

WHITE DWARF™

ISSUE 39
25 OCTOBER
2014



THE END TIMES CONTINUE

THE GLOTTKIN

NURGLE'S EARTHLY EMISSARIES WREAK HAVOC!

WHITE DWARF™

ISSUE 39
25th October 2014



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OPENING SALVO

And so the next instalment of the End Times is revealed: say hello to the Glottkin. (If you thought Nagash is a big model, well, the Glottkin are bigger!) Chaos is waxing strong and the three brothers Glott – Nurgle’s chosen champions – march on the Old World as the vanguard of Archaon’s invasion force. An unholy alliance of Undead and men stands against them, but can they prevail? Warhammer: Glottkin holds the answer – as do you, in your own End Times games.

Like Warhammer: Nagash, Warhammer: Glottkin is stuffed full of epic stories, plus a Warshrine’s worth of new rules to enact them in your own battles. Not least amongst these are the guidelines for fielding a Legion of Chaos – a unified force of destruction that draws on Warriors of Chaos, Daemons and Beastmen. And Nagash doesn’t get all the summoning fun to himself – Chaos sorcerers everywhere can now call forth Daemons from the Realm of Chaos to fight for them. And now, if you’ll excuse me, I’ve got a towering scion of the Plague God to paint...



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

Jes Bickham - White Dwarf Editor

LEGIONS OF CHAOS

THE GLOTTKIN

The Glottkin are the mortal champions of the Plague God Nurgle, triplets who have devoted their life to furthering the cause of pestilence and decay. At the behest of Archaon, Lord of the End Times, they spearhead a relentless attack on the heart of the Empire.



If fate had been kinder, the triplet sons of Ethra and Ollos Glott would have lived their lives tending the fields of their father's farm in Norsca. But the efforts of their parents to raise their children in peace came to nought when an Empire army attacked. In the bloody slaughter, both parents were cut down by Empire Halberdiers, and as one the

brothers cried out for vengeance. Like a kindly grandfather, Nurgle heard their prayers. In the years that followed, the Glott brothers – Otto, Ethrac and Ghurk – have sworn bloody revenge against their parents' killers and embraced the patronage of Nurgle. Otto, the greatest warrior among the brothers, took up the scythe with which he once harvested his father's crops. Ethrac pursued the magic that his mother had once used to heal the sick, twisting once benign spells to become darker and deadlier, unleashing Nurgle's blessings. Physically, Ghurk changed the most. His body was bloated by Nurgle's gifts until his brothers could ride upon his shoulders. As tall as a house, Ghurk can smash one into rubble with his heaving bulk.

Driven by their quest for vengeance, the Glottkin became the rulers of the nearby Fjordlingtribe and eventually quested further afield, vanquishing rival warbands and terrible monsters in an effort to prove themselves. None who opposed them could match their combined might, until they were approached by Archaon himself. Instead of battling the Lord of the End Times, however, the Glottkin came to an accord. They would be his vanguard in the war upon the hated southerners – a putrescent blade thrust into the heart of the Empire!

The Glottkin are a colossal multi-part plastic model, so tall as to go nose-to-nose with Nagash himself. Ghurk is easily the biggest creature among the legions of Chaos, towering over Slaughterbrutes and Warshrines like a mountain of putrid flesh and horns. As one might expect, Ghurk's body is covered with the signs of Nurgle's gifts, alternately pitted and scarred with sunken pores and wounds and bulging with boils, blisters, horns and eyeballs. The threefold bubo sigil of Nurgle is repeated almost endlessly, and flaccid folds of skin hang down in layers like rolls of greasy flesh, while tentacles and teeth push through his grievously-wounded skin.

In contrast to their larger brother, Otto and Ethrac are more traditional in their likeness to a Chaos Warrior and Sorcerer, essentially completing Nurgle's triumvirate of knight, wizard and beast; a triptych also given form in the Maggoth Lords. Ethrac's hunched, three-armed body is a testament to Nurgle's mutating power, a cowed and sinister figure complete with worm tongue and a missing nose that makes him look more dead than alive. Otto would not look out of place among the ranks of the Putrid Blightkings, his undulating flesh sheathed in Chaos armour. He can either wear a horned war helm or have a bared head (with bulging double chins). There's also a hand holding a severed head to use, instead of the one clutching his intestines, if you prefer that sort of thing.



Left - Ethrac Glott is a grossly mutated sorcerer of Nurgle, bloated by dark power and heaving with sickening mutations. Driven through his left arms are a trio of nails, the sign of the Glottkin.

Right - Otto Glott is the leader of the Glottkin, a Chaos Lord whose suppurating flesh sags and bulges under the weight of his many mutations. In one hand Otto clutches the handle of the crude scythe he once used on fields of wheat and corn. In the other, he grips a tube of glistening intestines, a drool of mucus dripping from the end.



Left - Ghurk's mighty arm is alive with boils, pustules and lesions. A trio of skulls are embedded in the flesh, forming the sacred sign of Nurgle.

Right - A merry Nurgling swings from one of Ghurk's many horns.



Left - Hanging from rings threaded through Ghurk's flesh is a Nurgle banner.

Right - Ghurk's face shows how his intellect has faded, in line with his bloated might. Once he was a handsome youth, renowned for wooing the ladies of nearby tribes.





WARHAMMER

GLOTTKIN

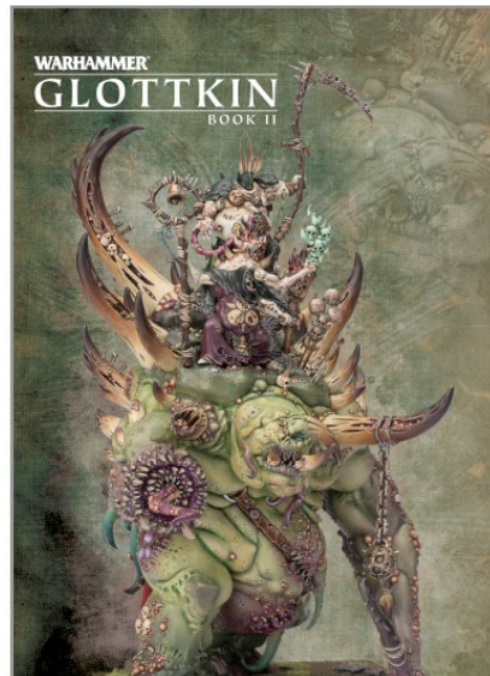
The great invasion of Chaos has begun. The Glottkin lead a triple-pronged attack that sweeps through the coastal town of Marienburg, drives relentlessly south through Nordland and cuts a swathe across the Middle Mountains and through Hochland. The end is nigh.



This week sees the release of Warhammer: Glottkin and we can be left in no doubt that the End Times are well and truly under way. As the forces of Chaos batter themselves against the Empire's failing Auric Bastion and the denizens of the Warhammer world recoil from the dread magics unleashed by Nagash's rebirth, Archaon unleashes his first major gambit. Calling upon Nurgle's champions, the Glottkin, he despatches an invasion force to strike at the heart of the Empire and end the Old World's last hope of salvation. But it isn't the Empire alone that faces this direst of threats – the ascension of Chaos is

set to shake the Warhammer world to the very core and things will change forever. Warhammer: Glottkin continues the epic saga begun in Warhammer: Nagash as Archagon and the gods of Chaos unleash the first steps in their plan to usher in the End Times. This is a tale of mayhem and bloodshed on a scale unequalled since the time of Sigmar. The greatest heroes of the Old World must battle for survival as Karl Franz and his allies attempt to defend Altdorf whatever the cost. Help is at hand, from both the east and west, but even the flower of Bretonnian chivalry and the implacable will of the dead may not be enough.

As well as a riveting, harrowing story of murder and battle, Warhammer: Glottkin also offers essential additions to the game for all Warhammer players. Book II contains the new Legions of Chaos army list, uniting the followers of the Dark Gods, as well as rules for the powers of Chaos in their time of ascendancy, a section on battling through city streets, new profiles for the Champions of Nurgle, including the Glottkin themselves, and for a host of the heroes and legends arrayed against them – not least Karl Franz, who is changed by the hellish nightmare of the End Times. There's also a swathe of narrative scenarios recreating pivotal events. As the End Times reach their crescendo and the stakes get ever higher, this is a book no Warhammer fan will want to miss.



Above - Glottkin consists of two books in a sturdy slipcase.



Above - The story of the Glotkin is told through stories, artwork and photography. This picture shows the Bretonnians' gallant charge to relieve the siege of Altdorf.

Below - Book II contains rules for fighting in cities, the Legions of Chaos army list and loads more besides.



Warhammer: Glotkin is also available as a numbered, limited edition and a digital

edition for iPad.

WARHAMMER: GLOTTKIN LIMITED EDITION

For the truly devoted Warhammer fan, there is a limited edition of Warhammer: Glottkin.



The Glottkin Limited Edition contains all of the same great material found in the standard edition of Glottkin, and a whole lot more besides, all presented in a magnetically-sealed slipcase with luxury, wraparound art and a spot varnish finish.

This Limited Edition contains an art folio boasting art prints of the Glottkin, Orghotts Daemonspeew, Gutrot Spume and Karl Franz, as well as a huge double-sided annotated map. This is a tremendous companion piece to Book I, allowing you to track the invasion's devastation and see the sites of the key battles and events in unparalleled

detail.

OTHER EDITIONS

While the lavish Limited Edition shown above is only available in English, the standard edition – featuring two mighty tomes in a slipcase – is available in English, French and German. For Italian and Spanish readers, a special abridged edition is available.

WARHAMMER: VISIONS

Behold, the harbingers of decay spill forth onto Warhammer: Visions' hallowed pages.



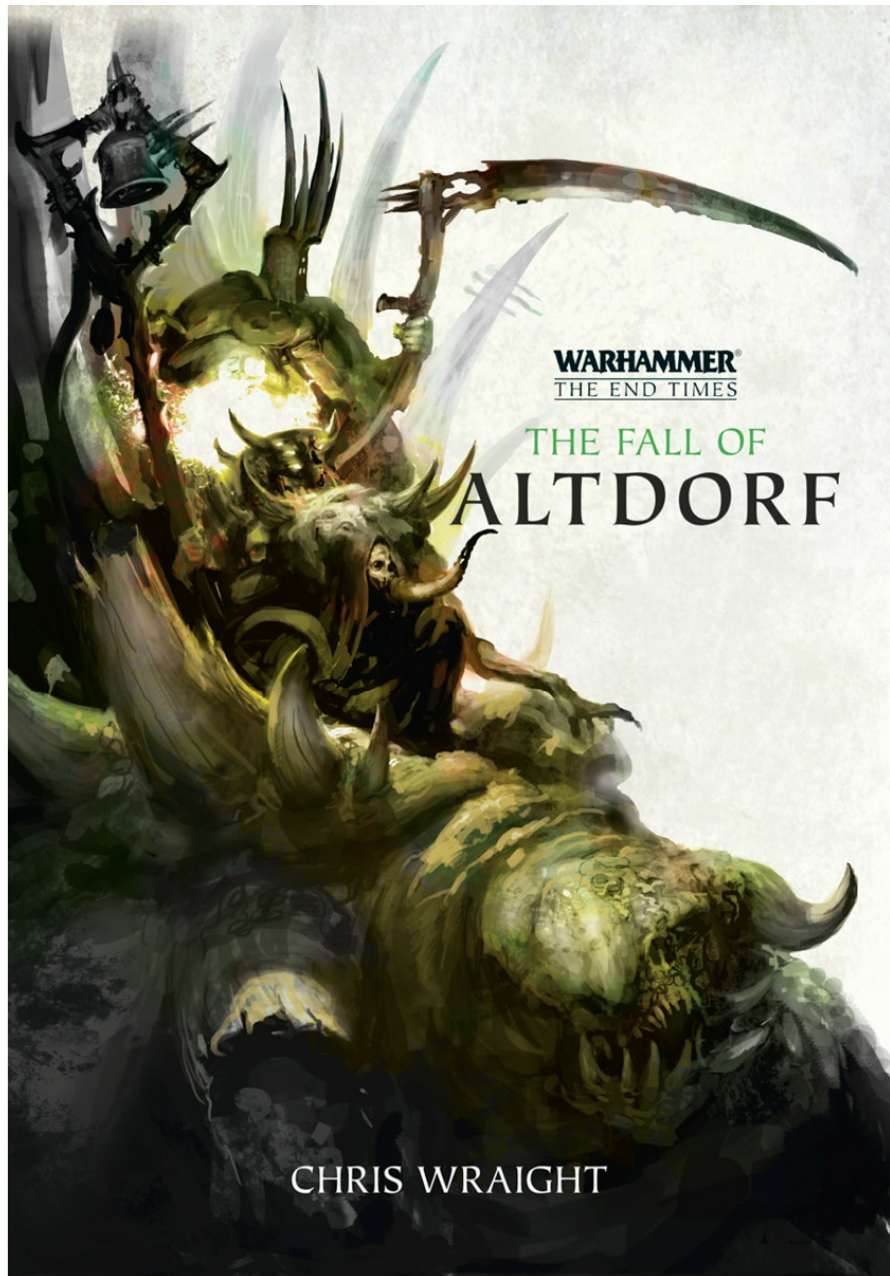
Warhammer: Visions is most certainly not beyond the reach of the Ruinous Powers, and issue 10 sees the hordes of Nurgle invade – the Glottkin, the Maggot Lord and Putrid

Blightkings amongst them – all presented in page after page of superb, atmospheric photography.

But fear not: they do not stand unopposed, and another Demon holds sway over a goodly chunk of the magazine – the Golden Demon, with yet more of the best entries from the Birmingham event. Blanchitsu brings us an amazing – if really rather revolting – Warhammer warband from the Chaos Wastes, 'Eavy Metal chip in with their usual glamour, Parade Ground brings us Gorkanauts and Morkanauts and there's still yet more. Marvellous.

THE FALL OF ALTDORF

Is this the beginning of the end for the Empire as the Glottkin march on the city of Altdorf?



The year is 2524. Archaon's hordes march south led by the Glottkin, a trio of Chaos brothers blessed by Nurgle. In their path stand the armies of the Empire. For now...

This novel is unlike any you've ever read. From the opening chapter to the moment you close the book it will have you enthralled, from the desecration of the Empire's northern

provinces by the armies of the Glotkin to the ruin of Altdorf, which makes up the latter half of the book. Many things you thought sacred are taken away; it's grim, thought-provoking, horribly (grindingly) inevitable and, ultimately, very sad. Not everyone makes it to the end, and those that do will never be the same. Every fan of Warhammer needs this book in their life, right now.

IMPERIAL ARMOUR 13: SPECIAL EDITION

Rejoice, minion of Chaos, because Forge World's Imperial Armour Volume 13 is dedicated to you.



Imperial Armour Volume 13 is the definitive guide to Forge World's range of Chaos

miniatures. Including full rules and background information for 51 Chaos-tainted units, it's a must-have book for loyal servants of the Dark Gods.

The real prize in this tome of forbidden lore is the Renegades and Heretics army list, which enables you to field a full army of cultists, rebels and deluded fools, backed up by pilfered war machines and armoured vehicles. This standalone list even includes Warlord Traits, Demagogue Devotions and unique special rules; 'Uncertain Worth' is particularly apt. This Limited Edition comes in a fiery, rune-marked slipcase and includes a glossy poster of the Galaxia Damnatus.

This special edition of Imperial Armour Volume 13 is strictly limited to 2,000 copies, available exclusively from Forge World.

Forge World produce highly detailed resin models from the worlds of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000, as well as a range of Imperial Armour and Horus Heresy books. Visit www.forgeworld.co.uk to learn more.

SPACE MARINES

ADEPTUS ASTARTES STRIKEFORCE

The Space Marines are angels of death, humanity's champions in the endless war against heretics, aliens and worse. A Space Marine Strikeforce is capable of toppling planetary governments, crushing insurrections and destroying alien invasions.



When the Space Marines go to war they do so in a variety of dispositions, from an entire Chapter, consisting of 1000 warriors and all their vehicles to small task forces of only a squad or two. A Space Marine Strikeforce is a favoured deployment of many Codex Chapters, boasting a Company Captain and a hand-picked band of chosen warriors. Typically these are soldiers who are well-versed in all styles of warfare, but especially the

sudden, ultra-violent attacks for which the Space Marines are renowned.

The Adeptus Astartes Strikeforce contains a Space Marine Captain, five Sternguard Veterans, a Razorback, 10 Tactical Marines, a Drop Pod, a Stormtalon Gunship and a Dreadnought, reflecting a force sent to eliminate a xenos threat before it gains pace or reinforce a beleaguered Astra Militarum Regiment in a hotly-contested war zone. The set has so many Space Marines and vehicles in it that it could be used as the heart of a new Space Marine army, or some serious reinforcements for an established collection.

TYRANIDS

WRATH OF THE HIVE MIND

The Hive Mind is capable of unleashing myriad creatures with which to destroy and devour the denizens of the galaxy. As a new foe is encountered, the Hive Mind will adapt to destroy it, unleashing the perfect weapons to tackle every eventuality.



The Hive Mind is the invisible will that drives the entire Tyranid race. It is an inscrutable and impossibly powerful alien intelligence, capable of discerning the movements and tactics of its enemies with unnerving accuracy. On the battlefield the Hive Mind manifests its implacable will through Synapse creatures, such as Hive Tyrants and Tyranid Warriors. Within the presence of such creatures, other Tyranid beasts, whether great or small, will fight on with relentless fury, indifferent to losses or the risks involved.

The Wrath of the Hive Mind set contains the core of a Tyranid army, with a Hive Tyrant, three Tyranid Warriors, 20 Termagants and one huge Tervigon. This mix of models gives you a fearsome leader beast with which to drive the rest of your Tyranids into battle, a wedge of lethal Tyranid Warriors to hold your battle line together and a carpet of Termagants to bog down the enemy. Last, but by no means least, the Tervigon is a grotesque living incubator, able to spawn more Termagants to swarm your foes with.

CHAOS ASCENDANT

The first tolling of the End Times was heard with the resurrection of Nagash, casting a pall of death across the Warhammer world. But the Dark Brothers will not be overlooked. Already their bloody-handed servants prepare to plunge the whole world into Chaos...



Archaon, the Everchosen of Chaos, is readying his great invasion of the world. He has gathered the greatest army history has ever known, ready to smash through the Empire and overrun the whole world. In desperation, the Empire forged the Auric Bastion, a golden wall of magical energy, fuelled by the faith of the righteous – an impregnable barrier protecting the world beyond.

But as the legions of Chaos batter against this bulwark, Archaon seeks another way to achieve his goals, turning to the chosen sons of Nurgle to act as the heralds of his coming invasion. If this invasion succeeds, Altdorf will be smashed to ruins and Karl Franz, the greatest champion of Light, will fall. Archaon looks to the Glottkin as his chosen emissaries for this deadly mission, and worthy representatives of Nurgle's godly might. The Glotts are triplets whose hatred of the Empire matches Archaon's own. They are merciless killers who will not hesitate to drown the mortal world in an unforgiving tide of pestilence and filth.

So while millions of iron-clad northerners and their hideous daemoniac allies assail the Auric Bastion, the brothers Glott circumnavigate it, gathering allies in the form of the Maggoth Lords of Icehorn Peak and Gutrot Spume, Master of the Plague Fleets. Together, they initiate an attack of staggering power and shocking suddenness into the Old World. Spume carves his way through Nordland, butchering the denizens of the Reikwald Forest on his way east, while the Glotts put the great trading port of Marienburg to the torch before heading onwards to Altdorf. For their part, the Maggoth Lords battle their way south over the Middle Mountains, gathering the Putrid Blightkings of Brass Keep before assailing Talabheim alongside unbidden allies in an attack that will ever after be known to history as the Deluge.

It is a time of tremendous dark power as the might and majesty of the Chaos gods is visited upon all the lands of the world. From Lustria to Kislev, the skies are darkened by the roiling power of Chaos as it seeps out of the Realm of Chaos into the material universe. The Dark Gods blast the land with curses, smiting their foes with pillars of fire or squalls of pestilence. Where the fabric of reality grows thin gibbering, ranting Daemons tear through, eager to vent their hatred of the living. The End Times hold all the horror of prophecy. Even the brave feel fear's chill caress.

Against this coming doom, the great powers of the world brace themselves. Karl Franz rallies his generals while, in Bretonnia, Louen Leoncoeur, now a vassal to the true king, Gilles le Breton, leads a knightly host to the aid of their allies. Perhaps Karl Franz's greatest aid comes from the most unlikely of quarters, however. Vlad von Carstein, despatched by Nagash to bolster the realms of men against the might of Archaon, returns from his battles in the north and steps into the breach. A Vampire, once counted among the greatest enemies of the living, Vlad might now be their only hope. As the harbingers of pestilence and decay approach, bitter enemies must set aside rivalries or face obliteration. It is a war for survival between unchanging order and the destructive power of Chaos.

THE GODS OF CHAOS

For those who do not worship the gods of Chaos, they are considered the great enemy, an implacable and unrelenting foe whose only desire is to see the mortal realm cast down as part of their great game. If the gods of Chaos are victorious, the Warhammer world will be unmade, reforged into an insane domain of untrammelled Chaos, a nightmarish

extension of the realm of the Dark Gods. Archaon is their chosen vessel, through which this great work will come to pass.

WHAT ABOUT NAGASH?

Many of the events that take place in Glottkin overlap with those of Warhammer: Nagash, and to gain a fuller understanding of the state of the world it's a good idea to look at them side by side.

The opening scenes in Warhammer: Glottkin take place in the Spring of 2525, just as Archaon calls upon the brothers Glott to assail the Empire and break the stalemate at the Auric Bastion. At this point, far to the south, Nagash has arisen, summoned his Mortarchs (and even sent some north to bolster the flagging Old Worlders) and his conquest of the Land of the Dead is well underway.

Meanwhile, the closing moments of Glottkin, as Altdorf itself falls under attack, happen in the Autumn of 2525. These harrowing events run parallel to Nagash's final subjugation of Nehekhara and the humbling of Settra.

DEATH TO THE WORLD



Warhammer: Glottkin tells the story of the Nurgle invasion of the Old World, but the power of Chaos is being felt elsewhere in the Warhammer world. Already Valkia the Bloody has taken Archaon's cause into Naggaroth, leading a bloody horde of tribesmen, Daemons and Chaos Warriors against the unsuspecting Dark Elves. While Malekith and his generals find themselves pressed by the frenzied followers of Khorne, in Lustria the Lizardmen are once again locked in battle against their most ancient foes as Daemons invade the mortal realm once more. As the great enemy attacks Lustria in numbers not seen in an age, the Elves of Ulthuan feel their wrath too. With the Phoenix King dead, the Elves must rally behind Prince Tyrion or face oblivion.

Everywhere, among every land and people, the power of Chaos is ascendant. The Warhammer world is doomed.

THE FALL OF ALTDORF

The End Times draw near. The forces of Chaos march south. Leading the armies of Nurgle are the Glottkin, a trio of brothers with a long-standing hatred of the Empire. Now they march on Altdorf, fully planning to raze the great city to the ground...

Gregor Martak, Supreme Patriarch of the Colleges of Magic, ran a hand through his tangled beard and surveyed the putrid host approaching from the north. The city's outer walls had fallen several days ago, leaving the Legions of Chaos free to sack the city. But this particular horde were followers of Nurgle – Martak could smell their stench a mile away – they cared not for pillaging, only the spreading of disease and despair. Now they crossed the River Reik, its waters vile and stagnant in their wake, marching towards the Imperial Palace.

At the head of the vast host strode a behemoth, the ground trembling beneath its clubbed feet. Martak had heard of the Glottkin, the Plague God's newest champions, but this was the first time he'd seen them in the flesh. He didn't like what he saw. Leaning forward, he ruffled his Griffon's feathers and glanced at the State Troops around him. They were terrified, even in the presence of the Emperor. They knew the survival of Altdorf rested on their shoulders. Martak sighed; the coming battle would claim many of their lives...

THE ARMY OF THE GLOTTKIN



The Glotkin

Orghotts Daemonspew

Bloab Rotspawned

Morbidex Twiceborn

Gutrot Spume on Warshrine of Chaos

Maggot Tongue: Herald of Nurgle

The Bloodshot Eye:

40 Marauders

The Brethren of the Scab:

40 Chaos Warriors

The Walderbeasts: 30 Beastmen Gors

The Tallyman's Blades: 40 Plaguebearers

The Rotting Chanson: 20 Plaguebearers

Morbidex's Mites: 6 Nurgling Swarms

Plague Bringer: Gorebeast Chariot

The Bounderbeasts: 4 Beasts of Nurgle

The Repugnauts: 15 Putrid Blightkings

The Fly-brothers: 10 Putrid Blightkings

The Rotlords: 10 Putrid Blightkings

The Festerwing Drones: 8 Plague Drones of Nurgle

The Roaring Eye: Cygor

THE DEFENDERS OF ALTDORF



The Emperor Karl Franz

Kurt Helborg

Ludwig Schwarzhelm

Valten

Gregor Martak: Level 4 Wizard on Griffon

The College Conglomerate: 3 Battle Wizards

Magnus Eoring: Warrior Priest

Reban Greiss and Ioan Harlon

2 Empire Captains

The Golden Pinions: 25 Halberdiers

The Screaming Minstrels: 24 Spearmen

The Reiksmarch Brotherhood: 40 Swordsmen

The Einhand Elite: 40 Swordsmen

The Bronzeballs: 10 Handgunners

The Dead-eyes: 10 Crossbowmen

The Bordermen: 12 Outriders

The Noble Sons Abroad: 5 Pistoliers

The Crimson Crusaders: 30 Greatswords

The Carroburg Greatswords: 20 Greatswords

The Reiksguard Vanguard: 10 Reiksguard Knights

The Knights Griffon: 6 Demigryph Knights

The Altdorf Artillery Train: 2 Great Cannons & 1 Mortar

Twelve Barrels of Death: 2 Helblaster Volley guns

The Wild-Eyed Walkers: 20 Flagellants

Talabheim's Fury: Steam Tank

Undead

Vlad von Carstein

The Shambling Dead: 40 Skeleton Warriors

The Palace Dead: 20 Grave Guard

Bretonnians

Louen Leoncoeur

The Skyhost:

6 Pegasus Knights

The Crusaders:

12 Knights of the Realm



PREPARING FOR WAR

Our battlefield was set up to represent the ruined inner city of Altdorf. A boundary wall and tollgate represent the eastern end of the battlefield, the houses of tradesmen and merchants arrayed behind them to the west.

The army of the Glottkin set up along the northern board edge, The Glottkin taking pride of place on the hill (1) surrounded by Warriors, Marauders and Putrid Blightkings. The Maggoth Lords deployed near the boundary gatehouse (2), Morbidex's Mites sneaking around behind the wall. Gutrot Spume deployed on the western flank (3), commanding yet more Putrid Blightkings and leading a host of Plague Drones. The eastern flank was held by a tide of Plaguebearers led by a Herald of Nurgle (4) and backed up by Beastmen.

The Men of the Empire set up on the southern edge of the battlefield, Karl Franz in the centre (5), with Gregor Martak to his right behind a wall of Greatswords and Spearmen (6). The western end of the battlefield was dominated by the Demigryph Knights and the Reiksguard led by Kurt Helborg and Ludwig Schwarzhelm (7), while the eastern flank outside the boundary wall was held by a unit of Outriders and a unit of Swordsmen led by Valten (8).

The Undead contingent led by Vlad von Carstein would arrive on Turn 3, appearing on the southern board edge (7), while the Bretonnian host led by Louen Leoncoeur would appear from the north-east (9), riding down the road towards the gatehouse.

Our battle amongst the ruins of Altdorf was inspired by the scenarios in Warhammer: Glottkin. We were spoilt for choice with so many cool scenarios and story arcs that we decided to create our own scenario, using rules from the Glottkin book and as many of the characters and units in it as we could fit on the battlefield. In the end, around 580 models made it onto the table!

The premise behind the scenario is that the battle of Altdorf is already well underway and this engagement represents just a small sliver of the action taking place within the city. While the forces of Chaos clash with men of the Empire to the east and west, this battle represents the army of the Glottkin as it heads towards the Imperial Palace.

As you can see below, the army of the Glottkin is vast, eclipsing the Empire forces both in size and skill. This is exactly how the story is told in the Warhammer: Glottkin book and in the novel The Fall of Altdorf, and we saw no reason to change it out of 'fairness'. The Empire will, however, receive reinforcements throughout the battle, just like in the book.

Vlad von Carstein would arrive from the south leading an Undead host plucked from Altdorf's cemeteries, while Louen Leoncoeur would arrive from the east at the head of a Bretonnian relief force.

Victory would be decided by the death of the army general and would continue until one or the other of them died. Should Karl Franz (or any of his men) slay the Glottkin, the

men of the Empire would be victorious, driving the leaderless armies of Nurgle from the city.

Killing Karl Franz would be just as tough. It was agreed before the battle that he would start the fight in his normal guise as the Emperor. Should he die, he would be resurrected, whereby the rules for Karl Franz Ascendant (found in Warhammer: Glottkin) would be used. Should he die a second time, it would be lights out for the Emperor and Altdorf would fall...

With a groan of diseased flesh and rusted armour, the Chaos Legions rolled forward, the Glottkin at their head. The sky turned dark with clouds of flies and Daemonic mites, meteors of decayed offal raining down from the sky as they advanced. The Emperor's men took cover beneath their shields, but the Wild-Eyed Walkers were caught in the deluge, their ranks thinned by falling excrement.

Distracted by the foulness falling from the heavens, Gregor Martak failed to stop Ethrac Glott casting a spell upon Gutrot Spume, who swelled with leprous power, a green aura surrounding his corpulent form. While his brother was busy casting spells, Ghurk laid into the house in front of him, smashing the entire building apart in a shower of stones and wood, clearing a path to the Swordsmen cowering in front of him.



THE GLOTTKIN

The Glottkin are a trio of brothers – Ethrac, Otto and Ghurk. Ethrac is a Sorcerer, Otto a formidable warrior and Ghurk a massive mutated monster that carries his brothers into battle. Their power thusly combined, they are resilient, hard-hitting, terrifying and, to cap it all off, a powerful wizard.

Like all Champions of Chaos, the Glottkin must declare a challenge in combat. Against the Einhand Elite, this seemed to be their undoing, as Otto had to fight his way through a champion and Captain Harlon before Ghurk could rampage through the unit. However, the challenges pleased the Lord of Decay greatly, earning the Glottkin an Aura of Chaos that became progressively more potent as the battle progressed. With the two heroes of the Empire lying in pools of their own juices, Ghurk and Otto proceeded to slaughter the entire unit.

Karl Franz ordered the men in the centre of his battle line to advance and meet the enemy head-on. The right flank, commanded by Valten, held their ground against the overwhelming numbers approaching outside the boundary walls. Their guns loaded with high-quality gunpowder from Nuln, the men of the Empire opened fire, but killed barely a handful of Gors and Plaguebearers. The only saving grace were the Great Cannons. Aiming at the Beasts of Nurgle, the crew of Merkle's Fury fired their shot clean over the heads of the bounding beasts, the smoking cannonball impacting wetly on Orghotts Daemonspew. At the other end of the battlefield, the cannon called Long Tom fired an equally accurate shot that smashed into Gutrot Spume's Warshrine, violently splintering rotten wood.

In retaliation, Spume issued the first challenge, closely followed by Otto Glott, the two Chaos Warlords smashing into the Demigryph Knights and the Einhand Elite respectively. Near the gatehouse, the Beasts of Nurgle bounded into the Crimson Crusaders. Chunks of rancid meat and rotten spores continued to fall from the sky, the Flagellants coughing up blood as they were infected with Nurgle's Rot. Bloab Rotspawned aimed Bilespurger at Gregor Martak, intent on melting the Amber Wizard with acidic vomit. The pox maggoth shuddered, let out a gassy belch and showered the nearby Gors in bile. Frustrated, Bloab ordered the Roaring Eye to hurl a lump of masonry at the wizard, which promptly missed and crushed a rank of Carroburg Greatswords.

The fighting to the west was horrific, Otto Glott easily killing the pitiful Swordsman who accepted his challenge. Grandfather Nurgle approved, the Glottkin haloed by a sickly green aura. Gutrot Spume, however, found his combat far harder, the Preceptor of the Knights Griffon proving a more competent fighter than he'd expected.

Around the two armies, the Winds of Magic blew a fearsome gale, the wizard Corin Blackheart raising a unit of Grave Guard directly in front of the Chaos Marauders. Gavis Strand, the Metal Wizard, confused the northmen further still by turning half their number into shiny gold statues.

The Reiksguard and remaining Flagellants charged into the Repugnauts, stalling the Chaos advance on the western flank. The Carroburg Greatswords ran at Morbidex Twiceborn, hoping to kill him before the Rotting Chanson breached the gatehouse. Despite their formidable skill, they could barely swing their swords through the sea of maggots that surrounded the Maggoth Lord. Nearby, Gregor Martak engaged Bloab Rotspawned in a duel, the State Troops nearby continuing to fire at the Beastmen advancing upon them. Karl Franz himself flew over the heads of his men, landing among the Brethren of the Scab, crushing their champion with Ghal Maraz and routing the entire unit.

With a roar, Otto Glott ordered his warriors on. The Outriders shot the remaining Walderbeasts as they charged, but were crushed in turn by Plague Bringer, which ploughed through the horsemen and into Valten's men. Towards the centre of the battlefield, Orghotts Daemonspew smashed into the Crimson Crusaders, reaping a fearful tally before finally succumbing to his wounds. The western flank started to crumble as the Brothers Glott killed more than a quarter of the Einhand Elite in a storm of scythes and tentacles. Nearby, Erythema Pox, the Champion of the Repugnauts, lashed out with his rusted blade, hacking Kurt Helborg from his saddle. His warriors roared in approval and delivered the same fate to Ludwig Schwarzhelm. Seeing their heroes so horrifically butchered, the Reiksguard fled, the Repugnauts pursuing them south into a roiling mist.

AID UNLOOKED FOR

The Empire army defending Altdorf was distinctly smaller than that commanded by the Glottkin. However, like the story in the book, reinforcements would arrive from two very different quarters. On Turn 3 Vlad von Carstein would arrive on the southern board edge leading a host of Undead warriors. On Turn 4 a wedge of Bretonnians led by Louen Leoncoeur would arrive from the east. The Glottkin had to have a stranglehold on the Empire forces before they arrived, or they would be overwhelmed.

Vlad's arrival certainly caused a stir and even drew the attention of the Glottkin. The challenge, it seemed, was one not to be passed up, a Mortarch of Nagash versus a Herald of the Plague God. Try as he might, Vlad could do little to hurt the Glottkin and was crushed by Ghurk's huge tentacle arm. Vlad, it seemed, had bitten off more than he could chew.



The smell of grave dirt and the blare of ancient horns announced the arrival of Vlad von Carstein and his Undead legions. Squaring off against the Repugnans, Vlad attempted to raise yet more Undead minions but was thwarted by the nearby Ethrac. His arrival was fortuitous, for the badly battered Einhand Elite finally gave up their fight against the Glottkin and fled past Vlad and his Grave Guard, leaving Nurgle's favoured sons to turn their attention on the Mortarch. In the shadow of the gatehouse, Talabheim's Fury came to the rescue of the Greatswords, crushing a host of Plaguebearers beneath its wheels.

Sadly, the engineer was too late, the Carroburg elite sliced apart by a screeching Morbidex, who goaded his Maggoth towards the Steam Tank.

Sensing a powerful foe nearby, Otto Glott steered Ghurk toward Vlad von Carstein and challenged him to single combat, the Putrid Blightkings slamming into the Skeleton horde next to them. Despite Vlad's consummate skill as a swordsman, he barely scratched Ghurk before he was crushed by his vast tentacled arm. Cursing, Vlad reappeared in the regiment of Skeletons, finding himself face to face with Erythema Pox.

Across the battlefield, Karl Franz was set upon by the Plague Drones, the huge flies stabbing at him with poisoned talons.

THE FALL OF HEROES AND VILLAINS

With so many special characters fighting, it was only a matter of time before some fell.

Morbidex Twiceborn held the eastern gatehouse for several turns, battling Greatswords, Spearmen and even a Steam Tank, killing two heroes in the process. In the end, the Steam Tank rolled slowly, inexorably, over both him and his pox maggoth, crushing them to death.

At the same time, Karl Franz fought for his life against the Plague Drones. Hampered by tidal waves of rotten flies and maggots, he struggled to kill more than a couple of Plague Drones with Ghal Maraz before Deathclaw was cut down by their plagueswords. And so it was that the Plague Drones brought about his (first) demise.



As Valten's Swordsmen came under attack from the Tallyman's Blades, a flash of colour announced the arrival of the Bretonnian relief force led by Louen Leoncoeur. Sweeping onto the battlefield, the Skyhost assailed the Cygor, bringing it crashing to its knees.

Louen Leoncoeur flew towards the gatehouse, aiming for Morbidex, but the Chaos Champion was brought low before he could reach him, crushed by the massive bulk of the Steam Tank. Nearby, Martak's Griffon finally tore apart Bloab, the last of the Maggoth

Lords.

While the right flank held strong, the left flank crumbled to grave dust. Erythema Pox easily cut down Vlad von Carstein, earning yet more favour from the Dark Gods, while his warriors and the Glotkin crushed every Undead Warrior that remained. To make matters worse, Gutrot Spume finally saw off the Demigryphs and the remaining Reiksguard, while the Festerwing Drones poisoned the Emperor to death! As Karl Franz fell and the Glotkin stomped toward Louen Leoncoeur, the tide of battle turned...

The ground trembling beneath his feet, Ghurk smashed through another house in an attempt to grab the exhausted Martak. The wizard promptly flew away, leaving the Glotkin free to smash through the Golden Pinions and into the rear of the Crimson Crusaders, who had seen off the Marauders and were now fighting both Morbidx's Mites and the Festerwing Drones. In a desperate attempt to save them, Louen Leoncoeur called out a challenge, wounding Ghurk with a strike from his sword. His glory was short-lived. As Beaquis flew past Ghurk, Otto lashed out with his scythe. The former king of Bretonnia fell to the ground and was crushed beneath Ghurk's rotten hooves.

THE MARK OF NURGLE

Nurgle's blessings take the form of pustules, boils, foetid breath, clouds of flies and sausage-sized maggots. It's fair to say that such rancidness can have quite an effect on enemy troops, leaving them reeling as combat is joined. In this battle, almost every Chaos unit had the Mark of Nurgle, which made it very hard for the forces of the Empire to hit them. So crippling was the Mark of Nurgle that some Empire State Troops spent the whole battle swatting flies instead of warriors.

Even worse, many of the Chaos units – particularly the Daemons and Monsters – also cause Fear or Terror. The combination of fear, flies and decay meant that, when morale was at its lowest, entire units simply gave up in despair. Nurgle was most happy.

ROT, GLORIOUS ROT

During a Reign of Chaos battle (as detailed in Warhammer: Glotkin) the Winds of Magic will become tainted by Chaos energy, which often results in apocalyptic events taking place.

Appropriately, not to mention amusingly, this manifested itself as 'Rot, Glorious Rot', which proceeded to strike down countless Empire soldiers throughout the battle. The Flagellants in particular suffered terrible losses. Clearly their faith in Sigmar angered Grandfather Nurgle. On the one occasion that Khorne glanced at the battlefield to see what was going on, not a single Empire unit felt his wrath. Khorne was clearly unimpressed with Nurgle's conduct and left him to it. Rot, Glorious Rot returned soon after.



With Chaos in the ascendant, the deluge of offal and excrement returned, men of the Empire falling to the rain of pestilence. Valten's Swordsmen fought through a storm of flies to battle the Tallyman's Blades, who were caught between the men of the Empire and the Bretonnian Skyhost. Outnumbered, they collapsed into pools of foetid ooze. On the hill where Karl Franz fell, a ray of light pierced the smog, alighting upon his body. The Fly-brothers edged closer, their rusty cleavers raised...

Piercing the clouds, the beam of light became a supernova, Karl Franz glowing at its heart. The Fly-brothers charged at him, but were struck down with every swing of his glowing hammer. Nearby, the Glotkin rampaged through the remaining Greatswords and stormed up the hill, smashing aside Putrid Blightkings as they fled from the resurrected Emperor.

Scythe raised, Otto bellowed at Karl Franz to fight him, the two heroes clashing amid the rubble of Altdorf. Despite the sickly nimbus that surrounded the Glotkin, even Grandfather Nurgle couldn't protect the three brothers from the fury of Karl Franz, the essence of Ghal Maraz tearing them asunder. Victory went to the Empire!



THE EMPIRE: AMIDST THE RUINS OF ALTDORF

Epic battles like this need to be fought more often. The right flank alone resulted in the deaths of over 120 warriors! Fighting such a huge Chaos army is a terrifying prospect, but one that makes you want to fight all the harder, because victory will be so much sweeter.

The opening moves of the battle certainly went in favour of the Empire, their guns (and even their magic) outclassing the forces of the Glotkin. When the battle got up close and personal, however, the resilience of Nurgle's followers began to tell and they slaughtered all before them. The Putrid Blightkings proved virtually invincible and Gutrot Spume survived a full ten rounds of combat. Unbelievable! In the end, though, the wounded Glotkin couldn't face the might of Karl Franz Ascendant, who hit them like a meteor. A meteor with a big glowing hammer.

CHAOS OUT OF FAVOUR

As the smoke cleared on the battlefield to reveal a thick carpet of the dead, it was hard to

see who was the real victor. The brothers Glott might have fallen to the resurgent Karl Franz, but the field lay firmly in the hands of the scions of Nurgle. Clearly the Men of the Empire have a great deal of work to do if they want to get their city back from the clutches of the Plague God... maybe Karl Franz should start looking into a time-share in Middenheim?

What this battle showed more than anything is just how much fun you can have if you deploy two massive Warhammer armies against each other – and that is what the End Times are all about. Chaos is coming, the dead are rising and every denizen of the world has a choice to make: do they go quietly into the night, hoping for a peaceful end, or do they sell their lives like heroes of legend. The choice is entirely yours.



KARL FRANZ ASCENDANT

Had the Plague Drones not been so effective at poisoning the Emperor to death and simply held him up as intended, he would have been easy prey for the looming Glottkin. Instead, they poisoned him to death and buzzed down the hill to fight the Crimson Crusaders. Ironically, the Glottkin ended up charging the rear of the same unit after storming through the Halberdiers. Had the Plague Drones not killed Karl Franz and joined the fight, the Greatswords could have held up the Glottkin long enough for Karl Franz to win his fight and charge them. In his badly weakened state it was a fight he would struggle to win. Such is the fortune of war, though, as, in the end, Karl Franz was reborn for his climactic battle with the Glottkin.

HERO OF THE DAY

While both the Glottkin and Karl Franz are suitable candidates, the hero (well, heroes) of the battle went to two models that performed well above expectations.

Erythema Pox, the leader of the Repugnants, showed his dedication to Nurgle by throttling Kurt Helborg, seeing off the Reiksguard Knights, hacking through a unit of Skeleton Warriors and killing a recently resurrected Vlad von Carstein. He was justly rewarded by Nurgle.

For the forces of the Empire, the crew of the Great Cannon, Merkle's Fury, had a hand in the deaths of Orghotts Daemonspeew, Bloab Rotspawned and the Cygor. They survived the battle too, earning a marginal pay rise and free counselling for life.

PAINT SPLATTER

Paint Splatter provides handy tips and stage-by-stage guides of the week's releases. Here we take a look at how to paint the Glottkin, focusing on the greasy flesh of the giant Ghurk, along with the rancid skin of his two smaller brothers, Ethrac and Otto.



The Glotkin are both impressive and terrifying, a towering effigy to the Plague God, Nurgle. In particular, Ghurk's soaring frame presents a distinctive painting challenge, his body a welter of ripe, bulging boils and sagging folds of skin.

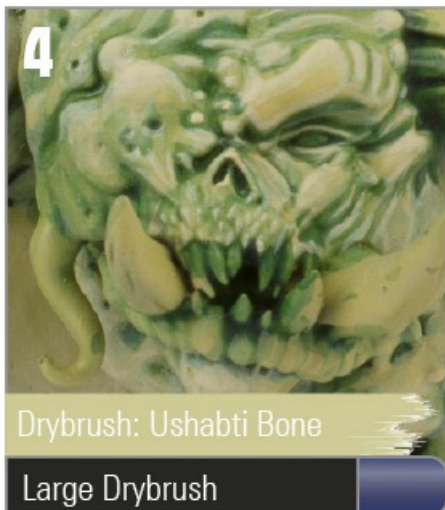
To tackle this model, the Studio Army Painting team recommend employing the same simple techniques they used: namely, an all-over basecoat of Ogryn Camo from a Citadel Spraygun followed by plenty of washes and drybrushing.

A good tip when assembling and painting this model is to keep Ghurk and his brothers, Ethrac and Otto, separate initially. Build them but don't attach the two smaller brothers to Ghurk's shoulders. This will make painting them infinitely easier (the last thing you want is for paint or a wash meant for one of them dribbling onto their brother). Once they are fully painted you can simply glue them into place with a dab of Super Glue. This also means you can basecoat the different brothers with separate paints – such as Rakarth Flesh.

MOUNDS OF FLESH

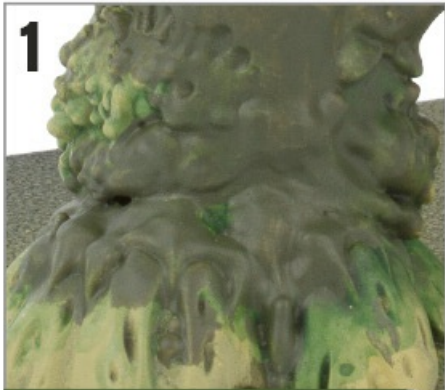
Ghurk is big – very big in fact. The best way to begin painting him is to use a Citadel Spray Gun to give you a smooth and even basecoat.

PALLID SKIN



GNARLED SKIN

1



Basecoat: Castellan Green

Medium Drybrush

2



Wash: Athonian Camoshade

Wash Brush

3



Drybrush: Loren Forest

Medium Drybrush

4

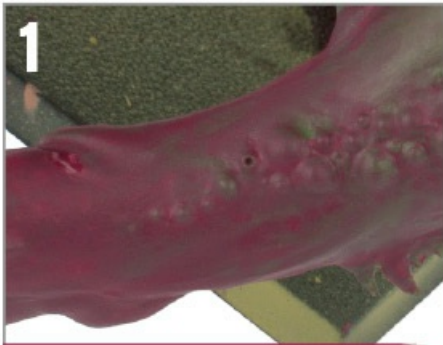


Drybrush: Karak Stone

Medium Drybrush

TENTACLE

1



Wash: Screamer Pink &
Lahmium Medium

Wash Brush

2



Layer: Bugman's Glow

Basecoat Brush

3



Wash: Carroburg Crimson

Wash Brush

4



Layer: Cadian Fleshtone

Detail Brush

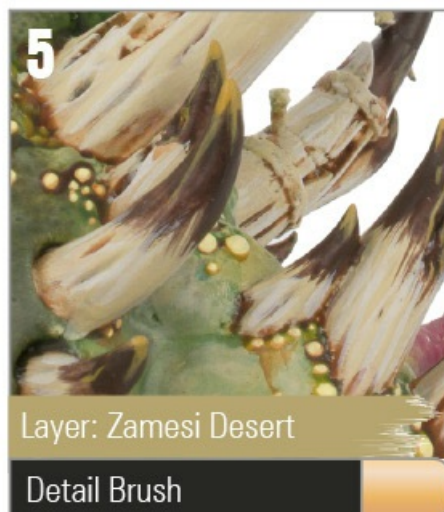
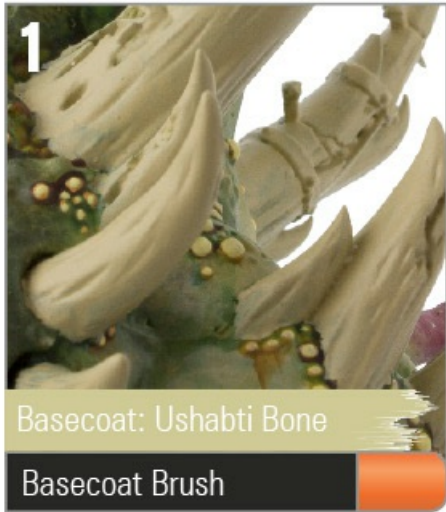
5



Layer: Pallid Wych Flesh

Detail Brush

TAINTED HORNS



RANCID FLESH



GREEN ARMOUR

1



Basecoat: Caliban Green

Basecoat Brush

2



Wash: Nuln Oil

Wash Brush

3



Layer: Sybarite Green

Detail Brush

4



Layer: Abaddon Black (cracks)

Fine Detail Brush

5



Layer: Sybarite Green

Fine Detail Brush

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 the Glottkin, Streets of Death and a gigantic glowing sword.

THE GLOTTKIN: BROTHERS OF DESTINY

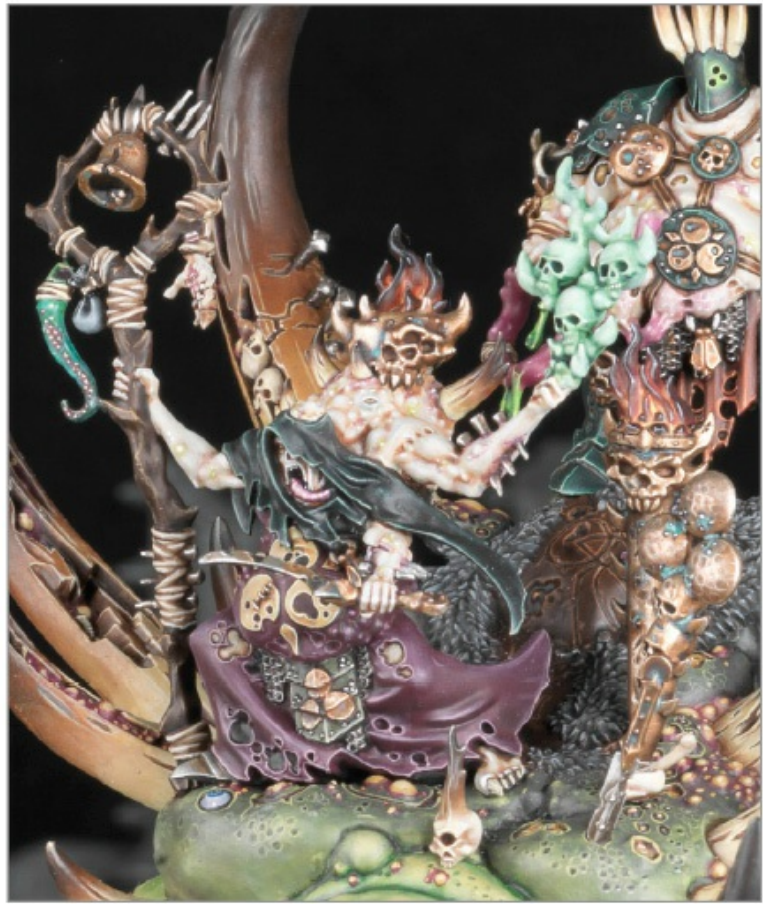
DECIPHERING THE GLOTTKIN

From before they were born, the Glottkin were marked for greatness by Nurgle. Initially this manifested in small, three-lobed birthmarks that passed almost unnoticed, but in time he poured out his fecund blessings upon them.

The Glottkin model is replete with subtle details hinting at the story of their descent into the thrall of Nurgle. One of the recurring themes is the triple-nail motif that appears on each of the brothers. This is the sign adopted by the tribesmen who pledged their loyalty to the brothers Glott. As more scions of the Dark Gods join their cause they take it up too. Even the Maggoth Riders Orghotts Daemonspew, Bloab Rotspawned and Morbidex Twiceborn bear this mark.

Upon Ghurk's mighty back is a brazier (with a smaller one on Ethrac's) that burns with endless fire. These contain the remains of the Glotts' parents, murdered in an Empire raid. These serve as a potent reminder of their quest for revenge.

You might also notice that Ghurk's tentacle arm is tightly bound with leather straps. This is done in an effort to cut off blood supply, causing it to fester and decay – a breeding ground for new maladies.



INVASION

THE PLAGUE FLEETS

The question of how an immense Nurgle invasion can stab so deeply into the heart of the Old World is answered by the appearance of one Gutrot Spume, lord of the plague fleets. A colossal assembly of decaying vessels of every shape and size, the plague fleets have brought sickness and death to every race that sails upon the seas of the Warhammer world.

When Archaon charges the brothers Glott with sundering the Empire, a task they relish, they turn to the notorious Spume for conveyance, for he alone has the naval might to take them across the Sea of Claws and into the softer lands to the south. Even with his armada, their passage isn't easy and Spume's flagship is forced to crush an Elven fleet that attempted to halt them.

In the end, however, no force sent against the Glotts was capable of halting their implacable advance. Thus the plague fleets delivered Spume to the coast of Nordland and the Glotts to the port of Marienburg, where their slaughter was to begin in earnest.

STREETS OF DEATH: URBAN SLAUGHTER

One of the features of the horrific invasion unleashed in Warhammer: Glottkin is the bloody battles fought within the cities of the Empire (and Marienburg, which is technically independent). Streets run slick with blood and buildings burn hot with the fires of war as far apart as Nordland and Talabheim – even Altdorf becomes awash with the foul ichor of Nurgle and the stench of death.

Book II contains a section on fighting in cities, enabling you to turn any game of Warhammer into an urban conflict with the Streets of Death rules. We tried these out in our Battle Report and witnessed Ghurk and the Putrid Blightkings bring down a massive townhouse, Chaos Warriors shot to death by unseen attackers and troops manning the barricades. The cramped confines of a Streets of Death game gives Warhammer a frantic, brutal flavour we thought was simply awesome.



MARCH OF THE BLIGHTKINGS

In our Battle Report this week, the Putrid Blightkings proved utterly deadly, slaughtering the Reiksmarshal, Emperor's Champion and swathes of enemy troops. Not only are they burly Chaos Warriors, clad in thick encorcelled armour, with access to massive two-handed swords, maces and axes, but they are also surrounded by noxious clouds of flies that harass their foes, crawling into helmet visors and so on. As they put the Reiksguard to flight we stopped to consider how repulsive this would really be – imagine fighting for your life while a buzzing cloud of stinking insects tries to get into your eyes, mouth and nose...



CODEX: APOCRYPHA EXTRA

Notes from the worlds of Warhammer. This week: heroes of Chaos.

Valkia the Bloody

The chosen sword-maiden of Khorne, Valkia was a warrioress of such skill and fury that the Blood God looked on her with glowing pride. When a Daemon of Slaanesh sought to make Valkia his slave, she slew him with her magical spear and vowed to place his head at the feet of her god, Khorne. That arduous quest claimed Valkia's life, but Khorne was so pleased with the bloody path of destruction she had carved, he resurrected her as a mighty Daemon Queen.

Vilitch the Curseling

The misshapen monstrosity known as Vilitch was a weak child who craved power only the Changer of Ways could provide. His brother, on the other hand, was strong, tall and handsome. Vilitch struck a bargain that transfused his feeble body with his brother, and granted him tremendous magical powers. Better still, his brother was little more than an automaton, slaved to Vilitch's will. For the Curseling, this was a bargain well worth making, but all who behold him know that he is a traitor, who would betray even his own kin.

Sigvald the Magnificent

A warrior of such skill that few could ever equal him, Sigvald is also perhaps the most beautiful mortal in creation. His flawless features, however, conceal a spiritual malaise, for Sigvald is the pawn of the Dark Prince, a champion of Slaanesh whose actions have plumbed the utter depths of depravity. As the End Times near, it is Sigvald who will further the cause of Slaanesh at the head of the glittering hosts of excess. If only he can cease preening in a mirror for long enough...

THREE JARS OF NURGLE

When Archaon charges the Glottkin with their fateful mission, he hands to them three jars, baleful relics that are the key to their efforts to cast down the Empire. These are shared between the leaders of the triple-pronged assault on the Old World, borne into battle by the Glottkin, the Maggoth Riders and Gutrot Spume. Their plan is to unleash their vile contents upon the soil of Altdorf – the effects of which are too horrible to imagine.



SECOND HEAD SYNDROME

When building the Glottkin, you'll need to make a choice when it comes to Otto, the Chaos Lord. He comes with a choice of heads and a choice of right hands. Here you can see him with a bare head and clutching the severed head of a foe. Of course, the choice of which head you use is entirely up to you. He's pretty tough, with or without his helmet on.



WEAPON OF THE WEEK: THE SWORD OF DURTHU

Durthu is the Eldest of Ancients, a Treeman whose wisdom spans back past the time of Elves. He recalls the War against the Daemons, the Sundering and every conflict his people have survived, and his experience has made him bitter. In his wrath, Durthu turned to Daith, the master smith of the Wood Elves, beseeching Daith to fashion him a sword.

And what a weapon it is. Taller than a man, the elegant sword is forged with whorls and patterns along its length. The leaf-shaped blade runs down to a quillon reminiscent of an acorn and the hilt seems wrapped in leaves – every inch is redolent with the symbols of Athel Loren. But most of all, it's a deadly weapon. After all, if Durthu hits you with a sword as tall as a house, you are going to die.



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



HAVE YOU TRIED SWITCHING IT OFF AND ON AGAIN?

Dear Grombrindal, I remember reading that the technology that sustains the Golden Throne is beginning to fail. What happens if it actually does? Will the Emperor die or – as some people think – be reborn?

- Jared 'Tech Savant' Wittering

GROMBRINDAL SAYS

A question right at the heart of the Warhammer 40,000 universe, eh, young sir? Well, of course you are right – the same is mentioned on page 47 of the Dark Millennium book, along with some very unpleasant side effects.

The Golden Throne serves as a life support device of incomparable power, sustaining the

Emperor for 10,000 years. Without it, he would surely die, the Astronomican would fail (ending 'safe' Warp travel) and the Daemons itching to invade realspace would be unchecked. In short, young sir – it would be the end of the galaxy as we know it.

- Grombrindal

READER'S MODEL OF THE WEEK

This picture of a Khemrian Warsphinx was sent in to us by Mat Eveleigh. In the wake of Nagash returning to the Warhammer world and his epic battles in Nehekara, the Tomb Kings have become a firm favourite here in the White Dwarf bunker, so when Mat sent us this photo we were delighted. We especially liked the clean bone colour he has used when painting the Warsphinx, and the way it contrasts with the deep gold armour and the inset blue and red stones. It's also interesting to note that Mat went for the Tomb King option instead of a crew of Tomb Guard when deciding which models to put into the howdah. It's a fitting mount for the proud leader of any Tomb Kings army... or thrall of Nagash.

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.



BIT OF THE WEEK: A FISTFUL OF SPACE MARINE

Often we pick our Bit of the Week based on its versatility or potential for conversions. While this Space Marine head, held in Tyranid claws (and found in the Hive Guard kit) has plenty of both, what really wowed us was the amazing level of detail, from the exposed spinal column to the scar on the top made by the claw or the cracked glass of the right eye lens.



THE WHITE DWARF PARADE GROUND

We spotted these very impressive Orks at a recent Battle Brothers weekend (the same one Jes wrote about a couple of weeks ago). They were painted by the talented duo of James Hewitt and Sophie Williams over the course of several weeks in preparation for that event. “We’ve both collected several armies over the years, but this was our first joint project,” James explained. “For my part I decided to go for some Evil Sunz, outcasts of their clan who have latched onto a mob of Bad Moons, mostly because they have all the teef. That’s where Sophie’s side of the army comes in. She asked around for some opinions on what to paint, and was told resoundingly to ‘paint ’em yellow’. To tie our two armies together we made sure our bases were closely matched and used corresponding spot colours.”



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ISSN 2055-2653

Product code: 60659999039



