

WHITE DWARF

ISSUE 57
28 FEBRUARY
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BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!

KHORNE'S WRATH

THE NEW BLOODTHIRSTER SEEKS TO SLAUGHTER ALL

WHITE DWARF

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OPENING SALVO

What could be more emblematic of great Khorne, mightiest of the Chaos gods, than the immortal winged frame of the Bloodthirster? This iconic daemon has slaughtered its way across the battlefields of Warhammer for a quarter of a century, and is now reborn in a belief-beggaringly brilliant (and enormous!) new plastic kit, which makes three distinct variants, each representative of a commander of one of Khorne's eight infernal legions.

We've got the full rules for them all later in the magazine, so you can hasten the End Times a little quicker by razing the realms of men under the axes and hooves of the Bloodthirsters. And to help you do so in short order, we've got a full painting guide in Paint Splatter – we hope you've stocked up on Mephiston Red spray!

Enjoy the issue, and be sure to come back next week for more blood...



BLOODTHIRSTER OF UNFETTERED FURY

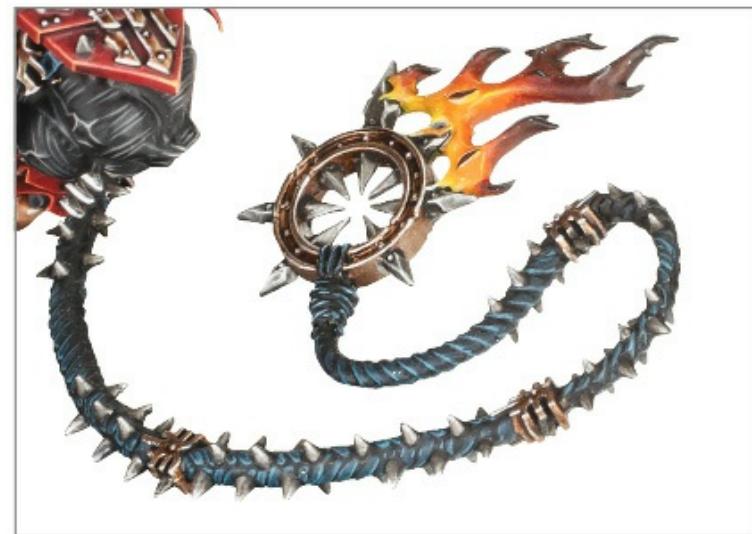
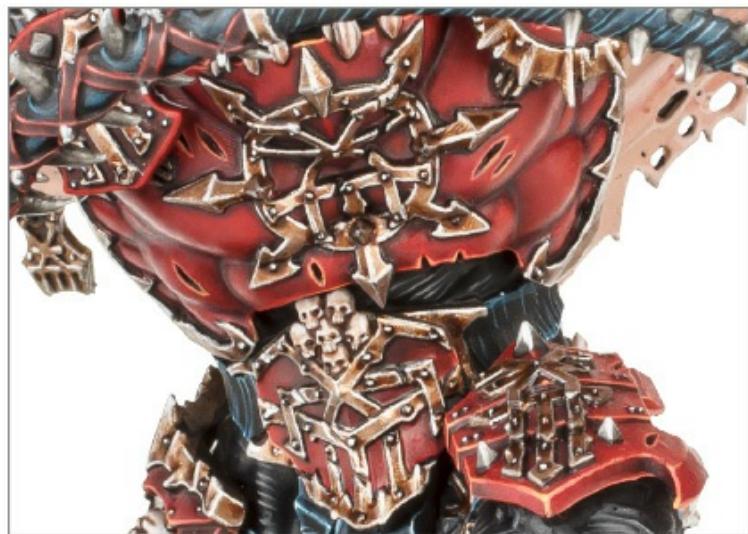
As the Bloodthirsters of the eighth host of Khorne, the Unfettered Fury can be numbered among the Blood God's greatest warriors. Acting as the generals of Khorne's armies and the guardians of his Brass Citadel, they are unflinching, relentless foes.



The greatest of Khorne's Daemons are the Bloodthirsters, towering beasts of iron-hard muscle and matchless wrath. They exist only to serve the violent whims of their patron. Each is a supernal warrior, skilled beyond the wildest dreams of mortals, and fuelled by an insatiable desire to reap skulls and shed blood. Within the twisted hierarchy of Khorne's domain exist eight ranks of Bloodthirster, each more insanely violent than the next.

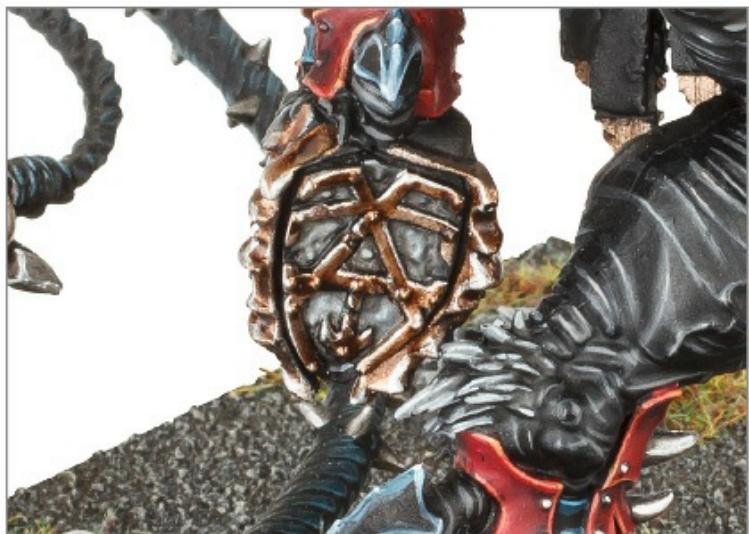
Those known as the Unfettered Fury are the eighth host, the most numerous of Khorne's Bloodthirsters. Their appearance is the most instantly recognisable – an image known and feared across the Warhammer world, and now rendered as a multi-part plastic kit. Their craggy faces jut with a crown of horns and they wield giant axes emblazoned with the symbol of Khorne and long, barbed whips bearing flaming Chaos stars. They are the very image of Khorne's most deadly servants.

The muscular bodies of the Unfettered Fury are a shrine to the Blood God, their wings hung with sigils and icons, and their matted manes woven with the skulls of slain champions. The new Bloodthirster kit conveys all this in incredible detail, from the tiny skulls and spikes on the belt to the intricate Chaos icons hung from his massive bat-like wings.



Left: The Bloodthirsters can either be built bare chested or with heavy armoured plates to shield their daemonic flesh from the foe.

Right: The whip wielded by the Bloodthirster of Unfettered Fury is a re-imagining of the classic Bloodthirster weapon – a staple of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 for more than 20 years.



Left: Even the hooves of the Bloodthirsters proclaim their allegiance, their earth-shaking tread stamping their patron's sigil into the ground as they pass.

Right: The Bloodthirster's pinioned wings are hung with symbols and icons, tokens bestowed as rewards for their glories upon the battlefield.

BLOODTHIRSTER OF INSENSATE RAGE

Bloodthirsters of the sixth host of Khorne are known by the title of Insensate Rage. Apocalyptically ferocious, they have been tasked by the Blood God with hunting down monsters and great beasts to claim their skulls in his name.



Though all Bloodthirsters are possessed of an unstoppable fury, those of the Insensate Rage are entirely without subtlety, guile or tactical acumen, living only for unadulterated carnage. Assigned by Khorne to slay impressive beasts whose skulls are worthy of his throne, these Bloodthirsters wield vast, hell-forged axes, hacking through everything in their path to claim the most impressive prizes in Khorne's name.

Having ascended to the sixth of Khorne's hosts, the Insensate Rage begin to look more like their patron deity, their faces taking on a more bestial, hound-like appearance like that of Khorne himself. Though any of the three heads in this plastic kit can be used on any rank of Bloodthirster, the snarling aspect of this face, with its forked tongue and forward-thrusting horns, conveys the aggression for which the Insensate Rage are legendary.

This Bloodthirster has been built in mid-flight, axe held back as though about to deliver a decapitating strike to an unfortunate Dragon or unlucky Wyvern. A column of fire – an optional part in the kit – holds the Greater Daemon aloft, bringing it eye-height to a Treeman, while beneath it an icon of Khorne is embedded in a pile of skulls, no doubt part of a diabolical summoning ritual.



Left: A column of fire erupts from the Bloodthirster's feet, his fiery rage made manifest. The icon atop the stave matches the pommel of the model's axe, suggesting the two are mysteriously linked.

Right: Spikes and horns have erupted all over the Bloodthirster's skin, turning every part of him into a weapon. From this angle you can also see how the leather straps holding his cuisses on are attached to spiked hoops embedded in his skin.



Above: The axe wielded by the Bloodthirster of Insensate Rage was created by Khorne with a specific role in mind: to decapitate monsters. The height of four men, its broad-toothed head is capable of cleaving through skin, armour and bone with ease.

CHAOS

WRATH OF KHORNE

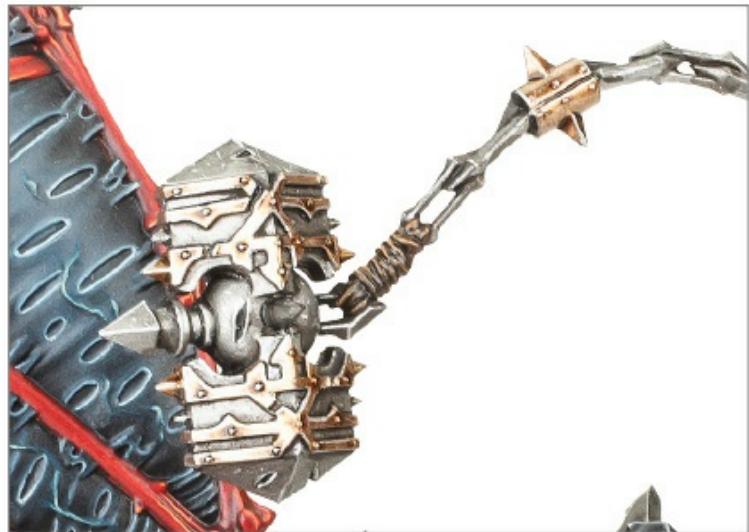
The Bloodthirsters known as the Wrath of Khorne are the Blood God's headsmen, merciless killers unleashed to punish great champions who defy Khorne's will. They are tireless executioners who will hammer the enemy with blows until they are utterly destroyed.



The Bloodthirsters of the third host are the Wrath of Khorne, so named because it is they who are sent by the Blood God to search out and butcher those who have sought to thwart Khorne's designs. Just as he blesses champions who serve him, so he curses those who defy him by unleashing his wrath upon them.

Often the enemies of the Wrath of Khorne are sorcerers, and to this end the Blood God blesses the Bloodthirsters of the third host with a mighty war crown. Fashioned from daemonic metal, this juts from their brow and renders them all but immune to the witchery of his foes. No foul magick will stand in the way of Khorne's vengeance. The weapons of the Wrath of Khorne are also deeply symbolic, known as the wrathaxe and

bloodflail. The former has a long haft fashioned from the skulls of defeated champions and ends in two great blades. The latter is the signature weapon of the third host, and each link in the bloodflail's massive chain has been forged from the armour of those who have ired Khorne. This flail is wielded at immense speed to come crashing down on the foe like a smouldering iron meteor. Monsters are choked to death as the coils of the chain loop around their throats and, in the press of a melee, the Wrath of Khorne uses the grip as a giant punch dagger to pulp his victims.



Left: The ornate head of the bloodflail is perhaps the biggest flail ever seen on a Citadel miniature, the head of the weapon alone is a made of two parts, each roughly the size of a Skaven Clanrat.

Right: Symbols of Chaos push their way through the wings of the Bloodthirster as his flesh writhes with the raw, untrammelled power of the Dark Gods.



Left: The wrathaxe is Khorne's weapon of vengeance, used to dismember those who have mocked, defied or thwarted his plans.

Right: The Wrath of Khorne's face is a hideous dog-like visage, a homage to Khorne's

own. The crown is a ward against the cowardly magic of those who defy their master.

FOCUS ON...THE EMBODIMENT OF KHORNE

Khorne is the Chaos god of violence, slaughter and hate, a deity born from rage and aggression. Without exception, his vassals are savage, blood-crazed warriors, their every action devoted to the taking of skulls and the spilling of blood. The greatest of them are the Bloodthirsters.

Like their god, Bloodthirsters are martial warriors, a physical extension of Khorne's own existence. Though mighty warriors, they lack honour or mercy, revelling in wholesale slaughter, be it provoked or otherwise. Khorne cares not from whence the blood flows and the Bloodthirsters ensure that it does at all times.

Khorne is not a subtle god, his servants driven to maximise the destruction they cause. Every Bloodthirster is a mountain of bulging muscle and taut sinew, their veins pulsing as though about to burst from the rage and anger roaring through them. Spikes jut from a Bloodthirster's skin, their heads horned and bladed to be used as weapons when required. Even unarmed, a Bloodthirster would tear, rend, shred, slice or pulverise a man into oblivion with ease. Their brutal prowess is further reinforced by the weapons they carry. It is not enough for a Bloodthirster to kill his foe; it must also cause horrendous carnage in the process. They do not wield swords and shields, but axes, weapons of undeniable brutality and very little subtlety. Axes are synonymous with executions, at which Bloodthirsters are adept, while the whips and bloodflails they carry are similarly terrifying in their hands.

Uniquely among Daemons, Bloodthirsters wear suits of Daemon-forged brass armour. Though it serves as protection, it is also a statement, an unspoken challenge by Khorne to other warriors to see if they can match his vassals in combat. Most cannot, their ruined corpses crushed beneath the Bloodthirster's hooves, the mark of Khorne stamped into their flesh, the impression rapidly filling with blood freshly spilled in the Blood God's name.



KHORNE RED SPRAY

Basecoat Spray 400ml

Khorne Red is a basecoat spray so fitting for the Blood God's legions that it even has his name on it.



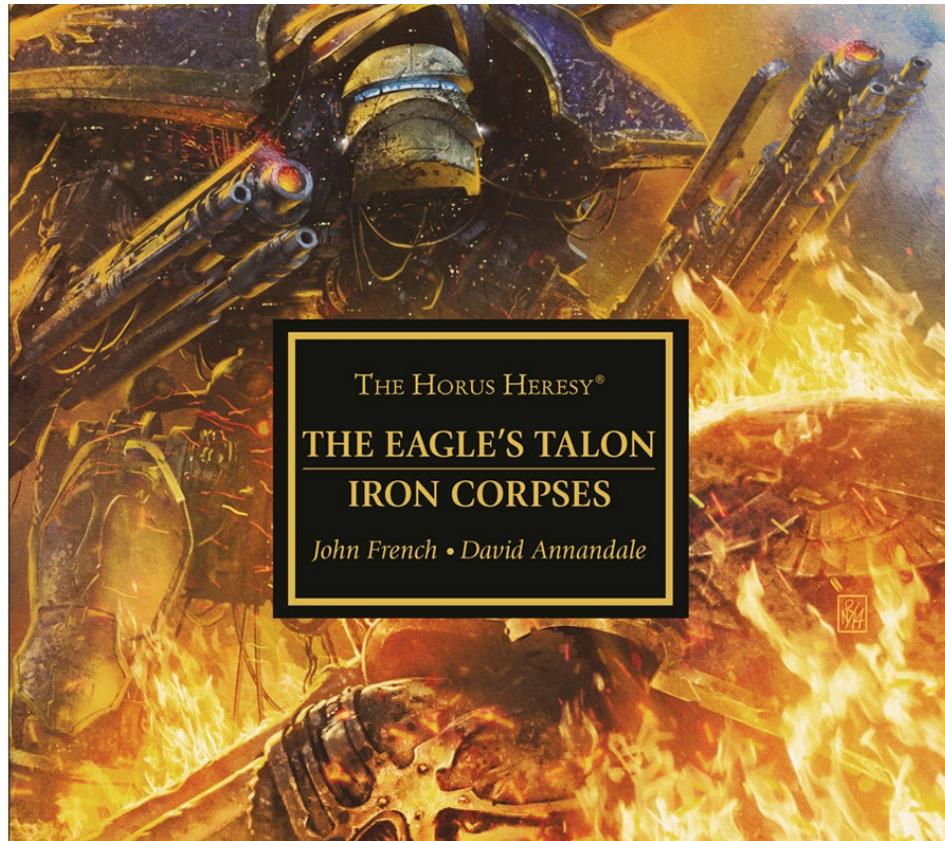
This week Khorne Red Spray goes on pre-order, and it's invaluable for painting the Blood God's daemonic cohorts (as well as any number of other red-related painting projects). Citadel basecoat sprays are a quick and effective way of getting the main colour onto your models, saving you both time and effort, and also giving the best finish. With a quick spray of Khorne Red over your normal undercoat, you have an ideal painting surface that Citadel Shades and Layer paints can be painted directly onto. Once it's dry, you're ready to start shading and highlighting your models as you would with any other basecoat.

The Citadel sprays are also formulated to match the exact colour of the Base paint with the same name, so you can use Khorne Red paint for any tidying up.

EAGLE'S TALON/IRON CORPSES

By John French & David Annandale
Audio Drama | 79 minutes

The Battle for Tallarn might be over, but the war to dominate the world continues.



Following on from the events of the Horus Heresy novel *Tallarn: Executioner*, The Eagle's Talon and Iron Corpses are a pair of audio dramas set upon the ravaged Imperial world of Tallarn, pitting the Iron Warriors once again against their greatest rivals, the Imperial Fists, and one of the galaxy's most deadly foes: a Warlord Titan.

The first of the tales, The Eagle's Talon, is scripted by John French and recounts a ship-board battle between the Imperial Fists and the Iron Warriors. It's a tense affair from the opening salvos of bolter fire to the shocking, earth-shattering conclusion, told in echoing words that trail away into nothing. The second drama, Iron Corpses, written by David Annandale, shows how the Iron Warriors fight against the god-machines of the Mechanicum: from the inside! It's a cruel tale that shows how far the traitors will go for victory.

If the idea of battling through the dungeons and crypts of the Warhammer world appeals to you, rejoice! Rodeo Games, the talented team behind the amazing Warhammer Quest game (which has sold more than a million copies) for iOS, have announced it's coming to PC, Mac and Linux via Steam, and Android devices via Google play.

Check out the details at: rodeogames.co.uk



WARHAMMER: VISIONS

From the depths of the Eldar webway, the Harlequins come, mysterious champions in the great war against Chaos. The latest issue of Warhammer: Visions, from the team that brings you White Dwarf, is now available to order.

WARHAMMER: VISIONS

MARCH | MARS | MÄRZ | 2015

14



This month Warhammer: Visions is a riot of colour as we look back at the recent releases for the Eldar Harlequins. The magazine opens with a spectacular section dedicated to the servants of the Laughing God, from the new Troupes and vehicles to the heroes of the masques, such as the Death Jesters and the Solitaire.

Also within the magazine you'll find an amazing selection of galleries, from a stunning End Times Parade Ground – featuring some gorgeous Warhammer models – to a gobsmackingly impressive Ork horde for our Army of the Month (the conversions in this army have to be seen to be believed). All this alongside our regular features, such as

Blanchitsu, a Golden Demon gallery from Modena and much more. Don't miss out.



Above: Latest releases features an enormous gallery of the new Eldar Harlequin miniatures.



ARMY OF THE MONTH

04 WARHAMMER VISION

The ramshackle Ork horde of Git Srix, painted by Paul Evans. For these Orks, excessive firepower is of the utmost importance.

La horde foutrage de Git Srix, peinte par Paul Evans. Pour ces Orks, la puissance de feu est de la plus haute importance.

Paul Evans' zusammenwürfelfte Ork-Horde von Git Srix. Diesen Orks kommt es vor allem auf gewaltige Feuerkraft an.

WARHAMMER VISION

Above: Our army of the Month, a mighty Ork Waaagh! painted by Paul Evans.

Nagash, Supreme Lord of the Undead, painted by Duncan Rhodes.

Nagash, Seigneur Suprême des Morts-vivants, peint par Duncan Rhodes.

Nagash, Supreme Lord of the Undead, bemalt von Duncan Rhodes.



56 WARHAMMER VISIONS



Duncan's paint job on this model is incredible – but our favourite part of it is the subtle glow emerging from Nagash's eye sockets. It looks as if the nether-light of warpstone is emerging from within.

Le travail réalisé par Duncan sur cette figurine est proprement sidérant, mais nous avons un faible pour la lueur qui émane des orbites de Nagash, comme si la malépierre irradiait de l'intérieur.

Duncans Bemalung dieses Modells ist unglaublich – doch uns gefällt daran das dezent Leuchten aus den Augenhöhlen am besten. Es ist, als leuchte das Unlicht des Warpsteins daraus hervor.

57 WARHAMMER VISIONS

Above: Feast your eyes upon our End Times showcase, featuring Warhammer models great and small.



THE LORD OF SKULLS

Within the Realm of Chaos there is one power greater than any other, a figure of unbridled fury and burning rage. He is Khorne, the Blood God, and he thirsts constantly for the clamour of battle, for rivers of spilt blood and the reaping of skulls.

KHORNE'S DISDAIN

As the god of rage, Khorne loathes many things, but the greatest of his hatreds is reserved for the practitioners of magic, who he considers cowardly and unworthy, and for his brother Slaanesh, who knows nothing of martial glory. That's not to say he likes Nurgle and Tzeentch, however. Only the desire for victory in the great game enables Khorne to tolerate (and cooperate with) them at all.

Through the cursed eyeglass I spied him, that being of ultimate dread. As a quivering coward, I beheld a butcher god and knew that I looked upon death incarnate, the reaper of souls. He was gigantic in stature, with the head of a vicious, feral hound, his froth-flecked lips curled back in a perpetual snarl. A murderous lord, he sat upon a brazen throne, and beneath his feet spread a carpet of bones. His crown was a war helm, hung with the skulls of slain kings, and his royal sceptre was a broadsword that could sunder mountains. The thick muscles of his shoulders rippled with power, and even at rest his frame quivered with barely contained violence. As he bellowed his commands, my soul rejoiced with the promise of violence. He called for blood and demanded skulls and I – even a craven such as I – yearned to give them to him. A million servants brayed in adoration as they heaped more trophies at his feet, every skull a tribute to the greatest of the gods: Khorne.

– *From A Discourse with the Damned*

Khorne is the most powerful of the Chaos gods, a figure of titanic power who is worshipped by the mad and the violent across the world. Where Nurgle is jovial, Khorne is furious. Where Slaanesh beguiles, Khorne demands. Where Tzeentch schemes, Khorne slaughters. Khorne is known as the Blood God, for that is what he craves above all things, the shedding of blood, the reaping of skulls and the violent acts of war. He is the lord of murder and his bellows of rage echo throughout the eternities. He welcomes all who will

worship him, just as long as they are willing to slaughter in his name.

Khorne's warrior code is simple: he demands that his worshippers fight, as much and as violently as possible. He has no time for magic and trickery and he cares little for the cunning gambits or ruses favoured by the desperate or cowardly. His disdain for such petty tactics does not stem from honour, however, for Khorne has none. He is simply rage made manifest.

A true devotee of Khorne will stride fearless into the fray, praising his barbaric name with every axe stroke and sword thrust. The shield wall is Khorne's church, the ringing of blades his hymns of devotion. Whenever battle grips the world, Khorne's power swells within the Realm of Chaos, and so it is that he remains the greatest of the dark gods – for there ever have been, and ever will be, lunatics and murderers willing to offer him devotion.

It is a curious thing that while Khorne blesses his servants openly, he is loath to intervene to save them. Supplicants of other, weaker deities might pray in vain for deliverance or mercy. Not so the devotees of Khorne, who know full well that the Blood God cares not for their lives. Blood must flow – he demands it. Whose blood feeds those endless rivers is of no consequence. He accepts all such libations offered in battle, no matter the source.

The Daemons of Khorne know this well, and their appetite for carnage is equal only to the boundless rage which he instils within them. They delight in battle, whether against the scions of the other dark gods or in the mortal realm, and none match them for skill or savagery. From the numberless legions of Bloodletters whose hellblades yearn to kill, to the packs of Flesh Hounds that prowl his infernal domain, the Daemons of Khorne cannot be reasoned with or placated.

SKULLTAKER

Few of his champions bring Khorne as much joy as Skulltaker, a powerful herald of the Blood God who stalks the battlefield searching out the greatest fighters among the foe. While Skulltaker will slaughter anything that stands in his way with equal savagery, he is driven to hunt down opponents worthy of his skill. Each champion or general that falls to his flashing blade bears bloody testament to the supremacy of his patron.

Such is Khorne's pride in this most single-minded of champions, that the Blood God even allows Skulltaker to keep some of the skulls he reaps to hang upon his cloak. This is a singular honour from a deity that relentlessly demands ever more gory tributes are laid before his throne.

THE BRASS CITADEL

Compared to the fecund fauna of Nurgle's domain, the realm of the Blood God is barren and cruel, a kingdom of blasted plains and scorched earth. Beneath skies the colour of raw meat march tireless legions, some sallying forth to slaughter a new foe for their master, others stalking the land for signs of intruders.

I skirted these hunting fields, for only death waited there, and keeping the Tree of Souls to the east, approached the bastion of the Blood God – the Brass Citadel. It pierced the weeping heavens like a gauntleted fist, visible for hundreds of miles before I reached it. By day we cowered, my guide and I, snatching fitful sleep beneath its baleful shadow. Such nightmares haunted us, that we preferred not to sleep. By night we crept onward, our way lit by the distant fires upon its bladed ramparts. Its walls were such overwhelming fortifications that a thousand armies could bludgeon them for eternity, and still fail, all the while facing cannons upon cannons, and the leering faces of his daemonic servants.

– *From A Discourse with the Damned*



THE BLADES OF THE BLOOD GOD

He towered over the warriors that opposed him, a quavering line of State Troops, polearms held in white-knuckled hands. His armour, thick plates of banded iron, was the colour of death, splattered with blood, fragments of bone and pulped meat. With a snarl from beneath his high-horned helm the warrior barged through the weapons of the foe, their spear tips scraping feebly at his breastplate.

“Blood,” he roared, and his axe chopped down, its fall ending with the meaty crunch of metal pulverising flesh and bone. “Skulls,” he roared, wrenching the axe free in arc of gore that caught the wan light as it flew.

With murderous economy his axe rose and fell, and with every blow he snuffed out another foe. At his sides more of his kind rejoiced, eyes wide with rage and the fervour of battle as they hacked the men of the Empire to death. Their roaring reached a fever pitch, endlessly chanting the name of their patron. The Empire line held a moment longer, and then broke – and with that, the army of Ostland died.

– From *A Discourse with the Damned*.

KARANAK

Karanak is Khorne's weapon of vengeance, a nightmarish three-headed Flesh Hound which will hunt down its prey across the bounds of time and through the veils of reality.

Khorne will unleash Karanak on any who have sought to give him offence, and many is the warlord, sorcerer or Daemon who has been torn asunder for mocking Khorne's power and indomitable will.

Karanak inhabits Khorne's great throne room, tirelessly stalking its shadowy depths for signs of intruders. He will only leave his master's hall on one of his great hunts. When suitably enraged, Khorne will slam his mighty fist down upon the arm of his chair and bellow a name with a voice like thunder. No more needs to be said – Karanak will stalk his prey to the ends of time.

If all servants of Khorne are violent, it is his champions who are the most feared. They are hardened by a lifetime of butchery, honed in the skills of battle, not by training or theory but by the brutal reality of the battlefield. Their sword strokes are not flamboyant but efficient, their shields as likely to be smashed into the faces of their foes as to turn aside a spear thrust, their iron-shod feet as inclined to shatter kneecaps as step aside from an attacker.

Khorne's Champions embody a relentless savagery that cannot be witnessed among any other group. When a Khornate warband musters for battle it does so beneath brazen standards, skull sigils and tattered flags. There is no talk of truce and no white flag of parlay, only the braying of war horns and the sonorous booming of drums. Quarter is never given. Instead, the champions of Khorne will force their followers into formation and advance relentlessly through hails of arrows and the crippling fire of handguns. The dead are stepped over without remorse by the warriors behind, their eagerness to close with the foe increased by every pitiful and cowardly volley levelled against them, and Khorne's furious vengeance soon follows.

In return for such singular devotion, Khorne readily blesses his champions. Their sinews are strengthened, their savagery is increased. They find themselves possessed of a stamina in battle unmatched by mortal creatures of any race, able to fight for days without tiring. They mock pain with weakness and will think nothing of injuries; severed fingers or broken bones are fleeting concerns. What doesn't kill them, doesn't matter. Khorne's greatest champions will be gifted with tokens of his favour, daemonic weapons from his infernal armoury within the Realm of Chaos. Some are even blessed with the fabled collar of Khorne, a powerful ward against the despicable magics unleashed by sorcerers.

As the End Times grip the Warhammer world it is the scions of the Blood God that gather in the greatest numbers, for the Champions of Khorne can be found in almost every tribe of the North. Hundreds of thousands of blood-spattered warriors now descend to sweep away the worlds of Men, Elves and Dwarfs forever.



SCYLA ANFINGRIMM

Many are the champions of Khorne who have been blessed by his unmatched power, their sinews strengthened and their skill increased. Among the greatest of these mortal scions was a promising Chaos warrior from the Ironpelt tribe. Scyla, the Scourgeborn, was unmatched in battle, a bloody-handed slayer who could wade fearless through enemy hordes, hacking and slaying with every step, Scyla who could duel against the finest swordsmen, cross axes with the most crazed berserkers and strike down even the largest and most terrifying beasts.

As a reward for the multitude of glories that Scyla heaped upon the name of his god, Khorne blessed him mightily, his flesh changing until Scyla became a Chaos Spawn.

THE SWORDMAIDEN OF KHORNE

On pinioned wings she soared over us, the handmaiden of the Blood God. Her form was as lissome and shapely as any maiden to be found in the pleasure dens of Sartosa, but she was undeniably a warrioress. In her fist she grasped a long spear, its keen edge glittering with power, and her body was clad in dark red armour. Her head, however, was distended, in the manner of Khorne's foot soldiers, with two great curving horns erupting from her temples. Her shield seemed alive, shaped in the visage of one of Slaanesh's servants and it screamed as she passed – seeking to betray us, I think. But the Blood Maiden of Khorne heeded it not, intent as she was on some other task. Onwards she flew, and behind her tramped the legions of her master. Whithersoever they went, I cannot say, but surely death went with them.

– *From A Discourse with the Damned.*

As the End Times grip the Warhammer world, Khorne's warriors are at the forefront of the Everchosen's legions. Valkia, the shieldmaiden of Khorne, was initially despatched at the head of a vast army of Khornate warriors to devastate the realm of Naggaroth. Her attack was sudden and brutal, as she drove her berserker horde through the northern bastions and deep into the heartland of the Land of Chill. Such a feat was, in itself, incredible. The Dark Elves have long maintained a strong northward border, well fortified and heavily patrolled, but Valkia's attack was swift and relentless and soon palls of fire and clouds of smoke served as ample warning that Khorne had come.

Although eventually Valkia's onslaught was dented by the Witch King, Malekith, in many ways the damage had already been done – cities had been razed to the ground and untold thousands had been slaughtered. Naggaroth's military power has been irreparably weakened.

Now other glories and challenges await for the Gorequeen, and already she wings her way east, eager to join the blood letting to come. As Archaon prepares to unleash the ultimate slaughter upon the Old World, Valkia yet has a price to pay. She will reap more skulls to offer at the feet of her beloved patron.



CODEX: APOCRYPHA

The Harlequins are warriors and performers both. Behold now, as they pay a visit to a grateful Saim-Hann and to another, rather less welcoming audience in this week's Codex: Apocrypha...



Hrythar had seen a Harlequin Troupe only once before, but now he had been chosen as *lavair*, to welcome the Masque of the Dance Without End to Saim-Hann Craftworld. He fought down the tension as the warpgate opened and two dozen figures stepped out of the shifting, coruscating colours. It was not seemly to show fear.

The newcomers' appearance certainly lived up to the stories. Three little knots of Players each guided a trunk like a garishly-coloured coffin which hovered just above the deck on suspensors. Three skull-masked Margorach, Death Jesters, glided forward with their great shuriken reapers on their backs, moving automatically towards the chamber's cardinal defence points. Four Esdainn, Shadowseers, strolled forward in a group, their masks bobbing in an animated discussion that had evidently begun on the other side of the warpgate. The Athair – the Troupe Masters, who played the Laughing God in the masque and led each Troupe in battle – emerged last, the fixed, ironic half-smiles on their masks seeming to comment on what had come before.

“*Lavair*,” said one of these. It was a statement. Hrythar struggled to seem relaxed, as courtesy demanded.

“Hrythar Dreamweave. Saim-Hann is gladdened by your presence.”

“*Dreamweave*,” the voice was rich even despite the mask’s distortion. “A fortunate name.” Unsure whether this was compliment or mockery, Hrythar held an expression of bland courtesy. Inclining his head to the Troupe Master, he turned to lead the Harlequins to the quarters set aside for them. Beside their fluid, gliding figures he felt as clumsy as an Ork. He burned to ask if and when the masque would perform, but it was for them to say, and for none to ask.



A hush descended as the performance began. The first work was performed by a single Troupe. It was one of the many stories about the Great Harlequin, the Harlequins’ only master. The Shadowseer stood to one side, his dathedi suit cycling through the shifting reds, greens and golds of the Storyteller as he wove a commentary with the projectors of light, sound, psychic impulse and programmed hallucinogen from the creidann launcher on his back. The Troupe Master danced the part of the Laughing God, with his suit projecting the ever-changing lozenge pattern of the Great Harlequin.

Death entered, his suit cycling through the decomposition of a corpse from flesh to bone to dust to nothingness and back again. Players danced around him, falling at his touch. The Laughing God danced around the outside.

Suddenly, the performance stopped. The Troupe Master of the Dance Without End walked to the front of the stage and looked out into the audience. Then he bowed – a bow of courtesy to a superior.

The audience sat in stunned silence. Then one figure rose.

Those few who recognised him knew him only as an undistinguished Infinity Circuit technician. He had lived on Saim-Hann for over a century, humbly tending the psychocircuitry that kept the great ship's psychic matrix stable. Now the High Troupe Master of a Harlequin masque had bowed to him. He nodded – curtly, as to a subordinate – and walked toward the stage. “Saim-Hann is fortunate.” The High Troupe Master’s voice seemed uncomfortably loud after the silence. “We shall perform the Dance.”



The message flashed around the craftworld at the speed of thought. All normal functions were suspended, and every Eldar on Saim-Hann came to the talaclu hall. At least once in their lives, every Eldar should witness the Dance – the greatest of the Harlequins’ works, retelling the story of the fall of the Old Race and keeping the lessons of the Fall alive in the spirits of the survivors. But the Dance was rarely performed, since the key part cannot be danced by any member of a masque. Only the mystic Solitaires – those touched by the Laughing God himself, who pass unrecognised as whim or design moves them – only they might dance the part of Slaanesh.

The nine Players bounded into the centre of the stage, their dathedi suits projecting a weaving pattern of colours as they danced the part of the Old Race. The four Shadowseers took up positions around the outside: emotions were monitored, amplified and returned by their equipment as the Eldar lived the fall of their ancestors: felt their joys, their prides, their petty rivalries and their driving passions. Three Troupe Masters danced the parts of the Fallen gods, leaping, cartwheeling and somersaulting around and among the dancers of the Old Race.

The dancers of the Old Race became wilder, their passions stronger and their joys more extreme, more menacing. They came together like a whirlpool, and broke upon something unseen – hurled back as the Solitaire leaped into view, somersaulting from his unseen entrance to the centre of the dancers.

An involuntary shock ran through the audience at the sight of the allegorical figure of the Chaos god Slaanesh. His suit projected a constantly-writhing mass of figures in attitudes of decadent pleasure.

From behind Slaanesh, seven figures appeared one by one to mingle with the Old Race. First came four lithe Players, passing their sensual movements to the other dancers as if the Daemons they represented had spread the corruption of Slaanesh. One by one, the dancers of the Old Race began to project the pattern of writhing figures on their suits. Next came three dark figures: the Death Jesters’ suits displayed skeletons as they leaped and slew, dragging the inert forms of the Fallen gods to the feet of Slaanesh. As the last fell, a psychic scream from the Shadowseers echoed through the minds of the audience. It shifted and writhed like the patterns on the dancers’ suits, gradually coalescing into a chilling laugh of madness, corruption and depravity.

But in the laugh there was another voice. A clearer laugh, an ironic laugh. A laugh that laughs because it chooses not to weep...



Then, at one side of the stage, the High Troupe Master entered. His suit projected the ever-shifting multicoloured lozenges of the Laughing God as he strolled casually onto the stage, still laughing at the cosmic folly of the Fallen. He looked at the triumphant form of Slaanesh atop the mound of writhing dancers, and he laughed. He looked at the Mime-Daemons and the Death Jesters as they bore down upon him. And he laughed.

For a moment, he could not be seen among the press of Slaanesh's minions, but with a cry he flew above their heads, tumbling in flight to land facing them. As they turned, he leaped again: two figures dropped as he touched them, and five more clawed the empty air as he somersaulted across the stage.

His laugh now was one of glee as he leaped and tumbled, evading the hunters and turning now and then to strike back. He picked up the body of a Death Jester and hurled it at the figure of Slaanesh, who reeled at the impact. With a wild cry the Great Harlequin leaped forward, pulled a single dancer from the feet of Slaanesh, and withdrew. At his touch, the writhing figures on the dancer's suit dissolved into the lozenge pattern, and the dancer began to laugh as he danced the dance of the Harlequin. The two of them put the remaining Daemons to flight and, as the last fell, Slaanesh joined the battle.

The confrontation between Slaanesh and the Great Harlequin seemed to go on forever. Other dancers melted from the stage as the two figures cartwheeled and somersaulted around each other. Slowly, in the background, the Mime-Daemons and the Harlequin Players took up the dance, reflecting the movements of the two principals in perfect unison.

The Dance ended abruptly, the struggle unresolved. It was indeed the Dance Without End. The hall quiet, the dancers left the stage. The audience sat stunned.



Sathbuinn Surefire stood over the holo, one hand stroking his chin reflectively. He was forced to admit that the Human commander was unusually imaginative for his race –

counter-thrusts in three places with Dreadnoughts, Sentinels and Bullgrynn squads were complicating the pattern considerably. He knew that the longer this took, the greater the likelihood of Space Marine reinforcements arriving. He cursed the thought as a bright red spark winked into life on the orbital display.

“Let our visitors know,” he said into his comm-link, “their welcome may be fitting.”

“The Masque of the Shadow Weavers waits at your door.”

Sathbuinn turned sharply. He had not even heard the stranger appear.

“The Talaihin Reavers are gladdened by your presence,” he answered formally. He had been blessed to see Harlequins in performance twice before, but never had he been privileged to watch them in battle. Now an entire masque was placing itself under his command. He checked himself; Harlequins acknowledged no commander but the Laughing God. Rather, the masque was graciously consenting to fight alongside his troops.

The stranger’s dathedi mask projected a silently-laughing face as he pressed a sequence of buttons on his communicator. Then he left the command bunker as silently as he had entered. Sathbuinn followed him, not knowing what to expect.

In the rough courtyard between the semi-ruined buildings, the air began to shimmer, as if from a heat-haze. The shimmering became a weaving, slightly sickening pattern of colour, and from out of the colours stepped the Masque of the Shadow Weavers. Sathbuinn bowed as the High Troupe Master approached him, power sword in hand.

“The Talaihin Reavers are gladdened,” he repeated. “You will view the stage?” The impassively half-smiling mask nodded once, and Sathbuinn led the way to the control bunker.



Lathrangil stood beside the smoking wreckage, grinning broadly beneath his mask. The spirit of the Great Harlequin ran like fire through his veins, keening in his head with a wild and irresistible music.

The humans had no chance. Their lumpen and unlovely walkers had been destroyed by the Shadow Weavers’ Death Jesters and their great shuriken cannons, and the Players hadn’t even been spotted until they were almost upon their quarry. The first Troupe had already destroyed one human squad, and even he could barely see them as they leaped toward another, dathedi patterns breaking up their outlines until they looked like rainbow streaks of light.

The second Troupe had just made contact – as he watched, the Troupe Master impaled their officer with his Harlequins’ kiss. The human stared stupidly for a moment, and then

collapsed, as boneless as a jellyfish, with only his skin to hold him together. One human trooper stood his ground, desperately filling the air with lasfire aimed at the half-seen attackers. The approaching Harlequin seemed to flow over and around the laser bolts, stepping and bending as casually as a technician crosses a drive-room's pipes and cables. A final leaping somersault, the flash of a sword, and it was over.

The third Troupe was a few dozen paces ahead, making for the low command bunker. He motioned the others forward. The High Shadowseer acknowledged with a flash-pattern from his faceless mask, and the three Players moved to the fore.

The creidann grenade launchers of the two Shadowseers laid down patterns of smoke and hallucinogen as the Crested Serpents broke into a loping run. A couple of the humans began to wail and thrash as their respirators failed them.

Lathrangil killed two others in passing – a hooking kick sent one off-balance, and he fell into Lathrangil's lunging power sword; his companion flew backwards under a hail of shuriken. He reached the bunker just as the third Troupe's Death Jester finished slicing down the door. To one side, a Player punched his kiss through an observation slit. He half heard the scream, bubbling, and silence.

The Human commander had just begun to turn as Lathrangil felled the remaining guard and raised his shuriken pistol. The commander's laspistol was half-drawn as Lathrangil's own finger caressed the trigger of his shuriken pistol.

Then Lathrangil laughed and bounded back across the battlefield, somersaulting for the joy of it.

Codex: Apocrypha is a regular feature exploring the infinite background of the worlds of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000.



THE RULES BLOODTHIRSTERS OF KHORNE

The Bloodthirsters of Khorne are the most powerful of the Blood God's servants, towering behemoths driven by the relentless urge to slaughter in the name of their dark patron. Here we present the rules for using them in Warhammer, and offer some tactical advice.

Bloodthirsters are among the most powerful fighters in the Warhammer universe, able to hack and bludgeon their way through entire regiments of enemy warriors and fight toe-to-toe against the mightiest heroes and monsters and prevail. Although there are several ranks of Bloodthirster, and each comes with his own specific advantages, they all share a few things in common. First and foremost, they can fly, and you can use this to get them exactly where they need to be to win you battles. Few flying creatures in Warhammer can hit with the brutal power of a Bloodthirster. If your Bloodthirster isn't your general (if he is, keep him central to your army), use this speed to take to a flank and sweep in where the enemy is weakest. Another big deal with Bloodthirsters is that they need to keep fighting, so don't let them get baited into making charges that won't work for them. Always position your model so it has several charging options next turn.

With those basic principles out of the way, here are a few specifics for using each of the ranks of Bloodthirster released this week, from the lowest to highest:

Unfettered Fury: Considering these are the lowest order of Bloodthirster, they are incredibly formidable. Use them to slaughter regiments of enemy warriors, where their brutal number of attacks and the ability to Thunderstomp at the end of each round of Close Combat will wear down even the best infantry in the game. Their high Weapon Skill means that most enemies will struggle to hit back properly, and the Bloodthirster's Toughness will help take the sting out of the attacks that do make it through. Because the Bloodthirster of Unfettered Fury is a little cheaper than the others, consider buying some Daemonic Gifts. Our advice? Take one of the Greater Gifts and hope to score Incorporeal Strike, Souleater, Unbreakable Skin or Unholy Flurry – they are all brilliant for a Bloodthirster. If you don't get lucky when you roll to see which one you get, just default to the Axe of Khorne. It's a bit risky, true, but Khorne doesn't exactly favour the cautious and pragmatic.

Insensate Rage: Probably Warhammer's ultimate monster killer, the Bloodthirster of Insensate Rage can make short work of Dragons, Griffons and their like with his Heroic Killing Blow. With Weapon Skill 10 and six Attacks (seven because of Frenzy), you could reasonably expect to be able to kill such a target in a single round of fighting with that one, marvellous chop. Now, you do have to weather the enemy's attacks because of the

great axe's Always Strikes Last rule, but we think you'll all agree a Bloodthirster can handle it. Feel free to upgrade with gifts to taste.

Wrath of Khorne: The most drop-dead, drag-out, stone-cold killer you'll find on the battlefield, this Bloodthirster is the kind of monster that can ruin armies. With Magic Resistance (3), enemy spells will wash off of his blood-slicked hide as he hunts down and butchers enemy characters. His Hellfire breath is among the best breath weapons in Warhammer – save it for close combat if you can. At Strength 5 it can wipe out enemy regiments. Finally, always charge. Always! The Wrath of Khorne is a staggering Strength 9 when he does!

SIDE BY SIDE

One of the questions you might be asking is what does a Bloodthirster fight well alongside? Other blood-mad devotees of Khorne, of course! And there's plenty of heavy hitters to choose from too: Bloodcrushers, Skullcrushers, Flesh Hounds and the Blood Throne of Khorne. Also consider Chaos Knights – to get the most out of Bloodthirsters

you don't want to send them into the fray alone. Instead, you want to hurl an overwhelming wave of hate-filled warriors into the foe so that they barely have time to react. While they panic at the sight of so many berserk warriors, you can start reaping skulls!

THE GIFTS OF CHAOS

Each of the Bloodthirsters can be given up to 100 points' worth of Daemonic Gifts. It might seem like an indulgence to select these, but there are a couple of reasons you might like to do so. Firstly, they distinguish your Bloodthirster from someone else's and create a

sense of narrative for him. Perhaps Khorne has blessed Skullthrax the Render with tougher skin or the ability to eat souls. It's a ready-made story. Secondly, they make your Bloodthirster even better in battle – and, honestly, who doesn't like reaping skulls?



WRATH OF KHORNE BLOODTHIRSTER 550 points

Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
	8	10	10	6	6	5	9	6	9	Monster (Character)

Double tap the image above for a full screen preview.

A Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster is a Lords choice which can be included in a Daemons of Chaos, Legions of Chaos or Grand Legion of the Everchosen army.

SPECIAL RULES:

Daemon of Khorne, Daemonic, Devastating Charge, Fly, Frenzy, Large Target, Magic Resistance (3), Stubborn, Terror.

Hellfire:

A Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster has a Strength 5 Breath Weapon with the Flaming Attacks special rule.

Relentless Hunter:

A Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster has the Hatred (characters) special rule, and adds 3" to its charge range if the unit it is charging is a character, or contains one or more characters.

EQUIPMENT:

Heavy armour

Wrathaxe and Bloodflail:

Attacks made with a wrathaxe and bloodflail are resolved at +2 Strength in the first round of close combat. Furthermore, a wrathaxe and bloodflail grant the wielder the Extra Attack special rule.

OPTIONS:

May take Daemonic Gifts totalling up to 100 points



BLOODTHIRSTER OF UNFETTERD FURY **400 points**

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bloodthirster of Unfettered Fury	8	10	10	6	6	5	9	6	9	Monster (Character)

Double tap the image above for a full screen preview.

A *Bloodthirster of Unfettered Fury* is a *Lords choice* which can be included in a *Daemons of Chaos*, *Legions of Chaos* or *Grand Legion of the Everchosen* army.

SPECIAL RULES:

Daemon of Khorne, Daemonic, Fly, Large Target, Magic Resistance (2), Terror.

EQUIPMENT:

Axe (hand weapon)

Whip (additional hand weapon)

Heavy armour

OPTIONS:

May take Daemonic Gifts totalling up to 100 points



BLOODTHIRSTER OF INSENSATE RAGE **500 points**

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bloodthirster of Insensate Rage	8	10	10	6	6	5	9	6	9	Monster (Character)

Double tap the image above for a full screen preview.

A Bloodthirster of Insensate Rage is a Lords choice which can be included in a Daemons of Chaos, Legions of Chaos or Grand Legion of the Everchosen army.

SPECIAL RULES:

Daemon of Khorne, Daemonic, Fly, Frenzy, Heroic Killing Blow, Large Target, Magic Resistance (2), Terror.

EQUIPMENT:

Great weapon
Heavy armour

OPTIONS:

May take Daemonic Gifts totalling up to 100 points



PAINT SPLATTER

Paint Splatter provides handy tips and stage-by-stage painting guides for the week's new releases. Unsurprisingly, this week's Paint Splatter is dedicated to the Blood God himself, with painting guides for not one but two Bloodthirsters.



Daemons of Khorne traditionally have red or black skin, a physical representation of their bloodlust and rage, while their armour and weapons are typically made of brass, bronze or bone.

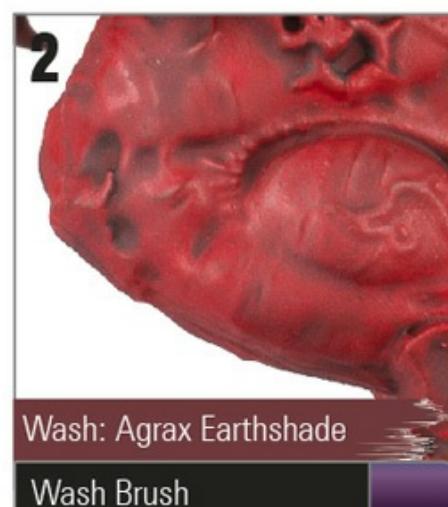
This Bloodthirster has deep red skin, painted to look like freshly-spilt blood. Mephiston Red was used for the basecoat, followed by a heavy wash of Agrax Earthshade to define the muscles. Mephiston Red was then applied again, but overbrushed rather than drybrushed or layered. Overbrushing is a similar technique to drybrushing, but with more paint on the brush. It's ideal for large, texture-heavy models where the paint will cover most of the area (unlike drybrushing, which just catches the top details) but leave the wash visible in the recesses. The remaining colours were applied as layers to accentuate the Bloodthirster's musculature and bulging veins. Brass and bronze were picked for the metalwork because of their ruddy tones; these are Khorne's preferred colours and sympathetic to both red and black.

Skin



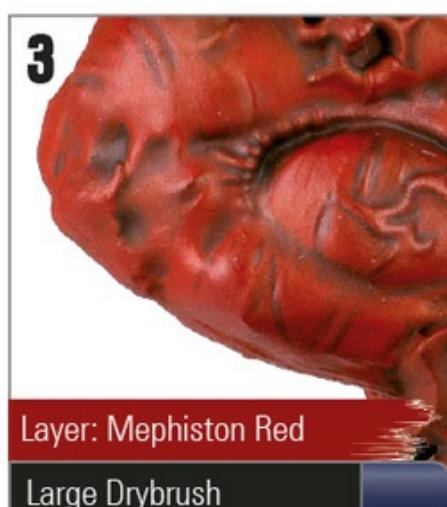
Basecoat: Mephiston Red

Large Drybrush



Wash: Agrax Earthshade

Wash Brush



Layer: Mephiston Red

Large Drybrush



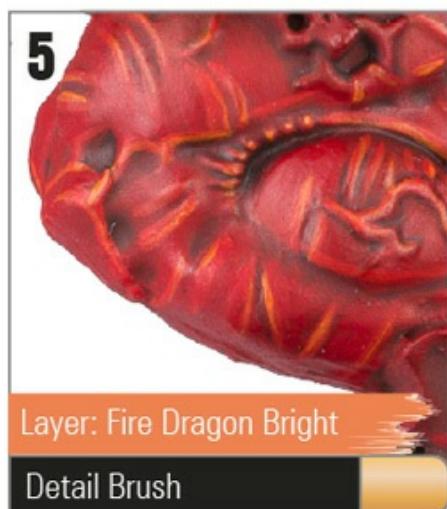
Layer: Evil Sunz Scarlet

Standard Brush



Layer: Yriel Yellow

Fine Detail Brush



Layer: Fire Dragon Bright

Detail Brush

Wings



1 Basecoat: Abaddon Black

Basecoat Brush



2 Drybrush: Rhinox Hide

Large Drybrush



3 Drybrush: Baneblade Brown

Large Drybrush

4

Layer: Doombull Brown

Large Brush

5 Wash: Nuln Oil

Wash Brush

6 Layer: Doombull Brown

Large Brush

7

Layer: Tuskgor Fur

Standard Brush

8 Layer: Cadian Fleshtone

Detail Brush

9

Layer: Baneblade Brown (veins)

Fine Detail Brush

Black Armour



1
Basecoat: Abaddon Black

Basecoat Brush



2
Layer: Dark Reaper

Detail Brush



3
Layer: Fenrisian Grey

Fine Detail Brush

Brass Armour



1
Basecoat: Balthasar Gold

Basecoat Brush



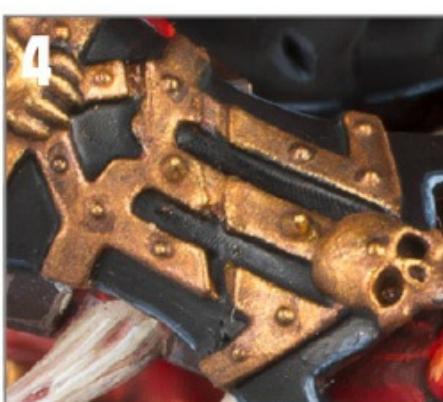
2
Layer: Gehenna's Gold

Standard Brush



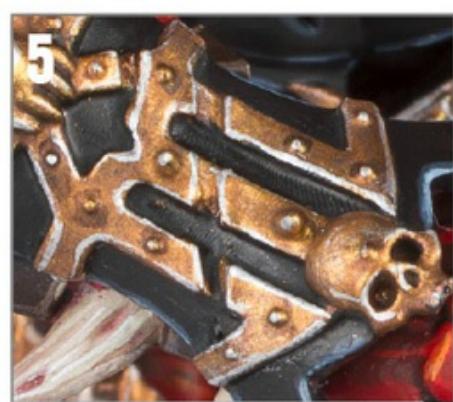
3
Wash: Agrax Earthshade

Wash Brush



4
Layer: Gehenna's Gold

Detail Brush



5
Layer: Runefang Steel

Fine Detail Brush

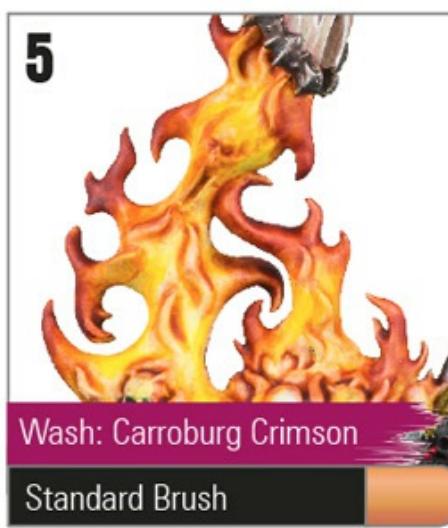
Bronze Skull



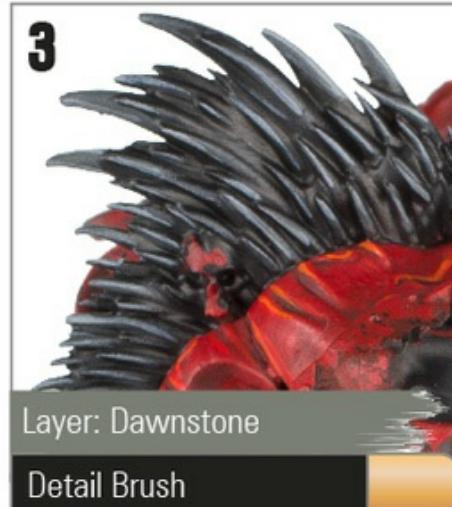
The flames were painted using Shades and Glazes over a Ceramite White basecoat, with Lamenters Yellow providing a strong base for the other Shades. Carroburg Crimson appears pink when applied over white, but with Lamenters Yellow between them it produces a rich red.

Followers of Khorne often have a lot of skulls or bone motifs on them. In this case, the Bloodthirster's huge axe is also painted to look like bone. You can paint all of these using the stages shown below for the horns, omitting the extra wash of Agrax Earthshade for the smaller details.

Fire



Fur



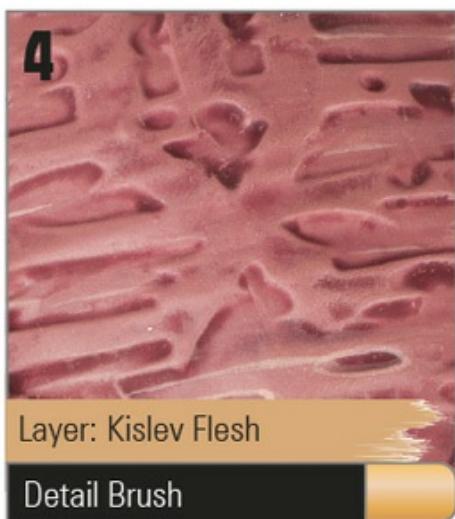
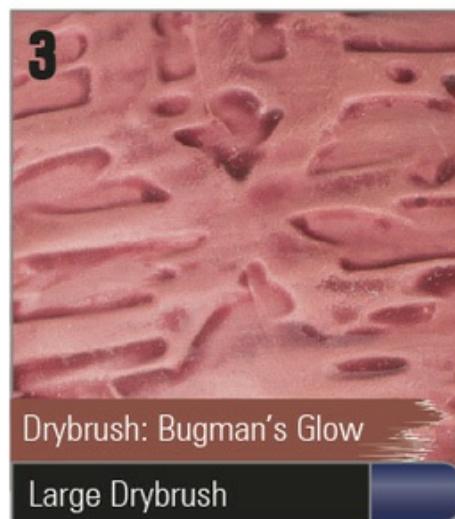
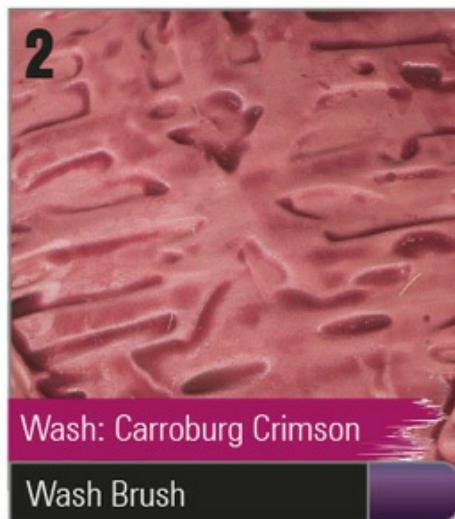
Horns



This Bloodthirster was painted with black skin instead of red, though red-hued browns were used to highlight it rather than greys or blues. In contrast, the armour was painted red (you can use the same colours as the first Bloodthirster's skin, but applied as fine edge highlights) and the wings a fleshy crimson to make them stand out from the charred skin. Again, the wings were washed and overbrushed, the veins picked out with a wash of Druchii Violet to make them stand out. To make overbrushing them easier, the wings

were painted separately and glued on later.

Fleshy Wings



Black Skin



Basecoat: Abaddon Black

Large Drybrush



Drybrush: Rhinox Hide

Large Drybrush



Layer: Mournfang Brown

Standard Brush



Layer: Tuskgor Fur

Detail Brush



Layer: Kislev Flesh

Fine Detail Brush



Next week: Blood for the Blood God!



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 focus on blood, skulls, the colour red, blood, big rocks, mutants and more blood.

THE HERALDS OF THE BLOOD GOD

THE DAEMONS OF KHORNE

Within the Realm of Chaos, countless billions of Daemons do the bidding of the Blood God. Each Daemon is a manifestation of Khorne's own personality, sustained by his boundless power. There are three principle types of Daemons of Khorne: Flesh Hounds, Bloodletters and Bloodthirsters. Each of these embodies a different aspect of Khorne's nature. The Bloodletters, for instance, are said to have been foremost among his followers in their mortal life. Whether this is true or not is hard to tell, for they have no vestige of mortal mercy or kindness, only an implacable blood hunger that echoes Khorne's own. The greatest Bloodletters are the Heralds, whose murderous deeds and skill have raised them up in the eyes of their master.

Where the Bloodletters are Khorne's foot soldiers, the Flesh Hounds are his pride and joy, unleashed as weapons of vengeance. When not in battle or prowling his domain for intruders, they curl up at the feet of his throne, gnawing on the skulls piled there.

The Bloodthirsters are his rage incarnate, his executioners and headsman. These, more than any other, reflect the fury and boundless wrath of their god.



THE FORGE

JUGGERNAUTS

Within Khorne's arsenal are a number of daemonic war machines, creations that are at once Daemon and ensorcelled steel sinews, the two inexorably bound through Khorne's will. Juggernauts are the most numerous of these abominations, metallic beasts made from riveted metal and malice. Khorne will occasionally favour one of his servants to ride upon a Juggernaut, enabling them to crush entire regiments beneath the snorting Juggernaut's furious bulk.

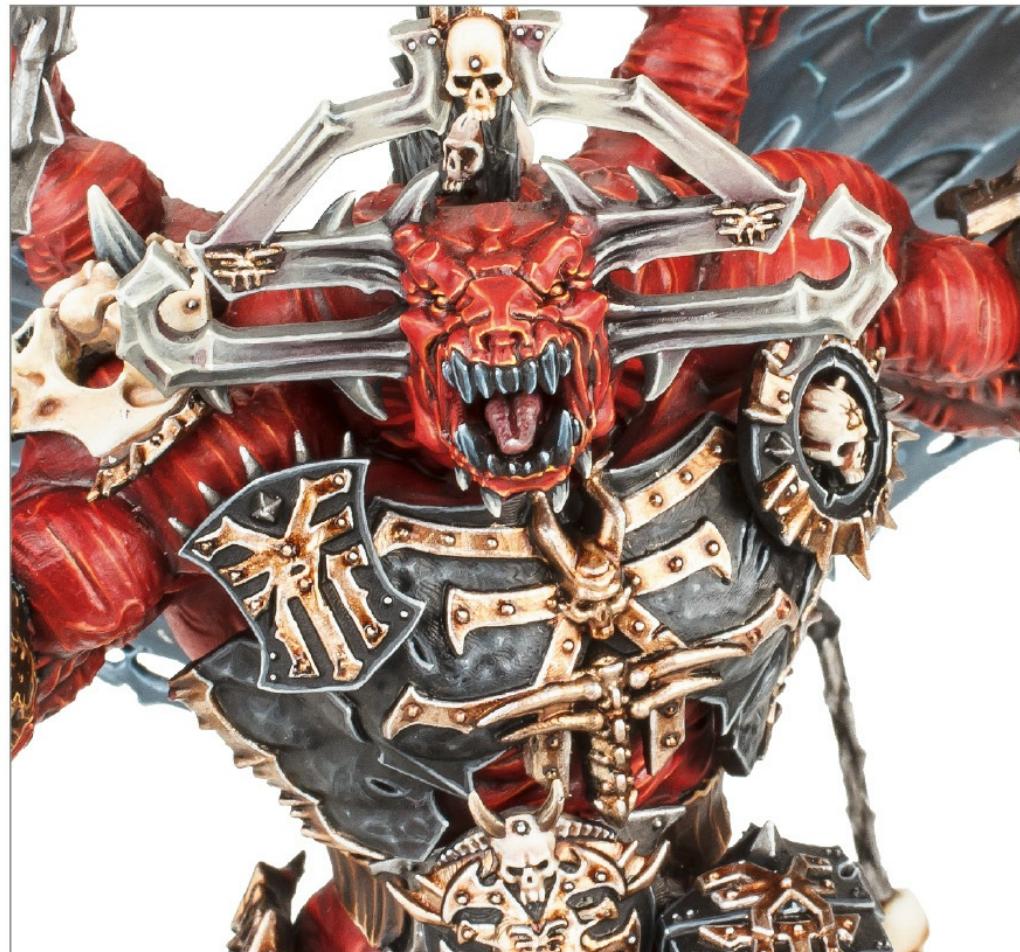
SKULL CANNONS

Skull Cannons of Khorne are another of the dread Daemon Engines of the Blood God, at once a writhing, furious Daemon and a powerful artillery piece. Ridden into battle by the Bloodletters that assisted in their creation, the Skull Cannons are used to obliterate enemy defences and to scatter regiments with every thunderous volley. Most unnaturally, Skull Cannons do not fire shot or shells in the same way as mortal weapons, but rather the supernaturally imbued skulls of victims the machine has already ravenously consumed.

DESIGNERS NOTES EXTRA: A TRAIL OF GORE

Something that really impressed us here in the White Dwarf bunker was how faithful the new Bloodthirster is to the classic imagery. The new model owes its origins to the Bloodthirster model of the early 1990s, and while the new multi-part plastic kit has added lots of details and options, it's remarkable how faithful it remains. The first Bloodthirsters also had dog faces crested with crowns or horns, and muscular bodies covered in sculpted armour plates. There are lots of other details carried over too: they have the same cloven hooves and barbed whips. Some of the axes of those earlier models even had skulls carved into their handles.

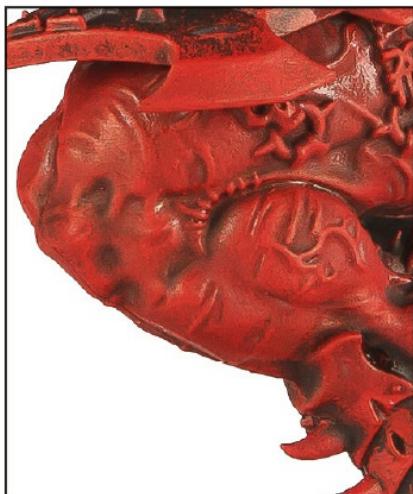
What has changed most, though, is how the design process has enabled the Citadel designers to make the model larger and more detailed than ever, achieving things in plastic that were impossible in metal.



OVERBRUSHING

In Paint Splatter we mentioned a painting technique called overbrushing, as opposed to drybrushing. Here are four pictures to help show the difference between the two techniques.

Picture 1 shows a Large Drybrush ready for drybrushing, while picture 2 shows it ready for overbrushing. Note how there is more paint on the brush in picture 2, but still considerably less than you'd use to apply a solid layer of paint. Picture 3 shows what drybrushing a Bloodthirster's skin with Mephiston Red looks like while picture 4 shows what it looks like when overbrushed with the same colour.



CODEX: APOCRYPHA EXTRA

Notes from the worlds of Warhammer. This week: Khorne's Realm

THE BASTION STAIR

The Bastion Stair marks the boundary between Khorne's realm and that of his greatest rival, Slaanesh. Made of iron, brass and fused bone, this seemingly endless, winding staircase is littered with shrines to the Blood God, though in reality they are simply piles of skulls and pools of congealed blood.

THE GREAT BULWARK

At the top of the Bastion Stair lies the Great Bulwark, a wall of blackened iron stained a deep red. It stretches as far as the eye can see, covering every approach to the Blood God's realm, billions of skulls piled up against its base like sand dunes at the foot of a cliff.

THE TREE OF SOULS

On the blackened plains of the Cracked Land, amidst a field of black flowers whose leaves are made of skulls and whose stems are spinal columns, stands the Tree of Souls. Also known as the Tree of Damned Shades, living souls hang from its branches and nestle beneath its roots, damned for all eternity for being snivelling, unworthy creatures. Only one shade seeks to escape its confinement, yet only a fool would stand close enough to the tree to let it escape.

THE MACHINA DAEMONIUM

Floating high above Khorne's realm is the Machina Daemonium, a vast forge where furnaces burn night and day and molten brass and iron flow like rivers. It is here that Khorne's more esoteric war machines are created, where Daemons are bound within mechanical constructs before they're unleashed on the world.

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



THE MUTANT RACE

In Warhammer 40,000, mutants are hunted down and killed for being Chaos-tainted scum. But Navigators, psykers and even Space Wolves are mutants and no one's killed them off. What's with the double standards?

- Julien Winn

GROMBRINDAL SAYS

You're right that mutants should be excised from society, but there are quite a few exceptions to the rule. It seems that tentacles, tails, claws for hands, extra heads and third eyes are considered bad mutations and need to be eradicated. Unless that third eye

belongs to a Navigator, in which case they need them to guide starships through the Warp. Psykers are also mutants, but they're really handy in a scrap, what with being able to launch fireballs from their fingertips. And Space Wolves... well, long teeth are certainly more acceptable when they're attached to a super-human warrior. Like you say, double standards.

- Grombrindal

READER'S MODEL OF THE WEEK

This week's Reader's Model is a ferocious Helbrute painted by James Richardson.

Having not picked up a brush for 17 years (something to do with a day trip to the Eye of Terror that took longer than expected), James wowed us with this Khornate creation, which is part of his growing Chaos Space Marine army. The mutated eyes, many of which stare in the same direction as the multi-melta is pointing, are especially disturbing, as is the lurid pink skin around the tubes and cabling.



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: MAGICAL MENHIR

Cygors are mostly blind and not particularly adept at fighting despite their size. They are, however, extremely well-attuned to the Winds of Magic.

It's for this reason that Cygors carry rune-engraved rocks and magically-attuned stones into battle, hurling them with their prodigious strength into the ranks of the enemy army. Sadly, their poor eyesight and lack of depth perception mean they don't always hit their target, the rock sailing through the air to thud loudly into the dirt. Fortunately, the Cygor can see the magical runes glowing on it, so retrieving their favourite rock is never a difficult task.

Though this may seem like a pointless endeavour, other magical things, such as Wizards and magic weapons, are also visible to Cygors. Magical menhir in hand, the Cygor will take out years of frustration and anger on the offending individual, bludgeoning them to death with the runic rock or hurling it at them with unerring accuracy from across the battlefield.



BIT OF THE WEEK: DAEMON SHIELD

Valkia the Bloody's shield is adorned with the still-living face of a Slaanesh Daemon. This toothy, many-eyed mug still tries to seduce nearby foes even as they strike at it with their swords. It's even been known to give them a lick when they get too close.



HOW DID THEY DO THAT?

We recently received an email asking how the flaming skulls were painted on the Dread Abyssal Ashigaroth. Working from a Khorne Red basecoat they were highlighted with Squig Orange and Jokaero Orange. Several thin glazes of Flash Gitz Yellow and White Scar were then washed into the recesses and eye sockets to create the glowing effect.



THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL

All this talk of Khorne has had the White Dwarf bunker divided on who is the most devoted servant of Khorne. On the one hand, several cite Skulltaker, Khorne's chosen champion, while others reckon the honour belongs to Khârn the Betrayer. They say none are more devoted than the team-killing, all-slaying Space Marine with the battle cry: "Kill! Maim! Burn!"



WHITE DWARF'S REGIMENTS OF RENOWN

Kar'gal'trulasha'aghana, also known as the Harvester of Tainted Skulls, is a mighty Bloodthirster of the Third Host of Khorne's infinite armies. Born into the Realm of Chaos with an unquenchable hatred for the vassals of the other Chaos Gods, Kar'gal hunts down other Chaos champions and slaughters them in Khorne's name. Before laying their skulls at the Blood God's feet, however, Kar'gal always sears away the flesh with his fiery breath, presenting a charred, but untainted, offering to his patron god.

Kar'gal was painted in a similar way to the Bloodthirster shown on paint splatter, albeit with a Khorne Red basecoat on the skin (using the new spray can) instead of Mephiston Red. All the subsequent flesh colours were then drybrushed on, each applied lighter than the last and concentrated around the focal areas of the model, such as the wings, head and hands. The finishing touch was a liberal coat of Blood for the Blood God over all of Kar'gal's weapons to show how busy he's been.





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