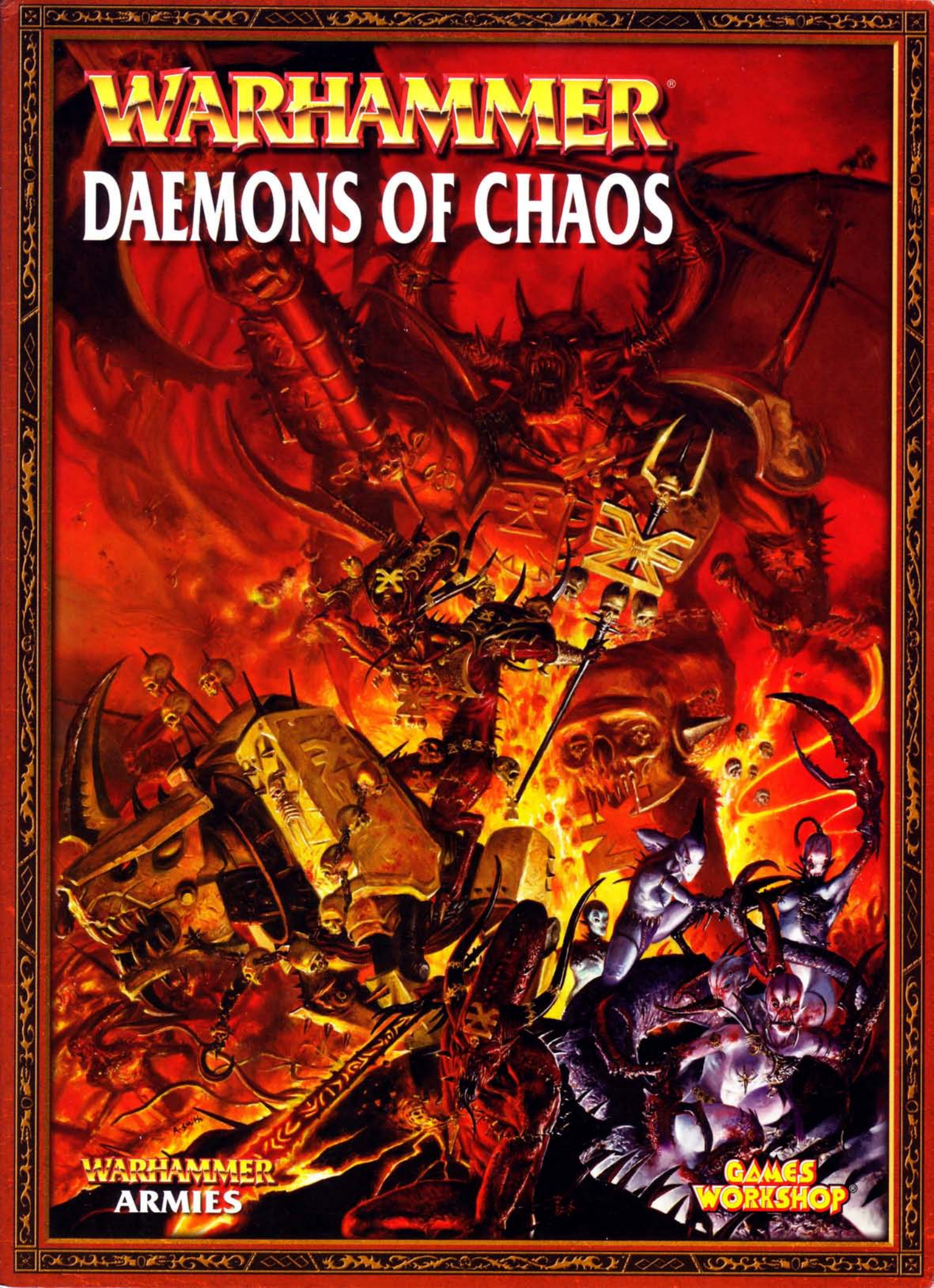


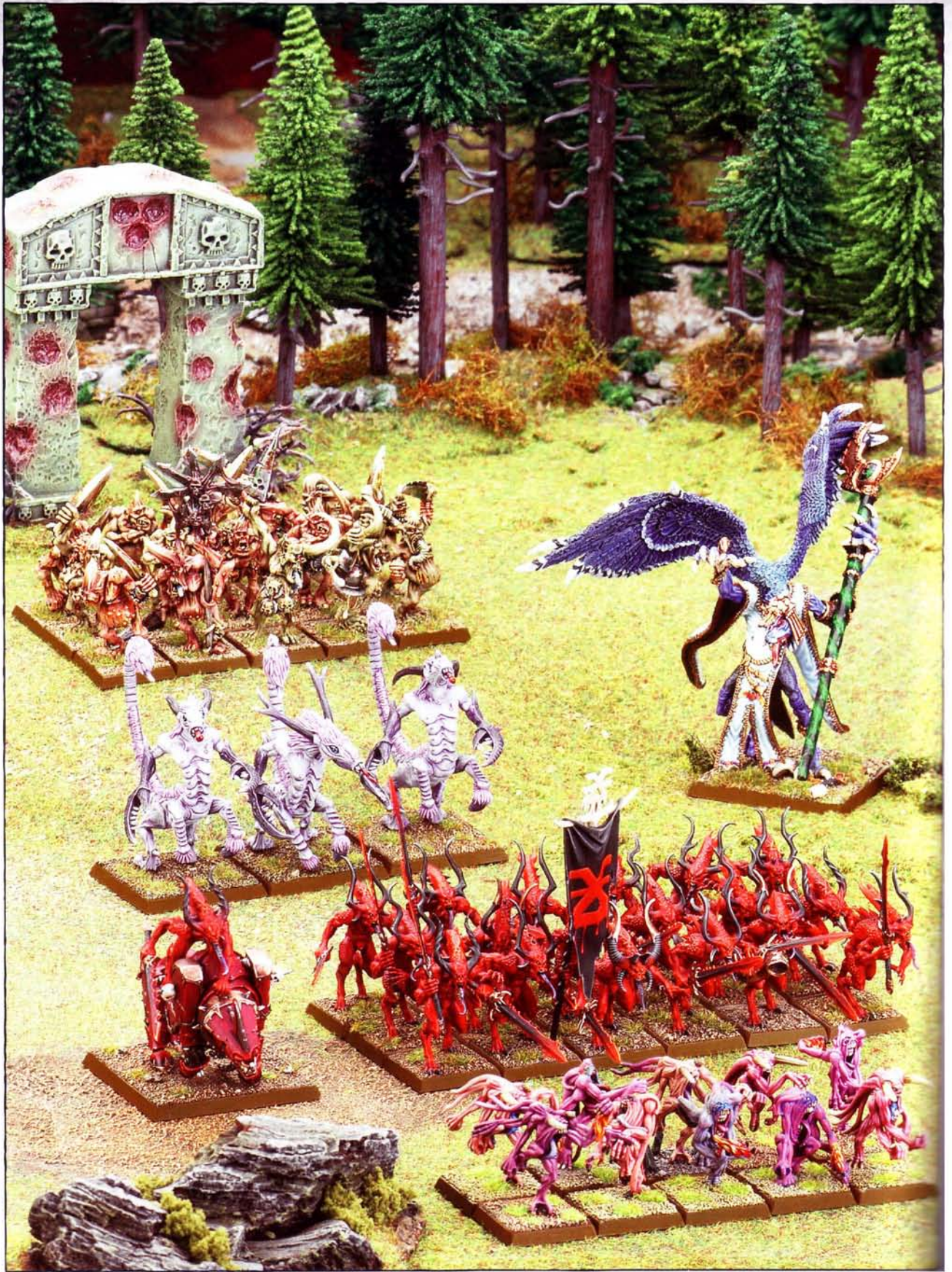
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DAEMONS OF CHAOS



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A Lord of Change marshals a mighty Daemonic host.

DAEMONS OF CHAOS



By Mat Ward

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INTRODUCTION

Beyond the boundaries of space and time, the Chaos Gods watch the mortal world with ancient eyes. To the Dark Gods, the material world represents the grandest game of all, a world of unrelenting war and carnage where they can vie with one another for absolute power. Most feared of their servants are the Daemons of Chaos, warlike fragments of divine will loosed upon the world. This book is the definitive guide to collecting, painting and playing with the Daemons of Chaos in games of Warhammer.

THE WARHAMMER GAME

The Warhammer rulebook contains the rules you need to fight battles with your Citadel miniatures. Every army has its own book that works with these rules and allows you to turn your collection of miniatures into a battle-ready force. This particular army book describes the otherworldly Daemons of Chaos, their army list and the miniatures you can collect.



WHY COLLECT DAEMONS OF CHAOS?

A Daemons of Chaos army is a terrifying opponent to face, able to draw from a broad selection of elite troop types. Though often outnumbered, a Daemonic Legion is never outmatched, for each blasphemous abomination in its ranks is heir to the raw power that only the Chaos Gods can provide. With so many elite troops at your disposal, your Daemons of Chaos army can be crafted to the playing style that suits you best. By combining the Daemon vassals of all four Chaos Gods you can craft an impervious and slow-moving leviathan, a lithe and deadly tool of swift murder, or a barrage of sorcery that tears the foe apart in a blast of magical flame – the choice is yours!

FIND OUT MORE

While Warhammer Armies: Daemons of Chaos contains everything you need to play a game with your army, there are always more tactics to use, different battles to fight and painting ideas to try out. The monthly magazine White Dwarf contains articles about all aspects of the Warhammer game and hobby, and you can find articles specific to Daemonic Legions on our web site:

www.games-workshop.com

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

Every Army book is split into four main sections. Warhammer Armies: Daemons of Chaos contains:

Scions of the Dark Gods. This section introduces the Daemons of Chaos and the Gods they serve. Here you will find the forbidden knowledge of the Dark Gods and the Realm of Chaos, as well as histories concerning the bloodiest daemonic incursions into the mortal realm.

The Daemonic Legions. Every unit type in the Daemons of Chaos army is examined here. You will find a full description, alongside complete rules and details of any unique abilities they possess.

An Army Worthy of the Gods. In this section you will see photographs of the range of Citadel miniatures available for the Daemons of Chaos army, gloriously painted by Games Workshop's 'Eavy Metal team. Colour schemes for the different units in the Daemonic Legions army and example forces can all be found in this section.

The Daemons of Chaos Army List. The army list takes the warriors presented in the previous section and arranges them so you can choose an army. Units are classed as either Lords, Heroes, Core Units, Special Units or Rare Units and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of the game you are playing. Each unit has a points value to ensure you can pit your army against an opponent's in a fair match. This section also includes the Daemonic gifts which you can use to make your troops even more fearsome in battle.





SCIONS OF THE DARK GODS

Daemons are beings of pure psychic energy, warped embodiments of emotion given ghastly purpose. They are every mortal nightmare given terrible form, a tide of destruction that has shattered civilisations and annihilated proud armies beyond counting.

Daemons are destruction incarnate; they exist only to tear civilisation asunder and replace it with their own twisted vision. They watch the Warhammer world from another plane of reality, tirelessly and hungrily searching for a weakness that will allow them access to the mortal realm. Where the Daemons of Chaos walk, anarchy is loosed, reason collapses and carnage untold is visited upon the world.

Each Daemon is a physical manifestation of raw energy, warped by the dark desires of the Chaos Gods and driven to destroy. Daemons manifest in many and varied forms, from the diminutive Nurglings to the Bloodthirsters of Khorne whose brutal bulk is many times that of a man.

The appearance and behaviour of a Daemon always reflects the Chaos God it serves, mirroring the character and ambition of its patron. Daemons of Khorne – the Blood God – are insanely ferocious and warlike, seeking naught but the chance to slay their opponents and take their skulls as trophies, while Daemons of Tzeentch are blessed with a portion of the cunning and sorcery of their master. Daemons in the service of Nurgle are as vile as the plagues they carry, whilst the minions of Slaanesh are as graceful and perverse as their patron. All Daemons are blasphemous offences to order and reason. They are the dreams of madmen driven by the terrible and otherworldly insanity of the Dark Gods.

As magical creatures bereft of need for nourishment or rest, Daemons are utterly relentless, and suffer not from doubt, fear or the pain of loss. Worse still, the otherworldly form of a Daemon can shrug off all but the most horrific of wounds. Indeed, a Daemon cannot truly be slain. Only its physical presence can be destroyed, banishing the Daemon's spirit to the immaterial planes from whence it came. So vanquished, the Daemon embarks on the process of creating a new body to inhabit and avenge itself against those who inconvenienced it so.

Daemons dwell alongside their Dark Gods within the Realm of Chaos, a roiling and impossible dimension of pure energy that exists beyond the dreams of madmen and mystics. The Daemons are sustained by the swirling tides of power within the Realm of Chaos, and it is here that they battle endlessly with one another. The Chaos Gods constantly war for control of all that is, and the power of each rises and declines according to their success in this Great Game. However much the Gods may squabble amongst themselves, they stand united in one goal – the damnation of the physical world. It is in this cause that the Daemons of Chaos bring ruin to the mortal realm.

LEGIONS OF THE DARK GODS

A Daemon host can range from a few dozen snarling Bloodletters or suppurant Plaguebearers to a great army whose ragged and foreboding banners blacken the horizon. The mightiest of these hosts are commanded by a Greater Daemon, a colossal avatar of Chaos capable of single-handedly shattering a mortal army or tearing a fortress asunder. Some hosts are loyal to a single Chaos God, and contain only Daemons from a single patron. More common are Daemonic hosts which have put aside otherworldly rivalries for common cause against the mortal realm. These hosts are the most fearsome of all, for they combine the ferocity of Khorne, the sorcery of Tzeentch, the necrotic invulnerability of Nurgle and the lethal grace of Slaanesh to create an army against which none can stand. The only hope when faced with such a threat is to hold firm, gambling that the magic that allows the Daemons to exist in the physical realm fades before hope and life are extinguished at their hand.

DAEMONIC INCURSIONS

Daemons can only exist in the mortal world if magically sustained, and even then are vulnerable to the inevitable ebb and flow of arcane energy. As such, they can only enter the mortal world in regions saturated with magic, where the influence of Chaos waxes strongest. Most significant of these is the Chaos gateway in the frozen north, where the abode of man and the domain of the Gods are conjoined. As this portal expands, it draws the northern territories into the Realm of Chaos and spews Daemons into mortal lands. Though this is by far the largest breach, there are many other weak points scattered across the known world, legacies of reckless magic through which the Daemons bring ruin and death.

Daemonic invasions are seldom motivated by territory or plunder – for the minions of the Dark Gods have no desire for material wealth. Instead wars are waged as a key part in some divine strategy. Tzeentch, the Great Schemer, sends his minions into the mortal plane to further his ineffable plans, while Nurgle, Lord of Decay, does so to encourage the growth of his beloved poxes and pestilences. Such invasions rarely last long, for these rifts can only sustain Daemons for a short time, but always leave desolation in their wake.

As terrifying as these incursions are, they are nothing as to what would occur should the winds of magic grow strong enough to allow Daemons to walk the world at will. On that day, the Daemons of the Chaos Gods shall enter the mortal plane in triumph, and the world will end in madness and death.

THE REALM OF CHAOS

Far from the light of any sun or star lies the infernal region known as the Realm of Chaos. This is not a material realm, but a place without physical or temporal boundaries, a vast formless limbo that exists because of the dreams of mortal creatures. This is the home of the Chaos Gods.

In the Realm of Chaos there are no physical laws akin to those that dominate the mortal world. Within its confines dreams become real, and reality is reborn as fevered hallucination. Gravity, shape, space and reason – all are in flux, utterly mutable to the will of the Chaos Gods. Few mortals are capable of perceiving the Realm of Chaos in its true splendour, for the living mind recoils from such otherworldly landscapes. For this reason, no two visions of the Realm of Chaos are alike, as the mind attempts to hide the impossible with fragments stolen from memory. The Realm of Chaos is a place of dreams and nightmares, where cause need not follow effect, and within its bounds anything is possible.

The Dark Gods of Chaos each have their own particular spheres of influence, their own daemonic servants, and their own sub-dimensional territories in the Realm of Chaos. All of these things are solely maintained by the willpower of the God in question – without that drive, the kingdoms and scions of the Chaos Gods would collapse once more into formless energy.

The Realm of Chaos is not merely the home of the Dark Gods. It is also their battlefield, the arena for the Chaos Gods' great game of supremacy. The brothers in darkness are constantly at war with one another, vying for power amid the immaterial planes. Despite their myriad differences, the Great Gods of Chaos share a common goal: total domination of all that is. Such absolute power cannot be shared, even amongst Gods.

Daemonic armies clash across crystal plains, venomous forests, bone-choked swampland and rivers of churning gore, pursuing vast wars of attrition as the Chaos Gods claim and counter-claim territory and the magical life-blood that goes with it. In the Realm of Chaos, where magic is the stuff of being, the breadth of a domain is not merely a symbol of power, it is indeed power itself. As the minions of one God seize advantage, that territory is moulded to the whims and hubris of its new master, sloughing off its old form to reveal a new countenance. If Khorne's bloody minions overrun a portion of Nurgle's festering garden, the diseased foliage swiftly decays down to nothing, leaving only barren and ruddy wasteland. Similarly, should Tzeentch manage to wrest that same territory from Khorne, iridescent crystalline structures consume the parched firmament.

Alliances in this eternal war are complex, but far from unknown – in fact, the Dark Gods often seek advantage through common cause. Though Khorne is the greatest of all the Chaos Gods, he is not all-powerful. Tzeentch is his closest rival, but if the circumstances are right then

Nurgle – and sometimes Slaanesh – can rise to be his equal. As if this were not complicated enough, there are deep-seated rivalries amongst the Gods that can further influence matters. Khorne most despises Slaanesh, whose dark designs are an affront to the Blood God's sense of honour and martial pride. Similarly, Tzeentch and Nurgle – respectively the manifestations of hope and despair – need little spurring to come to blows.

Each God strives for dominance over the others, and though one may gain ascendancy for a while, no God has yet succeeded in vanquishing another. As one God gains mastery the others combine against him, and as the allies grow in power they divide, forming new pacts of necessity until another conqueror emerges to be vanquished in his turn.

THE BLOOD GOD'S DOMAIN

The largest of the kingdoms in the Realm of Chaos is that of Khorne, the God of battle. No subtlety has Khorne. He has no yearning for beauty of form in his black heart, for he is the Blood God, the Skulltaker. Within his immortal frame there is room for rage alone, and slaughter is his only desire. So it is that Khorne's realm is shaped to his personality, as indeed are all the domains of the Gods crafted to their idiosyncratic nature. The land of the Blood God is one of constant battle and martial challenge. It serves no other function.

Khorne's dominion is little more than leagues upon leagues of blasted wasteland, made ruddy by the blood spilt upon it. Here and there jagged canyons and craters break the uneven ground: the aftermath of a titanic clash of might where the Blood God's daemonic servants battled amongst themselves or against the minions of another deity. Such battles are nigh endless. If one of Khorne's brother Gods does not wish to strive against the Blood God's followers, the Blood God's minions battle amongst themselves. On rare occasions, Khorne will bring mortal champions to this place and test their fighting skills against his Daemons. Few such contests end in victory for the mortal, but those fleshlings who endure find their feet set upon the path to daemonhood, whether it is their wish or no.

The very fabric of Khorne's kingdom is tied to his mood which, while never good, ranges between simmering rage and epoch-ending fury. The ground tremors and shakes as the Blood God's thunderous bellows echo throughout eternity. Lakes of blood boil, and the very sky screams. Clouds of choking black ash belch forth from hidden geysers, incinerating milling combatants or

propelling great boulders into the sky, only for them to smash back into the ground with crushing force. Yet still the Daemons battle. They fight not for honour, not for wealth, not even for victory – they fight for fighting's sake, and for the favour of their wrathful lord.

THE SKULL THRONE

Towering over the ageless desolation of Khorne's realm is the Blood God's brass citadel. The walls of this unholy bastion are jagged, thick with crusted blood and ichor, with gibbets and gallows displaying the lifeless remains of assailants. The moat of the brass citadel is filled not with water, but with the boiling blood of Khorne's victims across space and time. Iron gargoyles snarl from every parapet, daemonic hatred in their eyes and molten metal in their bellies, while Flesh Hounds prowl the space between the outer walls and the keep, gnawing at ancient bones and longing for fresh meat.

Khorne himself dwells within a great vault at the black heart of the citadel's central keep. Eight iron pillars vanish into the ebon gloom to shoulder the inconceivable weight of the throne room's ceiling. Each pillar is inscribed with one of the commandments of Khorne. These edicts speak to the unholy virtues of

rage, martial skill and defiance. In the centre of the room the Blood God sits upon a mighty throne of brass atop a vast mountain of skulls, each the grisly trophy of a champion victorious, or the remains of a champion defeated. Khorne is customarily clad in ornate armour of black and brass. The Blood God's body is broad and muscular, his visage that of a fierce and snarling dog with ravaged lips. When Khorne speaks, he does so in bellows of black rage – each guttural syllable igniting the air in tainted sparks.

Upon Khorne's fingers are many brass rings, some blazoned with his own skull rune. Upon others are mounted the severed heads of lesser Gods, or less fatal tokens of vanquished foes. What being would dare face the Blood God in the arena of martial prowess remains a mystery, so the provenance of these other rings is unknown, lest they be tokens from the great battle from which creation sprang. At Khorne's side is a mighty double-handed sword. Legend tells that the drawing of this dolorous weapon is the harbinger of calamity, and that Khorne could split existence asunder with but a single stroke were it his desire. Elsewhere in the citadel, mighty armouries are stocked with every weapon imaginable, yet for reasons long since forgotten to mortals, Khorne always favours this one sword.

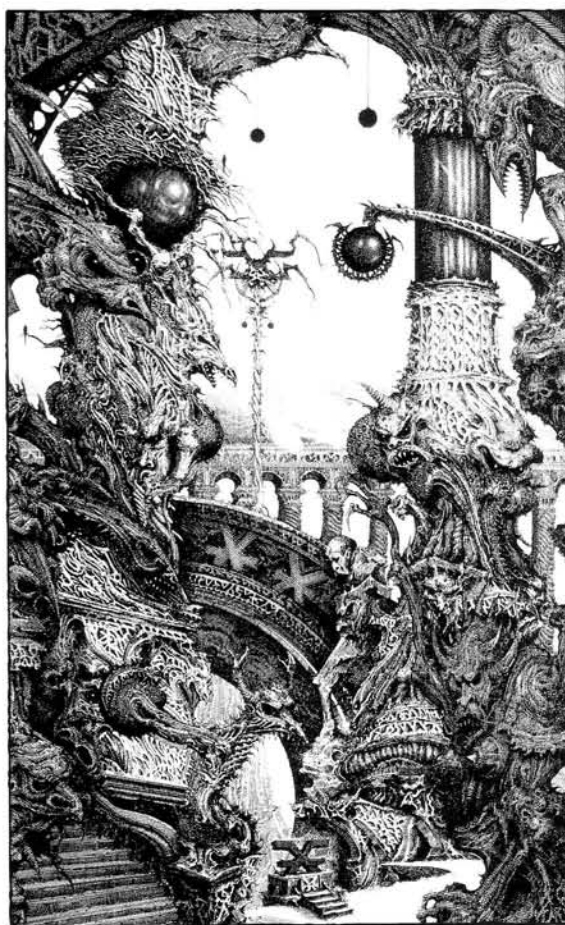
THE BASTION STAIR

And still I fell, driven now by fetid winds, towards a wall of deepest red and blackened iron. I grew fearful, for this was the Outer Realm of Khorne, the Blood God, and this wall his bastion about the inner lands. It now seemed to me that the stench of death broke my fall, and I flew onwards towards fresh visions of despair.

And then ahead I saw a stair, surrounded by pinnacles and columns and arches of blood and carven bone, circled by Daemons bound within black iron, brazen steps and hideous shrieking mouths. All that could speak or gibber vomited forth the praises of Khorne, and shrieked out songs of death. The stair, its treads never built for mortal feet, climbed the dizzy heights, pausing at times before profane runes and stained sacrifice stones. Within the very fabric of the Daemon-thronged bastion were smaller landings, each of which could have held a lofty and noble palace of our small world. The stair twisted and rippled on itself, its Daemons snarling their insane glee at its dreadful geometry. Still it climbed, ever upwards into the clouds of gore that circled overhead.

I beheld the wastelands of Khorne beyond the bastion, soaked red with blood and stained with souls. All about, the Daemons battled one another, unheeding of fear or pain. The air was filled with the taste of blood, the stench of death and the terrible sound of eternal slaughter.

– Liber Malefic



At the foot of the throne, a carpet of splintered bone extends in all directions, the remains of those slain by the Blood God's conquering champions. Under the stygian shadow of the chamber's eaves lies a mighty anvil, where furnace-daemons forge weapons and armour for the Blood God's favoured followers – great warriors and mighty war leaders who kill for that which they desire. Here also lurks the great Hound Karanak, a massive, three-headed Daemon-beast who prowls the cavernous throneroom.



In the very direst of need, when his armies are overwhelmed and his citadel beset, Khorne rises from his throne, his armoured footfalls shaking the Realm of Chaos to its core. With an honour guard of Bloodthirsters, each with the power of an army in its own right, the Lord of Battle unleashes his rage upon the foe, scattering the Daemons of his rivals with each sweep of his mighty blade and trampling their broken bodies underfoot. This willingness to take physical participation in the Great Game is what marks Khorne out from his fellow Gods. Even so, such personal interventions are rare indeed, and so each calamitous occasion marks a turning of the tide in the wars of the Gods.

THE REALM OF THE SORCEROR

Almost as great in scale as Khorne's domain is the crystal labyrinth of Tzeentch, an immense iridescent plateau whose gaudy brilliance sits in stark contrast to the Blood God's ruddy wasteland. Whilst the crystal labyrinth is not so massive as Khorne's kingdom, it dominates the Realm of Chaos no less – though it does so in its own fashion. Countless glittering pathways spring from the very heart of the labyrinth, fractal filaments that enveigle their way into the dominions of other Gods and so bind the Realm of Chaos together. It is Tzeentch who holds the Realm of Chaos beyond the material universe and it is the Great Sorcerer's glittering domain that allows him to do so. If ever the crystal labyrinth were to be destroyed, the Realm of Chaos would lose all cohesion shortly after.

No Daemons guard the crystal labyrinth, yet a journey through its canyons and caverns remains a perilous one. Only those with the strongest of wills can negotiate its corridors, for the crystal labyrinth's walls reflect not only light, but also hopes, despair, dreams and terror. As if this were not challenge enough, there is no fixed path through this maze, merely a constantly changing series of obstacles and traps created by Tzeentch's unconscious mind. Those trammelled by the labyrinth come to no physical harm, yet none can escape these hallowed halls of infinite possibility with their sanity intact. At every step the air is thick with broken dreams, and everywhere the light sparkles with fragments of shattered personality.

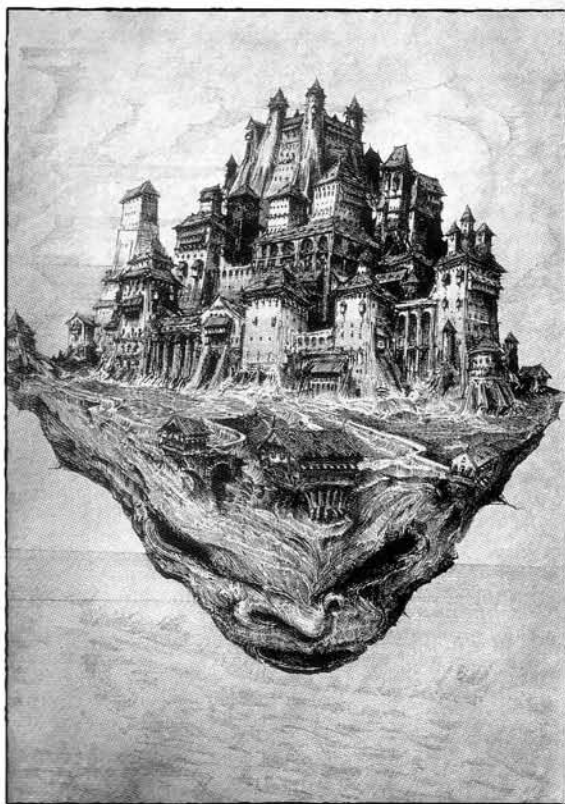
THE DRIFTING CASTLE

The sky above grew darker than the blackest storm and a cold wind blew. There was no rain but a shower of mortar dust, yellowed leaves and tatters of flags. No storm was in the sky, but a castle much as might be found in any mortal land. Often had I imagined clouds to be trees and fish and mountains, and now a foible of some nameless and uncaring power had given this fortress the guise of a cloud. It was an island torn from the land, drifting as the mist on a breeze, yet solid and firm. In all I had seen, this was as strange as any of my visions.

The castle was as empty as any ruin. Like an animal stuffed and mounted under glass, or a fish salted in a barrel, it had been preserved and pickled by the whim of chaos. Cast aside and left to wander across the heavens, all was still and desolate in that place. The castle's towers no longer knew the sounds of men, its halls held no lofty nobles. Its gates admitted no tenantry, no sentinel stood guard and no porter waited by the gate. Even the carrion birds, sole visitors to its sad portals, had enjoyed their fill of the dweller's hospitality.

The shadow of the castle fell across my eyes, and I could see no more.

– Liber Malefic



THE IMPOSSIBLE FORTRESS

At the heart of the labyrinth, safe from all save those whose insanity has given them insight into its nature, is the Impossible Fortress of Tzeentch. As with all of Tzeentch's designs, the exact appearance of the Impossible Fortress varies according to the nature of the beholder's aspirations. Some perceive it to be crafted from the same crystal as the labyrinth, whilst others see walls of blue flame or gnarled azure stone. No matter the material, the physical structure of the Impossible Fortress is in constant flux. Spires and towers constantly writhe and burst forth from the fortress' heart, only to collapse and be reabsorbed. Gateways, windows and other portals appear in the eldritch building's flanks, only to fold inwards seconds later. There is no discernible pattern to this behaviour, for the writhing shape of the Impossible Fortress is somehow bound to the state of Tzeentch's current schemes and there is no predicting such complexity.

The innards of the Impossible Fortress are no less confounding than the exterior. Different passages and rooms obey different physical laws, or may exist in other physical dimensions. That which is decreed by gravity to be 'up' in one chamber may be 'down' in another; or can indeed be an alternate state of being entirely, such as sorrow or the past. Were a mortal to find himself in the Impossible Fortress he would not live long before being driven completely insane – but then, what else is to be expected in a place where a man can travel backwards in time by walking across a room? Those who succumb to the warping nature of Tzeentch's palace collapse utterly in an implosion of consciousness and form. Such creatures are reborn as sorcerous familiars and given as gifts to Tzeentch's champions in the mortal world.

Even Daemons cannot easily endure the twisted horror of the Impossible Fortress – only the Lords of Change can safely navigate its corridors. As a result, no matter how distracted Tzeentch may be by the Great Game, he is never assailed in his stronghold. The other Gods have lost too many minions just trying to get beyond the first perplexing room, and invaders must negotiate a hundred or more of such chambers to come before the Hidden Library and the great God Tzeentch himself.

THE CHANGER OF WAYS

Tzeentch is the most weirdly formed of all his brothers. His skin crawls with constantly changing faces that leer and mock those who dare look upon him. As Tzeentch speaks these faces repeat his words, often with deceptively subtle differences of meaning, sometimes providing a mocking commentary that casts doubt upon the meaning of the original words. These changeling faces are forever in flux, appearing and disappearing in a tide of expression that sweeps across the God's peculiar form. Tzeentch's puckered face is formed upon his upper torso, so his head and body are one. From above Tzeentch's eyes spring two sweeping horns, the spiraling extremities of which crackle with arcane fire.

Tzeentch is the Changer of the Ways, Weaver of All Fates, the Great Conspirator, the architect of the fate of the universe. He takes great delight in the plotting and politicking of others, and favours the cunning over the strong, the manipulative over the violent. None of Tzeentch's schemes are simple, and indeed often appear contradictory to those few outside observers able to detect the Lord of Sorcery's influence. Tzeentch is not above sully his hands with the blood of war, though he much prefers to win his battles through guile and devastating sorcery rather than brute force.

Tzeentch perceives every event and intention, and from this information his incomprehensible mind can determine how each and every strand will serve to influence the future. Only Tzeentch can see the tapestry of potential futures weaving forward in time like

THE COURT OF COVENANT

Set apart from the rest of the Realm of Chaos is the Court of Covenant, the neutral territory upon which the Gods meet when they have cause. Each of the Dark Gods has an equal seat at this table, for the natural balance between the Gods is a complex and convoluted weave. No single deity is ever powerful enough to prevail over another without aid and, for the sake of all existence, it is well that this is so. All natural order would cease if one of the Gods were to triumph over his brethren, undoing the fabric of creation and destroying all that exists in the merest blink of an eye.

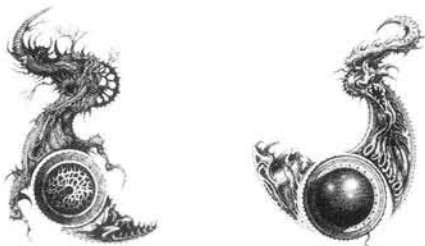
No matter how territory shifts in the Realm of Chaos, the Court of Covenant is always accessible from the domains of all four of the Dark Gods. It is here that truces are composed and hostilities between the Gods are annulled. Such arrangements are inevitable, for the longer a conflict continues between two or more of the Gods, the stronger any uncommitted parties become. Ultimately, the Chaos Gods are creatures of enlightened self-interest – they will cease upon any course of action that serves to make another stronger in their stead.

Negotiations between the Chaos Gods proceed according to the character of the deity in question. Khorne always wrathfully bellows his demands – even when his position is not a strong one. Father Nurgle is garrulous in the extreme, ebulliently engaging his siblings in conversation even as he plots against them and disdains their wants and desires. Golden-tongued Slaanesh speaks rarely, offering golden promises laden with beshadowed treachery, etched in well chosen words and phrases. But it is devious Tzeentch who is truly the master of this game of bluff and bargain. To the Changer of the Ways the designs of his brothers are as transparent as crystal and as manipulable as clay. It is a rare day indeed when the Great God Tzeentch is bested in the Court of Covenant, and he has more than once reversed the course of the Great Game from within its confines.

multicoloured threads. Tzeentch's plans reach through time and space, and can carry through untold centuries. His plots are complex and interwoven, and he is the principal architect of secret alliances amongst the Dark Gods. For Tzeentch, scheming is not the means to an end, it is the end itself. Coupled with his command of sorcery, this mastery of subtlety and artifice makes Tzeentch almost as powerful as Khorne.

Only a direct attack upon the crystal labyrinth can rouse Tzeentch from his introspections, for much of his knowledge is stored within its arcane lattice – indeed, some such knowledge is said to be so old that Tzeentch is the only being in all of creation that yet remembers it. Nevertheless, the Hidden Library is never quiet nor still, though there is about it a certain ethereal tranquility.

As the Great Conspirator contemplates infinity, feathered Lords of Change bind spells and magical utterances of all kinds within fiery tomes. Elsewhere, Pink Horrors scuttle to sculpt the Impossible Fortress, using their magics to reinforce or redirect its structure, all awaiting the next phase of Tzeentch's great plan.



THE RIDDLE OF THE MORTAL WORLD

Occupied as he is with weighty schemes, the Great Sorcerer is not inclined to any form of undue motion – he has minions to attend to such minor concerns. Tzeentch can pass countless centuries at a time seated in a sea of swirling, multicoloured mist, srying the Well of Eternity's abyssal depths and examining every flicker in its shimmering surface for clues to events that have yet to pass. Much of his attention is focussed upon the mortal world, for of all the Chaos Gods, it is Tzeentch who is the most fascinated by this other realm.

In Tzeentch's eyes, mortal creatures are immeasurably steeped in deceit and ambiguity, yet somehow live their daily lives practically unaware of the countless contradictions and blemishes in their souls. To the Great Conspirator, such a playground presents an irresistible lure and challenge. Unsurprisingly, Tzeentch cannot help but dabble in the mortal realm, sometimes as part of the Great Game against his brother Gods, but more often to satisfy his own instinctive urge to meddle, manipulate and control. It is quite possible that the Great Conspirator is completely and utterly mad, conjuring schemes that are self-defeating in worlds and dreamscapes only he can perceive. This is the most horrifying truth of all, for if Tzeentch is mad, then what is the mortal world save for an expression of his insanity!

LAND OF THE PLAGUELORD

On the border of Tzeentch's realm is the domain of Nurgle, the Great Lord of Decay who presides over physical corruption and morbidity. Nurgle can truly be called the father of all pestilence, for his immense frame is home to every disease known to mortals. His gigantic body is bloated with corruption and exudes an overpowering stench. His skin is greenish, leathery and necrotic, its surface pock-marked with running sores, swelling boils and numerous signs of infestation. Nurgle's inner organs, rank with excremental decay, spill through the ruptured skin to hang like obscene fruit around his girth. From these organs burst tiny Daemons which chew on the rotting bowels and suck upon the nauseous juices within. Such is the appearance of the Chaos God Nurgle – though mere words can barely do justice to his truly impressive foulness.

Although Nurgle is ranked behind Khorne and Tzeentch the truth is that his power is not necessarily weaker, just less stable than that of the other Gods. When Nurgle unleashes his ghastly pestilences his power rises to a peak. Like a plague his power grows and may reach pandemic proportions, temporarily overshadowing that of all the other Gods put together. It is for this reason that Nurgle commands a wary respect from all of his brother Gods. Though Nurgle's daemoniac legions may not be as ferocious as those of Khorne, nor as numerous as those of Tzeentch, when Nurgle's power waxes even Daemons can fall prey to his repertoire of grisly afflictions.

Nurgle's great delight is in the cycle of existence, in life and death. At the heart of his mouldering mansion, he indulges his passion. Beneath mildewed and sagging beams, the great God labours for untold hours at an iron cauldron, a receptacle vast enough to contain all the oceans of the world. Nurgle works to create contagion and pestilence – the simplest, yet most fecund, forms of life. Such is the ghastly irony of Nurgle's existence: everything he does is with the goal of bringing more life into the world, yet so many of his creations are inimical to other beings that Nurgle is widely thought of as a destroyer, not a creator. With every stir of Nurgle's maggot-ridden ladle, a dozen fresh diseases flourish. From time to time, Nurgle ceases his stirring, and reaches down with a leathery hand to scoop a portion of the ghastly mixture into his cavernous mouth and taste the fruits of his labour.

Should the putrid soup meet with approval, the God waddles to the corner of his workshop, where he holds Poxfulcrum, a Daemon blessed with the ability to heal infections, but afflicted with a vulnerability to them all. Opening the corroded cage, Nurgle forces him to imbibe the putrid mixture, watching with ill-concealed excitement for the signs and symptoms of his latest creation. Though Poxfulcrum inevitably purges the disease from his body, the efficacy with which he does so allows the Plaguelord to evaluate his creations. If Nurgle is pleased, he returns to his cauldron – as he empties it into the grate below, the teeming liquid falls as rain

upon the mortal world. If the concoction does not meet with Nurgle's approval, he begins to prepare his soup anew. As for Poxfulcrum, she whispers to mortals while the Plaguefather is busy at his cauldron, apprising them of cures for the ailments Nurgle unleashes upon the world. So has she entered the beliefs of a thousand cultures under a thousand names. Some mortals believe her to be Nurgle's daughter, who cures only so that new diseases can take hold, while others see her as Nurgle's bitter foe, a deity of healing and patron of the afflicted.

THE GARDEN OF BLIGHT

Pestilence is not Nurgle's sole obsession. When not labouring at his iron cauldron, Nurgle cultivates his garden with a tenderness and pride utterly at odds with his rank and loathsome appearance. As with all worldly things within the Realm of Chaos, Nurgle's overgrown garden is of a scale large enough to befuddle the mind. Within its bounds are the plants and trees drawn from a thousand worlds across a hundred realities. Bright sprays of red, blue, yellow and purple puncture the autumnal gloom; havens of splendid cheeriness in a dismal woodscape. Each strain of flora flourishes in its peculiar environment, though not all are immediately recognisable. Like any gardener, Nurgle cannot resist the recombining of his beloved strains.

Almost everything in the Plaguefather's garden is some strange hybrid of vegetable, fungoid and daemonic life. Perhaps as a result of this, the garden is alive with a kind of ghastly intelligence. It is not sentient, as such, but has enough carnivorous instinct and drive to attack intruders, its plague-smothered vines bestowing all manner of deathly poxes on those who foolishly come within reach.

As Nurgle's power grows, so too does the splendour of his garden. At the zenith of the Plaguelord's power, the undergrowth becomes vital enough to burst over its boundaries and cast murky tendrils onto Tzeentch's crystal labyrinth. Left unchecked, the decaying presence of Nurgle's plants crack and weather the arcane geodes from which the labyrinth is composed.

Such an assault, however unwitting, inevitably provokes Tzeentch's minions to instinctively attack the incursive foliage, using sorcerous fire to scour root, stem and branch from the shimmering labyrinth. This in turn rouses the wrath of Father Nurgle. Before long, the daemonic servants of the Great Sorcerer and the Plaguelord are at war once again. Such battles can last seconds or centuries, for they only cease when Nurgle's power – and thus the unchecked growth of his garden – recedes again.

THE GARDEN OF DECAY

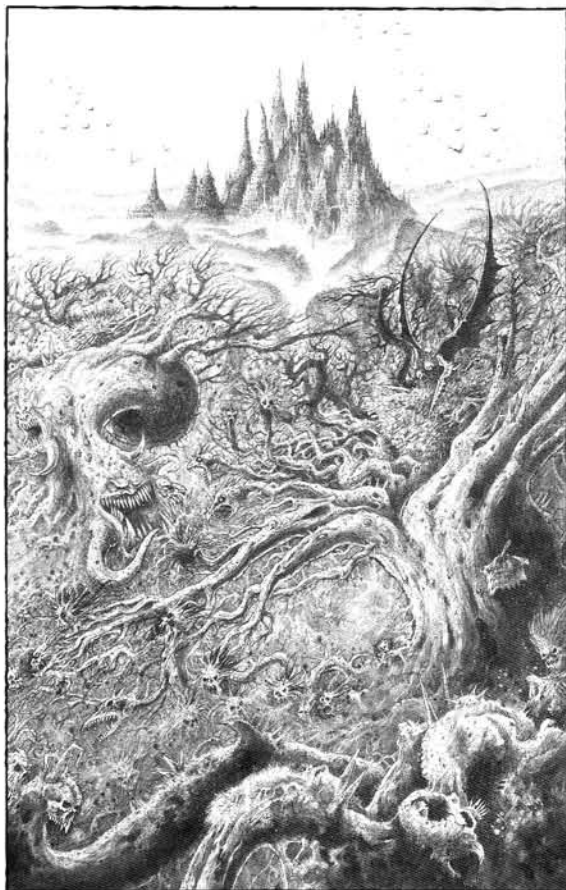
In the middle distance I saw a great fortress, half-hidden by the miasma of decay that infused its very structure. Rotten and mildewed were its timbers, and its sagging roof was thick with infestation of every conceivable kind. Poison poured down the walls of this most revolting of abodes, polluting everything about. Yet despite its state of decay, I sensed an inevitability about that unhallowed bastion. I knew beyond doubt that it had stood for years uncounting in that same ramshackle form, and would continue on until the very end of time.

Before the fortress gates stretched a forest of death. Corpses, thick with unbridled decay, lay about it as far as my eyes could see. Here death was feeding off the dead. This was the Garden of Chaos. Vile creatures nested amongst the bones of the dead, there to gnaw at the fallen and fill the air with sickly sound of merriment.

Here dark trees had petrified, their shapes indescribable and their essence corrupt. The graves of the fallen had become a rich loam, sucked upon by the trees of that dark forest. Pierced by the tree roots, the dead had stirred once more and each branch bore a skull, mildewed and heavy with loathing.

In that place I looked upon the fate of mankind and wept for the future.

– Liber Malefic



THE DARK PRINCE'S REALM

The final domain in the Realm of Chaos belongs to Slaanesh, the decadent Dark Prince of Chaos. Slaanesh's realm is the smallest corner of the infernal regions, for he is the youngest of the Chaos Gods, and as yet his power is much overshadowed by his brothers. It is no coincidence that a narrow isthmus separates Slaanesh's domain from the rest of the Realm of Chaos. The power of the Dark Prince is but a fraction of the other Chaos Gods, and he seeks whatever advantage he can – including that of defensive position.

THE CIRCLES OF SEDUCTION

The Dark Prince's realm is divided into six different domains, arranged in concentric rings around Slaanesh's Palace of Pleasure. Slaanesh's domain is commonly thought a paradise by the mortal souls lured here, but nothing is precisely what it seems. Each region is formed around one of the six deadly seductions of Slaanesh: Avidity, Gluttony, Carnality, Paramountcy, Vainglory and Indolency. These circles are not only a continuous celebration of Slaanesh's needs and desires, but also his chief defence. An intruder must pass through each of the six circles in turn before reaching the heart of Slaanesh's domain – an act of will that few souls, mortal or daemonic, can perform. As one moves from circle to

circle, the desire to succumb becomes increasingly overwhelming. Once mortals have sampled the pleasures of Slaanesh's realm, they cannot stop; compelled towards excess, they think nothing of the consequences – only of the pleasure that indulgence brings. Some, much too late, discover the trap that has been set for them, but this matters not to Slaanesh, who finds moans of ecstasy or cries of horror equally satisfactory, providing they are heartfelt.

The circle of Avidity forms the outermost boundary of Slaanesh's domain. The temptations within its borders seek to awaken an interloper's sense of greed. Gold is here, ingots and coins beyond counting. Precious stones are sunk deep into every wall, and gilded sculptures line every path. All who attempt to seize this wealth are doomed. The gemstones hatch daemonic birthlings that burrow beneath the skin to eat their victim from inside to out, ever after wearing the stolen form as a trophy. To lay but a finger upon Slaanesh's statuary is to join it, with consciousness rendered immortal, but trapped in an immobile golden body for all time.

Should greed not ensnare, then the next circle is that of Gluttony, with sumptuous banquets and rivers of wine. A single taste reduces the imbibor to a bloated fool whose only desire is to gorge until his tortured body



THE INEVITABLE CITY

The city was built of dark madness. It stretched across the land to fill me with dread, for the path I trod would bring me to its portal. The city stones had been quarried from the night and in all their details and dressings they celebrated wickedness. Eternity had served as architect, engineer and master to the city's masons, and had guided all their levels and plumbines.

I turned my feet towards the far horizon, and still the city was before me. Once more I turned, and again, and yet another turning. With each freshly chosen course I drew nearer to the city gates, and its towers and walls loomed higher. The gateway was the end of every road, and despair gnawed my heart.

As I paused to seek a new escape, I saw that I was not alone on the inevitable, hideous path. Between myself and the city stood a man, his head bent and his eyes downcast, lost in some deep contemplation. As I watched he turned towards the city. His strides were firm, but he came no closer to the gate. I watched as he passed me by and went further from the gates until he vanished in the distant mists. Thus it was possible to avoid the city and its brooding darkness, and I resolved to march, against all reason, to the city. And when I did so, the city grew no closer, and was soon lost to sight.

– Liber Malefic



gives way under the strain. Beyond the circle of Gluttony lies that of Carnality, a debauched place where all manner of fleshly pleasures may be sampled. Lissom maidens walk the verdant fields, their face and form seemingly sprung from heart's dearest desire. Yet to tryst with such a creature is purest folly, for there are clawed hands and serpent's teeth beneath the glamour, and an appetite for fleshly pleasures of a different sort.

Upon entering the next circle, the traveller is greeted by the roar of an adulating crowd, for this is the circle of Paramountcy, where intruders are tempted with power and all its application. Armies, their numbers so great as to blacken the plains, greet those of martial bent, whilst the politically minded are also met in kind, with nations to guide and people to rule. For any traveller with a desire for personal power within his heart this is a paradise of sorts for a time, a place where every whim is obeyed, and every command fulfilled. Yet to tarry within this circle is to be overcome with paranoia, to see a dagger beneath every smile and poison in every chalice – the cheering throng becomes a tortuous and inescapable prison.

The circle of Vainglory is a garden, its maze of paths thick with beautiful flowers and heavy with thorns. Here, unseen voices whisper reminders of past glories, of achievements great and small. Most deadly of all is the remembrance of circles conquered and unheeded temptations. Each step an intruder takes with pride in his heart leads him further from his path, drawing him deeper and deeper into the choked undergrowth. There he swiftly falls prey to the tearing briars and roots, whilst the chanting thorn-children of the garden weave his every failure into a mocking epitaph.

Last, and most dangerous, is the circle of Indolency, a serene domain of heavenly choirs and perfumed seas. All within this circle, whether root and branch or stock and stone, works to lull the mind and senses. A single draft of the ambrosial waters can rob a mortal of purpose and will. To sleep here is to never again awaken. The lone and level sands that crunch underfoot are the desiccated husks of all those who have succumbed, and the ethereal voices are their souls in torment. If this final and most insidious of circles is traversed, then a traveller can finally ascend to the seat of Slaanesh's power.

Slaanesh does not have a stronghold as such, merely a luxurious palace wherein his daemonic followers pay court to their master. This shimmering alcazar haunts the dreams and nightmares of mortals in a way that no other place can. It is said that contests in every manner of excess are to be found within the palace and its fleshy walls pulse to the rhythms within. These debauched competitions occur in six great halls, each cavernous chamber devoted to one of the six deadly seductions of Slaanesh. Such are the incredible depths to which these earthly sins are pursued that their practitioners pass beyond pleasure into torments so terrible that only the truest devotees of Slaanesh can take joy in them.

THE PRINCE OF CHAOS

Slaanesh is master of cruel passions and hidden vices, and of terrible temptations. Of all the Dark Gods, Slaanesh alone is divinely glamorous: long-limbed and elegant, with a haunting androgynous beauty. It is impossible for a mortal to look upon that divine face without losing his soul, for all who see Slaanesh become slaves to his slightest whim. Slaanesh can assume male, female or hermaphrodite form at will, though he mostly manifests himself as a young man – clean limbed and fresh with the vigour of youth. Slaanesh is seductive as only an immortal can be, disarming in his innocence, utterly beguiling in his manner. Known widely as the Lord of Pleasure, Slaanesh is dedicated to the pursuit of excess – the overthrow of all moderate behaviour.

The sensual pleasures of art, music and companionship fascinate Slaanesh and he is drawn to mortals possessed of physical beauty and charm. Unlike the other Chaos Gods, Slaanesh goes out of his way to court the affections of mortals, seeking to ensnare their souls in his web of excess. As such, his Palace of Pleasure is not home solely to Daemons and damned souls; it also entertains those mortals Slaanesh wishes to tempt. The Dark Prince is the master of subverting dreams to lure a mortal's corruptible mind into his realm. Indeed, many have turned to Slaanesh for succour, and the Dark Prince revels in both their worship and their weakness. Where Tzeentch sees a world full of opportunity, Slaanesh views the mortal realm as a potential source of playthings.

The other Gods are attracted and repelled by Slaanesh in equal measure. Nowhere was this shown more clearly than when the Dark Prince presented each of his brothers with a chalice. Beguiled by Slaanesh's art, Nurgle and Tzeentch accepted the Chalice of Entropy and Lies – glad, despite themselves, to be thought worthy of the Dark Prince's attention. Khorne, on the other hand, could not resolve his wrathful nature with the peculiar attraction that Slaanesh aroused. He smote the Chalice of War a mighty blow, shattering it into a thousand pieces. Yet even as the broken shards tumbled to the ground, Khorne felt compelled to gather the fragments together. For many days and nights, Khorne worked to repair the damage he had wrought, but when the labour was complete the rage waxed strong within him and he shattered the chalice once again. The Blood God has since recreated and destroyed the Chalice of War untold times, as unable to let the pieces lie as to graciously accept the Dark Prince's gift.

Though Khorne is the only God with open dislike of Slaanesh, both Nurgle and Tzeentch are uneasy in his presence. This is due, in part, to the fact that all the Chaos Gods embody Slaanesh's drive for excess: Khorne with his rage, Tzeentch with his schemes and Nurgle with his love of pestilence. Lurking deep within the psyche of each of Slaanesh's brother Gods is the suspicion that the influence of the Dark Prince is steadily gaining in strength and that Slaanesh will perhaps one day eclipse them all.

THE COMING OF CHAOS

The Daemons of Chaos have preyed upon the world for many thousands of years. Throughout recorded history not one mortal kingdom has gone unscathed. Cities have been razed and kingdoms toppled, yet these assaults pale in comparison to the greatest of all incursions, when Chaos first burst forth upon the world.

It was during the time of the mysterious Old Ones that the Daemons of Chaos first descended upon the mortal realm. The Old Ones were the architects of the world, able to twist the fabric of space and time to their will, and summon vast energies to be manipulated in the form of devastating magical spells. Borne within mighty ships that could traverse unthinkable spans in a heartbeat, the Old Ones journeyed and manipulated the world according to their whims. It was the Old Ones who brought many of the races of the world into existence: Slann, Elf, Dwarf and Man. It was they too who brought the curse of Chaos down upon the world, for there were entities that even the Old Ones could not command.

THE BIRTH OF CHAOS

For reasons long since lost to history, the Old Ones' great polar gate – the means by which they traversed the stars – collapsed; torn asunder in an explosion of raw power that shook the world to its foundation. Fragments of the gate were flung across the landscape as incandescent comets that struck the ground with enough force to level mountains and shatter continents. The poles of the world collapsed upon themselves, opening rifts into the raw ether of the Realm of Chaos. Huge amounts of chaotic material coalesced into matter in the form of a new and malignant moon.

As the skies burned and the earth quaked, the primal fears of a billion cowering souls took on unholy vigour. Borne forth from this maelstrom of emotion were the Dark Gods of Chaos. From the shadowy Realm of Chaos they looked upon the mortal realm with hunger – for the destruction of the warp gates marked not only the birth of the Chaos Gods but also the departure of the Old Ones. No one, not even the wisest of the Slann, truly knows what happened to these supreme beings. Some believe the Old Ones were destroyed or possessed by the influx of chaotic energy, while others speculate that they deemed the world lost and so abandoned it to its fate. Departed, corrupted or destroyed, the Old Ones were gone; the fledgling races of the world were abandoned and alone before the diabolical desires of the Dark Gods.

Scarcely had the scattered pieces of the gate come to rest before the Chaos Gods unleashed their minions upon the world. Raw magical energy flowed over the world in ever increasing tides of rippling prismatic force. Wherever this energy touched land it crystallised into thousands of Daemons, each a powerful facet of its master that burned with the urge to destroy.

Faced with annihilation, the Slann mustered the greatest armies to be seen either before or since to confront the threat. Thousands upon thousands of Saurus cohorts strove with the Daemons, able to meet the ferocity of the invaders and match it in kind. In a series of terrible wars that spanned centuries and claimed many millions of lives, the Saurus armies initially prevented the Daemons from destroying any of the Slann's temple cities. The strength of the Slann armies rested not solely in the Saurus – to begin with, the Slann were able to bring formidable magics to bear. The scions of the Old Ones split the earth asunder to swallow the Daemons, raised tidal waves to drown them and drew fiery meteors out of the heavens to crush them. For a time the Slann deemed their victory inevitable, for the greatest amongst them possessed sorcerous might that outstripped the most mystically adept of the Daemons. However, as the chaos energy flooded into the world, the balance shifted.

As the pulses of chaos energy grew ever stronger, the Slann felt their own magic become wilder. Spells became increasingly unstable, and tiny errors in casting destroyed many hundreds of Slann, their minds ravaged beyond repair or the fabric of their bodies shredded by uncontrolled power. As the Slann grew weaker, the Daemons grew stronger. Where wild magic destroyed the Slann, it invigorated the Daemonic legions. The Lords of Change, servants of Tzeentch, were born of such magic and could shape it to their own use. Whilst the magical skill of the Slann had once dominated the battles, arcane supremacy was now with the Daemon hordes, turning the tide of the war against the Slann and their servants. In desperation, the Slann withdrew to their temple cities and set up a series of magical barriers to hold the Daemons at bay as best they could.

THE FALL OF XAHUTEC

For the Daemons, victory now lay in the ruination of the temple cities and the destruction of the Slann's mystical defences. Accordingly, the pattern of war shifted to realign itself about the temple cities of Lustria and the Southlands. For a time, even the ferocious might of the Daemons was not sufficient to breach the Slann's defences, but the minions of the Dark Gods hurled themselves at the cities time and again nonetheless.

The temple city of Xahutec was the first Slann stronghold to fall before the relentless Daemon advance. After many days watching his Daemonic minions batter against Xahutec's formidable barriers, the Daemon Kairos Fateweaver – greatest of the Lords of Change –

divined a way to breach the warding. At the height of a fresh attack on the city, the cunning Lord of Change focussed its arcane might and opened a rift in the very heart of Xahutec. With their attention focussed upon the Daemons at their gates, the Slann within remained unaware of their predicament until the rift opened in their midst to spill forth pack after pack of snarling Flesh Hounds. Their attendants outmatched, the Slann unleashed their sorcery, but the baleful brass collars about the Daemons' necks dissipated the magical assault. The Slann and their retinues were overwhelmed in a flurry of tooth and claw, not even given the time to send telepathic warning to the other temple cities. With the death of the Mage-priests, Xahutec's magical defences collapsed. Then the slaughter began.

No longer sheltered by magic barriers nor aided by sorcery, the Saurus defenders were doomed. One by one, the jungle pyramids fell, overwhelmed by Bloodletters and Daemonettes. Pink Horrors set sorcerous fire amidst the defenders, incinerating some and warping others into unspeakable things. As the defences tumbled, Saurus fled by the thousand – but there was no escape. Furies and Screammers swooped from the sky, tearing at fugitives with fangs and talons.

By dusk, Xahutec was a corpse-choked ruin. Bloodletters stalked its glyph-adorned streets, collecting the skulls of the fallen for Lord Khorne, while Daemonettes tortured a handful of survivors in the most sacred temple cloisters

simply to revel in the screams of their victims. Atop the great pyramid, Kairos Fateweaver picked through the bloody corpses of the Slann Mage-Priests, devouring their arcane trinketry before shattering the pyramid in a maelstrom of daemonic flame.

THE END OF AN EMPIRE

As the capstone of Xahutec's pyramid tumbled into the blood-clogged streets, the magical barriers across Lustria weakened. Kairos Fateweaver soon repeated his success at the temple cities of Huatl, Tlanxla and Xhotl. Fate did not exclusively favour the Lord of Change however. In the assault on Xhotl, the Slann Mage-Priests were able to hold out long enough to send a telepathic message to their brethren in other cities, warning against the Lord of Change's tactics and allowing them to take precautions.

So it was that when Kairos arrived at the temple city of Chaqua, his previous successes could not be repeated, for the Slann had greatly strengthened their retinues. However, so many cities had now fallen that weaknesses were starting to appear in the defences of those that remained. At Chaqua the shield was strong enough to hold something as large as a Daemon at bay, but could not halt the plagues of Nurgle. As the Daemons railed impotently at Chaqua's defences, Nurgle's Rot, Bowelsteep, the Red Ague and a dozen other poxes took hold amongst the Saurus. Within a week, a third of the defenders had succumbed – the city fell three days later.





By this time, the handful of temple cities that remained were those ruled by the very greatest of the Slann. Though they endured, the Slann empire was no more. It had once spanned the globe and proclaimed the destiny of thousands, but the ferocity of the Daemons had brought it to the edge of extinction. Elsewhere, other races were facing a similar fate.

THE FATE OF THE DWARFS

Many thousands of leagues to the east, more Daemons descended upon the Dwarfs. Under the guidance of the Great Unclean One Ku'gath, Daemonettes and Pink Horrors struck at the hastily erected Dwarf defences. The Dwarfs defended hill and crag with all the stubborn tenacity of their race, but they had never before battled a foe such as this. Only because their magic was tied up in runes, and thus safe from subversion, did the Dwarfs manage to battle the Daemons on something akin to equal terms. Nevertheless, the Daemons were relentless.

One by one, the Dwarf fortresses fell, swept from history by the Daemonic tide. In the northern mountains, a thousand unstoppable Bloodletters scaled the walls of Kazad Klad, drowning the keep's stones in the blood of its defenders. A few leagues south-west, the twin bastions of Karag Garaz and Khaz Bryn prevailed against Ku'gath's legions for near on a month, undone only when Nurgle's Rot began to fester in the tarn that provided the Dwarfs with water. The walls of Kazad Kol were shattered by sorcerous fire. The defenders of Karak Grong succumbed to the allure of Slaaneshi gold, abandoning their fortifications and beguiled onto the claws of their besiegers. Soon only one great fortress remained – the deeping hold of Karaz-a-Karak – the eternal Everpeak.

Seeking no time to replenish their losses, Ku'gath's legions launched their attack on Karaz-a-Karak. Though his legions had been greatly reduced, the Plaguefather still commanded an army whose numbers were beyond counting. No opposition was encountered on the march to the Everpeak and the outer gate lay unguarded. Ku'gath, deeming his foe already broken, led his army into the tunnels and pillared caverns surrounding Everpeak, unprepared for the stubbornness of the Dwarfs that awaited him. Having drawn the Daemons onto the very walls of their underground fortress, the Dwarfs shattered their own domain and brought the mountain down. This was no act of sacrifice – while Ku'gath and his legion were utterly obliterated, the Dwarfs survived behind the walls of Karaz-a-Karak. There they remained for many long years, until the outside world was safe once more.

THE RUIN OF ULTHUAN

While the Dwarfs endured, the arrival of Daemons on Ulthuan shattered the golden age of the Elves. Until now the children of Ulthuan had lived an idyllic existence, sheltered by the Slann from worldly conflict. Had they

not lived so protected, the Elves might have stood some chance against the Daemonic hosts, but as events unfolded they were totally outmatched, victims of their own innocence. When the rifts began to open along the shores of Ulthuan, the Elves swiftly realised the terrible depth of their plight. Those bows and spears the Elves had were designed for hunting, not battle. Only a handful of Elves possessed any kind of armour, and what little they owned had been crafted for ceremony, not the rigours of war. Conversely, N'kari, the Keeper of Secrets who led the assault against the Elves, had learned much in the bloody fighting against the Slann.

It was two days before the Elves were able to muster any kind of defence, and by this time the Daemonic host was deep into the forests of Cothique. Ten thousand Elves, proud but poorly equipped, met the Daemon host in battle under the forest canopy. They were slaughtered. From the emergence of shrieking Daemons from the forest mists to the death scream of the last Elf, all in all it took less than an hour for the Daemons to tear the makeshift Elven army asunder. At the last, the steadfast courage of the Elves far outmatched their experience. Though their army was outnumbered many times over, not one Elf threw down his weapon, not one Elf fled. They fought on, all the while praying to their Gods, vainly imploring them for assistance. N'kari, displeased by the lack of sport to be had from the Elves, released his followers to rampage across Ulthuan as they wished. So began the systematic destruction of Ulthuan.

Under a sky choked with shrieking Furies, ferocious packs of Bloodletters and Flesh Hounds hunted through the ruins of once-proud cities. Broken and afraid, the Elves hid in caves and sheltered on the mountainside whilst the Daemons despoiled the grace of all that they had achieved. Bloodthirsters rampaged through Ulthuan's decay, slaughtering all they found, whilst Keepers of Secrets held court in the ruins of noble palaces, wagering the souls of dismembered captives against larger prizes. Lords of Change ransacked the alabaster towers of Elven mages, greedily consuming every last line of magical lore. Corpulent Great Unclean Ones shambled through the lands of Chrace and Avelorn, delighting as pestilence and tree-rot raged through the elder forest. The stench of fear and hopelessness was thick upon the land of Ulthuan. As the Elves cowered in their sanctuaries, N'kari drank in the heady scent of despair and rejoiced.

THE PHOENIX KING'S WRATH

For several decades, the Elves were a hunted people, enduring in places so defensible that the Daemons could not assail them. Their fortunes only changed when the power of the Elven Gods passed into Aenarion – first and greatest of the Phoenix kings. Bereft of hope for so long, the surviving Elves were quick to rally behind Aenarion and strike back against their assailants. N'kari regrouped his forces, but they were spread across Ulthuan. The delay allowed the Elven Godling to assemble and equip a mighty host.

League by league, Aenarion won back his land from the Daemons. Finally, in a terrible battle amidst the ruins of Ellyrion, N'kari and Aenarion found each other upon the field. Each could sense the power within the other, and neither wished to yield advantage by attacking rashly. It was Aenarion who ended the stalemate, throwing himself forward and striking at N'kari without regard for his own life. The battle that followed was completely one-sided. N'kari had the power of a Greater Daemon and the blessing of Slaanesh, but Aenarion had the power of a God. Focussing his rage, Aenarion smote the Daemon a mighty blow that clove him almost in twain. As the deathblow fell, N'kari threw his head back and gave a piercing shriek that could be heard all over Ulthuan, and the Elves believed themselves free.

With the death of N'kari the Daemon host fell swiftly before the wrath of Aenarion. In less than a year the remaining minions of the Chaos Gods were driven from Ulthuan's shores, and a brief peace settled upon the land of the Elves. Yet scarcely had the Elves begun to heal their wounds when the Daemons came again, drawn by the presence of Aenarion, whose Godling might was an irresistible lure to creatures of magic. War surged across Ulthuan once again and the slaughter began anew.

Under Aenarion's leadership the Elves fought hard, but the Phoenix King could only fight one battle at a time, and the Daemons were everywhere. No longer inexperienced at war, for they had been forged in the fires of battle, still the Elves could not stand before this fresh invasion. Wave after wave of Daemons fell upon the Elven defences. Outnumbered, out-fought and outmanoeuvred, defeat was inevitable for the children of Ulthuan. The final doom of the Elves seemed near at hand, yet one last gambit remained. Caledor, wisest of the Elven mages, had devised a plan: he would create a magical vortex to reverse the flow of energy from the collapsed polar gates, and so prevent the Daemons from maintaining their grasp upon the mortal world. As Ulthuan burned, Caledor journeyed to the Isle of the Dead, and began his great conjuration.

THE GREAT RITUAL

As Caledor's ritual began, Kairos Fateweaver divined its significance. Without delay he led his Daemonic host from the ruins of Lustria to the Isle of the Dead, but could not breach Caledor's magical defences. As the creation of the vortex began, the seas churned and the sky roiled. More Daemons swiftly converged upon the Isle of the Dead, drawn forth by Kairos' summons. As the sorcerous powers combined, Caledor's shield began to buckle, but as the defences weakened the Daemons were themselves assailed by Aenarion's war host. So began the battle to decide the fate of the world. Bloodthirsters hacked at noble dragons and tore them from the sky. Daemons of Tzeentch blasted Elves with sorcerous fire. Nurgle's plagues laid entire cohorts low with sickness as Daemonettes and Fiends of Slaanesh darted through their ranks, slaying with wild abandon.

At the last, only Aenarion stood before the Daemons. He fought as if possessed, hacking manically at all who stood before him. Only when opposed by Greater Daemons from each of the four powers was Aenarion's fate sealed. Dealt a mortal blow, the Phoenix King nonetheless held the Daemons at bay long enough for Caledor's ritual to be completed. The Isle of the Dead vanished into a raging storm of magical energy. Tidal waves rippled across the Inner Sea, drowning all in their path. The great vortex began to draw magic out of the world once more, and Daemons across the face of the world were banished to the Realm of Chaos. For the Elves, victory was bittersweet. Caledor and his followers were trapped within the vortex, doomed to relive their final moments for eternity and Aenarion himself was to be seen no more. Set against all this was a weighty prize: the deliverance of the entire world, at least for a time.

In one stroke, the Daemons of Chaos had shattered the empire of the Slann, and decimated both the Dwarfs and the Elves. Never again would there be heroes to match the like of Aenarion. The Daemons could not be slain, only banished, and would soon return. They would be watching and waiting for any opportunity to descend in the mortal world, and finish what had been begun.

The final triumph of the Chaos Gods was now only a matter of time.



AN UNHOLY TIDE

Daemons are eternal, unchanging. While the practice and theory of war continues apace in the mortal world, the legions of the Chaos Gods remain constant. They seek only to act true to their nature, and that nature is destruction and terror.

Many are the deeds that can loose Daemons upon the world. The minions of the Chaos Gods are adept at prying apart the slenderest rift in reality. Even a careless thought, dream or prayer can bring Daemons into the physical world when the winds of magic are strong. Every realm, every province, every village, has its own tales of destruction. Some such stories are little more than myth, as is the fashion with terrible events that have grown in magnitude with each telling. Other tales are more recent and so massive in their scale that to deny the facts would be foolishness. Though Daemons have no history of their own – such concepts are meaningless to the timeless ephemera of the Realm of Chaos – it can truly be said that their intrusions into the mortal world have shaped past, present and future.

THE SUMMONING

Over the centuries, mortals of all races have summoned Daemons. They do so to further their own goals, using knowledge gleaned from heretical texts such as the *Grimoire Daemonicus*, the *Pandemonius* and the *Liber Malefic*. Some seek a powerful protector, or an unstoppable assassin to slay their enemies. Others yearn for knowledge of magic, or even insight into future events. As creatures that dwell outside of time, Daemons have a unique perspective on the real world and can prophesy far into a mortal's distant future.

For their part, Daemons are only too eager to ride a summoning's magic back to its source – though without any intention of showing gratitude to the one who opened the door. This is when the summoner discovers just how strong his spells of protection are. Any whose wards are in the slightest way insufficient are swiftly devoured, their magical skills and essence sacrificed to allow the Daemon to survive in the real world. Should the summoner prove to be protected by enchantments of a complexity and power that the Daemon cannot break, he can then assert a measure of influence over the creature.

Even a bound Daemon is a most dangerous servant, ever seeking to throw off its bonds. Any advice and wisdom it imparts are always to further its diabolic bid for freedom, although inevitably couched in terms that seem beneficial to the summoner. The most cunning beasts lure their gaoler into agreement, where the Daemon pledges itself to a period of service. Such a pact can last for days, years or even centuries, yet all end the same way: the Daemon emerges triumphant and the mortal ends up devoured by his captive.

THE VAULTS OF WINTER

The Wood Elves of Athel Loren have many tales concerning the Daemons of Chaos. The most important stories are recounted by the Wardancers – warrior bards who shape stories into dances of life and death. For them the tale with the most power concerns one of their own, a young Wardancer whose pride wrought great ruin on her kin.



Cirienvel, for this was the Wardancer's name, was blessed with a skill of the dance that few could match, yet this was not enough to sate her ambitions. She prayed to Loec, patron of the Wardancers, pleading for help to surpass her peers, and to become the greatest storyteller and dancer of all. For weeks Cirienvel pleaded in her prayers. Finally, a charismatic presence, whom Cirienvel believed to be Loec himself, entered the Wardancer's dreams. Calling Cirienvel by name, the handsome being bade her enter the Vaults of Winter and seek the Casket of Dreams.

Upon waking, Cirienvel sought the advice of Naieth the Prophetess, wisest of the Wood Elf seers. Troubled by Cirienvel's words, Naieth forbade the young Wardancer to enter the Vaults. The caverns were thick with evils that only the watchfulness of Dryad guardians could contain, and the seer did not believe that anything benevolent could be found within those chill depths. Yet the seer's words found no purchase on Cirienvel, for the promise of the vision had sheathed her heart against good counsel. Taking her leave of the prophetess, Cirienvel journeyed to the Vaults of Winter. Taking care to remain unseen by the Dryads who guarded the entrance, Cirienvel slipped inside.

Time seemed to stand still as Cirienvel journeyed through the icy caverns. The guardians of the Vaults were many and foul, with the stink of evil magics about them. Some lurked in the shadows and sang alluring songs of bitter promise that misted in the chill air. Cirienvel closed her ears to them and travelled on. Others fell upon her with claws, blades and snapping teeth, yet Cirienvel was the swifter, and she dodged the attacks of the cavern's denizens and cut them down with blades of her own.

Through temptation and torment Cirienvel passed unhindered until, in the deepest cavern of the vaults, she found the golden Casket of Dreams beneath a blanket of frost. Unheeding of her surroundings and the danger that lurked close by, Cirienvel lifted the Casket from its icy cradle. Without hesitation, Cirienvel freed the hasps, threw back the lid and gasped as the power of the Casket flooded into her. In an instant she gazed upon the dreams of thousands, of untold stories and the dances that could tell those tales. As Cirienvel revelled in her prize, sardonic laughter echoed around the cavern. Awakening from her reverie with a jolt, Cirienvel sensed a foe approached that she could not best. Clutching her prize tightly, Cirienvel fled the Vaults of Winter.

THE DANCE OF DREAMS

That night, infused with the power of the casket, Cirienvel danced in King's Glade for the Council of Kindreds and an audience of thousands. Watching from the second circle of the glade, Naieth knew something to be wrong as soon as the dance began. So swift did Cirienvel move that blurred images remained in her wake, each impossible pose captured in sparkling light. Yet as the Wardancer moved faster and faster, the silent figures that made up the tableau sprang to life. As they did so, their true nature was betrayed – they were echoes of Cirienvel no more, but Daemonettes of Slaanesh unleashed by the magic of the dance and drawn to the scent of Cirienvel's foolish pride.

The Daemonettes fell upon the gathered Elves without mercy, claws slashing and voices keening in time to Cirienvel's dance. As the Wood Elves fought for their lives, the trees of the glade writhed as if roused to agony by the Daemons in their midst. Still the tempo of the dance increased. Pink Horrors burst from the writhing tree-flesh, the light from their wild spells casting impossible shadows. The ground was slick with blood as the Daemonettes darted and struck. Bloodletters emerged where the slaughter was greatest, hauling themselves out of the blood-soaked earth. Through it all, Cirienvel danced on, as unable to stop her motion as she was to undo the harm it had wrought. A massive creature began to take shape within the centre of the glade, translucent almost to invisibility, but becoming more solid with each movement of the dance.

Bowstrings sang out across the glade as the Elves fought back. Some arrows shattered against Daemonic skin, but others bit deep. Kinband chieftains shouted orders. Glaive opposed Hellblade and sword parried claws. Hundreds fell on each side, but the Daemons cared not for the loss. For their part, the Wood Elves could not yield lest the minions of Chaos run rampant through the sacred land of Athel Loren. Gnarled and ancient Treemen joined the fray, their craggy forms casting evil shadows in the light of the fires. Dryads burst from the treeline to claw and impale Daemonettes with their talons. Yet even these interventions could not reverse the plight of the Elves.



Through it all, Cirienvel danced ever faster. The more swiftly she danced, the more swiftly did the Daemons appear. The Wardancer was a blur, moving far faster than any mortal. The horned figure at the dance's heart threw back his head and peals of dark laughter swept across the glade. It was then that Naieth glimpsed salvation – she saw the Casket of Dreams, curiously untouched by the maelstrom of battle. The Prophetess reached out to the wild magic billowing through the glade. Taming a portion of energy to her will, Naieth lashed out thrice at the Casket of Dreams with tendrils of sorcerous fire. On the third strike, the chest burst asunder. Filigreed fragments hurtled across the glade. Cirienvel collapsed – a puppet whose strings had been severed. The horned figure vanished. The air crackled and warped where the casket had sat, and the Daemons were cast into the screaming rift, buffeted by unseen winds that found no purchase on the Elves. Within seconds, it was over.

Though Naieth's actions had saved Athel Loren, Cirienvel would bear the mark of her folly for the rest of her life. Though she had survived, a terrible numbness had settled into her limbs. Ever after, Cirienvel's movement was pain-wracked and clumsy. The skill of the dance had gone from her, sacrificed to the creator of the Casket of Dreams. For the rest of her life, Cirienvel was haunted by the memories of what she had once been, and of the horned beast who waited to claim her soul.



THE BATTLE OF KRUDENWALD

One of the most famous Daemonic incursions in the Empire is the Battle of Krudenwald, where the Bloodthirster Skarbrand and the Great Unclean One Father Necroth nearly obliterated the holdings of Man within the Drakwald. Many learned scholars of the Empire have tried to discover what led to the incursion itself. While opinion is divided on the matter, the strongest theory blames a series of raids, carried out by the army of Count Hagstaf, against beast enclaves within the Drakwald. In the pursuit of his duty, Hagstaf toppled and destroyed many primitive beast-totems. Such unclean edifices are believed by many learned men to have great magical potential, and the destruction of so many in so short a time would have seeded much of the Drakwald with magical energy. Enough, in fact, for Daemons to cross into the mortal world a handful of leagues west of the Drakwald town of Kelp.

And so, Count Hagstaf's army, already weary from its successes in the Drakwald, battled the Daemonic host astride the Krudenwald-Kelp road beneath a sky thick with thunder. Hagstaf's forces were drawn from three states, boasting some of the finest infantry, artillery and cavalry in the land, yet even so, they were hard pressed. Of the battle's west flank – where the Knights of Sigmar's Blood and several bands of Teutogen Guard valiantly opposed the onslaught of Skarbrand's Bloodletters – there are no records, for not one man survived to inscribe any. Conversely, the private library of the Hagstaf family boasts many fine accounts of the battle's eastern flank – although it should be noted that most such records were scratched out in fever wards, and so may be coloured by the madness of those pox houses.

AN ENGINEER'S REPORT

One such surviving report, penned by Unstoffe von Kreil, the Engineer supervising Hagstaf's artillery, recalls the desperation of the battle. Von Kreil commanded four cannon, each served by experienced crew and sat wheel to wheel on the firmest part of the road. At Von Kreil's command, roundshot after roundshot ploughed into the ranks of the Plaguebearers, punching swirling holes through attendant fly swarms and tearing great gouts of rotting flesh through the shambling Daemons. Yet even as each iron missile came to the rest, Daemonic bodies began to reknit. According to von Kreil, even a severed limb appeared to cause a Plaguebearer little in the way of hindrance. Indeed, he notes several instances of such a Daemon examining the wayward appendage with puzzlement, merely holding it tight to the body whilst the tissue reformed itself.

With his artillery threatened by the seemingly invulnerable Plaguebearers, Count Hagstaf ordered the Jagerhausen regiment, famously tenacious veterans of a dozen Drakwald beast-raids, to carry their halberds against the Plaguebearers' flank. Swallowing their fear, and more than a few mouthfuls of plump black flies, the Jagerhausers charged into the cannon smoke. Initially,

sharpened steel seemed to prevail where the brute force of a roundshot had not. The Plaguebearers' recuperative nature was of little use when one halberd was thrust in its belly and a dozen more hacked at its torso and head. Yet it took at least four or five Jagenhausers to fell one Daemon, and the vile iron swords of the Plaguebearers swiftly took a tithe of the Jagenhausers' strength.

Despite the odds, the courage of the Jagenhausers paid tribute to their reputation. Unheeding of the corpses that lay underfoot, the Middenlanders fought on – though they did so as silently as their unholy foes, lest they invite a mouthful of oily flies. Saved by the charge of the Jagenhausen Regiment, von Kreil had ordered his cannon to rake the Plaguebearers with grapeshot. With the Daemons caught between steel and shot it must have seemed, for a moment, as if victory was near. Only when the massive bulk of Necroth loomed out of the cannon smoke, bellowing with laughter and whirling his iron flail with punishing force, did the Jagenhausers break.

Kreil's account states that the Engineer ordered his gunners to retreat as the terrified halberdiers flooded past. However, he candidly ascribes their survival not to any timely order of his, but the arrival of Count Hagstaf, and his War Griffon, to the fray. Though Kreil speaks well of the Count's valour, it is clear from other accounts that he served better as a distraction than a hindrance to the lumbering Great Unclean One. Several eyewitness testimonies recount Necroth's gargantuan indifference to the blows rained upon him by man and beast. Even more recall the appalling sight of Necroth hefting the barrel of an abandoned cannon in one hand and smiting Hagstaf's Griffon repeatedly about the head with it.

A FORTUNATE BETRAYAL

It was as Hagstaf tumbled into the bloodstained and feather-strewn mud, Kreil insists, that the course of the battle was changed. As Father Necroth bore down upon the stunned Count, the corpulent Daemon was struck from behind by Skarbrand, who had long since run his own opponents to ruin. Kreil does not claim to know for sure what motivated the Bloodthirster to attack his ally, but proposes that Skarbrand saw it as his right to slay the enemy commander and reacted furiously when Necroth attempted to pre-empt him. Taken unawares, Necroth was apparently vanquished with ease by the Bloodthirster. Regardless of motivation, this treachery cost Skarbrand the battle.

As Skarbrand triumphed over his former ally, Hagstaf recovered his wits enough to order his remaining troops to open fire. In Kreil's account, every cannon, handgun and pistol in the Empire lines was discharged at Skarbrand. The creature was torn apart in a fusillade of bullet, shot and shell – indeed, its head was retained as a trophy by Hagstaf until the unfortunate and unforeseen slaughter at Hagstaf manor some eight years later.

Given fresh hope following the death of Skarbrand and Necroth, Count Hagstaf rallied his army and triumphed over those Daemons left upon the field. Kreil is one of many who recorded that the Plaguebearers and Bloodletters seemed more vulnerable to harm with the death of their overlords. It was, he noted, as if the Daemons could no longer draw upon the vile energies that sustained them. So it was that Count Herdred Hagstaf snatched a celebrated victory from defeat, and won a historic battle over the dread powers.

The dark moon Morrslieb is full only one night a year, when its orbit brings it closest to the world. This night is known by many names: Geheimnisnacht in the Empire and Winter's Eve in Bretonnia, it is Twilight's Tide to the Elves and Ar'Uzkul to the Dwarfs.

On this night, sensible folk lock their doors and bar their windows, but for the followers of the Dark Gods this is a night of celebration. Morrslieb is accursed, a moon formed from material cast into the skies when Chaos first burst upon the world. Its proximity strengthens the Winds of Magic, weakening the borders between reality and the Realm of Chaos. On Geheimnisnacht, small rifts become large and large rifts become immense, allowing thousands of Daemons to walk the mortal world for one night of mayhem and destruction.

Morrslieb's chaotic orbit means that Geheimnisnacht never falls upon the same day in subsequent years, but mortal folk take care never to be surprised by its onset. Defences are strengthened on this, the unholy of nights, with special care given to those places riddled with folk rumour of dark powers abroad.

In the Drakwald and Mousillon, peasants abandon their hovels and take shelter in castles and fortified inns. In the Ogre Kingdoms, cauldron after cauldron of bloody meat are sacrificed to appease the Great Maw and secure its protection for the faithful. Beneath Zhufbar, ill-famed caverns are sealed tight by Runesmiths, their exits guarded by dour Ironbreakers and eager Slayers. Across Ulthuan and in the depths of Athel Loren, prayers are whispered to Isha and Asuryan in the light of the sacred phoenix flames. Rich and poor, young and old; all hope that the evils of Geheimnisnacht will pass over them; all hope that the night of evils will leave them unmarked by its infinite malice.

Eventually darkness retreats from the sky. Morrslieb begins its slow wane and folk venture out into the new dawn. Some discover neighbouring villages razed to the ground, no trace of the inhabitants to be found save for blood on charred timbers. Others take axes to trees that have twisted into unspeakable shapes, burn crops rotten through with pestilence, or empty barrels now choked thick with black and diseased blood. All give thanks to have survived another Geheimnisnacht, and fearfully begin counting the days until it is upon them once again.

THE SACK OF BRAQUIRON

On Winter's Eve, almost 500 years after the reign of Gilles the Breton, hell came to the Bretonnian town of Braquiron in the dukedom of Quenelles. As dusk fell, spouts of flame sprang up on the borders of the domain, cutting Braquiron and much of the surrounding valley off from the rest of Bretonnia. Sensing something terrible was soon to occur, Baron Callard mustered his knights and yeomen. All too soon, a stream of bloodied and terrified peasant refugees confirmed the Baron's fears. Two great hosts of Daemons, each led by a single Bloodthirster, were converging on Braquiron from north and south, slaying all in their path. Callard beseeched the townspeople to flee into the hills or take shelter in his keep and led his followers south, hoping to defeat each horde individually before they could combine.

The Baron's army confronted the Daemon host two leagues south of the city. Pennants fluttered in the wind as the Bretonnian knights charged into the midst of the foe. At first, the battle seemed to favour the sons of Bretonnia, as the knights drove deep into enemy lines, lances and swords piercing scaled hides and severing foul limbs. As the tang of blood filled the air, a terrible fury awakened in the Daemons. They struck back against the knights with hellspawned rage. Flesh Hounds tore out the throats of horses, pitching the knights to the ground for Bloodletters to disembowel.



Each stroke of the Bloodthirster's axe slew a dozen men. Within moments, the Bretonnian charge was in disarray, and eight-score knights doomed to a terrible death. Callard himself was only saved through the cowardice of his steed. As the Baron led the charge, his horse was consumed with terror and bore him away at great speed. By the time Callard had calmed his horse the battle was over. The Baron's proud army was now a grisly collection of skull trophies and steaming horseflesh. Stung by the shame of defeat, Callard reluctantly set spurs to his horse and returned to his castle and the siege he now thought inevitable.

A DAEMONIC DUEL

In the wake of the slaughter, the Daemons resumed their march upon Braquiron, utterly ignoring Castle Callard and its feeble garrison. From the ramparts of his keep, the Baron watched as the two hosts spat curses at each other across the town square. Few of the keep's defenders slept that night. Those that did suffered from dreams haunted by the howls of Flesh Hounds and chanting of Bloodletters as the two hosts performed pre-battle rituals. Then, as dawn broke, the Daemon hordes ceased their cacophony. The Bloodthirsters hefted their axes in salute, and the carnage began. Within moments, the town was embroiled in the most savage battle Callard had ever witnessed. The valley trembled as the two Bloodthirsters hacked and cut at one another, bellowing insults and challenges. The other Daemons fought for their overlords. Legions of Bloodletters hacked and clawed, chanting the Blood God's praises as hellblades rose and fell. Flesh Hounds clawed at one another with single-minded ferocity.

So it went on for a dozen days and nights. Though the battle raged back and forth across the increasingly ruined town neither Daemon host could prevail. As the town below drowned in a sea of blood-gorged madness, Baron Callard watched from the ramparts of his castle, helpless to prevent the destruction. Buildings collapsed under the weight of battling Daemons, or were demolished by the sweep of a Bloodthirster's axe gone astray. Temples were tainted by spilt Daemon blood. Fallen pillars and roof beams were wielded as weapons, while the Bloodthirsters seized huge chunks of rubble and hurled them as missiles into the ranks of Bloodletters. With every hour that passed the two armies dwindled, worn down by mutual bloodlust and ferocity.

On the morning of the thirteenth day, only the two Bloodthirsters remained standing. Their titanic battle had brought them to a vine-strewn Grail Chapel, sanctuary of the fabled Sword Perilous. This desecration finally spurred Callard into action. Bad enough that he had been forced to watch as his land and his knights were ravaged, but Callard could not allow the raging Daemons to despoil the Grail Chapel. Callard did not credit his chances against the two behemoths that remained, but the shame of flight from battle – unwilling though it was – urged the Baron to try.

CALLARD RIDES OUT

Ordering the gate unbarred, Callard mounted his destrier and rode down into the valley. Everywhere tokens of profitless slaughter stood in testament to the battle that had raged. As the knight spurred onwards through the smouldering rubble that had once been Braquiron, wounded Flesh Hounds ceased gnawing at their own entrails to snap at his horse's legs. Countless scrawl-covered banners lay trampled into the mud, their bearers hacked and torn apart. Piles of oddly-shaped Daemon skulls were stacked amongst the rubble, leering dark promises of death at Callard as he passed.

Ahead, in the ruins of the chapel, the gore encrusted behemoths fought on. Already their battle had tumbled the outer walls, laying the shrine's altar bare. The hillside shuddered with each blow, yet still neither Daemon could best the other. With one final prayer to the Lady, Callard mustered his courage and set his lance. The knight screamed a challenge as his horse sprang forward, yet the Daemons heeded him not until he was within striking distance.

Guided by the Lady, the lance struck the closest Daemon, the knight's momentum driving the iron tip through the brazen armour. Rage and pain mingled in the bat-winged behemoth's roar. It swung around to face the knight, dealing Callard a savage blow that sent him tumbling from the saddle onto the altar of the shattered grail chapel. Yet, in so doing, the Bloodthirster had turned his back upon his brother Daemon, which now smote him a mighty blow that snapped his spine and cast him to the ruined ground. The axe rose and fell again and again before the wounded creature could recover, each swing marking the walls and weed-strewn flagstones with trails of blood. Eight times the axe rose and fell, and on the eighth stroke the victorious Bloodthirster severed the head of his fallen opponent.

THE CHAMPION IS CHOSEN

Callard watched as the Daemon lifted the grisly trophy by its braided hair and brandished it at the sky. As the Bloodthirster threw back its head and bellowed a cry of victory, Callard remembered the slaughtered knights in the valley below, the ruin that had been wrought on Braquiron. Rage flowed into the Baron and with it came fresh courage and strength. The knight hauled himself to his feet and drew the Sword Perilous from its sheath upon the altar.

The anger rose within Callard once again, and the knight embraced it. Lessons in swordplay and fencing fell away like wilted leaves. Callard struck at the monster again and again, with no thought of tactic or finesse, senselessly battering the creature with all the strength he could muster. Impossibly, the injured knight began to prevail, his rage overwhelming his foe's defenses. Callard's third strike shattered the beast's left hand, and its barbed lash fell to the ground. His fifth broke the Daemon's thigh and his seventh near severed a wing.

In desperation the Daemon cast aside its axe. Closing its undamaged taloned hand around the knight's neck, the Bloodthirster began to throttle its foe. As the creature's grip tightened, Callard's vision grew dimmer. He could feel his bones grating under the Daemon's fearsome grasp and realised he had but seconds to live. With his final breath, Callard thrust the Sword Perilous forward one last time. The gleaming blade penetrated the Bloodthirster's armour and pierced the creature's black heart. The Daemon gave a final bellow, and collapsed.

On the other side of the valley, the yeoman warders of Castle Callard cheered as shadows fell from the sky. The curtains of fire that had severed Braquiron from its neighbours vanished, and the wan sunshine returned to the valley. Of the Daemons no trace remained, save for the rank ichor that stained every inch of the town's ruins. The Sword Perilous was discovered amid the ruins of the Grail Chapel, its golden finials melted and blackened. Of Sir Callard, there was no sign. None could be sure of what had occurred in that final battle, but Callard would be remembered as a hero, a knight pure enough of heart to vanquish the greatest of Daemons. Darker tales abound, however. Some whisper that Khorne was so impressed with Callard's battle prowess that, at the last, the Baron was spirited away to the Realm of Chaos, where he would serve the Lord of Skulls for eternity.



N'KARI'S REVENGE

Scarcely ten years after Finubar the Seafarer ascended to the Phoenix throne of Ulthuan, a black storm swept across the fair isle of Ulthuan. The seas boiled and the skies rained fire down upon the land. Many Elves drowned in swollen rivers, were crushed beneath collapsing buildings or incinerated by bolts of polychromatic lightning. Great was the ruin wrought on Ulthuan that night, but the worst was yet to befall.

At the storm's height, the great waystone atop Mount Antorec was uprooted and hurled into the valley below. Before the broken shards of the monolith had even come to rest, a cloud of Chaos Furies had clawed their way into the mortal world, tearing reality like wet paper and their mere presence widening the breach further. Moments later, a far more monstrous form forced its way through – the Keeper of Secrets N'kari was reborn. As the swarm of Furies swooped and cackled far above his head, N'kari stole the magical essence of the storm for sustenance and focussed his own magics on the rift, bringing through a host of Daemons to do his bidding.

THE DESTRUCTION OF TOR ANNAN

The first town to feel the wrath of N'kari's horde was Tor Annan, a provincial holding in the valley beneath Antorec. The defenders fought back, but could not hope to prevail against the unholy fury that was unleashed upon them. Furies dove and wheeled through the sky like misshapen bats, their shrill cackles and cries freezing the blood of all who heard them. Rage-maddened Bloodletters and Bloodcrushers hurled themselves again and again at the defences, splintering wood and shattering stone, desperate to slay the Elves that cowered inside.

N'kari waded through the bloodshed and the Elves scattered before his coming, all save Eanith, Lord of Tor Annan, and his household guard. They formed a wall of spears opposing the Greater Daemon's onslaught, only to have their weapons splinter on the Daemon's hide. Snapping Eanith's sword beneath the pincers of his massive claw, N'kari thrust his fist into the Elf's chest. Closing his fingers about Eanith's heart, the Daemon tore the still pulsating organ from the noble's body. N'kari brandished the heart briefly before the Elf's dying eyes, bellowed in triumph and swallowed it whole. Casting the limp corpse aside, the Keeper of Secrets turned his back on the ruins of Tor Annan, and sought out his next victim.

Scarcely had the echoes of battle about Tor Annan ceased when N'kari struck once again, riding the tides of magical energy to instantly emerge on the other side of Ulthuan, scant leagues from Tor Yvresse. Once again, the Elves responded swiftly. Although sorely pressed, the defenders of the fortress were able to hold the Daemons at bay while aid arrived from Cothique and Hoeth. N'kari withdrew his forces at the battle's height, retreating into the Annulii Mountains.

Over the next month, the pattern continued. N'kari struck at outposts in the Dragon Spine mountains, Avelorn and many other provinces of Ulthuan. Indeed, few areas of the Elven realm remained unscathed. Yet each time N'kari would suddenly abandon the battle, sometimes within minutes of achieving a devastating victory. With no end in sight, and the Elven nation in a state of terror, the Phoenix King ordered every seer in the realm to focus their powers of divination on ending the threat, lest the Daemon's dread presence befoul Ulthuan entire.

In the wake of Caledor's ritual, the Elves of Ulthuan began construction of a great network of enchanted monoliths. These waystones would curb the worst excess of the Winds of Magic, and dissipate the energy in the Great Vortex where it would bring no harm.

As the Winds of Magic grow in strength, a waystone becomes unable to channel all of the energy to the Great Vortex, and so itself becomes magically charged. This load decreases steadily over time as the Winds of Magic inevitably fall in strength once again and the waystone slowly discharges its pent up power. Should a waystone be toppled or uprooted at this stage it can prove catastrophic as the stored energy is released in one terrible burst, scorching everything nearby with magical fire. Worse still, such a sudden burst of magic critically weakens the borders between the mortal world and the Realm of Chaos, offering any watching Daemons a slender opportunity to burst through into the real world. If the waystone is not repaired or replaced, the background level of magical energy begins to rise, slowly at first, but faster and faster as reality crumbles and more Daemons spill through.

For this reason, there are few duties more sacred to the Elves than the maintenance and protection of the waystones. The High Elf garrisons across the world are stationed more to maintain these scattered monoliths than any other single purpose. Even the Dark Elves of Naggaroth live in fear of the unforeseen collapse of a waystone – although this does not prevent them 'accidentally' felling one for a time to power their terrible rituals.



A THIRST FOR VENGEANCE

After much meditation, the cause behind the attacks became clear. With horror, the Elven seers realised that this abyssal monstrosity was the very same being who had led the invasion of Ulthuan over six thousand years ago, slaughtering millions and shaking the Elven civilisation to its core. During that great struggle, the first Phoenix King, Aenarion, destroyed N'kari's mortal form. The Daemon's immortal essence had spent the intervening millennia reknitting a host body, dreaming dark designs of vengeance upon the arrogant mortals who had thought to slay one as mighty as he. The seers believed that N'kari had been reborn a thing of vengeance, consumed with a need to settle old scores. As such, the incursions that had recently plagued Ulthuan were far from random, they were directed by the cruellest of motives. N'kari was carving his vengeance on the descendants of Aenarion, bringing towns and fortresses to battle long enough to spirit his victims away to face the eternal torments of Slaanesh.

Over the many thousands of years since the time of Aenarion the Defender, the hallowed bloodline had prospered and diffused throughout Ulthuan. Not all the scions were of noble rank and had little to connect them beyond their lineage. As such, their disappearance on battlefields where many hundreds of Elves had been slain had gone unnoticed and unconsidered by all but kith and kin.

The seers believed that almost all known scions of Aenarion's line had now been accounted for – either lost to N'kari's rage, or away from Ulthuan and therefore, hopefully, safe for a time. The remaining heirs were twin princes, scarcely beyond childhood by the exacting standards of Elves. Their names were Tyrion and Teclis. Each carried Aenarion's mark, though in different ways. Tyrion had learned his lessons well and already had both the skill and confidence of a warrior born. Teclis, though weak of body, had proved himself adept at the myriad magical arts. The princes were hurriedly summoned from their home in the Cothique woodland and spirited away to the safest place in all Ulthuan – the shrine of Asuryan. There an army drawn from the finest troops the Elves could field would defend the princes against all possible peril.

As divined, N'kari's attack came soon. Scarcely a day after the Shadow Warriors first brought reports of Daemons in the mountains of the Eataine peninsula, the Keeper of Secrets' vanguard marched within sight of the shrine. As the Daemons advanced, N'kari sent intoxicating visions flowing over the walls of the shrine to bedevil the dreams of those within. Many Elves succumbed to these illusions of desire and phantasms of fulfilment. Some fell into deep comas, never to awaken. Others threw aside armour and weapons, marching blindly into the Daemon hordes and being torn to shreds, or casting themselves from the cliffs to perish on the jagged rocks below. As Elven mages hurried to counter this insidious attack, N'kari urged his legions forward.

THE BATTLE FOR ASURYAN'S SHRINE

Within moments, the stony slopes of Asuryan's Isle were engulfed by N'kari's hordes. Daemons darted and leapt across the jagged rocks, paying no heed to the clouds of arrows launched into their ranks from the shrine's walls. Lords of Change hurled bolts of sorcerous fire at the defenders, cawing with delight as Elves twisted and burnt in multi-hued flames. Flocks of Furies swarmed across the defenders, plucking unfortunate Elves from the walls and casting them onto jagged rocks. Nurglings oozed their way through gratings and coverlets to tear and bite at the ankles of the defenders. Asuryan still watched over his shrine however, and daemonic flesh blackened and burnt wherever it touched the walls and fortifications. Yet still the horde came on.

Through it all, the Elves fought without hope, knowing that to yield was to deny the sacred trust of Aenarion. Along the walls, each strove without thought for his own life, hacking at Daemonettes and Plaguebearers until armour and stone were stained with Daemon blood. A hundred unnamed heroes struggled and died that day. Archers from Yvresse and Swordmasters from Hoeth fought alongside knights from Caledor and Ellyrion. Wherever the fighting was thickest, there fought the Phoenix Guard, striving as if to drive back the foe by their valour alone. Yet the Daemons cared not for their losses – they were swept up in N'kari's madness.



Finally, the Elves were undone not by a lack of courage or skill, but by the timbers of the shrine's gate. Battered by sorcery and daemonic might, the gate collapsed under the immense weight of a Beast of Nurgle. The Captain of the Phoenix Guard led a desperate counter attack, cutting great wounds in the Beast's flank, but to no avail. The Beast lolloped forward with a burble of joy to greet the onrushing Elves, crushing a dozen beneath its massive bulk. Momentarily confused by the choked screams, the Beast halted. The colossal creature seemed content to examine the twitching forms of its victims. It was still poking and prodding with pseudopods and tentacles when a wave of Bloodletters burst through the ruined gate.

The battle now devolved into a primal contest of survival. Groups of Elves fought back to back, as Daemons swirled and slaughtered their way through the shrine. Now the balance of arms began to tilt in favour of the Elves. The merest wound left Daemons vulnerable to the holy power of Asuryan's shrine, and the weakest of N'kari's horde were consumed by cleansing fire. N'kari stepped through the ruined gate and drank in the heady scent of fear and slaughter. None could stand before him, and he strode swiftly through the chaos of battle, climbing the Stair of Eternity and into the innermost sanctum of Asuryan where his prey waited.



THE INNER SANCTUM

At the last, only twenty Phoenix Guard stood between N'kari and the twin princes, yet the Elves did not yield. The guard fought bravely, on stones already slippery with carnage, yet N'kari would not be denied vengeance. As one arm darted to block the guards' halberds, another gracefully disembowelled half a dozen opponents. Bolts of shrivelling fire burst from N'kari's eyes to consume the rest of his foes. As the last desiccated corpse fell, the young Tyrion knew his defence, and that of his brother, fell solely in his hands. He mouthed a prayer to Asuryan, drew his sword, and went to meet his destiny.

Promising warrior though he was, Tyrion was overmatched from the first. Despite his great size, N'kari was almost as swift as the Elf prince. The Daemon parried Tyrion's desperate thrusts with ease. In lilting tones, he taunted the Elf with every cheated blow, tongue flicking as he tasted the stink of humiliation. Yet N'kari had made one fatal misjudgement. So focussed was he on Tyrion that the Daemon had all but forgotten Teclis' presence. As Tyrion was knocked sprawling by the sweep of a massive claw, Teclis unleashed an attack of his own. While Teclis did not have the strength and vigour of Tyrion, his crippled frame harboured a nascent mastery of the mystic arts. Now Teclis hammered at the Daemon with all the sorcerous fire he could muster. As the bolt struck, the creature was blasted clear off its feet. N'kari tumbled across the plinth where Asuryan's flame burned, one mighty arm passed through the eternal flame, and the Daemon screamed in agony.

No ordinary flame could mark N'kari's hide, but against this, the sacred fire of Asuryan, the Daemon had no defence. The fire coursed across the Daemon's body, burning ever fiercer as it spread. N'kari screamed as his skin blackened and cracked. Rising to his feet, Tyrion struck the Daemon again, and his sword took up the flame. Each new cut opened up fresh wounds, lancing the cleansing fire into the Daemon's core. Crippled with pain, N'kari was able to do little except stagger away from Tyrion's onslaught. With each stroke, the Elf prince drove the Daemon towards the great arch that overlooked the Sea of Dreams. With a final scream, N'kari's monstrous bulk toppled through the arch and plummeted the thousands of feet into the sea below, where the waves swiftly stole the Daemon from sight.

Tyrion and Teclis emerged from the sanctum to find the battle won. Daemons could not easily endure in this holiest of places, and only N'kari's maddened presence had allowed them to manifest even this long. When the Keeper of Secrets was lost to the sea, the power that sustained his horde faded, and the Daemons were swiftly consumed by the power of Asuryan, leaving only piles of blackened ash and a lingering odour. As dusk fell, the Elves celebrated their victory and mourned their losses. Through it all, Tyrion and Teclis stood in silence. They knew their destinies had been forever altered, and that one day they would have to face N'kari again.

DAEMONIC INCURSIONS

The following record of events is described as it would be observed within the mortal world, according to the Imperial Calendar (IC).

IC	Events		
-c5600 to -c4500	The Great IncurSION. The polar warp gates collapse and Chaos enters the world. DaemonIC hordes appear and run rampant across the world. The Slann muster their armies to repel the Daemons, but are steadily overwhelmed. Civilisation is humbled before the daemonIC onslaught and many millions are slain.	-102	The Black Ark <i>Ravager of Souls</i> is drawn into the Realm of Chaos as it returns from the Lustrian shores, and finds itself beached in the centre of Nurgle's garden. The crew are able to fend off attacking Daemons long enough for the Dark Elf sorcerors to cast a spell that will return the vessel to the mortal world. Something goes wrong however, and when the <i>Ravager of Souls</i> returns to its berth at Arnheim, the city finds itself under attack from daemonIC hybrids. Virulent plagues sweep through much of Naggaroth over the course of the next decade, decimating the Dark Elf population.
-4420	Under the leadership of Aenarion and Caledor Dragontamer, the Elves of Ulthuan complete the Great Vortex that drains Chaos energy from the world. The Daemon hordes are banished, and can now only enter the mortal realm in areas of great magical saturation.	107	Brethil the Hawklord defeats the legion of the Lord of Change Rel'khir on the borders of Athel Loren.
-2724	The Witch-king Malekith attempts to destroy the Great Vortex. Seeing an opportunity to renew their claim upon the mortal world, the Chaos Gods send a great daemonIC host to the aid of the Dark Elf. Despite his otherworldly allies, Malekith is defeated and the Vortex remains functional.	231	Daemonettes and Pink Horrors burst forth from the caverns below Middenheim. They wreak considerable damage to the city and lay waste to the western Drakwald before being vanquished at the Battle of Glencurst by Count Reiner von Mechle.
-2423	A Lizardman host investigating the ruins of the lost city of Xahutec is ambushed by Bloodcrushers. Many of the remaining Slann Mage-Priests are slain in the ensuing battle and Xahutec itself is discovered to be located on the site of a rift to the Realm of Chaos. The remaining Slann are able to close the rift, but Xahutec and its treasures are lost forever.	570	The Bloodthirster Hellgrim attempts to retrieve one of the eight Burning Books of Khorne from its resting place in the Annullii Mountains but is defeated by the High Mage Calahdris.
-2130	At about this time, the Ogre Tyrant Argut Skullcrusher confronts the Bloodthirster Baaltor in single combat. The battle resounds through the Plains of Zharr for forty days and nights, until the mortally wounded Skullcrusher finally entombs his foe beneath the pillar of rock thereafter known as Daemon's Stump.	623	Warlord Kriksnel of Clan Mors battles the daemonIC legion of Kru'ar the Plaguelord. The Skaven prevail, mostly through sheer weight of numbers, but the survivors expire from Nurgle's Rot within a week.
-370	Daemons in the service of Tzeentch and Slaanesh appear in the mines below the Dwarf hold of Zhufbar, battling furiously with one another. Seemingly unaware of the retreating miners, the Daemons vanish again before Dwarf reinforcements can be brought to bear. The mine is subsequently sealed as forbidden ground, as unseen Daemons can still be heard in its caverns.	800	The Daemon Tz'arkan leads a host of Pink Horrors and Bloodletters out of the Chaos Wastes and lays siege to the Altar of Ultimate Darkness. Decimating the Dark Elf defenders, Tz'arkan uses the power of the Altar to create a bridge between the Realm of Chaos and the Ironfrost glacier. For the next two decades, the eastern domains of Naggaroth are beset by daemonIC hordes, until the Dark Elves finally retake the altar.
		850	Marius Mollus, the Grand Theogonist, decrees there to be no other Gods than Sigmar. His screaming form is last seen being dragged away by a blood-red, three-headed hound.

- 901 The Blue Scribes of Tzeentch enter the private library of Ocasta, an exiled High Elf mage. After stealing a dozen tomes of magical lore, the Blue Horrors inadvertently set a fire amongst the dry pages and raze the library to the ground.
- 924 A cure for the Crumbling Ague is said to have been discovered in Altdorf's temple of Shallya. Shortly thereafter a plague of Nurglings descends upon the city. Thousands are killed, but the only building to be destroyed is the temple of Shallya, which collapses under the weight of five hundred squalling Nurglings, crushing all the priestesses within. The cure is lost.
- 1001 King Louis the Rash of Bretonnia orders the removal of an Elven waystone from the site of his winter palace. He spends much of next month in pursuit of a daemonic army that ravages the fledgling cities of Monfort and Parravon. The waystone is later replaced, following the insistent advice of the Fay Enchantress.
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- 1105 Deep within Karak Kadrin, the Dwarf Runesmith Skalf Ironbrow begins his researches into the lost Master of Rune of Dominion, unaware that he is being manipulated by the Great God Tzeentch.
- 1157 Contact is lost with the High Elf outpost of Tor Taranth in southern Lustria. Lord Calaveri leads a rescue mission, and finds the decapitated bodies of the garrison in a pool of frozen blood.
- 1203 The Wood Elf Wardancer Cirienvel journeys into the Vaults of Winter. After many battles, she uncovers the Casket of Dreams. Ignoring the advice of Naieth the Prophetess, Cirienvel opens the casket, unleashing a tide of Daemons into the very heart of Athel Loren. The Daemons gorge themselves upon the magic of the Wood Elf realm before they are banished.
- 1230 The mad Arabian sorcerer Mahik al'Rak creates the Portal of Twilight from a series of enchanted mirrors. Shortly after, his body is possessed by a Lord of Change who thereafter influences the magical practices in Araby to the greater glory of Tzeentch.
- 1235 Karak Kadrin is attacked by a Khornate and Nurglesque daemonic host. Though the Dwarfs repel the intruders, three Bloodthirsters manage to reach the workshop of Skalf Ironbrow. They tear the aged Runesmith limb from limb and go on to destroy his workshop before they are finally stopped.
- 1330 The infamous Feast of Famine occurs for the first time in the Empire city of Nuln. The debauchery is so great that the Masque of Slaanesh is drawn to attend.
- 1375 The Elector Count of Nordland, seeking to bring about an end to the hostilities between the Emperor and the Otilia of Talabecland, hosts peace negotiations at his fortress in Salzmund. All within are slain when the keep is assailed by horde of Khornate Daemons. Both sides blame the other for the slaughter, and the fighting grows notably worse.
- 1401 Plaguefather Ku'gath makes common cause with U'zhul Skulltaker. The two carve a swathe of destruction across the Bretonnian heartlands. The Daemon army is only defeated when Sir Gryff of Everbyl rallies the peasants of fifty villages to oppose them.
- 1460 While crusading in Araby, Marius Holseher, Elector Count of Stirland, uncovers the Mirror of Nightmares and inadvertently travels through it into the Realm of Chaos. For reasons of their own, the Chaos Gods allow the Count to return to the mortal world unmolested, where he writes an account of his journey in the Liber Malefic.
- 1474 The Sack of Braquiron. Baron Callard vanishes after triumphing in battle against two Bloodthirsters.
- 1475 A combined crusading army of the Empire and Bretonnia sacks the Arabian city of Bel-aliad. They inadvertently awaken the Portal of Twilight, banishing themselves into the Realm of Chaos where they become part of Khorne's eternal war.
- 1555 Ogres of the Mountaineater Tribe battle the Daemon Kza'arahan in the Skycastle ruins.

1668 Herdred Hagstaf, castellan of Fort Schippel, leads an expedition into the Drakwald. Several herdstones are cast down, disrupting the lines of magical force and inadvertently forming a summoning circle. The ensuing daemonic incursion is only stopped by the combined armies of Middenland, Averland and Reikland.

1775 The Dark Elf army of Kar Draonrath defeats Ku'gath Plaguefather. However, this proves to be a pyrrhic victory when half of the city's population succumbs to the nauseating shacklerot in a matter of days.

1803 The Orc Shaman Baduum attempts to unlock the secrets of a captured Anvil of Doom. The resulting magical implosion sucks Baduum, 10,000 of his lads and much of the upper slopes of Mount Grimfang into the Realm of Chaos. Though they battle with ferocity, the Orcs are slain by a horde of Bloodletters.

1900 The Spellweaver Ranu challenges the Daemon K'z'arkera'ss to a game of chance with the safety of Athel Loren as the stake. The Daemon cheats incessantly, but is unable to best the Wood Elf. On winning the game, Ranu cages K'z'arkera'ss with silverwood and banishes him to the distant mountains of Naggaroth.

2031 The fabled Bretonnian bard, Tyness Evain, records the Battle of Sky's Fall, where 5,000 Tzeentchian Daemons, under the leadership of Kairos Fateweaver, descend from the heavens to lay siege to the city of Montfort.

2173 The Keeper of Secrets N'kari, reborn into the mortal world, ravages Ulthuan in his quest for vengeance on the heirs of Aenarion. Tyrion and Teclis are saved, but the Phoenix Guard are slain almost to the last Elf and the shrine of Asuryan ravaged.

2203 In the catacombs below Castle Drachenfels, six treasure hunters discover the library of the Great Enchanter. While looting this arcane trove, they inadvertently disturb the castle's magical defences, opening a rift to the Realm of Chaos. The subsequent daemonic invasion wreaks havoc in the Reikland, razing the nearby towns of Bogenhafen and Ubersreik.

2253 Somewhere in the depths of the Mountains of Mourn, the Vampire Mangari the Old unearths a gemstone crown allowing him to commune with the Great God Tzeentch.

The Vampire strikes a pact with the Great Sorcerer. For the next century combined armies of Daemons and the Undead assail Ogre and Chaos Dwarf strongholds.

2298 The Sorceress consort of Duke of Maldred of Mousillon inadvertently opens a rift to the Realm of Chaos, unleashing a host of Nurgle Daemons into the city. Most of the Daemons are banished in three days of bitter fighting, but a handful of Nurglings escape into the sewers.

2302 The Great War against Chaos begins. Daemonic hordes join force with Chaos warbands at the Siege of Praag. The Realm of Chaos sweeps over Praag and it literally becomes a city possessed, with citizen and stone melded together, taking on all manner of twisted daemonic shapes.

2303 Magnus the Pious defeats the Chaos armies at the Gates of Kislev. The power of Chaos wanes once again and the daemonic hordes are drawn back into the Realm of Chaos. Tzeentch and Nurgle are able to turn the aftermath to their advantage, and displace Khorne, though Nurgle is subsequently undone by his ally's scheming, and the Great Sorcerer gains primacy.



2452 Eldai Tyssill, emissary of the Everqueen, uses one of the Annulian crystals to banish the Great Unclean One Boilrot.

2515 The Skaven burrow of Fester Spike is attacked by a Dwarf expedition seeking to reclaim one of the lost hammers of Valaya. Grey Seer Thanquol attempts to summon a Vermin Lord of the Horned Rat. Instead, he mistakenly conjures the legion of the Bloodthirster Skarbrand, which then rampages through both the Dwarf and Skaven armies. Blood runs in swift rivers as Thanquol makes a timely escape.

2522 Daemons of all four powers muster behind the banner of Archaon, Lord of the End Times. The combined horde marches against the armies of the Old World in the invasion known as the Storm of Chaos.

THE DAEMONIC LEGIONS

This section of the book details the daemoniac forces at the command of the Chaos Gods. It provides all the profiles, rules and spell lores necessary to use all of the elements of the army in your games of Warhammer.

DAEMON SPECIAL RULES

All units in the Daemons of Chaos army have the **Daemoniac** special rule. This includes all the rules detailed on this page.

Immune to Psychology; Fear
(see Warhammer rulebook).

Daemoniac Aura. All Daemons enjoy the physical and mystical protection of their diabolical masters. Daemons get a 5+ Ward save.

Daemoniac Attacks. Being corporeal manifestations of Chaos, A Daemon's attacks are magical. This includes any special or ranged attacks they may have.

Daemoniac Instability. When Daemons lose a combat they must take a special kind of Break test called a Daemoniac Instability test. In multiple combats, each Daemoniac unit must test separately. Use the following procedure to take a Daemoniac Instability test:

1. Calculate combat resolution as normal and roll 2D6.
2. Compare the dice roll to the Daemons' Leadership value, taking into account any modifiers for combat resolution. For each point the unit fails its Instability test by, the unit suffers one additional wound. No saves of any kind are allowed against these wounds, including Ward saves, regeneration, etc. If characters are present in the unit, the controlling player first allocates wounds to the unit (up to their current Wounds), then divides the remaining wounds as equally as possible amongst any characters.

Note that an Instability test can be re-rolled if the Battle Standard is within 12" and/or tested on unmodified Leadership if the unit is stubborn.

Example: A unit of Bloodletters (Leadership 7) loses a combat by 4. The controlling player scores 8 on his 2D6 roll. Because combat resolution modifiers count for Daemoniac Instability, their Leadership is reduced to 3 for the test. This means that the Bloodletters have failed the test by 5, and so the unit suffers five wounds.

As well as the rules listed above, many Daemons have additional special rules. Most can be found in the Special Rules section of the main Warhammer rulebook. If this is not the case, the effect of the special rule will be printed in the unit entry or there will be a reference to the page on which you can find the rule in question. Some entries refer to Daemoniac Gifts – details of these can be found on page 92.



DAEMONIC CHARACTERS

It should be noted that while Greater Daemons (ie, Bloodthirsters, Lords of Change, Great Unclean Ones and Keepers of Secrets) and Daemon Princes are characters, they are also monsters, as defined by the game, and therefore may never join units.

Heralds of the Chaos Gods are also characters and may join units as normal, however they may only join units aligned to the same God. For example, a Herald of Khorne may only join a unit of Bloodletters, Bloodcrushers, or Flesh Hounds. Heralds often apply benefits to the unit they join. For example, a Herald of Khorne bestows the Hatred special rule on a unit of Bloodletters or Bloodcrushers.

GREATER DAEMONS

Greater Daemons are the most terrifying of all the Dark Gods' servants. Each is a power unbound by law or reason, a splinter of divine might given towering presence and dread purpose. Every Greater Daemon can fulfil many and diverse roles in the Great Game, for certainty and stability are alien concepts in the timeless spheres of the Realm of Chaos. Warleader, guardian, lorekeeper, assassin, plaything; each Greater Daemon has assumed one or more of these roles during his existence, dependent upon the needs and whims of his divine master.

Without doubt, Greater Daemons are the most self-aware of all the Dark Gods' minions. Each has drives, yearnings and personality, although these are always coloured by the nature of the God the Daemon serves. So it is that various Greater Daemons in service to a single God can differ greatly.

Bloodthirsters are always angry, for Khorne is ever wrathful, yet there is a nuance of character beyond the anger. Where one such Greater Daemon is little more than an unthinking beast, driven forward by the stench of blood and the need to slay, another is honourable rather than brutal, or employs a measure of martial skill to extend the scope of his bloodletting and slaughter. Similarly, a Lord of Change's character might range from the jovial to the spiteful, from cunning tactician to adept warrior. All take care to disguise their purpose from enemy and ally alike, for all Lords of Change are fragments of Tzeentch, patron of meddlers, schemers and conspirators.

To say that Greater Daemons have free will is a statement both true and false. The Dark Gods permit their servants complete freedom of action – even to the point of rebellion against divine edict. However, everything in a Daemon's nature drives it to exemplify the root obsessions of their patron.



A Bloodthirster is still serving Khorne if it leads its host to oppose another army in the Blood God's service, for more skulls will be taken and blood spilt in Khorne's name. A Great Unclean One who creates a plague that lays waste to a portion of the Garden of Decay is still furthering Nurgle's paternal commandments of pestilential fecundity.

Immortality brings great patience and the Dark Gods are content to play the longer game. They know well that any individuality and initiative shown by their minions will ultimately work to their advantage. Thusly do the Chaos Gods tolerate the indiscretions of their Greater Daemons as proud fathers would forgive the rebellions of wayward children.

THE NAMING OF DAEMONS

A Daemon's true name is commonly a rolling tide of guttural syllables beyond the wit of most to even read, let alone pronounce. Virtually all Daemons take care to keep their true names secret. Knowledge of a true name grants advantage, and Daemons do not surrender such power lightly. Only the most powerful Greater Daemons, who need not fear domination by any other creature, do not bother to hide their true names.

As a result of keeping their true names hidden, Daemons use a number of false names and titles. These can vary according to circumstance – such use-names are not important to a Daemon, as they give no real benefit to anyone who knows them.

A Daemon always chooses a name to reflect its nature. Grauhilatarak, a servant of Khorne, has variously held titles such as The High Handed Slayer of Innocence, Goreflesh and Skullrend. Similarly, the Keeper of Secrets Lach'relarian'sithelme has rejoiced in use-names reflecting Slaanesh's obsessions, such as Vilescram, Sindancer and The Lurking Despoiler.

On other occasions, a Daemon will be so pleased with an epithet applied by those it has fought that he adopts the name for his own. H'guturhtuk Urg'pelagua favoured the title of Fluxrot until the Battle of Barren Hill. Those Empire militiamen fortunate enough not to drown in the Great Unclean One's putrid vomit screamed the name Bileflood as they fled the tide of seething and maggoty goo. Most pleased with this panicked description H'guturhtuk decreed that he would henceforth be addressed as Father Bileflood.

Of all Daemons, it is the feathered Lords of Change who most often adopt fresh titles. As Daemons that constantly alter their colour, size and even form on a whimsical basis, the winged watchers see little value in restricting themselves to a single given form of address. So it is that a Lord of Change may have a hundred or more different titles in use at any one time, some of which are shared between a dozen or more other Greater Daemons. These labyrinthine practices make the identification of any particular Lord of Change a most vexing and complicated process; but then, that's probably the point!

BLOODTHIRSTER

GUARDIAN OF THE SKULL THRONE, DEATHBRINGER OF KHORNE, BLOODED ONE

Bloodthirsters are the most deadly of all Khorne's Daemons. A single Bloodthirster is a harbinger of bellowing death to an entire army of mortals, for it is destructive beyond telling, and lives only for the call to slaughter, maim and rend. It is the fury of war given form, the unfettered primal rage of the world made manifest. Bloodthirsters are hate-filled creatures whose mere presence drives mortal and daemon alike into an unquenchable frenzy. Their master is the Chaos God of blood-letting, and Bloodthirsters are ranked supreme as the most skilled and ferocious fighters ever to rampage across the field of battle.

Those few who have confronted a Bloodthirster and survived commonly recall an overwhelming impression of vast size and unchecked barbarity, of roaring and snarling death riding upon stygian wings immense enough to eclipse the sun. A Bloodthirster's ruddy skin is covered with coarse fur and brass armour, slick and gleaming with the blood of innumerable victims. This armour is forged upon the daemon's flesh by Khorne himself and thereafter becomes a living part of the daemon. As such, even the Bloodthirster's armour is sustained by the unholy and immortal energies that drive the daemon's murderous rampage.



The face of a Bloodthirster is that of a ferocious dog, a visage alive with horrific savagery and dominated by a maw of snarling teeth. In one hand, the Bloodthirster carries an Axe of Khorne – an enchanted daemon weapon that thirsts for blood and slaughter. A long and cruelly barbed lash, with which the Daemon can easily flay the flesh from a victim's bones, is wielded in the Bloodthirster's other clawed hand. These weapons are wielded with unbelievable crushing force, propelled by muscles as hard as iron and a timeless fury that neither slackens nor fades.

Bloodthirsters have no sorcerous abilities, for Khorne loathes such eldritch trickery and shuns the practice of the magical arts. Nonetheless, a Bloodthirster cannot be deemed weaker than the Greater Daemons of other Gods for it combines the irresistible strength of daemoniac sinew with the skills of eternal battle and the bestial nature of the perfect predator. Within its raging mind there is no thought, no deliberation, no appreciation of intrigue or manipulation – it thinks only of the hunt, of the blood to be spilt in Khorne's name and the skulls to be gathered for the Blood God.

Other Daemons will sometimes retire from battle if overmatched, to husband strength and bring other insidious talents into play, but not so a Bloodthirster. Should a Greater Daemon of Khorne find itself outnumbered, surrounded, mortally wounded, or even beset by a hero empowered with divine might, it does not stop fighting. Such is the nature of Bloodthirster – it does not retreat, does not falter, but roars fresh defiance with every blow, swinging its axe with ever more bloodlust and cleaving fresh skulls for Khorne with each unstoppable strike.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bloodthirster	8	10	0	6	6	5	9	7	9

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Fly; Large target; Magic Resistance (2); Terror.

No greater source of knowledge concerning the dread daemonic servants of the Great God Khorne is there than the eight Burning Books of Khorne. Bound in brass and etched in fresh blood, each is said to decree the eight unholy aspects of the Lord of Skulls, and name his Daemons. These grimoires are much searched for by renegade wizards, for knowledge of a daemon's true name is believed to render it servile to mortal command. Such an acquisition is not easily made, for the burning books are scattered across existence and each has its own terrifying and bloodthirsty guardian.

LORD OF CHANGE

THE WINGED WATCHER, THE EYE OF TZEENTCH, THE FEATHERED LORD

Lords of Change are the most bizarre of all Greater Daemons. They have bright, multi-coloured wings, a gigantic bird-like face and skin that writhes with unnatural energies – indeed, magic courses through their daemonic bodies as blood pumps through that of a mortal. Lords of Change are often blue or yellow, but individuals may change colour if it suits them, adopting a striking plumage suffused with all the colours of the rainbow. Lords of Change do not regard it as essential to retain consistency of colour, appearance – or even shape – unless it pleases them to do so. Of all its splendoured features, a Lord of Change's most striking aspect is its eyes, for within the depths of its gaze lies all the knowledge and insight of Tzeentch. Few mortals can withstand the scrutiny of its gaze, and it is said that when a Lord of Change looks upon a mortal it perceives not only the creature's ephemeral flesh but also the ultimate failure or realisation of its hopes and dreams as well.

As manifestations of the Changer of Ways, the Lords of Change are hideously unpredictable and manipulative. Behind the gaze of a Lord of Change lies a curious and wreckful mind, deeply intelligent, yet as uncaring of consequence as it is fascinated by it. The Lord of Change is like a child playing upon some gigantic anthill, poking with a stick at its inhabitants and laughing at the hopeless antics of their defence. Nothing pleases him more than to see the world broken and made anew, to redirect the course of a life or even history itself, spilling hope upon the ground while raising the ambition of others up to an unexpected pinnacle of power.

As might be expected of a creature born of pure magic and bound to the will of the Master of Sorcery, a Lord of Change is a potent spellcaster. The winds of magic obey its every command, allowing it to summon whirling tempests of change and mutation, blast the enemies of Tzeentch with bolts of multi-coloured fire or unravel the mind of an enemy spellcaster from the inside. Sorcery is not the only weapon at the command of a Lord of Change – it is also an erudite tactician, well versed in a thousand ploys and stratagems for any given situation. Accordingly, if a Lord of Change prefers to remain uncommitted in battle it is not through lack of courage or ferocity, but because it likes to direct its forces and better control the flow of the fighting. It instinctively sees the skeins of fate that play over the battlefield, and knows all too well how they can be manipulated.

Although a Lord of Change elects to use magic and trickery to further its ends, it is still a fearsome fighter, with talons that can pierce the thickest armour. Over the millennia, countless heroes have underestimated these strange creatures, thinking their wiry frames and fluttering wings fragile, only realising the depth of their misjudgement when their lances and swords shatter against the daemon's immortal skin.



	M	WSBS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lord of Change	8	6	4	6	6	5	6	5 9

MAGIC

Lords of Change are Wizards and know all the spells from the Daemon Lore of Tzeentch (see page 61).

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Fly; Large target; Terror; Flaming Attacks.

"The Daemon lied with every breath.

It could not help itself but to deceive and dismay, to riddle and ruin. The more we conversed, the closer I drew to one singular ineluctable fact: I would gain no wisdom here. The Daemon's mind was a labyrinth of deceptions. Truth was trammelled at the very heart of that maze, and far beyond my meagre reach."

– Liber Malefic

GREAT UNCLEAN ONE

FLY MASTER, STENCH LORD, NURGLE'S PLAGUEFATHER



The corpulent Great Unclean Ones, or Plague Lords, are the Greater Daemons of Nurgle. Each is more or less a facsimile of Nurgle himself, both physically and in terms of their personality. Indeed, a Great Unclean One is sometimes referred to as Nurgle or Father Nurgle by his underlings, although of course each also has his own daemonic name.

A Great Unclean One is invariably a gigantic figure bloated with decay, disease and all imaginable kinds of physical corruption. The skin of the Daemon is generally greenish, a necrose and leathery surface covered with pockmarks, sores and other signs of loathsome infestation. The inner organs, rank with decay, spill through the ruptured skin and hang like rotting drapes about the immense girth. From these organs burst tiny pustulant creatures called Nurglings which chew and suck upon the nauseous juices within. Such foulness represents the truth of the universe, of decay and the end of all things. Perversely, the character of the Great Unclean One is neither morbid nor consumed with despair – if anything the opposite is true. Great Unclean Ones are motivated by all the trivial mortal enthusiasms which drive the living.

Great Unclean Ones are ebullient and obstreperous, full of a natural will to organise and achieve. Indeed, it is not uncommon for Great Unclean Ones to compete amongst themselves in the matter of spreading Nurgle's plaguesome blessings across the world. Gregarious and curiously sentimental, Great Unclean Ones hold their followers dear and even refer to them as their 'Children'. They take great pride in the achievements of their fellow creatures, proclaiming vociferously the splendours of the poxes and sores evidenced by those around them, and laugh heartily at the destruction wrought in Nurgle's name.

When a Great Unclean One addresses his blighted throng, he expostulates in a manner immediately reminiscent of the great leader he is, chivvying and directing his decaying minions with a paternal indulgence at odds with his monstrous appearance. This combination of physical corruption and energetic endeavour is the most extraordinary characteristic of Nurgle's Great Unclean Ones. Yet as this love of Nurgle's creations brings the Great Unclean Ones immense joy, they are filled with rage when the petty-minded enemies of Chaos try to thwart Nurgle's grand designs.

When roused to war, a Great Unclean One is a truly horrifying entity. He bellows his ribald joy across the battlefield in stentorian tones, brimming with the jollity of one fulfilling divine commandment, and pauses only to unleash his formidable sorcery against a target ripe for Nurgle's blessings. Made ponderous by his colossal bulk, a Great Unclean One is slow to advance upon the enemy, but is all but unstoppable once he has reached his target. Any foe foolish enough to stray into his path swiftly discovers the immense strength concealed by the Greater Daemon's corpulent form. Whether a Plague Lord batters his enemy with an iron sword dripping with virulent fluid or a plague-ridden flail matters little, for the result is the same – an indescribable mess of blood and bone, already teeming with Nurgle's choicest festering pestilences.

	M	W	S	B	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Unclean One	6	4	0	6	6	10	4	4	9	

MAGIC

Great Unclean Ones are Wizards who can cast spells from the Daemon Lore of Nurgle (see page 62).

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Large Target; Terror; Poisoned Attacks;

KEEPER OF SECRETS

SLAYER OF SLAANESH, FEASTER OF PAIN, GREAT HORNED ONE

Many-limbed and jewel-eyed, sensuous in movement, yet at the same time brutal and fierce, a Keeper of Secrets is the Greater Daemon of Slaanesh. Its towering, gemstone-bedecked form stands many times the height of a man, with four powerful arms – two of which end in ferocious crab-like claws – springing from its muscled torso. It is said that no two Keepers of Secrets possess identical features, that the appearance of each is sprung from Slaanesh's capricious whim at the time of the Daemon's manifestation. Certainly, there is a great deal of variance between these Greater Daemons. Some are endowed with a decidedly bovine aspect, whilst others have a beguiling and androgenous facial structure that belies a corrupt and debauched heart.

A Keeper of Secrets is a terrifying foe to face, delighting in exquisite pain, the caress of claw through skin and muscle, bone and organ. Its enormous razor-edged claws can tear apart an armoured knight with one graceful slash while its hands can crush limbs and smash through bone and sinew with horrifying ease.

A Keeper of Secrets bestows care and attention on every blow, turning a sensuous caress into a rib-crushing embrace, and a casual swipe into a drawn-out gouge which spills organs and blood upon the ground in pleasing patterns. They have no fear of pain or injury themselves, and every sensation, be it painful or pleasurable, is met with exhilarated squeals and cries that assail not only the senses, but also the fundamental pillars of reason itself. Keepers of Secrets consume the souls of those whom they slay, delicate sweetmeats that further empower Slaanesh. As such, to fight a Keeper is to risk not merely a terrible and agonising death, but also tempt eternal damnation.

Keepers of Secrets are despoilers of purity, corrupters of the faithful and the terrible heralds of rapturous damnation. Formed of the stuff of chaos and gifted with the subtle and insidious magic of the Dark Prince, a Keeper of Secrets is an accomplished spellcaster, wracking the enemy with spasms of agony, clouding their minds with dark whispers of glory, and creating insidious illusions of their worst fears and greatest desires. A Keeper of Secrets delights in using its guileful and malign magics to turn friend upon friend, enamouring and glamouring the foe with tricks and illusions to cloud the mind.

Those few brave mortals who would face up to a Keeper of Secrets must be pure of heart and mind, for such a monster is surrounded by many seductive enchantments that lull the conscious will and deaden the senses. Many heroes have been unable to resist their own primal urges and desires while the Greater Daemon of Slaanesh toys with them, dismembering them with exhilarating delicacy and precision.



	M	W	S	B	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Keeper of Secrets	10	9	0	6	6	5	10	6	9	

MAGIC

Keepers of Secrets are Wizards who can cast spells from the Daemon Lore of Slaanesh (see page 63).

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Large Target; Terror; Always Strikes First; Armour Piercing (close combat attacks).

"It granted me all that I desired;
but took from me all that I valued. I would give
anything to look upon its beauty once again."

– Liber Malefic

BLOODLETTERS OF KHORNE

KHORNE'S CHOSEN, NAKED SLAYERS, TAKERS OF SKULLS

The daemon hordes of Khorne are made up of ferocious Bloodletters, deadly warriors believed to have been foremost amongst the Blood God's followers in mortal life and whose will is as implacable and blood-hungry as Khorne himself. Sharp, needle-like teeth stud a Bloodletter's slaving jaws, from which its long, serpentine tongue constantly flickers to taste the spilt blood of those it slays. Rippling muscles lie barely concealed beneath the Bloodletter's scaly red hide, knotted sinews that give the Daemon strength sufficient for its jet-black claws to pierce the most unyielding of armours. This might is guided by a killing instinct that surpasses that of mortal men, for a Bloodletter is unburdened by any other thought or compulsion than to reap Khorne's foes and claim skulls in the name of its lord.

On the battlefield, Bloodletters gather in regiments, chanting the obscene praises of Khorne, Lord of Skulls. In the fashion of the mortal warriors they are believed to have been, each unit of Bloodletters marches beneath a gore-soaked banner upon which the names of their countless victims are inscribed. So many names are recorded upon the banner that it is blackened by overlapping daemon-scrawl.



Once battle begins, all semblance of discipline vanishes. Bloodletters care not at all for the intricate art of war. Strategic positioning and the turning of a flank mean nothing to their insatiable hunger and unflagging need to slay. When it comes to slaughter, Khorne finds quantity far more satisfying than quality, and the Bloodletters rush to feed the appetite of the voracious Blood God. Indeed, it takes a particularly powerful Daemon to force Bloodletters to some semblance of a battleplan. Left to their own devices, Bloodletters sprint and bound from one enemy to the next, hacking the foe apart with their murderous Hellblades before springing away in search of new lifeblood to spill. With each fresh kill the Bloodletters bellow a raucous howl that echoes across the battlefield and chills the souls of all who hear.

Most feared of all amongst the Bloodletters are the dread Heralds of Khorne. Driven insane by their perpetual need for slaughter, these Heralds strike and tear at their foes with a fury that eclipses even that of other Bloodletters. As a Herald's rage grows, all nearby Bloodletters become gripped by an irresistible madness lending further strength to their blows. They hack and cleave the foe until there is nothing left save a mound of ruined corpses and another victory for the Blood God.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bloodletter	5	5	0	5	3	1	4	1	7
Bloodreaper	5	5	0	5	3	1	4	2	7
Herald of Khorne	5	7	0	6	4	2	6	3	8

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Killing blow; Magic Resistance (1); Hatred (all enemies, Herald only).

Locus of Khorne. The presence of a Herald infuses nearby Bloodletters with even greater ferocity. All Bloodletters and Bloodreapers in the Herald's unit *Hate* all enemies. If the Herald is slain, this bonus is immediately lost.

Each Bloodletter carries a Hellblade, a jagged iron sword whose blackened blade glows with heinous enchantment. A wound from one of these weapons can slay even the hardest heroes, draining their soul and sucking dry their shrivelled corpse. The Hellblade is formed from the Bloodletter's own essence and can never be discarded nor torn from the daemon's grasp. Each life taken by the Hellblade strengthens the Bloodletter, fuelling both its power and rage. As such, a Bloodletter is even more terrifying at a battle's close than its start, having gorged itself on the slaughter it has caused, overwhelmed by the need to take more skulls for Khorne.

PINK HORRORS OF TZEENTCH

WHIRLING DESTROYERS, SQUEALERS, SPINNING SOURGUTS

To describe Horrors is all but impossible, for they are pure chaos unbound given capering and energetic form by the will of Tzeentch. They do not have static material bodies, sometimes taking on a discernable form, at others blurring into a frantic mass of colour as they dash and scramble across the battlefield. Horrors can nonetheless be said to have two distinct states – the Pink Horror and the Blue Horror.

Pink Horrors are identified by their luminescent pink skin and their high-pitched squeals of laughter. They whirl about in a frantic and barely controlled ecstasy, all the while giggling insanely. Flashes of energy dart from the Pink Horrors' fingertips as they leap across the battlefield, consuming the enemy in pink fire. The casting of these spells fills Pink Horrors with increased joy, and they emit especially high-pitched merriment as the eldritch energy screeches from their upraised hands.

When wounded, a Pink Horror exhales a final lunatic cackle before rapidly decomposing into an ectoplasmic blob of gyrating magic. With a characteristic whoop of satisfaction, this residue swiftly alters colour and divides into two Blue Horrors. Blue Horrors are diminutive replicas of their parent Daemon, though their temperament is quite different. They are sullen and malicious, like evil-tempered children, and wear perpetual scowls as they sneer and grumble their way through a battle. Once spawned, Blue Horrors swiftly rejoin their fellows, adding a deeper whining note to the incessant chortling of the group as they attempt to grapple with enemies and squeeze the life from them.

As the magically fashioned slaves of Tzeentch, Horrors are considered automatons to be expended as part of a carefully wrought plan. Should a servant of greater power be required, Tzeentch will create a Herald, a more stable type of Horror. Heralds are the same lurid hue as the Pink Horrors, but do not morph into a pair of Blue Horrors when struck. Instead, a Herald's binding magics allow it to continually reknit its form, absorbing ravaged segments of flesh back into its body to be replaced with fresh protoplasmic tissue. Such Daemons have enough of a consciousness to direct other Pink Horrors without constant guidance from a Lord of Change, directing furious sorcery against Tzeentch's enemies. More dangerous is a Herald of Tzeentch's gift of precognition. By projecting their minds further into the timestream they can protect themselves, and the Pink Horrors around them, preparing a defence based on certainty, rather than chance.

"Horrors are Pink, Horrors are Blue;
Where once there was one, Now there are two!"

– Liber Malefic

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Pink Horror	4	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	7
Iridescent Horror	4	3	0	3	3	1	3	2	7
Herald of Tzeentch	4	3	4	3	3	2	3	2	8

MAGIC

A unit of Pink Horrors is a Wizard that can cast Spells from the Daemon Lore of Tzeentch (see page 61).

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Flaming Attacks;
4+ Ward save (Herald only).

Locus of Tzeentch. Heralds of Tzeentch warp time and alter probability. All Horrors in the same unit as a Herald of Tzeentch have their daemonic save increased to 4+. If the Herald is slain, this bonus is lost immediately.

Designer's Note: Players may note that Pink and Blue Horrors each had separate profiles in previous editions of the game. We've chosen to represent Horrors with a single profile, with two Blue Horrors being assumed to share a base and possess the same combat prowess as a single Pink Horror. Players should feel free to portray their units of Horrors as a mixture of Pink and Blue if they wish.



PLAGUEBEARERS OF NURGLE

TAINTED ONES, ONE-EYED ROTTER, HORNED ROTBAG



Plaguebearers are the rank and file of Nurgle's legions. These loathsome Lesser Daemons are crafted from the blighted soul-stuff of mortals who have been slain by Nurgle's Rot. A Plaguebearer carries the marks of Nurgle's Rot throughout eternity. What little of its skin that can be seen beneath the discharge of innumerable sores is tinged with suppurant greens and vile browns. Pus weeps continuously from a Plaguebearer's single bloodshot eye and from its forehead protrudes a single horn – the mark of Nurgle's Rot.

Bands of Plaguebearers are the most organised and efficient of Daemons upon the battlefield, shambling purposefully towards a chosen foe before hacking them apart with plagueswords. Should a foe endure long enough to strike back, his blows will have little effect on the Plaguebearers, for their corrupted forms feel no pain and regenerate damage at a frightening rate. It is the Plaguebearer's eternal role to herd Nurgle's daemoniac forces in battle, as well as keep stock of the diseases, allocate appropriate fates to each new victim and attempt to maintain order amongst a naturally chaotic horde. These onerous duties have earned Plaguebearers the title of Nurgle's Tallymen in popular lore.

Units of Plaguebearers are surrounded by a constant drone. This thrumming sound is created by the hosts of plump black flies that attend the Plaguebearers, and by the endless counting as the Daemons attempt to calculate the ever-changing requirements of their master. A multitude of Plaguebearers counting all at once produces a sound so sonorous and penetrating that it is enough itself to make a mortal feel distinctly unwell. It is all but impossible to tally something amid such chaos, though this in no way discourages the Plaguebearers from their efforts. They are the daemoniac embodiment of the need of mortal creatures to impose meaning upon a meaningless and uncaring void.

Plaguebearers are by no means identical in appearance and ability, for Nurgle's Rot is somewhat variable in its virulence and incubation. The longer a victim can endure against Nurgle's Rot, the greater in Nurgle's sight shall be the resulting Daemon. From the souls of such hardy individuals are shaped the Heralds of Nurgle who march in the daemoniac legions as proof positive that even the strongest and ablest cannot indefinitely defy disease and despair.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Plaguebearer	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	1	7
Plagueridden	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	2	7
Herald of Nurgle	4	5	0	5	5	2	2	3	8

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Poisoned Attacks; Regeneration (Herald only).

Locus of Nurgle. Heralds of Nurgle make their retinues of Plaguebearers even more resilient to harm. All Plaguebearers and Plagueridden in a unit with a Herald of Nurgle have the *Regeneration* special rule. If the Herald is slain, this bonus is lost immediately.

PLAGUESWORDS

Each Plaguebearer carries a gnarled plaguesword. These corroded and battered iron blades are coated with a loathsome and necrotic slime whose touch brings disease and death. No two plagueswords are alike in the afflictions they bestow, for Father Nurgle enjoys to the full the splendid variety of ailment at this command. As such, a victim struck by a plaguesword is just as likely to develop the symptoms of a relatively harmless influenza as he is to perish from a fatal attack of the bowel-loosening Weeping Pox or the soul-rending Nurgle's Rot.

DAEMONETTES OF SLAANESH

YOUNG OF SLAANESH, BRINGERS OF JOYOUS DEGREDDATION, DECADENT SEEKERS

Daemonettes are Slaanesh's Lesser Daemons and the most numerous of all his servants. They are possessed of the hypnotic glamour for which all Daemons of Slaanesh are abhorred. This aura disguises the Daemonette's nature, for without it the beholder would see the creature for what it is – a white-skinned androgenous blasphemy with crab-like claws, gnarled avian feet and bulging eyes. Nonetheless, the Daemonette's seditious magics bestow these repulsive features with a perverse beauty that is as irresistibly beguiling and attractive as it is wholly disturbing and utterly potent.

None can say what unearthly delights a Daemonette is believed to pleasure the soul with but, upon the reeking field of battle, pain is what they bring. Daemonettes surge across the battlefield on lithe legs, the whorls of pigment from their gaudy tattoos forming dizzying fractals of colour and shape. Vicious and spiteful, Daemonettes are swift oblivion to all who cross their path. Capering troupes of the perverse creatures dance from foe to foe, claw hands slicing through flesh and armour to bestow a savage and sensation-filled death upon the foe.

Slaanesh is the only deity to maintain the affectations of a mortal ruler. The Dark Prince surrounds himself with a court of the most powerful Daemonettes to be his emissaries and handmaidens. These courtesans attend not only to the whimsical desires and needs of the preening Godling, but walk amongst the mortal realm at his direction. Across the world, these Heralds lead the countless rituals that glorify Slaanesh and invite his blessings. These ceremonies are sometimes held openly, more often in secret, but the celebrant who directs the worship and unleashes the orgies of gluttonous excess is always one of Slaanesh's handmaidens.

The Heralds of Slaanesh act as messengers whose excursions into the mortal world bring morsels of courtly intrigue to Slaanesh's ears. Such scraps can lead to the corrupting of a mortal ruler and the Dark Prince is always attentive. At other times, the Heralds carry their master's word to specific followers singled out for divine notice. Not all such visitations are welcomed by those who receive them, for Slaanesh is nothing if not effusive in his tempers, but the coming of a Herald of Slaanesh has nevertheless become an omen of great import.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Daemonette	6	5	0	3	3	1	5	2	7
Alluress	6	5	0	3	3	1	5	3	7
Herald of Slaanesh	6	7	0	4	3	2	7	4	8

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Armour Piercing;

Always Strikes First (Herald only).

Locus of Slaanesh. Heralds of Slaanesh compel their followers to greater swiftness, and grant the Always Strikes First rule to all Daemonettes and Aluresses in the same unit. If the Herald is slain, this bonus is lost immediately.

When a battle is done, Daemonettes stride amongst the fallen, charged with a most unholy task. They retrieve the shattered vessels of those who have lived according to the Dark Prince's ethos of excess. The Daemonettes bring these souls to Slaanesh's palace in the Realm of Chaos, where those who made pacts with the Dark Prince and fought well in battle are anointed as Daemon Princes. Those who foreswore Slaanesh or proved craven upon the field, are damned to dwell in the otherworldly Palace of Pleasure for an eternity of torment. For worshippers of Slaanesh this place is paradise unbound by moral stricture, where all cravings, no matter how sickening, can be fully indulged. For those luckless enough to have entered lightly into their diabolic pact it is a hell that never ends.



FLESH HOUNDS OF KHORNE

INEVITABLE ONES, BLOOD TRACKERS, HOUNDS OF WRATH

Flesh Hounds are rapacious wolf-like Daemons, with heavy-jawed heads that are both reptilian and savagely canine. Their razor-sharp teeth can shred armour and flesh alike and their claws are dark and bloody. The scaled hide of a Flesh Hound is tough and ruddy, with rows of iron plates driven into the flesh along their backs by iron rivets in the shape of Khorne's skull rune. Flesh Hounds are lithe yet powerful, able to dart aside from a swordsman's strike and pull a knight from the saddle as part of the same fluid motion. Each Flesh Hound wears an ornate brass cirlet about its scaled neck. These Collars of Khorne are forged in the heat of Khorne's rage at the very foot of the Blood God's brazen throne. Thus empowered, these studded bands render Flesh Hounds all but immune to the effects of hostile magic, for Khorne loathes to see his chosen servants felled by the perfidious practice of the arcane.

Flesh Hounds are the hunting beasts of Khorne and are loosed from the Realm of Chaos to slay those beings – mortal and daemon – who have earned the Blood God's unquenchable ire. Few can survive gory pursuit by these relentless carnivores, for Flesh Hounds are faultless and

instinctive trackers, able to harry their quarry across fen, forest and stone without once losing the scent or tiring of the chase. Commonly, Bloodletters run and leap in the Flesh Hounds' wake, ever eager to claim part of the spoils and sup the blood of the fallen. Once the hunt is complete and the prey is slaughtered, the Flesh Hounds return to the foot of the Skull Throne where they wait impatiently for the call of the hunt to sound once again.

In battle, Flesh Hounds are unleashed against the enemy lines prior to the main attack. They bound towards the foe, hungry for the taste of living flesh. The primal consciousness of the Flesh Hound is utterly implacable and knows no fear, save for that of Khorne himself, and they would fight on should even the combined hosts of the world stand against them. The ferocity of a Flesh Hound attack tears great rents in the foe's formation, leaving the enemy all the more vulnerable to the coming assault by Bloodletters and Bloodcrushers. When the battle is won and the enemy broken and scattered, the Flesh Hounds begin their savage pursuit once more, running the fleeing foe to the ground and tearing them to shreds with their savage claws.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Flesh Hound	8	5	0	5	4	2	4	2	7

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Magic Resistance (3).

Far to the north in the frozen wastelands of memory and legend, the blood hunt spills across the plains, daemonic breath frosting in the icy air. Hindered neither by darkness nor the bitter cold, Khorne's savage pack fleets across the benighted tundra. Baying Flesh Hounds lead the chase, the scent of mortal blood thick in their bestial nostrils.

Following close upon the hounds, urging them ever forward, come the Bloodletters, driven by the satelless bloodlust of their kind. Masters of the Hunt, they seek the blood of Man to offer at the foot of the Skull Throne, ever hungry for fresh prey, ever longing to tear the warm red flesh with their talons and to smear the gore triumphant on their horns.

One and all they are the bloody talons of the wrathful Lord Khorne, his unholy magnificence made gloriously manifest upon the world.

– Grimoire Daemonicus

SCREAMERS OF TZEENTCH

SKY-SHARKS OF TZEENTCH, SWOOPERS, SHRIEKING SKYRAYS

Screamers are glimmering sky-sharks that ride upon the winds of magic as a bird glides upon the breeze. They have no real conscious thought and are instead driven by a powerful hunting instinct. In the Realm of Chaos, Screamers roam the tides of magic, preying upon the shadow-souls of mortal creatures, lone Chaos Furies and other unfortunate magical ephemera. Indeed, once a pack of Screamers has the scent of a mortal's shadow-self, they pursue it ruthlessly through the myriad immaterial planes that compose the Realm of Chaos. Once the Screamers catch their doomed prey it is torn to pieces in an eyeblink, the gossamer shreds of its soul-stuff offered up as a gift to Tzeentch.

In the mortal world, Screamers gather in shoals around battlefields, lured from the Realm of Chaos by the pulses of emotion and carnage. Adapted as they are to hunting amongst the otherworldly tides in the Realm of Chaos, Screamers might seem frail and peculiar in the mortal realm, yet they are opponents to be feared nonetheless. Festooned with fangs, horns and spurs, they dive on the enemy, their slashing blades tearing through the foe, before soaring skywards once more.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Screamer	1	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	7
Disc of Tzeentch	1	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	7

Note that a Disc is a cavalry mount, even though it is not modelled on a 25mm x 50mm base.

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Flaming Attacks;

Fly (Disc only); Flying Unit (Screamers only).

Slashing Attack (Screamers only). If a unit of Screamers moves over an unengaged enemy unit in the Remaining Move phase, that enemy unit suffers an automatic Strength 5 hit per Screamer that has passed over the unit. These hits are treated as missile hits. More than one unit can be affected in this way each turn, but each unit can only be affected once by the same unit of Screamers. Units in buildings or woods are not affected by this attack. Note that the Screamers can change direction or zig-zag as they move, potentially passing over several enemies.

"I sensed that hidden within these graceful and fragile creatures was a formidable predator's instinct. I trod carefully through their nest, lest they catch scent of my magic and devour me along with it."

– Liber Malefic

The essentially primal, not to say mindless, nature of the Screamers means that they are easily dominated by the will of other Daemons. That said, if their controller's attention begins to wander, the Screamers inevitably return to their instinctive behaviour and conduct vicious, darting attacks on vulnerable prey – possibly including their erstwhile controller.

So swift and agile are Screamers that they are highly sought after as steeds, however their instinctive nature can prove calamitous should their controller's attention wander too greatly. As such, a Screamer has to be transmuted into a new form before it can safely be used as a mount. These Discs of Tzeentch retain the flattened and manta-like shape of the Screamer, but their magical bodies are transformed into unlikely shapes and aspects as part of the binding ritual. As a result, some Discs of Tzeentch are covered in eyes, whilst others are sheathed in living metal, feathers or scales. Discs of Tzeentch are often used as daemonic steeds by the Heralds of Tzeentch, who use these bizarre mounts to hover above the battlefield before swooping down to strike the foe from an unexpected angle.



NURGLINGS

PUS SPORES, MITES OF NURGLE, SORE-PICKERS



The rotting bowels of the Great Unclean Ones swell with pus and contagion, and within each such swelling there grows a tiny and malevolent Daemon called a Nurgling. As the Nurgling matures it feeds upon the filth of the Great Unclean One and pops out, the very personification (or daemonification) of a boil or pustule. In this sense, Nurglings really are the children of the Great Unclean Ones. Perhaps this is why the Plague Lords take such parental pride in the little creatures, petting them affectionately and allowing them to suckle upon their sores. That said, this does not prevent the proud parent squashing its progeny underfoot, or gobbling one or two up in a moment of compulsive and absent-minded peckishness.

Physically, Nurglings are miniature versions of Nurgle himself, with friendly mischievous faces, tiny bloated green bodies, and limbs which are often distorted or disproportionate. They are gregarious, agile and constantly active. Normally they swarm over the body of a Great Unclean One, picking at his skin, squealing with pleasure if their master favours them with a tit-bit or a caress, otherwise squabbling amongst themselves over the most comfortable recesses of the Great Unclean

One's carcass. When faced with an enemy they advance in a furious swarm, clawing and gnawing at the foe's legs, biting his ankles and licking at any interesting sores or abrasions they discover. Their tiny teeth are as sharp as razors, leaving festering little bites upon their victims, but rarely killing them outright – although such an attack can prove to be the beginning of a long, disease-ridden demise, as something nasty takes root in the wound.

Oftentimes, a group of Nurglings will carry a Herald of Nurgle aloft on a Palanquin – an ornate and portable throne decorated with mouldering finery and decaying cushions. The surging of the tiny creatures propels the Palanquin at the dictates of their master – even into the midst of battle should he wish – where the Nurglings will bite and claw to defend the throne's occupant with burbling enthusiasm. While a Palanquin may not be the swiftest form of transport, many a Herald of Nurgle is proud to ride upon one. From his lofty perch he can survey the disposition of Nurgle's forces and – more importantly – be seen to be of higher status than the hordes of Plaguebearers who shuffle about under their own power.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Nurgling base	4	3	0	3	3	3	3	3	7
Palanquin	4	3	0	3	3	1	3	6	7

Note that a Palanquin is a cavalry mount, even though it is not modelled on a 25mm x 50mm base.

SPECIAL RULES

**Daemonic; Poisoned Attacks;
Skirmish & Scouts (Nurglings only).**

UNNATURAL GROWTHS

Nurglings can grow from the pus shed by a Great Unclean One as it moves. This foulness can enter a mortal's body, slowly making its way into his gut. There it encysts and develops into a Nurgling. When ready, the Nurgling climbs through the alimentary canal and leaves its host by one end or the other.

Once 'hatched', Nurglings like to hang around mortal settlements if they cannot find others of their kind, there to cause all manner of mischief, such as turning milk sour, hiding valuables, poisoning children and numerous other misdeeds. For whatever disgusting reason, Nurglings always remember their mortal parent with affection, and periodically creep back to bestow their gratitude in the form of boils or some other interesting disease.

SEEKERS OF SLAANESH

RIDERS OF SLAANESH, DISCIPLES OF DECADENCE, DARKLING DELIGHTERS

Seekers of Slaanesh are the Prince of Chaos' outriders, darkling Daemonettes mounted on swift daemonic Steeds. Malign of intent and with the predatory swiftness of a striking cobra, Seekers dart across the endless battlefields of the Realm of Chaos, springing ambushes on vulnerable prey.

These daemonic huntresses are swift beyond belief. Some legends say that the Seekers can charm time itself and so travel between the seconds. Other tales claim that the Seekers' steeds are formed from the guilty desires of all living creatures and so can never be outrun, for who can flee beyond the reach of his yearnings! Wherever the truth lies, to become the quarry of the Seekers of Slaanesh is to doom oneself to an inevitable, torment-filled death.

The steeds favoured by the Seekers of Slaanesh are curious bipeds. They have long, sinuous bodies that writhe ceaselessly as they speed towards the foe on delicate, bird-like feet. Each has a mane of silken hair running from the crown of its head to the tip of its twitching tail. A long, whip-like tongue flicks constantly from the Steed's toothless mouth, coiling and ensnaring its rider's opponent. Steeds vary enormously in colour, and run the entire gamut of pigment from pastel yellows and oranges, through to moody blues and sultry ochres. This colouration is in part tied to the part of Slaanesh's domain from which the Steed hails, but is further complicated by the addition of dyes and tattooed markings applied by its Daemonette rider.

A Steed's eyes possess a disarming, intelligent quality, though in truth it is little more than a beast, acting purely on the whims of the God from which it was created. It can taste the winds of magic and seek out the spirits of mortals just as a natural creature senses odours on a drifting breeze. Each soul has a unique flavour and, after but a single taste, the Steed can follow that one specific being throughout eternity if it wishes. Their riders find this most useful for, like all Daemonettes, the Seekers are playfully cruel. They delight in running a luckless mortal ragged, pursuing him across leagues upon leagues of rugged and broken countryside. Then, when all seems lost, the Seekers break off their pursuit, allowing the prey to regather his failing strength and rekindle a waning hope of escape.

Such hunts can continue for months or even years, with the Seekers goading the mortal to the very edge of physical and mental endurance. Only when the quarry's mind collapses and he willingly succumbs to their embrace do the Seekers end the hunt and drag his soul back to the Realm of Chaos. With his surrender, the mortal robs the Daemonettes of their entertainment, but damns himself to an eternity of exquisite torment in Palace of Pleasure's loathsome chambers.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Daemonette	6	5	0	3	3	1	5	2	7
Alluress	6	5	0	3	3	1	5	3	7
Steed	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Armour Piercing; Fast Cavalry; Poisoned Attacks (Steed only).

A NARCOTIC CARESS

Even the slightest touch of a Steed of Slaanesh's tongue is to be feared. The beast's saliva is laced with untold intoxicants that heighten sensations even as they subdue struggles and deaden reflexes. Should the victim be fortunate enough to survive the attack, his waking life will forever be plagued by alluring hallucinations, and his dreams haunted by temptations of the darkest kind.



BLOODCRUSHERS OF KHORNE

SOUL CRUSHERS, FEET OF KHORNE, JUGGERS

Bloodcrushers are Khorne's shock cavalry, a deadly combination of battle-frenzied Bloodletter and the unstoppable crushing mass of a bull-headed Juggernaut of Khorne. When the Daemonic legions go to war, hordes of Bloodcrushers stam pede across the battlefield, thundering hooves pounding the ground and trampling Khorne's foes into an unrecognisable pulp.

Juggernauts, or Juggers, are massive armoured creatures that are part daemon and part ensorcelled steel and sinew. They are mighty beasts of groaning iron and brass, taller than a man and possessed of crushing mass. The hide of a Juggernaut is composed of rivetted and fused metal plating, decorated with icons of Khorne and stained with the dried lifeblood of its mortal victims. Fire pulses within the body of a Juggernaut, in the place of blood, propelled about its blasphemous form by a daemonic heart. The Juggernaut's iron-shod feet throw sparks with each step and its brass snout spills choking black steam into the air with every breath. It is a beast of primordial rage harnessed within an unstoppable shell of metallic muscle and bone.



When battle begins, Bloodcrushers relentlessly hurl themselves at the strongest point of an enemy's lines. Here they hack, maim and gore their way through the strongest troops the foe can muster, exulting Khorne's name with savage joy for each enemy slain. After this initial charge, the Bloodcrushers become totally overwhelmed by their burning need to claim yet more skulls for the Blood God. The Daemons often quarrel at this point, with both Bloodletter and Juggernaut trying to charge towards a different chosen foe. Such contests of will are commonly brief. The need to spill blood overwhelms any attempt at rational selection, and sends the Bloodcrushers rampaging towards the nearest foe.

Occasionally, a particularly favoured Herald of Khorne is granted a Juggernaut to better pursue his master's goals. The Herald asserts his will over the Juggernaut as a mortal would over a more earthly steed. Such a pairing is far deadlier than the sum of its parts. Should a foe survive the frenzied biting and goring of a Juggernaut, they are likely to be crushed beneath its brass body, or cut down by the Juggernaut's rider.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bloodletter	5	5	0	6	4	2	4	2	7
Bloodreaper	5	5	0	6	4	2	4	3	7
Juggernaut	7	5	0	5	4	1	2	2	7

Note that a Bloodcrusher is a cavalry mount, even though it is not modelled on a 25mm x 50mm base.

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Magic Resistance (1); Killing blow.

Brass Behemoth. A Juggernaut adds +3 to its rider's armour save, rather than the normal +1.

And to tell of the Juggernaut: its like has never been seen. 'Twas a mighty steed of groaning iron and brazen steel, a thing of living metal that stood taller than a man and roared with the furies of a thousand, thousand dead. Its massive head was part hound, part bull, part the incarnate soul of bloody hate. As it moved toward us we saw its countless close-rivetted plates, forged in dark fires, bound with runes and unearthly spite. Upon the back of the beast sat a daemon, its skin scaled and slick with the spilt blood of our comrades. As it bared its brazen fangs we lost all heart and turned, fleeing to the night and terrors yet unseen.

— Liber Malefic

FLAMERS OF TZEENTCH

BURNING HORRORS, FLAME SPOUTERS, FLAMING WHIRLWINDS

Flamers are strange beings, even by the peculiar standards of Daemons. Their semi-solid tubular bodies sprout gnashing faces and grimacing maws, whilst gangly arms splay into orifices spattering magical flame. Though somewhat ungainly in their bizarre appearance, Flamers are capable of a fair turn of speed, expelling gaseous ichor through the pinkish fungoid 'skirt' at their base to bound and leap across the ground with considerable gusto.

The Flamer uses its burning limbs to hurl bolts of yellow and blue magical flame at its foes. This magical fire of Tzeentch burns not only flesh but reality itself, and its caress can shatter the senses as completely as it chars and burns the body. The Flamer is no less deadly in close combat as it can also focus its pyrotechnic power to scorch enemies in mêlée – a deadly attack against which even the armour of a knight is of scant protection.

As the fire crackles and hisses, smaller magical flames spill to the ground and take on the imitative form of a nearby object or person. With apparent glee and raucous laughter this eldritch marionette impersonates whatever

is happening around it, in a manner both mocking and disturbing. The Flamer usually ignores these little parodies of reality, but will occasionally become irritated by their yowling mockery and thus obliterate them with a burst of blue flame before moving on in search of fresh prey. As the Flamer journeys away, the diminutive scenes disintegrate into spluttering pools of magic essence which slowly fade away into nothing – although the shrieking laughter often remains for some considerable length of time afterwards.

Possessed of only rudimentary and instinctive minds, Flamers are finely attuned to the thoughts of a Lord of Change. They are almost literally the instruments of the Greater Daemon's will and spring vigourously across the battlefield at a Changebringer's command. As with Pink Horrors, Flamers are considered an expendable resource by the Lords of Change. As such, it is not uncommon to see swarm after swarm of the burning Daemons throw themselves unthinkingly against seemingly impregnable defences, overwhelming the foe as much with sheer weight of numbers as the blankets of flame that herald their advance.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Flamer	6	2	4	5	4	2	4	2	7
Pyrocaster	6	2	5	5	4	2	4	2	7

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Skirmish; Flaming Attacks.

Flames of Tzeentch. A Flamer of Tzeentch can fire D6 bolts in the Shooting phase with a range of 18" and a Strength of 4. This attack is treated as a normal missile weapon (and may therefore stand and shoot) but does not suffer the -1 to hit penalty for multiple shots.

Albrecht bellowed with rage as blue flames pattered off his armour once again. 'Damn you, gutterchild of Chaos!' the knight screamed as the magic gnawed at his shoulder. The Flamer arched its fungoid body, small blue flames spattering from its limbs and drifting to the ground. A miniature parody of Albrecht formed in the azure vapour, a figure wearing Reikland armour and carrying a broadsword like his own, with a slack-jawed face and the voice of a spoiled child. 'Damn you! Gutter rat-a-tat-tat', it screeched.

The Flamer struck again and the blue fire began to seep through Albrecht's armour. The knight's sword tumbled to the ground and he collapsed, screaming his agony through burning lips. The marionette lay on its back kicking and gesturing melodramatically, calling out in its squeaky voice, 'Hot! hot! hot!'



BEASTS OF NURGLE

SLIME HOUNDS, PUTRID BOUNDERS, TENTACLED PLAGUEDOG

The Beast of Nurgle is a truly horrendous aberration. It has the soft, sticky and mottled body of a pallid slug, webbed feet that flap uselessly, a face of writhing green tentacles, and a whiptail growth that bursts from its back and which wags constantly from side to side. The Beast of Nurgle is no less deadly than it is ugly, for its touch causes paralysis and its slimy secretions rot everything they cover. The very proximity of a Beast is sufficient to kill small animals and plants, and even larger creatures may age and decay perceptibly in its presence. Indeed, the Beast is the very embodiment of mindless decay.

Despite its fearsome appearance and deadly attributes, the Beast is an affectionate creature that behaves in all respects exactly like an over-friendly and easily excited puppy. It craves attention, greeting newcomers by slobbering all over them with its slimy tentacles. Once they get thoroughly worked up they can rarely (if ever) contain themselves and leave little piles of acrid slime in their wake. All this attention is not a problem to other creatures of Nurgle, but tends to kill mortals fairly rapidly. Once the Beast's new friend stops moving, its interest quickly shifts to another target, and in this way

the creature excitedly and lovingly poisons and kills just about everything it touches. As the Beast has only the most rudimentary sense of intelligence it never anticipates the result of its boistrous behaviour, and registers only a slight sense of disappointment as each new friend goes still and boring.

In battle, the Beasts run backwards and forwards in their eagerness to meet new friends, constantly rolling over and inviting the Plaguebearers to scratch their backs and pop their bulging postules. Needless to say, the Beasts cause more disruption and carnage amongst their foes through sheer enthusiasm and misplaced friendliness than if they had purposefully set their minuscule minds to the causing of harm. The Plaguebearers try to maintain order, encouraging the Beasts to move in certain directions or to attack or hold back as appropriate – although such attempts are inevitably doomed to failure. Beasts of Nurgle see Plaguebearers as their masters and special friends and look to them for instruction. Beasts are intensely loyal creatures and always eager to please, so they often fight alongside Plaguebearers initially before gleefully bounding off in search of new friends.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Beast of Nurgle	6	3	0	4	5	4	1	D6+17	

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Regeneration; Poisoned Attacks.

Slime Trail. Enemy units do not receive combat resolution bonuses for attacking the flank or rear of a Beast of Nurgle.

NURGLE'S ROT

Beasts of Nurgle are pustulent breeding grounds for all manner of liquefying disease. Chief amongst these ailments is Nurgle's Rot – Father Nurgle's greatest gift to the world. Nurgle's Rot is a rapacious affliction which combines the worst qualities of all the plagues and pestilences that corrupt and slay the living. Nurgle's Rot is feared all the more because it is rumoured not to end with death. Indeed, legend tells that Nurgle's Rot is no mere mortal malady, but a daemonic contagion that infests the soul as completely and mercilessly as it does the body. In this way it is believed that the soul of a mortal who perishes from Nurgle's Rot is forfeit to the Plague God and therefore doomed to eternal servitude as a cankersome Plaguebearer.

FIENDS OF SLAANESH

RAMS OF SLAANESH, CHIMERIAL LEAPERS, FIENDS OF EXALTANT EXCESS

The Fiend of Slaanesh is a bizarre daemon, a hybrid creature that combines reptilian, insectoid and anthropomorphic characteristics. It has a segmented body, a tail covered in fine scales and two pairs of humanoid legs that end in cloven hooves. Each Fiend also has a pair of claw-tipped and gangly arms that it commonly uses as front legs. A Fiend has not the necessary intelligence to apply these arms as grasping appendages, although it can employ them as weapons to deadly effect.

The shape of a Fiend's head is somewhat bovine in appearance, with a mouth crammed full of slender but viciously sharp fangs, and from which flickers a long muscular tongue. Two gnarled horns sprout from its head, and a Fiend's large and many-faceted eyes glitter with an utterly sadistic malevolence. The Fiend's hide is either white or some muted pastel shade, whilst their legs are somewhat darker in tone – commonly a deep green or blue, often etched with the garish whirls and patterns of Slaanesh's sacred sigils.

Fiends are incredibly swift creatures, able to skitter and skuttle across all manner of terrain at frightening speed. There is something unnameably disturbing about a Fiend's gait, for its twitching dance rocks it from side to side. In this way, a Fiend will take at least three or four steps for every pace it advances, splayed legs beating out an arrhythmic toccata that praises the glory of the Dark Prince of Chaos. Fiends of Slaanesh sing to each other as they run, emanating a high-pitched and pervasive chitter that few mortals consciously hear. This sound resonates throughout the Winds of Magic with deafening force, causing minor disruptions in all manner of magical feats and inflicting severe headaches and memory loss on wizards who have not prepared themselves. So it is that the first sign of a Daemonic Legion's onslaught is a wave of insanity sweeping through wizards and priests, as the chirping song of the Fiends of Slaanesh echoes through their dreams.

Though a Fiend is somewhat frailer than other Daemons, only a fool would underestimate its combat prowess. Quite apart from the significant peril posed by a Fiend's deadly claws, an adversary should also be wary of the stinger atop its supple and segmented tail. This barb is laced with a soporific venom capable of sending even a battle-maddened Orc into a deep coma. Similarly, the Fiend exudes a pervasive and oily musk which, when inhaled, courses through the body of its victim, gnawing away at centres of reason and numbing the unfortunate foe to all but the most extreme of stimuli. When the daemonic Legions go to war, Fiends of Slaanesh prowl about the flanks of the battle. They rely on the mind-rotting aspects of their musk to lure the unwary into ambush, slaughtering foes seemingly inviolable to such frail, meek-looking creatures.



	M	WSBS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	
Fiend of Slaanesh	10	4	0	4	4	3	6	4	7

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Armour Piercing.

Soporific Musk. A unit in base contact with a Fiend of Slaanesh rolls an extra dice when fleeing and then discards the highest result.

"They hunger for souls as desperately as mortal men yearn for wine and vittles."

– Liber Malefic

DAEMON PRINCES

DARK PRINCELINGS, DEATHBRINGERS, ETERNAL BLASPHEMIES

Daemonhood is the ultimate goal for those who tread the path of Chaos. It is the reward for dedication to the Chaos Gods, bestowing immortality, unimaginable strength and forbidden power. This blessing can come at any point in a Champion's life. Some are elevated after mere decades of service to the dark Gods, whilst others labour for centuries, their mortal span unnaturally increased beyond that of normal men, before they are deemed worthy by their unholy masters.

Daemon Princes vary enormously in appearance according to the whims of their patron God. Some bear the same mutated gifts they once received as Chaos Champions, such as additional arms, tentacles or scaled skin, yet there are some features that virtually all Daemon Princes share. Through some strange quirk of daemonification, all such beings have gnarled horns, murderously sharp talons and a writhing, lashing tail. Many Daemon Princes also have powerful wings upon which they fly across the battlefield, laying waste to the enemy at will. Though Daemon Princes do not need weapons – in many ways the Daemon Prince is a living weapon – most carry gigantic blades imbued with raw chaos energy or a lesser daemonic spirit.



In character, Daemon Princes are as divergent as the Champions of Chaos from whose ranks they spring. Some are awesome warriors capable of sweeping aside mortal armies in an unyielding storm of martial fury. Others are potent sorcerors, for their unholy essence exists equally in the physical and magical realms. Few Daemon Princes are servants of Chaos in all its forms, and most of these hellish beings are dedicated to the service of one specific God. A rotten-bodied Daemon Prince of Nurgle spills pestilence in his wake, while one who follows Tzeentch sees the strands of destiny as a mortal perceives hues and shapes.

Daemon Princes retain much of their individuality and independence where other Daemons are merely fragments of their master's will made manifest. Indeed, some of the oldest and most powerful Daemon Princes are worshipped as deities in their own right by some northlands tribes. While they may have been removed from the sphere of mortal desires and emotions, Daemon Princes nonetheless retain their comprehension of such yearnings, the better to manipulate followers and events to the ultimate glory of the dark Gods.

	M	W	S	B	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Daemon Prince	8	8	0	5	5	4	7	5	8	

MAGIC

Daemon Princes that are Wizards can cast spells from the Lores of Fire, Death, Metal and Shadow, or one of the Daemon Lores of the Chaos Gods.

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic.

And behold, the Daemon Prince comes in the full panoply of war. At his passing, the trees scream their rage to the uncaring sky and the stones writhe with hatred. He hunts the enemies of his Master, for his meat is mortal flesh and his wine mortal souls.

He has been attired for battle by his Master. At his left hand moans a Daemon, bound in the shape of a sword. Its songs of blood and hatred echo forth, and fill the sky with a terrifying sound that stirs the dead and slays the living. At his right hand stands a pack of Daemons, huntsmen all, waiting for the moment to release their hounds, thirsting for blood and skulls and the taste of innocent souls.

Behold, the Daemon Prince. The time of woe is upon us.

– Grimoire Daemonicus

CHAOS FURIES

CHAOS SHRIKES, GARGOYLES, CROWS OF CHAOS

Furies are yowling and vicious Daemons with hooked claws and leathery, bat-like wings. A short mane of rough fur runs from the Fury's vestigial horns to the base of its spine. Its face is a brutish and bestial affair, with cruel glinting eyes set above a blunt snout and a broad mouth filled with dozens of needle-like teeth. Furies are commonly black, however, as beings of unrefined chaotic power, they can appear in all manner of hues, depending on which of the Dark Gods is currently in ascendance.

Furies are manifestations of Chaos in its purest form. As a result, they are the weakest of all Daemons to terrorise the world, though remain more than a match for most mortals. Furies are the first Daemons to enter the mortal realm when the borders of reality are weakened. Where Furies swarm, other Daemons are sure to follow. A pack of these Daemons is considered to be the harbinger of perilous times. When the tide of magic ebbs and the daemoniac Legions begin to fade, Furies return to roost on the site of the rifts. Indeed, there are many places in the Old World where the peasantry bar windows and chimneys, to prevent lone Furies from entering their homes at night and stealing their children.

With no patron of their own, and little in the way of conscious thought, Furies are easily subjugated by other Daemons, whom they regard with a mix of dread and awe, and are utterly subservient to the whims of all the Dark Gods. Tzeentch makes the most use of Furies, using them as messengers and spies in both the mortal world and the Realm of Chaos. On the other hand, Khorne generally considers Furies altogether too feeble for his purposes, and as a result only employs them when all other alternatives have been exhausted.

Furies are essentially cowards and their flocks prefer to hover above the battlefield rather than embroil themselves in conflict. They are almost endlessly patient, and stalk prey for hours – or even days – before committing to a fight. When they sight a wounded or isolated victim, the Furies descend from the sky, a wailing mass of vengeance from which there can be no escape. Should the foe flee, the Furies will relentlessly give chase for, as with scavengers in the real world, they can sense fear and weakness and will exploit both to the fullest. The only true defence against an attack by Furies is to stand your ground, fending off the Furies until they dart away and seek a less dangerous prey.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Fury	4	3	0	4	3	1	4	1	2

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Flying Unit.

Lightning scarred the sky. The Daemon Prince lashed out with its ebony blade, cutting down another warrior with a powerful blow that sliced through the puny mortal's armour with ease. The two halves of the luckless fool collapsed into the rain-soaked mud, blood gushing in all directions. The daemon roared its pleasure as the gore spattered across its rippling muscles, a cry that was mirrored by the screeching swarm of Furies circling above its head.

The air shook with thunder, and the seeping wound on the Daemon Prince sealed itself. With a cry of victory it leapt into the air, black-skinned wings unfurling from its back as it sprang towards the remaining mortals. The sky above roiled and twisted with speeding and unnatural forms as the ravenous Furies plunged out of the night. Within seconds the air was filled with the mortals' horrified wails and gluttinous roars of pleasure screamed from inhuman throats.



CHARIOTS OF THE GODS

MESSENGERS OF WOE, HARBINGERS OF DAMNATION, DOOMRIDERS



The Heralds of the Dark Gods have many tasks, ranging from the oversight of their masters' domains to the marshalling of rampaging daemonic hordes. Burdened with such responsibilities, some Heralds have been gifted with Daemonic chariots to carry them through the Realm of Chaos' tides. The behaviours of these arcane contraptions vary according to the nature of the patron God, but all Daemon chariots are formidable weapons that their rider can employ to deadly effect.

BLOOD CHARIOT OF KHORNE

A chariot of Khorne combines the bone-crushing impact of its brass body with the trampling bulk of a Juggernaut. The hull of the chariot is proof against the strongest of blows, for it is crafted from the same daemonic metal as the body of Khorne's beloved Juggers and cooled in great vats of seething blood. Each Blood Chariot's brass flanks are etched with triumphal runes that proclaim one of Khorne's great victories. The chariot itself is alive in a bloodthirsty manner, for Khorne enfuses a daemonic soul into the war engine during its forging. Many believe that this malevolent spirit ensnares the souls of those it has slain, swallowing their essence in the hope of one day becoming strong enough to escape its metal prison.

BURNING CHARIOT OF TZEENTCH

Tzeentch's chariots are discs of sorcerous fire shackled to a pair of Screamer. They hurtle across the Realm of Chaos like incandescent meteors, bringing Tzeentch's chosen Heralds to every corner of existence. As they hurtle through the heavens of the mortal world, Chariots of Tzeentch are commonly mistaken for comets, which are in turn interpreted as omens of destruction. Such is Tzeentch's destructive nature, such prophecies commonly come true; the chariot hurtles from the sky, its daemonic master unleashing furious bolts of flame against those who would thwart the Great Sorcerer.

SEEKER CHARIOT OF SLAANESH

Chariots of Slaanesh are not subtle creations, indeed, their every excessive aspect draws the eye and lures the senses. As the straining steeds urge the chariot to full speed, its swirling shapes sear the air with unholy hues and blinding streaks of colour. The metal axles screech in a disharmony akin to the wailing of tormented souls, a terrible cacophony that writhes amid the chanting of the Daemonettes and the lilting hoots of the snake-bodied Steeds. Indeed, to fight against such a machinery is not simply a contest of arms, but a struggle of wills that shakes the boundaries of sanity itself.

BLOOD CHARIOT OF KHORNE

	M	WSBS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-
Juggernaut of Khorne	7	5	-	5	-	-	2	7

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Magic Resistance (1); Chariot.
Killing Blow (Juggernaut only).

BURNING CHARIOT OF TZEENTCH

	M	WSBS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chariot	-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-
Screamer of Tzeentch	1	3	0	3	-	-	4	1

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Fly; Chariot.
Flaming Attacks (Screamer only).

SEEKER CHARIOT OF SLAANESH

	M	WSBS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chariot	-	-	-	5	4	4	-	-
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	-	-	5	1

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Chariot.
Armour Piercing; Poisoned Attacks (Steed only).

SKARBRAND, THE EXILED ONE

RAGE FEASTER, WRATHFUL REAPER, DRINKER OF BLOOD

The Bloodthirster Skarbrand was once the greatest of all Khorne's Daemons. He was marshal of the war hosts and none sat so high in the Blood God's favour. So proud was Skarbrand that it was a simple task for Tzeentch to fan the embers of his hubris. One dark day, when Khorne's back was turned and his attention elsewhere, Skarbrand was blinded by anger and smote the Blood God a mighty blow. For all his daemonic strength, Skarbrand's only achievement was to cut the smallest of chinks in the Blood God's armour and to draw the terrible fury of Khorne's gaze.

Incandescent with wrath, Khorne seized the Daemon by the throat. The Blood God cursed Skarbrand's name and choked all personality from him, leaving only the rage that had caused him to attack. Climbing the uppermost tower of the Brass Citadel, Khorne hurled Skarbrand deep into the Realm of Chaos, banishing the Bloodthirster from his presence. For eight days and nights Skarbrand plummeted, a fiery comet streaking across the unchanging sky. The impact of the Bloodthirster's landing gouged a canyon in the landscape and left his wings tattered and torn. Since that fateful day, Skarbrand has wandered the mortal and immortal realms, seeking to drown his sins in the blood of the slain.

Frozen in the moment of rage-spurred betrayal, Skarbrand has become wrath incarnate, a restless fury that cannot be stopped. Wherever Skarbrand treads, order and discipline are replaced with anarchy as those in his path drown in feelings of loathing and savagery. Even the most rational of beings cannot resist the corruption of Skarbrand's madness. Fast friends and firm allies tear at one another with wild abandon. Craven and brave beings alike claw and tear at their foes without regard for their own lives. Skarbrand runs rampant through the unending destruction, twin axes hacking and cleaving their way through the maelstrom of blood and fire until there is no one left to kill. His tortured roars echo around the battlefield, waves of pure rage infused with enough force to shatter buildings and pulverise flesh.

In all of history, there have been none to serve the Lord of Skulls as completely as Skarbrand. He has taken mountains and mountains of skulls for the Blood God, and filled vast oceans with gore. Despite his disfavour he has led Khorne's legions against the other Gods and against mortal kingdoms. He has shaken the foundations of eternity with his wrath, and left a trail of slaughter across existence, yet still Khorne refuses to rescind his hated decree.

There is little regret in Khorne's black heart and he spares none for Skarbrand, who in tortured exile serves the Lord of Skulls more completely than ever.



	M	WSBS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skarbrand	8	10	0	6	6	5	10	7(8) 9

Skarbrand's aura of rage changes the way both armies fight, so that they hurl themselves at each other with mindless ferocity.

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Large Target; Magic Resistance (2); Terror; Hatred (All Enemies); Frenzy.

Rage Embodied. Skarbrand cannot lose his frenzy. In addition, while Skarbrand is alive, all units on the table (friendly and enemy) are subject to the rules for *hatred*.

Bellow of Endless Fury. This is a Strength 5 Breath Weapon as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

DAEMONIC GIFTS

Slaughter and Carnage. Each of these axes contains the essence of a Greater Daemon. They grant Skarbrand an extra attack (as shown in his profile). In addition, no armour saves are allowed against wounds caused by Skarbrand in close combat.

KAIROS FATEWEAVER, ORACLE OF TZEENTCH

TZEENTCH'S HAND, KEEPER OF THE DESTINY SCROLLS, MOCKING WATCHER OF FATE



Even Tzeentch dares not enter the Well of Eternity, the vast receptacle of knowledge at the heart of the Impossible Fortress. The Great Sorcerer, mighty though he is, cannot be sure of survival within the inky currents of infinity. Still the Well of Eternity holds great sway over Tzeentch's mind, for it is the one puzzle he cannot solve, and the one mystery he cannot know – a challenge almost painful in its intensity. It was in the cause of understanding that Tzeentch hurled Kairos, a Lord of Change known as Fateweaver to mortals, into the foreboding depths of the Well. While the Great Sorcerer was not prepared to risk his own being in such a venture, he had no such misgivings at risking one of his servants in such a fashion.

Since he clawed his way back from the Well after an eternity of being lost within its depths, Kairos can see things that are hidden even to Tzeentch. His right head sees possible futures as clear as day. No scheme is hidden from its sight and the infinite possibilities of tomorrow crystallise into irrefutable fact. Kairos' left head sees the past without the petty colourations of perspective and bias. Past and future pulse through a body shrivelled and twisted by its passage through the Well. Valuable as this vision is, it comes with a heavy cost. Both of Kairos' heads are blind to the present; he cannot see time as it passes – only events that are to come or whose time has already lapsed.

Kairos now sits at Tzeentch's right hand, stirring the stygian depths of the Well as he whispers aloud the secrets that only he can see. Nine times nine Lords of Change transcribe these insights with quills drawn from their own plumage and inked with Tzeentch's blood. Each scribe jealously guards the secrets he hears – every such facet of eternity is a powerful tool in the unending intrigue and collusion of Tzeentch's court. For his part Tzeentch cares not about the scheming of his minions, for he knows all that they know. Each secret transcribed by a Lord of Change is made a part of Tzeentch forever and his understanding of eternity comes ever closer.

Kairos' blindness to the present makes him vulnerable to physical attack – the future does not reveal itself swiftly enough to predict the to and fro of battle. Nevertheless, Kairos' unique vision allows him to stay one step ahead of adversaries, pitting various assailants against one another in plots that straddle the timestream. In the arena of magic, Kairos is unstoppable. He knows every spell in existence; every sigil, sign and quirk of mystical power. Such ability makes him Tzeentch's most favoured agent. On the occasions Fateweaver leaves the Impossible Fortress it is always in the service of a most dire task, be it the recovery of a magical artefact, the crushing of an army, or some other terrible purpose of Tzeentch's great ineffable scheming.

	M	W	S	B	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kairos	8	1	0	5	5	5	1	1	9	

Kairos is the most versatile Wizard in Warhammer, capable of casting no less than 14 different spells!

MAGIC

Each of Kairos' heads is an accomplished Level 4 Wizard. They do not roll randomly for spells. The left head may **choose** any four spells from the Lores of Life, Metal, Light and Heavens. The right head may **choose** any four spells from the Lores of Death, Beasts, Shadow and Fire. Both heads always know all the spells from the Daemon Lore of Tzeentch.

At the start of each Magic phase, decide which head Kairos will use. He may only cast spells known to that head during the phase. Kairos generates the Power and Dispel dice for one Level 4 Wizard, not two.

DAEMONIC GIFTS

Tzeentch's Will; Daemonic Robes; Twin Heads.

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Terror; Large Target; Fly; Flaming Attacks.

Oracle of Eternity. By reading the strands of fate, Kairos can avoid harm. He has a 3+ Ward save.

KU'GATH PLAGUEFATHER

FETID BREWMASTER, PLAGUEWEAVER, ROTTING POXMAKER

Whilst other Great Unclean Ones work to spread the plagues already extant, Ku'gath, the Plaguefather, is as fascinated by the breeding of new and virulent life as Nurgle himself. Ku'gath aims to one day breed a plague that can infect the Gods themselves.

The Plaguefather prides himself upon his detachment – after all, what concerns could possibly encroach on this great work? So absorbed is he in his search for the perfect plague, Ku'gath remains relatively untroubled by the shifting balance of power within the Realm of Chaos, yet this is not to say that the Plaguefather does not play his part in the Great Game. Ku'gath's experiments are nothing without practical results and he is ever eager to test fresh creations on the battlefield.

The Plaguefather rides upon a massive palanquin bedecked with alchemical paraphernalia: vials full of seething powder, bloated flasks of indescribable liquid and hessian sacks stuffed to bursting with Nurglings specially bred to be vessels of the Plaguefather's current inventory of poxes. This great bulk is supported by a carpet of straining Nurglings, and Ku'gath is attended on by countless others, all bred from the Plaguefather's pox vats. In battle, Ku'gath hurls his Nurglings into enemy ranks. The daemons burst on impact, drenching the target with disease-ridden fluids. Ku'gath watches keenly as each Nurgling's pox takes effect. Should the subsequent plague achieve Ku'gath's expectation, he gurgles as delightedly as a proud father. If the results do not meet with approval, Ku'gath immediately brews a refined version of the plague, dunks a fresh Nurgling into the mixture, and lets fly once again.

Of all Nurgle's Daemons, Ku'gath is the most willing to enter the physical realm as his quest for newer and more efficacious plague-reagents knows no boundaries. A few drops of mortal blood can turn a quiescent pox into a raging epidemic. Ku'gath has discovered that ground Skaven bladder, for example, increases the virulence of Red Pox a hundredfold. Thus, in the cause of experimentation, Ku'gath makes a point of acquiring fresh specimens whenever he enters the mortal worlds. Indeed, the Plaguefather keeps a variety of specimens, mortal and Daemon, caged in a dank chamber among the sagging rafters of Nurgle's decaying mansion, so that he always has suitable ingredients to hand.

It is during forays into the mortal world that Ku'gath has encountered the one race that has penetrated his scientific detachment to kindle his rage – the Dwarfs. On a professional level, the Plaguefather hates the stocky creatures for their unwillingness to succumb to disease; on a personal level, he is embittered by his defeat at Karaz-a-Karak. Either way, there is no doubt in Ku'gath's mind as to the first test subjects when his perfect plague is prepared.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ku'gath	4	4	0	6	6	10	4	4	9
Palanquin	4	3	0	3	3	1	3	6	7

As well as his physical brawn Ku'gath adds a lethal ranged attack to any Daemons of Chaos army.

MAGIC

Ku'gath is a Level 1 Wizard. He always uses the Daemon Lore of Nurgle.

DAEMONIC GIFTS

Nurgling Infestation; Slime Trail.

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Terror; Large Target; Poisoned Attacks; Hatred (Dwarfs).

Necrotic Missiles. Ku'gath hurls plague-ridden Nurglings at the enemy. They can be thrown even if Ku'gath has moved, but are otherwise treated as a Stone Thrower shot with the following profile:

Range	Strength	Damage	Special
24"	Wounds on 2+	1	No armour saves

In the event of a misfire, Ku'gath has accidentally squashed the Nurgling and the shot has no effect.



SKULLTAKER

KHORNE'S CHAMPION, BLOODED WANDERER, SLAYER OF KINGS

U'zhul, the Skulltaker, is the Blood God's immortal champion, the strongest of all Khorne's Bloodletters. When not campaigning, Skulltaker roams the Realm of Chaos at will, atop his mighty Juggernaut, Kuhl'tyran. He appears before fortress and stronghold, bellowing challenge after challenge at the greatest warrior within until one of their number is foolish enough to meet him in single combat. When a foe emerges, Skulltaker dismounts from his loyal steed, salutes the enemy with upturned blade and charges forward to claim another skull in the name of the Blood God.

Such duels are brief and bloody, for Skulltaker is swifter than the last beat of a shattered heart and knows every weakness of every enemy. Skulltaker does not slay his foes outright, but shatters their limbs, leaving them helpless. Skulltaker's clawed grasp settles upon his fallen opponent's head, magical fire gouts from his fingertips, searing away skin and sinew until pale bone is laid bare. Skulltaker breaks the naked skull free of its spine and tosses it into a coarse woven sack filled with trophies from previous victims. He then bellows his challenges at the fortress once more, striking down any further champions that emerge until no others present themselves or boredom sets in. Mounting Kuhl'tyran once more, Skulltaker departs in search of fresh foes.



Skulltaker is as feared in the mortal realms as he is in the courts of the Dark Gods. U'zhul is drawn by tales of martial prowess and rumour of mighty combatants. History is littered with accounts of his appearance before the gates of Bretonnian castles, northland encampments, Ogre feasthalls, Khemrian Necropolises and Dwarf holds, demanding that a challenger be sent forth to face him. Such encounters never end well for mortals. Indeed, in all the legends surrounding the Skulltaker there is only one account that tells of anything other than victory for Khorne's Champion. In the legends of the Empire, Skulltaker battles Sigmar in the Worlds Edge Mountains, but earns nought but defeat from the man-God. Skulltaker still bears the scar he earned that day, and he takes great pleasure in repaying the debt on Sigmar's inheritors at every opportunity.



Over the millennia, Skulltaker's collection of trophies has become so massive as to be beyond counting. Whilst Skulltaker collects trophies from all his victims, it is only those of mighty individuals he truly cherishes, for with the taking of the skull he inherits a portion of the enemy's strength. He hooks his most prized skulls, mementoes of close fought and satisfactory battles all, onto his cloak. All others he sets upon the parapet of Khorne's brass citadel to watch the approaches to the Blood God's lair. So it is that a Daemon that began existence as a Bloodletter has become something to command the respect of the Dark Gods themselves.

	M	W	S	B	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skulltaker	4	9	0	6	4	2	9	4	8	

Skulltaker is death incarnate to enemy characters.

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Killing Blow; Hatred (all enemies); Flaming Attacks

Skulls for the Skull Throne! Skulltaker must always issue a challenge, or accept a challenge if one is offered. In a challenge, Skulltaker's Killing Blow will take effect on a dice roll of 5+, rather than 6+ and can affect creatures of all sizes.

DAEMONIC GIFTS

Cloak of Skulls. The protection offered by this cloak grants Skulltaker a 3+ Scaly Skin save and Magic Resistance (2).

THE BLUE SCRIBES OF TZEENTCH

AZURE ARCANOLOGISTS, WANDERING WIZARDKIN, TZEENTCH'S QUAESTORS

Some say there was a time when Tzeentch was the greatest of all the Chaos Gods, and he ruled his brethren through his sorcerous might. In time, the other Gods deposed the Great Sorcerer in a mighty battle and cast him from his perch amid the Endless Mountains. The resulting impact shattered mighty Tzeentch into ten thousand pieces. These shards of God-stuff were flung across infinity and the might of the Great Sorcerer was forever diminished.

These events form the birth of magic in many legends. Each shard of Tzeentch shifted form to become a spell or incantation. These quickly multiplied throughout mortal minds and so spread throughout eternity. Though each was too small to retain any of Tzeentch's personality, the Great Sorcerer slowly became aware of these fragments and resolved to reclaim them.

To this end, Tzeentch created two Daemons, P'tarix and Xirat'p, tasked with learning every spell in existence. Though Blue Horrors in form and surly personality, the quest required these Blue Scribes to be more self-aware than others of their kind. Ever careful of betrayal, Tzeentch bestowed this intelligence with care. P'tarix can transcribe the magical syllables of any spell to parchment, but cannot read. Xirat'p can read his brother's scribbles, but cannot understand them. Judging his work to be good, the Great Sorcerer sent his newest creations out into existence, and bade them not to return until their quest was complete.

The Blue Scribes ride their Disc of Tzeentch through realms eternal and mortal, squabbling as they seek lost fragments of their God to bind them with parchment and ink. P'tarix scrawls frantically with a quill crafted from a Lord of Change's pinfeather. Xirat'p reads the written words to check for mistakes; in so doing unleashing the power bound within on any unfortunate enough to be nearby. Though not combatants in the truest sense, the Blue Scribes' mission often draws them to battlefields, where the most destructive and powerful magics are used. If threatened, Xirat'p starts reading at random from the accumulated scrolls, trusting to the hand of fate, his master, to guide him to the correct scroll for each occasion. This can have quite spectacular and bizarre results, with a foe as likely to be struck by multi-coloured lightning as he is to be drenched by his own personal thunderstorm or transmuted to solid gold.

In truth the Blue Scribes can never complete their task, for magic has multiplied in the service of mortals. This is well for Xirat'p and P'tarix and for existence itself. Should the Blue Scribes complete their task, Tzeentch would swallow them, reuniting the lost fragments of his being and absorbing the extra power born along the way. It is doubtful that any creature, mortal or daemon, would survive such a renewal...

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
The Blue Scribes	1	3	0	3	3	3	2	3	7

P'tarix, Xirat'p and their Disc are represented by one combined profile as shown above. They have Unit Strength 3.

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Fly; Flaming Attacks.

Energy Syphon. P'tarix can steal a portion of the power enemies use to cast spells. Whenever an enemy successfully casts a spell (including Bound Spells, etc) the Daemons of Chaos player may put a dice to one side. Any dice collected in this way are added to his pool of Power dice in the next friendly Magic phase.

Scrolls of Sorcery. Xirat'p can cast one spell from one of the eight Lores in the Warhammer rulebook during each of his own Magic phases. The controlling player may choose which Lore the spell is to be cast from, but must randomly determine which spell is cast. If there is no viable target or the controlling player chooses not to cast the spell that has been rolled, Xirat'p does not cast a spell that turn. Spells cast by Xirat'p are treated as Bound Spells with a power level equal to their casting value.



THE CHANGELING

PERPLEXING PRANKSTER, DECEIVING HORROR, TZEENTCH'S TRICKSTER

The Changeling personifies the part of Tzeentch's psyche that is the meddler, the deceiver, the trickster. He can take the form of other beings, from the tiniest of insects to the most massive of Greater Daemons. None, save perhaps Tzeentch himself, know the Changeling's true form, for he goes cowed and cloaked when in his own shape – perhaps even the Changeling himself has forgotten it. Not only can the Changeling mirror the form of another, he can adopt mannerisms and personalities in so flawless a fashion that even the Dark Gods can be deceived. In all of creation there is only one entity that the Changeling cannot duplicate: the Great God Tzeentch himself. The Grand Schemer will not suffer any being to steal his identity, even for a moment.

Mischievous by nature, and afflicted with a low tolerance for boredom, the Changeling exists to play malicious tricks upon all about him. On one such occasion, taking the shape of a Daemonette, he stole the apples of knowledge from Slaanesh's palace. On the edge of the Dark Prince's territory he then assumed the form of a Plaguebearer and slipped into Nurgle's garden, only to grow tired of the game and abandon the apples to rot and fester amidst the decaying fronds. When Slaanesh discovered the theft, he flew into a rage and sent his

armies to retrieve the lost treasures. So did Slaanesh and Nurgle come to blows, the former believing the latter to be a thief, and the latter convinced the former had engineered a pretext for invasion. The Changeling was already elsewhere; stealing Collars of Khorne from Flesh Hounds and melting them down to create brass dioramas of the Blood God's greatest defeats.

So has the Changeling passed through eternity, sowing mischief across reality. It was he who cut away Slaanesh's hair while the Dark Prince slept, and from it wove the cloak that Tzeentch presented to the mortal champion Egrimm Van Horstmann. It was the Changeling who sealed the doors of Khorne's citadel while he was away campaigning, forcing the Blood God to shatter his own proud gates when he returned. Tzeentch's brother Gods long to destroy the Changeling, for his handiwork is as plain as day once the deception is complete, yet somehow he always evades capture.

Only a handful of the Changeling's adventures are carried out at Tzeentch's direction. The Great Schemer is content to let the Changeling roam wild throughout eternity, causing havoc where he may. Each meddling opens up more possibilities in the Great Game, and Tzeentch watches with amusement as the Changeling weaves his uneven tapestry of disruption.

That so many of his pranks have caused terrible wars is of no concern to the Changeling. He loves the discord of conflict, for it breeds opportunity to deceive and dismay like nothing else. His enjoyment begins even before armies clash: impersonating messengers and generals to disrupt strategy wherever possible. When battle begins, the Changeling is to be found where the fighting is thickest, adopting the shape and skill of the most powerful foe, pounding the enemy to pieces with malicious enthusiasm.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
The Changeling	4	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	7

The Changeling's shape-shifting can protect his accompanying unit from the attentions of powerful characters and monsters.

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Flaming Attacks.

Formless Horror. At the start of each Combat phase, the Changeling may choose an enemy model in base contact and 'swap' any or all of his Weapon Skill, Strength, Toughness, Initiative and Attacks values with those of the chosen foe until the end of that Combat phase.



EPIDEMIUS, NURGLE'S TALLYMAN

THE MAGGOT KING, PLAGUED PANJANDRUM, RECKONER OF MORTALITY

Epidemius is Nurgle's chosen Tallyman, one of the seven Proctors of Pestilence and the cataloguer of all the Plaguelord's diseases. Epidemius' task is an unending one, and it generates a great deal of paperwork, so he rides a palanquin to share the burden – and to more easily force a path through Nurgle's hordes. Two dozen Nurglings attend the Tallyman's every need, providing the parchment, operating the death's head abacus, excreting the ink for the quill pens and even defending Epidemius from harm should foolish enemy venture too close.

Epidemius brooks no idleness or distraction from his helpers who, unlike other Nurglings, remain deathly silent lest they disturb their master from his task and thus rouse his ire. Like Nurgle, Epidemius abhors anything that distracts from the serious matters of life and death. The only sounds that can be heard are the gooeey shufflings as Nurglings heave the palanquin forwards, and the irritable scratching of the Tallyman's quill as he seeks to keep his records up to date.

As he shuffles along his way, Epidemius surveys the thrif and splendour of Nurgle's creations from his lofty perch, making note of casualties and infection rates as well as secondary symptoms such as unusual colourations and odours. This information, properly collated and distilled, is of incredible value to Father Nurgle in brewing up his next batch of awful unguents. It must be recorded with absolute precision and in a timely fashion to be of any use.

Epidemius' path through the mortal and eternal realms is an unpredictable one, for he goes where the spoor of plague carries him. He is busiest of all when Nurgle's power is strong, for the might of the Plaguelord is inextricably linked to the ebb and flow of disease. Campaigning armies, with the poor hygiene and unmentionable diseases that entails, offer a glut of work for the Tallyman, but also present rare opportunities for more unusual studies.

Of greatest interest to Epidemius are infections and fevered behaviours afflicting determined or ambitious souls. Nurgle's cankerous plagues do not merely infest the physical form, they also run virulently rampant throughout a being's soul, destroying his sense of self and moral direction as thoroughly as they do his body. Observing this decline is a rare privilege. A skilled observer – and there are none more skilled than the vile Epidemius – can read this flaked and crumbled trail of soul stuff as it departs the mortal coil, gleaning all manner of knowledge and adding a portion of the spirit's strength to his. As an offer of thanks, Epidemius' entourage strike bells and gongs when such a soul finally succumbs, ushering the spirit into Nurgle's paternal and welcoming embrace.



	M	W	S	B	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Epidemius	4	5	0	4	6	2	3	3	8	
Palanquin	4	3	0	3	3	1	3	6	7	

Epidemius can draw power from the souls of plague victims and channel it to make his poisoned attacks and Nurgle spells more effective.

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Regeneration; Poisoned Attacks.

The Tally of Pestilence. Whilst Epidemius is alive, keep a count of all unsaved wounds caused by Nurgle Daemons (from both sides). At the start of each of your turns, consult the table below to determine the effect of the Tally of Pestilence. Note that these effects are cumulative and affect both sides.

Wounds Effect

0-7	No effect
8-14	All poisoned attacks will now automatically wound on a 4+, rather than a 6.
15-21	Spells from the Daemon Lore of Nurgle receive a +2 bonus to cast.
22-28	Epidemius now regenerates on a score of 3+.
29+	Spells from the Daemon Lore of Nurgle receive an additional +3 bonus to cast.

THE MASQUE OF SLAANESH

ETERNAL DANCER, ACCURSED MAIDEN, DARKLING DECEIVER



The Masque was once the most favoured of all the Daemonettes. She danced for the joy of performance and wove enrapturing displays so dazzling that they could strike even immortal Gods silent with awe. Yet the Masque was undone when Slaanesh suffered his most terrible loss in the Great Game, manoeuvred by Tzeentch into a war with Khorne and Nurgle that he could not hope to win.

Thinking to ease his mind and ills, the Masque danced for her dark lord, yet Slaanesh was angry at his defeat and his proud heart filled with the acrid pain of humiliation. As he watched the Daemonette dance he saw only a barbed jest, a subtle mockery aimed at his wounded pride. The Dark Prince flew into a rage. He laid a curse upon the Masque, condemning her to dance throughout eternity against her will, unable to rest her limbs or take the merest pause to savour other experiences. Her dances would now speak in testament of Slaanesh's glory, every motion a stylised rendition of one of the Dark Prince's great victories. His ire spent, Slaanesh turned his back upon the Masque and retired to his inner chambers, where the touch of his handmaidens could perhaps temporarily heal his great hurt.

So has the Masque been doomed ever since. She dances across the mortal and immortal planes to music only she can hear, never able to rest. She is drawn to places of sensory excess and is wont to appear before the high table at great feasts, or during the closing act of a great opera. Her golden mask flickers and changes as her dance progresses, taking the guise of the characters she portrays. Such is the power of the Masque's curse that all nearby are drawn into her unholy pageant. Eternal Daemon or mortal man, all play their parts in her fluid pantomime as flawlessly as if they had been rehearsing for the moment all their lives.

The dance's tempo changes as the story of Slaanesh progresses. In the Dance of Dreaming, where the slumbering prince waits to be born, the Masque and her chorus drift in sedentary and languid movements. Conversely, the Pageant of Pain, re-enacting one of Slaanesh's great victories over Khorne, is a tableau of spasmodic movements that ends with the entranced cast tearing at each other's throats and eyes. Not all the dances are from the past – they are drawn from all points in time. The power of the Masque's curse allows her to recreate events yet to come, from the caging of Loec and the purging with fire of Nurgle's garden, all the way up to the legendary Rhan'k'adanra, the final battle and twilight of the Gods. Any who survive these manifestations have only the scantest memories of what truly occurred. They see only the ruin and death around them, and feel only the bone-weary agony of a body pushed beyond its limits. Meanwhile and elsewhere, the Masque dances on...

	M	W	S	B	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
The Masque	10	7	0	4	3	2	7	5	8	

The Masque of Slaanesh is an excellent disruption unit, capable of fragmenting your opponent's battle line.

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Armour Piercing; May not join units.

Unnatural Reflexes. The Masque has a 3+ Ward save.

The Eternal Dance. At the start of each of the controlling player's Magic phases, the Masque must choose one dance to perform. These abilities target one enemy unit (which may be in combat), have a range of 12" and do not require line of sight.

- **The Dance of Dreaming.** The target unit reduces its Leadership by D3 (to a minimum of 2) until the end of the next player turn.
- **Chanson of Caging.** The target unit reduces its Move value by D3 (to a minimum of 1) until the end of the next player turn.

KARANAK, HOUND OF VENGEANCE

ENDLESS HUNTER, TALON OF THE SKULL THRONE, BLOODED SLAYER

Karanak is the three-headed Flesh Hound that prowls Khorne's grand throne room. He never sleeps – like the Blood God's vengeance Karanak is ever watchful. He searches every shadow for intruders and interlopers or else gnaws on bones discarded from the Skull Throne or stalks Bloodletters and Furies through the vaulted hall. As the physical manifestation of Khorne's vengeance, Karanak is Khorne's chosen hunter, the Daemon the Blood God unleashes to search out those who have transgressed his warrior creed, or have offered insult to his colossal pride. It is a choice well made, for Karanak is ruthless and implacable, able to follow the blood scent of a quarry across all of space and time in service to his vengeful master.

The hunt begins as Karanak's three snouts taste the air for a trace of his prey. He paces to and fro, growling and snarling as each head in turn savours a portion of the scent. Each can track Karanak's quarry in a different fashion. The first head can follow the trail through space – can trace the victim over plain, forest, mountain, and other environments too bizarre to describe. The second can follow the scent through time, back into the past to the very creation of everything that is, or forward to the end of the universe. The final head tracks the quarry through his own thoughts, pursuing through dreamscapes and delusions. Of the three heads it is the last which is most dangerous, for the first two can be fooled by those with the wit to do so, but only the insane can run beyond the trace of their own mind.

With the odour of his victim thick in his nostrils, Karanak begins to run, slowly at first and then faster as the prey grows closer and the blood scent grows stronger. Leagues untold fall away beneath his clawed feet. Karanak's bestial howls echo through the void, drawing other Flesh Hounds to his presence, all eager for the feast. The bestial chorus of Karanak's hunt has long since become known as harbinger of dire fates, not only in the Realm of Chaos, but in the kingdoms of the Empire and Bretonnia, and a thousand others besides. When mortal men hear that howl they lock their doors, bar their gates and pray that this evil fate is meant for another.

By the time Karanak reaches his prey ten score or more other Flesh Hounds follow the trail alongside him, each driven to snarling madness by the glory of the hunt. None can stand against such maddened ferocity. Within moments of arrival Karanak roars his victory and departs once more, the tattered corpse of his victim clasped tight between his jaws. The skull of the quarry goes to Khorne, as token of his will obeyed. The remainder of the corpse – blood, flesh and bone alike – is Karanak's to nest amongst and feast upon. For days afterward the sound of breaking bones echoes about the Skull Throne as the three-headed hound devours the last of his prize.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Karanak	8	5	0	5	4	2	4	4	7

Karanak hunts the Blood God's chosen prey with fercious skill – he is an excellent assassin.

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic; Magic Resistance (3);

Hatred (all Enemies).

Packleader. Karanak is a unit champion, as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Prey of the Blood God. At the start of the game, before deployment, nominate one character in the enemy army – this is the quarry of Khorne that Karanak has come to claim. Karanak receives a re-roll on rolls to hit and to wound the chosen character.



DAEMONIC MAGIC

Mortal wizards must be born with a talent for manipulating the chaos energy of the winds of magic. Those who are not consumed by their birthright spend a lifetime refining their skill and broadening their understanding, learning greater control and ever more powerful expressions of their gift. By contrast, Daemons are timeless and unchanging. A Daemon's skills – indeed its entire being – are fixed at the moment of creation. They cannot grow and develop as mortals can. Those Daemons steeped in the mysteries of magic were created with that knowledge, and it rarely grows or diminishes. The only way for a Daemon's mastery of magic to improve is through a gift from its God. As each Daemon is an expression of the Dark Gods' own being, for one Daemon to be empowered, another is diminished.

Of all Daemons, the most talented mystics are those loyal to Tzeentch, the Great Sorcerer. Tzeentch's followers have the broadest knowledge of magic's applications. The most favoured Lords of Change are said to know many of the thousands of spells in existence. Tzeentchian magic is wild and destructive, specialising in warping bursts of coloured Daemonfire, though it also has a subtler side, as befits the Great Schemer. Many Daemons of Tzeentch use their magical skills to glean additional power from the winds of magic or even manipulate the minds of enemy wizards.

Few of Nurgle's Daemons possess the same magical abilities as their Tzeentchian rivals, for the Plaguelord views magic as a means to an end, and not the end itself. Nonetheless, Nurgle has enthusiastically embraced sorcery as one of many carriers for his multitude of diseases. The spells used by Daemons of Nurgle afflict

the foe with all manner of ghastly pestilences, or weaken the enemy and make them more vulnerable to disease. Nurglesque magic leaves nothing in its wake save liquefying corpses and the buzzing of thousands of thick black flies that grow fat on the putrefaction.

Slaanesh is as intrigued by the art of magic as he is with any other route to power. Though he lacks Tzeentch's innate ability to read and control the flow of energy, the Dark Prince is forever trying to better his mystical skills. Such pursuits are futile, for each of the Dark Gods is trapped in a predestined role just as their Daemons are, but the same obsessive nature from which Slaanesh draws his power also drives him onwards. The only defence against Slaaneshi magic is a strong will, for it plays upon senses, tempting mind and body with deceptive and damning pleasures or bestowing experiences so extreme that they kill.

Khorne does not employ sorcery. The Lord of Skulls abhors the practice of spellcrafting, deeming it to be the tool of weaklings and cowards. Some heretical scholars have postulated that Khorne's detestation of the mysteries rises from immense pride: the Blood God does not suffer himself to be anything other than the supreme power in any field of endeavour. This is not to say that Khorne shuns magic entirely; just its connections to those who would win victory through the manipulation of energies rather than through the righteous pounding of blade upon flesh. Khorne is master of binding runes of destruction and pain into swords, axes, shields and armour. To Khorne this is magic's sole honourable function: to make his champions ever stronger, and to spill ever more blood for the Blood God.



THE DAEMON LORE OF TZEENTCH

Tzeentch Daemons roll a D6 to randomly generate a spell from this chart. A Daemon can swap one spell for Flickering Fire of Tzeentch if he does not generate it randomly.

D6	Spell	Casting Value
1	Flickering Fire of Tzeentch.....	4+
2	Boon of Tzeentch.....	3+
3	Glean Magic.....	7+
4	Gift of Chaos.....	9+
5	Bolt of Change.....	12+
6	Tzeentch's Firestorm.....	13+

FLICKERING FIRE OF TZEENTCH 4+

A roiling tide of iridescent energy flows from the caster's hand, enveloping the target with a burst of magical flame.

This is a magic missile with a range of 18", causing D6+1 Strength D6+1 hits.

BOON OF TZEENTCH 3+

The daemon reaches into the winds of magic, using a portion of his boarded power to trammel additional arcane energies to his will.

The caster may immediately gain D3+1 Power dice – other Wizards may not use these dice.

GLEAN MAGIC 7+

With the masterful skill of an accomplished Changebringer, the caster reaches deep into the mind of his unknowing adversary, searching for sorcerous knowledge that can be turned to Tzeentch's manipulative will.

This spell may be cast on a single enemy Wizard visible to the caster. The caster may immediately cast one of the target's spells as if it were his own – the spell is automatically cast at its basic casting value. Note that spells that summon new units cannot be cast in this way.

GIFT OF CHAOS 9+

With a brutal cackle, the caster unleashes the power of change, warping the foe's minds and bodies.

If successfully cast, each enemy unit (even those in close combat) within 12" of the caster suffers D6 Strength D6 hits, distributed as for shooting. Roll separately for the Strength and number of hits for each unit hit.

BOLT OF CHANGE 12+

The caster focusses his power into a single devastating bolt of energy. Upon striking the foe, these magics provoke unbridled mutation, reducing the victim to an unstable and fleshy goo.

This is a magic missile with a range of 18", inflicting 2D6 Strength D6+4 hits.

TZEENTCH'S FIRESTORM 13+

Scarlet flame lances from the hands of the caster, enveloping his enemy with the fires of transformation.

This is a magic missile with a range of 24", causing 2D6 Strength 5 hits. After any Panic tests are taken, a Pink Horror is created for every 3 unsaved wounds caused, forming a new unit within 3" of the target unit – or the unit's position if it is now dead or has fled. This new unit may not be placed in impassable terrain or within 1" of an enemy unit. Any new models that cannot be placed are lost. If you have insufficient Pink Horror models, then excess casualties are not transformed. This new unit is worth 50 Victory points.

PINK HORRORS AND MAGIC

A unit of Pink Horrors is considered to be a single Wizard with its own magic level. The unit's magic level (and thus the power/dispel dice it generates and the spells it knows) are determined at the start of each Magic phase and are determined by its size. The more Pink Horrors there are in the unit, the greater the unit's magic level and the more spells it knows. This is shown in the table below.

Unit size	Level	Spell
5 or less	0	None
6-15	1	Flickering Fire of Tzeentch
16-25	2	Gift of Chaos
26-35	3	Bolt of Change
36+	4	Tzeentch's Firestorm

Eg, a 30 strong unit of Pink Horrors would be a Level 3 Wizard and would know Bolt of Change, Gift of Chaos and the Flickering Fire of Tzeentch.

Each time a spell is cast, nominate one Pink Horror in the unit as the caster for the purposes of line of sight, range, etc.

If a Horror unit sustains casualties during the game, its size will diminish and its magic level may drop in the next phase. In the event of a Horror unit rolling a miscast, do not roll on the Miscast table. Instead, the unit suffers D6 wounds with no saves of any kind allowed.

THE DAEMON LORE OF NURGLE

Nurgle Daemons roll a D6 to randomly generate a spell from this chart. A Daemon can swap one spell for Miasma of Pestilence if he does not generate it randomly.

D6	Spell	Casting Value
1	Miasma of Pestilence.	3+
2	Stream of Corruption	6+
3	Pit of Slime	7+
4	Rancid Visitation	8+
5	Shrivelling Pox	9+
6	Plague Wind.	13+

MIASMA OF PESTILENCE 3+
A ghastly odour enfuses the caster, a bowel-loosening smell that leaves his enemy's innards in turmoil.

Until the start of the caster's next Magic phase, all enemy models in base contact with the caster reduce their WS, S, T, I and A to 1.

STREAM OF CORRUPTION 6+
The daemon spews forth a noxious stream of disease and filth that chokes and suffocates his foes.

This is a breath weapon attack and may not be used in combat. Any models that are hit must take a Toughness test or suffer a wound with no armour saves allowed.



PIT OF SLIME 7+
The incantations of the Daemon open up a disgusting pit of slime beneath the feet of his chosen foe, entrapping their limbs in cloying putrescence.

This spell may be cast on a single enemy unit within 24" of the caster. If successfully cast, the target must pass a Strength test (using the lowest Strength if there is more than one value in the unit) or it may not move or shoot until the following friendly Magic phase.

RANCID VISITATION 8+
The enemy are seized in the throes of a terrible affliction that blackens their flesh and turns their organs to rot.

This is a magic missile with a range of 24". Rancid Visitation causes D6 Strength 5 hits. The target must then immediately pass a Toughness test (using the lowest Toughness if there is more than one value in the unit) or suffer a further D6 Strength 5 hits. This continues until the target is destroyed or passes a Toughness test.

SHRIVELLING POX 9+
Muttering a unholy chant in a blighted tongue, the Daemon calls down poxed blessings on a chosen foe.

This spell can be cast on a single enemy model within 24" that is visible to the caster. The target must pass a Toughness test or suffer D6 wounds. No armour saves are allowed against the effects of the Shrivelling Pox.

PLAGUE WIND 13+
A swirling maelstrom of maggots, bile and blight-ridden fluid eats away at skin, flesh and soul.

This spell may be cast on a single enemy unit within 18" of the caster. Every model in the unit must pass a Toughness test or suffer a wound with no armour saves allowed. After any Panic tests are taken, a Nurgling base is created for every 3 unsaved wounds caused, forming a new unit within 3" of the target unit – or the unit's position if it is now dead or has fled. This new unit may not be placed in impassable terrain or within 1" of an enemy unit. Any new models that cannot be placed are lost. If you have insufficient Nurgling models, then excess casualties are not transformed. This new unit is worth 50 Victory points.

THE DAEMON LORE OF SLAANESH

Slaanesh Daemons roll a D6 to randomly generate a spell from this chart. A Daemon can swap one spell for Acquiescence if he does not generate it randomly.

D6	Spell	Casting Value
1	Acquiescence	5+
2	Cacophonic Caress	6+
3	Succour of Chaos	7+
4	Slicing Shards of Slaanesh	7+
5	Pavane of Slaanesh	8+
6	Phantasmagoria	10+

ACQUIESCENCE

5+

With an almost lackadaisical gesture, the Daemon engulfs its foe with a haze of broken dreams and unattainable desires, leaving them distracted and leaden-footed.

This spell may be cast on a single enemy unit within 18". If Acquiescence is successfully cast, the target is subject to *Stupidity* for the rest of the game.

CACOPHONIC CARESS

6+

The Daemon throws back its head and emits a ululating scream, bursting the ear drums and shattering the sanity of its foes in equal measure.

All enemy units within 2D6" of the caster (including those in close combat) suffer D6 Strength 3 hits with no armour saves allowed.

SUCCOUR OF CHAOS

7+

With the gentlest caress, the Daemon strengthens his allies with the raw stuff of chaos.

This spell can be cast on any friendly unit engaged in combat within 18". All models in the unit gain the Always Strikes First rule and may re-roll failed to hit rolls in the subsequent round of close combat.

SLICING SHARDS OF SLAANESH

7+

A cloud of razor sharp darts bursts from the caster's hands, flensing both the mind and body of his foes.

This is a magic missile with a range of 24". If successfully cast, the Slicing Shards of Slaanesh causes D6 Strength 5 hits. The target must then immediately pass a Leadership test or suffer a further D6 Strength 5 hits. This continues until the target passes a Leadership test or is torn to bloody shreds.

PAVANE OF SLAANESH

8+

The caster dominates the mind of the foe, causing them to dance ever more uncontrollably and spasmodically until bones snap and muscles tear.

This spell can be cast on a single enemy model within 24" visible to the caster. The target must pass a Leadership test or suffer D6 wounds. No armour saves are allowed against the effects of the Pavane of Slaanesh.

PHANTASMAGORIA

10+

With a complex sign, the Daemon summons illusory creatures who flit and broil across the battlefield, their promises of fulfillment distracting and bewildering the hapless foe.

All enemy units on the battlefield must roll an extra D6 when taking Leadership tests of any kind, discarding the lowest result rolled. Phantasmagoria last until the start of the caster's next Magic phase.





AN ARMY WORTHY OF THE GODS

With a Daemon army, you get to be the ultimate bad guy! Let's take a look at a few things to bear in mind as you forge your army.

When you first start your Daemons of Chaos army, don't worry about collecting to a particular points value. The army list needn't be taken as a set of rules, it's more a guideline to help you decide how to expand your collection. To play games of Warhammer all you need are a couple of units and a character – although you'll probably find it impossible to resist adding more and more models to your collection as time passes.

The more models you field, the longer your battles will last. A game of 1,000 points or so might last about an hour, while 2,000-3,000 point battles are a good size for an evening's game. By the time the game size reaches 15,000 points, you've a battle fit for an entire weekend's worth of Warhammer. Of course, you don't have to use all of your models each time you play. Long-term collectors amass far more models than they can possibly field in a single game and make a fresh army list for each game they play, each new roster drawing on a different part of a splendid collection. The truth is that you never finish collecting a Warhammer army – there's always a good reason to add more, whether that be a new tactic you want to try or new models you want to collect. Little by little, your daemonic minions will grow in number.

AN ARMY IS BORN

At the heart of every Warhammer army are its Core units. You're going to want at least two Core units, which in this case means Lesser Daemons. Each of the four Lesser Daemon regiments is a powerful tool of destruction in its own right. Raging Bloodletters are great for carving up knights, while the deadly Daemonettes are swifter and better suited to slaughtering hordes of infantry. Plaguebearers are hardy in defence, while cackling Horrors can bombard the enemy with spells.

As you're already this far through the book, you've probably already got a particular unit in mind to form the foundation for your Daemonic host. Possibly you like the look of that troop type, or just maybe because your mind is already bursting with devious schemes and visions of enemies bloodily torn limb from limb. Either way, it's always best to go with your gut – after all, you're playing for fun.

DIVERSITY IS KING

The Daemonic Legions are the unstoppable servants of the Chaos Gods, united in the cause of damnation and ruin, so don't get hung up on trying to avoid mixing Daemons of different powers. Khorne may dislike Slaanesh, but his Bloodletters will generally forgo a fight with Daemonettes until they have triumphed over the foe. As a practical point, each strain of Daemon fulfils a distinct battlefield role, so victory is far more likely with a mixture of troops at your command.

When you've got your Lesser Daemons sorted out, you'll want a character to lead them and some other Daemons to support them. All characters in a Daemonic Legion make for strong choices, but your best starting general is a Herald to fight alongside your biggest unit of Lesser Daemons.

When it comes to adding Special and Rare troops, there are plenty to catch your eye. As with Core choices, each of these unusual units lends itself to a particular playing style. For example, Flesh Hounds and Bloodcrushers are just as lethal to armoured troops as Bloodletters, but are faster and tougher, while Fiends and Seekers of Slaanesh are faster still but a little more fragile.

Once you've got a small army painted, you'll want to add additional Core, Special and Rare units. Take a little time and examine your options to be sure your army develops in a direction you like. Experimenting with different troop types will give you a fresh perspective on your army and keep your opponent guessing!

GREATER DAEMONS

Not only do Greater Daemons look fantastic, they're also the final word in sheer killing power. Such an important character is worth lavishing your time and attention on – it'll also carry your army from a warband to an awe-inspiring army all by itself! As with your units of Lesser Daemons, go with whichever model you most like the look of. A cankersome Great Unclean One is a fine overlord for your Plaguebearers, but that shouldn't stop you fielding a Lord of Change or Bloodthirster.

GO FORTH AND DESTROY!

Of course, I've only scratched the surface here – there's much more to discover. Here are three final tips to keep in mind while assembling your daemonic horde:

- 1) Lesser Daemons get shot at – a lot – so take them in big units. You're going to lose a few models before you get into combat, so make sure the unit is large enough to take casualties.
- 2) Get yourself a Herald. Each Daemonic Herald is a formidable fighter and also improves the fighting abilities of any Lesser Daemons in its unit, making Daemonettes faster, Plaguebearers tougher, and so on...
- 3) Paint as you go. There's nothing more soul-destroying than watching your army build up unpainted. It's much easier to paint as you go and so watch your army take unholy and vibrant shape. With its positive riot of colour, painting a Daemon army is great fun. Remember to keep common elements (such as claws, eyes and basing style) consistent across the army and you'll end up with a force to be proud of.



This 2,000 point army boasts a strong force of Lesser Daemons supported by swift Fiends, Screammers and Flesh Hounds. The Lord of Change is both the general and a glorious centrepiece for the army.



A 3,500 POINT SAMPLE ARMY

This Daemons of Chaos army has been chosen to a size of 3,500 points and minions of all four Chaos Gods march (or dart, or shamble) in its ranks. The Great Unclean One is the army's general and chief wizard – the Bloodthirster will doubtless leave the rest of the army behind in a headlong charge towards the enemy. The Pink Horrors, the Herald of Tzeentch and the Flamers have a range of magical and shooting attacks they can employ, allowing the Daemon army to engage the enemy right from the start of the game. The other troops advance on the foe as swiftly as possible, where they can use their plagueswords, hellblades, claws and tentacles to deadly effect.

- | | | |
|----------|--|---------|
| 1 | Ragetalon, Bloodthirster of Khorne
Ragetalon has the Dark Insanity and Spellbreaker Daemonic Gifts. | 530 pts |
| 2 | Corpus Festerhide, Great Unclean One
Festerhide is a Level 4 Wizard. He has the Nurgling Infestation, Slime Trail and Stream of Bile Daemonic Gifts. | 655 pts |
| 3 | Epidemius, Tallyman of Nurgle | 135 pts |
| 4 | The Bringer of Infernal Change
This Herald of Tzeentch is a Level 2 Wizard. He rides a Burning Chariot of Tzeentch and has the Flames of Tzeentch and Iridescent Corona Daemonic Gifts. | 225 pts |



- | | | | |
|---|---------|---|---------|
| 5 Pink Horrors | 169 pts | 10 Flesh Hounds of Khorne | 250 pts |
| This is a unit of 10 Pink Horrors. It is led by an Iridescent Horror and has a Standard Bearer who carries an Icon of Change. | | This is a unit of 5 Flesh Hounds, led by Karanak, Hound of Vengeance. | |
| 6 Pink Horrors | 144 pts | 11 Nurglings | 105 pts |
| This is a unit of 10 Pink Horrors. It is led by an Iridescent Horror and has a Standard Bearer. | | This is a unit of 3 Nurgling Bases. | |
| 7 Bloodletters of Khorne | 270 pts | 12 Screamer of Tzeentch | 90 pts |
| This is a regiment of 20 Bloodletters with a Bloodreaper, Standard Bearer and Musician. | | This is a unit of 3 Screamer of Tzeentch. | |
| 8 Daemonettes of Slaanesh | 210 pts | 13 Beast of Nurgle | 100 pts |
| This is a unit of 15 Daemonettes. It is led by an Alluress. It also contains a Standard Bearer and a Musician. | | This is a unit of 1 Beast of Nurgle. | |
| 9 Plaguebearers of Nurgle | 282 pts | 14 Bloodcrushers of Khorne | 230 pts |
| This is a regiment of 21 Plaguebearers with a Plagueridden, Standard Bearer and Musician. | | This is a unit of 3 Bloodcrushers, led by a Bloodreaper | |
| | | 15 Flamers of Tzeentch | 105 pts |
| | | This is a unit of 3 Flamers of Tzeentch. | |

Total 3,500pts

GREATER DAEMONS



▲ Bloodthirsters have snarling, bestial faces.



▲ The cruel barbs of the Lash of Khorne.



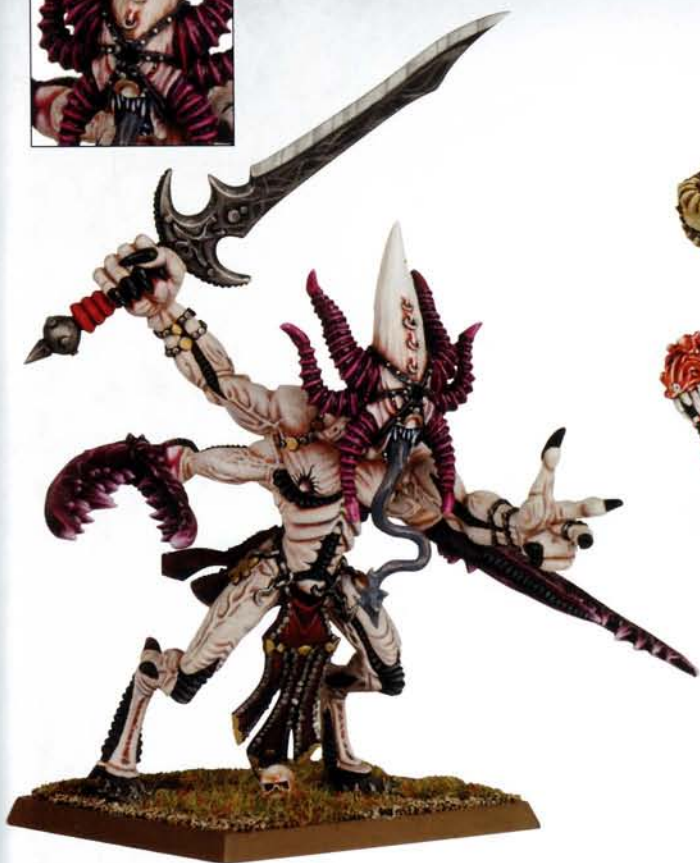
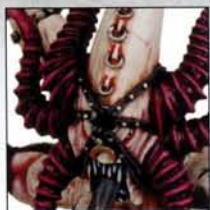
► Bloodthirster:
Greater Daemon of Khorne.



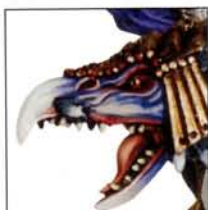
▲ Great Unclean One:
Greater Daemon of Nurgle.



▲ Keeper of Secrets:
Greater Daemon of Slaanesh.



▲ *Keeper of Secrets:*
Greater Daemon of Slaanesh.



▲ *The golden crest marks*
this Daemon as being
high in Tzeentch's favour.



► *Lord of Change:*
Greater Daemon
of Tzeentch.



▲ *Great Unclean One:*
Greater Daemon of Nurgle.



▲ *Alternate stavetop*
showing the Eye of
Tzeentch.



DAEMONS OF KHORNE



▲ Bloodbowler.



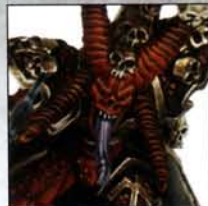
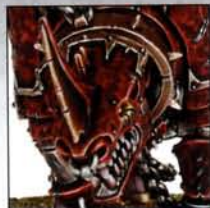
▲ Bloodletter musician.



▲ Bloodletter standard bearer.



▲ Bloodletters are formed of the Blood God's fury and rage, and are invariably an angry shade of red.



▲ *The Cloak of Skulls.*

▲ *Herald of Khorne riding Juggernaut.*

▲ *Skulltaker.*



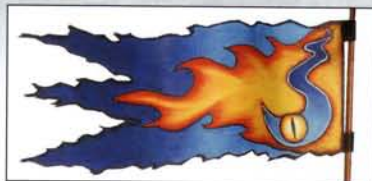
▲ *Flesh Hounds of Khorne.*



Skulltaker leads the eternal hunt in search of prey.

DAEMONS OF TZEENTCH

Tzeentch's Lesser Daemons come in all shades of pink, depending on their mood and position in the Daemonic hierarchy.



▲ Hand painted banner.



▲ Iridescent Horrors direct the spells of Pink Horror regiments.

▶ Pink Horror Standard Bearer.



▲ Pink Horrors, wizardling Lesser Daemons of Tzeentch.



Cackling insanely, Pink Horrors caper forward in support of the Flamers of Tzeentch.



▲ *Flamers of Tzeentch.*



▲ *Screamers of Tzeentch, the sky-sharks of the Realm of Chaos.*



▲ *Herald of Tzeentch riding Burning Chariot*



DAEMONS OF NURGLE

All Plaguebearers have but one eye and a single horn – these are the marks of Nurgle's Rot.



▲ Plaguebearer champion.



▲ Plaguebearer musician.



▲ Plaguebearer standard bearer.



▼ Epidemius
Nurgle's Tallyman.



▲ Plaguebearers, pallid, rotting footsoldiers of the Lord of Decay.



▲ Nurplings are the most plentiful of Nurgle's children.



▲ Beasts of Nurgle love to embrace their 'playmates' with poisoned tendrils.



From a dank cavern, the Daemons of Nurgle shamble to war.

DAEMONS OF SLAANESH



▲ *Alluress.*



▲ *Daemonette Musicians lead the dance of battle.*



▲ *Daemonette Standard Bearer.*



▲ *Daemonettes of Slaanesh use vibrant colours to dye their hair and tattoo their skin.*



◀ Fiends are aspects of Slaanesh's dreaming psyche, and change colour depending on the Dark Prince's shifting mood.



▲ Herald of Slaanesh with battle standard.

▲ Masque of Slaanesh.



Daemonettes stalk the ruins of an ancient temple.







A Daemon Prince leads an army of the Dark Gods.



▲ Chaos Furies, the winged scavengers of Chaos.

DAEMONS OF CHAOS ARMY LIST

This army list enables you to turn your Citadel miniatures collection into an army ready for tabletop battle. As described in the Warhammer rulebook, the army list is divided into four sections: Characters (including Lords and Heroes), Core Units, Special Units and Rare Units.

CHOOSING AN ARMY

Every miniature in the Warhammer range has a points cost that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield. For example, a raging Bloodletter costs just 12 points, while a unstoppable Bloodthirster costs 450 points!

Both players choose an army to the same agreed points total. You can spend less and will probably find it impossible to use up every last point. Most '2,000 point' armies, for example, will be something like 1,998 or 1,999 points.

To form your miniatures into an army, look up the relevant army list entry for the first troop type. This tells you the points cost to add each unit of models to your army and any options or upgrades the unit may have. Then select your next unit, calculate its points and so on until you reach the agreed points total. In addition to the points, there are a few other rules that govern which units you can include in your army, as detailed under Choosing Characters and Choosing Troops.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Profiles. The characteristic profiles for the model(s) in each unit are provided as a reminder. Where several profiles are required, these are also given even if they are optional.

Unit Size. Each troop entry specifies the minimum size for each unit, which is the smallest number of models needed to form that unit. In some cases units also have a maximum size.

Weapons and Armour. Each entry lists the standard weapons and armour for that unit type. The cost of these items is included in the basic points value.

Special Rules. Many troops have special rules that are fully described earlier in this book. The names of these rules are listed as a reminder.

Options. This includes Daemonic Gifts and other upgrades for characters. Many unit entries include the option to upgrade a unit member to a Champion, Standard Bearer or Musician. Some units may carry a Daemonic Icon, at a points cost indicated in their entry.

CHOOSING CHARACTERS

Characters are divided into two categories: Lords and Heroes. The maximum number of characters an army can include is shown on the chart below. Of these, only a certain number can be Lords.

Army Points Value	Max. Total Characters	Max. Lords	Max. Heroes
Less than 2,000	3	0	3
2,000 or more	4	1	4
3,000 or more	6	2	6
4,000 or more	8	3	8
Each +1,000	+2	+1	+2

An army must always include at least one character to act as the General. If you include more than one character, then the one with the highest Leadership value is the General. When one or more characters have the same (and highest) Leadership, choose one to be the General at the start of the battle. Make sure that your opponent knows which character is your General when you deploy your army.

Many Daemons of Chaos characters can be endowed with Daemonic Gifts. These upgrades range from powerful daemon weapons, to banners and more unusual blessings. Where characters have this option, it is included in their profile.

CHOOSING TROOPS

The number of each type of unit allowed depends on the army's points value.

Army Points Value	Core Units	Special Units	Rare Units
Less than 2,000	2+	0-3	0-1
2,000 or more	3+	0-4	0-2
3,000 or more	4+	0-5	0-3
4,000 or more	5+	0-6	0-4
Each +1,000	+ 1 minimum	+0-1	+0-1

Some Daemons of Chaos units can be equipped with Daemonic Icons. Where units have this option, it is included in their profile.



LORDS

SKARBRAND, THE EXILED ONE

POINTS: 655

PAGE: 51

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skarbrand	8	10	0	6	6	5	10	7(8)	9

Your army can only include one Skarbrand.

Weapons and Armour:

The axes Slaughter and Carnage.

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Large Target
- Magic Resistance (2)
- Terror
- Hatred (all enemies)

• Frenzy

- Rage Embodied
- Bellow of Endless Fury

KAIROS FATEWEAVER, ORACLE OF TZEENTCH

POINTS: 625

PAGE: 52

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kairos Fateweaver	8	1	0	5	5	5	1	1	9

Your army can only include one Kairos Fateweaver.

Weapons and Armour:

Staff of Tomorrow (hand weapon).

Magic:

Each of Kairos Fateweaver's heads is a level 4 Wizard – see his bestiary entry for more details.

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Fly
- Large target
- Terror
- Flaming Attacks
- Oracle of Eternity

Daemonic Gifts:

- Tzeentch's Will
- Daemonic Robes
- Twin Heads

KU'GATH PLAGUEFATHER

POINTS: 650

PAGE: 53

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ku'gath	4	4	0	6	6	10	4	4	9
Palanquin	4	3	0	3	3	1	3	6	7

Your army can only include one Ku'gath Plaguefather.

Weapons and Armour:

Huge plaguesword and Necrotic Missiles (hand weapon).

Magic:

Ku'gath Plaguefather is a Level 1 Wizard. He always uses the Daemon Lore of Nurgle.

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Large Target
- Terror
- Poisoned Attacks
- Hatred (Dwarfs)

Daemonic Gifts:

- Nurgling Infestation
- Slime Trail

DAEMON PRINCE

POINTS: 300

PAGE: 48

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Daemon Prince	8	8	0	5	5	4	7	5	8

Weapons & Armour:

Claws (hand weapon).

Special Rules:

- Daemonic

Options:

- Dedicate Daemon Prince to Khorne, Tzeentch
 Nurgle or Slaanesh **.35 pts**
 Level 1 Wizard (not Daemon Princes of Khorne) ... **.50 pts**
 Level 2 Wizard (not Daemon Princes of Khorne) ... **.85 pts**

(Daemon Princes of Tzeentch, Nurgle or Slaanesh may use the Daemon Lore of their respective patron. Others may use the Lores of Fire, Death, Metal and Shadow)

Daemonic Gifts (up to 75 pts):

- | | | | |
|-------------------|-------------|--------------------|-------------|
| Etherblade |50 pts | Iridescent Corona |25 pts |
| Armed Monstrosity |50 pts | Soul Hunger |25 pts |
| Daemonic Robes |25 pts | Unnatural Swiftess |25 pts |
| Enrapturing Gaze |25 pts | Winged Horror |20 pts |
| Immortal Fury |25 pts | | |

Daemon Princes dedicated to one Chaos God may spend up to 50 points of this allowance on Gifts available to a Greater Daemon of that God, ie, a Daemon Prince of Tzeentch could spend up to 50 points on Daemonic Gifts from the Lord of Change entry.

LORDS

BLOODTHIRSTER OF KHORNE

POINTS: 450

PAGE: 32

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bloodthirster	8	10	0	6	6	5	9	7	9

Weapons & Armour:

Axe and whip
(hand weapon)
and heavy armour.

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Fly
- Large target
- Magic
- Resistance (2)
- Terror

Options:

Daemonic Gifts (up to 100 pts):

Awesome Strength . . . 75 pts	Immortal Fury 25 pts
Dark Insanity 55 pts	Spellbreaker 25 pts
Obsidian Armour . . . 50 pts	Armour of Khorne . . . 15 pts
Axe of Khorne 25 pts	Collar of Khorne . . . 15 pts
Firestorm Blade 25 pts	

LORD OF CHANGE

POINTS: 450

PAGE: 33

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lord of Change	8	6	4	6	6	5	6	5	9

Weapons & Armour:

Talons (hand weapon).

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Fly
- Large target
- Terror
- Flaming
- Attacks

Magic:

A Lord of Change is a Level 2 Wizard and knows all the spells from the Daemon Lore of Tzeentch.

Options:

Level 3 Wizard	50 pts
Level 4 Wizard	85 pts

Daemonic Gifts (up to 100 pts):

Twin Heads 75 pts	Dark Magister 25 pts
Tzeentch's Will 70 pts	Daemonic Robes . . . 25 pts
Staff of Change 50 pts	Flames of Tzeentch . . 25 pts
Spell Destroyer 50 pts	Iridescent Corona . . . 25 pts
Power Vortex 30 pts	Master of Sorcery . . . 25 pts

GREAT UNCLEAN ONE

POINTS: 450

PAGE: 34

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Unclean One	6	4	0	6	6	10	4	4	9

Weapons & Armour:

Flail.

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Large target
- Terror
- Poisoned
- Attacks

Magic:

A Great Unclean One is a Level 1 Wizard and always uses spells from the Daemon Lore of Nurgle.

Options:

Level 2 Wizard	35 pts
Level 3 Wizard	85 pts
Level 4 Wizard	120 pts

Daemonic Gifts (up to 100 pts):

Balesword 75 pts	Pestilent Mucus 25 pts
Nurgle's Infestation . 50 pts	Nurgle's Rot 25 pts
Staff of Nurgle 50 pts	Soul Hunger 25 pts
Trappings of Nurgle . 50 pts	Stream of Bile 25 pts
Noxious Vapours . . . 25 pts	Slime Trail 10 pts

KEEPER OF SECRETS

POINTS: 450

PAGE: 35

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Keeper of Secrets	10	9	0	6	6	5	10	6	9

Weapons & Armour:

Claws (hand weapon).

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Large Target
- Terror
- Always
- Strikes First
- Armour
- Piercing

Magic:

A Keeper of Secrets is a Level 1 Wizard and always uses spells from the Daemon Lore of Slaanesh.

Options:

Level 2 Wizard	35 pts
Level 3 Wizard	85 pts
Level 4 Wizard	120 pts

Daemonic Gifts (up to 100 pts):

Spirit Swallower . . . 100 pts	Enrapturing Gaze . . . 25 pts
Etherblade 50 pts	Siren Song 25 pts
Temptator 50 pts	Soul Hunger 25 pts
Allure of Slaanesh . . 25 pts	Soporific Musk 25 pts
Daemonic Robes . . . 25 pts	Torment Blade 5 pts

HEROES

SKULLTAKER

POINTS: 150

PAGE: 54

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skulltaker	4	9	0	6	4	2	9	4	8

Mount (one choice only):

Juggernaut of Khorne	50 pts
Chariot of Khorne	150 pts

Your army can only include one Skulltaker.

Weapons & Armour:

Hellblade
(hand weapon).
Cloak of Skulls

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Killing Blow
- Flaming Attacks
- Skulls for the Skull Throne!
- Hatred (all enemies)

THE BLUE SCRIBES OF TZEENTCH

POINTS: 81

PAGE: 55

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
The Blue Scribes	1	3	0	3	3	3	2	3	7

Weapons & Armour:

Flailing tentacles
(hand weapon).

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Flaming Attacks
- Energy Syphon
- Scrolls of Sorcery
- Fly

Your army can only include one Blue Scribes.

EPIDEMIUS, TALLYMAN OF NURGLE

POINTS: 135

PAGE: 57

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Epidemius	4	5	0	4	6	2	3	3	8
Palanquin	4	3	0	3	3	1	3	6	7

Weapons & Armour:

Plaguesword
(hand weapon).

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Regeneration
- Poisoned Attacks
- The Tally of Pestilence

Your army may only include one Epidemius.

THE MASQUE OF SLAANESH

POINTS: 90

PAGE: 58

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Masque of Slaanesh	10	7	0	4	3	2	7	5	8

Weapons & Armour:

Claws (hand weapon).

Special Rules:

- Armour Piercing
- Daemonic
- May not join units
- Unnatural Reflexes
- The Eternal Dance

Your army may only include one Masque of Slaanesh.

HERO MOUNTS

DAEMONIC BEASTS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Juggernaut of Khorne	7	5	0	5	4	1	2	2	7
Disc of Tzeentch	1	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	7
Palanquin of Nurgle	4	3	0	3	3	1	3	6	7
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7

Special Rules

Daemoniac, Brass Behemoth,
Magic Resistance (1), Killing Blow
Daemoniac, Flaming Attacks, Fly
Daemoniac, Poisoned Attacks
Daemoniac, Fast Cavalry, Armour Piercing,
Poisoned attacks

BLOOD CHARIOT OF KHORNE

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-
Juggernaut of Khorne	7	5	-	5	-	-	2	2	7

Special Rules:

Daemoniac, Chariot, Magic Resistance (1),
Killing Blow (Juggernaut only)

Drawn by: One Juggernaut of Khorne.

Armour Save: 3+

BURNING CHARIOT OF TZEENTCH

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chariot	-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-
Screamer of Tzeentch	1	3	0	3	-	-	4	1	7

Special Rules:

Daemoniac, Chariot, Fly,
Flaming Attacks (Screamers only)

Drawn by: Two Screamers of Tzeentch.

Armour Save: 6+

SEEKER CHARIOT OF SLAANESH

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chariot	-	-	-	5	4	4	-	-	-
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	-	-	5	1	7

Special Rules:

Daemoniac, Chariot,
Armour Piercing (Steeds only),
Poisoned Attacks (Steeds only)

Drawn by: Two Steeds of Slaanesh.

Armour Save: 5+

Legends tell that when Khorne arose to become first amongst the Chaos Gods, he swiftly fell to warring with Slaanesh. Overmatched and alone, the Prince of Chaos sued for a truce with the Blood God. A token of his honest intent, Slaanesh spoke to Khorne of a sword, a sword that now languished in Tzeentch's Vaults of Aegis. No ordinary blade was this, for it was born out of the times of darkness, and was older even than the Dark Gods of Chaos.

Swayed despite himself, Khorne resolved that he, and he alone, should be master of this ebony blade. Perfidious Tzeentch could lay no honest claim on such a prize. Was not the Lord of Skulls the most powerful of the Gods, patron of warriors and master of the slaughter? Obsession held the Blood God in its merciless grasp, goading him to sacrifice greatly to claim the sword.

So did Khorne despatch the better part of his minions to claim his treasure, though he did not do so rashly. The Blood God had forged a pact with Father Nurgle, ceding territory to his corpulent brother to purchase assistance on the field of battle. So did the armies of Khorne and Nurgle march upon the crystal labyrinth in numbers so great that Tzeentch could not hope to prevail. As the battle raged, a score of Bloodthirsters hacked a path to the Vaults of Aegis. Slaughtering its guardians, they stole away the sword. When Khorne finally beheld the blade for which he had fought, his grim satisfaction was so great that for a moment it almost eclipsed his wrath. He had vanquished Slaanesh, bent Nurgle to his will and humbled Tzeentch. The Blood God had once and for all proved himself superior to his brothers. The sword was his symbol of that victory, and Khorne swore that it would never leave his side.

HEROES

*HERALD OF KHORNE

POINTS: 100

PAGE: 36

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Herald of Khorne	5	7	0	6	4	2	6	3	8

Weapons & Armour:

Hellblade
(hand weapon).

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Magic Resistance (1)
- Hatred (all enemies)
- Killing blow
- Locus of Khorne

Options:

Mount (one choice only):

- Juggernaut of Khorne50 pts
Chariot of Khorne75 pts

Daemonic Gifts (up to 50 pts):

- Etherblade50 pts Firestorm Blade25 pts
Obsidian Armour50 pts Soul Hunger25 pts
Daemonic Robes25 pts Armour of Khorne15 pts

*HERALD OF TZEENTCH

POINTS: 115

PAGE: 37

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Herald of Tzeentch	4	3	4	3	3	2	3	2	8

Weapons & Armour:

Flailing tentacles
(hand weapon).

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Flaming Attacks
- 4+ Ward save
- Locus of Tzeentch

Magic:

A Herald of Tzeentch is a Level 2 Wizard and always uses spells from the Daemon Lore of Tzeentch.

Options:

Mount (one choice only):

- Disc of Tzeentch20 pts Chariot of Tzeentch60 pts

Daemonic Gifts (up to 50 pts):

- Staff of Change50 pts Iridescent Corona25 pts
Power Vortex30 pts Master of Sorcery25 pts
Flames of Tzeentch25 pts Spell Breaker25 pts
Daemonic Robes25 pts Winged Horror20 pts

*HERALD OF NURGLE

POINTS: 115

PAGE: 38

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Herald of Nurgle	4	5	0	5	5	2	2	3	8

Weapons & Armour:

Plaguesword
(hand weapon).

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Poisoned Attacks
- Locus of Nurgle
- Regeneration

Magic:

A Herald of Nurgle that is a Level 1 Wizard will always use spells from the Daemon Lore of Nurgle.

Options:

- Level 1 Wizard50 pts
Palanquin50 pts

Daemonic Gifts (up to 50pts):

- Staff of Nurgle50 pts Stream of Bile25 pts
Noxious Vapours25 pts Soul Hunger25 pts
Nurgle's Rot25 pts Slime Trail10 pts
Pestilent Mucus25 pts

*HERALD OF SLAANESH

POINTS: 90

PAGE: 39

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Herald of Slaanesh	6	7	0	4	3	2	7	4	8

Weapons & Armour:

Claws
(hand weapon).

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Armour Piercing
- Always Strikes First
- Locus of Slaanesh

Magic:

A Herald of Slaanesh that is a Level 1 Wizard will always use spells from the Daemon Lore of Slaanesh.

Options:

- Level 1 Wizard50 pts

Mount (one choice only):

- Steed of Slaanesh25 pts
Chariot of Slaanesh75 pts

Daemonic Gifts (up to 50pts):

- Etherblade50 pts Enrapturing Gaze25 pts
Many armed Monstrosity50 pts Siren Song25 pts
Allure of Slaanesh25 pts Soporific Musk25 pts
Daemonic Robes25 pts Torment Blade5 pts

*BATTLE STANDARD BEARER

One Herald in the army may carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. The Battle Standard Bearer may not be the army's General. The Battle Standard Bearer can choose a single Daemonic Icon from the list opposite – this is in addition to any Daemonic Gifts he wishes to choose.

Standard of Chaos Glory	125 pts
Banner of Hellfire	100 pts
Great Icon of Despair	75 pts
Banner of Unholy Victory	50 pts
Great Standard of Sundering	50 pts

NURGLE'S CARNIVAL

In the Old World, tales are told of the Carnival of Chaos; a nomadic cavalcade of covered carts that brings with it all the pestilences and ills that befall the living. The shrouds of the wagons are rotten and tattered, the wooden frames are bent and splintered and the metal fixings are pitted and rusted. Yet within the plodding caravan of Nurgle all is bustle and activity as the Great Unclean One prepares to launch a festival of decay and destruction upon a village, town or army. In many ways, Nurgle's visitation is akin to a travelling circus or great fair, save that the entertainment it offers is disease, sickness and death.

As the caravan draws near to its destination, the excitement of the Daemons reaches fever pitch. Plaguebearers take stock of pestilence and disease, counting the reserves of sickness, the number of Nurglings, each other and eventually anything that stands still long enough to be counted. Amidst the deep-throated drone of the Plaguebearer's endless tally, the Nurglings chatter and prance like small children about to embark upon a special treat. They squabble and squirm, snigger and squeal as their numbers increase and diminish beyond the Plaguebearers' ability to count them. Amid the general hullabaloo and sense of anticipation, the overly affectionate Beasts of Nurgle bound ceaselessly from Plaguebearer to Plaguebearer, leaving pools of slime and dribble as they pass.

When the Great Unclean One speaks, his manner is that of one accustomed to the stage. He addresses his cast of Daemons, building their enthusiasm by recalling the fine aesthetic qualities of famous diseases of the past. He may mention in passing the wine-dark sea of purple-patterned decay, and allude to the fine flaky texture and slightly salty tang of eczema. As the multitude clamours for more, he will describe the gem-like shine of a boil as it wells to a head, and the final satisfaction as it bursts to expose a glistening cavity of inflamed flesh.

As the great plague carts of Nurgle's cavalcade approach the unsuspecting village or the sleepy town, the Daemons prepare their dance of destruction. In all respects it is a grand performance, and like all performances it has its prelude as well as its climax. In this case the prelude is enacted the night before the assault, when the Daemons of Nurgle dance seven times around their target in an undulating tide of mouldering flesh.

As the moon rises into the sky, the Dance of Death begins its course, and the cast of Daemons moves solemnly over the hills and fields. As the procession moves past the outlying houses, dogs and cattle take up the cacophonous noise, adding

their barking and lowing to the rising song. As the night progresses and the first circuit is completed, the songs become raucous and the dance ever more animated.

As the seventh circuit is begun, the Daemons abandon themselves to a frenzy of song, laughter and madness in which they cry out the terrible things they intend to do on the morrow. As the dance nears its completion, the noise drifts through the air into the houses of the living. Those mortals awakened by the song lie too terrified to move from their beds, whilst those still sleeping experience strange and disturbing dreams. Animals panic in their stalls, or break out of their fields. Butter curdles and milk turns sour. As dawn's sickly glow permeates the air, all falls strangely silent. The seventh circuit is now complete, and the songs of fate are at an end.



CORE

BLOODLETTERS OF KHORNE

POINTS/MODEL: 12

PAGE: 36

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bloodletter	5	5	0	5	3	1	4	1	7
Bloodreaper	5	5	0	5	3	1	4	2	7

Unit Size:
10+

Weapons and Armour:
Hellblade (hand weapon).

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Magic Resistance (1)
- Killing blow

Options:

Upgrade one Bloodletter to a Musician6 pts
 Upgrade one Bloodletter to a Bloodreaper12 pts
 Upgrade one Bloodletter to a Standard Bearer12 pts
The Standard Bearer may have one of the following Daemonic Icons:
 Skull Totem25 pts
 Icon of Endless War25 pts

PINK HORRORS OF TZEENTCH

POINTS/MODEL: 12

PAGE: 37

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Pink Horror	4	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	7
Iridescent Horror	4	3	0	3	3	1	3	2	7

Unit Size:
10+

Weapons and Armour:
Tentacles (hand weapon).

Magic:
A unit of Horrors can cast Spells from the Daemon Lore of Tzeentch. Details are given on page 61.

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Flaming Attacks.

Options:

Upgrade one Pink Horror to a Musician6 pts
 Upgrade one Pink Horror to an Iridescent Horror ..12 pts
 Upgrade one Pink Horror to a Standard Bearer12 pts
The Standard Bearer may have one of the following Daemonic Icons:
 Banner of Change25 pts
 Icon of Sorcery15 pts

THE CHANGELING:

One Pink Horror unit in the army60 pts may include the Changeling instead of an Iridescent Horror.

THE CHANGELING

POINTS: SEE ABOVE

PAGE: 56

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Changeling	4	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	7

Weapons and Armour:
Teeth and claws (hand weapon).

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Formless Horror
- Flaming attacks

PLAGUEBEARERS OF NURGLE

POINTS/MODEL: 12

PAGE: 38

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Plaguebearer	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	1	7
Plagueridden	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	2	7

Unit Size:
10+

Weapons and Armour:
Plaguesword (hand weapon).

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Poisoned Attacks

Options:

Upgrade one Plaguebearer to a Musician6 pts
 Upgrade one Plaguebearer to a Plagueridden12 pts
 Upgrade one Plaguebearer to a Standard Bearer12 pts
The Standard Bearer may have one of the following Daemonic Icons:
 Standard of Seeping Decay25 pts
 Icon of Eternal Virulence25 pts

CORE

DAEMONETTES OF SLAANESH

POINTS/MODEL: 12

PAGE: 39

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Daemonette	6	5	0	3	3	1	5	2	7
Alluress	6	5	0	3	3	1	5	3	7

Unit Size:
10+

Special Rules:
• Daemonic
• Armour Piercing

Weapons and Armour:
Claws (hand weapon).

Options:

Upgrade one Daemonette to a Musician 6 pts
 Upgrade one Daemonette to an Alluress 12 pts
 Upgrade one Daemonette to a Standard Bearer 12 pts
The Standard Bearer may have one of the following Daemonic Icons:
 Banner of Ecstasy 25 pts
 Siren Standard 25 pts

CHAOS FURIES

POINTS/MODEL: 12

PAGE: 49

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Fury	4	3	0	4	3	1	4	1	2

Units of Chaos Furies do not count towards the number of Core choices you must field.

Unit Size:
5+

Special Rules:
• Daemonic
• Flying unit

Weapons and Armour:
Fangs and talons
(hand weapon).



SPECIAL

FLESH HOUNDS OF KHORNE

POINTS/MODEL: 35

PAGE: 40

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Flesh Hound	8	5	0	5	4	2	4	2	7

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Magic Resistance (3)

Unit Size:
5+

Weapons and Armour:
Teeth and Claws
(hand weapon).

KARANAK, HOUND OF VENGEANCE:

One Flesh Hound unit in the army75 pts
may include Karanak as a Unit Champion.

KARANAK, HOUND OF VENGEANCE

POINTS: SEE ABOVE

PAGE: 59

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Karanak	8	5	0	5	4	2	4	4	7

Weapons and Armour:

Teeth and claws
(hand weapon).

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Magic Resistance (3)
- Hatred (all enemies)
- Prey of the Blood God
- Packleader

SCREAMERS OF TZEENTCH

POINTS/MODEL: 30

PAGE: 41

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Screamer	1	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	7

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Slashing Attack
- Flaming Attacks
- Flying Unit

Unit Size:
3-6

Weapons and Armour:
Fangs and horns
(hand weapon).

NURGLINGS

POINTS/MODEL: 35

PAGE: 42

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Nurgling Base	4	3	0	3	3	3	3	3	7

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Skirmish
- Scouts
- Poisoned Attacks

Unit Size:
3-12

Weapons and Armour:
Filth encrusted claws and
teeth (hand weapon).

SEEKERS OF SLAANESH

POINTS/MODEL: 24

PAGE: 43

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Daemonette	6	5	0	3	3	1	5	2	7
Alluress	6	5	0	3	3	1	5	3	7
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7

Options:

- Upgrade one Daemonette to a Musician6 pts
- Upgrade one Daemonette to an Alluress12 pts
- Upgrade one Daemonette to a Standard Bearer12 pts
- The Standard Bearer may have one of the following Daemonic Icons:**
- Banner of Ecstasy25 pts
- Siren Standard25 pts

Unit Size:
5+

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Armour Piercing
- Fast Cavalry
- Poisoned Attacks
(Steeds only)

Weapons and Armour:
Claws (hand weapon).

RARE

BLOODCRUSHERS OF KHORNE

POINTS/MODEL: 70

PAGE: 44

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bloodletter	5	5	0	6	4	2	4	2	7
Bloodreaper	5	5	0	6	4	2	4	3	7
Juggernaut	7	5	0	5	4	1	2	2	7

Unit Size:
1+

Weapons and Armour:
Hellblade (hand weapon).

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Magic Resistance (1)
- Killing blow
- Brass Behemoth.

Options:

- Upgrade one Bloodletter to a Musician10 pts
- Upgrade one Bloodletter to a Bloodreaper20 pts
- Upgrade one Bloodletter to a Standard Bearer20 pts
- The Standard Bearer may have one of the following Daemonic Icons:**
- Skull Totem25 pts
- Icon of Endless War25 pts

FLAMERS OF TZEENTCH

POINTS/MODEL: 35

PAGE: 45

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Flamer	6	2	4	5	4	2	4	2	7
Pyrocaster	6	2	5	5	4	2	4	2	7

Unit Size:
3-6

Weapons and Armour:
Tentacles (hand weapon).

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Skirmish
- Flames of Tzeentch
- Flaming Attacks

Options:

- Upgrade one Flamer to a Pyrocaster15 pts

BEASTS OF NURGLE

POINTS/MODEL: 100

PAGE: 46

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Beast	6	3	0	4	5	4	1	D6+1	7

Unit Size:
1+

Weapons and Armour:

Tentacles and boisterous exuberance (hand weapon).

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Regeneration
- Poisoned Attacks
- Slime Trail

FIENDS OF SLAANESH

POINTS/MODEL: 55

PAGE: 47

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Fiend	10	4	0	4	4	3	6	4	7

Unit Size:
1+

Weapons and Armour:

Teeth and Claws (hand weapon).

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Soporific Musk
- Armour Piercing

DAEMONIC GIFTS

Greater Daemons and Daemonic Heralds may select one or more Gifts from those shown below, as indicated in their army list entry. Multiples of the same Daemonic Gift may not be taken for a single Daemon. Note that Daemonic Gifts are not magic items and are therefore immune to any spells or abilities that destroy, steal or otherwise alter the behaviour of magic items.

Spirit Swallower 100 points
This Daemon drinks the spiritual essence of the living and becomes ever stronger with every soul it devours.

The Daemon gains one wound for each unsaved wound it causes in close combat. This may not take the Daemon beyond its starting number of wounds.

Awesome Strength 75 points
This Daemon strikes not with its own might, but with that of its dreadful master, Khorne.

The Daemon has Strength 10.

Balesword 75 points
The merest touch of this massive befouled blade is fatal to all creatures, Daemon, mortal and undead.

All hits caused by a Balesword wound automatically. Each model that suffers an unsaved wound from a Balesword suffers D6 wounds rather than one.

Twin Heads 75 points
The Daemon has a second head which contains a duplicate brain, allowing it to more swiftly interpret and harness the capricious winds of magic.

The Daemon gains +2 to all casting rolls.

Tzeentch's Will 70 points
The Daemon is party to Tzeentch's knowledge of the intricate pathways of fate and can tug upon the strands of destiny should it so desire.

The Daemon may re-roll a single D6 once per player turn (including a single dice from a batch of 2D6, 3D6 and so on). This ability can be used to cause an Irresistible force or avoid a Miscast.

Dark Insanity 55 points
An unquenchable and terrible fury goads the Daemon ever onwards.

The Daemon replaces its normal Attacks characteristic with 2D6+2. Roll at the start of each combat.

Etherblade 50 points
This weapon flickers in and out of reality at the Daemon's merest command, allowing it to bypass a foe's defences and cut into the soft flesh beneath.

Armour saves may not be taken against close combat attacks made by this Daemon.

Many Armed Monstrosity 50 points
This Daemon has been blessed with a surfeit of grasping appendages, the better to claw and rend at its foes.

The Daemon has +2 Attacks.

Nurgling Infestation 50 points
This particular Great Unclean One is practically brimming with Nurgling pustules and takes the greatest pride in hatching scores of the loathsome creatures during battle.

Roll a D6 at the start of each Magic phase. On the roll of a 2-6 you may immediately increase, by one base, the size of one Nurgling unit within 6". If a 1 is rolled, the Great Unclean One accidentally squashes the Nurglings as they emerge from his body and nothing happens.

Obsidian Armour 50 points
The baleful enchantments of this ebony armour rob all nearby magical artefacts of their powers.

The Obsidian Armour grants a 3+ armour save. In addition, magic weapons carried by enemy models lose all their magical abilities whilst the bearer remains in contact with the Daemon.

Spell Destroyer 50 points
The Daemon can wrench magical power from its foes, using its own Chaos essence to attack the minds of enemy wizards.

Once per battle the Daemon may automatically dispel one enemy spell, exactly like a Dispel scroll. In addition, the spell is lost on the roll of a 4+.

Staff of Change 50 points
The mere presence of this staff causes all natural things to cry out in pain as it reshapes the world according to the Daemon's whim.

Hand weapon. Any model that suffers an unsaved wound from the Staff of Change must pass a Toughness test or be slain instantly.

Staff of Nurgle 50 points
Bound Spell Power Level 3
Within this rod is bound the essence of a particularly loathsome Plague Daemon, who chortles with horrible delight when his pox-ridden power is unleashed on a deserving foe.

This rod can cast the Rancid Visitation spell once during each of its bearer's Magic phases.

Temptator

50 points

Many who come face to face with this Daemon are dominated by its unearthly will and become slack-jawed and drooling playthings.

At the beginning of a combat, one enemy character in base contact with the Daemon must take a Leadership test. If the test is failed, the character will direct his attacks against friendly models or units chosen by the Daemon's controlling player. These wounds count towards the Daemon's combat resolution. If there are no suitable targets in base contact with the character, he or she does not attack at all this turn.

Trappings of Nurgle

50 points

The body of the Daemon is clad in matted filth, barded sores and scraps of metal, granting extra endurance against the blows of an enemy.

The Daemon has an Armour Save of 4+ and the Regeneration special rule.

Power Vortex

30 points

The Daemon uses the nature of its magical binding to empower its sorcerous might.

This Daemon adds an extra Power dice to the pool in each of the controlling player's Magic phases.

Allure of Slaanesh

25 points

The appearance of the Daemon is so peculiarly captivating that few foes can summon determination enough to land even a single blow upon it – even as the Daemon's claws begin to wind and tear their way through the victim's entrails.

Enemy models wishing to attack the Daemon must first pass a Leadership test. If the test is passed, the Allure has no effect. If the test is failed, the affected model may not strike blows in that round of combat.



Axe of Khorne

25 points

This unboly blade screams with the power of the Daemon bound inside it, a Daemon eternally thirsty for the blood of mortals.

The Axe of Khorne bestows the Killing Blow special rule upon all close combat attacks made by the Daemon.

Daemonic Robes

25 points

The Daemon is clad in shimmering robes that reflect not only the colours of the rainbow, but also some of the pent-up fury from incoming blows.

The Daemon can never be wounded on better than a 3+.

Dark Magister

25 points

The great and glorious servants of Tzeentch do not merely control magic, it pulses through their veins as blood does in lesser beings.

The Daemon ignores the result of his first miscast, although the spell still fails.

Enrapturing Gaze

25 points

The perversely enchanting gaze of this Daemon holds the attention of all foolish enough to meet it – even when they should perhaps be looking elsewhere.

Models in base contact with the Daemon may not use another model's Leadership value.



Firestorm Blade

25 points

The runes upon this brazen axe still glow from the heat of its forging upon Khorne's anvil.

The Daemon gains +1 Strength and flaming attacks.

Flames of Tzeentch

25 points

Focussing his arcane might, this Daemon can project a blast of flickering magical flame at its enemies.

This Daemon can fire D6 bolts in the Shooting phase with a range of 18" and a Strength of 4. This attack is treated as a normal missile weapon (and may therefore stand & shoot) but does not suffer the -1 to hit penalty for multiple shots.

Immortal Fury

25 points

This Daemon is consumed by a terrible and everlasting rage, driving it to ever more savage feats.

The Daemon may re-roll missed hits in close combat.

Iridescent Corona

25 points

Glittering multi-coloured fire encases the Daemon's form, burning all those who draw near.

Enemy models in base contact with the Daemon at the start of any combat suffer a Flaming Strength 3 hit before any blows are struck.

Master of Sorcery

25 points

The Daemon has great magical knowledge, honed on a thousand forgotten battlefields over deathless millennia.

The Daemon can use any of the Lore of Magic from the Warhammer rulebook instead of its normal Lore – it knows all the spells from whichever Lore it chooses.

Noxious Vapours**25 points**

None can withstand the putridly gut-wrenching odour of this Daemon!

All enemy models in base contact with this Daemon lose the Always Strikes First rule (if they have it) and always strike last.

Nurgle's Rot**25 points**

Nurgle's choicest pestilence bubbles through the rotting torso of this Daemon, festering the bodies and souls of all whom come near.

Enemy models in base contact with the Daemon at the start of any Magic phase suffer a wound on the roll of a 6, with no Armour Saves allowed.

Pestilent Mucus**25 points**

This Daemon's skin is covered with enormous scabrous boils, filled with rancid fluid. When struck, these loathsome pustules spray all nearby with a yellowish ichor, brimming with disease.

When this Daemon suffers a wound, all enemy models in base contact must pass a Toughness test for each wound inflicted on the Daemon or themselves suffer a wound, with no armour saves allowed.

**Soporific Musk****25 points**

The cloying aroma of the Daemon saps the will and erodes the senses, deadening any survival instinct.

A unit in base contact with this Daemon rolls an extra dice when fleeing and then discards the highest result.

Soul Hunger**25 points**

This Daemon is driven by a terrible and undying hunger for the blood of all creatures.

The Daemon may re-roll failed rolls to wound in the first round of combat.

Spell Breaker**25 points**

By shifting portions of its being into the winds of magic, the Daemon can disperse hostile sorcery.

Once per battle the Daemon may automatically dispel one enemy spell, exactly as if it had used a Dispel scroll.

Stream of Bile**25 points**

The Daemon can vomit forth a stream of maggots, blood and noxious slime which chokes his victim in filth.

This is a Strength 4 breath weapon.

Unnatural Swiftiness**25 points**

The Daemon's lithe and graceful form darts back and forth with unimaginable speed, spilling blood and snapping bones before its victim has registered danger.

The Daemon has the Always Strikes First rule.

Siren Song**25 points****One Use Only**

The Daemon sings an alluring song, drawing the enemy to their doom.

This gift is used once during the enemy turn, before charges are declared. Nominate one enemy within 20" of the Daemon – this unit must be able to charge according to the normal Warhammer rules. The target unit must either declare a charge against the Daemon (or the unit it is with) or immediately flee, exactly as if it had failed a Panic test.

Winged Horror**20 points**

Gigantic wings sprout from the Daemon's back, allowing it to dive upon the unprepared foe.

The Daemon has the Fly special rule.

Armour of Khorne**15 points**

Clad in bale-forged armour laden with runes of slaughter and carnage, the Daemon's hide is all but immune to the blows of mortal men.

The Armour of Khorne grants an armour save of 3+.

Collar of Khorne**15 points**

The dread sigils inscribed upon this brass necklace provide protection against the most powerful of magics.

The Daemon has Magic Resistance (3).

**Slime Trail****10 points**

Some of Nurgle's Daemons expel a repulsive trail of slime as they move, binding all who pass through it.

Enemy units do not receive combat resolution bonuses for attacking the flank or rear of a Daemon with this ability, or any unit he has joined.

Torment Blade**5 points**

This sword is coated with a paralysing venom, a dose of which renders the victim utterly immobile.

Hand weapon. A model that suffers an unsaved wound from the Torment Blade may not strike during that combat phase unless it can pass a Leadership test.

DAEMONIC ICONS

The Battle Standard Bearer and some unit standard bearers can carry a Daemonic Icon at an additional cost, as indicated in their army list entry. A Standard Bearer may only carry a single Daemonic Icon.

Standard of Chaos Glory 125 points

This banner constantly flickers in and out of existence, creating a tear in reality through which the power of the Dark Gods flows evermore strongly.

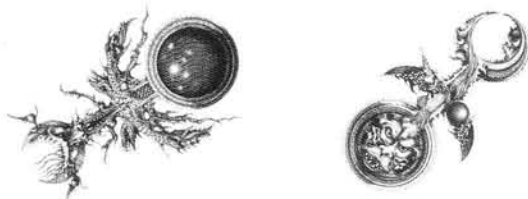
All Daemons within 12" are stubborn.

Banner of Hellfire 100 points

Bound Spell, Power Level 5

This standard is woven from the wrath of the Chaos Gods, and can unleash their firey fury at all foes.

This banner contains a powerful spell that can be unleashed during any friendly Magic phase. Unless dispelled, this spell inflicts D6 Strength 6 hits on every enemy unit within 12" – even those that are in combat.



Great Icon of Despair 75 points

All who look upon this unholy standard see their innermost fears reflected upon its ragged cloth.

All enemy units within 12" of this banner suffer a -2 penalty to their Leadership.

Banner of Unholy Victory 50 points

Rays of dark light shimmer and weave in the air about this standard, scouring scenes from a thousand thousand of the Chaos Gods' victories upon the flesh of those who oppose its bearer.

This banner adds +D3 combat resolution.

Great Standard of Sundering 50 points

Runes of warding crowd close about this banner, their power focussed to deny enemy wizards access to the winds of magic and dissipate those spells that cause Daemons most harm.

After boths armies have been deployed, but before the roll for first turn, choose a Lore of Magic. All Wizards suffer a -2 penalty to cast spells from that Lore. In addition, any spells cast from the Lore of Light will miscast on the roll of a double 1, 2 or 3.

Banner of Ecstasy 25 points

This standard fills daemons of Slaanesh with such euphoria that they care not whether the battle is won or lost, provided there are still bodies to caress.

The unit is stubborn for its first Break test.

Banner of Change 25 points

Bound Spell, Power Level 3

So saturated is this banner with the power of change that it distorts the world around it, turning man and beast to revolting degenerative spawn.

The spell within this banner inflicts 3D6 Strength 3 hits on one enemy unit in base contact.

Icon of Endless War 25 points

This brass standard constantly drips blood, the smell of which quickly drives all of Khorne's followers mad with battle-lust.

The unit adds D6" to its first charge move.

Icon of Eternal Virulence 25 points

Each drop of blood spilt beneath this dank shroud is immediately infected with every affliction known to Nurgle. As the unleashed diseases run rampant, the foe becomes ever more dismayed.

Each unsaved wound caused by this unit's Poisoned Attacks rule adds an extra point of Combat Resolution.

Icon of Sorcery 15 points

The runes upon this banner seem to swirl and distort with each passing second, constantly seeking the ideal configuration for the capture of magical energies.

The unit carrying this banner has a +1 bonus for casting spells. This does not apply to characters that have joined the unit.

Siren Standard 25 points

A daemonic Siren is imprisoned in this banner, its seductive song lulling the senses of all who hear it.

Any enemy unit charged by the bearer of this standard may only choose hold as a charge reaction. They may not stand & shoot or voluntarily flee. The banner has no effect if the bearer is found to be out of charge range.

Skull Totem 25 points

The pole of this banner is thick-set with the captured skulls of Khorne's victims, each marked with a brass-etched rune of slaughter.

The unit carrying this banner may march even if enemy models are within 8".

Standard of Seeping Decay 25 points

A pervasive aura of pestilence surrounds this motheaten banner, sapping the health of all around it.

Models in this unit may re-roll failed attempts to wound.

SUMMARY

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Special Rules	Page No
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Bloodletter	5	5	0	5	3	1	4	1	7	Daemonic; Killing Blow; Magic Resistance (1)	36
Bloodletter (Bloodcrusher)	5	5	0	6	4	2	4	2	7	Daemonic; Killing Blow; Magic Resistance (1)	44
Bloodreaper	5	5	0	5	3	1	4	2	7	Daemonic; Killing Blow; Magic Resistance (1)	36
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The Changeling	4	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	7	Daemonic; Flaming Attacks; Formless Horror	56
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Daemon Prince	8	8	0	5	5	4	7	5	8	Daemonic	48
Daemonette	6	5	0	3	3	1	5	2	7	Daemonic; Armour Piercing	39
Disc of Tzeentch	1	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	7	Daemonic; Flaming Attacks; Fly	41
Epidemius	4	5	0	4	6	2	3	3	8	Daemonic; Regeneration; Poisoned Attacks; The Tally of Pestilence	57
Fiend of Slaanesh	10	4	0	4	4	3	6	4	7	Daemonic; Armour Piercing; Soporific Musk	47
Flamer	6	2	4	5	4	2	4	2	7	Daemonic; Skirmish; Flaming Attacks; Flames of Tzeentch	45
Flesh Hound	8	5	0	5	4	2	4	2	7	Daemonic; Magic Resistance (3)	40
Great Unclean One	6	4	0	6	6	10	4	4	9	Daemonic; Large Target; Terror; Poisoned Attacks	34
Herald of Khorne	5	7	0	6	4	2	6	3	8	Daemonic; Killing Blow; Hatred (All Enemies); Magic Resistance (1); Locus of Khorne	36
Herald of Nurgle	4	5	0	5	5	2	2	3	8	Daemonic; Poisoned Attacks; Regeneration; Locus of Nurgle	38
Herald of Slaanesh	6	7	0	4	3	2	7	4	8	Daemonic; Armour Piercing; Always Strikes First; Locus of Slaanesh	39
Herald of Tzeentch	4	3	4	3	3	2	3	2	8	Daemonic; Flaming Attacks; 4+ Ward Save; Locus of Tzeentch	37
Iridescent Horror	4	3	0	3	3	1	3	2	7	Daemonic; Flaming Attacks	37
Juggernaut	7	5	0	5	4	1	2	2	7	Daemonic; Killing Blow; Magic Resistance (1); Brass Behemoth	44
Kairos Fateweaver	8	1	0	5	5	5	1	1	9	Tzeentch's Will; Daemonic Robes; Twin Heads; Daemonic Terror; Large Target; Fly; Flaming Attacks; Oracle of Eternity	52
Karanak	8	5	0	5	4	2	4	4	7	Daemonic; Magic Resistance (3); Hatred (All Enemies); Packleader; Prey of the Blood God	59
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Ku'gath Plaguefather	4	4	0	6	6	10	4	4	9	Daemonic; Terror; Large Target; Nurgling Infestation; Poisoned Attacks; Hatred (Dwarfs); Slime Trail; Necrotic Missiles	53
Lord of Change	8	6	4	6	6	5	6	5	9	Daemonic; Fly; Large target; Terror; Flaming Attacks	33
The Masque	10	7	0	4	3	2	7	5	8	Daemonic; Armour Piercing; May not join units; Unnatural Reflexes; The Eternal Dance	58
Nurglings	4	3	0	3	3	3	3	3	7	Daemonic; Poisoned Attacks; Skirmish; Scouts	42
Palanquin	4	3	0	3	3	1	3	6	7	Daemonic; Poisoned Attacks	42
Pink Horror	4	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	7	Daemonic; Flaming Attacks	37
Plaguebearer	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	1	7	Daemonic; Poisoned Attacks	38
Plagueridden	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	2	7	Daemonic; Poisoned Attacks	38
Pyrocaster	6	2	5	5	4	2	4	2	7	Daemonic; Skirmish; Flaming Attacks; Flames of Tzeentch	45
Screamer	1	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	7	Daemonic; Flaming Attacks; Flying Unit; Slashing Attack	41
Seeker Chariot	-	-	-	5	4	4	-	-	-	Daemonic; Chariot;	50
Skarbrand	8	10	0	6	6	5	10	7(8)	9	Daemonic; Large Target; Magic Resistance (2) Terror; Hatred (All Enemies); Frenzy; Rage Embodied; Bellow of Endless Fury; Slaughter & Carnage	51
Skulltaker	4	9	0	6	4	2	9	4	8	Daemonic; Killing Blow; Hatred (all enemies); Flaming Attacks; Skulls for the Skull Throne!; Cloak of Skulls	54
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7	Daemonic; Armour Piercing; Fast Cavalry; Poisoned Attacks	43



Skulltaker leads minions of the Blood God to wreak havoc in the mortal realm.



Daemons of Slaanesh stalk the caverns of woe.

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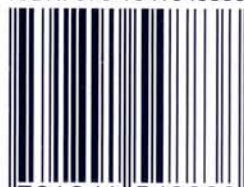


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