

# WHITE DWARF™

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WARHAMMER 40,000  
WARHAMMER  
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ISSUE 58  
07 MARCH 2015

FULL  
RULES  
INSIDE!

WARHAMMER: ARCHAON  
CHAOS REIGNS! THE LORD OF THE  
END TIMES IS COME AT LAST



NEW WARRIORS FOR THE BLOOD GOD

## SKULLS FOR THE SKULL THRONE!

KHORNE CARES ONLY THAT THE BLOOD FLOWS – THE SKULLREAPERS WILL ENSURE IT

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# WHITE DWARF

ISSUE 58  
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# OPENING SALVO

And so the End Times reaches its most thrilling instalment yet, with the arrival of Warhammer: Archaon, in which the Everchosen makes his ultimate move. To talk any more of it runs the risk of spoiling some truly astonishing events; you don't want to miss it.

And to help Archaon hasten in the dominion of Chaos, he gets some reinforcements in the shape of the Wrathmongers and Skullreapers, mighty blood-crazed warriors blessed by the unholy attentions of Khorne, the Blood God. These fabulous new miniatures are festooned with Khornate iconography, grisly mutations and some truly fearsome weaponry – there's no better way to pay tribute to the Skull Throne than painting up some of these terrifying warriors. Plus we put the new Bloodthirster through its paces... is it truly the ultimate warrior?



CHAOS

# KHORNE WRATHMONGERS

Wrathmongers are amongst Khorne's most fanatical warriors, muscle-bound brutes with no sense of pride, honour or self-preservation. Infused with daemonic energy, they fight without pause, relentless in their reign of slaughter.





Decades of constant warfare and carnage in Khorne's name have left their mark on the Wrathmongers. Their bodies have become so heavily muscled from constant fighting that most have discarded their armour, the parts that remain warped almost beyond recognition. Indeed, all five models in this plastic kit also display some form of mutation (the Wrathmonger with three arms, for example), showing their god's favour. Their physique bulging with unholy energy, they tower over mortal men and could rip one apart with their bare hands should the need arise.

That would be a rare occurrence, however, for the Wrathmongers rarely, if ever, let go of their wrath-flails. Attached to great lengths of hell-forged chain, these iron-wrought meteor hammers are considered godly weapons, a gift from the Blood God himself. So

armed, the Wrathmongers bludgeon their way through infantry, cavalry, monsters and anything else that dares stand in their way.



*Above: The Wrathmongers tear into a unit of Dwarf Hammerers. Even their heavy armour won't protect them from the fury of Khorne's servants.*



*Left: There are 13 heads in the kit: seven bare heads, five helmeted ones...*

*Left centre: ...and the champion's daemonic helm.*

*Right Center: This Wrathmonger's armour is fashioned in the shape of Khorne's rune.*

*Right: Teeth and claws have been embossed on this warrior's armour.*



*Left: This Wrathmonger's legs have mutated into those of a Bloodletter.*

*Left centre: Hooks and chains hang from their tabards.*

*Right centre: The kit contains five pairs of wrath-flails, each pair sculpted to follow the model's dynamic pose.*

*Right: Not content wielding two wrath-flails, this Wrathmonger has sprouted an extra arm to hold a third. Alternatively, this arm can also be built holding a sacrificial dagger or a hand axe engraved with the symbol of Khorne.*

CHAOS

# KHORNE SKULLREAPERS

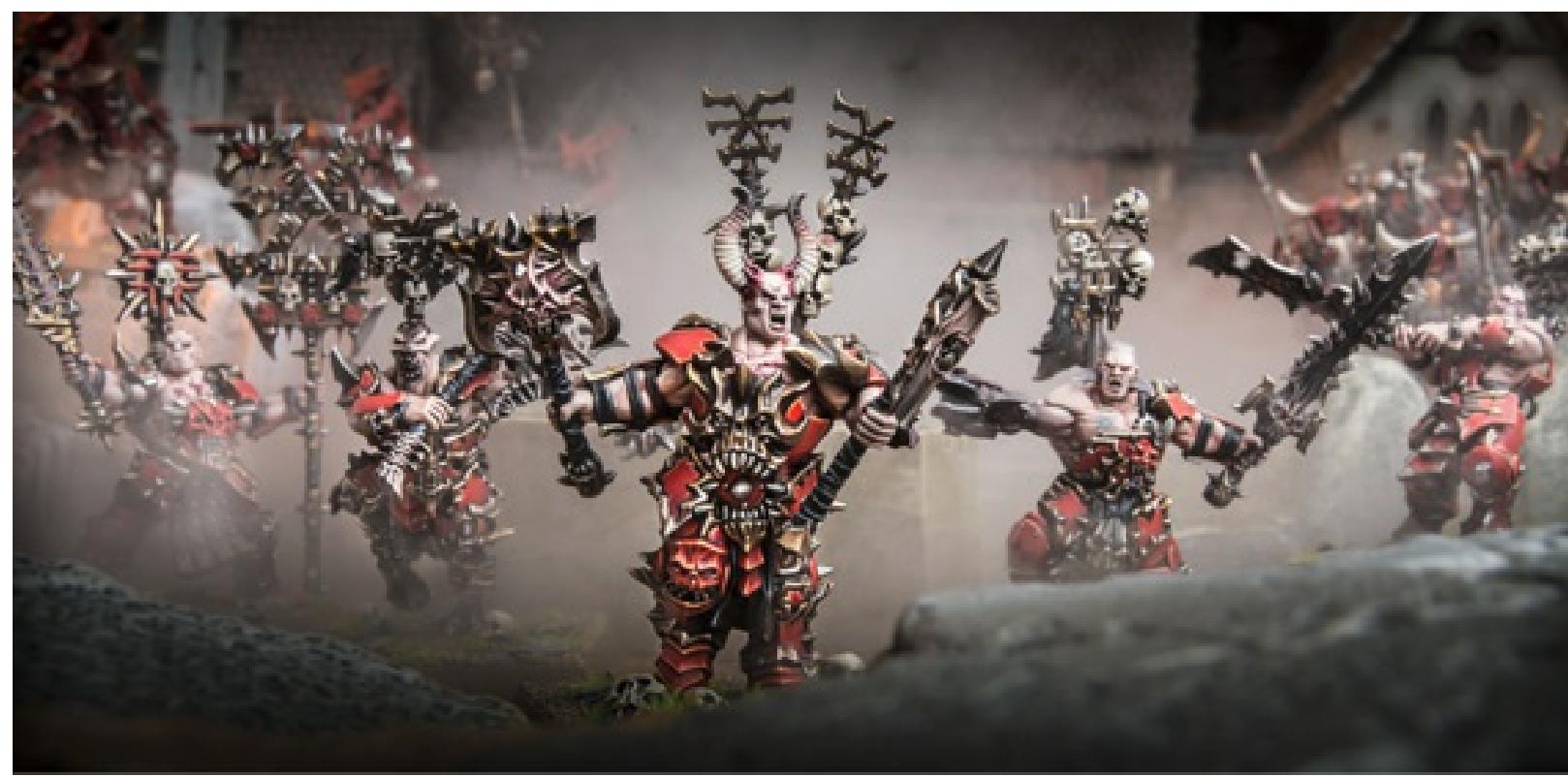
**The Skullreapers have never left the Chaos Wastes, their lives spent hunting the most powerful monsters and champions the Chaos gods have to offer. Now, at Archaon's behest, they march south intent on murder and bloodshed in Khorne's name.**





As Khorne's Chosen, Skullreapers are highly-skilled warriors, their lives dominated by constant warfare. Every one of them is a muscle-bound brute, their bodies transformed by gifts of Khorne and through acts of self-mutilation. Clad in suits of jagged Chaos armour, the edges cruelly bladed, Skullreapers charge into battle in search of worthy foes.

Ferocious and immensely strong, the five Skullreapers in this kit wield weapons that lesser mortals could not lift, let alone swing with any skill. There are nine of these runic axes, maces and swords in this plastic kit, yet there are others deadlier still: highly-prized weapons forged in daemonfire and quenched in murderers' blood. These ensorcelled weapons writhe with the power of Chaos, screaming faces and razor-sharp fangs emerging from the blades to feast on the enemy's flesh.



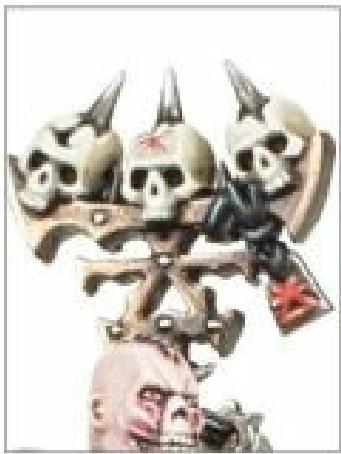
*Above: Unleashed on the city of Averheim, the Skullreapers of Khorne bellow out challenges for worthy foes.*



*Left: The flesh of this Skullreaper's face has been torn off revealing his skull beneath.*

*Left centre: Khorne gifts his most devoted followers with horrific weapons. This is just one of the nine ensorcelled blades in the kit, an axe shaped like a skull, its edge covered in teeth. In addition to these deadly weapons, there are also two daggers, a hand axe, an iron-clad icon of Khorne, two clenched fists and nine brutal-looking hand weapons, including skull-engraved axes and a double-headed pick.*

*Right centre & right: This warrior has been gifted with a scorpion tail and a crab-like claw.*



*Left and centre left: Each Skullreaper wears a trophy rack to display his allegiance to Khorne.*

*Right centre: The seven shoulder plates in the kit can be used on any model.*

*Right: Daemonic talons have pushed their way through this warrior's tortured skin.*

# FOCUS ON...KHORNE'S EMISSARIES

When it comes to warfare, the vassals of the Blood God lack any kind of subtlety, believing simply in wholesale slaughter and bloodshed. Among his followers are the Skullreapers and the Wrathmongers, two sects of warriors who follow Khorne's decree of wanton destruction to the letter.

Once Warriors of Chaos, they have entered a never-ending circle of violence, where reaping skulls leads to greater strength and power, which in turn leads to even greater victories. They have become so infused with Khorne's power that they stand head and shoulders over mortal men, their muscular arms broader than a man's torso. Their bodies are riven with mutations, but, as with all Khorne's gifts, they are all dangerous ones. The Skullreapers all have horns and tusks, while one has been blessed with the aspect of a rabid hound. The Wrathmongers sport equally practical mutations, from bestial legs to an extra arm – anything to get to the enemy quicker and hit them more often. The unit champion has been particularly favoured by Khorne, his upper body studded with rivets and cables like that of a Juggernaut. His helmet is fashioned in the image of a Bloodletter, though it looks suspiciously like it could be his actual head, fused with metal and Daemon alike.



Everything about the Skullreapers and Wrathmongers screams of Khorne's eminence. The skulls of fallen champions have been slammed forcefully onto helmet vanes and trophy racks while shattered teeth and monstrous claws hang from chains and leather straps. Their armour, half discarded, is cracked and battle-scarred, pitted with age, its panels decorated with claws, fangs and daemonic faces. On closer inspection, however, the faces appear creepily life-like as opposed to being forged in brass. In several cases even the symbols of Khorne they wear are broken. But these warriors do not care, for

their appearance means less than nothing to their bloodthirsty god.



WARHAMMER

# ARCHAON

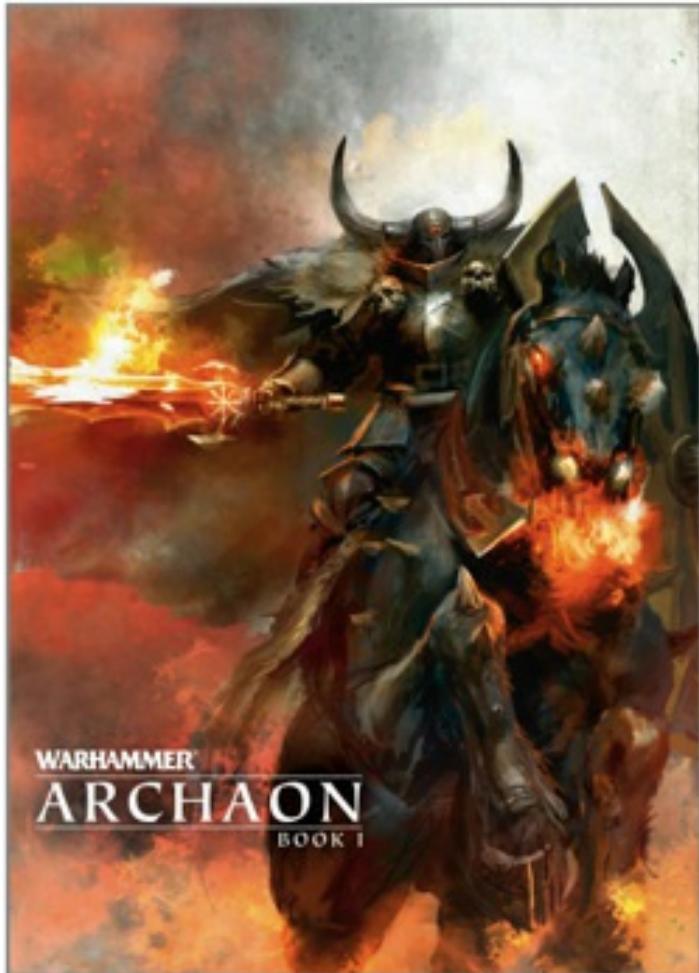
The End Times are upon us and Archaon's great invasion has begun. The world will soon be drowned in Chaos, the plaything of Dark Gods. But an ember of hope burns bright, for mighty heroes stand firm against the rising tide – the greatest battle in history is upon us.



For more than a century the Chaos Warrior named Archaon has plotted a war that will tear the world asunder. He is the champion of the gods of Chaos, and his name is death. At last, as realms burn and the power of Chaos rises to ascendancy, Archaon descends from his darkened throne to fulfil his destiny – unless he can be stopped. For as the hordes of Chaos muster in Middenheim, rallying around Archaon's blasted banners, the Incarnates of Magic rally to defeat him. An assembly of unlikely allies, forced together by desperate circumstance, the Incarnates are drawn from across races, heroes who will use every power at their disposal to thwart the Everchosen's plans.

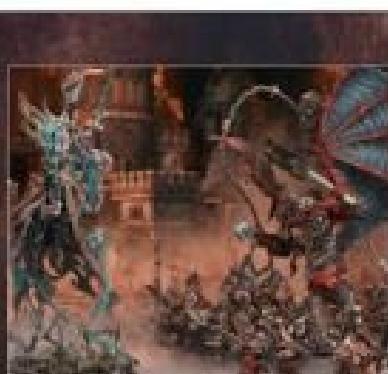
Warhammer: Archaon is a massive two-book set that continues on from the events set out in Nagash, Glottkin, Khaine and Thanquol. The story of Archaon's grand plan is recounted through the 256-page narrative book with inspiring fiction told from a variety of perspectives. This in many ways is the greatest strength of the book – every race in the Warhammer world has something to gain or lose from the events in presented in Warhammer: Archaon, and none will stand idly by while their fate is determined for them. The result is the most devastating war in the history of the world, with battles so unutterably epic they will shake you to the core. In the clash of heroes, both warriors and gods will surely die.

Accompanying this brilliant, devastating narrative is Book II, The Rules, which contains the rules you need to recreate the events of the war on the tabletop with your Citadel miniatures. With new rules for Archaon the Everchosen and a cast of amazing warriors and characters (deep breath: three ranks of Bloodthirster, Skullreapers, Wrathmongers and the Incarnates of Magic), campaign guides, scenarios, Battlescrolls and army selection guidelines (including the Grand Legion of the Everchosen), there's a heck of a lot to enjoy. If you want to get stuck into history's greatest battle, choose a side.

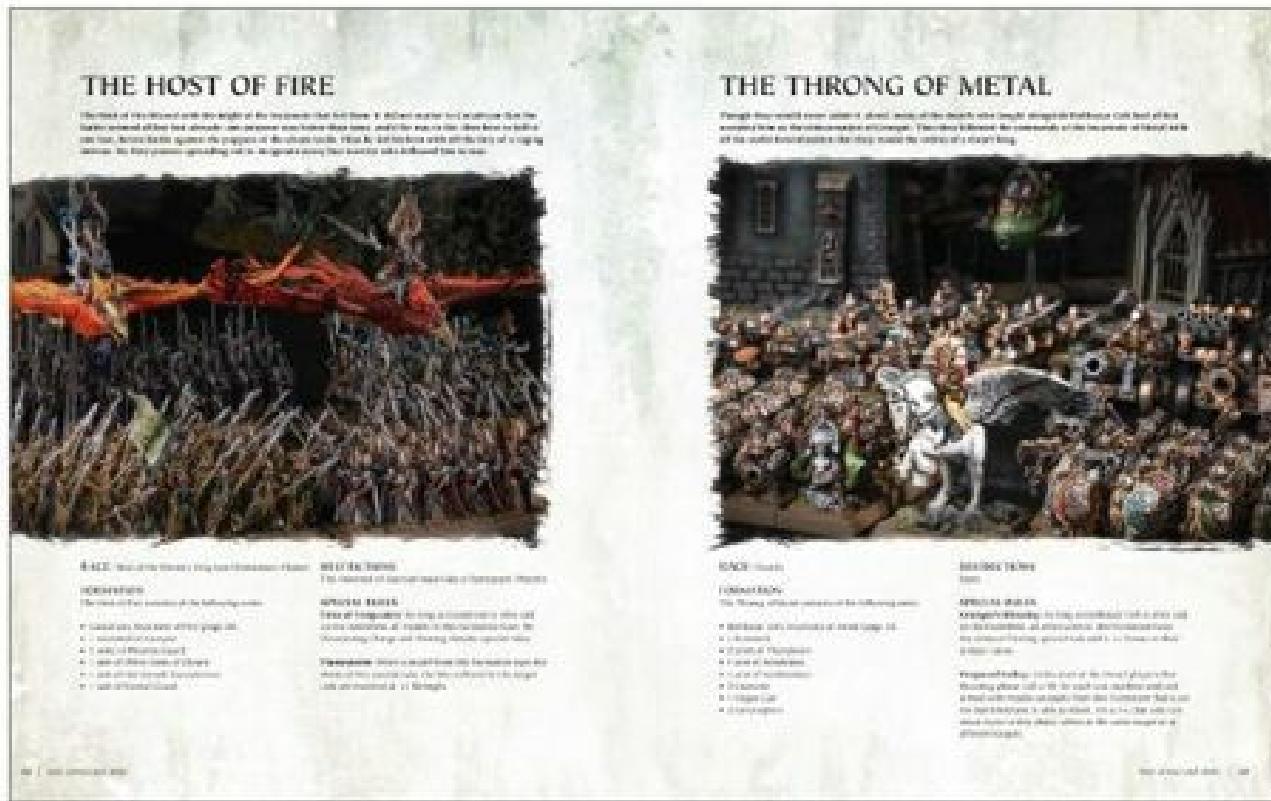


*Left: The cover of Book I, the narrative book.*

*Right: The cover of Book II, The Rules.*



*Above: As Archaon's invasion gains pace, Khorne places his full power behind the*

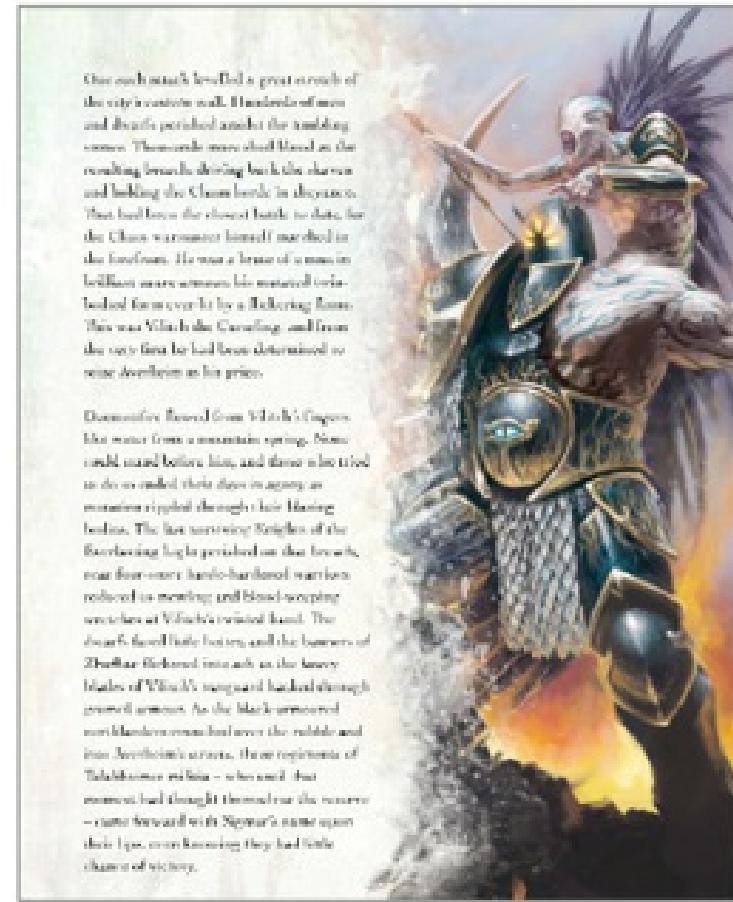
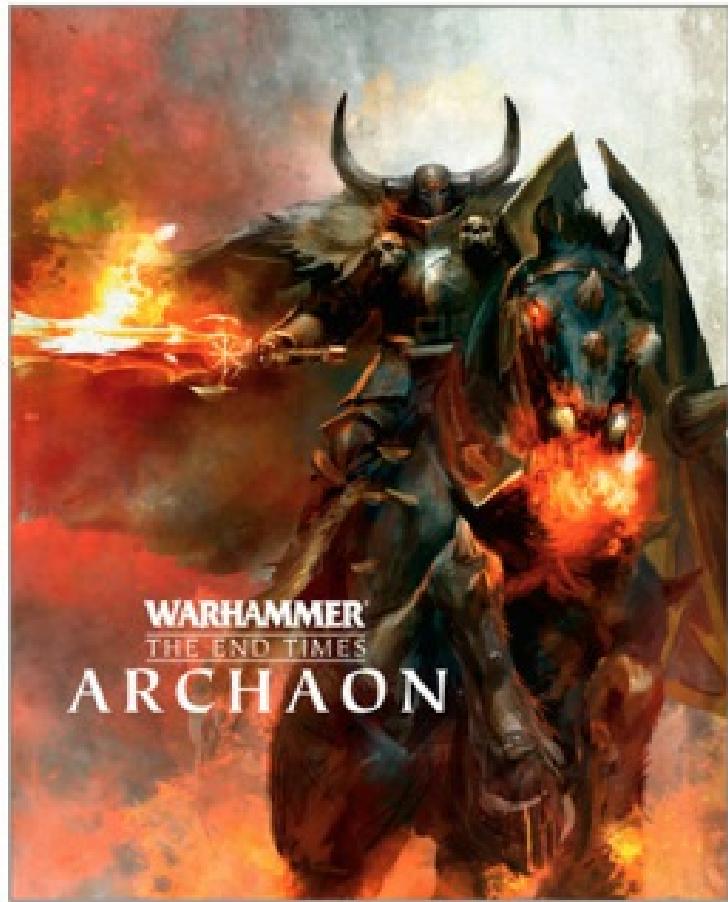


*Above: Book II: The Rules contains a number of Battlescrolls, powerful formations to unleash in your games.*

# WARHAMMER: ARCHAON DIGITAL EDITION

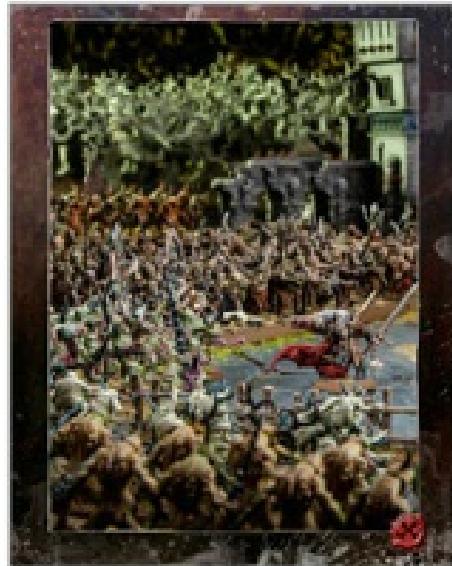
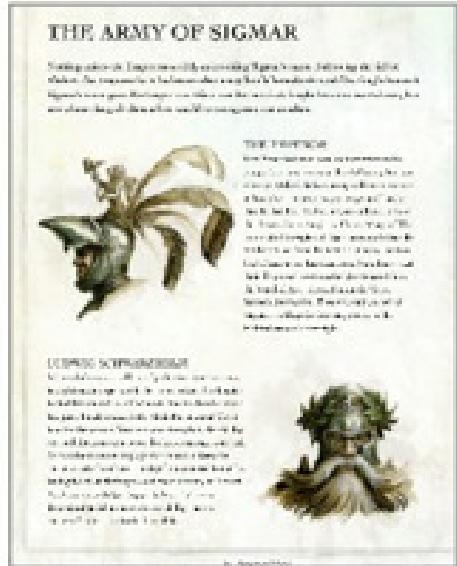
## Available for iPad and eBook

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One such attack levelled a great breach of the city's eastern wall. Hundreds of men and beasts perished amidst the tumbling stones. Thousands more were crushed in the resulting breach, driving back the chariot and halting the Chaos hordes in their tracks. That had been the closest battle to date, for the Chaos warhammer had not marched to the forefront. He was a beast of man in brilliant steel, whose blade was etched with symbols of war and victory by a following flame. This was Vlach the Carrying, and from the very first he had been determined to seize dominion as his prey.

Dominion flowed from Vlach's fingers like water from a mountain spring. None could stand before him, and those who tried to do so ended their days in agony as poison rippled through their flowing bodies. The last surviving Knights of the Iron Guard lay perished on that breach, their iron-hard-harnessed warhams reduced to smoking and blood-soaking wrecks at Vlach's twisted hand. The shards, shards of life held in the banners of Zulbar, shivered amidst the heavy blades of Vlach's unyielding hacked through greenish armours. As the black-prowed warhams roared over the rubble and iron, Archaon's armies, the recipients of Zulbar's vision – who had, that moment, but thought them to be mere – came forward with Sigmar's name upon their lips, even knowing they had little chance of victory.



Warhammer: Archaon is an almighty tome and, with two volumes weighing in at 256 and

80 pages respectively, it's not exactly the kind of light reading you can take around everywhere you go (unless you have your own book bearer, that is).

Fear not, the digital edition of Warhammer: Archaon fits onto your chosen device with the utmost ease, making it the perfect companion for when you have a lengthy train ride or you need to cart all your books to a game (without breaking your back). Both the iPad and eBook editions (in ePub and MOBI formats) contain all the same great content you'll find in the book. You'll also find enhanced functionality in the iPad edition, with a glossary of terms, high-resolution photography and more.

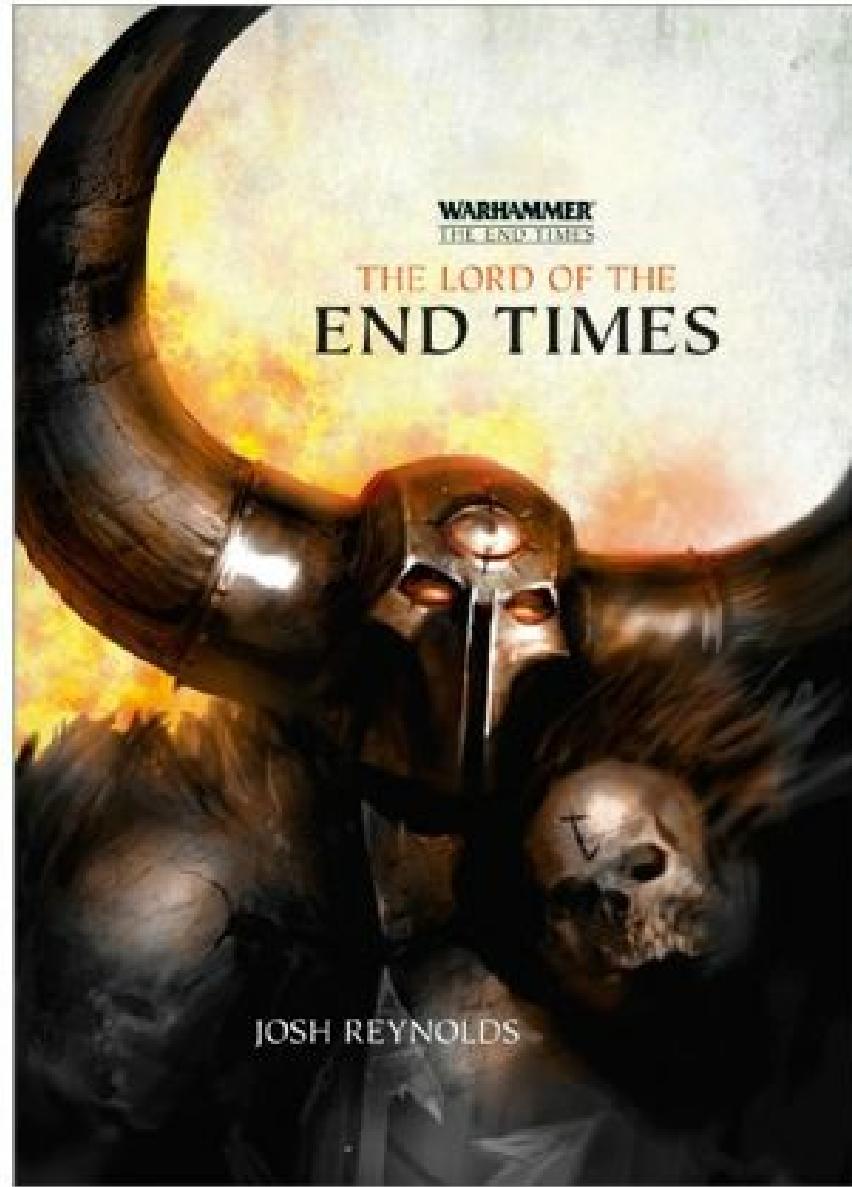
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# THE LORD OF THE END TIMES

By Josh Reynolds  
Hardback | 464 pages

The world quakes as Archaon, the Everchosen of Chaos, unleashes his great invasion.



Ulthuan is no more, the Dwarf holds lie in ruins, Bretonnia is ablaze and the Lizardmen have executed their exodus. These are truly the End Times. In this whopping 464-page epic, Josh Reynolds weaves the thrilling tale of Archaon's great invasion, the culmination of plans for which millions have died.

Without spoiling the tremendous story this novel tells, it's enough to say The Lord of the End Times is an absolute roller coaster ride that draws in many of the mightiest heroes in

the history of Warhammer world and unleashes them in the greatest battles of this (or any other) age. It's exciting, it's harrowing and it caused more than a few tears to be shed here in the bunker.

## FURTHER READING

If you haven't read the previous books in the End Times series, we heartily recommend giving them a go. *The Return of Nagash* is the introduction to the cataclysmic events of the End Times, and holds a wealth of mysteries and adventures for those who haven't dived in yet.

Another fitting recommendation would have to be the Archaon duology, which starts with *Archaon: Everchosen* and continues in *Archaon: Lord of Chaos* (released today). These books plot Archaon's rise to glory and show him earning the favour of the Dark Gods – the perfect companion piece for *Warhammer: Archaon and The Lord of The End Times*.

# WARHAMMER: ARCHAON LIMITED EDITION

Celebrate the End Times with the limited edition of Warhammer: Archaon. This hulking collection of three hardback books, including an exclusive art book and magnetically-sealed within a luxury slipcase, is strictly limited to only 500 copies.



If you have been collecting the End Times books since the series began, you won't want to miss this. The Warhammer: Archaon limited edition is the most impressive volume in the series so far, a collection of three books of such stupendous size you'll need a new shelf just to hold it.

Packaged within a sturdy, magnetically-sealed slipcase, this edition contains Book I (the narrative book), Book II (The Rules) and a 280-page art book. All three of these tomes are finished with dark, moody covers that feature spot UV varnish, unique to this fantastic limited edition.

The content of the first two is identical to that found in the regular edition, while the third book is exclusive to the limited edition and forms the ultimate gallery of artwork from the End Times and beyond. We sat down and pored over this book for ages and it

was glorious. A word of warning, though, there are lots of spoilers on those pages. Don't read the art book until you've finished the story in the narrative one.

*Warhammer: Archaon limited edition is limited to 500 copies worldwide, available exclusively online from [games-workshop.com](http://games-workshop.com).*



# LORD OF THE END TIMES

One name above all others is synonymous with the End Times: Archaon, the Everchosen of the gods of Chaos, a figure of transcendent power and burning hatred. And yet, while he stands poised to drown the world in Chaos, he was not always so...



## THE SLAYER OF KINGS

The artefact of Chaos known as the Slayer of Kings is perhaps the mightiest magical weapon in the Warhammer world. It contains the bound essence of the Greater Daemon U'zuhl which, in dire circumstances, can be unleashed, turning the blade into a blur of utmost butchery.

Nearly one thousand years before Archaon launched his grand invasion of the Old World, there existed a notorious madman, a raving lunatic who inhabited the Republic of Remas

in Tilea. His name was Necrodomo. Madmen, of course, have never been rare in embattled Tilea, even in the relatively stable province of Remas, and Necrodomo might have passed unremarked upon had his writings not fallen into the hands of the Inquisitori. From Necrodomo's blood-flecked lips and broken spirit the cruel torturers sought to extract a confession by which to reassure themselves that his words were lies. Instead they died as Necrodomo was delivered from their cruel ministrations by an incredibly powerful benefactor: a Daemon Prince who asked but one boon in return. Be'lakor, the Daemon Prince, asked the ravaged Necrodomo to scribe a prophecy that would change the Warhammer world forever. Within it, the quivering, broken madman named the champion of Chaos who would bring about the glory of Dark Gods: Archaon.

Roughly eight centuries later, the first fruits of those insane ravings became prophecy when an unwanted child was left upon the steps of a temple of Sigmar, destined for a stern and unyielding upbringing in the care of the god-king's templars. Time and again the course of his life was diverted, for though the infant, and later the adolescent boy, could never know it, he had the same patron as the pitiful Necrodomo, and the inexorable hand of fate shepherded the hapless child named Diederick Kastner towards his destiny.

Long years later, the unwanted infant, having grown to become a powerful and faithful templar-priest of Sigmar, happened upon the Celestine Book of Divination, the masterwork attributed to Necrodomo. The Book of Divination was, even then, considered a forbidden and proscribed work but with the Empire besieged by Chaos warbands and the young Kastner caught up in a dire and far-reaching conspiracy he turned to its pages, eagerly studying the scrawlings within in the hope of divining some way to thwart the growing power of Chaos. Instead he learned the prophesies of the End Times, and the coming of the Everchosen of Chaos. His mind was opened to world-shattering truths that had been denied to him all his life. In the heretical ravings of Necrodomo the Insane, Kastner saw his own destiny.

Thus did the mortal man who would become the Lord of the End Times shrug off the yoke of lies he had worn since his birth and turn his back upon the falsehood and misery of the cult of Sigmar. Spiritually reborn, he embraced his destiny as the champion of the Dark Gods. Diederick Kastner was no more; Archaon was born. The Book of Divination revealed what he must to do achieve his destiny. It would not be enough to simply betray his vows and turn against his people. Archaon would need to drown the world in Chaos – to open the eyes of the deluded fools around him to the inescapable glory and truth of Chaos.

Long ago, other great warlords also tried to seize the mantle of Everchosen and usher in the End Times, and though names such as Asavar Kul, the invader of the Empire in the Great War Against Chaos, and Morkar the Uniter ring throughout history, ultimately each failed in their quest. Determined to succeed where others had failed, Archaon gleaned the answers from Necrodomo's masterwork. Archaon would have to pass the trials of the Dark Gods, and claim the six gifts of Chaos. Gathering his closest companions around

him, the once-templar embarked on a quest that would last decades.



## THE ARMOUR OF MORKAR

Morkar was the first Everchosen of Chaos and was defeated by Sigmar of the Unberogen tribe. Such are the magical enchantments set upon this massive suit of black iron armour that the wearer is all but impervious to attacks, whether magical or mundane. Clad in this suit, Archaon has weathered the arrows, spears and blades of his foes, and some question whether anyone less than Sigmar himself could ever triumph against a warrior so clad.

Archaon travelled north, cutting a bloody swathe through all who opposed him until he reached the Realm of Chaos. What occurred there is recorded elsewhere, but when he returned he was suffused with the power of the Dark Gods. Gathering a warband of Chaos Knights, known ominously as the Swords of Chaos, he sought out the first of the six artefacts. If he could claim all six of these, he would have the power to enact the will of the gods. The first part of this quest would be fulfilled at the Altar of Ultimate Darkness in Naggaroth. As he travelled, Archaon gathered an army, which swelled as he crushed rival warlords or won them to his cause. In Naggaroth he warred with the Dark Elves to gain access to the Altar, and at the height of the battle Khorne poured forth his blessings upon Archaon, hurling his handmaiden, Valkia the Bloody, into the fray to ensure his victory.

Alone Archaon entered the Altar's sanctum, slaughtering its denizens to emerge drenched in the gore of his foes. The Altar was reconsecrated to the Dark Gods and they poured forth their approval; the eternally burning Mark of Chaos blazed upon his warlike brow. The approbation of the Dark Gods secured, Archaon turned his attention towards the next artefact, the armour of Morkar.

For six days and nights Archaon and his Swords of Chaos fought the savage half-humans guarding the armour, razing their necropolises to ruins in their fury. Archaon claimed the armour, but not before it came to life, imbued by the spirit of Morkar himself, the first Everchosen of Chaos. Archaon banished the revenant with a word, and took the armour for himself.

The third artefact of Chaos sought by Archaon was the Eye of Sheerian, and Archaon found it in the lair of the Chaos Dragon Flamefang. For hours he battled the Dragon, his gleaming blade set against its gem-encrusted hide. The armour of Morkar was proof against the Dragon's fiery breath, so Flamefang swallowed him whole. Archaon simply hacked his way out from the inside and prised the eye of Sheerian from among the precious stones embedded in Flamefang's belly.

From the Daemon Lord Agrammon, Archaon stole the Steed of the Apocalypse, Dorghar. Agrammon's palace was in the Realm of Chaos, but Archaon was undaunted. He used the eye of Sheerian to track the steed down before breaking it with his indomitable will.

The Slayer of Kings was the fifth artefact of Chaos, which Archaon recovered from the Chimaera Plateau, beneath the slumbering form of Krakanrok, the father of the Dragon Ogre race. With the help of his trusted ally Prince Ograx, they lifted Krakanrok's recumbent form enough to draw the sword free – but in that instant it began to scream at an ear-splitting volume. Rather than risk Krakanrok waking, and smiting them both, Archaon plunged the Slayer of Kings into Ograx's chest. The royal blood of his companion satisfied the sword for long enough for Archaon to descend from the plateau to the joyous cheers of his assembled followers.

The final artefact, the Crown of Dominion, proved the hardest to gather, as Archaon suffered the distractions of Vilitch the Curseling. Finally, having overcome the Tzeentchian sorcerer's lies, Archaon marched to the World's Edge Mountains, where his army battled Ogre hordes and Dwarfish throngs. As for Archaon, he ascended the First Shrine to Chaos, the place where the first mortal soul was bartered to the Dark Gods. There he proved himself to the gods – Nurgle, Tzeentch, Slaanesh and finally Khorne – in trials of will, courage and combat.

Finally Archaon returned to his men, and there Be'lakor, the same Daemon Prince who had guided his life, even from before his birth, crowned him as the Everchosen of the Dark Gods. As the vast hordes of warriors who had flocked to Archaon's banners howled their approval, the skies were illuminated by an ominous portent. A great comet, trailing twin-tails of blazing flame lit up the heavens. The Lord of the End Times had come – and the whole world would feel his wrath.

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## THE SWORDS OF CHAOS

This mysterious band of Chaos Knights joined themselves to Archaon shortly after his epiphany. They have fought at his side ever since, battling through Elves, Daemons and beasts so strange as to defy description. They are, without a doubt, the most powerful and feared Chaos Knights in the world, and any who see them take to the field feel the cold fingers of fear in their hearts. As the End Times close in these unstoppable warriors prepare to conquer the Warhammer world at their master's side.

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# THE SHADOW PATRON OF ARCHAON

Be'lakor was the first Daemon Prince of Chaos, raised by all four of the Dark Gods as their daemonic champion. As first of his kind, Be'lakor was a novelty to the gods, and they enjoyed his ways, for a time, but Be'lakor was not easily bent to their will, and thus in time they tired of him and instead raised other mortal servants to daemonhood, turning their gaze from he who was once their most favoured servant. Eventually, Be'lakor was banished to the Realm of Chaos, unable to even enter the mortal world unless summoned by a hapless mortal or ordered by the gods to crown a new Everchosen of Chaos.

This predicament left Be'lakor wracked with impotent fury. He longs to enslave the mortal world and to lead the glorious armies of Chaos as their undisputed master – and thus for millennia he has manipulated events in the world, guiding the weak-minded and unwitting to do his bidding, even duping fools into summoning him into the world, where he has run amok until finally laid low by some mortal champion.

Each time Be'lakor has crowned the champion of the Dark Gods he has inwardly raged at the injustice of it – doomed forever to crown others but never wear one himself. But with Archaon he had different plans, and thus he subtly guided the course of Archaon's life, his intention to usurp the crown from his prodigal son at the moment of his ultimate victory. But Archaon outwitted the master of shadow at the critical moment, and thus, as he had done many times before, Be'lakor railed against the injustice of crowning another with that which he craved the most.

But Be'lakor's work is not done, his final gambit not yet played out. As Archaon marches towards his glorious destiny, his father-in-shadow plots against him and the will of the Dark Gods. Be'lakor will have his crown, and his glory, and he will commit any atrocity to gain them.

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## DORGHAR

Known as the Steed of the Apocalypse, Dorghar is a massive daemonic steed whose eyes blaze with brimstone and whose hooves leave fiery prints upon the ground. The perpetual stench of sulphur surrounds him, the harbinger of his baleful presence.

It is said that Dorghar can change shape, and certainly when Archaon stole him from the stables of Agrammon he writhed and shifted through countless aspects until Archaon broke his will. Now, he is a giant black stallion.

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# GOLDEN DEMON 2014

Golden Demon is Games Workshop's annual painting competition, featuring some of the finest Citadel miniatures in the world. This week we are proud to feature 'Wolf Brothers', a diorama by Darren Latham which claimed second place in the 2014 Open Competition.



We caught up with Darren Latham to ask him a few questions about his Golden Demon entry 'Wolf Brothers'.

**White Dwarf:** Congratulations on the Silver Award, Darren. What inspired you to enter Golden Demon?

**Darren Latham:** Thanks, I'm really pleased. I've always got a painting project on the go – I feel like I have to, just to keep my skills ticking over. I've picked up a lot of techniques and methods over the years, and I don't want to let them get rusty. Normally that means painting a single figure or a diorama every so often. This year I actually made a bet with a friend to finally enter the Open Competition (something I've never done before).

**WD:** Where did the idea for the display come from?

**DL:** Well, the Space Wolves are among my favourite parts of the Warhammer 40,000 background. I collected an army of them as a youngster and I've painted lots more since. For this display I had a story in my head of two brothers from a Fenrisian tribe who were both recruited to the Space Wolves Chapter. After many years apart, they've been reunited in the Wolf Guard, and now they're fighting together against their Chapter's most hated enemy.

**WD:** It sounds like you've put a lot of thought into the diorama, do you normally imagine your painting projects like that?

**DL:** Absolutely. The stories and characters are what really drives me. In my mind's eye I can see the battle unfolding around these two as the older brother covers the younger one's charge into combat.

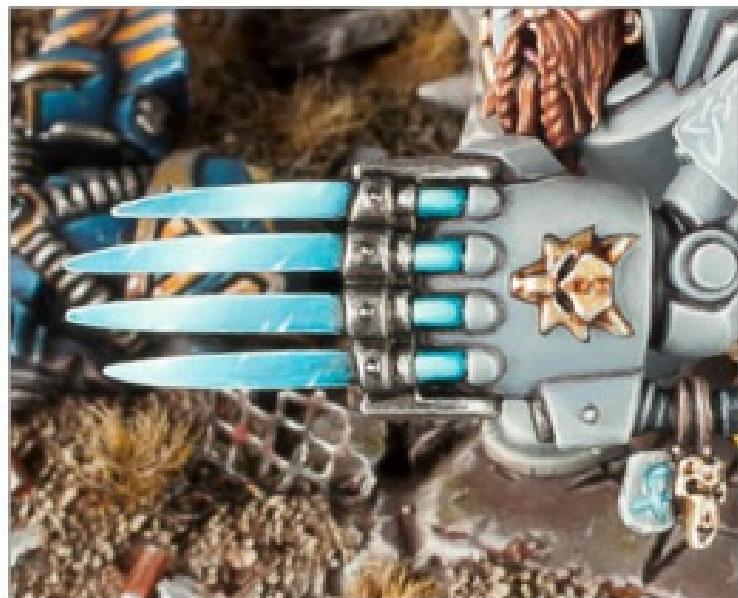
**WD:** The painting is incredible – what goes into a diorama like this?

**DL:** Well, while I paint in fits and starts, an hour here or there, I'd wager I've spent several hundred hours painting this. Normally I paint sat next to my wife on the couch, but this required proper lighting and a decent work desk.



*Left: Both of the Wolf Brothers have heads borrowed from Chaos Marauders. “I only needed to do a small amount of conversion work to make them fit,” says Darren.*

*Right: The older brother uses the grizzled one-eyed Marauder Horseman head. “These faces are brutal, full of character and battle wounds. Perfect for my two Wolf Brothers,” Darren says.*



*Left: Across the diorama Darren has used an electric blue for a spot colour. You can see it on the lightning claws, in gem stones, targeting lights and more.*

*Right: All markings are painted by hand – from Ragnar’s Great Company badge to the tattoos on their heads and even tribal patterns on the edges of armour plates. “Space Wolves take great pride in their pack markings, so I made sure they were right,” Darren says.*

Every month we feature galleries of beautifully-painted miniatures in Warhammer: Visions, with Golden Demon showcases, readers' submissions and the models from the Studio 'Eavy Metal collection.

To see more great miniatures like Darren's amazing diorama, check out the latest edition.



# BLOOD, SKULLS, GLORY!

One of the White Dwarf team's favourite things to do is try out the newest releases in battle. Having spent the last week debating how good Bloodthirsters are at chopping stuff up, we took all three of them to the battlefield and unleashed them on a trio of worthy foes.



## HOW DOES IT WORK?

The rules for our challenges are really simple. We set up two Realm of Battle Gameboard tiles and a bit of scenery and place our chosen models at opposite ends. The value of the models doesn't matter, just so long as they are roughly even or will make for an interesting fight. First turn goes to the side that wins a roll-off, then the models fight to the death.

Sometimes we find someone tries to run away to avoid combat, but the board's only so big and Bloodthirsters don't tire easily. Mocking the player for their cowardly tactics is highly encouraged.



# WRATH OF KHORNE BLOODTHIRSTER VERSUS LORD SKREECH

The first match-up of the day saw a Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster take on the Verminlord Skreech Verminking. This Bloodthirster had the Daemonic Gifts Corpulence and Souleater.

The Bloodthirster moved first and flew directly for Lord Skreech, intent on bloodshed. The Verminlord had other ideas and used his speed to run out of the Bloodthirster's charge arc before casting Warp Lightning at the Greater Daemon to no appreciable effect. Sadly, Skreech cast the spell with such power that he had to fight back a Dimensional Cascade. Luckily he survived the magical backlash. Angered, the Bloodthirster turned to face the Verminlord, aiming to corner him the following turn. Once again, Skreech cast Warp Lightning, and, much to Khorne's amusement, caused another Cascade.

In the following turn, Skreech charged the Wrath of Khorne rather than risk wounding himself any more (and not wanting the Bloodthirster to benefit from the charge). He caused two wounds with his doom glaive before being hit and wounded (and thus killed!) by all of the Bloodthirster's eight attacks. Ouch!

# WRATH OF KHORNE BLOODTHIRSTER VERSUS THE GLOTTKIN

In our second showdown, the Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster fought the Glottkin. His Daemonic Gifts were Corpulence, Dark Blessing and Noxious Breath.

The Glottkin, although definitely harder to kill than Skreech, were also considerably slower, waddling unhurriedly towards the Bloodthirster flying towards them. Ethrac tapped into the Winds of Magic and drew a measly stream of power, casting Rancid Visitations on the Bloodthirster, who easily shrugged off its influence. In return, the Bloodthirster swooped closer but failed to reach the Glottkin despite being a Relentless Hunter (which adds 3" to his charge range when he charges a character). Otto goaded Ghurk onwards and the Brothers Glott charged into combat.

Tapping into the Winds of Magic once more, Ethrac succeeded in casting Curse of the Leper on himself and his brothers, boosting them up to a Toughness of 9. Undeterred by their magical shenanigans, the Wrath of Khorne unleashed a barrage of attacks on the Brothers Glott, hitting (just like in the last challenge) with all eight due to his Hatred for enemy characters. Even the swarm of flies surrounding the Brothers Glott didn't confuse his aim.

In the first fight, this axe-happy tactic saw the Bloodthirster quickly triumph over the unsuspecting Lord Skreech. Against the magically imbued Glottkin, however, Khorne's servant caused just a single wound, his wrathaxe and bloodflail bouncing off their toughened hide. Enraged, the Bloodthirster unleashed his Noxious Breath which, unsurprisingly, did nothing to the already highly-noxious trio. The Brothers Glott had an equally miserable round of combat, Otto causing just a single wound on the Bloodthirster while Ghurk regenerated his injuries. The result was a win for the Brothers Glott in this round of combat, but the Bloodthirster wasn't about to concede the fight...

## MAGICAL NONSENSE

Few things anger Khorne more than wizards and spellcasters, who he believes to be dishonourable tricksters. As a result, his daemonic minions will often benefit from his protection, all three ranks of Bloodthirster displaying some form of Magic Resistance. This means that, while a spell may be successfully cast against them (which is likely due to their lack of any wizardry of their own), they will get a ward save against any damage done to them. This means that spells such as Warp Lightning and Rancid Visitations had little effect on the Bloodthirsters, simply rippling off their thick red hides. As a result, all three of the Bloodthirsters' foes (all of which were Wizards) resorted to the use of summoning spells and spells intended to augment their own powers instead.



The combat continued the following turn with the Bloodthirster once again hacking chunks out of Ghurk, but to little effect, causing just a single wound on him. Once again, Nurgle's blessing protected the Glottkin and they quickly regenerated.

In return, the Brothers laid into the Wrath of Khorne, Otto hitting twice with his scythe while Ghurk succeeded in wrapping his tentacle around the Bloodthirster's throat. Sadly for Nurgle's favoured sons, only Otto's attacks caused any damage, the Bloodthirster throwing Ghurk's tentacle back at him. Aggrieved, Ghurk unleashed his own Pestilent Torrent and wounded the Bloodthirster a second time, much to Ghurk's amusement. The combat ended, once again, with the Bloodthirster on the back foot (or should that be hoof?). Though Stubborn, he only just passed his morale check and the fight continued into a third round.

Ethrac once again tapped into the Winds of Magic, but barely scraped together enough power for a couple of spells (a double 2 was rolled every turn for the Winds of Magic during this battle). Knowing Khorne was getting wind of his tactics, Ethrac cast *Fleshy Abundance* in the hope of drawing out any potential dispels. He cast it with little power and Khorne easily dismissed the regenerative spell. Ethrac then cast *Curse of the Leper* once again, blasting it out with *Irresistible Force*, giving the three Brothers Toughness 9 for a second turn and suffering a dose of magical feedback in the process.

Combat was a frustrating business for the Bloodthirster, who succeeded in hitting the Glottkin (and numerous flies) six times, but caused no wounds. Infuriated, he breathed fire on them, causing a whopping four wounds, which couldn't be regenerated. The Bloodthirster quickly wished he'd thought of this tactic earlier...

In retaliation, Otto Glott launched a flurry of attacks at the Bloodthirster, which it parried easily. Distracted, the Greater Daemon failed to notice Ghurk's tentacle, which whipped out and throttled the life from him. The Brothers Glott emerged victorious over the Wrath of Khorne.

## THE FAST, THE STRONG AND THE TOUGH

The Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster is undeniably one of the greatest warriors in Warhammer. However, as he found against Lord Skreech, there are some foes that are faster. Elves, with their ability to Always Strike First, spring to mind; likewise, anything that's Initiative 10. It's for this reason that taking Daemonic Gifts is always worthwhile. In these three fights, the Wrath of Khorne rolled Corpulence every time (suspiciously so, in our opinion), meaning he had more wounds to help him survive the coming violence. On the other hand, had he rolled Unnatural Swiftness, his victory over Skreech would have happened without reprisal. In the second fight, against the Glottkin, it was their ridiculous Toughness that made them virtually impossible to kill. In this case the Cleaving Blow Daemonic Gift would have proven useful, doubling every unsaved wound caused in combat.

## NEW CHALLENGER, PLEASE!

Having seen the Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster slowly, inexorably torn apart by the Glottkin, we decided to banish the big red one and repeat the challenge with a Bloodthirster of Insensate Rage, a Greater Daemon from the sixth host of Khorne. While this may seem like an even more unfair match-up, the Bloodthirster of Insensate Rage does have Heroic Killing Blow, which could make short work of the Brothers Glott, even if they boosted their Toughness with Curse of the Leper.

True to form, the Glottkin used the same spell to make themselves Toughness 9 once again. After suffering a couple of wounds to Otto's attacks, the Bloodthirster swung his great axe in a mighty arc, causing not one but two hits with Heroic Killing Blow. One failed Regeneration save later and the Glottkin's skulls belonged to Khorne.

# TWO BLOODTHIRSTERS VERSUS NAGASH

Our third challenge saw a Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster and a Bloodthirster of Unfettered Fury take on Nagash, Supreme Lord of the Undead. The Wrath of Khorne had the Skill Swallower gift, while the Unfettered Fury had Crushing Mass. Nagash drew his spells from the Lore of Undeath and the Lore of the Vampires.

As the Bloodthirsters flew forward, Nagash floated as far back as he could and drew on the Winds of Magic, attempting to cast Ryze – the Grave Call. His spell was instantly stopped by Khorne, who wasn't keen on letting the Great Necromancer take back any of his precious skulls. Petulantly, Nagash flicked his wrist and summoned a Necromancer using Kandorak – the Harbinger, followed by a small unit of Zombies using his last remaining power dice. It wasn't much, but hopefully the Zombies would get in the way of at least one Bloodthirster, while the Necromancer could help restore wounds to Nagash, should the Supreme Lord of the Undeath be hurt in combat.

The two Bloodthirsters regarded the Zombies with contempt, the Wrath of Khorne ordering his lesser brother to fight them while he charged Nagash.

The Bloodthirster of Unfettered Fury hit the Zombies like a brass meteor, obliterating most of them with a combination of Impact Hits (due to Crushing Mass), flailing axe-swings and Thunderstomps. Undeterred by the dismemberment of their fellows, the remaining three Zombies succeeded in wounding the mighty beast before crumbling into dust. Nearby, the Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster unleashed a storm of attacks against Nagash, who took three wounds despite the Black Armour and caused only a single wound in return with the Mortis Blade. Having lost the combat, Nagash desperately tried to regain his wounds in the following turn, the nearby Necromancer restoring one of them. Sadly it wasn't enough, the Bloodthirster making short work of Nagash in the ensuing round of combat. Victory went to Khorne!

## IN THE CRUCIBLE

The last challenge against Nagash proved one thing above all else: even the mightiest characters have their weaknesses. Nagash is undeniably one of the most powerful characters in Warhammer (at 1000 points of boney goodness, he'd better be...). In the crucible of war he's a nightmare to fight, summoning Undead legions around himself, resurrecting fallen warriors and making life difficult for pretty much everything in the enemy army, slowly grinding units and heroes down in a war of attrition.

Against two Bloodthirsters, however, there was nowhere for Nagash to hide and certainly not enough time to summon an army of Skeletons before the two raging Daemons flew into combat with him. Taking heroes out of a regular battle and pitching them only against each other really shows where their strengths and weaknesses lie. Nagash, it

seems, had better watch out for winged red Daemons in the future.



# CODEX: APOCRYPHA

**Heavy lies the crown – even if it is a stolen one. Months after winning a long coveted position upon the Council of Thirteen, Grey Seer Thanquol learns that there are difficulties even at the top...**



As he paced, Thanquol's tail lashed as if it possessed a mind of its own. This added to the Grey Seer's aggravation. When he could take no more, Thanquol snatched the thrashing appendage out of mid-air, absentmindedly gnawing on it, an old habit that had left his worm-like tail thick with scar tissue.

Thanquol's clawed feet kicked at the carpet of half-gnawed bones. While he revelled in occupying the former throne room of a defeated archenemy, the cursed place still stank of Dwarf-things. But the smell wasn't really what agitated him.

After so many victories, Thanquol was infuriated that it all still seemed so difficult. It should be easy now! This was the position he had dreamt of his whole life. Backwater assignments, lean pickings – more than once he had been forced to scavenge amongst the rancid dead to avoid the black hunger. How many nights had he gnashed his own tail

while dwelling upon almost-triumphs and near-victories? Thanquol had suffered his share of setbacks, but those days were gone.

Thanquol was first among the Grey Seers. Thanquol's bodyguard, Boneripper, was a musclebound giant – a being capable of defeating armies single-handedly. As was his rightful due, Thanquol sat at the highest (mortal) position on the Council of Thirteen, the ruling body that dictated orders to the thousands upon thousands of Skaven clans. Yet his plans were not bearing fruit, his traps remained unsprung. Instead of glory, Thanquol's underlings brought him excuses and obstacles.

Thanquol's patience – never great – had evaporated. Now, his underlings feared even to bring him good news, lest even that disappoint the horned ratmage. On more than one occasion Thanquol had been so riled that he summoned black lightning to destroy the messengers before they had even been allowed to deliver their news.

Best to be both violent and unpredictable, at least so said Thanquol's Verminlord mentor, Skreech Verminking. It was one of the few pieces of straightforward advice the rat daemon had given him. Most often, Verminking spoke in riddling circles. This vexed the Grey Seer greatly, adding to his ire. Sometimes he suspected it was not he that was doing the manipulating, that perhaps he was merely the pawn of some higher power...

After such disturbing thoughts, Thanquol popped another nugget of glowing warpstone into his muzzle, working the slivers over with his numbed tongue before grinding and cracking the shards with his back teeth. Instantly the raw magic flowed through him, fuelling the Grey Seer with great powers. Before his thoughts could scatter, Thanquol bent his prodigious, warpstone-fired mind upon his current problems.

First, Thanquol's dealings with the Skaven clans had begun as a nightmare, and grown steadily worse. Some clans needed steering, others cajoling, while no few simply needed to be beaten into submission. Thanquol found far too many Clan Warlords and Chieftains too stupid to follow orders, so that he grew to better appreciate those most ambitious to be leaders themselves. They would backstab and doublecross, but they at least understood Thanquol's plans before they attempted to sabotage them to better suit their own needs.

Never in his wildest warpstone dreams did Thanquol ever imagine victory causing so much trouble.

The Skaven and their new Chaos allies had achieved so many victories in such a short time that it was proving difficult to divide up scavenge rights. It was essential that the Grey Seers and every member of the Council of Thirteen, as well as the Clan Warlords, received their proper clawful out of the plundering. There were so many double-deals afoot it was difficult to track. Never had the Under-Empire overflowed with so much loot – Skavenblight was full of slaves, gold and warpstone.

The largest of Thanquol's problems, however, was the Skaven's newest ally – the Chaos powers. Thanquol himself had prostrated himself before the one the man-things called

Archaon, the Three-Eyed King. It had been Thanquol who had made a treaty-pledge, offering the cooperation of the Council of Thirteen, and all the forces at their disposal. In return for the service of many Warlord clans, the armies of the Dark Gods would count the Skaven as their servants and allies.

Already the ratmen had provided troops and weapons beyond count to their new Chaos Lord. The Skaven spied out the lands and snuck deep beyond the enemy's defences. It was true, Archaon and his minions made cruel use of the teeming hordes – but that was no matter, the Warlord clans did much the same, and never had the victories followed as they did now. The Dwarf-things were routed, the kingdoms of the man-things burned. Ogres and greenskins had been met and the Dark Lands turned red with their blood. The Skaven rejoiced.

To the Skaven, there was no shame in bowing before a more powerful being, or allying to the winning side. This was the natural way of things, and Skaven on the wrong side of a clan war had always been known to simply switch sides, changing allegiance the way a snake sheds its old skin. Thanquol had seen the size of the Everchosen's armies, he had stood within the dark aura of that being's immense power. Even thinking about it now made Thanquol's fur bristle. It was necessary to bow before the Dark Gods, and all of the Skaven leaders had understood that such an alliance would tax their resources. Now Thanquol, as chief advocate of the Council of Thirteen, spent all his time attempting to placate both sides.

No matter how many troops the Skaven sent as tribute, more were demanded. Always, they demanded more. Only the plentiful warpstone – the rich bounty of the fallen moon – allowed the Skaven to produce more troops. Night and day, the machinery worked and the mutators blended unctuous salves to accentuate hyper-breeding. Never had the Under-Empire produced at even half the current rate, and yet more were needed. Thanquol pondered, what should he do next...?

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“Gnaw-grinding your tail again?” came a familiar voice from the behind the throne. The darkness there seemed to coalesce, forming an even blacker shadow. Within that darkness gleamed fell eyes.

“Yes-yes,” admitted Thanquol, dropping his tail from his muzzle. “You are late, oh Great Verminking. I have much to ask. Clan Moulder demands...”

Before Thanquol could continue with his litany of complaints about troublesome clans, the Verminlord arose from crouching in the shadows, unfolding himself to his full, towering height. “Silence, little horned mage,” hissed Skreech. “We have much to discuss. Quick-soon Archaon marches again. The greatest of battles is coming.”

“We are to send-pay more aid?” said Thanquol, his worst fears confirmed. “We are to join the war-battle ourselves?”

“No-no, my most faithful of Grey Seers, our treaty-tithe is fine. While all are busy elsewhere, we must look to Skavenblight. Win or lose, the great capital must not remain upon this world anymore... not safe. No-no.” As he spoke, Verminking was already weaving his magic to transport them to some new location. This was exactly the kind of not-fully-explained thing that had been driving Thanquol mad. Still, the Grey Seer had little choice. He followed the great Verminlord.

“Quick-quick,” said Skreech. “Great Doom is Coming.” And then all was black...

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# THE RULES

## SKULLREAPERS WRATHMONGERS

The Warhammer world quakes under the assault of the servants of Khorne this week as the Skullreapers and Wrathmongers are unleashed. Here we present the rules for these rampaging followers of Khorne, and a few tips on using them to add skulls to the pile.

### SKULLREAPERS 40 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skullreaper	4	6	3	4	4	3	5	3	8	Infantry
Skullreaper Champion	4	6	3	4	4	3	5	4	8	Infantry

Double tap the image above for a full screen preview.

Skullreapers are a Special choice which can be included in a Warriors of Chaos, Legions of Chaos or Grand Legion of the Everchosen army.

#### UNIT SIZE:

5+

#### EQUIPMENT:

Two hand weapons  
Chaos armour

#### SPECIAL RULES:

Eye of the Gods (Skullreaper Champion only), Mark of Khorne.

#### OPTIONS:

The entire unit may replace their two hand weapons with paired ensorcelled weapons - 5 points per model

May upgrade one Skullreaper to a Skullreaper Champion - 10 points

May upgrade one Skullreaper to a standard bearer - 10 points

#### Paired Ensorcelled Weapons:

Attacks made with paired ensorcelled weapons are resolved at +1 Strength and are magical attacks. Furthermore, they grant the Extra Attack special rule.

# WRATHMONGERS

## 55 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Wrathmonger	4	6	3	5	4	3	5	3	8	Infantry
Wrathmonger Champion	4	6	3	5	4	3	5	4	8	Infantry

Double tap the image above for a full screen preview.

Wrathmongers are a Rare choice which can be included in a Warriors of Chaos, Legions of Chaos or Grand Legion of the Everchosen army.

### UNIT SIZE:

5+

### EQUIPMENT:

Paired wrath-flails

Chaos armour

### SPECIAL RULES:

Eye of the Gods (Wrathmonger Champion only), Mark of Khorne.

Paired wrath-flails: Attacks made with paired wrath-flails are resolved at +1 Strength in the first round of close combat. Furthermore, paired wrath-flails grant the wielder the Extra Attack and the Impact Hits (D3) special rules.

### OPTIONS:

May upgrade one Wrathmonger to a Wrathmonger Champion - 10 points

May upgrade one Wrathmonger to a standard bearer - 10 points

May take a magic standard worth up to - 50 points



Both the Skullreapers and the Wrathmongers can be counted among Warhammer's most destructive combat infantry. As such, they need to be propelled into the melee as quickly as possible. You'll want to be a little bit picky regarding what you fight, though:

Wrathmongers are no use against Ethereal creatures for instance, and it's also wise to lure out Night Goblin Fanatics and similar pests with Chaos Hounds, rather than sacrifice Khorne's finest. He might not care where the blood flows from, but there's no need to be wasteful! So, general principles are: get into the melee as fast as you can, and avoid targets where your warriors will be wasted. There are also some specific tips for each worth considering:

**Skullreapers:** Our first piece of advice with your Skullreapers is to upgrade them to have ensorcelled weapons. Not only do these look really cool (the best reason there is), but they dramatically increase the damage your Skullreapers can cause in a fight. Men, Skaven, Goblins and even Orcs will find themselves chopped to bits by these bloodthirsty warriors, who are not only better trained (Weapon Skill 6 is the kind of thing most armies can only dream of for infantry models) but are also unnaturally strong. Use Skullreapers to hack apart large regiments. Consider taking several small units, rather than one large one, though, since models in subsequent ranks only get to make a single attack each. That

way you can also spread them out and look for flank charges. With ensorcelled weapons, they are also great at killing Ethereal foes. Bear that in mind.

**Wrathmongers:** These flail-armed lunatics are never more dangerous than when charging – D3 Strength 5 Impact hits each will make a bloody mess of most regiments. This makes them ideal for dealing with quick-hitters such as Elves, since Wrathmongers can flatten the front rank before a return blow can be struck.



# PAINT SPLATTER

**Paint Splatter provides handy tips and stage-by-stage painting guides for the week's key releases. This week we focus on the daemon-weapon wielding Skullreapers. Axes at the ready!**



## BLACK ARMOUR

The Skullreapers in this article have black armour – it's a straightforward scheme that lets the brass and iron banding act as the main highlights. If you wanted, you could go for gloss red armour instead. Why not use the same colours as the daemonic flesh.

The Skullreapers are brutal warriors devoted to the Blood God, Khorne. Covered in rippling muscles and armed with a wicked assortment of lethal swords, axes and maces, some of which are daemonic possessed, they present an inviting painting challenge.

The models you can see here all have a vital, ruddy complexion that was achieved by washing the Bugman's Glow basecoat with Carroburg Crimson. This makes the Skullreapers look healthy and also ties their flesh in with the red armoured models that appear in the Studio army. It's worth noting that if you want to paint their armour red, you probably want to shade their skin with a more natural flesh tone, such as Reikland Fleshshade, to stop them looking overwhelmingly red.

## Metal

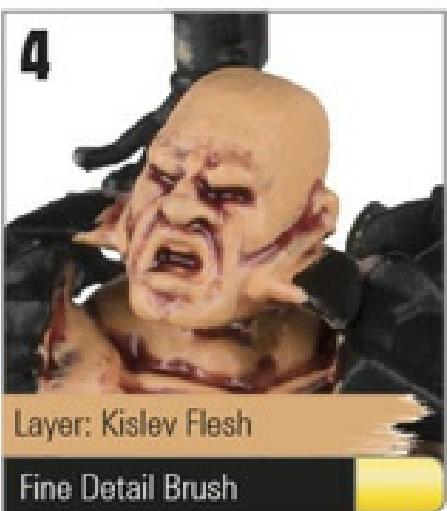
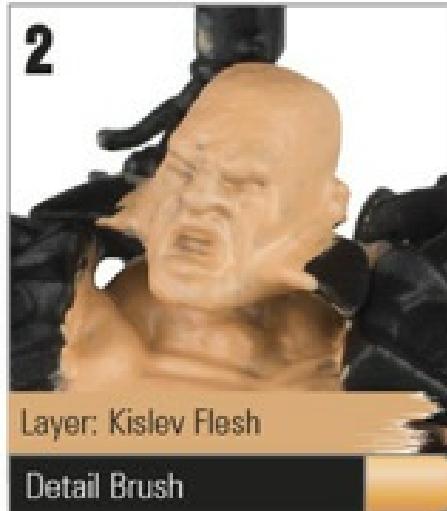


## Armour



Because you can upgrade your Skullreapers with ensorcelled weapons, we've included a guide to painting these too. As you can see, the blades of these weapons are painted to look like they are made of warped, daemonic flesh rather than iron or steel. Within reason you could use any fleshy colours you wanted, but our Studio painters found that a muted pinky colour, with deep Rhinox Hide recesses, stood out well without clashing or being overwhelming. The teeth aren't bone-white but stone, enhancing the unnatural appearance of the blades.

# Flesh



# Brass



Basecoat: Warlock Bronze

Basecoat Brush



Layer: Brass Scorpion

Detail Brush



Wash: Agrax Earthshade

Wash Brush



Layer: Sycorax Bronze

Detail Brush



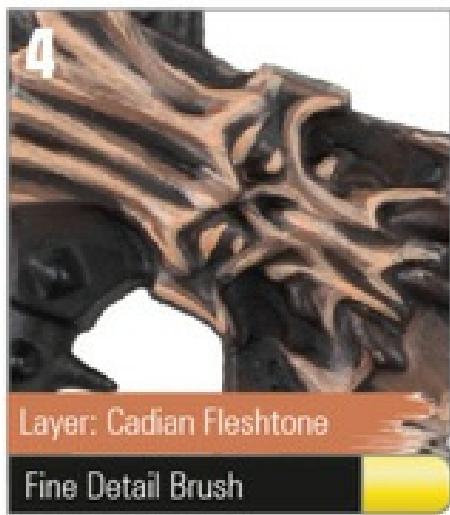
Layer: Runefang Steel

Fine Detail Brush

# Tabard



# Daemon Weapon



# Daemon Weapon



Basecoat: Mechanicum Standard Grey

Detail Brush



Wash: Carroburg Crimson

Detail Brush



Layer: Dawnstone

Fine Detail Brush



Layer: Pallid Wych Flesh

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 examine the End Times, weird weapons and show off a gorgeous Stormraven.

## THE END TIMES COMETH

### EIGHT-POINTED GREATNESS IN WARHAMMER: ARCHAON

As the White Dwarf team have devoured Warhammer: Archaon with ravenous enthusiasm, we've been blown away by the amazing story and cataclysmic events within it. In no particular order, here are eight things you've got to see:

Fateweaver and the Everchosen. In the ruins of Middenheim they 'negotiate'. It's a jaw-dropping scene.

The Oak of Ages. The tree bears incredible fruit. We cheered when we read this bit.

The Incarnate of Beasts. This character gave us our favourite scene in the series.

Epic deaths. If you think the body count has been high up until now, you haven't seen anything yet.

The Shieldwall. The Dwarfs are down, but the Zhufbarak are most certainly not out...

The Wight and the Geld Prince. It's an unlikely fight that proves to be one of the most dramatic duels of all.

Reconciliation. The moment cousins set aside their hate brought a tear or two...

The Final Battle. Three words describe this perfectly. Best. Battle. Ever.



# **INCARNATES**

## **MAGICAL ORIGINS**

The greatest obstacle that Archaon faces in realising his destiny is the power of the Incarnates, once-mortal beings who are suffused by the Winds of Magic.

Teclis's plan was to harness the Winds of Magic unleashed by the sundering of the Vortex at the Isle of the Dead, and bind each wind into a different, carefully chosen host.

Unfortunately for the Elven Loremaster, fate intervened and some of the winds escaped his magical power and flew away across the world, searching for suitable hosts of their own. Aqshy, the Wind of Fire, settled for a time upon Ungrim Ironfist, drawn to him by his fiery wrath. The Wind of Shadow rested upon Malekith's shoulders, while Ghyran, the Wind of Life, was drawn to Alarielle.

Others seemed to take longer to choose a host, or even changed from one host to another as they found a more suitable avatar.

As Archaon prepares for his final victory, only these Incarnates have the power to rival him.

# PAINT SPLATTER EXTRA: BLOOD RED FLESH!

The Skullreapers of Khorne battle for the glory of their bloody patron, and he in turn blesses them with unnatural strength and stamina. The greatest of their number are granted the gifts of Chaos and set upon the journey to daemonhood.

Keen-eyed readers will have already noticed the Skullreaper Champion's legs have transformed into back-jointed, claw-footed legs akin to a Bloodletter. While you could paint this Daemon flesh in any colour, it makes the most sense to do it in the bright red of the Bloodletters – after all, legend tells that Bloodletters were once mortal warriors who greatly impressed Khorne on the field of battle before he rewarded them with immortality.

On the right you can see a brief guide for painting this flesh, which could also be used for the red flesh of Wrathmongers or even Chaos armour, if you wanted.



- 1 - Start by basecoating the Daemon flesh with Mephiston Red.
- 2 - Once the basecoat is dry, wash the skin using Carroburg Crimson.
- 3 - Paint a layer of Wazdakka Red onto the raised areas, being sure to leave the darker tone showing in the recesses.

4 - Apply an edge highlight of Wild Rider Red.

5 - Finally, paint on a fine edge highlight using Troll Slayer Orange.

## ENSORCELLED BY KHORNE

The ensorcelled weapons wielded by the Skullreapers are some of the most disturbing we've ever seen. All nine of these daemonic blades have teeth, conjuring images of swords

and axes savaging the flesh of their victims or, equally horribly, gnashing against unyielding armour. Some have daemonic faces in their hilts that bellow and scream at the enemy, while others have eyes that stare greedily at nearby foes. The most disconcerting

weapon, however, is the one being swung double-handed by the skull-faced warrior. Covered in horns, skin, teeth and claws, there's no logic to this undeniably scary sword.



# **CODEX: APOCRYPHA EXTRA**

**Notes from the worlds of Warhammer. This week: Verminlords and their unwitting minions.**

## **VERMALANX AND LORD SKROLK**

Lord Skrolk commanded the armies of Clan Pestilens in Lustria. Yet behind his machinations, the Verminlord Corruptor Vermalanx plotted and schemed. Strangely, when Skrolk fell at the battle of Itza, it was Vermalanx that recovered his body before disappearing in a foetid cloud of darkness.

## **SOOTHGNAWER AND GREY SEER KRANSKRITT**

In 2523, Grey Seer Kranskritt led a vast army of Skaven to Karak Eight Peaks. Apparently acting under the orders of Lord Gnawdwell, Kranskritt was actually the unwilling catspaw of the Verminlord Warpseer known as Soothgnawer. The Verminlord plans to restore the fortunes of Clan Scruten, but quite why is a mystery.

## **DARKH'DWEL AND SKRAZSLIK**

Skrazslik was the Warlord laying siege to Middenheim. Little did he know his life had been saved many times by the Deceiver Darkh'dwel. Following Archaon's arrival and the fall of the great city, the Verminlord abandoned his minion to pursue a new, equally mysterious agenda.

## **LURKLOX, QUEEK AND SKARSNIK**

The Verminlord Deceiver known as Lurklox had two mortal pawns – the raving lunatic Queek Headtaker and the Goblin Warlord Skarsnik. Both laid claim to Karak Eight Peaks, but only one could be the true victor. Lurklox brokered the deal between them, ensuring Queek's dominance over the mountain hold in exchange for a particularly deadly weapon.

# 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](mailto:team@whitedwarf.co.uk)



## IS GOLD THE NEW RED?

I'm a bit confused about Blood Angels Captains. What colour armour do they wear and what colour are their helmets?

- Aspiring Captain Thomas Garstang

## GROMBRINDAL SAYS

Blood Angels, eh? Good guys with fangs. Sounds a little suspect to me... Here's what I found out from the Chapter serfs.

Blood Angels Captains wear red armour, just like the rest of the Chapter's warriors. The

exception is Captain Tycho, who wears finely-wrought gold armour. This may suggest he was promoted from the Sanguinary Guard (who also wear gold), or that this exquisite armour is simply a Chapter relic. As for the colour of their helmets, Captains again wear red, though it's not unfeasible that Captains of the 8th and 9th Companies wear yellow or blue helmets to show their affiliation with Assault and Devastator squads. In the end, they're your models – and characters – so paint them how you like.

- Grombrindal

# READER'S MODEL OF THE WEEK

This blood-splattered Ogre Butcher was painted by Charlie Kirkpatrick, a worthy submission for Reader's Model of the Week. Charlie converted the model from the plastic Ogres kit with the addition of a scratch-sculpted apron, a massive cleaver and a saw for a left hand. The two racks of ribs hanging from the Butcher's belt come from Ogres and Kroot, both of which are notorious carnivores.



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: NEMESIS FORCE SWORD

In the 41st millennium, swords are dangerous. Power swords are even more deadly. Force swords – power swords imbued with a portion of the wielder’s psychic might – even more so. Nemesis force swords, well, you get the point...

...just like this Plaguebearer, whose severed noggin has been skewered by one of these ultimate weapons. The Grey Knight wielding it couldn’t look more nonchalant, either – just another day decapitating the enemies of humanity.



# BIT OF THE WEEK: THE 'GLOTTLING'

You've received the blessing of Nurgle and been transformed into a monstrous brute moulded in his image. What more could you want? That's right, a Nurgling in your very own image, of course: meet the Glottkin's 'glottling'.



# GAZE OF THE INQUISITION

The hot topic in the bunker this week has been whether it's acceptable to wield Chaos-tainted weapons against their makers. The Chaos followers in the team gave the thumbs up, citing that Logan Grimnar's Axe Morkai was once a weapon of the Dark Gods and Marneus Calgar's Gauntlets of Ultramar were prised from the hands of a dead Chaos Lord. The conservative members of the team grudgingly relented, but felt that Castellan Crowe had the right idea with the Black Blade of Antwyr: never use its power, deny it to the enemy and stab them with the pointy end until dead.



# STILL MORE BE'LAKOR

The Daemon Prince Be'lakor has proven to be a force to be reckoned with in the lead up to the End Times, manipulating events in a desperate effort to seize ultimate power for himself. The origins of this enigmatic Daemon Prince are far older, however. In fact, he was the first Daemon Prince and it was Be'lakor, in the guise of the Dark Master, who proved to be the insidious power at the heart of Mordheim, City of the Damned.

If you want to learn more about the history and origins of the Dark Master, in both Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000, then you need to check out the Be'lakor Digital Collection from [blacklibrary.com](http://blacklibrary.com). This little beauty includes a Dataslate for Warhammer 40,000 and a Battlescroll for Warhammer, which include comprehensive background explaining his mysterious origins, the purpose of his quest and full rules for using the first and greatest of Daemon Princes in your games.



# WHITE DWARF'S REGIMENTS OF RENOWN

The Stella Sanguine is a Stormraven from the Blood Angels Chapter of Space Marines. Currently seconded to the 1st Company for the duration of the Cryptus System campaign, it has been involved in multiple engagements with the Tyranids of Hive Fleet Leviathan. Though rated 88% successful in its raids by Chapter logisticians, both the pilot and servitor gunner were killed in their last engagement, the Stormraven's machine spirit flying the craft back to the Blood Angels command post in Asphodex unmanned. This Stormraven was painted using the same colours as the Blood Angels painting guide in issue 45, with Mephiston Red as the basecoat followed by a heavy wash of Agrax Earthshade over the whole model. The only exception was a final glaze of Bloodletter to make the red more vibrant. The Stormraven was then covered in battle damage by stippling Rhinox Hide onto the edges of the hull followed by a light drybrush of Leadbelcher. The hurricane bolters and icons were then picked out with Celestra Grey and White Scar.



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