 250

EQUIPMENT: Chaos armour, Great weapon

MUTATIONS: Nurgle’s Rot

SPECIAL RULES: Eye of the Gods, Mark of Nurgle.

At Home On Land or Sea: Gutrot Spume and his unit can move within any area of water on the battlefield, including rivers and even deep water that players have deemed impassable, as if it were open ground. Gutrot Spume and his unit can march, claim rank

bonus and be steadfast whilst within areas of water on the battlefield.

Flailing Tentacles: Immediately before Gutrot Spume attacks in the Close Combat phase, roll a D3 and add the result to the Attacks characteristic on his profile.

OPTIONS:

May take a Chaos Warshrine as a Mount... 125 points

THE PLAGUE FLEETS

As the End Times draw near, Archaon musters every Chaos Warlord and their army to his cause. Among them stands Gutrot Spume, the commander of the plague fleets of the north. Inspired by his story, we show you how to create a force based around him.

THE PLAGUE FLEET OF GUTROT SPUME

Gutrot Spume is the lord of the Dragonbone tribe, a clan of fierce Norscan raiders from around the Sea of Claws. Having gained the favour of Grandfather Nurgle for attempting to slay a mighty rot-kraken he has dedicated himself wholly to the lord of pestilence and decay. The plague fleets of the north have now converged around him into a vast rotten armada hundreds of ships and tens of thousands of men strong.

Gutrot's army has invaded the Empire once before, his plague-ridden ships landing on the Nordland coast to wreak havoc and destruction. It was the combined armies of the Empire and Kislev that finally turned him away, the Ice Queen herself freezing the sea around Gutrot's men as they marched ashore. Though defeated, Gutrot Spume has now joined Archaon's growing hordes and invaded the Empire once again at the head of a vast plague-ridden army. The force to the right is a great example of how to recreate Gutrot's army using the rules presented in this issue of White Dwarf, combined with the Warriors of Chaos army book.

Gutrot Spume himself has been painted riding a Chaos Warshrine, a fitting mount for a Lord of Nurgle, reminiscent of his vessel, the Rotten Beast. It also makes for an excellent centrepiece to the army, which suits Gutrot's towering arrogance perfectly.

The core of the army includes numerous Warriors, Marauders and, of course, the Putrid Blightkings – devout warriors of Nurgle who fit the background of the army perfectly, and whose putrescent looks emulate those of Gutrot Spume. The majority of the Dragonbone tribe consists of Marauders, so they feature prominently, both as nimble horsemen and hordes of rancid clansmen. Though the miniatures are designed to be unaligned warriors, a glaze of Waywatcher Green over their skin and a wash of Athonian Camoshade on their armour will get them looking like aspiring followers of Nurgle. After all, years of sailing around on a rotting plague hulk are bound to take a toll on their health.

The armoured Warriors are led by Eogric the Vile, Gutrot's chief lieutenant and

executioner. The Nurgle Lord was the ideal choice for this model, who looks great leading a unit of Chaos Warriors. Their armour has been painted using the painting guide for the Putrid Blightkings on page 24. A hint of Ryza Rust and Typhus Corrosion is another great way to Nurglify a unit. The two units of Knights – the Rotting Riders and the Blackhoof Tribe – were painted using the same method.

Gutrot's army also makes heavy use of monsters and beasts, some corralled from the Chaos Wastes, others having joined his army willingly. His charioteers make good use of Gorebeasts, favouring their stinking bodies over warhorses, while the Tusk Axes, a warband of Dragon Ogres, have joined the marauding force to fulfil their long-standing oath to the Dark Gods.

Make sure you pick up next week's issue, where we'll show you how to convert your own Warriors of Chaos dedicated to Grandfather Nurgle.



BROTHERS IN ARMS

What's more fun than playing Warhammer 40,000 on your own? Teaming up with a friend for doubles games, of course. Jes and Andy did just that at July's Battle Brothers event – here's how it all went down...



HIVE FLEET ABOMINATION ULTRA

Here's the combined forces of Hive Fleet Eumenides and Hive Fleet Leviathan:

HIVE FLEET EUMENIDES

HQ

Hive Tyrant with wings and two twin-linked devourers

ELITES

2 Hive Guard with impaler cannons

TROOPS

3 Tyranid Warriors with devourers and rending claws

FAST ATTACK

Hive Crone

Harpy with twin-linked strangletorn cannon and cluster spines

HIVE FLEET LEVIATHAN

ELITES

3 Hive Guard with impaler cannons

TROOPS

5 Tyranid Warriors with deathspitters and scything talons

HEAVY SUPPORT

Tyrannofex with rupture cannon

Tyrannofex with rupture cannon

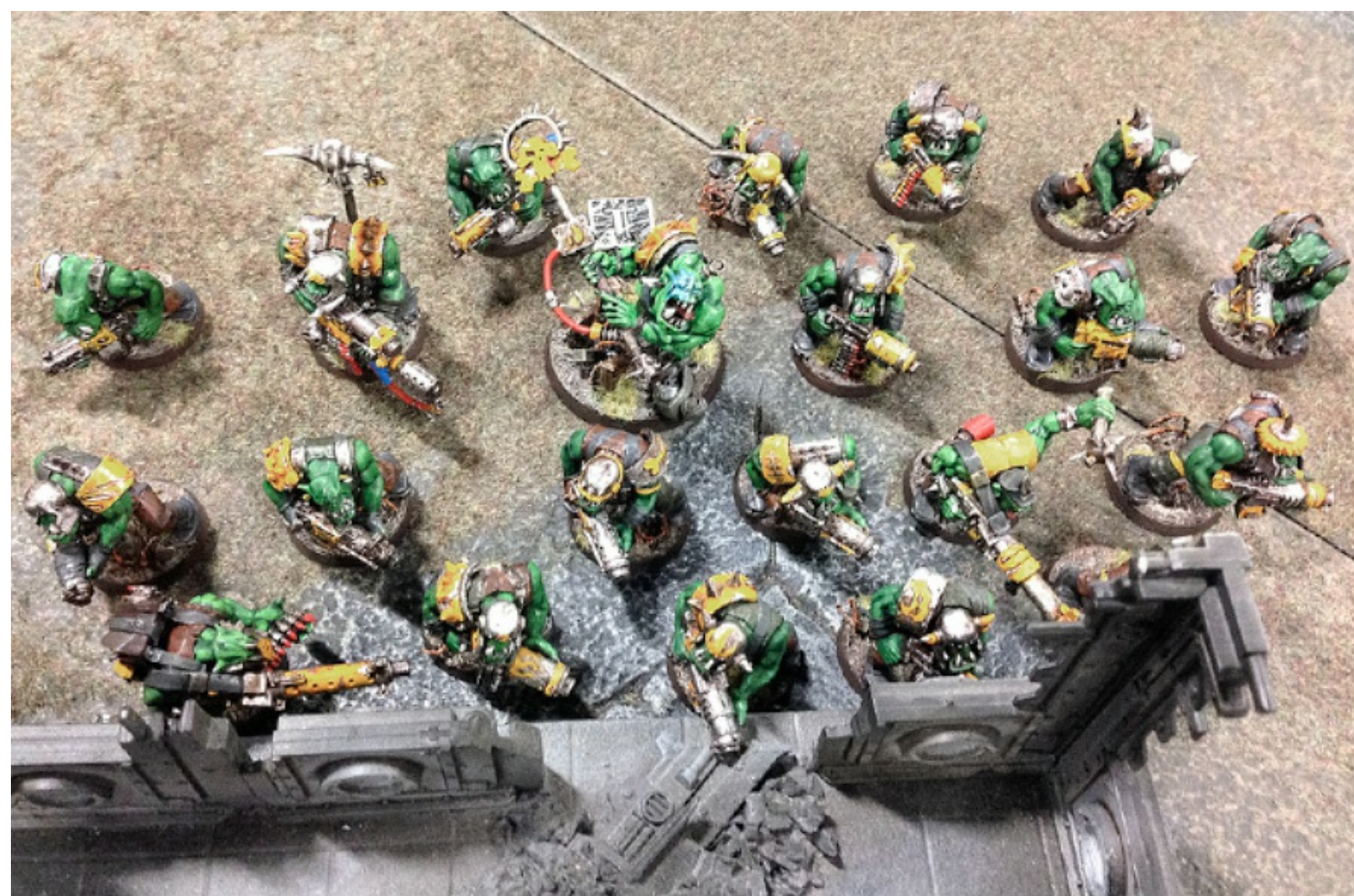
Jes: If you've been keeping up with White Dwarf this year, you'll know that I'm a big fan of the gaming events put on by the Warhammer World events team. I attended two Throne of Skulls earlier this year, in which I got to play great games of Warhammer 40,000 against some smashing opponents with fantastically-painted armies. Battle Brothers is a similar affair, but you team up with a friend. With Warhammer World currently undergoing a massive redesign, the July Battle Brothers event was to be the last gaming event of 2014; and so myself and Andy Keddie decided to take the plunge and go along.

Andy had been bitten by the Tyranid bug and was desperate to paint up a Tyrannofex or two with rupture cannons – the kit is one his favourite Citadel miniatures, and he loves the way the guns look. This decided what army we would take (which had to be a Battle-forged 1500 point force): I'd take 750 points of my own Hive Fleet Eumenides while Andy added 750 points of Hive Fleet Leviathan for a monstrous team-up from the frozen void beyond the stars. (You can see our army list in the sidebar to the right – we went through a lot of permutations before we got to our final choices.)

Come the day, our first game of the weekend – Battle Brothers consisting of five games

over two days – was against a frankly enormous Ork horde, painted beautifully by James Hewitt and Sophie Williams, called the Khadenghast Incursion. We were playing The Relic mission, and a central 30-strong mob of Ork Boyz rushed, screaming like lunatics, to grab the titular objective while Lootas rained down hot death from afar and Flash Gitz and the Ork Warboss (accompanied by hulking Meganobz) hurtled towards the Tyranid flanks in ramshackle Trukks.

What followed was a peculiarly defensive game for the Tyranids, as the Tyrannofexes, Warriors and Hive Guard bunkered down in a large central ruin and Twisted Copse to stymie the Ork advance with concentrated fire. It worked, too, the green tide being held off just long enough for the Hive Tyrant, Harpy and Hive Crone to swoop in and help the beleaguered ground-based bioforms. The Orks had air support of their own, though, and a bright yellow Burna-bommer roared into the Tyranid airspace for a strafing run on the besieged Tyranid Warriors.



The rest of the game was a fraught fight for control of the Relic, which went all the way to the last turn – 30 Ork Boyz are pretty difficult to shift! Thankfully for us, the Hive Crone's drool cannon and the Harpy's plentiful bio-explosives just managed to reduce the Boyz to a greasy green smear in time for the final turn. The Tyranids triumphed, but only

just: it was a terrific game against splendid opponents. (James and Sophie went on to win the Artisan's Apprentice award for best-painted army – much deserved indeed.)

Game two proved to be a different kettle of fish, against Dan and his friend Dan (on the one hand this was slightly confusing, on the other it kept things nice and simple) with their alliance of Eldar and Dark Eldar. Dan and Dan combined an excellent attitude with frankly terrifying tactical acumen, and they proceeded to take Hive Fleet Abomination Ultra apart with clinical precision. The mission was Big Guns Never Tire, and a combination of Raiders, Venoms, Rangers, Reavers, Eldar artillery, a Wave Serpent and Ravager slaughtered the Tyrannofexes in short order and dealt efficiently with the air support when it turned up. The final score was 17-1 to the triumphant Dans – we had blown up the Ravager, the smallest of small victories! It was a great game, but a punishing one.



The final game of the first day was against Cam and Simon's Astra Militarum force, the Cadian 541st regiment, known as the Thundering Tigers. Towering impressively over the squads of guardsmen, two Leman Russ battle tanks and a Hydra was nothing less than a Warhound Titan! How would we deal with that? The answer was that we didn't – the battle saw our Tyranids scuttling around buildings and cover in an elegant ballet of Titan-

denial, the Hive Mind's drive to devour overruled by a healthy survival instinct. Miraculously, in trying to avoid the monster's twin turbo-laser destructors, we managed to eliminate everything in the opposing army bar the Warhound; the final turn saw the surviving Hive Tyrant, Harpy and Hive Crone clustered around Simon and Cam's home objective (we were playing The Emperor's Will) while the Warhound camped itself on ours. A final turbo-laser salvo at the just-visible Hive Crone saw the insanely destructive blasts scatter into the Hive Tyrant and Harpy, annihilating both! With just the Hive Crone, a wounded Tyrannofex and the Warhound Titan left on the table, we won by a hair's breadth, scraping success by a single Victory Point, thanks to First Blood.



ANDY SPEAKS

I love facing new armies, new challenges and working out how to overcome them. At an event like this you get plenty of opportunities to do so; you are not playing against your usual group where you know what they have and how they will play – here you could face a Daemon-summoning army one minute and a Warhound Titan the next! You have

to really know your army and be able to adapt.

A doubles event involves learning to play as a pair. Jes and I have wildly different styles; Jes is akin to an Eldar Farseer, scanning the runes of fate to find the best strategy, cautious and precise, whilst I am more your Ork Warboss – run at them and hit them in the face. Our best games were where Jes tempered my bloodlust whilst I stopped Jes from overthinking. We came away already planning our next army but, more importantly, planning a lot of test games!

The first game of Sunday saw us matched up with Ewan and Mal's Chaos Daemons force, a gorgeously painted and themed army built around hordes of Pink Horrors and two massive Soul Grinders. The fickle nature of Chaos soon became evident with the most epic event of the weekend: a turn two roll of 11 on the Warp Storm table saw my Hive Tyrant – poised to shred much Daemon flesh with its devourers – possessed and transformed into a Herald of Tzeentch! With our biggest hitter gone, the rest of the game (the mission was Purge the Alien) was an uphill struggle, made harder by a seemingly invulnerable unit of Screamers that destroyed the Harpy, a unit of Hive Guard and a unit of Tyranid Warriors. We couldn't complain, however, as Ewan and Mal were magnificently sporting opponents, and how often does something as crazy as Daemonic Possession happen? It was a hilarious start to the day.

Our final game was against Rowan Quigley-Turner and Steve Venezia's impressive Dark Angels Ravenwing and Salamanders alliance – which also boasted an Imperial Knight. Rowan and Steve had both attended the last Throne of Skulls I'd been at, so this game was a welcome rematch – and an incredibly tightly fought one at that. The final mission of the day was The Scouring, so a lot of objectives were up for grabs, and a lot of thought was given to deployment. The sheer amount of plasma-toting bikes in Rowan's half of the Imperium army – along with Sammael himself – had us on the back foot from the start, especially as they took the first turn and most of the army made a scouting move. Andy would have to do the heavy lifting by absorbing fire with his Tyrannofexes, while I kept the Harpy, Hive Crone and Hive Tyrant in reserve for late-game objective grabbing.



The game was as bloody as they come; Tyranids and Ravenwing bikers both fell by the

score and the Imperial Knight slaughtered a Tyrannofex early on, although the remaining gunbeast held its own in combat with the mighty war machine for several turns, incredibly. The arrival of my flying Monstrous Creatures turned the tide a little, with the Hive Tyrant in particular delivering a steep butcher's bill, annihilating a Razorback with its devourers and completely wiping out a Tactical squad with Psychic Scream. The final turn saw the Harpy, Hive Crone and a lone Tyranid Warrior poised to grab seven Victory Points between them but, alas, fickle chance had its way with us: the Harpy was slaughtered by Steve's Salamanders Librarian, and the Hive Crone and Tyranid Warrior rolled abysmally for a Charge move and Run move respectively, failing to get within 3" of objectives. Rowan and Steve had claimed a righteous and well-deserved victory, and the Tyranids returned to the cold dark of space in search of other prey.

It was a great weekend, and everyone we played had the right spirit, and lovely armies to boot. It was also a joy to go to war with Andy; doubles games and Battle Brothers in particular both offer a wonderfully social way to play Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000, and the amount of laughter and cheering that went on in Warhammer World over the weekend was ample proof of that. We don't know when the next Battle Brothers is yet, but we're already planning a Necron army...



RIVAL WORDS

Steve and Rowan sent us some words on their army and our final game:

“Our Battle Brothers army consisted of two Salamanders Tactical Marines squads and a Librarian in Razorbacks, a mighty Imperial Knight Errant and a swarm of Ravenwing bikers led by the Dark Angel Sammael. We played five fantastic games against some beautiful armies and brilliant commanders. In our final game we played a ‘grudge match’ against Jes and Andy’s Tyranid swarm. The Emperor Himself must have intercepted the xenos’s dice as they fluffed not one, not two, but three separate rolls that each would have secured them victory. Inspired by such glory our Salamanders Librarian dispatched a Harpy as the fittingly epic final act of the game, finally using a power sword that had yet to see action in the tournament. Glory to the Emperor!”

PAINT SPLATTER

Paint Splatter provides handy tips and stage-by-stage painting guides for the week's key releases. This week, we show you how to paint Nurgle's chosen warriors, the Putrid Blightkings.



The Putrid Blightkings are Nurgle's favoured warriors, their bodies rife with contagion. Earthy yellow, green and brown paints were used to make them look rotten and filthy.

The Blightkings were painted with several different skin tones to make them stand out from each other. The sickly green tone to the right is the most common skin tone in the unit, though you can create new and disturbing colours by swapping the shades and glazes. Lamenters Yellow instead of Waywatcher Green, for example, will make the skin a more vomitous yellow, while a light wash of Druchii Violet instead of Reikland Fleshshade will make the skin appear bruised. Experiment and see what you come up with; Nurgle's Rot has many disgusting forms.

The skin was mostly painted using layers and washes to make it appear wet and, for want of a better word, smooth. The armour and metal areas, on the other hand, were painted with sharp edge highlights to provide a contrast to the skin. There are a lot of textures on these models, so it's worth using a range of different painting techniques on them. The chainmail armour, for example, was a drybrush of Necron Compound, while the rust on the armour was a mix of Troll Slayer Orange and Lahmian Medium washed into all the cracks and crevices.

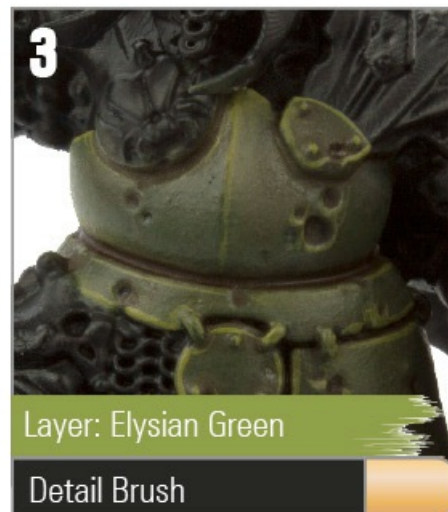
SPREAD THE CONTAGION

While this painting guide features the Putrid Blightkings, it's also perfect for other followers of Nurgle such as Warriors of Chaos, Plaguebearers and even Beastmen. Why not try it out on some of your other pox-ridden miniatures?

ROTTEN FLESH



ARMOUR



BRASS

1



Basecoat: Brass Scorpion

Basecoat Brush

2



Wash: Reikland Fleshshade

Wash Brush

3



Layer: Gehenna's Gold

Standard Brush

4



Layer: Runefang Steel

Detail Brush

LEATHER



Basecoat: Rhinox Hide

Basecoat Brush



Wash: Nuln Oil

Wash Brush



Layer: Mournfang Brown

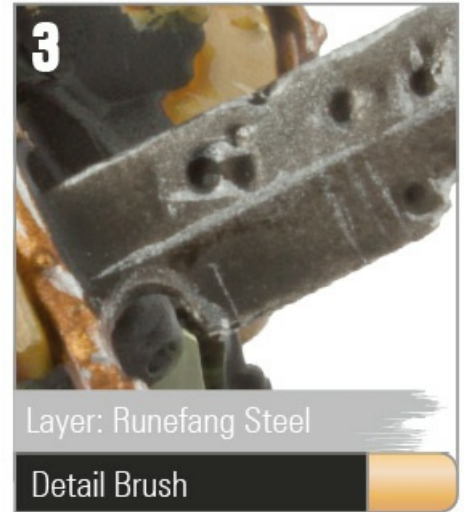
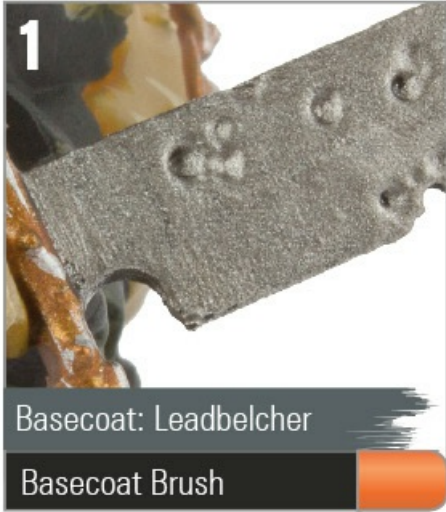
Detail Brush



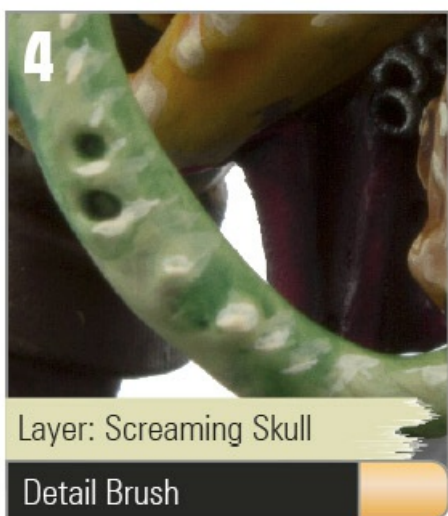
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Fine Detail Brush

METAL



TENTACLE

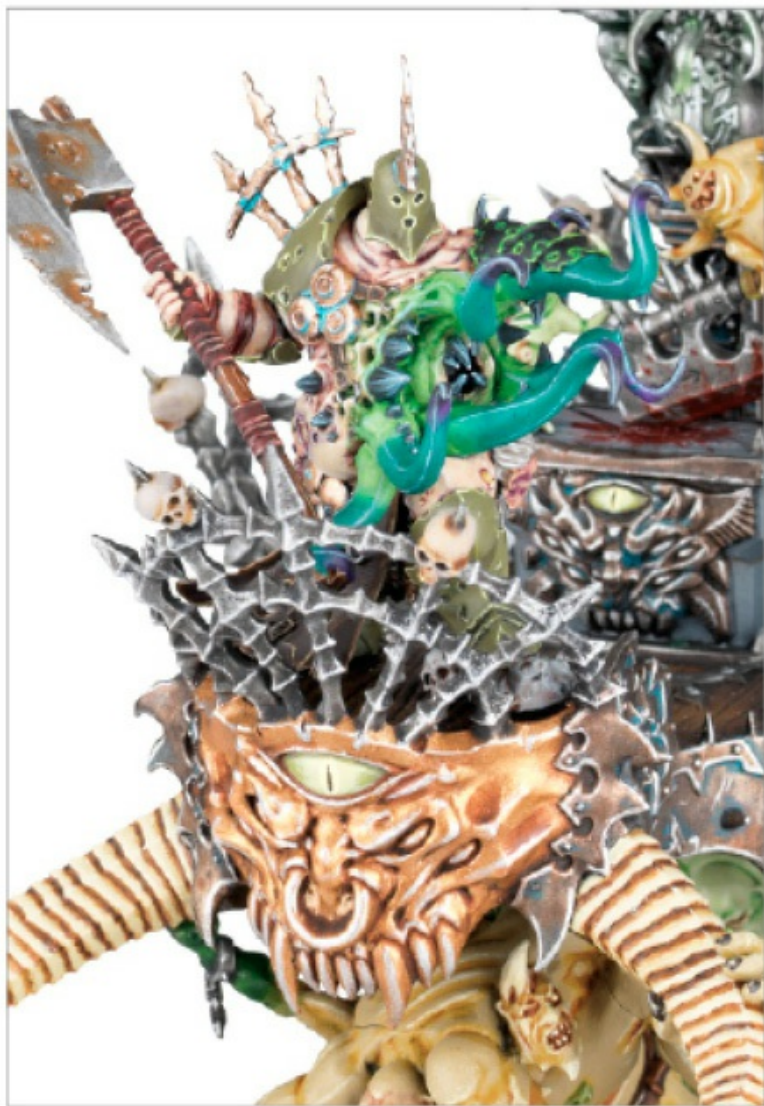


THIS WEEK IN WHITE DWARF

Join us for a round-up of the week as we share comment, opinion and trivia on all the latest releases, plus other fun tidbits that have cropped up in the White Dwarf bunker. This week, we look at pirates, pus, poison and a Primarch. And racing, but that doesn't begin with P...

VESSELS OF CHAOS

GUTROT SPUME, RIDER OF THE WARSHRINE



In the Plague Fleets article earlier in the issue, we showed a picture of Gutrot Spume's army, which included a conversion of him riding a Chaos Warshrine. The conversion is actually really simple, Gutrot Spume replacing the demagogue that normally stands at the prow of the Warshrine. Prow is a good word for it too, what with Gutrot being a nautical warlord. To give the Warshrine an even more Nurgley feel, a pair of Nurglings were stuck to the altar, gambolling around the executioner's axe. Of course, putting Gutrot Spume on the Warshrine does mean you'll have the Chaos Champion that normally stands on it spare. Don't worry, we found a use for him, too – you can see what we did to him in next week's Sprues and Glue article.

The model was finished off with a suitably Nurglesque paint job, the fixtures and fittings a dirty brass, while the bearers were painted in putrid greens and yellows.

FROM ACROSS THE SEA THEY CAME

The Sea of Claws is a treacherous body of water that sits north of the Empire and south of Norsca. While mercenaries and pirate hunters can be found sailing out of Marienburg and Erengard, the majority of ships sailing the Sea of Claws belong to the men of the north.

Warriors of both land and sea, it's not unusual for Norscan raiders to become tainted by Chaos. Gutrot Spume was once a Norscan tribesman and many of his crew were part of his tribe, the Dragonbones. On becoming the Lord of Tentacles and a devotee of Nurgle, Gutrot Spume's armada became pestilent and foetid, the wood of his ships rotting, the crew becoming riddled with disease. It's rumoured his flagship, the Rotten Beast, is built around the half-dead carcass of a rot-kraken, though no living creature can (or wants to) verify the tale.

Spume's plague fleets now dominate the Sea of Claws. As one of the mightiest armadas to ever sail the world, it won't be long before Spume sets his sights on the Empire and revenge.

FOCUS ON: VULKAN, REGENT OF NOCTURNE

The new Vulkan model was the handiwork of Forge World model maker Simon Egan, the creator of each of the Primarchs to date. “Sculpting a Primarch isn’t like designing other models,” says Simon when we sat him down to talk about Vulkan. “They come with a weight of expectation. Fans have steeped themselves in their imagery and stories and my task is to bring that to life. So, my first task is to study everything we know about the subject. For Vulkan, that meant learning everything that has been written about his life on Nocturne, the tribal culture of its people and the imagery of the Salamanders Legion, and the fantastic art that has been created to show him.

“Those elements are then combined with the intangible aspects of his character,” Simon adds. “Vulkan is stoic, resolute and heroic. I wanted to show him at his martial finest, with a huge tank-like physique and armour that resembles a relic of his Legion. He is bigger and broader than most of his brothers, a real power house, with a face set in an expression of righteous anger. If you look closely, there is a halo of sorts of behind his skull, framed beneath symbolic flames.”



Above - Tucked behind Vulkan's back is the Furnace's Heart, a gift from his brother

Ferrus Manus.



Above - “Vulkan Lives was invaluable when sculpting Vulkan,” says Simon. “The cover art helped to inform my sculpting.”

BIT OF THE WEEK: DEATH'S HEAD

Nurgle's followers often carry a Death's Head, a stitched-up head filled with vile diseases. They have been known to use them as putrid grenades that burst on impact, showering their target in bilious gunge. These ones can be found on the Plaguebearers kit.



THE QUICK, THE SKILLED AND THE DANGEROUS

Friday afternoon saw the gaming table in the White Dwarf bunker turned into a racetrack as we tried out the racing game (see p12). Using the Sector Imperialis for the circuit and as many biker models as we could find, our fearless racers gunned their engines. Matt took a short-cut down an alley and ploughed into a building while Erik's Deffkopta kept stalling. Glenn's Eldar Jetbike and Dan's Ork biker rounded the last corner together, the Ork claiming a glorious victory by shooting his opponent.



READER'S MODEL OF THE WEEK

Our Reader's Model of the Week is this Eldar Warlock painted by Xavier Giacomini, who painted it as part of his Armies on Parade display a few years ago. His army has been growing rapidly ever since.

Xavier's Eldar come from Craftworld Rhiantha, a Craftworld of his own creation. The blue robes and armour were painted with Kantor Blue and blended through to White Scar using many very thin layers of paint to achieve a smooth transition of colour. The rocks and Guardian helmet on the base come from the Warhammer 40,000 Basing Kit.

If you've painted a miniature that you think is worthy of a place in White Dwarf then why not send a picture to:

team@whitedwarf.co.uk

If it's something we can use, we'll be sure to get in touch.



WEAPON OF THE WEEK: THE VENOM STAFF

From the shriek of a Terrorgheist to Festus's Vials of Putrescence, there are few weapons as strange as the Venom Staff of High Queen Khalida. This tall staff, which at a glance appears to be a simple rod of metal fashioned in the image of a snake, is actually something entirely more dangerous. The Venom Staff has the power to writhe and lunge at Khalida's foes, acting as if a live animal. Worse even than that, however, is that it spits at her enemies, unleashing volleys of magic energy imbued with the power of the Khemrian goddess Asaph.

In a world full of swords that can drink blood and hammers that are fashioned from star metal, the Venom Staff stands out for both its elegant simplicity and outright deadliness. After all, what good is a glittery sword of chopping, when Khalida's staff can shoot you dead from a hundred yards away?



ASK GROMBRINDAL

The White Dwarf team is a font of hobby knowledge, a metaphorical repository of useful facts. If you have a question about Warhammer 40,000 or Warhammer, need a bit of painting advice or you're after a few tactical tips, drop us a line: team@whitedwarf.co.uk



LOYAL TRAITORS?

I've been reading the Horus Heresy series and it seems there are a number of Legionnaires that stay loyal to the Emperor rather than turn traitor. What happens to them after the Heresy? Do they form their own Chapters?

- Dave 'For the Emperor?' Hayman

GROMBRINDAL SAYS

I swear you manlings are obsessed with heresy. Traitor this, rebel that. You ever thought of being honourable for once and sticking to your oaths of loyalty? I'm feeling kind today, though, so I'll explain.

The most famous loyalist, Captain Garro, became the head of Malcador's Knights-Errant, eight of which would become the first Grey Knights. Others fought alongside loyalist

forces, and those that survived were inducted into other Chapters following the Heresy. There are no records of new Chapters being formed exclusively from loyalists from traitor Legions. Not that we know of, anyway...

- Grombrindal

CODEX: APOCRYPHA EXTRA

Notes from the worlds of Warhammer. This week: infamous seafarers.

LUTHOR HARKON

It was a stormy night when the ship carrying Luthor Harkon's coffin was captured by Norse raiders. Waking from his slumber, he proceeded to drink from them one by one. By the time the ship crashed into the Lustrian Coast, all that was left of the crew was a shambling horde of Zombies. Luthor Harkon returned to the Old World to fight alongside Nagash following his resurrection.

ARANESSA SALTSPITE

Aranessa Saltspite was born a mutant, her legs fused together below the knee into a fish-like tail. Thrown into the sea by her Norscan family, she somehow survived, though it was many years before she rejoined humanity. Drunk on rum, she hacked off her own tail with a sharpened sabre and jammed a pair of jagged sawfish blades into the bleeding stumps. She now commands the Swordfysh, a pirate ship of disreputable renown.

LONG DRONG

Famed for his unusual height, Long Drong is a Dwarf Slayer and mercenary captain. Once a seafaring trader, he took up the slayer oath after losing his ship on the rocky coast of Sartosa, his cargo of rare Dwarf ales lost to the sea. He now commands the Dwarf warship known as Fair Fregar, a mighty ironclad festooned with cannons.

LOKHIR FELLHEART

Lokhir is commander of the Tower of Blessed Dead, a Dark Elf Black Ark. He is the latest in a line of Fellhearts, a family of piratical raiders operating out of Karond Kar. His first action following his father's demise was to sack the High Elf port of Tor Canabrae in a single night.

THE WHITE DWARF PARADE GROUND

It seems the two White Dwarf designers are having an arms race at the moment, with Matt and Ben churning out a new unit every week. Last week we featured Matt's Stormfang Gunship, this week it's Ben's Ironclad Dreadnought – Brother Crissica – which he painted for his Raven's Watch Space Marine army.

“After my last game against Jes, I decided I needed some more punching power,” explains Ben. “I painted this Ironclad to add to my force, the orange bar on his chest marking him out as a member of the Chapter's 6th Company. I plan to deploy him from the back of a Stormraven. I just need to finish painting that now, too.”



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