

WARHAMMER

AGE OF SIGMAR



ECHOES OF DOOM

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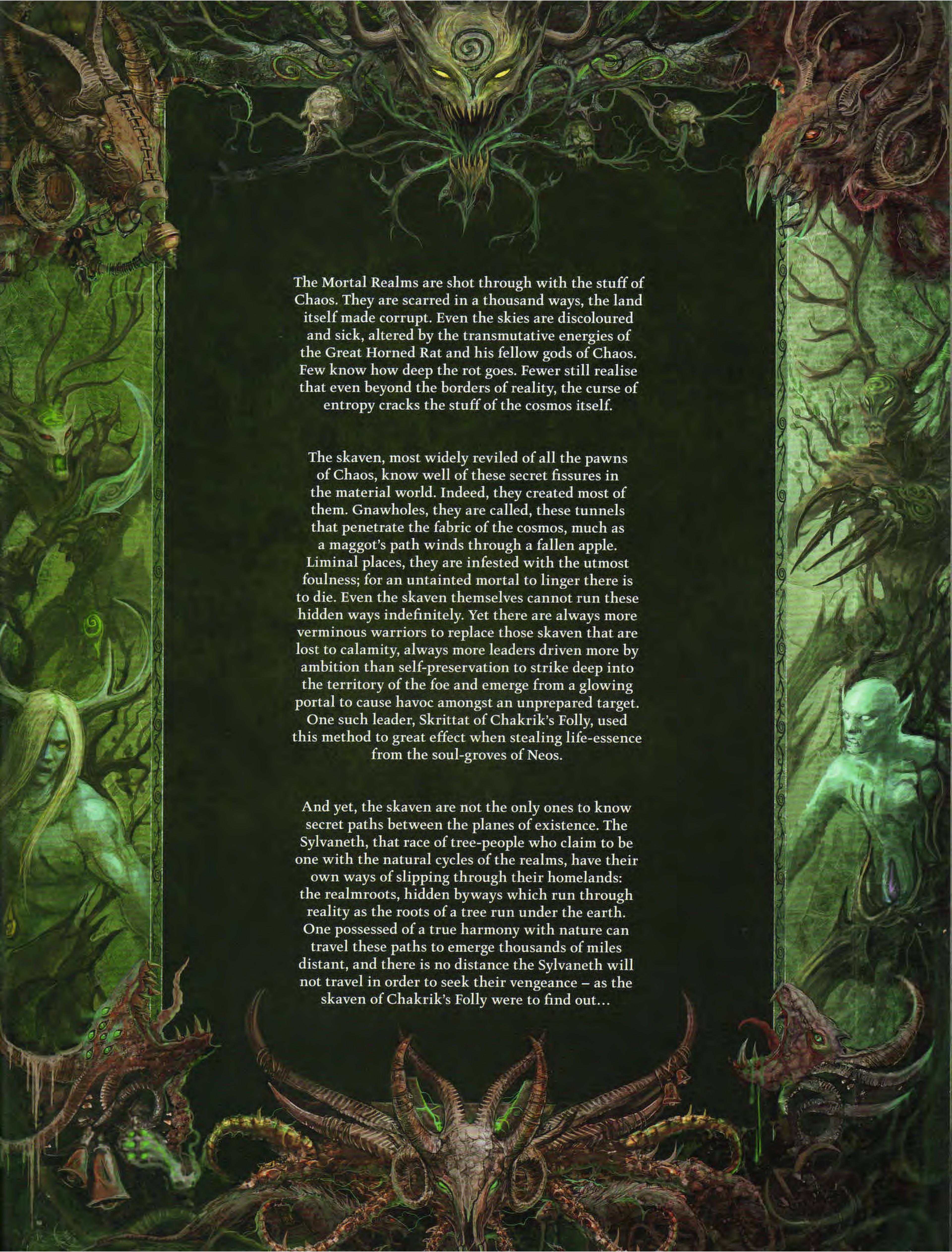
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The Mortal Realms are shot through with the stuff of Chaos. They are scarred in a thousand ways, the land itself made corrupt. Even the skies are discoloured and sick, altered by the transmutative energies of the Great Horned Rat and his fellow gods of Chaos. Few know how deep the rot goes. Fewer still realise that even beyond the borders of reality, the curse of entropy cracks the stuff of the cosmos itself.

The skaven, most widely reviled of all the pawns of Chaos, know well of these secret fissures in the material world. Indeed, they created most of them. Gnawholes, they are called, these tunnels that penetrate the fabric of the cosmos, much as a maggot's path winds through a fallen apple. Liminal places, they are infested with the utmost foulness; for an untainted mortal to linger there is to die. Even the skaven themselves cannot run these hidden ways indefinitely. Yet there are always more verminous warriors to replace those skaven that are lost to calamity, always more leaders driven more by ambition than self-preservation to strike deep into the territory of the foe and emerge from a glowing portal to cause havoc amongst an unprepared target. One such leader, Skrittat of Chakrik's Folly, used this method to great effect when stealing life-essence from the soul-groves of Neos.

And yet, the skaven are not the only ones to know secret paths between the planes of existence. The Sylvaneth, that race of tree-people who claim to be one with the natural cycles of the realms, have their own ways of slipping through their homelands: the realmroots, hidden byways which run through reality as the roots of a tree run under the earth. One possessed of a true harmony with nature can travel these paths to emerge thousands of miles distant, and there is no distance the Sylvaneth will not travel in order to seek their vengeance – as the skaven of Chakrik's Folly were to find out...



THE GREAT AND PERFECT RAID

The rat-like skaven are a conniving race. They thrive on stealth, treachery and misdirection – a skaven leader does not stay at the top for long unless he has a natural flair for such things. But also they must have a fierce ambition to drive them, and a vicious aggression to go with it.

The wizened Grey Seer Skrittatt considered himself exemplary at all the dubious and underhand disciplines that made the skaven so great a race. The small matter of his preferring to lead from atop a thirty-foot bell carriage was conveniently forgotten in his appraisals of his own subtlety, as were the contraption's ability to send out mind-shattering peals of noise so dissonant they could tear holes in reality itself. The fact

he had been near-deafened by its clangour since its construction was of little import; to him, it was worth the cost. With the bell's arcane cacophony adding strength to his own incantations, Skrittatt had enjoyed many successes over his enemies, both on the battlefield and over rivals in the shifting power structures of skaven society in Aqshy. He hence considered himself above reproach, his right to rise to the top proven beyond a

doubt. Yet still there were several Grey Seers in his home city – that earthquake-ravaged tangle of scaffolding known as Chakrik's Folly – who dared to rule as the high council without him. Worst of all, his old rival Kreskitt was soon to become one of them.

So, after many moonlit nights of plotting atop his beloved bell, Skrittatt laid his plans to launch an invasion deep into the sovereign



VENGEANCE IS ETERNAL

territory of the Sylvaneth. His intent was to capture something of undeniable value to Alarielle's people. Word had reached Chakrik's Folly of the tree-folk via the skittering monks of the Clans Pestilens, and after a traumatic encounter with the Sylvaneth of Fireoak Peak, Skrittatt's most hated rival Kreskitt feared the children of the forest over all other foes. Sack a Sylvaneth stronghold, escape with a bounty most precious to them, and Skrittatt would prove his worth over the cowardly Kreskitt for good – and finally earn himself a place on the ruling council of Chakrik's Folly.

It was a solid plan, and if it were not for Skrittatt's overweening pride, he might have made good upon it without the dire

consequences to follow. Had he been content to raid an enclave in Aqshy – perhaps simply the Fireoak Peak – his heist might have been over and done in a few days. But his contacts in the Clans Pestilens had spoken of a sacred land that no agent of the Horned Rat had been able to penetrate; a land known as Neos, at the beating heart of the Everspring Swathe. The challenge was simply too grand to pass up. Skrittatt saw himself gnawing on the soulpods of the hidden heartland as he might messily devour a peach, the sap-like essence of Sylvaneth souls dribbling down his chin. Here, he would show the bubo-besotted fools that worshipped the Horned Rat in his guise as the Corruptor the error of their ways; what they and their vile Nurglite allies had failed to achieve, he would make laughably simple.

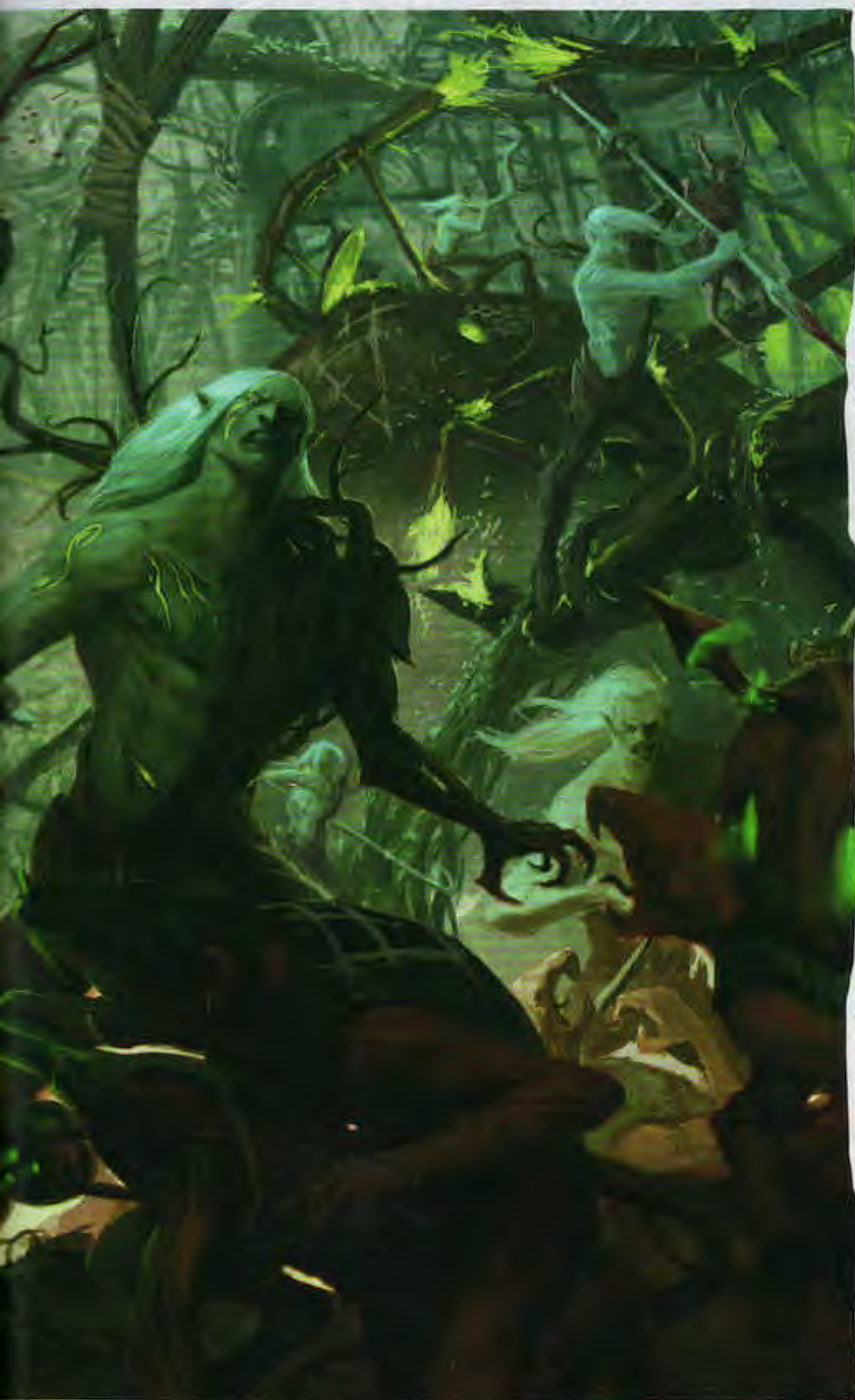
Word had it the Dryads and Branchwraiths of Neos were stretched thin in their ongoing war against the Plaguefather Nurgle. If Skrittatt's minions could dig a gnawhole to burrow right into the Jadewound – that being the most magically potent region in the heart of the Swathe – steal its life-pulsing treasures, the soulpods, and then dive back in before the Sylvaneth guardians were roused from their slumbers, he would win a great victory without risking his neck at all.

All it would take would be to guide a gnawhole to the most potent node of Ghyranite magic in the Heartlands region, a feat that was not beyond him – the splinter of warpstone Skrittatt had embedded in his right eye gave him many a migraine, but also afforded him the ability to 'see' magic. With this witchsight he would guide the gnawhole his acolytes would burrow through the cosmos to breach reality right on top of the prize. He had even enlisted the fabled Deathmaster Virrtik to his

cause with an entire urn full of warpstone tokens – unbeknownst to Skrittatt, he would pay even more dearly in time, for he was not the only one to have hired the Eshin assassin's services.



Incredibly, Skrittatt's plan worked. With the warp-engines of the Clans Skryre burning holes through the stuff of the Mortal Realms, he forged a new realmgate so redolent with corrupting energies it took years, even decades off the life of each skaven that braved it, but in the imprecise and arcane science of creating gnawholes, that was considered a great success. Perhaps it really was some innate navigational skill that saw Skrittatt zero in on the pulsing, pure heart of the Everspring Swathe from the darkness of the void, as the grey-furred seer claimed. Perhaps it was the favour of the Great Horned One that guided him, or perhaps it was just luck. Whatever the reason, the skaven made it to Neos without too much calamity, only a few hundred skaven lives lost along the way to litter the twisting, glowing hole that led through the Aetheric Void back to Chakrik's Folly. More than that, they emerged from a hole only a few hundred metres from their intended destination – a hole that was first a glowing green point of light hanging in space, then a crackling sphere, and then, with an awful tearing sound, a rip in the fabric of the realm itself. A tide of furry brown bodies spilt out like filth pouring from an overflowing sewer, and for the first time since they came into being, the heartlands of Neos were defiled.





STRIKE AND FADE

The loose garrison of Dryads that reacted to the incursion converged upon the gnawhole's exit so swiftly that the beautiful orchard shivered as if at the coming of a storm. Yet the skaven had struck suddenly, and with terrible arcane power.

The first skaven to exit the portal – those being the teeming Clanrats that Skrittatt had forced to take the vanguard – paid the highest price for their temerity in striking so boldly. They were cut down by lashing, razored vines, impaling stakes and enchanted sickles as the forest came alive around them. Their blood soon made a quagmire of the mossy, loamy earth. Yet those near-frenzied skaven bought Skrittatt time: time enough to force his bell-carriage, hauled through the gnawhole at great cost in Clanrat lives, through the widening portal and into the tangled gardens beyond. When the great warpstone bell at its centre tolled, its ropes yanked time and time again by a swollen Rat Ogor slaved to the purpose, the Grey Seer's most potent weapon was revealed – the sound of Chaos itself.

Each peal of that bell was agony to the Dryad defenders of the Jadewound. The reverberations of that awful warpstone-laced artefact assailed them on a spiritual as well as aural level, echoing through the stuff of their souls, for it was the voice of Chaos, crystallised and amplified to a screaming, mind-blasting cacophony. Sap-like blood burst from the ears, eyes and mouths of those Dryads nearest Skrittatt's carriage as the jagged, shattering sound rang out. The spirit song, that unifying melody that ties all Sylvaneth to one another on a deep and harmonious level, was shattered and distorted, and the Dryads fell back in disarray, clutching at their heads.

Skrittatt was quick to capitalise. Breathing in a great handful of warpstone snuff, he exhaled a rolling, choking cloud of baleful

vapours that caused iron-hard bark to shrivel and heartwood to turn to rotten mulch. A few arboreal guardians made it through the arcane assault, their razored talons and thorns ripping skaven limb from limb, but they were sorely outnumbered. One by one they were hacked down by the halberds of the Stormvermin elite that had drawn close to the bell, or else stabbed repeatedly by Clanrats until they splintered and fell. Skrittatt cackled in glee as he bade his warriors drive him onward through the mayhem, his awful bell ringing loud all the while as the carriage rocked and shuddered along. His prize was ahead, in the birthing groves.

The suddenness of the assault, twinned with the bombardment of magic, had sent the Sylvaneth reeling. Even the guardians of the inner grove were found wanting, and many fell back in disarray as the Screaming Bell ploughed on. The carriage, pushed to a careening, jerking charge by the wild-eyed Clanrats behind it, smashed one of the three Kurnothi guardians standing at the gates of the bier from his feet even as the other was overwhelmed by a cascade of chittering vermin. The third, a towering giant with a mane of green roses, cut down skaven as a farmer scythes the harvest, only to find a black shape leap from the scaffold of the Screaming Bell to embed two warpstone-poisoned knives into his eye-hollows. With a flourish, Deathmaster Virrtik span away in a swirl of cloth and disappeared from sight once more.

Skrittatt hopped down from his perch atop the Screaming Bell, chittering for his Stormvermin to

attend him. Together they fought their way through the reeling Sylvaneth and dived into the pulsing, green-lit bier that held the soulpods, digging the fist-sized treasures from the soil with their grasping claws. Long white whiskers twitched as the Grey Seer smelt the fresh, clean scent of those pulsing, vital artefacts, strings of saliva dangling from his chisel teeth at the prospect of gnawing on their half-living innards. He tucked them into his tattered, sap-stained robes and shrieked an order to withdraw.

Running away is something of a specialism of skaven society, and the verminous horde turned tail as one, hauling the bell after them as Skrittatt lent them a frenetic energy with a frenzy-spell. The Dryads harried them as they left, slashing and cutting where they could, but that terrible din of the Screaming Bell still made it all but impossible to concentrate – Skrittatt had his captive Rat Ogor bell-ringer give it everything he had, the artefact shuddering and clanging so loud that warpstone spalls shivered from its rim. Whenever they made to encircle the verminous strike force, Skrittatt would exhale a great cloud of toxic fog and burst right through their line leaving a trail of the choking gas to careen headlong back towards the gnawhole. In a matter of minutes, the skaven were gone, and the evil-looking portal was dwindling to nothing but a crackling, green-black stain on reality.

The strike had been as effective as it was sudden; for once, Skrittatt's battle plan had been simple and daring enough to work without a hitch. Were it not for a shard of the

Screaming Bell left stuck upright in the mulch, a circle drawn around it by a sharp claw and a piece of ink-scrawled parchment impaled beneath it, the story of what Skrittat was already calling 'the Great and Perfect Raid' would likely have ended there. Yet the treachery of the skaven race knows no bounds, and even the contracts made with the Clans Eshin can contain loopholes that close like a noose around the throat.

THE SEEDS OF REVENGE

The aftermath of the skaven strike saw much sorrow in the heart of Neos. A great weeping grief spread like an infectious disease across the heartlands, for the loss of so many soulpods to such a vile foe was a blow like no other. Sorrow, as the Everqueen knew, was the precursor to despair – and with her still locked in a battle for supremacy against Nurgle, that was an outcome she could ill afford. The soulpods had to be recovered, or at the very least, a bloody vengeance taken. And in matters of revenge, her closest offspring, the Lady of Vines, was an expert.

Dispatched from Verdia to Neos with orders to make right that which the skaven had defiled, the Lady of Vines gathered to her side a small, elite squad of martially minded Sylvaneth to accompany her. No simple Dryad would survive for long in the warpstone-tainted heart of a skaven warren, especially when that dread bell began to ring. Instead the Lady of Vines took a tight-knit band of Kurnoth Hunters, a cadre of swift-moving Gossamid Archers and a towering Spirit of Durthu, dispatched by Alarielle herself, as her companions. It was the first time she had ventured forth from her home realm of Ghyran, and she did not intend to return with anything less than a swift and decisive victory.

In her investigation of the raid's aftermath, the Lady soon found the shard of the dread warpstone bell and the parchment beneath it; it had been marked for them, after all. There was a map, of sorts; a chain of mountains crested with a titanic volcano. In communion with the elders of Neos, and in particular those who had dealt with Hammerhal Ghyra – and Hammerhal Aqsha beyond it – she identified the sketch as a map of the Adamantine Chain in the Great Parch. The shard of the Screaming Bell was impossible to hold for long, for it withered whatever hand dared to clutch it, but with a grimace, the Lady of Vines retrieved it with a tendril, transferred it into a dish of hollow rock that would allow them to carry it with them, and then regrew the brown and brittle tips of her crippled vine.

It was well that the Sylvaneth are so attuned to the spirit-song of the lands, and the music of the spheres beyond it. They recognise

a dissonant note within the symphony of the cosmos with instinctive revulsion, and every one of them could still perceive the echoes of the disaster that had been brought into their heartlands. It was a psychic ripple on the cusp of the mind, strongest of all where the skaven had trespassed. They already had the rough locale of their prey, by the look of the parchment, though their benefactor remained a dubious one. They were well prepared for the possibility they were being lured into a trap, and yet the echoes of the bell-shard, faintly audible when all else was silent, would help them find the exact strain of sound that would lead them to the skaven – and in particular, the Screaming Bell that Skrittat had used to such horrendous effect. Soon, the red work of their vengeance would begin.



TO WALK THE REALM OF FIRE

The Bright Realm is no place for a Sylvaneth, the elders of Thyria like to say. Anger is carried on hot winds, impetuosity is a way of life, blood flows in great measure, and water is scarce; not for nothing is its most inhabited region known as the Great Parch.

For the skaven, Aqshy is seen as ideal fodder for the spread of their under-empire. Here life is fast and cheap, with ingenuity and ambition fanned to fever pitch by the warm breeze. Passion leads to treachery as often as it does inspiration, and so the power struggles of the skaven cities – the earthquake-riven metropolis known as Chakrik's Folly amongst them – are never static for long.

The dangers of that city came from within more often than without. Emberstone, the ever-burning realmstone of primordial fire, is almost as exciting and volatile a power source as warpstone, to which the skaven are hopelessly addicted. Scaffolds of wood and hot metal never last for long, being constructed with haste as a yardstick rather than strength, and sparks born on the wind were seeds of disaster as surely as flit-winged seeds of the sycamore are signs of new growth. Inflamed by the motes of Aqshian magic in the air, the anarchic, haywire mess of skaven society is pushed into overdrive, and all too often it ends in flame and disaster.

To walk into such a den of calamity would be seen as an act of utmost folly by a sane man. But the Sylvaneth are not men. The duties before the Lady of Vines were clear. Venture in she must, and return with either the soulpods or the heads of those that took them – or else perish in the attempt.

The realmroots of Ghyran are waypaths like no other, allowing those strong in life magic to become pure life energy and cover countless leagues in the space of a few short minutes. By descending into the arcane rootways deep in the body of Ghyran, the Lady of Vines and her kin made their way from Neos to the metropolis of Hammerhal Ghyra. There, they sought the Stormrift portal, for even the realmroots do not cross the great span of the cosmos in the manner of the skaven race's gnawholes – some say only by violation of the laws of nature can such a feat be achieved.

The alliances forged by the Everqueen with the race of man were long-standing, for they had a common foe, and often that was enough. One of their advantages was access to the portals claimed by Sigmar's followers. Together the Lady of Vines and her kin made for the Sylvaneth embassy of Hammerhal Aqsha, a place known as the Ghyrus Annex – for there are those of Alarielle's kin that venture into the other realms at need, and some who even hold court in the cities of men. From there, it was a harsh journey north, but one that the Lady and her kin made without complaint. They knew a little of the doom which was to face them, but none amongst them would countenance failure, even for a moment.

THE GREAT PARCH



HAR KURON

Formerly the free city of Anvilgard on the sweltering Charrwind Coast, recently annexed by Morathi and her Khainite cult.



THE STORMRIFT

The critical realmgate connecting the Realm of Life and the Realm of Fire that lies at the heart of Hammerhal Aqsha.



CHAKRIK'S FOLLY

Overpopulated skaven undercity, and the prime cause of the Capilarian Famines.





CLAIMS AND CONQUESTS

The ebb and flow of constant battle has scarred the Mortal Realms. It was not always this way – once, the Sylvaneth lived in peace – but the coming of Chaos saw every nation plunged into a horrific war from which they are yet to fully recover.

• AGE OF MYTH •

THE GLORY OF NEW GROWTH

At the dawn of the Age of Myth, Alarielle wanders the realm of Ghyran, falling deeply in love with its beauty and variety. Here is paradise, above even that of verdant Athel Loren that she held so dear in the world of her birth. Planting the first soulpods in its fertile soil, she brings about the race of the Sylvaneth, tree-creatures given an aelf-like grace by Alarielle's magic. They grow to inhabit the length and breadth of the realm, forming entire nations known as Glades in honour of those first arboreal bowers in which the Everqueen gave them life. Amongst the most potent of these is Neos, at the heart of which is the Jadewound, where the blood of the realm flows as rivers of Aqua Ghyranis. The Dryads that adopt and tend the nirvana there form a deep symbiosis with the realm.

CRACKS IN THE COSMOS

The impossible sub-realm of Blight City, trapped half in reality and half in the Realm of Chaos after the cataclysm that destroyed their world of origin, teems with skaven societies all desperate to gain supremacy. The vast majority of them are driven to the edge of insanity by their once mighty metropolis's fall into a twisted fold of the cosmos, their predicament and the horrible, surreal hellscape in which they scurry for survival making them more skittery and paranoid than ever. Luckily for them, the edge of insanity is where they thrive. Amongst Blight City's warpstone furnaces, plague distilleries and crackling laboratories, the Verminlords of

the Great Horned Rat visit the most visionary of skaven arcanists, and with their patronage, a way to gnaw through the substance of reality is developed. The resultant tunnels that melt through the stuff of the cosmos are named gnawholes, and quickly claimed as a gift from the Great Horned Rat by the ruling Council of Thirteen.

DAUGHTER OF THE GODDESS

To lead her Sylvaneth warriors into battle against the terrors that haunt the Jade Kingdoms, Alarielle cuts off her own hand and gives it animus, the disembodied part infused with so much life energy it soon grows into a vengeful, warlike entity of its own – the Branchwraith known only as the Lady of Vines.

• AGE OF CHAOS •

PARADISE BESET

The Chaos Gods work their way into the Mortal Realms through a thousand devious means. In Aqshy, as in many other realms, the works of the Great Horned Rat unfold. Famine, madness and blight herald surging tides of vermin, and wherever ruin takes hold, there do the skaven strike. Out from gnawholes they surge, taking over vast swathes of land, for not even Sigmar's faithful are prepared for their multitudinous onslaught.

The Jade Kingdoms are assailed by supernatural disease and, soon after, the daemons of Nurgle that thrive on them. Alarielle is forced to fight for the beauty and sanctity of her adopted home, but engaged upon so many fronts,

it becomes a losing battle. For long centuries the war in Ghyran rages. The Lady of Vines, now a veteran commander of Alarielle's legions, knows nothing of peace – not that she longs for it, for she is a creature made for war. By her command, the skaven infesting the forests of the Everspring Swathe are exterminated time and time again – though before long there are always more scurrying in the shadows.

THE WORD OF CHAKRIK

In the dark caves and fissures of the Adamantine Chain, a hulking warlord of the Clans Verminus known as Chakrik orders his skittering horde to build high and fast, claiming as much of the caverns and sloping valleys as he can in as short a time as possible. It is perhaps well that he and his minions did not spend long on their newly founded city of vermin, for the first of many earthquakes soon tumbles much of it into darkness and dust – the skaven city has been built on a fault line, and a highly volatile one at that. Unable to admit he made a mistake, Chakrik simply rebuilds over and over again until the city is a multi-layered warren of splintered spars and tumbled rock. He is eventually killed mid-speech when, giving a victory address to the seven clans under his authority, his 'greatness platform' collapses due to an earth tremor, dumping him squarely into an iron cage full of half-sleeping Rat Ogors. It is a testament to his might that three of the creatures were slain before he was finally ripped limb from limb; the act is considered so impressive by the skaven placing bets on his survival that the metropolis still bears his name to this day.

• AGE OF SIGMAR •

SKRITTAT'S CACOPHONY

With Chakrik's Folly established as a skaven metropolis, many warlords and Grey Seers make their plays for dominance. All are short-lived, including the botched coup of Skrittatt, an ambitious Seer with a fondness for using deafening noise to drown out the orders of his rivals. During a carefully planned ambush against his foremost rival, Clawlord Ritopsik, he sacrificed a hundred skavenslaves in the Echoing Fissure to ensure their screams drowned out his enemy's frantic attempts to restore order. With both ends of the fissure blocked by the Stormfiends that Skrittatt had paid through the nose to recruit, the resultant crossfire saw Ritopsik's entire horde reduced to scraps of flesh and fur. Skrittatt was driven half-deaf that day, but he considered it worth it, for his authority amongst the fractious tribes of Chakrik's Folly rocketed. Soon enough he was able to fulfil his greater plan – to amass enough warpstone to commission a Screaming Bell from the Clans Skryre. From that day on, his tactic of aural assault was redoubled at the cost of the last of his hearing – not that Skrittatt cared, for he had learned to read lips, body language and facial expressions the better to filter truth from lies. Many warrior tribes of the Great Parch paid the price for his rising success, the mind-shredding peals of the bell sending his foes reeling whilst driving his own faithful servants into a frenzy of psychotic energy.

THE WAR OF LIFE

The Realmgate Wars spill across the cosmos as Sigmar's Tempest hurls a new breed of warrior into the fight against Chaos. At the Gates of Dawn in Ghyran, the Hallowed Knights make a name for themselves by hurling back the legions of Nurgle and their skaven allies from the Clans

Pestilens on a dozen fronts. The mission of that Stormhost is to bring Alarielle back into the fray, for in her malaise at the fate of her beloved realm, she has retreated to the haven of Athelwyrd and all but given up. The Stormcasts that enter Athelwyrd on a diplomatic mission inadvertently lead the hosts of Nurgle to her door, and only by the slightest margin does she survive the ensuing running battle as that last sanctuary is polluted.

FLIGHT OF A GODDESS

It is in the deep winter of Alarielle's mourning that the Lady of Vines gives her life to protect her queen. On the splintering ice of a frozen sea the Sylvaneth and their Hallowed Knights allies defy the Nurgle warlord Torglug the Despised, and the seed-like form that Alarielle has dwindled to is kept from the clutches of her nemesis by their sacrifice. After a gruelling odyssey across Ghyran the Lady of Vines is caught at the last and hewn apart by Torglug's axe. The Lady's killer is slain a moment later by no less a weapon than the hammer Ghal Maraz – though the tale of its wielder, the Celestant-Prime, and the redemption of Torglug does not end there, the day is won with the Nurgle warlord's death, and Alarielle's soul-seed replanted.

DEATH AND THE NEW DAWN

Spurred into action once more by a growing rage and the death of her beloved daughter, Alarielle regrows to take on her tempestuous spring-form, and a new season of battle begins. Guerrilla warfare erupts across a hundred fronts in the sickened paradises of Ghyran. At the fallen Oak of Ages Past, Alarielle casts a great spell that lifts the shroud of deathly energy the Great Necromancer Nagash has placed upon the realms in his own battles for dominion. New life blooms and blossoms, not only across Ghyran, but every realm.

A DARING STRIKE

The Grey Seer Skrittatt, driven to the edge of poverty by expending all his assets on the acquisition of a Screaming Bell and enough Clanrats to push it, seeks to prove his daring with a raid into Ghyran. To his surprise, he finds a Deathmaster of the Clans Eshin offering his services as a mercenary on their mission through a winding gnawhole to the Everspring Swathe of Ghyran. Though he is of course suspicious, Skrittatt knows the assassin will not strike him down, for to do so would invite the wrath of the entire Masterclan. Unbeknownst to him, the Eshin blade has been sent by Kreskitt, another Grey Seer more than ready to put down those who threaten his own agendas. The combination of arcane power and Eshin skill proves highly effective against the Sylvaneth of Neos, and Skrittatt makes it back to Chakrik's Folly with a rich haul of soulpods.

REVENGE OF THE SYLVANETH

Beset with grief, the elders of the Sylvaneth rally from their loss. A hand-picked force of warrior spirits is assembled under a commander of proven might – the Lady of Vines, regrown by the Everqueen from her own divine form. Along the realmroots they travel, pushing hard for Hammerhal Ghyra and there passing through the Stormrift into the Aqshian half of the city. Assigned an honour guard of Freeguild by the Great Conclave's Ghyranite ambassador, Nadian Greenspur, the Lady and her Sylvaneth kin head north to escape the smog and industry of Hammerhal Aqsha as swiftly as possible. They head east at first, then make for the Adamantine Chain, splitting off from the Freeguild detachment to slide through the shadows of the vale to the south before climbing high into the mountains. Vengeance will not be long in coming...



'They stab-kill their way in, the tree-things. They copied us, yes-yes! Used portals to cheat! They want back what we rightfully stole! The treasure that Skrittatt clutch-took, to show that skaven are greatest. No-no, they get different prize, ha. Sap-blood fools! They come in fighting, but they will never get back out. It is a trap! Yes, a trap of mine, I meant this to happen. Soon we will splinter them, and then we will feast.'

- Skrittatt of Chakrik's Folly



SYLVANETH

The mysterious, reclusive race of the Sylvaneth once fought and bled only for their sacred homes in the Mortal Realms. No more. Now, with branch, root and blade, they reap a deadly harvest of those who would befoul the natural order of things everywhere.

THE LADY OF VINES

The demigod daughter of Alarielle, the Lady of Vines is held in the utmost respect by the Sylvaneth and all who deal with them. She has died more than once in the service of her mother's cause, but each time has been renewed, cut once more from her mother's wrist and regrown to fight again. She is no longer as beautiful and verdant as she once was, being gnarled and weathered by long centuries of war and the trauma of rebirth, but she has become fiercer and taller since the Rite

of Life saw Alarielle's faithful bloom to new heights of power. She wields Kurnotheal's Wrath, a spear grown from a splinter of the Everqueen's own weapon; guided by a sliver of the hunter-god's animus, when hurled it can wreak terrible damage before being plucked back into her hand by a reaching vine. The liana-like whips that lash from her body at will are thick and razor-edged, thirsting for vengeance as a shadowed flower thirsts for sunlight. So terrible has she become that the Dryads who follow her whisper she may

have a seed of bitterness inside that turns her mood darker and her spells more vicious each year. Yet she has never faltered in her prosecution of the War of Life, for she was originally made during the summertime of Alarielle's war aspect, full of the power and fury of a midyear tempest, and that outlook has never faded. Even when her mother dwindled into the near-fatal winter of her despondency the Lady fought on, never giving up hope. Perhaps Alarielle foresaw this, and deliberately put part of herself into a secondary form so she would never be entirely taken by her own melancholy. Perhaps she trusted no one other than herself, and created a lesser simulacrum to ensure her wishes were carried out. Whatever the reason, her decision proved pivotal during the breaking of Sigmar's Tempest. Were it not for the Lady, the Sylvaneth would have lost battles on a dozen fronts. Even the doubts and seeds of despair sown by Nurgle to rob the Sylvaneth of their power found no purchase upon her. Without her certainty, her ability to navigate the realmroots and the incredible lengths that the Lady went to in order to keep Alarielle safe, the Everqueen would certainly be dead and the realm of Ghyran rotted away by the scourge of Nurgle.

KURNOTH HUNTERS

Standing tall as a tribal menhir, the Kurnoth Hunter is a giant amongst the Sylvaneth race. Devoted not only to Alarielle but also paying respect to the eternal huntsman of Kurnotheal, they are the scourge of those who would see Ghyran defiled – or indeed any of the wild places of the realms where unspoilt

IN ANCIENT WOODS YOU SHALL FIND YOUR DEMISE



nature thrives. They sprouted from the soul-groves soon after Alarielle took her war aspect, the fruit of a union between the Everqueen and her consort, whose essence still lingers in her sacred spear when it is not free to lead the Wild Hunt. They move with surprising speed and grace for such massive warriors; some say their creator-goddess enchanted them in such a way they can pass through the thickest forest without making more than a whisper of noise. When threatened, these towering warriors can cause a great thicket of spiked tanglethorns to burst from their tree-like forms, a more effective aegis than any conventional shield.

All Kurnoth Hunters stand apart from the greater Sylvaneth society of clans and wargroves, travelling in small groups ahead of the wider hosts as they tirelessly track Ghyran's foes. They have a particularly strong connection with the realmroots, making them excellent scouts and raiders; it is no small wonder, then, that they were the first to be recruited to the Lady's cause. They show none of the whimsy and fey caprice of their lesser sylvan kin, though to a human they still seem entirely otherworldly, their deep and sonorous voices echoing as if from within the hollow trunk of an ancient tree. Their strange, sculpted faces are set in an expression of sombre dedication, though it is said when their wrath is raised and the Wild Hunt is upon them, one can feel waves of their destructive ire radiating from their bark. Still, for all their otherness, their great curving blades and pinpoint shafts are eloquent enough. When the Kurnoth Hunters begin their methodical destruction of the foe, greatbows firing with uncanny accuracy even as their stomping, heavy feet crush those who get too close, the enemy are cut down dozens at a time.

GOSSAMID ARCHERS

Since the raising of the Oak of Ages Past, Alarielle's people have been joined by a new breed of tree spirit sprouted from translucent pods at the great tree's base. They are known amongst the Sylvaneth as Gossamids, and have swiftly become famous for two things above all else – the punishing accuracy of their archery, and the hideous fate of those struck by their shafts. To be hit by a Gossamid's arrow is to literally be eaten alive from the inside out.

The Gossamids that flit at the fore of the Sylvaneth advance are far more than highly mobile skirmishers. They are given the power of flight by the zephyrspirits that clasp their torsos, magical creatures with buzzing double wings that allow their allies to take to the skies. At a fierce shout from the unit's leader, these winged beasts will detach and fly straight at the enemy, the buzzing insectile things confounding the attacks of the foe for a short time as their masters sprint off to find safety anew.

The winged spite is not the only symbiote that these archers employ. Though their bows are supple and strong, it is their quivers that hold the secret to their lethality. The quiverbug that they keep at their hip extrudes a special type of larval pod, its stalk straight and true, and its overall shape much like that of an arrow. When fired as a projectile into the flesh of an enemy, the ravenous grubs couched within the arrowhead hatch, eat and grow to maturity in a matter of seconds, usually resulting in a shocking explosion of gore. The effect does not end there; once their gestation is complete, a buzzing whirlwind of new quiverbugs will fly off from the corpse left behind, their intent to seek out more Gossamids willing to begin the cycle of life-through-death all over again.

SPIRITS OF DURTHU

The trusted retinue of the goddess Alarielle is formed from hand-chosen Spirits of Durthu, the most fearsome and potent of all their Treelord kin. These arboreal warriors rival even the thuggish gargants of Ghur in size, their oaken frames all but invulnerable to mundane weaponry and the power of toppling elder trees behind their every blow. Each wields a massive broadsword in the shape of an elongated leaf, the blade worked in an arcane shape to better channel the sorcerous energies that burn within. Legendary presences amongst the Sylvaneth nations, they are said to echo the soul of the Everqueen's most stalwart protector and advisor from another world, another time – the tree spirit Durthu. Those who protect the goddess directly are called Sons of Durthu, and with good reason – in a way, that ancient spirit of Loren Forest is their father, and Alarielle is their mother. Yet their history with their godly patron has not always been harmonious, and the luxury of seclusion and ponderous meditation is long lost to them. Where the Treelords are lore keepers and guardians, the Spirits of Durthu are battle leaders and military emissaries, sent out to lead the war effort when only the most trusted and proven agents could fulfil the will of the Sylvaneth in Alarielle's absence.

To see these entities in the full splendour of their war form is to know the terrifying power of nature. A Spirit of Durthu can hurl blasts of energy from its sword, stunning the foe as it stomps closer for the kill. They have a reputation for being inescapable in their slow-burning wrath – more than once has such a creature been seen to stamp a castle tower apart, eyes blazing even as its cruel talons delve in to crush and mangle the enemies seeking shelter within.

SKAVEN

The vermin-men known as skaven are ultimately creatures of Chaos, but they stand apart from the endless rivalries of the Path to Glory. Instead they have their own tyrannical society, many-layered and shot through with inventive treacheries.

DEATHMASTERS

The Deathmaster assassins of the Clans Eshin are the most lethal of all their notorious kin. Rarely do they speak, for these are creatures of stealth, of shadow, and of secrecy; but when they do, it is in a whispering hiss on the cusp of hearing. They are the foremost assassins of all skavenkind, and by the stabbing of their blades entire dynasties have been toppled into the dust of history.

Each Deathmaster is so skilled at moving without making a sound, so proficient in the arts of

concealment and obfuscation, that over the course of their long and arduous training in the Eshinite temple-warrens they learn to create zones of silence, much as a squid or octopus exudes clouds of ink. Perhaps it is a side-effect of the liquid shadow they imbibe during the horrific ordeals they must pass through to reach the rank of Deathmaster; perhaps it is a gift from the umbramantic daemon-rats known as Deceivers, or perhaps even a blessing from Ulgu itself, a land beloved of murder and shade. Whatever the reason, when they hide amongst the teeming

masses it is nigh impossible to pick them out. They are said to be able to run up vertical surfaces, push through cracks no wider than a hair, and even meld with shadow to emerge elsewhere – small wonder so many skaven exude a fearful musk at the mere mention of their name.

The weapons of the Eshin adept are all perfectly weighted, razor sharp and kept in such a way that they can be thrown in the blink of an eye. Garrottes and stilettos are popular for their ease of concealment, and a Deathmaster can even wield a blade or triskele-like shuriken in his tail with dexterity enough to slice a wasp in half mid-flight. Their deadliest tool, however, is not a weapon at all, but a poison. Their 'weeping blades' are known as such due to the thick, gloopy substance that covers their edges; made from alchemically treated warpstone, a single kiss from such a blade can bring a man to a spasming, frothing demise in a matter of seconds.

GREY SEERS

All Grey Seers are quick to proclaim their own genius, but riddled with paranoia and skittery ambition as they are, very few can make a convincing claim to sanity as well. Always ready to take short cuts to power, they use a variety of warpstone trinkets to enhance their innate spellcasting abilities. Green-black lightning crackles in their eyes as they spit curses that wither flesh, cause hungering chasms to open in the ground, and drive their minions into frenzies of killing rage. Willingly they sacrifice the lives of hundreds or

A DAGGER IN THE DARK BEATS A SHINING BLADE AT DAWN



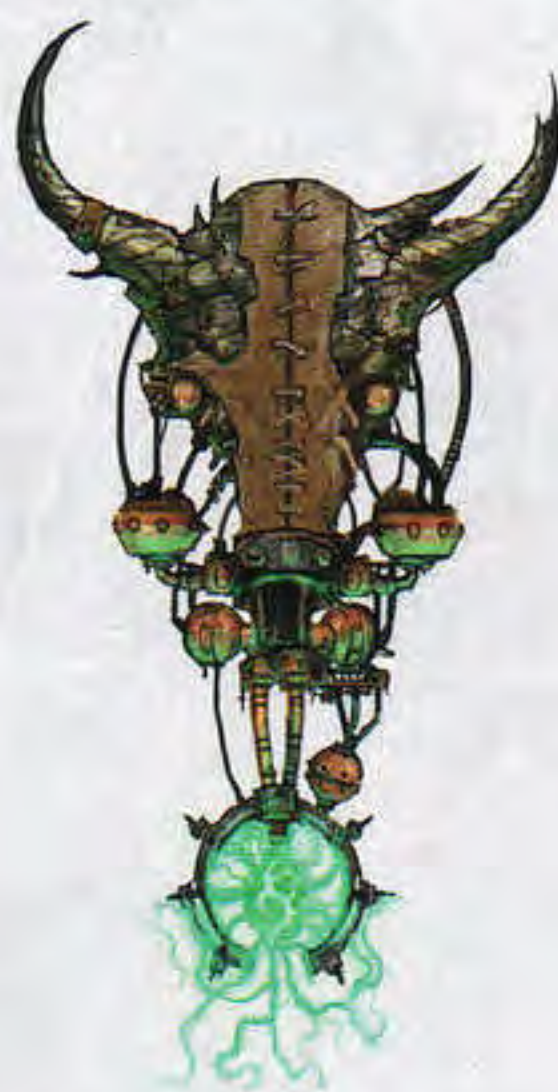
even thousands of their skaven followers in the furtherance of the aims of the fabled Council of Thirteen. Beyond that, they serve as the prophets of the Great Horned Rat, whose rise must be assured at any cost – unless it is a cost to the grey-furred seers themselves, of course. Yet there are some that go even further in their quest for dominance.

The richest and most influential Grey Seers ride to war atop great belfry-carriages known as Screaming Bells. Half chariot, half altar, these giant scaffold-clad conveyances creak and groan as they shudder along, their sheer weight a weapon in its own right as they are pushed at breakneck speed into the ranks of the enemy. The bell is a sacred symbol of imminent doom to the skaven, and the contraptions are a rallying point for hundreds of swarming rat-men.

An aura of unholy power shimmers around a Screaming Bell, making the fur of the closest skaven bristle and even protecting them from harm – it is almost as if the contraption wants to be rung, and will lavish arcane blessings on those who protect it. Then, when the giant, muscle-bound Rat Ogor at the carriage's rear tolls the great warpstone artefact within its arched belfry, the device's real power becomes manifest. A hideous, mind-shattering noise reverberates through the soul, tearing away the foe's resolve like gossamer in a gale, bursting eardrums, causing great cracks to open in the land about it and even deflecting enemy missiles with a near-solid wall of sound. The worst comes when the bell rings thirteen times without ceasing, each strike of the clapper upon the warpstone shell another blow to the shivering stuff of reality that leaves great weals of glowing green energy in the air – rents through which a daemonic avatar of the Horned Rat itself can emerge.

CLANRATS

The Clanrats of skaven society are truly innumerable. It is they who comprise the vast majority of their kind's number; collectively known as the Clans Verminus, they make up in quantity what they lack in brute strength or ingenuity. Much as the Great Clans like to deride the Clans Verminus for their lack of arcane weaponry, sorcerous talent, monstrous beasts or aptitude for the invisible kill, they all know, deep down, that without the ever-replenishing numbers of these foundational clans, the entirety of skaven society would collapse.



A single Clanrat poses little threat to a well-armed warrior; standing perhaps four or five feet tall, they are swift, but not mighty, and their wargear – such as it is – is rudimentary, made of battered wood, grime-stiffened hessian and rusted metal. Their strength lies instead in their numbers. Even the mighty Treelord champions of the Sylvaneth can be brought down by a filthy tide of stabbing, screeching Clanrats who believe the fight is going their way – and for every one that is slain there always seems to be more eager to take its place. Even when they teem in a brown tide they can be broken, however, as those who have made it their profession to fight skaven know from experience. Should the swarm take a savage enough

beating, it will often break as one, the musk of fear thick in the air as the hateful vermin scurry away with eyes rolling red and tails flicking like hideous, segmented serpents. Woe betide those who go charging after them to finish the job, however, for a cornered Clanrat is many times more dangerous than one with room to escape – when faced with no other option, Clanrats can find a desperate bravery that can see them take down larger prey though a combination of sheer panic and frantic energy.

STORMVERMIN

The tallest, strongest and most ferocious members of the Clans Verminus are gathered into a rough warrior caste known as the Stormvermin. Typically dark of fur and long of fang, they have a wiry strength to them, and unlike their lesser kin, some stand as tall as humans or even aelves. When armoured in the segmented battle plate paid for by the Clawlords that hire them out, they are a formidable prospect to face, even for a veteran soldier.

All Stormvermin are shrewd combatants, preferring to use polearms and shields to give them the best chance of felling their foes without exposing themselves to bladework in return. Like all skaven, they are most dangerous when they gather together in large numbers, but even a small bodyguard of these natural-born warriors can prevent an assassination attempt or break an enemy charge so their master can escape. Many a mob of charging orruks or wedge of armoured knights, thinking to break a skaven battleline with a single determined charge, have felt the bite of the Stormvermin's halberd, given a single brief moment to reassess the danger posed by their hissing, evil-eyed wielders before the deathblow lands true.

FROM FOREST TO CHASM

Though outnumbered many times over, the Sylvaneth strike force cuts a swathe through the murky warrens of the skaven before undertaking the true test of their mettle in the depths of Chakrik's Folly. In chasm, fissure and cavern, oaken flesh was pitted against rusted blade and volatile warp-magic.



The Lady of Vines



To surround the Lady of Vines is folly indeed. Her spear is a weapon twinned with that of the Everqueen herself, and her lashing, iron-hard tendrils can pierce and strangle as if with a life of their own.



Gossamid Archer



Flitwing Scion



Gossamid Archer



Sharp-eyed marksmen, the Gossamid Archers use not conventional arrows but long-shafted chrysalis-pods that, upon piercing the target, inject clusters of voracious grubs that grow to maturity with horrifying speed.



Kurnoth Hunter



Huntmaster



Kurnoth Hunter



The might of those Kurnoth Hunters who choose to attack from afar lies not solely in their greatbows; these towering Sylvaneth are more than capable of tearing apart foes that come too close with their bare talons.



Spirit of Durthu



The greatest of all Treelords, Spirits of Durthu are the bodyguards and justiciars of Alarielle's rule. Such is their strength that they can cut their foes clean in two with a swing of their massive guardian swords.



Deathmaster



The cunning of the Deathmasters is legendary. These assassins possess supernatural dexterity, and they are adept in the use of poisons – warpstone toxins that can turn even a Sylvaneth's heartwood to rotten black mulch.



Screaming Bell



The demented weapon of war known as a Screaming Bell has at its heart a relic laced with corrupting warpstone. The fell cacophony that erupts with every strike of the clapper can tear sanity – and even the stuff of reality itself.



Fiercest of warrior skaven save the chieftains and warlords they protect, Stormvermin are strong, quick and merciless. They strike with long-hafted, cruelly barbed blades to hack and slash their prey in a manic frenzy.



Clawleader



Clanrats



Clanrat Bellringer



Clanrat Standard Bearer



Fangleader



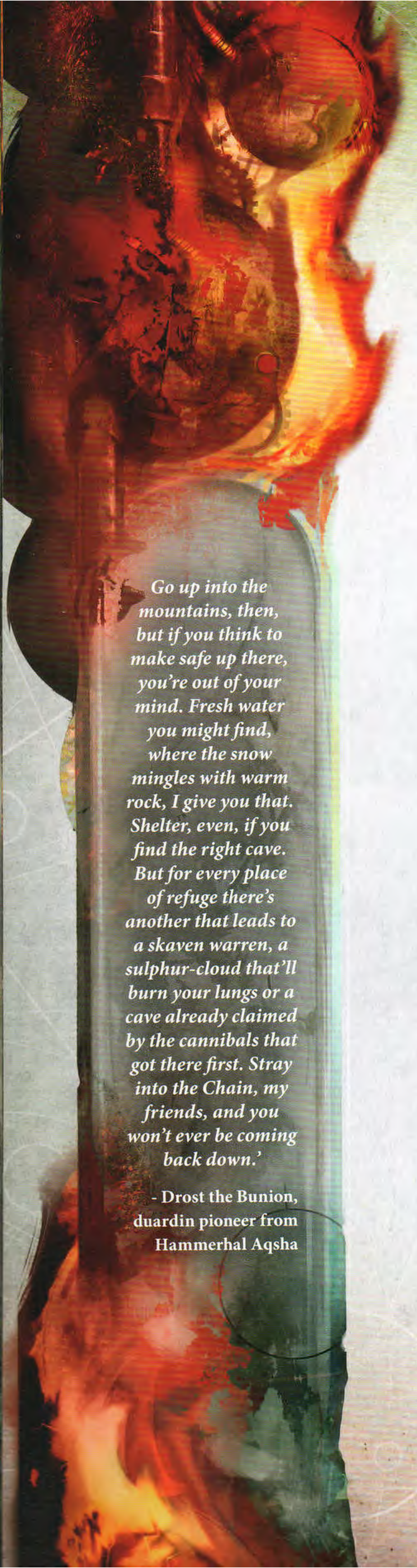
Stormvermin



In the sweltering, sulphurous depths of Chakrik's Folly, the might of the Sylvaneth's oaken giants and flit-winged archers is matched against an unending tide of skaven driven into a manic frenzy by their Grey Seer's Screaming Bell. Few shall escape this cavern alive...







REALM RULES

On this page, you will find a new set of realm rules that allow you to fight battles set in the region of the Mortal Realms described in the narrative section of this book. These rules are suitable for narrative and open play games but are not intended for matched play.

REGION OF WAR: THE ADAMANTINE CHAIN, AQSHY

SPECIAL RULES

SKAVEN TUNNELS

The following special rules are used when fighting the 'The Descent' battleplan (pg 29).

Impenetrable Gloom: *The oppressive shadows of this place cling to warriors like an ominous shroud, making it impossible to see what might lurk in the distance.*

The range of missile weapons and spells is limited to a maximum of 12".

Low Ceilings: *The close confines here mean that outmanoeuvring the foe will prove difficult. This battle will surely be decided at the brutal press of the front line.*

Models cannot fly. In addition, the path of a model's move cannot be traced more than 4" above the battlefield.

Walls of Solid Rock: *The narrow tunnels in this underground battlefield are separated from each other by thick walls of solid rock.*

All of the terrain features set up on this battlefield are considered to be walls of solid rock that reach from the ground to the ceiling. Terrain features cannot be moved across by models (including models that can fly), and visibility between 2 models is blocked if a straight line drawn between the closest points on the bases of the models passes across a terrain feature.

Designer's Note: *This means that the area covered by terrain features in this battle is effectively out of play.*

COMMAND ABILITIES

Hidden Tunnel: *The depths reward those who study the ancient byways of the subterranean realms.*

You can use this command ability at the start of your movement phase. The unit that receives the command can move across terrain features in that phase, as long as no models in the unit finish a move on a terrain feature.

Go up into the mountains, then, but if you think to make safe up there, you're out of your mind. Fresh water you might find, where the snow mingles with warm rock, I give you that. Shelter, even, if you find the right cave. But for every place of refuge there's another that leads to a skaven warren, a sulphur-cloud that'll burn your lungs or a cave already claimed by the cannibals that got there first. Stray into the Chain, my friends, and you won't ever be coming back down.'

- Drost the Bunion, duardin pioneer from Hammerhal Aqsha

Cunning Traps: *Sabotage is a common tactic used by those wishing to eradicate unwary opponents.*

You can use this command ability at the end of your opponent's movement phase. Pick 1 enemy unit within 12" of the unit that receives the command and that is visible to it and roll 2D6. If the roll is equal to or greater than the distance between the unit that receives the command and that enemy unit, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

MOUNTAIN PEAKS

The following special rules are used when fighting the 'Amongst the Peaks' battleplan (pg 31).

Long Way Up: *Those bold enough to brave the heights can climb atop rocky outcrops and towering spires to lend what aid they can to their winged brethren.*

Models that cannot fly and that are set up or finish a move wholly on open ground that is not within 3" of a terrain feature are slain.

Designer's Note: *The 3" area around a terrain feature is assumed to be solid ground upon which a model can stand. Models that cannot fly can move from an area of open ground that is within 3" of a terrain feature to an area of open ground that is within 3" of another terrain feature, as long as they do not finish the move wholly on an area of open ground that is more than 3" from all terrain features. This represents them leaping or clambering from peak to peak.*

Long Way Down: *For those that lack the power of flight, there is a chance that a blow will see them lose balance and fall from their precarious positions, causing them to tumble to their death far below.*

If any wounds are allocated to a unit that cannot fly, or if any successful save rolls or successful ward rolls are made for a unit that cannot fly, you must make a falling roll for that unit at the end of the phase. To make a falling roll, roll a dice. On a 1, 1 model in that unit is slain. Only 1 falling roll can be made per unit per phase.

ECHOES OF WAR BATTLEPLANS

The battleplans in this book are Echoes of War battleplans. They can be used with the battlepacks in the Core Book in the following ways:

Open War Battlepack: An Echoes of War battleplan can be used instead of using the Open War battleplan generator.

Path to Glory Battlepack: An Echoes of War battleplan can be used instead using of the Path to Glory Battleplan table.

Contest of Generals Battlepack: An Echoes of War battleplan can be used instead of using the Contest of Generals Battleplan table.

The warmth of the skaven tunnels was oppressive, and the subterranean scents of sulphur and limestone mingled with a rich animal stink. Here the Sylvaneth found filth, rot and death, the refuse of a society that thrived in squalor strewn around the warren amongst picked-clean bones and splashes of dried blood.

The Lady of Vines ventured forward with a hunter's grace, ducking when the ceiling grew low. The confines were tight, and far too small for her confidante Tharembareth. She had been forced to send the Durthuan tree-spirit, along with her Gossamid escort, into the high peaks, trusting in the spirit song to lead them back to her when the time was right. Her tendrils twitched at the thought, not only with a strange, unfamiliar anxiety, but with the mounting need to kill.

The looming Kurnoth Hunters flanking her were each the equal of a dozen veteran soldiers; in such close confines, even a tide of skaven attackers would soon find their numbers counted for very little. Here, there was danger, but not a shred of hesitancy held them back. These tunnels would be filled with the furred corpses of ratmen soon enough.

It was the distance she felt from the spirit song, that constant, reassuring melody that united all Sylvaneth, that had the Lady so on edge. Were it not for the surge of life energy Alarielle had sent

across the realms, she would keen for it, pine for it so much that every step was a struggle. Yet here were creatures that would steal from that sacred refrain, who would tear the purity of the soulpods from the womb-forest of Neos and sully them, devour them, for no more reason than ambition and blind spite. Rage drove her on.

A skittering, up ahead. Claws on rock. Shrill voices trying to be quiet, yet carrying nonetheless, nowhere for the sound to escape. The Lady of Vines felt the song of war rise in her throat in response, the tips of her vines hardening into oak-hard spikes. She made eye contact with each of the Kurnothi in turn, and they drew their greatbows, setting their root-twined feet wide on the warren floor.

The whisper of scratches grew louder, then louder still. A horde of ratmen burst from the dimly lit cavern ahead, warpstone braziers and trinkets shedding dim green light on their distorted snouts and twitching, worm-like tails as they poured forwards. The Kurnothi let fly their arrows, skewering two

or three skaven with each shot. A heartbeat later, the Lady let the spear-like tips of her vines fly forwards in a flurry of strikes that impaled, withdrew, and stabbed again. Still the bestial things could not be contained, for they had numbers on their side, if nothing else. Wherever they surged towards the Kurnothi to hack away chunks of woody flesh with their crude weapons, the hunters would send thorny extrusions bursting from their lower limbs, thickets of briar that tore flesh and entangled weapon-arms. The air filled with the sour smell of fear-musk as the skaven, realising they were being slaughtered, tried to flee, but those pressing in behind kept them from escape. Shrill screams ripped through the tunnels as panic spread like a virus through the swarm. Together the Sylvaneth pressed forward as one, only to see hundreds of red eyes glinting in the darkness ahead.

The Lady felt a pulsing strain of joy, a high soprano above the contralto of the constant melody in her soul. She put it aside. It was time to sing the song of death.



BATTLEPLAN 1 THE DESCENT

Cramped, winding, dark and with a truly evil smell, the tunnels of Chakrik's Folly are a trial for the Sylvaneth and a paradise for the teeming skaven that call them home. Here the might of an elite strike force is pitted against the endless swarms of skaven in a harrowing war of attrition.

REALM RULES

This battle uses the Skaven Tunnels rules (pg 26).

THE ARMIES

One player is the attacker. Their opponent is the defender.

ATTACKER'S ARMY

The attacker must use a Sylvaneth army. It must consist of the following units:

- The Lady of Vines
- 1 Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth Greatbows unit of 3 models

DEFENDER'S ARMY

The defender must use a Skaven army. It must consist of the following units:

- 1 Stormvermin unit of 10 models. The champion from this unit must be the skaven general.
- 2 understrength Clanrats units of 10 models. Only 1 of those units can have command models.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The attacker sets up the battlefield's terrain features and then the defender chooses which long edge of the battlefield is the northern edge.

DEPLOYMENT

The defender sets up their army first, wholly within their territory and more than 6" from enemy territory. Each unit in the army must be set up more than 12" from all other units in the army.

Then, the attacker sets up their army wholly within their territory.

FIRST TURN

The attacker takes the first turn in the first battle round.

BATTLE LENGTH

The battle lasts for 5 battle rounds.

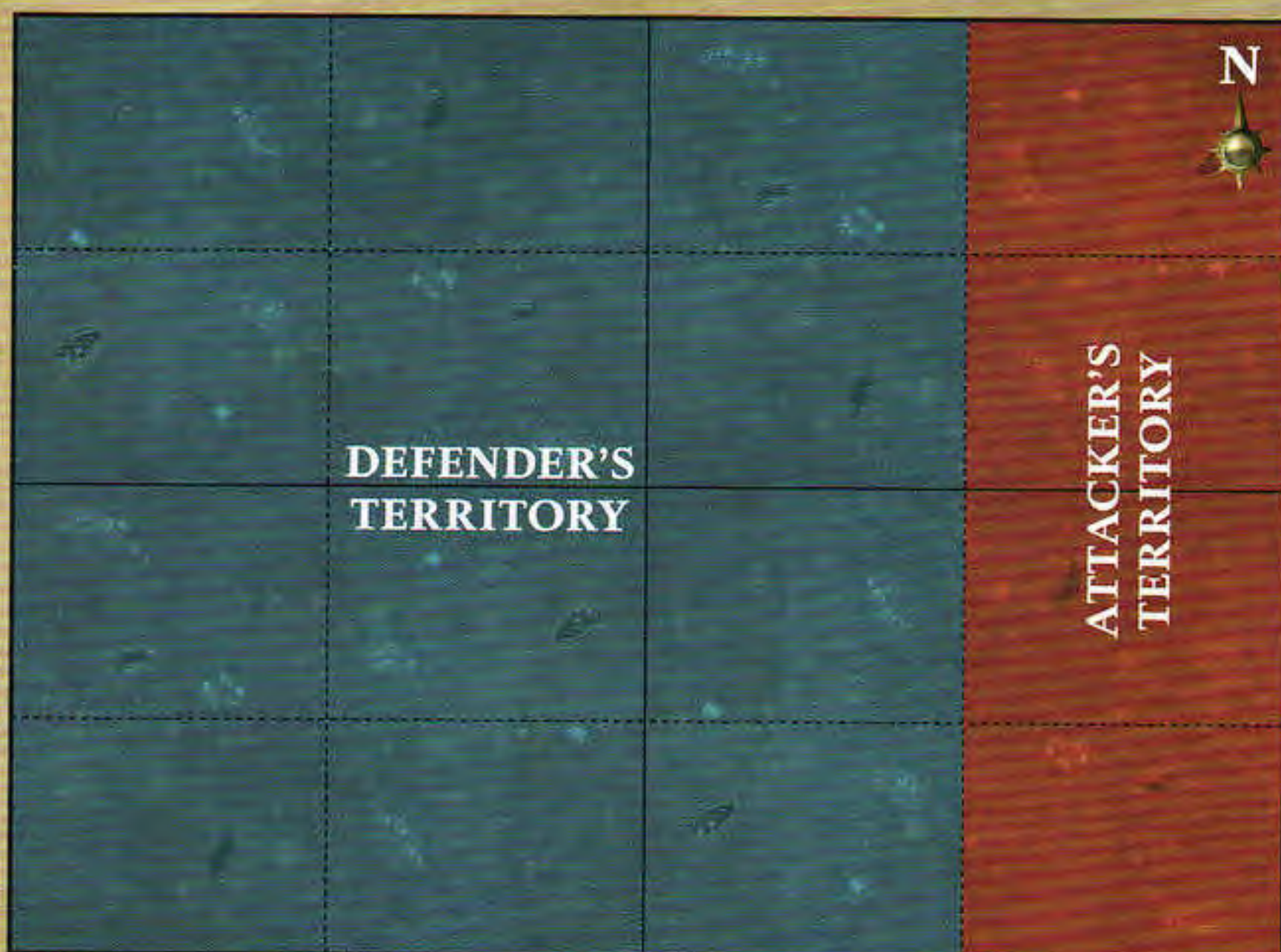
ENDLESS SKITTERING HORDES

At the end of their movement phase, the defender can roll a dice for each friendly unit that has been destroyed. Add 2 to the roll if the unit was a **CLANRATS** unit. On a 5+, a new unit identical to the destroyed unit is added to the defender's army. The unit must be set up wholly within the defender's territory, wholly within 6" of the edge of the battlefield, and more than 9" from all enemy units. If the dice roll for the unit was an even number, the unit is set up by the attacker. If it was an odd number, the unit is set up by the defender.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

The attacker wins a **major victory** if the Lady of Vines is within 6" of the western edge of the battlefield when the battle ends. The attacker wins a **minor victory** if a **KURNOTH HUNTERS** unit is within 6" of the western edge of the battlefield when the battle ends.

The defender wins a **major victory** if the Lady of Vines is slain and there is no **KURNOTH HUNTERS** unit within 6" of the western edge of the battlefield when the battle ends. The defender wins a **minor victory** if there are no **SYLVANETH** units within 6" of the western edge of the battlefield when the battle ends.



BLOOD IN THE HIGH SNOW

The air misted around Deathmaster Virrtik's snout, just for a moment. Lips curling back into a snarl, he rewrapped the cloth of his headgear and motioned for the Clanrats in the peak-folds below to do the same. Whiskers twitched and tails lashed as they muttered about the intense, biting cold.

'Hss! Sneak-sneak, fools. They come!'

Not far ahead, strange, dragonfly-winged tree-things flitted along the serried, tooth-like outcrops of the mountain ridge. They had with them a lumbering, willow-crowned giant, oak-limbed and with a glowing sword the length of a warp-lightning cannon vine-strapped to his back. The tree-thing was using long, sinuous growths to extend its reach as it moved across crevasses and climbed the sheer cliff faces of the Snow Peaks, its progress slow but sure. Virrtik had no wish to feel the bite of that blade. Luckily, he had a plan to level the field before he made the kill. He snickered at the thought. The Clans Eshin were masters when it came to setting up unfair fights in their favour, after all.

There was a brief squeal from below. Virrtik looked down, seeing a Stormvermin – one who had clearly nominated himself a sentry and stuck his head over the boulderline – with a leafy arrow sprouting from the middle of his forehead. He pitched backwards, his helm splitting as furry flesh bulged outwards. His head

seemed to writhe, then it burst open, jaws yawning as glistening spite-creatures swarmed from the ruin of his head. The Sylvaneth archers hovered in, closer now, the others taking their shots as they spotted the skaven skulking in the rocks. Virrtik took a throwing star from his robes and hurled it hard at the nearest one, shredding one of its wings and sending it spiralling down.

'Strike-strike!' shouted Virrtik. As one, the Stormvermin clambered up the boulders, reaching high to swing their halberds at the swooping tree-things. The tree-giant pulled his way across a fissure and lumbered in, swinging fist and blade to crush and cleave those Clanrats frozen in terror at its size. Virrtik waited for it to wade deeper into the gulley behind the boulders, slashing and roaring, the wrath of Ghyran made manifest. Just as it raised a massive, stump-like foot to stamp on the vermin milling before it, Virrtik took out his flash-bomb and hurled it.

Of course, his timing was perfect. The device detonated just as the tree-giant's foot thudded down to crush a pair of unlucky Clanrats,

and the thunderous double-boom shivered the high slopes above. A massive slew of white, heavy snow slid down, entombing dozens of Clanrats too slow to skitter out of the way – but more importantly, burying the monstrous tree-thing up to the neck. Virrtik snickered again, taking out his weeping blade and scampering over the fresh snowdrifts so lightly he left no more impression than a songbird. The tree-giant gaped and roared, amber fire in its outraged mask of a face. Virrtik's beloved blade would carve that oaken flesh nice and—

Three huge tendrils shot out of the snow bank like striking snakes, catching Virrtik's arms and legs in a horrible, defeating second. Instinct kicked in as he dropped the weeping blade, his tail whipping round to catch it before it sunk into the snow. A slash of that prehensile appendage, then another, and a third saw him burst free of the horrible root-things to scramble back to safety. Three of the winged archers were flitting close, now.

Virrtik swore mightily as he ran for his life. Skrittat wasn't paying him nearly enough for this.



BATTLEPLAN 2 AMONGST THE PEAKS

A battle erupts in the peaks as Deathmaster Virrtik ambushes Tharem-Bareth, forced by his sheer size to take the high road as the Lady of Vines takes the low.

REALM RULES

This battle uses the Mountain Peaks rules (pg 27).

THE ARMIES

One player is the attacker. Their opponent is the defender.

ATTACKER'S ARMY

The attacker must use a Sylvaneth army. It must consist of the following units:

- 1 Spirit of Durthu (Tharem-Bareth)
- 1 Gossamid Archers unit of 5 models

DEFENDER'S ARMY

The defender must use a Skaven army. It must consist of the following units:

- 1 Deathmaster (Virrtik). This unit must be hidden in one of the Stormvermin or Clanrats units.

- 1 Stormvermin unit of 10 models. The champion from this unit must be the skaven general.
- 2 understrength Clanrats units of 10 models. Only 1 of those units can have command models.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The defender sets up the battlefield's terrain features and then the attacker chooses which long edge of the battlefield is the northern edge.

MOUNTAIN CHAIN

The first terrain feature must be set up within 6" of one of the long battlefield edges. Each subsequent terrain feature must be set up within 6" of the last terrain feature that was set up. The final terrain feature must be set up within 6" of the long battlefield edge opposite the one by which the first terrain feature was set up.

Designer's Note: *If you do not have enough terrain features to reach from one edge of the battlefield to the other, you can use markers to show the tips of the peaks. Open*

ground within 3" of these markers is considered to be within 3" of a terrain feature for the purposes of the Long Way Up rule (pg 27).

THE SPIRIT PATHS

The attacker treats all terrain features on the battlefield as overgrown terrain features.

DEPLOYMENT

The defender sets up their army first, wholly within their territory and more than 6" from enemy territory. Each unit in the army must be set up more than 12" from all other units in the army.

Then, the attacker sets up their army wholly within their territory.

FIRST TURN

The attacker takes the first turn in the first battle round.

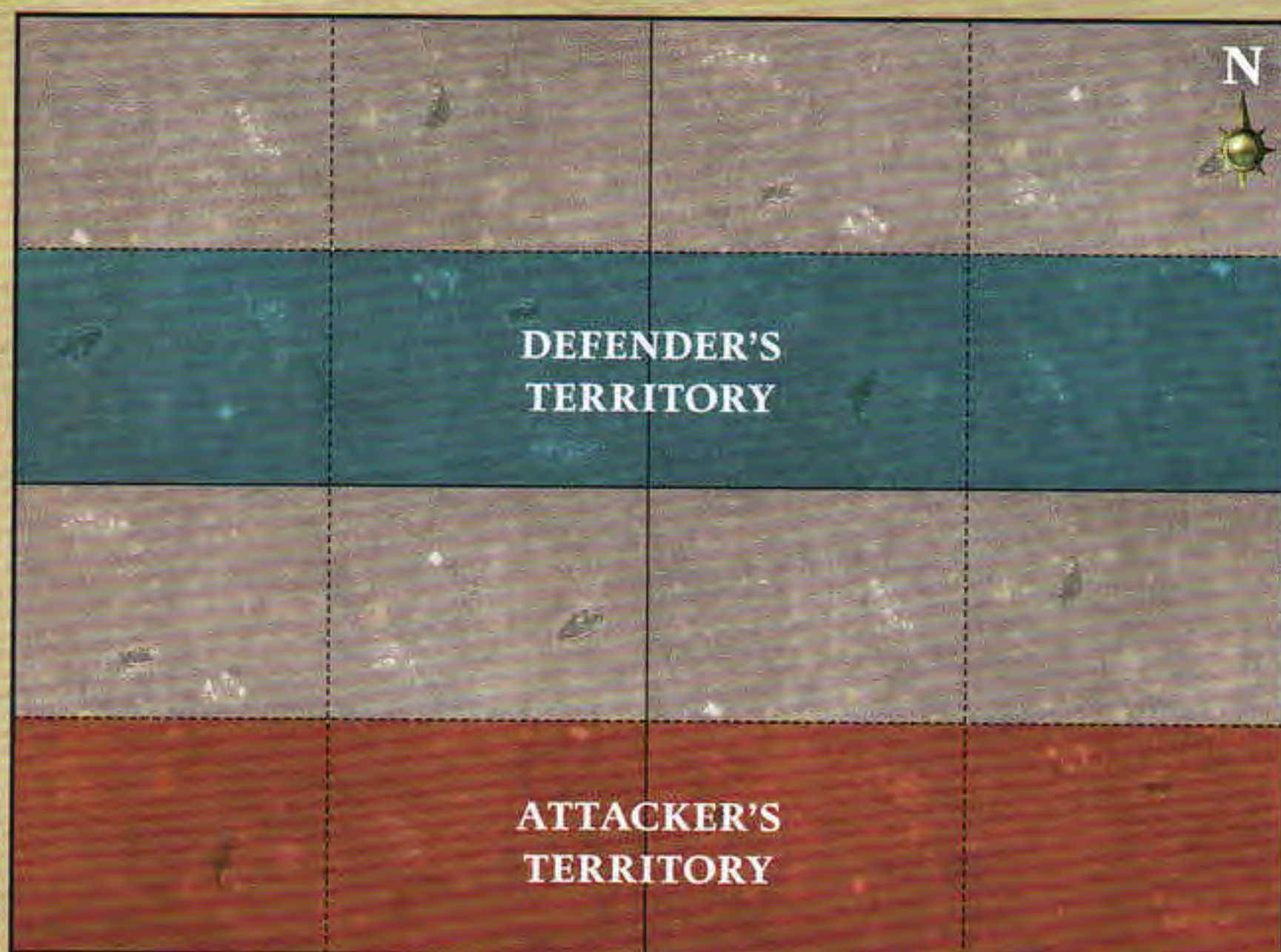
BATTLE LENGTH

Starting from the third battle round, at the end of each battle round, roll a dice. On a 3+, the battle ends. On any other roll, the battle continues.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

The attacker wins a **major victory** if Virrtik is slain. The attacker wins a **minor victory** if Virrtik has been revealed at the end of the battle and Tharem-Bareth has not been slain.

The defender wins a **major victory** if Virrtik is still hidden at the end of the battle. The defender wins a **minor victory** if Virrtik has been revealed at the end of the battle but Tharem-Bareth has been slain.



CLASH IN THE CAVERNS

The Lady of Vines burst through a dam of verminous corpses and screamed her defiance into the cave beyond. Every inch of her was covered in the blood of vermin or the sap of her own, manifold wounds. Were her skin not hard as bark she would have long met her death by a thousand cuts.

The Lady of Vines felt like she had been fighting her way through the tunnels for days, but now, thank the goddess, her quarry was in sight. There, within an arrow's flight, was the white-furred sorcerer, the architect of the Jadewound's latest tragedy. It screeched as it saw her, clambering up on the scaffold of its bell tower as the cursed artefact's mind-shredding toll rang out across the cavern.

The vast cave was strewn with rubble, rock dust dancing in the shafts of light that speared down from the fissures in its roof. Its edges were marred by endless scaffolds and platforms that sprouted in great profusion, like angular plate-fungus and parasitic ivy claiming a swathe of cliff wall. Dotted here and there were great brass globes, some crackling with green energy that fizzed along pipes and tangled wires. Across the mass of superstructures scurried a horde of vermin, leaping and jumping with impressive dexterity as they poured down towards her and her surviving hunters. There were thousands of them, and though the cavern walls were honeycombed with cracks, fissures and entrances, very few of them would have

accommodated a Kurnoth Hunter, let alone the Lady herself. There was no way out but the way they had come, and already she could hear scurrying in the tunnels behind them.

'You!' cried the Lady of Vines, finding her outward-voice under layers of blinding rage. She pointed her spear at the albino seer atop his bell. 'You will pay for that which you wrought! Pay with your life!'

The creature was conjuring something, pulling at the greenish-black energy crackling from the brass spheres around it as if it were twine and balling it between its sinewy fingers. One of the Kurnoth Hunters, Dallambor, stepped forward and took a shot, his arrow flying straight and true as his kinsmen did the same. The vermin-seer hurled his ball of energy, and it obliterated the leading arrow in a puff of dust. The other two bolts were deflected by a wall of unnatural sound as the warpstone bell rang out. Dust trickled down from above at the noise as the clangour in the cavern grew to deafening volume. The Lady strode forwards, her Kurnothi escort close, but already a red-brown tide of fur

was rushing to encircling them. Exhausted, unable to concentrate or even see clearly with that awful bell ringing over and over, the tree-spirits shared their mind-song one last time, resolving to sell their lives dearly in the name of revenge.

Then part of the ceiling gave way. Amidst thunderous cascade of rock, Tharem-Bareth's giant oaken form tumbled in from the mountainside above in a grey cascade of boulders and rubble. Catching himself on a massive stalactite with a trio of great whipping strangleroots, the Spirit of Durthu turned his fall into a swinging arc whilst his Gossamid escort winged through the massive crack in the ceiling to fire arrow after arrow into the Stormvermin guarding the bell. Tharem-Bareth's great foot kicked out like a battering ram at the warpstone relic's scaffold, sundering the contraption even as he slammed into the cavern wall with a thunderclap boom. Finally, the bell was silent.

The Lady felt the song of elation soar within her, new energy flooding her limbs. A red vengeance would be wrought this day, no matter the cost...



BATTLEPLAN 3 RECLAMATION

Amidst the endless scaffolds and sparking warp-engines of Chakrik's Folly, the Sylvaneth finally run their quarry to ground...

THE ARMIES

One player is the attacker. Their opponent is the defender.

ATTACKER'S ARMY

The attacker must use a Sylvaneth army. It must consist of the following units:

- The Lady of Vines
- 1 Spirit of Durthu (Tharem-Bareth)
- 1 Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth Greatbows unit of 3 models
- 1 Gossamid Archers unit of 5 models

DEFENDER'S ARMY

The defender must use a Skaven army. It must consist of the following units:

- Grey Seer on Screaming Bell (Skrittat)
- 1 Deathmaster (Virrtik)
- 1 Stormvermin unit of 10 models
- 1 Clanrats unit of 20 models

THE BATTLEFIELD

The defender sets up the battlefield's terrain features and then the attacker chooses which long edge of the battlefield is the northern edge.

DEPLOYMENT

The defender sets up their army first, wholly within their territory and more than 6" from enemy territory. Each unit in the army must be set up more than 12" from all other units in the army. Skrittat must be set up centred on the point shown on the map.

Then, the attacker sets up their army wholly within their territory.

FIRST TURN

The attacker takes the first turn in the first battle round.

ENDLESS SKITTERING HORDES

At the end of their movement phase, the defender can roll a dice for each friendly unit that has been destroyed. Add 2 to the roll

if the unit was a CLANRATS unit. On a 5+, a new unit identical to the destroyed unit is added to the defender's army. The unit must be set up wholly within the defender's territory, wholly within 6" of the edge of the battlefield, and more than 9" from all enemy units. If the dice roll for the unit was an even number, the unit is set up by the attacker. If it was an odd number, the unit is set up by the defender.

THE SOULPODS

The soulpods that have not been devoured by Skrittat can be reclaimed by nearby Sylvaneth.

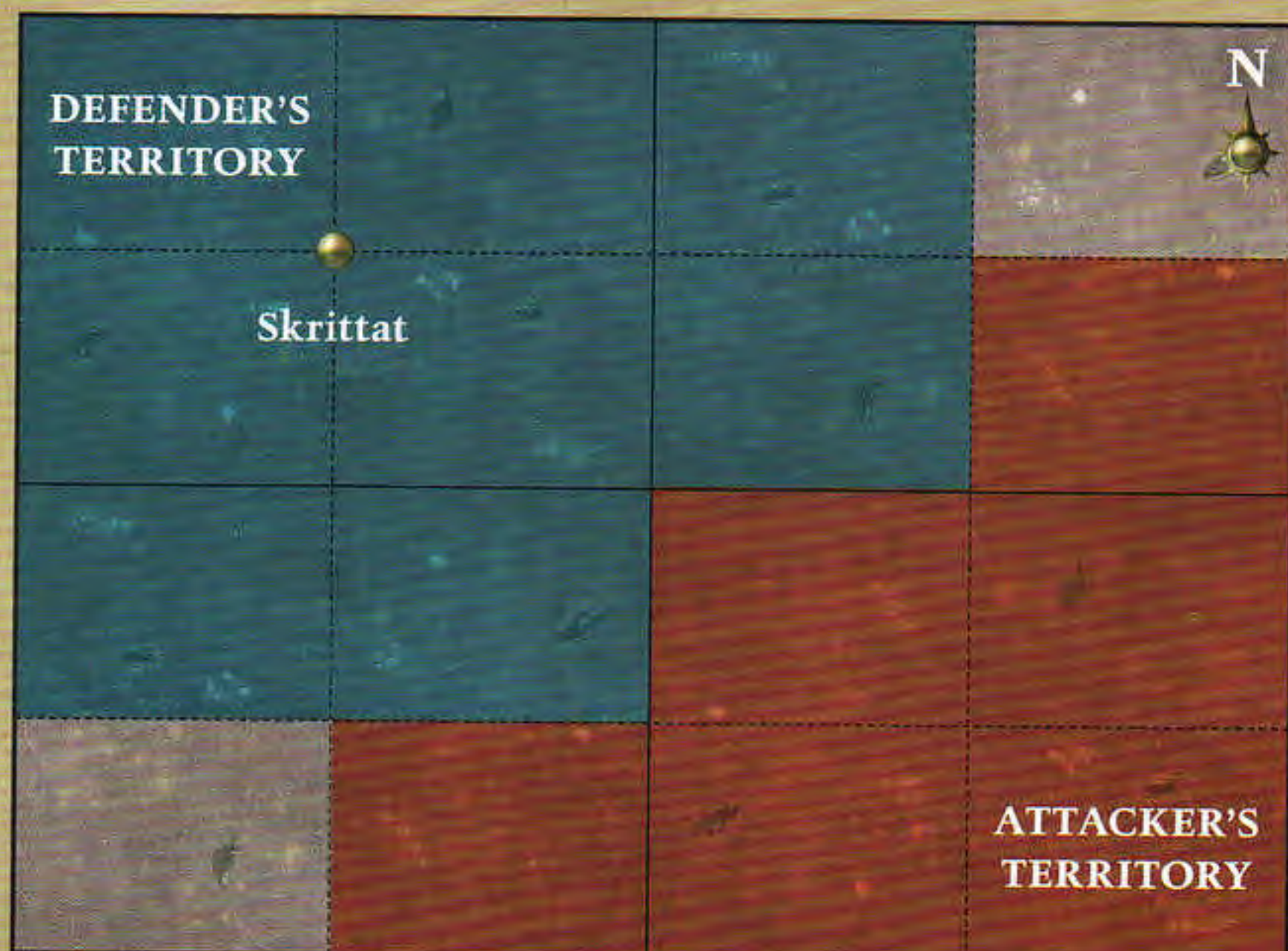
After deployment, the defender must set up 4 objective markers. Each objective must be set up within 1" of Skrittat and more than 3" from all of the other objectives. When the attacker gains control of an objective, it is removed from play and treated as if it is controlled by the attacker.

BATTLE LENGTH

The battle lasts for 5 battle rounds.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

At the end of the battle, if both **SKAVEN HEROES** have been slain, the attacker wins the battle. If 1 **SKAVEN HERO** has been slain and the other is on the battlefield, the defender wins the battle. If both **SKAVEN HEROES** are on the battlefield, the player that controls the most objectives wins the battle. The winner of the battle rolls a dice, and adds the number of objectives they control to the roll. On a 5+, they win a **major victory**. On any other roll, they win a **minor victory**.



WARSCROLL

THE LADY OF VINES

MISSILE WEAPONS

Kurnotheal's Wrath

Range

Attacks

To Hit

To Wound

Rend

Damage

18"

1

2+

2+

-1

D6

MELEE WEAPONS

Kurnotheal's Wrath

Range

Attacks

To Hit

To Wound

Rend

Damage

3"

3

3+

3+

-1

D3

Lashing Vines

3"

4

3+

3+

-1

2

The Lady of Vines is armed with Kurnotheal's Wrath and Lashing Vines.

WARMASTER: If this unit is included in a Sylvaneth army, it is treated as a general even if it is not the model picked to be the army's general.

WIZARD: This unit can attempt to cast 2 spells in your hero phase and attempt to unbind 2 spells in the enemy hero phase.

Verdian Crown: The power of the Everqueen herself pulses through the Lady of Vines and radiates from the ornate crown she bears.

Friendly **SYLVANETH** units wholly within 6" of this unit are treated as being wholly within 6" of an Awakened Wyldwood in your army.

Writhing Vines: The whipping tendrils that sprout from the Lady's back can ensnare foes or confound their attacks.

At the start of the combat phase, if this unit is within 3" of any enemy units, you can say that this unit will either create a protective barrier or ensnare foes. If this unit creates a protective barrier, subtract 1 from hit rolls that target this unit until the end of that phase. If this unit ensnares foes, add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by this unit until the end of that phase.

Roused to Wrath: The Lady sings to her people through the realmroots, calling them forth to join the reaping.

Once per battle, if this unit is on the battlefield at the end of your movement

phase, you can say it will call its allies forth. If you do so, roll a dice. On a 2+, you can summon 1 unit of 10 **DRYADS** and add it to your army. The summoned unit must be set up more than 9" from all enemy units and wholly within 9" of an overgrown terrain feature or Awakened Wyldwood in your army.

Aspect of the Everqueen: The Lady of the Vines channels the power of her goddess mother, shielding fellow Sylvaneth with the harnessed energies of nature.

Aspect of the Everqueen is a spell with a casting value of 7 and a range of 12". If successfully cast, until your next hero phase, friendly **SYLVANETH** units have a ward of 5+ while they are wholly within range of the caster.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, FOREST FOLK, HERO, WIZARD, BRANCHWRAITH, THE LADY OF VINES

The Lady of Vines is literally the hand of Alarielle, cut from the goddess's wrist and then grown into a towering war leader. Her lashing whip-limbs and spear, Kurnotheal's Wrath, have slain thousands of the Sylvaneth's foes.



The Lady of Vines is an inspirational figure amongst the faithful of Ghyran, the daughter of the Everqueen and the harbinger of victory against the darkness. Her rage at the intrusion of the skaven into Neos burns hot enough to kill.



Giants amongst the forest kindred, each Kurnoth Hunter is an expert archer with a greatbow the size of an artillery piece. They are relentless in pursuit of their quarry, able to stalk their prey across entire nations without tiring.

WARSCROLL

KURNOTH HUNTERS

WITH KURNOTH GREATBOWS

MISSILE WEAPONS

Kurnoth Greatbow

Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
30"	2	4+	3+	-1	2

MELEE WEAPONS

Vicious Claws

Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
1"	3	3+	3+	-	1

Each model in a Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth Greatbows unit is armed with a Kurnoth Greatbow and Vicious Claws.

CHAMPION: 1 model in this unit can be a Huntmaster. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's melee weapons.

Envoys of the Everqueen: Kurnoth Hunters act as the voice of the rulers and commanders of the Sylvaneth race.

After a friendly **SYLVANETH HERO** issues the All-out Attack or All-out Defence command, you can pick 1 friendly **SYLVANETH** unit within 6" of this unit. If you do so, roll a dice. On a 4+, that unit also receives that command, even if it has already received a command in that phase.

Trample Underfoot: Kurnoth Hunters use their size and strength against their foes, stamping on and crushing them.

At the end of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 1" of this unit and roll 1 dice for each model in this unit. For each 4+, that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, FREE SPIRITS, KURNOTH HUNTERS



Gossamid Archers are afforded the power of flight by the zephyrwing spites that clasp their torsos. A gruesome fate awaits any struck by the shafts of these skirmishers, for the arrowheads contain voracious grubs that devour the target from within.

WARSCROLL

GOSSAMID ARCHERS

MISSILE WEAPONS

Gossamid Bow

Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
12"	2	3+	3+	-	1

MELEE WEAPONS

Cruel Talons

Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
1"	2	3+	4+	-	1

Each model in a Gossamid Archers unit is armed with a Gossamid Bow and Cruel Talons.

CHAMPION: 1 model in this unit can be a Flitwing Scion. Add 1 to the

Attacks characteristic of that model's Gossamid Bow.

FLY: This unit can fly.

Larval Shafts: When fired into the flesh of an enemy, the ravenous grubs couched within the heads of these arrows hatch, eat and grow to maturity in a matter of seconds, usually resulting in a shocking explosion of gore.

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with a Gossamid Bow is 6, the target suffers D3 mortal wounds and the attack sequence ends (do not make a wound roll or save roll).

Forest Fighters: These warriors fight in loosely scattered formations, the better to take advantage of the terrain in their arboreal domains.

If this unit has 2 or more models, it is coherent if each model in the unit is within 2" horizontally of at least 1 other model in the unit instead of 1".

Zephyrspites: These buzzing insectile symbiotes can be released to confound the attacks of the foe for a short time as their masters sprint off to find safety anew.

After this unit has received the Unleash Hell command and all of its shooting attacks have been resolved, if this unit is within 3" of any enemy units, you can roll a dice. On a 2+, this unit can retreat.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, FREE SPIRITS, GOSSAMID ARCHERS



A Spirit of Durthu is a walking pillar of oaken barkflesh and fiery, righteous anger. Some amongst them form the personal guard of the Everqueen; others walk abroad to stamp her enemies into the mulch or cut down her foes with scything sweeps of their guardian swords.

WARSCROLL

SPIRIT OF DURTHU

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Verdant Blast	15"	☀	4+	3+	-1	2
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Guardian Sword	3"	3	3+	3+	-2	☀
Massive Impaling Talons	1"	2	2+	☀	-2	3

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Verdant Blast	Guardian Sword	Massive Impaling Talons
0-6	6	6	2+
7-8	5	D6	3+
9-10	4	D3	4+
11+	3	1	5+

A Spirit of Durthu is armed with Massive Impaling Talons, a Guardian Sword and Verdant Blast.

Groundshaker: *The earth quakes as this mighty tree spirit stamps its limbs, shaking the enemy's wits.*

You can carry out this monstrous rampage with this unit instead of any other monstrous rampage you can carry out with this unit. If you do so, pick 1 enemy unit within 3" of this unit and roll a dice. On a 3+, the strike-last effect applies to that enemy unit in that phase.

Spirit Paths: *These ancient guardians of the forest can walk the spirit paths at will, vanishing from sight only to reappear where they are needed most.*

At the start of your movement phase, if this unit is wholly within 6" of an overgrown terrain feature or Awakened Wyldwood in your army, it can walk the spirit paths instead of making a move in that phase. If it does so, remove this unit from the battlefield and set it up wholly within 6" of a different overgrown terrain feature or Awakened Wyldwood in your army and more than 9" from all enemy units.

Wrathful Guardian: *When the sacred groves of the Sylvaneth are threatened, Spirits of Durthu fight with all the wrath of their legendary ancestor.*

Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this unit's Guardian Sword while this unit is wholly within 9" of any overgrown terrain features or Awakened Wyldwoods in your army.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, FREE SPIRITS, MONSTER, HERO, SPIRIT OF DURTHU



When the Lady of Vines goes to war, she takes with her the fiercest of Sylvaneth warrior-forms. Together they channel the violence of the summer storm. But the skaven of Chakrik's Folly are well used to natural disasters, and have a swarming strength of their own...

WARSCROLL

GREY SEER

ON SCREAMING BELL



MELEE WEAPONS

Warpstone Staff	2"	3	4+	4+	-1	D3
Tearing Claws and Fangs	1"	4	4+	3+	-1	2
Rusty Spikes	1"	★	3+	3+	-1	1

Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
2"	3	4+	4+	-1	D3
1"	4	4+	3+	-1	2
1"	★	3+	3+	-1	1

DAMAGE TABLE

Wounds Suffered	Move	Rusty Spikes	Avalanche of Energy
0-6	6"	6	Casting +2/Chanting +1
7-9	5"	5	Casting +1/Chanting +1
10-12	4"	4	Casting +1/Chanting 0
13+	3"	3	Casting 0/Chanting 0

A Grey Seer on Screaming Bell is armed with a Warpstone Staff.

WIZARD: This unit can attempt to cast 1 spell in your hero phase and attempt to unbind 1 spell in the enemy hero phase.

MOUNT: This unit's Screaming Bell is armed with Rusty Spikes.

CREW: This unit has a Rat Ogor crew that is armed with Tearing Claws and Fangs.

PUSHED INTO BATTLE: This unit cannot move unless it starts the move within 6" of 10 or more other friendly **SKAVEN** models.

Altar of the Horned Rat: An eerie sense of watchfulness surrounds this war engine, and an unholy warding protects it from harm.

This unit has a ward of 5+. In addition, at the start of your hero phase, you can say that this unit will beseech the Horned Rat instead of attempting to cast spells in that phase. If you do so, in that phase, this unit is treated as having the **PRIEST** keyword instead of the **WIZARD** keyword.

Avalanche of Energy: Waves of lurid green energy ripple from the Screaming Bell, filling the Grey Seer who rides it into battle with unbridled power.

Add the Avalanche of Energy value on this unit's damage table to casting and chanting rolls for this unit.

A Stirring Beyond the Veil: In times of desperate need, a Screaming Bell can be shattered in order to call forth one of the dreaded Verminlords.

Once per battle, at the start of your hero phase, if 7 or more wounds are allocated to this unit, you can say that the Grey Seer will shatter the Screaming Bell. If you do so, roll a dice. On a 1, this unit is destroyed. On any other roll, add the number of wounds allocated to this unit to the roll. If the modified roll is 12 or less, the Screaming Bell is shattered (see below). If the modified roll is 13 or more, the Screaming Bell is shattered and you can summon 1 **VERMINLORD** and add it to your army. The **VERMINLORD** must be set up wholly within 13" of this unit. It can be set up within 3" of an enemy unit if this unit is within 3" of that enemy unit, otherwise it must be set up more than 9" from all enemy units. If this unit's Screaming Bell is shattered, it can no longer attempt to cast Cracks Call, and it can no longer use its Peal of Doom ability.

Cracks Call: Harnessing the thunderous peals of the Screaming Bell, the Grey Seer channels a reverberating sorcerous blast into the ground beneath the enemy's feet. Gaping chasms and fume-gouting rents yawn wide, sending screaming victims vanishing into the depths.

Cracks Call is a spell that has a casting value of 6 and a range of 13". If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within range and visible to the caster and roll 2D6. If the roll is greater than that unit's Move characteristic, that unit suffers a number of mortal wounds equal to the difference between its Move characteristic and the roll (rounding up). This spell has no effect on units that can fly.

Peal of Doom: The ominous tolling of a Screaming Bell resounds above the clamour of battle, crying out 'Doom! Doom! Doom!'

At the start of your hero phase, you can say that this unit will ring its Screaming Bell. If you do so, roll a dice and look up the result on the table below:

- 1 Magical Backlash:** This unit suffers D3 mortal wounds that cannot be negated.
- 2 Unholy Clamour:** Add 6" to this unit's Move characteristic until your next hero phase.
- 3 Wall of Unholy Sound:** Until your next hero phase, subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made by enemy units that are within 13" of any friendly **SCREAMING BELLS** for which you rolled this result in this phase.
- 4 Deafening Peals:** Until your next hero phase, roll a dice each time an enemy model is picked to issue a command while it is within 13" of any friendly **SCREAMING BELLS** for which you rolled this result in this phase. On a 5+, that command cannot be issued.
- 5 Screaming Crescendo:** Until your next hero phase, after this unit makes a charge move, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 1" of this unit and roll a dice. On a 2+, that unit suffers D6 mortal wounds.
- 6 Apocalyptic Doom:** At the end of this hero phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit that is within 13" of any friendly **SCREAMING BELLS** for which you rolled this result in this phase. On a 4+, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

The maddening clang of the Screaming Bell is no normal sound, but a magical effect that can twist reality around it, invigorating nearby skaven or even ripping a hole through the veil between worlds as the Grey Seer atop it cackles in maniac delight.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, SKAVEN, MASTERCLAN, WAR MACHINE, HERO, TOTEM, WIZARD, SCREAMING BELL, GREY SEER



Those who influential skaven deem too dangerous to live often become the targets of a Deathmaster from the Clans Eshin. The poisoned 'weeping blades' of these supernaturally dexterous killers have killed kings and warlords beyond count.

WARSCROLL DEATHMASTER

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Eshin Throwing Star	12"	5	4+	4+	-	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Weeping Blade	1"	5	3+	3+	-1	D3

A Deathmaster is armed with Eshin Throwing Stars and a Weeping Blade.

Hidden Killer: *Deathmasters often hide amidst the ranks of skaven regiments.*

When you select this unit to be part of your army, you can pick 1 **CLANRATS** or **STORMVERMIN** unit on your army roster to be the unit in which this unit is hiding. Record this information on a separate piece of paper. Do not set up this unit until it is revealed as described next. You cannot hide more than 1 **DEATHMASTER** in the same **CLANRATS** or **STORMVERMIN** unit.

At the start of the combat phase, if this unit is hidden, you can reveal it. In addition, if the unit in which this unit is hidden is destroyed, you must reveal this unit before the last model in the unit in which it is hidden is removed from play. When you reveal this unit, set it up wholly within 3" of the unit in

which it was hidden. If this unit was revealed because the unit in which it was hidden was destroyed, this unit suffers 1 mortal wound after it is set up.

Eshin Toxins: *Eshin weapons are coated in deadly poisons.*

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made by this unit is 6, the target suffers D3 mortal wounds and the attack sequence ends (do not make a wound roll or save roll).

Running Death: *Eshin warriors are trained in a unique fighting style that allows them to attack with incredible speed and dexterity.*

This unit can run and still shoot later in the turn.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, SKAVEN, CLANS ESHIN, HERO, DEATHMASTER



The poisons of the Clans Eshin are so toxic they can kill sap-blooded Sylvaneth war-giants as easily as they can human warriors. Worse still for their enemies, Deathmasters are exceptionally good at melding with the shadows until the time to strike is just right.

WARSCROLL CLANRATS



Clanrats overcome their foes through sheer numbers rather than through skill at arms. Individually they are little threat to a seasoned warrior, but when they gather in their verminous swarms, they can pull down even the champions of the enemy.

MELEE WEAPONS

Rusty Blade
Rusty Spear

Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
1"	1	4+	4+	-	1
2"	1	5+	4+	-	1

Each model in a Clanrats unit is armed with 1 of the following weapon options: Rusty Blade; or Rusty Spear. All models in the unit must be armed with the same weapon option.

CHAMPION: 1 model in this unit can be a Clawleader. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's melee weapon.

STANDARD BEARER: 1 in every 10 models in this unit can be a Clanrat Standard Bearer. This unit can retreat and still charge later in the turn if it includes any Clanrat Standard Bearers.

MUSICIAN: 1 in every 10 models in this unit can be a Clanrat Bellringer. Add 2 to run rolls for this unit if it includes any Clanrat Bellringers.

Seething Swarm: Sweeping forwards in a chattering mass, Clanrats overwhelm their enemies with their seemingly endless numbers, biting, stabbing, screeching, and trampling their own fallen beneath their bloody claws.

At the end of the battleshock phase, you can return D3 slain models to this unit.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, SKAVEN, CLANS VERMINUS, CLANRATS

WARSCROLL STORMVERMIN



Stormvermin are bigger, stronger and more dangerous than the lesser skaven of the Clans Verminus. They have a killer instinct honed by a knack for self-preservation that makes them dangerous foes indeed.

MELEE WEAPONS

Rusty Halberd

Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
1"	2	3+	3+	-1	1

Each model in a Stormvermin unit is armed with a Rusty Halberd.

CHAMPION: 1 model in this unit can be a Fangleader. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's Rusty Halberd.

STANDARD BEARER: 1 in every 10 models in this unit can be a Stormvermin Standard Bearer. This unit can retreat and still charge later in the turn if it includes any Stormvermin Standard Bearers.

MUSICIAN: 1 in every 10 models in this unit can be a Stormvermin Drummer. Add 2 to run rolls for this unit if it includes any Stormvermin Drummers.

Elite Bodyguards: Stormvermin are especially popular as bodyguards, with every ratman of rank hiring their own pack of arrogant, bullying Stormvermin to show off their might and importance.

If a friendly **SKAVEN HERO** is within 3" of this unit, before you allocate a wound or mortal wound to that **HERO**, or instead of making a ward roll for that **HERO**, you can roll a dice. Add 2 to the roll if the **HERO** has the **CLANS VERMINUS** keyword. On a 4+, that wound is allocated to this unit instead and cannot be negated.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, SKAVEN, CLANS VERMINUS, STORMVERMIN

PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES

The tables below contain Pitched Battle profiles that allow you to use the warscrolls in this book. See *Battletome: Sylvaneth* and *Battletome: Skaven* for all of the Pitched Battle profiles for these factions, as well as allegiance abilities and additional rules content. See section 25.0 of the core rules for further information about Pitched Battle profiles. Updated May 2022.

SYLVANETH				
WARSCROLL	UNIT SIZE	POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
The Lady of Vines	1	340	Leader	Single, Unique
Spirit of Durthu	1	375	Leader, Behemoth	Single
Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth Greatbows	3	255		
Gossamid Archers	5	215		

SKAVEN				
WARSCROLL	UNIT SIZE	POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
Clanrats	20	130	Battleline	
Stormvermin	10	135	Battleline	
Deathmaster	1	170	Leader	Single
Grey Seer on Screaming Bell	1	265	Leader, Behemoth	Single





*'They come to kill-kill, the tree-things.
They come to take back their lost
treasures! The soulpods, the tasty treats
of the green warrens, oh yes. But they
can't have them! Who do they think
led them here, yes-yes? They think we
ran because we are cowards! But I have
a job for them, oh yes, a cutting job, a
crushing job. Once that is done, it is my
blade that will stab-stab... and kill...
and kill again...'*

- Deathmaster Virrtik