# WARHAMMER® QUEST™

## SHADOWS OVER HAMMERHAL



## GUIDEBOOK

## READ THIS FIRST

# HAMMERHAL AQSHA

The Black Fields
Cinnabaric Vaults
The Ghyrous Vents
Ash Hand Burrows
Pillars of Infinity
Charcoal Hill
Cinderworm
Perspicarium
Candle Town
Pyromancer's Tor
Scorched Bone Marshes
Briargate Wood
Ashbark Tower
Bloom Gate Terrace
The Narrows
Briar Bridge
Deep Gate Fields
The Cauldron
Stormrift Realmgate
Great Cathedral of Sigmar
Onyx Shore
Raven Bridge
Heart of Rubeus
Bones of Kazarig
Goldenpath
Thorn Gate Thicket
The Brass Mire
Jadeheart Glades
Cinderfall District
Stormfall
The Cleave
Willow Gate Woods
Forest of the Vine Gate
Lavafall District
Kindle Heights
The Fyre Pots
Halls of Shaping
Black Dust Alleys
The Blackglass Guilds
Crystalarium
The Rhuin Peak

N
W
E
S

# Cinderfall District

The Adramar Rift
Rift Docks
Warehouse District
Ember Hair Lane
Tradeway
Market Docks
The Riftmarket
Red Yugol's Revelrie
Toil's End
Cinder Pass
House of Venargo
The Tar Pools
The Ashen Tangleways
Ashfall Pass
Black Iron Way
The Riftmarket
Belchsmoke Lane
Brassnose Alley
Bellows-tower
Tradeway
Chapel of the Shattered Blade
The Guild of Certified Thaumaturgists
The Gnarled Gate Wood
Soot Cloud Gardens
re Fish arkets
Tallow Park
Blackwood Town
Forest of the Oaken Gate
The Storm Horn
Forest of the Bracken Gate
Heartfire Promontory
The Cogworks
Rune Key Tower

# CONTENTS


**SHADOWS OVER HAMMERHAL** ..... **4**

**A MEETING IN CINDERFALL** ..... **6**

**THE RULES** ..... **36**

Setting Up ..... 37

**GAME RULES** ..... **42**

Destiny Phase ..... 42

Hero Phase ..... 42

Adversary Phase ..... 45

End Phase ..... 47

**FURTHER RULES** ..... **48**

**CAMPAIGN RULES** ..... **50**

**PAINTING GUIDE** ..... **54**

Lord-Castellant ..... 56

Black Ark Fleetmaster ..... 58

Loremaster ..... 60

Cogsmith ..... 62

Chaos Sorcerer Lord ..... 64

Kairic Acolytes ..... 66

Putrid Blightkings ..... 68

Bloodreavers ..... 70





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# WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR

From the maelstrom of a sundered world, the Eight Realms were born. The formless and the divine exploded into life. Strange, new worlds appeared in the firmament, each one gilded with spirits, gods and men. Noblest of the gods was Sigmar. For years beyond reckoning he illuminated the realms, wreathed in light and majesty as he carved out his reign. His strength was the power of thunder. His wisdom was infinite. Mortal and immortal alike kneeled before his lofty throne. Great empires rose and, for a while, treachery was banished. Sigmar claimed the land and sky as his own and ruled over a glorious age of myth.

But cruelty is tenacious. As had been foreseen, the great alliance of gods and men tore itself apart. Myth and legend crumbled into Chaos. Darkness flooded the realms. Torture, slavery and fear replaced the glory that came before. Sigmar turned his back on the mortal kingdoms, disgusted by their fate. He fixed his gaze instead on the remains of the world he had lost long ago, brooding over its charred core, searching endlessly for a sign of hope. And then, in the dark heat of his rage, he caught a glimpse of something magnificent. He pictured a weapon born of the heavens. A beacon powerful enough to pierce the endless night. An army hewn from everything he had lost. Sigmar set his artisans to work and for long ages they toiled, striving to harness the power of the stars. As Sigmar's great work neared completion, he turned back to the realms and saw that the dominion of Chaos was almost complete. The hour for vengeance had come. Finally, with lightning blazing across his brow, he stepped forth to unleash his creation.

The Age of Sigmar had begun.



# SHADOWS OVER HAMMERHAL

**Azyrheim. The very name evokes a sense of fervent wonder amongst Sigmar's folk. It is the seat of the God-King's power, a sprawling celestial metropolis of star-bound towers, soaring, ornamented arches and boundless beauty. With Sigmar's foothold in the Mortal Realms secured after the long and bloody Realmgate Wars, he sought to bring the peace and magnificence of the Eternal City to his reclaimed peoples.**

Thus was founded grand Hammerhal, built in the image of that most wondrous place. Within its towering walls can be found both beauty and danger, faith and intrigue, poverty and fortune. From the gleaming crystal spires of Goldenpath to the mist-shrouded vineways of Ghyra-un-Tyr, there is seemingly no end to its marvels. Yet despite Hammerhal's splendorous facade, most of its citizens never experience a fraction of that opulence for themselves. For those who live in the outer districts life is full of toil and danger, a far cry from the glorious future that the free people of Azyr once imagined.

The Twin-tailed City is comprised of two sprawling metropolises linked together by the ancient Stormrift Realmgate and governed as one. Known as Hammerhal Aqsha and Hammerhal Ghyra, together they are large enough to cover an entire continent. The former lies in the Realm of Fire, while the latter stands amongst the encroaching wilds of Ghyran, the Realm of Life. This unique symbiosis is both Hammerhal's greatest strength and its greatest weakness. For while Hammerhal reaps the benefit of both the mineral treasures of Aqshy and the fecundity of Ghyran, so dependent are the sister cities upon each other that should one fall, the other would surely follow.

And in the dark corners of the city, shadows gather. Cruel minds turn to cruel ends, and the portents promise blood and sorrow...



# A MEETING IN CINDERFALL

**One amongst countless minor trading districts left to deteriorate in the face of Hammerhal's rapid expansion, Cinderfall seems at first glance an unremarkable place, marked only by the tawdry remnants of its former glory. Yet in this unassuming corner of Hammerhal Aqsha, fell powers are gathering, and the wheels of fate draw a band of disparate heroes together to face the coming darkness...**

'Thought you weren't coming,' said the duardin, idly tinkering with the sights on the enormous double-barreled rifle he was resting in his lap. He looked up, revealing a grime-smeared face almost entirely covered by a bushy, white beard streaked with ash. His hair was wet with perspiration, and hung in messy strands above a pair of monstrously overgrown eyebrows.

'Have I ever failed to keep my word, Coalbeard?' said Arvios Sunhelm, leaning upon his halberd and grinning at his old friend, though the duardin could not see any expression beneath his imposing war-mask. 'You only have to call and I answer. Unless you wish me to sample another of your home-brewed ales, that is.'

Golnir Coalbeard snorted, and bent to retrieve his own headgear. Whereas the Stormcast's ornate helm gleamed gold even in the dull light of early evening, the duardin's was fashioned of unadorned steel and bronze, and was covered by a thick film of soot. A half-cog crest ran from front to back, ending in a heavy nose-guard, and a rangefinder monocle hung over Coalbeard's right eye.

'Let's be about this, then,' he grunted, swinging his rifle over one shoulder and gesturing towards the wreckage that lay before them.

Arvios studied the scene. The fallen bellows-tower had collapsed across a street of rickety wooden hovels, crushing them into kindling. The remnants of the structure loomed over the scattered wreckage, looking like nothing more than an enormous copper nail dropped by the hand of some clumsy titan. Duardin-smelted pipework and scaffolding wrapped around the central chimney, which had once stood as tall as several town houses.

The great stone face of a forbidding duardin lord had somehow survived the fall intact and now lay glaring furiously from amongst the debris. Flanking the base of the structure on both sides were strange fan-shaped mechanisms wrapped in what seemed to be a cover of thick black animal hide, held in place by rivets of beaten copper. Before the fall, a cloud of ash motes would have periodically spat forth from the mouth of that great chimney, erupting into the air to drift across the tumbledown buildings that were crammed artlessly into these narrow streets. It was this strange precipitation that had given the modest district of Cinderfall its name.

Arvios could not help but wince as he took in his surroundings. This was hardly the grand dream that was Hammerhal, the twin city of Sigmar. The destruction and detritus around him was a sobering reminder that for the majority of the God-King's peoples the grandeur of mighty Azyrheim, or even the luxury of the noble quarter here in Hammerhal Aqsha, was but a daydream.

Cinderfall was a grim and grimy place. Beyond the gaudy glamour of the Riftmarket, the alleys and backroads were lined with piles of ash and pools of sooty sludge, and barely a structure here was not covered in a thin layer of filth. Buildings were ramshackle affairs thrown together from igneous stone and beams of dark, weathered hardwood. The streets themselves were cramped and overcrowded, filled with drunken sailors fresh from unloading their cargoes at the sprawling rift-docks, and cruel-faced gangsters and knifemen with all manner of marks and tattoos to signify their allegiance.

A gaggle of thin-limbed youths peered out of the ruins of a nearby house, and when Arvios glanced in their direction they scattered like startled mice,

*Built by the Ironweld in the years following the initial founding of Hammerhal Aqsha, the great bellows-towers vent scalding air and dangerous gases from underneath the city. These spiral towers of beaten brass and copper might be crude in appearance, but they are ingenious and intricate in design. The bellows-tower located in Cinderfall has recently collapsed, crushing several dozen slum houses. It lies in shattered segments, waiting for an Ironweld construction team to remove its remnants and install a new structure in its place. Without the stabilising influence of the bellows-tower, volcanic and seismic activity in the region has increased worryingly, yet still the fallen tower lies untouched.*



bounding away over the field of debris. Gaunt, scared faces peered from dark corners, doubtless wondering what had brought this avatar of war to their humble corner of the city. Sunhelm felt a pang of frustration and sadness. For all his skill at war and the blessings of the heavenly storm that permeated every inch of his being, he could not give these people a better life. It would happen, he promised himself. When the fighting was done and the great enemy cast down, they would build a better world. For now, this was the only one they had.

'Quite the scene, eh?' said Coalbeard grimly, shaking the Lord-Castellant from his thoughts.

'Indeed. Though I must admit, I am not sure what draws a Cogsmith of the Ironweld to Cinderfall. What brings you here, Golnir, and why did you request my presence?'

Coalbeard pointed at the ruined building. 'These bellows-towers, they were built by duardin hands, boy. Thousands of 'em, all across the city. Vent the gas that builds up below ground, disperse the heat. They're built to last.'

'Buildings fall, my friend. Nothing, even your fine work, lasts forever.'

Coalbeard snorted in frustration.

'Yeh want to let me finish, boy? Think I'd take you from yer duties if there wasn't a darned good reason?'

Arvios could not help but smile. There were scant few mortals in the realms who would refer to a Stormcast Eternal as 'boy' to their face in so flippant a manner. That curmudgeonly disregard for convention was one of the things he liked most about the irascible engineer.

'I am sorry, old friend,' he said, gesturing for the duardin to continue.

'Past few months, we've seen a lot of seismic activity in this area. Quakes. Some bad ones. Few districts away, in Blackgate, they had a stream of magma spill out into the street. A few people were killed, but it was put down to a faulty lava-channel gate. Alone, all this would add up to nothing of note. Together, it gives me that familiar tingle down the back of me neck.'

Arvios nodded. 'So naturally, you brought this to the attention of the local council and Ironweld representatives.'

'Did exactly that, soon as I heard that the tower had gone down,' said Coalbeard. 'Proposed an excavation mission. A few trusty duardin, we'd dig down into the catacombs below the city, take some readings, see what was what. But the merchants and politicians weren't having that. Said it'll disrupt trade and hit their pockets, and there's nothing that concerns a human as much as finding out he's short a few coins.'

The Lord-Castellant decided not to mention that duardin had their own well-deserved reputation for avarice.

'They said that repairs are planned within the month,' continued Coalbeard. 'That's true enough, I've seen the work orders myself. But my gut told me something was wrong about all this regardless. So I came to take a look for myself. And I found something, Sunhelm. Something I wanted to show you.'

'Lead on,' said Arvios. 'But first, you may want to brace yourself.'

Coalbeard's eyebrows rippled in confusion. Then Archimaine bounded from his hiding place behind a pile of rubble and leapt upon the duardin, bearing him to the ground and nipping at him affectionately.

'Arghgerrof!' shouted Coalbeard, struggling under the weight of the Gryph-hound.

'A textbook ambush from a concealed position,' said Sunhelm, grinning broadly. 'Well done, Archimaine. If you would kindly let him up now.'

The creature gave a grudging trill, and stepped off the prone Cogsmith. Coalbeard lay there, and fixed an accusing stare upon the Lord-Castellant.

'All this time,' he said, 'and you still ain't taught that flea-ridden hound how to behave himself.'

Archimaine growled, and flattened his ears. Coalbeard launched a handful of grime and ash in the Gryph-hound's direction, but he scampered out of the way. The duardin hauled himself upright, and half-heartedly swatted at the ash which now covered his tunic.

'If yeh're quite finished, let's take a closer look at this ruin,' he said.

Coalbeard led them up a steep hill of rubble, all that was left of one of the crushed tenements. Sunhelm hauled himself over shattered stones and splintered beams of wood, taking care where he stepped as the entire shelf of debris seemed on the verge of collapse. At the summit the duardin halted, and waited for the heavier Stormcast to pick his way to the top. Archimaine sat at his side.

'Here,' said Coalbeard as the Lord-Castellant joined them. He indicated the curving wall of the bellows-tower, a length of which lay cross-sectioned before them. The inside of the tower was stained black by decades of venting gas and smoke from deep beneath the city surface, and smashed and bent pipework lay scattered amongst the rubble that filled the destroyed segment. A bafflingly complex arrangement of duardin runes covered the interior wall, softly glowing in the darkness. Set vertically at regular points along the wall were more stern duardin faces, fashioned from gold, mouths open as if roaring out a battle-dirge.

Coalbeard made his way across the field of wreckage, until the curve rose up directly before them, the mouth of a great tunnel strewn with debris. He bent and indicated a section of the tower wall, roughly fifty yards across. Here, the smooth grey stone that comprised the outer wall of the bellows-tower was lighter, not yet permanently marked by the heat and soot.

'This is recent work,' said the Cogsmith. 'Look, that's fresh mortaring. A month or so old at the most.'

'Is that so strange?' asked Sunhelm. 'It looks a relatively minor piece of work to me.'

Coalbeard snorted in exasperation. 'This is sabotage,' he said.

That got the Lord-Castellant's attention. 'Explain,' he said.

'What you've got here is a simple piece of refurbished stonework,' said the Cogsmith. 'Not a complex job. They've shored up a few areas, mortared some newly cut stones and added them. Thus far, no issue.'

He brushed away a layer of dust and grime. As he did so, Sunhelm began to see what had caught the duardin's eye. The closer the brickwork was to the broken edge of the tower, where the structure had split and collapsed, the more warped and strange the stonework looked. Great cracks and holes began to emerge in the surface, and the mortar work was no longer neat and smooth. Instead, the yellow binding material burst out from between the stones, fracturing and undermining the cohesive strength of the entire structure.

'This ain't an explosion, or anything that obvious,' said Coalbeard, lifting up a sample of the yellow mortar that had dried and solidified. 'It was in this. Someone added something to the foundations of this tower that would shatter the stones and bring the whole thing tumbling down.'

'Do you have any idea what this substance is?' asked Sunhelm.

Coalbeard shook his head. 'Nothing I've seen before. Must've acted on a delay of some kind, otherwise whoever planted it would have brought the tower down upon themselves. And there don't seem to be many of these weakened points, so whatever it is, this stuff's effective.'

The duardin raised a small crystal vial, which was filled to the brim with a dull yellow substance that looked like sand.

'So we have proof of sabotage,' said Sunhelm. 'Now we call in an Ironweld investigation party to get to the bottom of this.'

Coalbeard frowned. 'Not yet,' he said.

'Talk, Golnir. It is always good to see you, my friend, but I have duties of my own that I must attend to. The war never ends.'

'What if the war's here at our door? Underneath our very feet?' muttered Coalbeard darkly. 'Listen, Sunhelm, do yeh trust me? Have I ever led you wrong?'

'Not once.'

'Then listen. My gut tells me there's some dark business afoot in Cinderfall, and someone's doing a rare job of covering it up. Until we get a clear picture of what's going on round here, I don't want scores of duardin boots marching all over the district, trampling all our leads into the ash. Just you and me, Stormcast, until we figure this out.'

Sunhelm sighed. 'So, what is our next step?'

'We find someone who can tell us just what this is,' said Coalbeard, indicating the vial. 'And I think I've just the place in mind.'

'Throne of Sigmar,' muttered Sunhelm, staring up at the noble headquarters of the Guild of Certified Thaumaturgists and shaking his head in awestruck horror.

It seemed as if it would fall down any moment. A great, crooked spiral of black stone formed the centrepiece of the guildhouse, reaching high over the roofs of the surrounding buildings. At the base, above a great oak door, was a huge brazier in the shape of the twin-tailed comet of Sigmar, and the green flame smouldering within sent flickering, viridescent light dancing across the surface of the structure, illuminating dozens of worn gold icons depicting suns and blazing fires that stretched all along its length. The great chimney at the tip of the tower was currently belching foul-looking yellow smog into the skies above the district, where it hung oppressively in stinking clouds.

Bunched up against this central tower were a number of smaller spires, bending and twisting off in all directions as if the builder had designed the whole affair on the sketchings of a drunk. Loops of brass pipework and rattling tanks were haphazardly bolted to the surface of these structures, reaching in through brown-stained windows or leaning at worrying angles towards the streets below.

The backstreets here were almost devoid of activity, and from the racket that emanated from the tower of the thaumaturgists, Sunhelm could hardly blame the people of Cinderfall for giving it a wide berth. The entire street smelled of a dizzying blend of different chemicals and materials, all of which burned the eyes and the back of the throat. Rattles, groans and explosions echoed from within the bizarre structure. There was a particularly loud pop, and Sunhelm was sure he heard a yelp of agony from within.

'Come on,' Coalbeard said, striding towards the half-rotten double doors at the front of the central tower. He opened them to the groan of rusting metal hinges, and entered a circular chamber with a spiral stair leading up from the left, and down to the right. In the centre of the room a small man was working behind a desk that was propped up on one side by a pair of moth-eaten tomes. He was dressed in scarlet robes lined with gold thread, with a forked collar so absurdly tall that it rose over the back of his skull. Upon his head he wore a high, wedge-shaped hat, in the centre of which was a symbol of a serpent winding about a flaming crucible.

'You have an appointment?' he asked, in a high-pitched, nasal voice, not looking up from the crude image he was doodling on a scrap of parchment.

'I'm afraid not,' said Sunhelm, approaching and rapping the butt of his halberd on the floor.

The secretary glanced up, irritably. His eyes widened as he stared into Sunhelm's gilded chestplate, and he very slowly arced his back to look up into the Lord-Castellant's war-mask. His quill dropped to the floor, and his mouth hung open dumbly.

'My... my...' he mumbled.

'Pull yerself together, son,' snapped Coalbeard. The top of the duardin's head barely rose over the edge of the desk. He slammed the stock of his rifle against the desk with a crack, and the sound seemed to rouse the man from his trance. He bowed absurdly low, and removed his great hat to reveal a lank and greasy mop of hair, with a very noticeable scorch mark in the centre of his scalp.

'My Lord,' the man squeaked, choosing to remain stooped at the lowest point of his bow, so that he looked like he was searching for something under the desk. 'Wh... What can I do to aid you, my Lord?'

'We wish to speak to the guildmaster,' said Sunhelm. 'We have in our possession a sample of an unknown alchemical substance, which requires identification.'

There was a cacophonic series of thuds and bangs from over their heads. Trails of dust drifted down from the ceiling.

'Master Effonroth is currently in the middle of a rather delicate experiment,' said the assistant. 'He made a point of notifying me that he was not to be disturbed.'

Sunhelm leaned forwards.

'This is an exceptional circumstance,' he said. 'Please, take us to him.'

The secretary smiled a pale, queasy smile. 'Of course, sire.'

Shuffling out from behind his desk, the man gestured towards the steep, winding stair that led up.

The trio stomped up several floors, Sunhelm patiently waiting on the fifth while the secretary stood red-faced, wheezing and spluttering. While he waited, the Lord-Castellant glanced down the cramped corridor that separated from the stairway to their left. There was barely an inch of surface that was not covered with some sort of ugly stain or burn mark, from the spatters of phosphorescent spots that covered the mouldy carpet to the streaks of blue-green that wound their way along the damp stone ceiling.

One of the battered oak doors that lined the corridor creaked open, and a pasty human face wearing a pair of ludicrously oversized crystal goggles peered out. It saw Sunhelm, gave a startled yelp, and slammed the door shut once more. Further down the hallway, a cloud of yellow smoke was slowly drifting out from beneath the crack of another door.

'The... laboratory residences... of our valued guild members,' wheezed the secretary. 'We... provide a safe and isolated place in which to practise the sciences, in exchange for a... very reasonable induction fee.'

Somehow Sunhelm doubted that any aspect of the Guild of Certified Thaumaturgists could in any way be called 'safe', but he had bigger concerns right at this moment.

Eventually the secretary regained his breath, and they climbed another few levels until they emerged in a circular chamber featuring a pair of ironbound doors, from behind which emanated a racket of clanking, bubbling and hissing. Hesitantly, the secretary approached and rapped on an iron plate in the centre of the left-hand door. There was no answer. He smiled apologetically at Coalbeard and the Lord-Castellant, and rapped again, slightly louder. Still nothing.

Coalbeard stepped forwards and raised his rifle. He hammered against the doors with the engraved butt of the weapon.

'There's some important fellers out here that would like to speak with yeh,' he roared. 'If yeh'd be so kind!'

Something within the room toppled to the floor and shattered. There was a high-pitched curse, and a long, unpleasant creaking groan followed by a heavy thud and a yelp. They heard footsteps heading towards the door, and the iron panel slid to the side, revealing a pair of narrow grey eyes ringed with smoke marks.

'Hurfel?' the figure behind the door shouted. 'Hurfel you halfwit, was I not explicitly clear when I asked not to be disturbed? Did I not impress upon you the delicate nature of today's experiments? A quarter's wages docked, man, and the next time this happens you are dismissed, do you hear?'



'Umm... Master Effonroth?' squeaked Hurfel. He stepped aside, revealing the gleaming war-plate of the Lord-Castellant.

'I wish to speak with you, Guildmaster,' Sunhelm said. 'Open the door.'

The latch slammed shut, and there was the rattling sound of a half-dozen locks being opened. After a few moments the door creaked open.

The room beyond looked for all the world as if it been hit by a falling meteor. It was scorched, blackened and blasted, with great yellow smoke stains on the beams of the domed roof above, the apex of the tower. The wide chamber was dominated by a colossal arrangement of copper pipework and bizarre alchemical devices. Bent and battered alembics lay propped up against the wall, bubbling and hissing. Huge jars of bright green liquid cast flickering shadows across the stained and blackened floor. The pipework seemed to have been assembled by a madman in some particular hurry. It wound and spiralled around the room, tangled like badly tied bootlaces, reaching up into the darkness of the tower dome above them.

Standing before a collapsed pile of shattered brown glass and pottery, struggling to upright a great funnel of beaten copper, was a tall, gaunt man dressed in scarlet robes even more elaborately embroidered than those of his assistant. Upon his shoulders was a rack of brass in the shape of a blazing sun, and on this were mounted several burning candles that filled the room with an oily stench. His chest was criss-crossed with leather straps, upon which dangled countless vials, clay pots and flasks containing all manner of bizarre substances. He wore a tall, conical hat, which bore the same serpent-and-crucible image worn by the secretary, and a brass monocle with a faintly pink crystal lens covered his right eye.

'My apologies for disturbing you, Master Effonroth,' said Sunhelm, taking the heavy weight out of the alchemist's hands and setting it upright. 'But we require your alchemical expertise.'

Master Thaumaturge Emirus Effonroth could feasibly have been mistaken for a recently embalmed and powdered corpse if he were to lay still. He was bald and liver-spotted under that towering headpiece, with a pair of bushy grey eyebrows that drooped like the whiskers of a rain-soaked hound. He gazed up at the Lord-Castellant with an inquisitive expression, showing no awe or intimidation in the face of the armoured giant who loomed over him. He looked at Sunhelm the way Coalbeard would look at the breach in a fortress wall – detached, analytical, as if the Stormcast were simply an intriguing problem to be solved. Sunhelm found it slightly uncomfortable.

'You know, I have never seen one of the legendary Stormcasts up close,' he muttered. Sunhelm saw that the man's thin lips were stained a deep blue-black. Effonroth leaned forwards conspiratorially.

'Do you have need of food and drink I wonder? Are your vital organs–'

Sunhelm raised his hand and laid it gently on Effonroth's shoulder.

'Guildmaster,' he said, not angrily but firmly. 'I am afraid our time is limited. We have discovered that a weakening solution was used to cause the district's bellows-tower to collapse. We need you to examine and identify this substance, in order to track it to its source.'

Effonroth's eyes narrowed. 'My Lord, I am currently involved in the key stages of my current experiment. My work is delicate, and it requires constant attention. I am on the verge of creating an elixir that will render–'

'Master Effonroth,' Sunhelm said, injecting a dose of iron into his words. 'This was not a request.'

The alchemist stared up at him, taken aback for the first time.

'Of course,' he said, through a forced smile. 'Forgive me. I shall put my important research aside of course, no matter the profound effect doing so might have upon my results.'

'Enough grousing,' growled Coalbeard. 'And get about your business. We've not got all day.'

The duardin stomped over, seemingly oblivious to the irritated stare of the master alchemist, and slapped the crystal vial into the man's skeletal hands. Effonroth raised the vial to the light, and peered at the yellow-brown contents. His eyes widened in surprise.

'Where did you find this?' he snapped at Coalbeard.

'The bellows-tower, as was said,' said the duardin, meeting the alchemist's angry stare with one of his own. 'Yeh going to tell me what's got you wound up?'

The alchemist peered closer at the sample of powder, shook it up and muttered something under his breath. Then he strode over to his sprawling mess of alchemical equipment, and began rummaging through the clutter. He took the powder from the vial, and tipped it into the cucurbit of a large alembic, adding water from an earthenware pot and stirring the mixture together. With a pair of flint-prongs he lit a fire underneath this large jar, and stoked it. Then he opened a drawer on his desk and reached in. Something hissed and shrieked, and the alchemist yanked his hand back with a curse. He grabbed a pair of tongs and started whacking away at whatever had made the sound.

'Ah!' he yelled. 'Try to savage me, will you? Damned creature.'

Sunhelm and Coalbeard shared an uncertain glance.

Seemingly unruffled, Effonroth once again reached into the drawer and removed a jar containing several crooked fingers with sharp, curved talons. He removed several of these and tossed them into the fire. They sizzled and popped as they were incinerated. The flames leapt higher, changing colour and hue with every passing moment, and a sour, unpleasant odour filled the room. After several minutes, by which point the liquid was bubbling fiercely, a steady runoff had begun to trickle into the second, smaller receiver of the

alembic. Effonroth peered at this second pool of liquid, and Sunhelm moved to do the same.

Through the glass of the alembic the Lord-Castellant could see a pale orange liquid, pure and clear.

'Unacceptable!' shouted Effonroth suddenly. His secretary nearly jumped out of his skin. 'No, no, this won't do at all.'

'What is it?' snapped Coalbeard.

'Larceny!' said the alchemist, slamming a fist on the work surface. 'Theft! I'll find the culprit, mark my words. They will rue the day!'

The master alchemist grabbed at the alembic, hands trembling with rage. He unscrewed the receiver which contained the orange-coloured liquid that had been siphoned off, and hurled the glass container at the door to his chambers. It smashed to pieces, and as it did the liquid within erupted with a blinding flash. When the glare cleared from their vision, they saw that a wide, smoking circle had appeared in the heavy wood. The edges of the hole still sizzled away, and an oddly sweet-smelling smoke drifted out.

'This,' shouted Effonroth, pointing a skeletal finger at the melted door, 'is my own personal invention. A blend of fire-orrox glands, sulchurnate, ground flux-crystal and a number of other ingredients of my own creation.'

'An explosive?' asked Sunhelm, examining the after-effects of the detonation.

'That is a very reductive way to think of it,' sniffed Effonroth. 'We are talking about an extraordinarily versatile decoction that can exist in multiple physical states and performs a very different task in each. When distilled, as you saw, it has numerous applications for both warfare and demolition. Only a few barrels of this substance, positioned at the right spot, could undermine fortress walls, destroy siege engines, perform any number of tasks related to civilian construction or mining.'

'And in solid form?' asked Coalbeard, pointing at the crystal vial he had given the alchemist.

'It acts as a binding agent,' said Effonroth. 'A mortar, if you will. Incredibly powerful, with one small drawback.'

'It explodes,' said Coalbeard, snorting and shaking his head.

'Of course not!' snapped Effonroth. 'Nothing of the sort. It merely expands by a factor of three and six tenths after prolonged exposure to medium-to-high temperatures.'

'There's yer sabotage,' said the duardin. 'Probably mixed the stuff in with regular mortar, waited for the heat 'o the tower to ignite the stuff. Once it's lit, it starts expanding, and the tower's old walls can't handle the pressure. Bang. Collapses, neat as you please, and no obvious signs of tampering.'

'We will get to the bottom of this,' said Effonroth, striding towards the blasted door. 'Follow me. Hurfel, summon Guildbrother Mertain to the under-cellar. I wish to know just how he allowed our stocks to be raided.'

The under-cellar was a vast, low-ceilinged vault of damp, grey stone, the slabs underfoot slick with mould and condensation. On all sides, great stacks of barrels, jars, chests and tuns loomed, some of the piles creaking gently as Sunhelm and his companions passed. It was dark and cool, the only light coming from a glass glow-globe filled with luminescent liquid carried by the guildmaster – Effonroth had insisted that no flames should be allowed within the vault, and had snuffed out the candles that he himself carried. Judging by the bewildering array of oils, powders, bizarre mechanisms and barrels marked with angry red crosses, Sunhelm thought that was fine advice. He swore that one tower of copperbound barrels that he passed was hissing in a worryingly aggressive manner. As the guildmaster walked, the light of his globe washed across the flagstones, revealing intricate patterns and dioramas worked into the floor. Myths and legends of the God-King, and of the wars of reconquest, were traced in a pearl-white metal that shone softly in the gloom. Here, a battalion of Stormcasts battled a chimeric beast under a crescent moon. There, three cowled wizards worked a spell of great power, tearing a fortress of jagged spires and towers of warped bone to the ground.



*It was the Hammers of Sigmar who captured the Realmgate around which Hammerhal is built. Thirty chambers struck at both sides of that crackling thin-spot in reality, battling the orruk tribes who worshipped it as the Maw of Mork. Their tribal kingdoms had long fought over the mystic portal, raising sprawling fortifications upon its twinned thresholds and invading one another through its crackling depths. Given common purpose by the Stormcast attack, the Morkmaw tribes unified. Only after long years of fighting – and with the aid of the Hallowed Knights, the Anvils of the Heldenhammer and several other Stormhosts – did Sigmar's brave warriors at last defeat the orruk scourge. To the Hammers of Sigmar went the honour of raising the first Stormkeeps around the Realmgate, and before long Hammerhal followed.*

*In the years since, its walls have been tested time and again as the Dark Gods hurl their servants against this unwelcome stronghold of Order. Every time, the armies of Hammerhal hold firm, more Stormhosts joining the growing ranks of Freeguild, Ironweld, Collegiate Arcane, Devoted and countless others who defend their new home.*



'Here,' said Effonroth at last, reaching a nondescript arrangement of crates marked with a slash of yellow paint and covered loosely with a tarpaulin. The guildmaster whipped off the covering, and spluttered in outrage.

There were seven crates. Fully three of them had been levered open, and the lids awkwardly replaced. Two were entirely empty. The third still had a number of cloth-wrapped bricks within, of the same yellow-orange clay they had found amongst the wreckage of the tower.

'Two crates!' spat the guildmaster, his thin face flushed in the soft blue glow of his lamp.

'How often d'yeh check your stocks?' said Coalbeard. 'What other catastrophes are sat down here, waiting to happen?'

'Guildbrother Mertain's express task is to take note of our stocks and supplies,' he said, bristling at the impertinence of the duardin's question.

'Hasn't done a grand job, has he?' said Coalbeard, before shaking his head and spitting on the floor in disgust. 'You any closer to guessing why you're stuck in the middle of nowhere in this dump, and not living the high life up in Goldenpath with the Alchemists Guild?'

Effonroth made a sound somewhere between a pained yelp and a snort of astonished, wounded pride.

'Enough, Golnir,' said Sunhelm. 'What we need to know is where this material has gone, and who took it. You will assist us in every step of this investigation, Master Effonroth, and if I am not satisfied with your response, I'll have an Ironweld dig party here within the day to dismantle every inch of this place.' He leaned forwards, looming over the guildmaster. 'Do you quite understand me?'

The alchemist licked his lips and nodded.

From the distance they saw the flicker of lights, and a few moments later the secretary appeared through the maze of boxes, followed by a small, worried-looking man dressed in the same scarlet robes and wedge-shaped hat. As he drew closer, Sunhelm noticed that the entire right side of the man's face was covered by an ugly burn mark. The scars dragged down his lip on that side, giving him a permanently worried grimace. As he saw the Lord-Castellant looming in the darkness, all the colour drained from his face.

'Would you care to explain, Guildbrother Mertain,' said Effonroth, his voice colder than the chill air around them, 'exactly how three crates of very valuable chemicals have somehow disappeared from right under our noses?'

Mertain wiped a sweaty palm across his face.

'There must be some mistake, Master Effonroth,' he stammered. 'Perhaps you entered the wrong amount into the manifest?'

'Nonsense. I pride myself in having a flawless eidetic memory. This reeks of petty larceny, brother.'

Sunhelm took a single step forwards. Mertain's neck crooked as he peered up at the Lord-Castellant. By now the man's face was so pale it was almost translucent. He was trembling visibly. His hand was inching towards the inside of his robes.

'Do not be foolish,' said Sunhelm, raising a hand and taking another step forwards. 'Run, and we will be forced to presume your guilt in the sabotage of the bellows-tower. That is a capital offence.'

'S... Sabotage?' gasped Mertain. 'No! No. He never said a word about sabotage, he said he wanted the substance for some harmless excavation.'

'Whom do you speak of?' asked Sunhelm. He was only a few yards from the man now.

'I can't!' shrieked Mertain. 'He'll skin me alive!'

Sunhelm saw the motion coming before the alchemist had moved a muscle. As Mertain's hand thrust into his robes and retrieved a small vial, the Lord-Castellant was already moving. His hand closed over the man's neck just as Mertain flicked off the cap of the vial and hurled the contents down his throat. Suddenly the Stormcast Eternal was grasping at a pale green mist which swirled through his hands. It coalesced into a vaguely humanoid shape, and swept away over the top of a mountain of stacked clay pots.

Sunhelm was already moving. He thundered down a cramped alleyway of teetering boxes, heading towards the faint trails of vapour he could see in the distance. There was a loud bang as the alchemist was abruptly returned to human form, stumbling and crashing against the wall of crates on either side. His eyes flicked back to the pursuing Lord-Castellant, terrified, and he reached into his robes once more and hurled another vial. This one smashed into fragments on the hard stone floor, and as it did so it sparked into a conflagration that whipped up the side of the containers before Sunhelm. The Lord-Castellant barely slowed. He lowered his head and charged through the flames, ignoring the searing heat as the chemical incendiary clung to his armour.

When he emerged on the other side of the fire, he had lost sight of Mertain. Somewhere ahead, Archimaine was screeching. Coalbeard came rolling through the flames, his beard sparking with embers, his rifle held in soot-smeared hands.

'Where's he gone?' growled the duardin, scanning the rows of containers around him.

'Archimaine will have his trail,' said Sunhelm. 'Follow me, my friend.'

They followed the Gryph-hound's angry trills, which were coming from the direction of the spiral stair that led to the upper floors and to the main door of the tower.

'Can't let him get away,' roared Coalbeard, his short, powerful legs pumping furiously as he tried to match Sunhelm's stride. 'Get me a shot, Arvios. Get me close.'

Up ahead the under-cellar opened up into a clearing. There was Mertain, scrambling up a set of bookshelves, hurling tomes back at the Gryph-hound, who jumped and howled and hissed as he tried to get his razor-sharp beak around the fleeing man's legs.

The alchemist paused, panting, and reached into his robes once again. He drew out a clay beaker, uncorked the stopper and drained it. Then he set his feet on the top of the bookshelf and leapt off into empty air. He sailed impossibly far, his arms waving and flailing for a handhold as he crunched into a tower of barrels some fifty yards away.

'Yeh've got to be kidding me,' growled Coalbeard. He raised his rifle to his shoulder and took aim at Mertain, who was gracelessly toppling down the stack of barrels, sending dozens of them rolling across the floor in all directions. Sunhelm threw out an arm and pushed the barrel of the duardin's rifle down.

'No shooting,' he said. 'Firstly, we want him alive and unhurt. Second, Sigmar alone knows what's in those barrels. We will have to do this the hard way.'

Mertain crouched and leapt again, soaring off towards the stairway. He struck the arched opening with not-inconsiderable force, and bounced off to land on his back on the cobbles, lying there moaning for a moment before scrabbling to his feet and out of sight up the stairs as he heard the sound of his pursuers close on his heels.

Sunhelm reached the stairs, and took them three at a time. Archimaine baying at his side, he burst out into the ground floor entrance of the tower. The front door was open and swaying on its hinges. He rushed outside, scanning the ramshackle buildings all around, searching for a sign of the alchemist.

There he was. He scrabbled like a spider up the side of a two-storey house opposite the tower, hauling himself up over rotten beams and onto a roof of ash-strewn tiles. He turned, and Sunhelm clearly saw his pale, burn-marked face, even in the hazy afternoon glow.

The Lord-Castellant bit back a curse. Archimaine would have the man's scent, but if they lost the alchemist now it could take an age to track him down. Meanwhile, there was someone running around Cinderfall with a few crates' worth of volatile explosives, pursuing who knew what agenda.

Mertain turned, bent his knees and leapt into the air again, away into the backstreets. He rose several yards into the air before a ball of what looked like blue-white flame struck him in the side, hurling him end over end across the rooftop. He crashed down hard, rolled several times, and lay still. Loosened by the impact, the roof tiles began to slide free, taking their unconscious cargo towards the ten-yard drop to the cobbles of the street below.

Sunhelm ran forwards, knowing that he would not make it to Mertain before he fell.

A figure ran across the roof, lightning-fast and as light-footed as a dancer. The newcomer skipped across the falling tiles, holding perfect balance even as the ground below him slid away. Leaning down, he grasped the unresponsive alchemist under one arm, and with surprising strength for one so slim, hauled him upright and leapt into the open air. The Lord-Castellant already had his halberd readied as the figure dropped to the street, landing in a composed crouch with Mertain held securely in his arms.

'You need not raise your weapon against me, son of Sigmar,' said the figure, in a soft, melodic voice. 'We are warriors fighting the same war.'

It was an aelf. An aelf dressed in flowing blue robes, a gleaming, rune-engraved sword at his hip. His helm was silversteel and gold, and in the centre of the open-faced basinet was an inverted crescent of polished silver, a gem of glittering orange embedded in the centre.

Dropping the alchemist to the ground, the aelf reached up and hauled the wondrous helm free, releasing a torrent of flaxen white hair and a narrow, cold face with eyes that shone with a fierce pride.

'I am Loremaster Alnaryn, of the White Tower of Hammerhal Ghyra,' he said. 'Greetings to you, Hammer of Sigmar. I believe our paths have crossed for a reason.'

'Did yeh kill him?' spat Coalbeard, panting slightly with exertion and eyeing the newcomer suspiciously.

'Of course I did not,' said Alnaryn, frowning. He rolled the prone figure of Mertain over with his boot. Indeed, the man was still breathing, through he did not seem to have come out of his ordeal entirely unscathed. His half-burned face was covered with bruises, and blood was dripping from a badly broken nose.

'I am Arvios Sunhelm, Lord-Castellant of the Hammers of Sigmar. Greetings, and my thanks for your intervention,' said the Lord-Castellant, bowing in genuine respect. 'Would you mind informing me what business the Eldritch Council has in Cinderfall? They surely would not send a warrior as skilled as yourself if the need were not dire.'

'I could say the same about you, Lord-Castellant,' said Alnaryn. 'Please, I will tell you all, but let us take our prisoner somewhere safe to interrogate him. I do not trust these streets. Eyes are everywhere.'

Guildmaster Effonroth was only too happy to find a chamber in the upper halls of the tower where the captured alchemist could be stored. He had taken the man's betrayal as a personal affront.

'I have developed an almost flawless truth serum that should prove invaluable during the interrogation,' he said as they secured Mertain to a chair and Coalbeard went through his robe, removing the various bottles, vials and other strange devices that lined its endless pockets. 'Yes, I believe this would be an excellent opportunity to test the efficacy of the refined version. I'm quite confident that I have now eliminated the more severe side effects almost entirely.'

Sunhelm gestured to the door. The Lord-Castellant had been forced to duck low to enter the room. Even

now, his helm almost scraped the stone ceiling.

'You may leave, Master Effonroth,' he said firmly. 'I will conduct this interrogation personally. There will be no need for your assistance.'

He ushered the complaining alchemist out of the door and slammed it shut.

The chamber they occupied was a grim, mouldy room that had obviously not been used in many years. A moth-eaten pair of curtains let in a sliver of light from the dipping sun, and an uncomfortable-looking bed lay askew against the far wall. Upon rows of hastily erected shelves on the leftmost wall were dozens of glass containers of varying size, containing a bewildering array of ingredients and specimens. Eyes the size of a man's palm floated in a grey-green chemical mixture, next to a stack of luminescent pelts and a jar full of what looked like severed arachnid heads, their multitude of eyes peering hatefully from the darkness. In a larger fluid-filled tank at the top of the display, something writhed and slithered, masked by a cloud of sediment. Coalbeard stood against the door, while Alnaryn the Loremaster sat cross-legged on the floor, his blade laid horizontally across his knees. Archimaine hopped up on the mouldy bedsheets and perched there, staring at the unconscious prisoner through narrowed eyes.



'What brings you here, aelf?' said Coalbeard, dispensing with any pretence of diplomacy as usual. 'Yeh didn't just happen upon us there, did you?'

Alnaryn ran a long, elegant finger down the flat of his blade. The craftsmanship of the weapon was exquisite. The amberstone hilt was studded with perfect gems, and the cross guard swept upwards to form the same crescent motif that the aelf bore on his helmet.

'I hail from Hammerhal Ghyra, and the White Tower of the Singing Gardens,' said Alnaryn. 'It is a place of tranquillity and peaceful study. I have not left its blessed walls in a decade or more, yet duty called me hence. Have you ever seen the walled gardens of Ghyra?'

Sunhelm nodded. 'I have, but only briefly. I remember acres of peaceful forest glades, the canopy stretching many miles overhead. Endless fields of swaying acali-vines, their pollen drifting on the winds like snow. Would that I had been able to stay longer.'

Alnaryn nodded. 'The bounties of the Realm of Life are beyond number and description, and the artisanal talents of the Greenpriests afford the citizens of the twin cities just a sample of their verdant wonder. In exchange, the metal-seers of Aqsha hold back the ever-growing Fellbriar with their moats of fire and great timber-engines. Since the founding, it has always been thus. Hammerhal Ghyra is the beating heart, and Hammerhal Aqsha the shield. In this way, we are truly a symbiotic organism. This is our greatest strength and, perhaps, our only weakness.'

The aelf stood, brushed aside the curtains and looked out over the city, bathed in a gentle orange by the setting sun.

'I am here because that balance is threatened,' he said, and his voice was grim. 'There is a rot in the heart of the grove. Our plants wither and die. Trees bleed a sickening, diseased sap. The breadbasket of the Twin-tailed City is being poisoned, and the blight is spreading. The Greenpriests cannot find the source of this infection, but I have spent many days in reverie, reading the ancient ley lines of this city, and the remnants of the fallen empires upon which it rests. The signs led me here. There is a great corruption beneath the district of Cinderfall.'

'Told yeh so,' said Coalbeard, glancing at the Lord-Castellant.

'If this is so, why has the Eldritch Council not dispatched a force to investigate the source of the corruption?' asked Sunhelm.

'They have,' said Alnaryn. 'Me.'

There was no arrogance or boasting in his words. He spoke them matter-of-factly, as if the answer were obvious.

'The Council believes in the scalpel cut before the axe swing,' he continued. 'If we were to march a detachment of Swordmasters into the catacombs beneath the city, we could be assured that whoever is behind these attacks would notice, and respond in

kind. Probably we would defeat them. Perhaps we would not. So instead they send a lone trusted agent to assess the situation.'

'What brought you to the Guild of Thaumaturgists?' asked Coalbeard.

'You did. The reports of seismic activity intrigued me as much as they did you, master duardin. When I saw a member of the Ironweld in tense conversation with a Lord-Castellant of the Hammers of Sigmar, it was safe to assume that you were here to make an investigation of your own. It was fortunate that I followed you here, would you not say?'

Mertain the alchemist gave a soft, low groan. His face was caked in dried blood, and his bare arms were covered with bruises. Without his robes, the small and skinny man looked like a sheared sheep, all inelegant bones and pale skin that had not seen the sun in weeks.

'Yeh're in a lot of trouble, son,' said Coalbeard, stepping forwards and lifting the man's head with his calloused fingers.

'For the moment we are simply talking about the theft of valuable materials from your employer,' said Sunhelm. 'But given the evidence linking this substance to the destruction of a part of the city's infrastructure, there is a case for you to be charged with high treason. You know the punishment for treason, do you not?'

What little blood remained in Mertain's face drained away. Every citizen of Hammerhal knew the punishment. Traitors and heretics were cast from the Bridge of Penitents, in the shadow of the great cathedral of Sigmar at the heart of the city, to be swept up in the river of molten stone that flowed beneath its soaring arches.

'Please,' he pleaded. 'Please, I did not know! You have to believe me!'

'Yeh want us to believe that?' roared Coalbeard, brandishing his heavy rifle. 'Then start talking, yeh traitorous worm. Tell us who you dealt with, where you met. Everything yeh know.'

'It was gambling, to begin with,' the alchemist stammered. 'There was a fight on at Toil's End, Olrig's place. I drank too much, bet against the wrong brawler. Lost more coin than I owned.'

'Keep going,' said Coalbeard.

'That's when they came to me,' Mertain continued. 'There were six of them, aelves like you.'

He gestured at the Loremaster Alnaryn, who looked up to meet the alchemist's eye.

'Not like me,' he said, calmly.

'I... I just mean, they were aelves. But their hair was black, and their skin covered in ink. They wore cloaks, hoods. I never saw their faces. They offered to pay off my debt, in return for a simple favour.'

'I see where this is going,' said Coalbeard, shaking his head in disgust. 'Did yeh not think these lads might be trouble?'

'Of course!' squeaked Mertain. 'But what was I to do? They weren't the type to take no for an answer, and Olrig hates swindlers. He'd have taken my fingers if I didn't pay up, and I need my hands to do my work!'

'That's what y'get for gambling with money you don't have,' said the duardin.

'Continue,' said Sunhelm. 'How did you steal the explosives, and how did you trade them with these aelves?'

'I'm good with numbers, so the guildmaster likes me to handle the stocktaking and inventory,' the alchemist continued. 'The tower houses fifteen members of the guild, and in return for their fees they get their own laboratory-chamber. Here we're free to pursue whatever scientific endeavours take our fancy, free from judgement and unwelcome attention. Fifteen brother alchemists, at the very forefront of the profession. As you saw in the under-cellar, our experiments produce a bountiful return. We experiment, we test, we sample. We move on. The guildmaster might boast of his sharp memory, but there's stuff in that cellar that dates back years, and I'm the one responsible for the manifest. The aelves told me they wanted a discreet explosive substance that they could use in mining operations. Initially they wanted me to develop my own, but I told them it would be simpler to smuggle Effonroth's work out of the guild.'

'Why not buy their own explosive powder?' asked Alnaryn. 'Surely such products are available on the black market?'

Mertain shook his head. 'I don't know. I didn't dare ask them any questions like that. I don't ask them much at all. They pay me well, and I don't want to get my throat cut by poking my nose into their business.'

'When are you to meet them next?' asked Sunhelm.

'That's just it,' said Mertain. 'We're done. The last trade was this morning. They said they were shipping out of Hammerhal tonight, after they'd taken care of a few last bits of business.'

Coalbeard cursed.

'Where are they?' asked Sunhelm, leaning over the alchemist, his war-mask only a few inches from the man's trembling face.

'The largest warehouse in the hide-stores,' Mertain stammered. 'They said the *Hel's Claw* was there, that it would be in the air by early light. But I don't know what they mean, I–'

'I do,' said Coalbeard. 'Worse luck. That's the name of Fleetmaster Vizrin Kyre's ship. The reaver captain.' The sun had disappeared by the time they reached the warehouse district. By now the streets of Cinderfall were ominously dark, lit only by the smouldering embers of torches and the faint shimmer of the great shield overhead. As they hurried through the streets, the slum-houses began to give way to taverns and pleasure-houses, built next to the Tradeway to lure in bored, drunken sailors and dock-workers looking

*As the shining jewel of Sigmar's expanding domain, Hammerhal is one of the centres of trade throughout the realms. By day, thousands of airships, skycutters and lava-cogs make their way to dock at the city's trading districts, and the rift-docks echo to the sounds of sailors and labourers shifting a bewildering array of exotic cargo and livestock from their vessels to the merchants' stalls and the sprawling dockside warehouses. This is hard and physically demanding work. Riftsiders tend to be hardy, practical folk, well-muscled and sun-beaten from many years of physical toil undertaken in the blazing heat. The common folk gain no renown and earn little wealth from this onerous existence, but it is the tireless exertion of the God-King's people as much as the power and might of his armies that keeps the wheels of his empire in motion.*





for a good time after hours of heavy labour. Rowdy, half-cut brawlers swayed and staggered about, issuing slurred challenges to anyone that crossed their path. Kohl-eyed, half-naked figures danced in smoke-misted doorways, promising untold pleasures to those with coin to spare.

It was not a common sight to see a Stormcast warrior wandering the streets of the outer districts, let alone a mighty Lord-Castellant and his loyal Gryph-hound, with an aelf and a duardin in tow. Many dark figures scattered out of his way as the party ran past, doubtless imagining that the warriors of Sigmar had been unleashed against the common criminals of Cinderfall.

'Sigmar bless you, sire,' said a wizened figure bearing crutches and perched upon a wheeled stool, a copper-rimmed bowl tied between the stumps of his severed legs. A former soldier, no doubt, abandoned and left to beg for a living after a lifetime of service. The man creaked forwards on his meagre conveyance, head bowed as low as he was able, tears pouring from his bloodshot eyes.

'Bless you,' he choked out from between racking sobs. 'Oh, Sigmar bless you, mighty lord.'

There was no time to halt, or to pity the unfortunate man. Sunhelm thundered on.

They passed over a bridge of brass with railings of dull copper worked in the pattern of a roaring fire. Beneath

*Reaching up from the bedrock on both sides of the Stormrift, Sigmar's warriors discovered rich outcroppings of realmstone. Formed from the concentrated magics of the Mortal Realms, these volatile crystals were a valuable yet dangerous source of arcane power first harnessed by the renowned architect Valius Maliti. The energies that poured from their central lodeshards were crucial in speeding along the construction of Hammerhal, fuelling the efforts of the Ironweld engineers to raise new defences and expand the city's boundaries. It was the engineers who – with the aid of the Lord-Relictors – caged the energies of the realmstone, building elaborate sigmarite machineries around them to harness their volatile sorcerous emanations. In Hammerhal Aqsha, those wrathful energies powered a vast shield of flickering lightning, while Hammerhal Ghyra funnelled them into protective wards to confuse and misdirect hostile invaders.*

*Now, decades after its founding, Hammerhal stands unbowed as an immense and thriving metropolis, full of incredible wonders. Hammerhal Ghyra grows an endless bounty of produce, which the inhabitants trade through the Stormrift Realmgate with their more mechanically minded neighbours in Hammerhal Aqsha. In return for keeping the fire city fed, the life city receives a carefully channelled flow of molten stone that they direct into broad defensive canals in order to hold back the overwhelming fecundity of the Realm of Life. Each time Hammerhal Ghyra expands its borders, these lava canals are redirected to claim new land, leaving hollow, ashen networks of tunnels in their wake which the city's streets wind between. Hammerhal Aqsha, by comparison, often uses technology to advance its boundaries. Huge iron-legged cogforts lumber ever outwards from the city's edges, the lightning conductors atop their towers expanding the city's energy-shield even as the guns of their garrisons watch over Hammerhal's approaches. Behind them, Hammerhal Aqsha spreads, the zealous Devoted cleansing the land with their blood before the work crews move in behind them to raise wondrous structures in Sigmar's name.*

them ran a lava channel, one of the canals of liquid fire that criss-crossed the region, visible beneath the clear crystal conduits that suppressed the scalding heat and channelled the molten rock through heating ducts and into the great duardin furnaces spread out far underneath the city proper. Eventually the trio broke out onto a wide thoroughfare of smooth, black stones, worn by many years of use.

A few trade carts hauled by snorting fire-orrox were making last-minute journeys towards the dock warehouses, but the large majority of the traffic had faded away by this hour. The sky overhead was amber, the clouds tinged by the faintest hint of amethyst, and silhouettes of the great trader airships drifted lazily along the rift-lanes.

The Adramar Rift lay just beyond the rows of warehouses ahead. The cavernous abyss that carved its way through several districts was a tectonic after-effect of the extensive duardin engineering works that had marked the city's founding. Landlocked Hammerhal Aqsha had no immediate water source besides the mineral springs that had been funnelled up to the surface from many miles underground, so those who wished to trade in bulk were forced to travel via land or sky.

'Fleetmaster Kyre's well known around these parts,' said Coalbeard, panting slightly as he caught up with Sunhelm. 'A former reaver, so it's said. Now he runs a different trade. His lot stalk the ash-deserts and mountains around the city, hunting the creatures that dwell there. They kill 'em, skin 'em, sell their parts for a hefty profit.'

'A dangerous profession,' said Sunhelm. 'I have fought the beasts of the ash wastes. Cinder giants, firecrawlers the size of a cathedral. These aelves should not be underestimated.'

'Kyre in particular,' said the duardin. 'He's hunted men and monsters all across the realms. There's plenty of nonsense spoken about him. That he can't be killed but with his own blade, that he keeps a fire hydra below decks on the *Hel's Claw* and lets it feed on those who disappoint him. A hundred other rumours. Rot, most of it, but you don't rise to command a privateer fleet without handing out your fair share of death.'

'We must be cautious,' said Alnaryn. The aelf's eyes scanned the rooftops and streets. 'Doubtless these reavers will have sentries on watch, and we are a conspicuous band.'

They crossed the black stone road, and slipped around the back of the nearest warehouse. It was a tall, wide structure of hide-wrapped wood, the roof arched and bound in leathery, reptilian skin. Though the air at the rift-dock was temperate, even slightly cool, no merchant captain worth his salt would take chances with the unreliable environment of Cinderfall. A single drifting ember belched forth from a malfunctioning bellows-tower could burn an entire row of warehouses to the ground. To safeguard their precious goods, the traders had taken to covering the structures in hides taken from the fire-resistant creatures that dwelt outside Hammerhal Aqsha. It gave the warehouse district a strange, organic quality.

As they came to the end of an alley between two of the large structures, Alnaryn held up a hand and gestured for them to halt. He pressed himself up against the building on the right and paused, absolutely still.

'What do you see?' whispered Sunhelm.

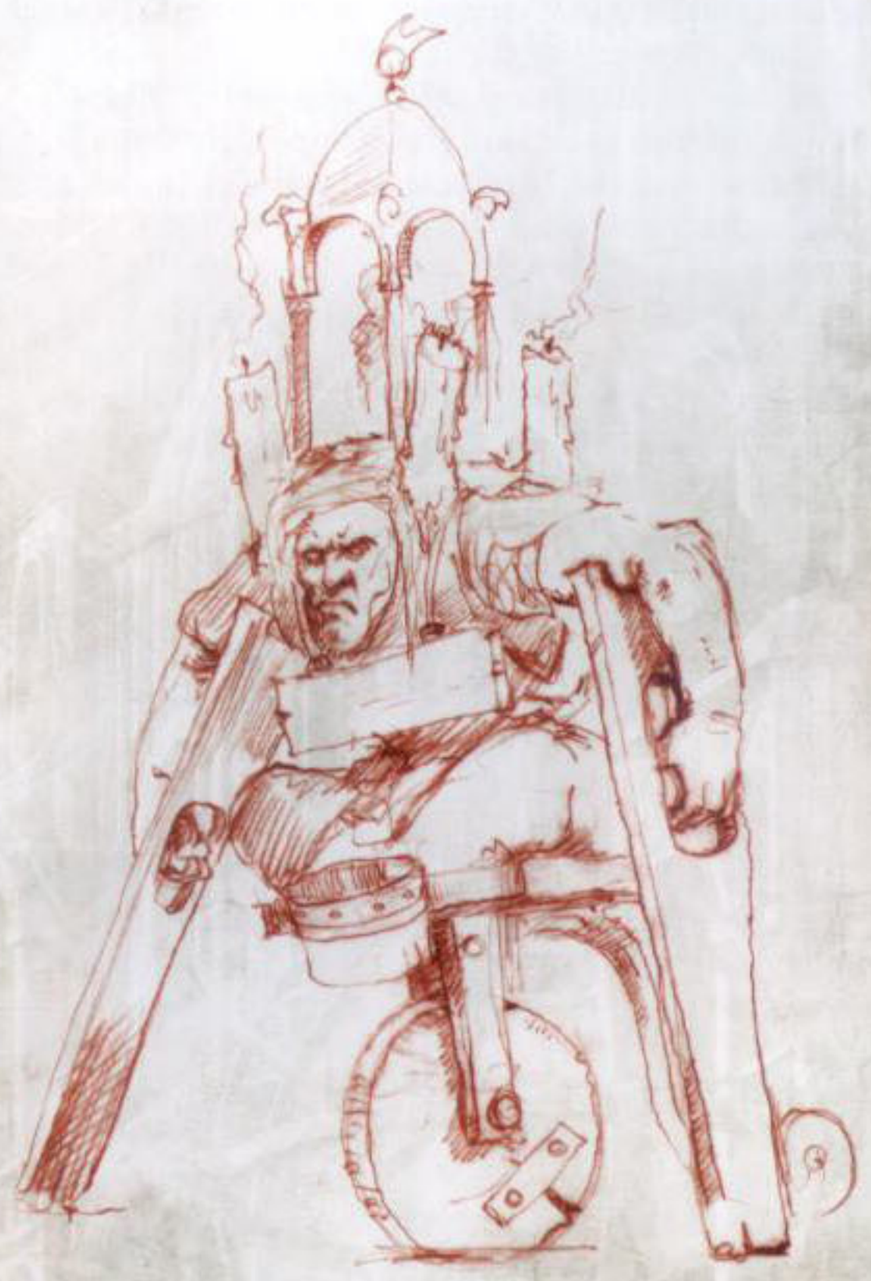
'Cloaked figures,' said Alnaryn. 'Aelves, perhaps fifteen of them. They enter a warehouse across the way, the largest in the area by some distance. Two more stand guard with volley-bows, one on each side of a clearing. If we move from here, they will see us.'

That was true, no doubt. Sunhelm's war-plate was a blessed artefact that could turn aside an orruk's axe swing and protect him from the sorcerous fires of heretic mages, but stealth was not among its many virtues.

'Can't just wait here,' growled Coalbeard. 'Let's go kick down the front door.'

'Fleetmaster Kyre is either involved in a conspiracy to undermine this city, or he knows those that are,' said Sunhelm. 'We cannot risk him escaping.'

The Lord-Castellant cautiously glanced out of cover and saw an open square filled with carts, crates and assorted debris. On the left, abutted against the huge warehouse that loomed in front of them, was what looked like a storehouse filled with coils of rope,



wooden beams and tools. On the roof of this smaller structure was a figure, crouching with a crossbow held at the ready. Across the way, hidden from casual observation within a stack of boxes, was another figure. Between them they had a clear field of view across the clearing.

'Unless he's posted two blind sentries,' said Coalbeard, 'we ain't getting close without them spotting us.'

'Let us circle around behind the one on the left,' said Sunhelm. 'Perhaps we can get close enough to silence him, then take the other.'

'Wait here,' said Alnaryn. Before they could object, the Loremaster had bolted away down an alleyway between containers on their left. The air seemed to shimmer around the aelf wizard as he ran, and then he had turned a corner and disappeared.

'Damned aelves,' spat Coalbeard.

They waited several agonising moments. The two aelf sentries strode back and forth, scanning the shadows for signs of movement.

'Look,' said Coalbeard, hitting Sunhelm on the arm with a dull clang.

Sunhelm followed the duardin's gesture and saw the Loremaster Alnaryn appear from between a stack of containers opposite the storehouse upon which the leftmost sentry stood. Alnaryn's sword trailed out behind him as he ran. As he approached the storehouse wall the Loremaster leapt, kicking off as he made contact and rolling his body to scale the lip of the structure. The aelf sentry spun, hearing the impact, but Alnaryn was already tucking into a roll, closing the distance before the unfortunate sentry could lower his bow. Alnaryn rose with his sword out, and Sunhelm saw the blade gleam as it emerged from the sentry's back.

Alnaryn did not stop for a moment. He bore the dying sentry to the floor, and wrestled the crossbow from the aelf's limp hands. Raising it to his shoulder, the Loremaster aimed across the way at the second sentry, who was yet to notice the disturbance, and loosed a bolt. It shot out across the clearing and hit the oblivious aelf square in the chest, spinning him around to roll down the tower of crates upon which he had perched.

The Lord-Castellant and Coalbeard rushed across the clearing towards the now unguarded warehouse, meeting Alnaryn at a wide double door at the front of the building.

'Be ready,' said Sunhelm. 'We do not know what lies within.'

Holding his halberd ready in his right hand, the Lord-Castellant grasped the heavy, hide-wrapped door and eased it open.

The interior of the warehouse was filled with row upon row of boxes and barrels, piled at least ten feet high on all sides. Glow-globes mounted on the wall bathed the warehouse in a soft, flickering yellow light. The air smelled musty and sour, and there were dark stains and scorches all across the hardwood floor.

A walkway wound around the top of the structure, encircling an array of dangling metal cages. Some were empty, while others were so filled with thick clusters of vines and exotic plants that the occupants could not be glimpsed – though the soft growls and hisses that issued forth as the party passed underneath were a sure sign that something was alive up there. Sunhelm saw a pair of baleful eyes with yellow crescent pupils peering through the vegetation, following their path through the crates. As he returned the gaze, the eyes slowly shrank back into the darkness. Coalbeard looked around, his heavy two-barrelled rifle pressed firmly to his shoulder, scanning the shadows for a sign of movement.

'They're here somewhere,' he muttered.

Alnaryn strode forwards, drifting between the crates that loomed on all sides. Sunhelm and Coalbeard followed, weapons out and ready, the Lord-Castellant's warding lantern dimly illuminating their path. Archimaine padded in their wake, low to the ground, his ears flattened against the feathers of his nape.

They passed through several narrow channels of stacked boxes packed with strange ephemera of all shapes and sizes. Piles of skins, ornately carved figurines and totems, their daemonic faces leering out of the gloom. Glowing stones carved with alien runes. A row of mirrors that reflected not the gloomy warehouse around them, but instead placed the Lord-Castellant and his companions in the depths of a colourful, verdant forest. Stacked blades, both ornate and savagely primitive. Sunhelm saw the jagged cleaver of an orruk warrior leaning next to a long-barrelled handgun of exquisite design, too ornate to be a standard Ironweld piece.

The rewards of a life of piracy and adventure across the realms. Sunhelm wondered how much blood Fleetmaster Vizrin Kyre must have spilt to amass such a collection.

They emerged from the cluttered alleyways into a clearing, perhaps a few hundred yards across. More containers stuffed full of treasures loomed on all sides. The three companions strode out into the middle of the space. Sunhelm's skin crawled with the familiar battle-sense. They were being watched, he knew. Archimaine began to hiss softly, his golden eyes sweeping back and forth over the dark corners of the warehouse.

'Greetings,' came a good-natured voice, echoing around them. 'My name is Vizrin Kyre. I apologise for the mess. I've not been here in some time, you see.'

A figure dropped from the walkway overhead, landing gracefully on the mountain of discarded goods ahead of them. It was a male aelf, taller by several inches than the Loremaster, and so thin-limbed and gaunt that his graceful movement seemed exaggerated

and almost unsettling. One side of his angular face was covered by a shock of black hair streaked with white that reached down past a barbed cuirass of gold. He wore a cloak of reptilian scales that swept about his shoulders, and the jawbone of some vicious aquatic monster served him as a gorget. The most remarkable feature of the aelf, however, was his left leg. Severed below the knee, the missing limb had been replaced with a gleaming, serrated blade. It skittered and scratched across the wooden surface beneath him as he walked, like the exoskeletal forelimb of some monstrous arachnid.

Before Sunhelm could say a word, Alnaryn was already moving. He skipped gracefully up the mountain of treasure, hurtling towards the Fleetmaster. He reached the top in moments, lashing his fine greatsword out to cut the legs from under the aelf corsair. Kyre skipped backwards out of the way of the Loremaster's strike, and it seemed his false limb did not hinder him at all.

Sunhelm had fought in enough battles to recognise the confident grace of a master swordsman. The aelf's hands dropped to the cutlass and barbed hook he wore at his belt, and in a flash the weapons were in his hands. Kyre's smile showed the tips of pointed teeth.

'I have no quarrel with you,' he said to Alnaryn, his pale eyes shining with dark humour. 'But I have to admit, I'm curious to see you fight.'

He stamped at the floor with his blade limb. The razor edge sliced through the leather straps holding the lid of a container of glass jars filled with green liquid. The contents spilled out, tumbling down the face of the stacked crates, some smashing on the floor below. The ground sizzled and hissed where the liquid splashed, and a foul, acrid smell rose into the air. Alnaryn growled as one of the jars smashed against his vambrace, searing the polished metal. Somehow the Loremaster kept his footing, skipping out of the way of the deluge, scrambling up until he was level with the Fleetmaster, his sword lashing out to deflect a rain of blows from Kyre's hook and blade.

'Enough!' roared Lord-Castellant Sunhelm. 'Stay your blades.'

It was no use. The two duelled with frightening speed, exchanging blows so swiftly their weapons seemed little more than a blur. The air rang with clashing metal. Kyre locked the Loremaster's blade between the cross of his own weapons and kicked out with his bladed limb. Alnaryn wrenched his sword free just in time, but the Fleetmaster's kick scored a deep mark across his chestplate. The Loremaster worked his graceful fingers in a complex pattern, and blue fire spat from his hand to strike the Fleetmaster in the chest. Kyre was hurled head over heels, but somehow turned his fall into a controlled roll, coming to a halt just a few inches from the edge of the stack.

Figures appeared on the walkways above. Kyre's ten remaining men. Three lowered crossbows, aimed them



Cinderfall was once a prosperous and highly trafficked trading zone, but the ever-expanding nature of Hammerhal Aqsha meant that eventually the affluent merchant houses and foreign traders moved on to pastures new. In their place rose the Spice Guilds and criminal gangs, tempting a different class of trader to the great rift-docks that border the northern edge of the district. A remnant of the former Grand Bazaar remains in the form of the bustling Riftmarket, but the air of legitimacy is now a front for the trade of illicit goods and a thousand different flavours of vice. At the northern edge of Cinderfall lies the Adramar Rift. Originally an unfortunate by-product of the tectonic trauma caused by the foundation and excavation of Hammerhal Aqsha, the city's rifts have either been filled with duardin mines and engineworks, or left as impressive reminders of the scale of civil engineering within the grand city. The Adramar Rift cuts through several major districts, and is the main thoroughfare by which merchant trader airships travel through the city. During the day the sky is filled with sails and gas balloons, vessels of every conceivable shape and size jostling to be the first to moor at the dock and get their wares to market. Merchant fleets, pirate cogs and warships from a hundred fledgling empires flock to the wharfs and piers of the city, bringing with them countless treasures, rare goods and trinkets.





Stepping off the rift-docks, a traveller is greeted by a sea of colourful tents and a swarm of merchants bartering loudly in a hundred different accents, selling an astonishing array of esoteric magical items, exotic pets and other rare goods. Reknari shieldbeetles haul cages filled with fluttering, squawking birds of paradise. Fire-orrox snuffle and stamp their feet, leaving burning hoofprints behind. Traxatins, ghyrebirds, fell-cats and terrows add their howls and screeches to a chorus that can be heard halfway across the city. From dawn to dusk, the air is thick with the smells of civilisation: salted meats, exotic spices, the pungent stench of tanneries, gutters and livestock, and the metallic tang of fine Ironweld arms and armour, and a thousand-thousand other aromas. Perfumed, painted merchants are hauled through the streets on groaning palanquins, while sun-weathered stall vendors bicker and barter with passers-by.

The rift-docks are the acceptable face of the district, a place of boisterous yet largely honest business. However, one need only take a few steps into the backstreets for the atmosphere to change drastically. Here, tumbledown rookeries loom over narrow, ash-strewn streets, and shadowy figures beckon the brave or foolhardy into dark alleys with the promise of unknown pleasures. With living space in short supply, unscrupulous craftsmen with little concern for regulation or safety have crammed these wretched hovels together to create a stifling network of foul-smelling, multistorey dwellings, split by narrow streets slick with night soil and tallow, and stained black by ash fall.



*The Tradeway runs across Cinderfall, providing a vital connection between the Riftmarket and the warehouse district. Beasts of burden haul precious cargo along this wide thoroughfare, and the streets are lined with drinking houses, gambling dens and pleasure parlours placed front and centre to catch the eyes of dockhands, traders and sailors with a few coins to spare. The most striking structure here seems at first glance to not be a building at all, but rather the coiled and armoured exoskeleton of some gigantic insectoid. Fortunately, this particular firecrawler, a magma-devouring species of giant centipede that bedevils duardin miners working deep below the surface, is long dead. The carcass, with its thick crimson plating and wicked barbed claws, towers over nearby structures. Despite its frightening aspect, the body provides a cool, comfortable shelter from the heat outside. The duardin owner of the establishment has converted the interior into an alehouse named Toil's End. Its speciality ale, known as magmahak, is actually brewed using the fire-spewing glands harvested from firecrawlers.*

*There are rumours of even darker things beneath the city, in the catacombs that run far, far into the ground. Hideous, eldritch denizens guard treasures of a long-forgotten empire, it is said, and purest emberstone lines the walls of burial chambers and sprawling mausoleum-cities. It has been decreed by the Devoted a death sentence even to venture into these labyrinthine depths, though those guilty of doing so rarely see the headsman's axe. All that is heard of the brazen few who venture into the depths is a distant screaming at the witching hour, echoing up from the darkness.*





*Just outside the boundary of the Riftmarket there stands a large, well-appointed mansion built in the Azyrite style that seems strangely out of place amid its ramshackle surroundings. A black iron fence surrounds the complex, its surface engraved with images of capering, thin-limbed figures and weeping angels. Guards are stationed at the front gate at all times, wearing great fur-collared longcoats over breastplates engraved with the sigil of House Venargo – an open palm bearing a radiant diamond – and elaborate ceremonial masks. The locals swear that they have never seen the guards remove their masks, nor ever heard them utter a word. The family Venargo controls the trade and, it is said, nearly the entirety of the vice within Cinderfall and its surrounding districts. Montis Venargo, the patriarch of the house, claims a pure Azyrite bloodline, and purports to be descended from a former member of Azyrheim's civil council. Whether that is true or no, the man has not been seen on the streets of the city for many years now. By all accounts he would be entering his second century of life. Venargo's two sons, Ercule and Haverly, provide the House's public face. Outwardly they project a friendly, civil-minded image, but it is true that every cartel or guild that has tried to wrestle control of the markets away from the House of Venargo has met with a sudden, often violent end. Nothing that could be linked back to the House, of course – a couple of warehouse fires, an unfortunate outbreak of blacklung, the emergence of damning evidence linking the son of a rival with a blasphemous cult. Through it all, the House of Venargo stands. Some say it always will.*



at Alnaryn and loosed. The Loremaster ducked low, spinning as he went, raising his free hand. Three bolts whipped down and struck thin air around that hand, shattering into fragments in an instant.

'No!' shouted Kyre, wiping a bloody smear from his face. 'Hold your shots. He's mine!'

Then the pair were closing again, and the dance of blades began anew.

'Enough of this,' growled Sunhelm. The arrogant fools would kill each other before too long. 'Golnir, take them down.'

'Thought ye'd never ask.' Coalbeard was already sighting his shot, the rangefinder lens of his helm slotted over one eye. He had slung his cog axe, and his rifle was pressed against his cheek.

He fired. The weapon bucked, and thick smoke erupted into the air. Coalbeard's aim was perfect. His shot blasted apart the crate upon which the two aelves duelled. The ground collapsed beneath them, tonnes of trinkets and treasures spilling to the floor in an avalanche, bearing Alnaryn and Kyre downward on a tidal wave of toppling crates, spilled urns and myriad other treasures. Skipping and leaping aside gracefully, both aelves somehow landed on their feet amidst the detritus, staring at the debris surrounding them.

'Yeh quite finished?' asked Coalbeard, leaning on his rifle. He spat a gobbet of something unpleasant onto the floor of the warehouse. Alnaryn simply gazed at the Fleetmaster, his calm expression betraying not a hint of unease, as if there was nothing in this world that could possibly cause him trouble.

'You know why we have come?' Sunhelm asked Kyre, who stared back at the Loremaster, entirely undaunted.

Kyre gave the Lord-Castellant a brief nod.

'I can guess,' he said. 'But I promise you, I am not the one you seek.'

'Aye, well that's the sort of thing I'd expect to hear from a traitor,' snorted Coalbeard.

'Let him speak,' said Alnaryn. He held his blade at low guard with one hand, the other rested freely at his side. 'If he plays us false, I shall melt the flesh from his bones and send his soul screaming into the abyss.'

The corsair simply laughed, though Arvios swore he caught a flash of anger in those ice-cold eyes.

'You think I have been buying explosives and other illicit goods?' Kyre asked, aiming his question at the Lord-Castellant.

'We are here to find the truth,' said Arvios. 'A man is already heading to the dungeons, and he gave us a single lead – the name of your airship, the *Hel's Claw*, spoken by his co-conspirators.'

Kyre shook his head. 'I am the master of a fleet numbering hundreds of vessels,' he said. 'Do you think I could have risen to this lofty perch if I were capable of making such a foolish mistake? You offend me. Believe me, Lord Stormcast, I have no wish to see Hammerhal burn. It has been home to me for many years, and it has treated me well. Very well, in point of fact.'

He waved a hand at the stacks of crates that

surrounded them.

'These aelves told our man that they were leaving tonight,' said Sunhelm. 'After one last piece of business was taken care of, they said.'

Kyre's head snapped around at that. Then his lips split in a broad smile, and he laughed.

'Oh, now it becomes clear,' he said. 'Of course, how foolish of me. I would imagine they are already coming.'

'We are already here,' came a voice from the darkness.

Figures emerged from the gloom. Scores of them. They wore cloaks and half-masks to conceal their faces, but their eyes glittered menacingly in the dark. Archimaine began to snarl. Sunhelm glanced around. More figures appeared on the crates overhead. There was a commotion on the walkway. Kyre's crossbowmen gurgled and fell, run through by long knives. As they fell they revealed their killers – further cloaked shadows.

'To whom do I speak, then?' shouted Kyre, still smiling, as if he had not noticed the three-score or more killers who now surrounded them. 'Captain Alkir of the *Whisper*? Rarvian of the *Kraken's Eye*? Captain Culthoon? Captain Hvarki?'

Three aelves strode forwards out of the darkness. Each was dressed in the same flamboyant manner as the Fleetmaster. The leader wore a sash of crimson silk over a longcoat of purple that was embroidered with sharks' teeth. On his left was a sallow thug with a birthmark in the vague shape of a crescent around his eye and a wide-brimmed hat capped by a colossal purple feather. The remaining corsair was a broad and muscular female, covered head to toe in tattoos of impressive complexity. In one hand she twirled and flipped a stiletto blade, running it through her fingers with absent-minded dexterity.

'Ah, how interesting,' said Kyre, bowing with exaggerated grace. 'Good Captain Icthys. It is always the quiet ones, is it not? I do not recall you ever voicing your displeasure at my leadership.'

'This is nothing personal,' said Icthys. 'You had your time, when you ruled the skies and not a soul dared challenge you. Those days are gone. You would have us drop anchor here and live out our lives as glorified merchants, hunting down vermin whenever the council decides to grace us with a contract. That's not who we are, Kyre. We are reavers, raiders. Killers. Your men, your captains, they need the wind in their sails and their knives between their teeth.'

'Oh, you disappoint me,' frowned the Fleetmaster. 'I had always thought you a man of ambition.'

'I am. Once we've killed you I'll take the fleet and I'll leave this doomed city. I will find us a new home, a new harbour from which we can raid across the realms at will. We'll remember the old ways, Kyre. When we took what we want, and no one dared to stop us.'

'So that is why you betrayed me,' nodded Kyre. 'I understand the impulse. I'll gut you for it and leave you drowning in your own blood, but I understand. But what about the rest? Stealing from my stores. Buying stacks of explosives from those fools at the Guild of Thaumaturgists?'

'That was business,' shrugged Icthys. 'I needed coin to sway enough captains to my cause. So I found someone who hates this stifling, stinking city as much as I do. And I gave them what they wanted.'

'Who?' said Sunhelm. Every instinct of his warrior's mind was telling him to leap forwards and crush this wretch's skull, but he managed somehow to restrain himself.

Icthys ignored the question, but Sunhelm saw a flicker of unease as the aelf met his eyes.

'You weren't meant to be here, Stormcast,' he said, and shook his head. 'I've seen your kind fight. You were made for war. But look around you. Even you and the spire-dweller can't beat these odds.'

'Yeh're forgetting someone,' growled Coalbeard.

Icthys shrugged. 'So be it. By the time anyone finds your corpses, I will be at the helm of the *Hel's Claw* and we'll be long gone, away into the realms.'

Kyre turned to the two flanking captains.



'Captains Lyvor and Talyn,' he said, addressing first the aelf in the ludicrously ostentatious hat, and then the tattooed knife-wielder. 'I offer you a choice. You can join this fool on his doomed quest, and end your lives as skinned corpses hanging from the prow of the *Hel's Claw*, or you can run him through right now and spare yourselves the agony.'

They gave each other a quick glance.

'Sorry about this,' said Lyvor, not meeting the Fleetmaster's gaze. 'It's the way it has to be, unfortunately. Always respected you, Kyre.'

The tattooed female drew another blade from her belt.

'We'll make it quick,' she promised. 'Out of respect, you see.'

Kyre nodded, and sighed theatrically. He turned to the Lord-Castellant and his companions.

'Well, I can only apologise,' he said. 'It seems that I underestimated the cunning and skill of my lieutenants. Master duardin, if you could do the honours.'

Coalbeard furrowed his brow.

'The crate marked with the red skull,' Kyre whispered. 'In front of you, high and to the left.'

The Cogsmith's eyes flickered to the stack of containers in front of him, upon which two-score aelves knelt with weapons ready. His eyes widened in recognition.

'Got yeh,' he said, and with astonishing speed he raised his rifle to his shoulder and fired.

The aelves were quick. They were already loosing crossbow bolts and leaping forwards with cruel, jagged scimitars when the shot struck the skull-marked case. Not quick enough.

The warehouse erupted. A wall of white fire swept out from the destroyed container, enveloping a dozen aelves, sweeping them from their perches and sending their charred bodies spinning and tumbling through the air. The explosion ignited more volatile materials within the pile of stored treasures, and secondary blasts rippled across the face of the pile, hurling yet more figures high into the air.

Sunhelm was already moving. While others reeled and ducked, stunned by the concussive sound and force of the blast, he strode towards the inferno. An aelf stumbled into his path, and he swept his halberd across, striking the corsair's head from his shoulders. Icthys and his fellow captains were only a few yards away.

Icthys looked up, saw the Lord-Castellant striding out of the flames towards him. His eyes went wide, and he grabbed at the scimitar at his belt.

'Kill the Stormcast,' he yelled. 'Bring him down!'

Crossbow bolts began to rain off Sunhelm's armour from on high. He growled and raised an arm to shield his face and neck, feeling the punch of impacts rattling his breastplate. A brave but foolish corsair came in from the side, attempting to drive a long polearm into the Lord-Castellant's side. Sunhelm smashed the weapon away, grabbed the aelf and lifted him into the air with his free hand. He heard the wet thud of bolts slamming into flesh, and blood splattered across his helm. The aelf went limp in his hands, but he could feel more bolts thudding into the corsair's body. He heard the report of Coalbeard's rifle, and an accompanying howl of agony. He hurled the bolt-ridden corpse aside.

Around him there was chaos. Kyre fought Talyn, the dagger-wielding aelf captain, working his blades in furious circles to deflect the flurry of her strikes. The daggers flipped and turned in her hands, blindingly fast. The Fleetmaster whipped his cloak to the side, catching the captain's right-hand blade as it struck at his ribs. He punched out with the pommel of his scimitar, and Captain Talyn staggered backwards. Kyre rolled his blade extravagantly and followed after her, disappearing into a billow of smoke.

Aelf corsairs howled and shrieked as they rolled amongst the detritus that covered the floor, trying to snuff the flames that had engulfed them. Coalbeard was crouching behind a cluster of leering totem poles, leaning back into cover as a storm of bolts whickered down from on high and slammed into the wooden columns. The duardin slung his rifle and reached behind his back, drawing two enormous long-barrelled pistols. He caught the Lord-Castellant's gaze as he thumbed back the hammers.

'I've got yer back,' he yelled. 'Get after the aelf!'

He waited until the rain of crossbow bolts ceased, and then leaned out and blasted away at the walkway overhead. Two figures were thrown backwards over the rail in puffs of pink-white smoke, toppling down to disappear into the rising flames.

Sunhelm scanned the room. Thick black smoke was billowing out from the burning stores, and figures shambled and staggered in the blackness, coughing and retching. Something struck him hard on the back, and he staggered slightly. He heard the scratch of metal as a knife searched for an opening in his sigmarite plate.

More figures raced from an alley on his left, leaping upon the Stormcast and trying to bear him down, their daggers slashing and stabbing. He felt one sink between the armour plates of his leg and score a deep wound on his thigh.

Something leapt out of the darkness with a howl of rage. It was Archimaine. He struck the figure that was upon the Lord-Castellant, and there was a horrified scream as the Gryph-hound's razor-sharp beak tore into flesh. Sunhelm reached back and found a fistful of cloak, dragged another aelf free and threw the figure to the ground. It was the corsair captain, Lyvor. His cutlass was wet with blood.

'Wait!' pleaded the aelf, 'I can hel–'

Sunhelm lifted his boot, and stomped down on the aelf's chest. Bones splintered with a grinding crack, and the corsair spat blood. Sunhelm drove the spear-tip of his halberd through the dying aelf's throat.

'Lord-Castellant!' came a voice from his left. It was Alnaryn. Bolts whipped down at the Loremaster, but

he waved them aside with a flick of his hand. 'This way, the traitor flees!'

With that, the aelven wizard was off, bounding gracefully over fallen forms, heading back towards the entrance to the warehouse. Sunhelm thundered along in his wake. Alnaryn rolled low, and cut the legs from underneath an aelf as he rose. He turned, and called a ball of rippling energy into his hand. He launched it at another figure, who was sent hurtling back to crash into a bookcase full of crumbling leather-bound tomes. Clouds of dust erupted into the air at the impact.

'Coalbeard!' the Lord-Castellant shouted, turning back to scan for the Cogsmith.

'Why are yeh stopping for me?' shouted the duardin, appearing out of the smoke, stumbling over fallen bodies and reloading one of his pistols. 'I can breathe smoke as easy as air, boy.'

More explosions rippled through the warehouse behind them. The remaining corsairs were sprinting out of the inferno and into the humid night air, all thoughts of pursuing their quarry temporarily abandoned. The Lord-Castellant and the Cogsmith followed, and as Alnaryn ushered them through the warehouse door, they saw Captain Icthys and around a dozen of his men in the distance, his pale, angular face a mask of hatred. He turned and disappeared into the darkness, his men drifting after him like shadows.

Archimaine gave a piercing cry, and raced after the fleeing party.

'He has their scent,' said Sunhelm. 'And a Gryph-hound does not lose his quarry once he has it marked.'

'It seems we have that in common,' came a voice from behind them.

Kyre leaned against a stack of cases several yards away, watching the fires devour the warehouse. His dark eyes shone with the reflection of the flames.

'It's a strange thing,' he said, 'to watch decades of your life burning to the ground. With what was stored in that warehouse a man need never exert himself again. Buy a manse over in Goldenpath. Live in luxury for the rest of his days.'

He turned to the Lord-Castellant.

'Gods, such a life would be so tedious, would it not?' he said.

'We must go,' said Alnaryn, urgently. 'Now.'

'And I shall follow,' said the Fleetmaster, drawing his weapons.

'Why should we trust you?' asked Sunhelm.

'Trust is for fools. What matters is what I can offer. I know this city better than any of you. I have seen its beating heart. You are a stranger here, Stormcast, and so are your companions. You need me. And if you insist upon a reason to trust me, know that Icthys and whoever he conspired with to steal from me must die. Slowly, and in exquisite agony.'

Sunhelm could hear Archimaine in the distance, calling him to the hunt.

'So be it,' he said, turning to the aelf corsair. 'But understand this – if your actions reveal you to be a

*Roof-runners play their deadly games across the ramshackle, treacherous rooftops of Cinderfall, which offer quick traversal and avenues of escape – so long as one is nimble enough to avoid stepping on a rotten timber or a rusted iron railing and plunging to their death, or falling prey to the soot-scuttlers that make their home in dank stairways and mould-ridden attics.*

*The gangs are in charge here, at least outwardly; the Ash Hands and the Riftborn are two of the most prominent, and have settled into an uneasy truce over the last few years after their street battles drew unwanted attention from the Freeguild. While the district does maintain a patrol detachment of guardsmen, they typically keep to themselves, only stepping in to restore order in the direst of situations. These patrols do occasionally stray into gang territory, but the city's criminal element is wise enough to see the value of bribery and caution in their dealings with the military – no one wants a full regiment of Freeguild gunners, or, Sigmar forbid it, the headsman himself, coming for them.*



threat to my city, my judgement will be immediate and merciless. Do not take me for a fool, Fleetmaster Kyre. I will warn you only this once.'

Kyre laughed and saluted the Lord-Castellant.

'Well aren't we a fine company of brothers in arms? What say we find ourselves a traitor and hang his skinned and broken corpse from the rigging?'

Icthys had fled across the wide avenue of the Tradeway before plunging into the backstreets. It was a maze in here, a labyrinth of winding alleyways and dead ends. Archimaine did not slow for a moment. The Gryph-hound pounded along the streets, sending terrified civilians diving aside and stopping to howl and shriek in frustration every time the companions fell behind.

'We're coming, yeh damned beast,' panted Coalbeard. The duardin was covered head to toe in ash and grime, though Sunhelm could glimpse the redness of his face beneath the dirt and hear his laboured breath.

Alnaryn had scaled the face of a building and now ran along the rooftops overhead, leaping over the gaps between streets with an easy grace.

'Do you see them?' shouted Sunhelm.

Alnaryn suddenly swerved to the side and rolled beneath the cracked wreckage of a broken chimney. The Lord-Castellant saw two darts whip past the Loremaster, missing him by mere inches.

'I believe so,' shouted Alnaryn, now out of sight.

Sunhelm cursed as more figures appeared seemingly out of nowhere on the muddy path ahead. Archimaine veered to the side as crossbow bolts splattered in the filth around him, jumped and struck the wall of the alley with his hind legs, and then sprang at the shadowy figures. His momentum sent him bowling into two of the aelves, knocking them to the ground. The rest loosed a last volley at the tangle of struggling limbs and torn flesh and then faded back into the darkness.

'They have no taste for another brawl,' said Kyre. 'They will strike and fade, try to hamper us and kill the hound. If the beast dies, we cannot track them.'

Archimaine rose from the torn bodies of his assailants and limped towards them. Two crossbow bolts had sunk into the Gryph-hound's flank, and the vicious, barbed heads had torn a bloody line in his flesh. The creature swayed and fell, his breathing weak and shallow.

'Easy, my friend,' said Sunhelm, kneeling and reaching for the warding lantern he carried at his belt.

'Leave the beast behind,' said Kyre. 'They are close. We can find them.'

'Never,' muttered Sunhelm. 'Easy. Easy, old friend.'

He raised the glorious artefact that was the symbol of the Lord-Castellants.

Radiant light shone forth from the face of the lantern, bathing the Gryph-hound's flesh in soothing celestial energies. As the beast's breathing steadied, Sunhelm reached down and tugged the barbed crossbow bolts free. Archimaine gave a shriek of pain, but almost instantly the torn flesh began to knit together and close over. In moments the Gryph-hound was up and moving easily.

'That is a clever trick,' said Kyre, nodding in appreciation.

'It is no trick,' said Sunhelm. 'It is the blessing of mighty Sigmar.'

'As you say,' said Kyre with a shrug. 'In any case, they likely think the beast dead, and our only method of tracking them lost. We should encourage that thought. Let us follow them cautiously, and let them believe they have evaded us.'

Alnaryn appeared at the edge of the roof overhead.

'The reaver speaks sense,' he said. 'We have the chance to catch them unawares.'

Sunhelm nodded, and ruffled the feathers under the Gryph-hound's beak.

'Careful and quiet, Archimaine,' he said. As always, the creature seemed to intuit his words. He let loose a soft trill, and padded away into the darkness.

'Not much of a secret hideout,' grunted Coalbeard, staring at the block of abandoned houses opposite them. The structures were single-storey affairs, age-old and badly weathered. Their arched roofs sagged and leaned, and mildew and rot infested the darkwood beams that held them together.

'You were expecting a flock of chimera, perhaps?' said Kyre. 'A moat of eldritch fire? Hordes of armoured giants? Looking rundown and inconspicuous is rather the point.'

Coalbeard turned, and tapped his cog axe on the Fleetmaster's chest.

'Watch your tone, boy,' he said.

'Cease your posturing, both of you,' said Sunhelm. 'The time has come to end this. We will hit them hard and fast, before they even know we are here.'

'You plan to simply charge up to the front door?' asked Kyre incredulously. 'These aelves aren't fools, Stormcast. Icthys will be gone as soon as he sees you coming, and believe me he will see you coming. You are rather hard to miss.'

'What do you suggest?' said Sunhelm.

'I suggest that we look for another entrance,' said Kyre, and rapped on the floor with his blade-limb. They looked down. Under a layer of grime and ash was a wide disc of rusted metal.

'Hmm, maybe the aelf's on to something,' said Coalbeard. 'There are duardin sewer-works all through this district. Might be that we find ourselves a way to get close.'

The Lord-Castellant bent and worked his fingers into the groove at the side of the metal cover and pulled it open, feeling the metal bend slightly in his iron grip. An appalling stench rushed out from the open grate.

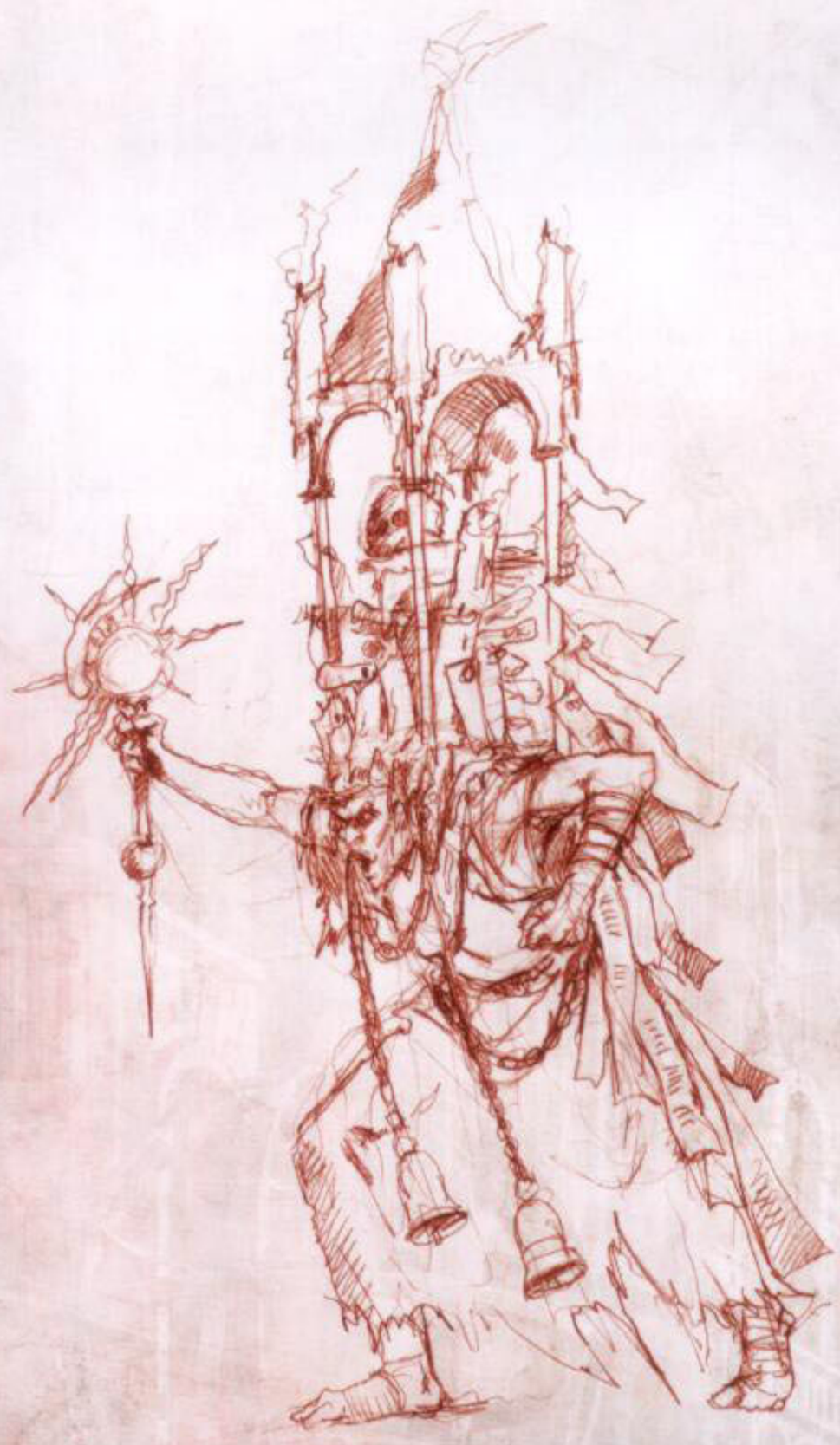
*The nobles of Hammerhal see themselves as the descendants of pure Azyrite blood, and the city's status as the largest and most prominent of Sigmar's bastions of order has invested these blue-blooded aelves and humans with a pride that some would say veers closely towards arrogance. They prefer to wear the golds, purples, silvers and blues of Azyrheim, and blend traditional, refined dress with duardin-mined and fashioned jewels from the region around Hammerhal Aqsha. Broaches, rings, tiaras, necklaces that cost more than entire neighbourhoods, rich furs and reptile skins – visitors from Azyrheim mutter that Hammerhalians have abandoned refined sophistication in favour of vulgar displays of wealth. Those of the city's central noble quarters are rarely seen in districts as remote as Cinderfall, aside from the odd band of thrill-seeking dilettantes who come in search of excitement and illicit dangers.*



Sunhelm could hear the trickle of running liquid.

'Time to get those fine robes of yours a little messy,' grinned Kyre, looking at Alnaryn. The Loremaster did not even acknowledge the corsair. He simply stepped to the hole, took a brief glance down, and dropped gracefully through the entrance. They heard him land with a soft splash below.

The rest followed suit. In contrast to the buildings above, the duardin sewer-works were impressive constructions. They were wide and circular in dimension, built from smooth, grey sandstone. At regular intervals they passed between great statues of coiling fire-drakes, worked with astonishing skill into the stone walls. The ceiling was covered with duardin rune-script, faded yet intricately engraved. Even for this most functional of constructions, the duardin founders had spared none of their wondrous talent. Not even the filth around them could spoil the fine stonework. A foul-smelling tide of brown effluence drifted around their knees. Coalbeard, of course, suffered worst of all. Not that the stoic duardin uttered a word of complaint, even as the disgusting stew rose past his waist. Sunhelm knew the old tunnelsmith had waded through worse.



Kyre raised the collar of his cloak and gestured the party forwards.

'Keep quiet,' he whispered. 'If I am right, and there is an underground entrance down here, it will surely be guarded.'

They strode on for several hundred yards, wading through the stream as carefully as they were able. Archimaine swam, his fine, lustrous fur and feathers now matted and filthy. Sunhelm caught a glimpse of the Gryph-hound's eyes in the gloom of the sewers. The creature was in a killing mood.

Kyre held up a hand. Ahead, flickering around a curve in the sewer wall, they could see a soft orange light, and the echo of voices drifted through the tunnel.

'As soon we stuck the hound full of arrows they stopped chasing,' came one voice. 'They'll keep hunting, but we've got time on our side. Once Icthys has the money he's due from the masked ones, we'll be on our way.'

'I don't trust those wretches,' said another. 'Those fanatics. They'd slaughter us all as soon as look at us.'

'It's just business. We meet them here and they pay us. Always have done. Malerion alone knows what they're planning with all that stuff, but killing us gains them nothing. These aren't your screaming, blood-mad reavers, Gyrak. We will deal with them, and then we'll be gone.'

Kyre slipped around the corner, raising his hands.

'Hold!' he said. 'It's me, Ulvir.'

'No name that I have heard,' said the second voice. 'You're not from the *Blood Shark*.'

'No,' they heard Kyre say. 'I'm not one of Icthys' men. I'm from Captain Talyn's ship, the *Salvanenthis*. Everyone else is dead. I ran with the rest of you, got separated in the alleys.'

'On your knees,' said the voice. 'Hands behind your head. Gyrak, take his blades.'

There was a splash as someone dropped into the stream of sewage. Sunhelm and the others waited, pressed up against the slick walls of the tunnel.

'Hand it over,' came the voice of the first guard.

'By all means,' said Kyre. There was a wet tearing sound, like a piece of cloth being torn in two, then a shuddering sigh. A second later there was a second slump, and Kyre appeared around the corner, wiping the blood off his blade on the hem of his cloak.

'All clear,' he said, cheerfully.

The two sentries lay floating in the river of sewage. As he strode past them, Kyre reached down to pluck his serrated hook from the neck of one of the bodies.

Built into the sewer wall was a small channel leading to a steep, narrow set of stairs. Sunhelm's armour was almost too bulky for him to make his

way up the steps, which were slick with mildew and grime. The aelves went first, their light-footed steps carrying them up towards a small ironbound door. Kyre eased this open, holding his cruel hook ready in one hand. Somehow his blade limb made no sound as the Fleetmaster swept out into a small corridor, the Loremaster close behind. With as much stealth as they could muster, the Lord-Castellant and the Cogsmith followed. The corridor ahead was empty, the sconces on the walls smouldering gently.

'Voices ahead,' whispered Kyre, gesturing to the door at the end of the hall.

Sunhelm heard it too. Two conversing voices, one loud and angry, the other almost glacially calm. They approached, and paused before the entrance.

'This is no mere band of city guardsmen sent out to stumble around in the dark chasing shadows,' came the louder voice. It was unmistakably Icthys, though he sounded far less calm than he had previously. 'This is a Stormcast warrior. An officer, to boot. We had to come here. There was nowhere else to go.'

'You should have reconsidered,' said the calm, cold voice. 'If you have led them to us, you should take your blade and stab yourself through the heart. Better that than suffer the master's disappointment.'

'Don't threaten me,' said Icthys. 'I warn you.'

'I am not threatening you. I am merely explaining what will become of you if you earn the grand sorcerer's displeasure. Now leave. Run. I do not care which hole you crawl to. Our business is concluded.'

'I know what you're doing down there,' said the captain. 'I know what you're planning. You think I'm a fool? You come to me for explosives and mining gear, and then the only bellows-tower in the district falls? That's called leverage, you arrogant human filth. All it takes is a word in the right ear and I can have a regiment of city guard breathing down your neck.'

It was time to intervene. If the co-conspirators slaughtered each other, the trail could run cold. Sunhelm nodded at his companions in turn, and held his warding lantern in one hand, his halberd in the other. Archimaine growled softly.

Kyre swung the door open. Alnaryn swept to the left, and the Fleetmaster to the right. Sunhelm entered, the glare of his warding lantern blazing so brightly that the room briefly shone as if it were a summer's day.

The room they had entered was a square, low-ceilinged chamber, filled with scattered debris and lit with blazing torches. Barrels were stored in great wooden frames upon the walls, all dry and dusty with age.

At the end of the room stood Captain Icthys, flanked by five corsairs. Facing him were seven figures, muscular men wearing cloaks of sea-green and masks of gleaming gold. Their chests were bare, and tattooed scripture covered every inch of their skin.

They hissed and staggered back from the light of the warding lantern. One collapsed to his knees, vomiting blood. Sunhelm saw blasphemous icons and oaths of damnation, and felt a sick hatred rise in his chest. These were heretics and betrayers, servants of the Dark Powers. His hand clenched around the hilt of his halberd, and every inch of him screamed to charge at the figures and cut them apart.

Icthys cursed, and drew his blade. 'Well, here we are then,' he spat. 'I thought we had lost you when we killed that wretched beast. I suppose I'll have to do this the hard way.'

'You should not have come here, scion of the false king,' said the leader of the masked figures, who seemed entirely oblivious to the blood that seeped from his mouth and eyes. He held a curved dagger in one hand, a scroll marked with more hateful symbols in the other.

They stood, facing each other, weapons in hand. Then there was a crack that echoed around the chamber with deafening force. One of the masked figures fell, a smoking hole in the middle of his chest.

'We fighting or what?' said Coalbeard, raising his second pistol.

Both sides charged. From the corner of his eye Sunhelm saw Alnaryn summon a bolt of energy into his palm, hurling it at one of the corsairs. It struck the unfortunate aelf full in the face, and he fell to his knees, screaming as the flames enveloped his skull.

Kyre danced into battle, pirouetting past the sword slice of one corsair, slapping the hatchet of another aside. He met Icthys with a lunging strike, and the two exchanged a flurry of fierce blows.

Another masked figure toppled over, clutching the hole blasted through his leg. Sunhelm swept his halberd down as he passed the sprawling man, neatly slicing the head from his shoulders. He reversed the momentum of the swing, brought it back across to crash into the chest of another figure. That man flew backwards, chest crushed, wheezing for breath. Archimaine leapt upon his prone form, tearing at the aelf's neck.

Alnaryn swept into view, every footstep timed with perfection, moving so swiftly and gracefully it seemed that his role in the combat had already been choreographed in minute detail. His blade lashed out, bisecting an aelf corsair. A dagger stabbed at his back, but somehow he turned just in time to avoid the blow, and a swift thrust impaled the offender with pinpoint precision.

The leader of the masked figures turned to Sunhelm, and began to chant in a low, sonorous voice even as the Lord-Castellant strode towards him. The sickening images inscribed upon the parchment in his hand began to glow with an ugly, lambent light. Purple-black lengths of chain spat forth into reality and rushed towards Sunhelm. The spectral chains wrapped around his arms and legs, and he could feel the awful cold of them through his armour. Their strength was terrible. Even as he strained with all his might, he

lost his footing and stumbled to one knee. His armour screeched as the magic gripped tighter and tighter. He lost his grip on the lantern, then his halberd, and both fell to the floor with a clatter.

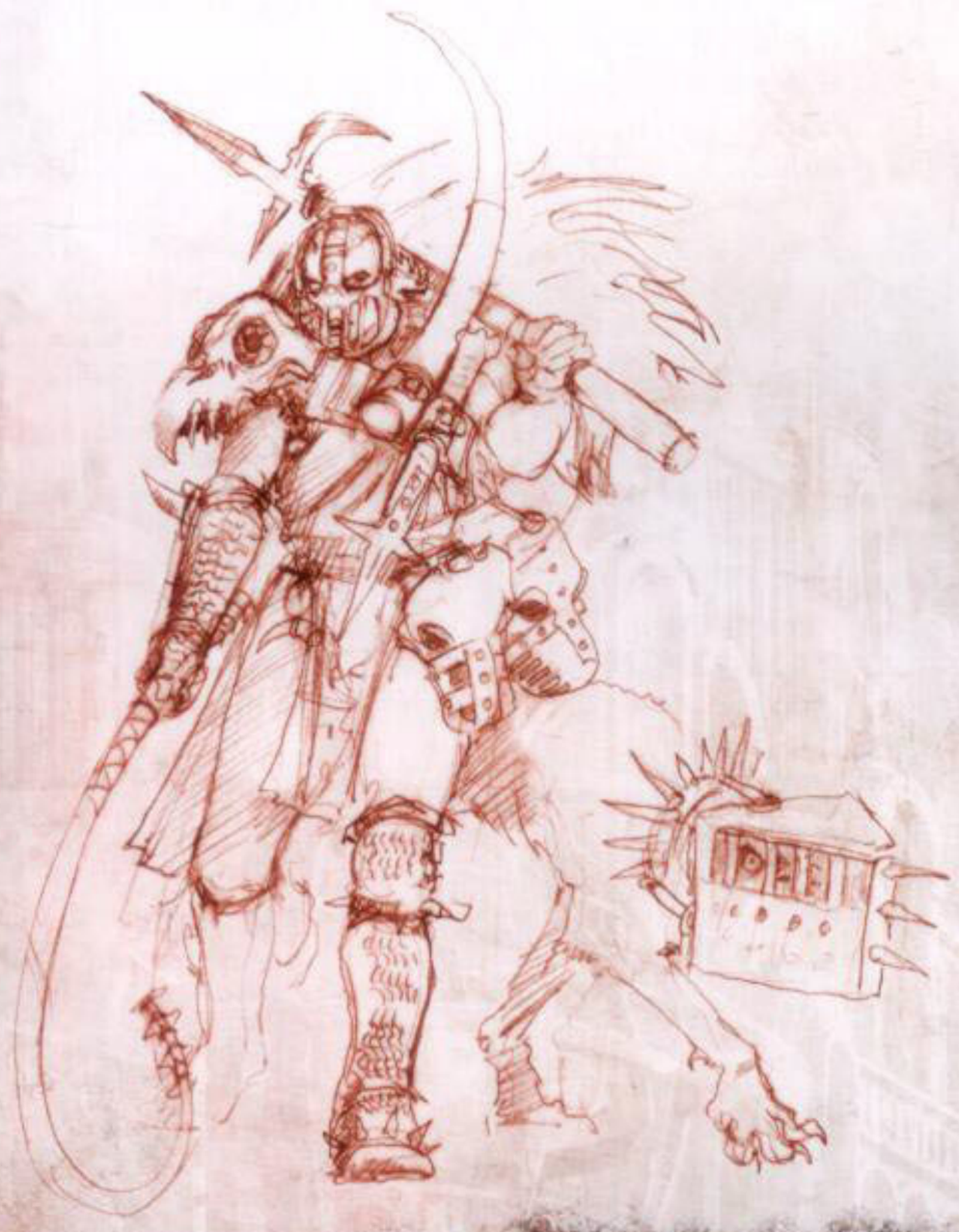
'For all your might,' the figure laughed, 'you can do nothing. I am disappointed, Stormcast. I expected more from you. My master will reward me greatly for bringing you to him. He has always wished to peel away the flesh of one of Sigmar's champions to see what lies beneath.'

'There is only the storm, witchkin,' growled Sunhelm. 'Sigmar's storm.'

He strained against the magic that held him. His muscles screamed, his vision blurred as he poured every ounce of his strength into resisting the sickening touch of the spell. It gave. For just a few moments, even the fell magic that clawed at him could not hold back his fury. His arm snapped forwards and the purple-black chain that strained to hold him burst in a flash. His fingers closed around the masked figure's neck.

'You will never win, servant of Chaos,' he said, and for the first time he saw fear in the heretic's bloodshot eyes. 'Know before you die that I will find this sorcerer you speak of, and I will kill him too. This is Sigmar's great city, and it will never fall.'

Sunhelm squeezed with every ounce of strength he possessed. There was a loud snapping crunch, and the man went limp in his hands. He tossed the corpse aside.



The masked figures were all down, carved apart by the Loremaster's blade, or slaughtered by blasts from Coalbeard's heavy pistols. Sunhelm turned to see the final two aelf corsairs turn tail and run, abandoning their captain with no compunction.

Icthys' eyes were wide, and he bled from a dozen cuts, including a gaping wound that had carved through the crimson sash he wore and opened his chest. Kyre was taking him apart, blow by blow. The traitor captain roared and slashed recklessly at the Fleetmaster's chest, but Kyre swayed back from the wild swing and turned, kicking out with the blade of his false leg. Crimson sprayed across the stone floor, and Icthys fell with a gasp. The Fleetmaster trapped the other aelf's sword with his two weapons, and sent it tumbling and clattering away, then kicked the captain in the face with his good leg. Icthys sprawled back, and lay against the wall of the chamber, panting and wheezing.

'Do it,' he spat, blood spraying from his mouth. 'Get it over with.'

'Those are your heroic final words?' said Kyre incredulously, kneeling down to look into his betrayer's eyes. 'All this planning, all the subterfuge, and it ends here. With you at my mercy, bleeding your last in this wretched hole of a district.'

Icthys laughed, a horrible rasping, sucking sound. Blood was in his lungs. Sunhelm recognised a mortal wound when he saw it.

'You... You actually think you've won, don't you?' he said, smiling fiercely through his pain, blood staining his teeth yellow. 'I was just the man they dealt with. The masked one whose neck you snapped? Just one of scores, all ready to die for their insane cause.'

'What are they planning?' growled Sunhelm. 'Tell me.'

Icthys spat blood and stared at the Lord-Castellant. 'You'll find out soon enough, Stormcast. You'll burn alongside the others. You'll all...'

The aelf's eyes glazed over, and his head slumped to the side.

'Pity,' said Kyre. 'I had hoped for some more precious time together.'

'We are once again at a dead end,' said Alnaryn, just a hint of frustration detectable in his typically calm demeanour. 'Our leads are dead, and we have no idea where to look next.'

'Wouldn't say that,' said Coalbeard. The duardin stood in the far corner of the room, examining the old, crumbling stonework between a rack of dusty, spiderwebbed barrels and the corner of the wall. He ran a hand across the stone.

'See this?' Coalbeard said, rapping at the wall.

'Yes,' said Kyre. 'It's a wall. You have fine eyes, master duardin.'

Coalbeard flinched slightly, but otherwise let that comment pass.

'It's new work, blended with old,' he said. 'Someone's gutted this entire room, then rebuilt it anew.'

Sunhelm strode across to the far right of the chamber. There, built into an indentation in the wall beside a row of barrels, was a finely crafted hardwood shrine, its surface engraved with prayers of devotion to Sigmar. The Lord-Castellant's ire rose to see the heartfelt words scrawled over and defaced, great sections burned or scratched away. He gently opened the doors, which bore a carved image of great Sigmar wielding the mythical hammer Ghal Maraz.

This too, had been defaced, with hateful symbols that he did not understand, but that filled his mouth with sour bile. Within was a pile of prayer beads and icons of worship to the God-King, and a crude but pleasant painting of the twin-tailed comet of Sigmar passing over the spires of the Chapel of the Shattered Blade. Sunhelm's heart sank to see that the wooden board on which the image was painted was spattered with faded crimson streaks. So were the icons of devotion. Dried blood.

He gently closed the shrine doors, and placed a hand on them, muttering a prayer to Sigmar on behalf of the poor devout soul who had once lived here.

Coalbeard was pacing along the wall on the other side of the room, running his fingers along it as he went. He tapped and prodded, and the companions watched him in silence. After several minutes, Sunhelm was ready to move on.

'Perhaps you're mistaken, old friend,' he said.

'A duardin Cogsmith's not about to get fooled by a bunch of mask-wearing humans,' Coalbeard snapped. 'There's something here, boy, I know it!'

He aimed a kick at the wall. His boot struck a brick on the right-angle of the corner wall. There was a low rumble, and the brick retracted deep into the wall. Coalbeard scrambled back as the flagstone slid to one side, the entire section of the floor folding away neatly and revealing a winding stair cut primitively from obsidian stone, snaking down into darkness.

'Hah!' bellowed Coalbeard. 'Told yeh so!'

'I never doubted you,' said Kyre, approaching and slapping the duardin on the back, almost sending him toppling down into the depths. 'This looks old. Very old.'

'Doubtless it leads down into the catacombs under the city,' said Alnaryn. 'Hammerhal is built on the remnants of a hundred fallen empires. There are countless secrets hiding below the city streets.'

'This is where the heretics emerged from,' said Sunhelm. 'Whatever they are planning is down there. As is, most likely, the sorcerer they spoke of.'

Archimaine padded to the edge, and peered down. His eyes narrowed, and the feathers on his mane stood on end. He began to screech and trill, pawing at the stone. Just as Sunhelm reached down to calm him, the Gryph-hound bolted, his claws scraping on the black stone as he ran out of sight.

'Archimaine,' roared Sunhelm. Nothing but silence answered him.

'Damned fool creature,' said Coalbeard, shaking his head. 'Brave but foolish, just like his master. Come on then, Sunhelm, let's go get the beast.'

'I will accompany you into the depths,' said Alnaryn. 'Whatever evil haunts Hammerhal, it must be defeated. You have my word that I will fight at your side until that task is done.'

'You are freed from your obligations,' said the Lord-Castellant, turning to Fleetmaster Kyre. 'You may return to your ship.'

'I think not,' said Kyre, frowning up at the Stormcast. 'I still owe a debt to those who stole from me. And besides, I believe that white-hair over there mentioned that there are ancient ruins beneath the city. In my experience, such places tend to be rather profitable.'

Sunhelm hesitated. He still did not trust the Fleetmaster, but Kyre had done nothing but keep his word so far. He was also quick-witted and good with a blade. If the heretics had already begun whatever dark ritual or cataclysm they were planning, then time was of the essence and he needed all the help he could get. He gave Kyre a brief nod, and the aelf grinned widely.

'Keep your wits about you,' he said. 'Sigmar alone knows what we will find down here.'

Together, the four companions strode down the stairway, and the darkness rose to greet them.









## WARHAMMER QUEST
## SHADOWS OVER HAMMERHAL

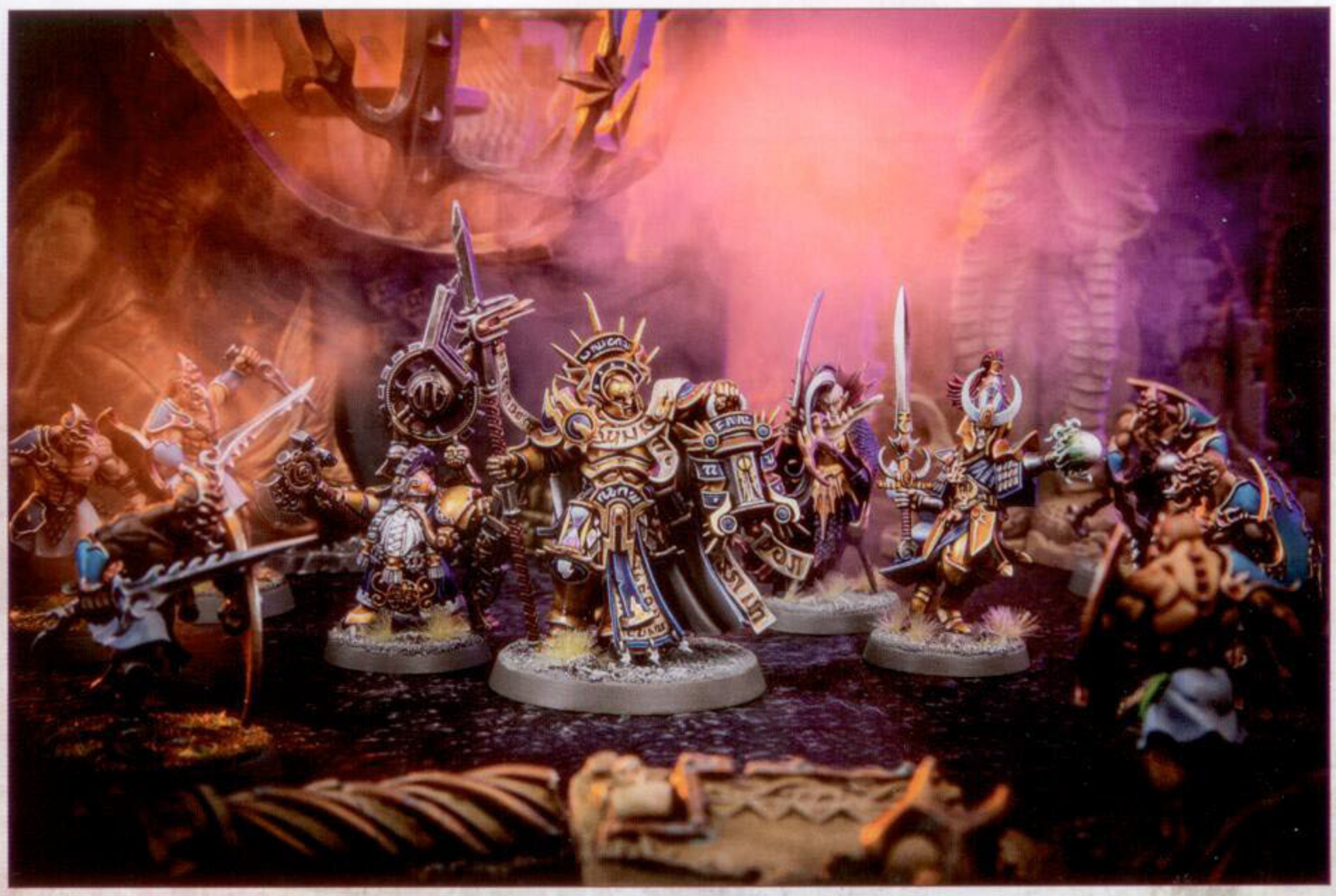
# THE RULES

**'They will not see it until it is too late. These Sigmarites believe that nothing can defile the Twin-tailed City. Mighty Hammerhal will stand until the end of time, so they say. Such arrogance. We will turn those words to ashes in their mouths. When the omens align, the Dark Gods will devour this cursed city, and all the souls within.'**

*Warhammer Quest Shadows Over Hammerhal* is a miniatures game for two to five players. Up to four players take on the roles of a group of adventurers, working together to overcome the fiendish obstacles set for them by the remaining player, who is called the 'gamemaster'. The adventurers will need to set aside their differences and act as a team if they are to have any hope of overcoming the adversaries or surviving the cruel traps under the gamemaster's control.

The adventurers' quest will take them deep under the city of Hammerhal. They will need to explore the underground labyrinth that they discover, slaying the foes that lurk there and overcoming an evil plot to destroy the thriving metropolis that lies above.

Such is the epic scale of the quest the adventurers have embarked upon that it is uncommon for a game of *Warhammer Quest Shadows Over Hammerhal* to be completed in a single session. What is much more likely is that the adventurers will need to enter the dungeons several times in order to uncover the secrets of the maze-like catacombs and defeat all the adversaries that dwell there. Between their expeditions, the adventurers will also get the chance to participate in a variety of useful and entertaining activities in Cinderfall. The rules in this section of the guidebook will explain how to undertake the first expedition into the dungeon, and additional rules on pages 50 to 51 explain how to carry out any future expeditions.



# SETTING UP

**Before embarking on the quest, the players must decide who will be the gamemaster – all of the remaining players are the adventurers. If you can't decide, each player rolls dice and the player who rolls highest is the gamemaster. If any of the players' rolls are tied, those players keep rolling until one of them rolls higher.**

## 1. Miniatures

Before your first game you must assemble the miniatures that represent the heroes undertaking the quest in the dungeons under Hammerhal and the adversaries that stand against them. See the assembly guide for information on how to construct the miniatures.

## 2. The Torchbearer



The adventurer who wishes to be the first to enter the dungeon becomes the torchbearer – give them the torch card. If the adventurers cannot decide who is the torchbearer, the gamemaster decides for them! The torch will change hands later.

## 3. Heroes

Starting with the torchbearer and going clockwise, each adventurer chooses one hero card and places it in front of them, along with its miniature. The only hero card that cannot be chosen is the one for the Gryph-hound; give this card and the miniature to the gamemaster, who will let the adventurers have them when Archimaine is found.

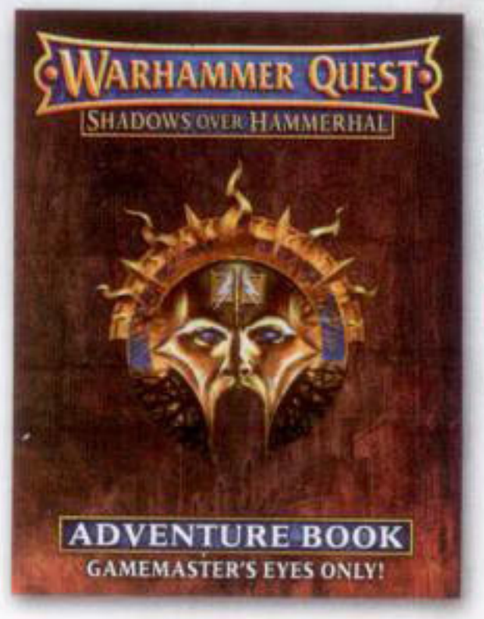
Each hero card contains all of the information you will need in order to use the hero in a game, details of which can be found later on in this book. If the rules call for a hero to do something – move, for example, or make an attack – then their adventurer decides how the action will be made and rolls the dice for them.




**Key:** Miniature (1); Name (2); Hero Dice Track (3); Move, Save and Agility values (4); Weapon Actions (5); Unique Actions (6); Traits and Renown (7)

If there are fewer than four adventurers, any remaining heroes will join the party as *companions* (pg 48). For the time being, give the hero cards and miniatures for any companions to the torchbearer.

## 4. Adventure Book




Give the adventure book to the gamemaster. It is filled with maps of the dungeon the adventurers are about to explore, and details of the dungeon's monstrous inhabitants and fiendish traps. It is the gamemaster's duty to keep this information secret from the adventurers, only revealing information when instructed to do so.

## 5. Fate Board, Renown and Gold

Put the fate board where all the players can reach it. Each adventurer then chooses one of the coloured renown markers to measure their hero's renown. Put each hero's renown marker on the circular track. The starting space is marked with a circle.

Place the gold markers beside the fate board. As the heroes search the dungeon, they will find pieces of gold which they can spend in Cinderfall between expeditions on a number of different activities.




**Key:** Renown Track (1); Available Destiny Dice (2); Locked Destiny Dice (3)

## 6. Dice



Put five dice beside the fate board. Put any remaining dice to one side – they can be used by any adventurer during the game.

Sometimes, the rules will use shorthand to refer to the dice – D6 simply means one dice. If a hero suffered 2D6 wounds, you would roll two dice and add them together to see how many wounds they suffered. To roll a D3, roll a dice and halve the result, rounding up.

Some rules allow you to re-roll one or more dice. If you choose to do so, pick up the dice after rolling it and roll it again. The second result applies, even if it is not as good as the first. Unless explicitly stated in the rules, you cannot re-roll a dice more than once.

## 7. Dungeon Chambers and Portals

The double-sided board sections are referred to as *dungeon chambers*, or simply *chambers*. When a chamber is set up, it may have one or more exits, each of which will be marked with a *portal*.

Place all of the chamber board sections and portal markers close to the gamemaster, so that they are ready to be set up as the dungeon is explored. If a rule ever refers to 'the board', it means all of the chambers that are currently set up.

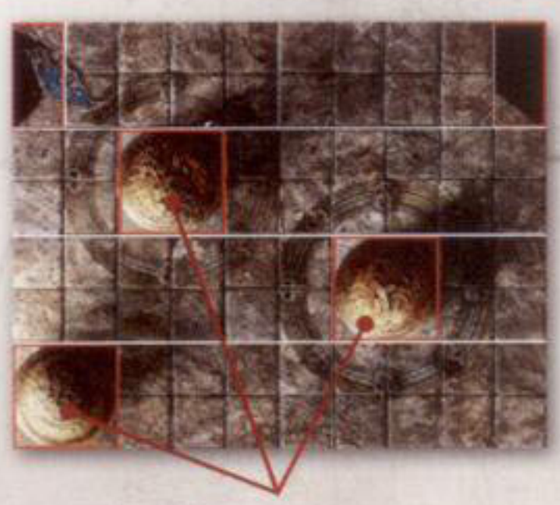
Sometimes an especially large chamber will be made by joining two or more standard chambers together, as shown in diagram 1 below. When this is the case, all of the joined board sections are treated as being a single chamber.

Each chamber is divided into spaces, each of which can hold a single miniature. Some chambers have red-bordered spaces, representing obstructions which prevent movement but heroes can see through.

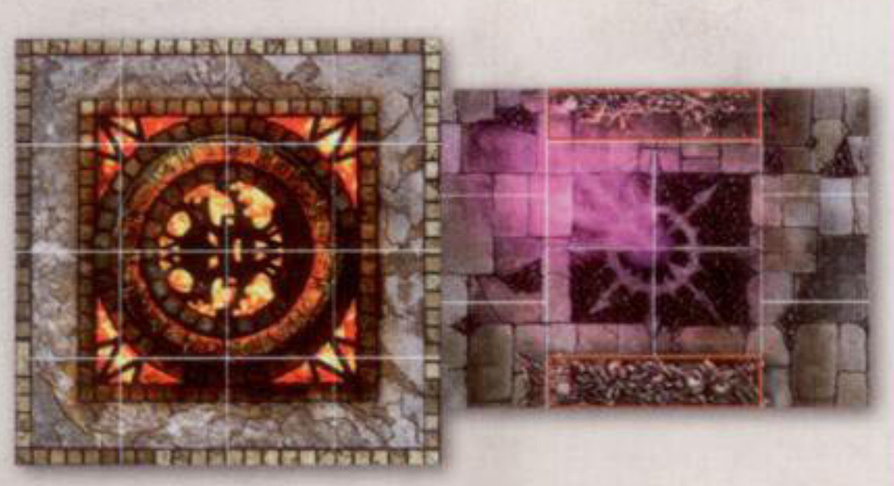
A hero standing next to a portal can open it, revealing what lies on the other side. The chamber on the other side of the portal is not set up until the portal is opened, but once it is, heroes and adversaries can move and see through the portal.

A portal connects all of the spaces that it touches, as shown in diagram 2 below. If a rule tells you to set up or move a miniature onto a portal, then set it up or move it onto any of the spaces the portal touches.

**1**



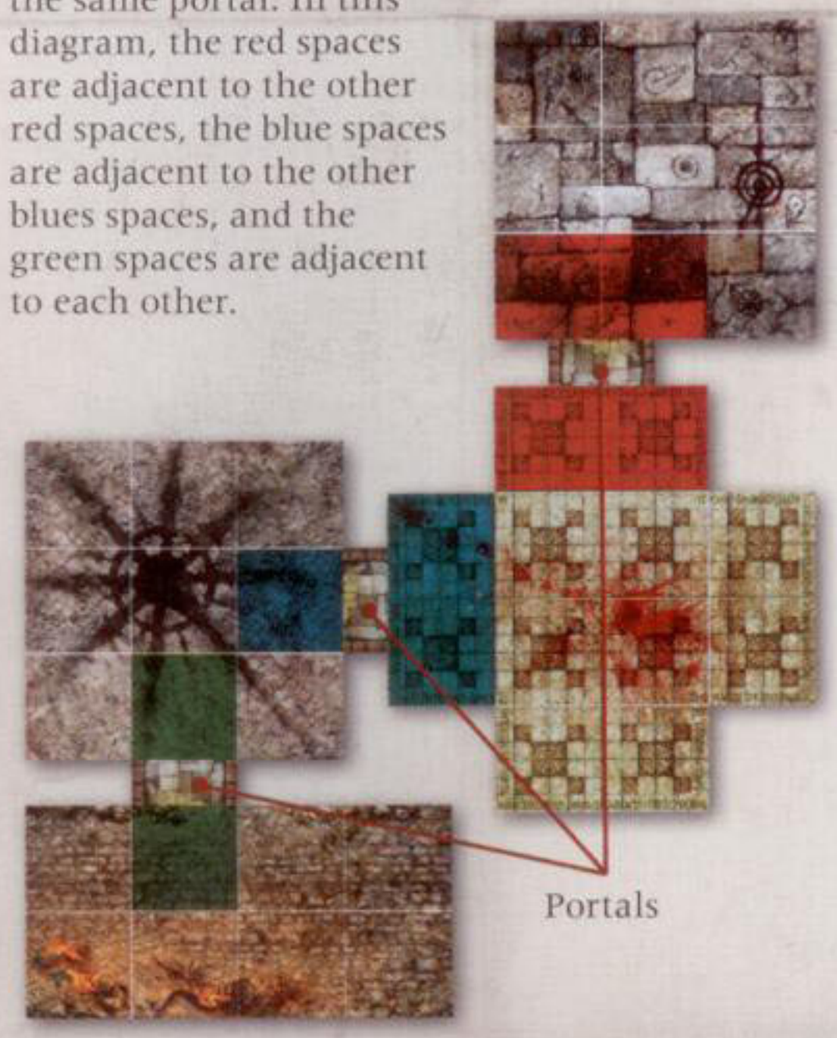
Obstructions



Two chambers joined together to form a single chamber

**2**

Spaces are considered to be adjacent if they touch the same portal. In this diagram, the red spaces are adjacent to the other red spaces, the blue spaces are adjacent to the other blues spaces, and the green spaces are adjacent to each other.



Portals

## 8. Cards

The torchbearer shuffles the treasure and skill decks, and puts them within easy reach of the adventurers. If an adventurer discards a treasure or skill card during the game, return it to the bottom of its deck.

The gamemaster then takes the achievement cards, artefact cards and Red Yugol cards, and places them near the unused chambers and portals; these cards will be awarded to the adventurers if they successfully achieve certain tasks described in the adventure book.




**Achievement cards**

## 9. Damage Markers

Exploring a dungeon is dangerous work, and both the heroes and the adversaries that they fight are likely to sustain injuries. This damage is tracked using the wound, grievous injury and stun markers included with the game. You will find out exactly how to use the markers on the pages that follow. Place the damage markers close to the gamemaster, so they are ready to be used when needed.



**Wound marker**



**Grievous injury marker**



**Stun marker**

## 10. The Stairwell & Compass Card

Find the stairwell chamber board section shown in diagram 3 below, and set it up in the centre of the table. Place a portal counter next to one side of the stairwell and the compass card beside it, as shown in the diagram.

You will see that the back of the compass card has a list of the activities that the heroes can undertake in Cinderfall – this is used should the adventurers choose to leave the dungeon and explore the Cinderfall district.

The torchbearer sets up their hero in a space next to the portal, then each other adventurer (going clockwise around the table) sets up their hero anywhere on the stairwell chamber. Remember that a maximum of one model can occupy each space.

3

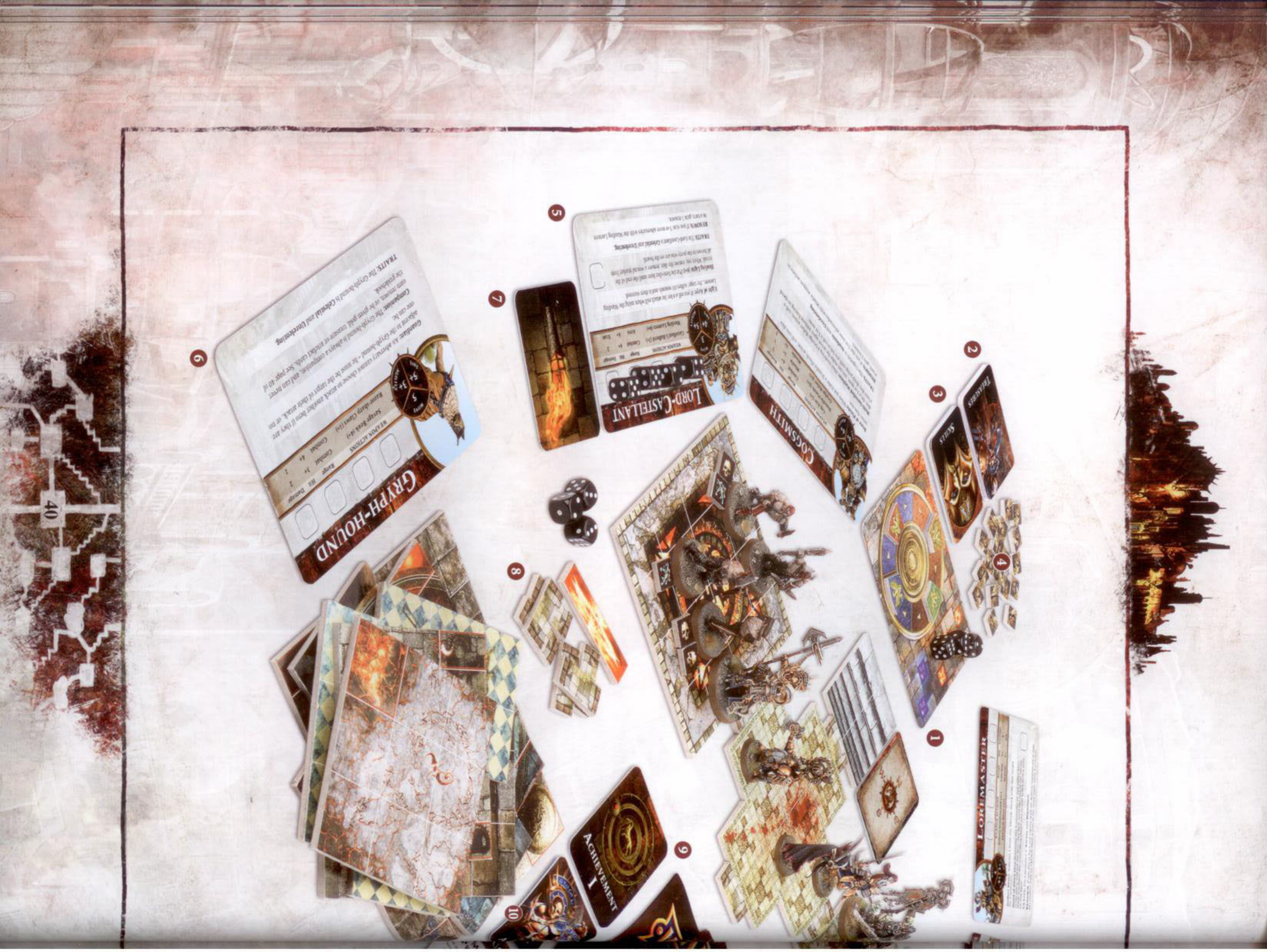



## 11. The Adversaries

The gamemaster takes all of the miniatures for the adversaries and places them close to hand. If the rules call for an adversary to be set up or to do something – move, for example, or make an attack – then it is the gamemaster who decides where they are set up, chooses how actions will be made and rolls the dice for them.

## 12. The Quest Begins

The gamemaster needs to read pages 1 and 2 of the adventure book, which explain how to use the maps and information they will find in that book. Once they have done so, they can read out loud the introduction to The Catacombs level of the dungeon from page 3 of the adventure book. Return here when they have done so...


1
LORE MASTER
2
3
4
5
LORD-CASTELLANT
6
GRYPH-HOUND
7
8
9
ACHIEVEMENT
I
10
COGSMITH

## GAME SET-UP

These pages show what a game of *Warhammer Quest Shadows Over Hammerhal* looks like once it is under way. The heroes have entered the dungeon from the stairwell, and have encountered some of its denizens.




**KEY**

**1.** Fate board & destiny dice

**2.** Treasure cards

**3.** Skill cards

**4.** Gold markers

**5.** Hero cards

**6.** Gryph-hound card

**7.** Torch card

**8.** Dungeon chambers & portals

**9.** Achievement cards

**10.** Artefact cards

**11.** Red Yugol cards

**12.** Guidebook & adventure book

**13.** Wound markers

**14.** Adversaries

**15.** The Dungeon

# GAME RULES

**A game of *Warhammer Quest Shadows Over Hammerhal* plays out across a number of rounds, each of which follows the same pattern of four phases: the destiny phase, the hero phase, the adversary phase and the end phase. When the last phase is over, a new round begins.**

## DESTINY PHASE

Each round begins with the destiny phase. The torchbearer takes the five destiny dice and rolls them, then puts any dice that show a unique number on the space for available destiny dice on the fate board. Any other dice (doubles, triples and so on) are discarded. For example, if the destiny dice rolls were 2, 3, 3, 4 and 6, then the two 3s would be discarded, and the 2, 4 and 6 rolls would be placed on the available destiny dice space on the fate board.

### Unexpected Events

Fate giveth and fate taketh away. If all of the destiny dice are discarded, or none of them are, then an unexpected event takes place in a dungeon chamber with one or more heroes. If several chambers have heroes in them, then the gamemaster can choose the one in which the unexpected event takes place.

In order to determine which event takes place, the gamemaster rolls a dice and looks up the result on the unexpected event table for the level of the dungeon the heroes are exploring.

## HERO PHASE

With the destiny phase complete, the hero phase begins. Each adventurer takes a complete turn with their hero, starting with the torchbearer and going clockwise around the table. If the party includes any companions, they take their turn after the heroes (pg 48).

### Waiting

Instead of taking a turn, an adventurer can choose to wait. It might be advantageous to let another adventurer go first, for example. Adventurers who choose to wait take their turns after all the other adventurers have had the chance to take theirs, in the same clockwise order as before (they cannot choose to wait a second time).

## HERO TURNS

The first thing an adventurer does in their hero's turn is make an *action roll*. To do this, they roll four dice and put them on the spaces on the hero dice track on their hero card. These dice are referred to as hero dice, and are used to take actions.

### Taking Actions

Actions let a hero move, fight and search. They are made by spending the hero dice from the hero's action roll. The dice can be spent in any order.

Each action has a score in brackets, limiting the dice that can be used to make it. For example, to take an action with a score of (3+), a hero dice with a score of 3 or more would need to be spent. A hero can take the same action multiple times, but must end an action before starting a new one.

As each hero dice is spent, it is discarded and removed from the hero dice track. The hero then carries out the action, as described in the rules for hero actions below. When an adventurer does not want to take any more actions with their hero (or cannot do so), their turn ends; they must then either discard any unused hero dice, or save them for their next turn (see below). The next adventurer can then take a turn.

### Saving Hero Dice

Any hero dice remaining on a hero dice track when a hero finishes their turn must either be discarded or saved. Any dice that are saved are reduced by 1 point in value, so a 6 would become a 5, for example. When the hero next takes a turn, only roll enough dice to fill the empty spaces on their hero dice track.

Saving dice is a useful tactic, as it allows you to keep good rolls that you cannot use in the current turn, even though the value of the dice is lowered.

## HERO ACTIONS

There are four basic actions, which any hero can make: Move (1+), Open Portal (1+), Search (1+) and Recuperate (1+*). Each hero also has a number of unique actions on their hero card.

### Move (1+)

When a hero takes this action, they can be moved up to as many spaces as the Move value on their hero card. Each space they move into must be adjacent to their current space. Any spaces that touch (including diagonally) are considered to be adjacent.

Heroes can move through spaces occupied by heroes, and adversaries can move through spaces occupied by

adversaries, but miniatures cannot move through spaces occupied by enemy miniatures. A miniature can never end its move in the same space as another miniature.

In addition, heroes that start their action adjacent to an adversary might be pinned. Roll a dice for your hero – they can only be moved if the roll equals or beats the Agility value for the hero shown on their hero card; if the roll is failed, the hero cannot move but the hero dice used for the Move action is still discarded.

## Open Portal (1+)

A hero can only take this action if they are standing in a space beside an unopened portal. This action cannot be taken if there are any adversaries on the board.

When they do so, the gamemaster must set up the chamber that connects to the portal, as shown on the dungeon map in the adventure book. If the new chamber has any exit points, then the gamemaster must mark each one with a new portal.

Any adversaries encountered by the adventurers in newly discovered chambers are set up by the gamemaster, as described in the adventure book. If there is a choice as to which space an adversary can be set up in, then the gamemaster is allowed to choose which one is used.

After any adversaries have been set up, the gamemaster reads the description for the chamber in the adventure book, and follows any other instructions in the chamber's description.

Finally, the gamemaster places a gold marker beside the chamber to show that it has not yet been successfully searched. How the heroes can search a chamber is explained below, but for the time being suffice it to say that every chamber may contain some hidden secrets...

A hero can move through a portal from a space that the portal touches to any other space that the portal touches (see diagram 2 on page 38, and the example of movement in diagram 4 below).

**Designer's Note:** *As the adventurers explore the dungeon, they may wish to make a map, recording details of what they have found, and keeping a permanent record of the network of rooms and corridors that lie below Hammerhal. In addition, the gamemaster needs to note down which chambers the heroes have discovered and successfully searched – if these chambers are returned to later during the quest, then they will count as having been cleared (pg 51).*

## Search (1+)

If a hero is in a chamber that has not yet been successfully searched, then they can take this action to search it (see the rules for searching on the next page). This action cannot be taken if the hero is on a stairwell or if there are any adversaries on the board.

**4**

The Black Ark Fleetmaster takes a Move (1+) action. As he is adjacent to an adversary, he must pass a pinning test in order to move. A dice is rolled, scoring a 6, which is greater than the Fleetmaster's agility of 4+, so he can move as shown. Note that a pinning test is only taken once, if you *start* the move adjacent to an enemy, and that you can move diagonally between miniatures, obstructions and portals.



### Recuperate (1+*)

If a hero has been wounded, they can take this action to heal a wound (pg 46). It has a score of (1+) the first time the hero takes the action in a turn, (2+) the second time, (3+) the third time and so on.

## DESTINY DICE

The destiny dice on the fate board are effectively extra hero dice that are shared between the adventurers. An adventurer can take actions with their hero during their turn by spending the destiny dice on the lava-coloured spaces.

Fate has no favourites, of course, so do not presume that you can claim all the destiny dice if you take the first turn. Each time an adventurer spends a destiny dice, the highest-scoring dice that is still available is *locked* – move it to one of the purple spaces on the fate board. An adventurer cannot use locked dice, but they return to the available destiny dice section of the fate board at the end of the adventurer's turn so that the next adventurer can use them.

The last adventurer to take their turn in the round does not lock destiny dice, and can spend as many of them as they wish. Any that are not used are discarded.

## ATTACKING

Each hero has a number of *weapon actions* on their hero card, which they can use to attack adversaries. After they have spent the hero dice, they take the weapon action by picking a target and making an attack roll.

### Picking a Target

To pick a target, it must be within range of the weapon being used, and visible to the hero making the attack.

Each weapon action has a Range, which limits the targets you can pick for it. There are three Ranges:

A weapon with Combat range can target an adjacent adversary, including adversaries that are in adjacent spaces through a portal.

A weapon with Missile range can target an adversary that is visible to the hero (see right), but cannot be used while adjacent to an adversary.

A weapon with Area range targets each adversary in the same chamber as the miniature making the attack. In large chambers made up of two or more board sections (see page 38), an Area attack only targets adversaries on the same board section as the hero. Attack each adversary in turn, in an order of your choice, fully completing each attack before starting the next one.

An attacker must be able to see its target. Miniatures in the same chamber can always see each other, even if other miniatures or obstructions get in the way (it is assumed that the attacker can see enough of the target to make the attack). Miniatures that are adjacent to a portal can see any miniatures in the chamber on the other side of the portal, and can be seen by miniatures in that chamber in return. This is the only way a miniature in one chamber can see a miniature in another (see diagram 5 on the next page).

### Attack Roll

Once a target has been picked, roll the hero dice spent to make the weapon action. If the result is lower than the weapon action's Hit value, the attack misses. Otherwise, the adversary suffers as many wounds as the weapon's Damage value.

Put wound markers next to the adversary to track the wounds it has suffered. Each adversary has a Vigour value, representing its resilience and defensive skill, and if the wound markers next to an adversary reach its Vigour value, it is slain and removed from the board. Any excess wounds are ignored.

## RENOWN

Each time a hero slays an adversary, they gain a point of renown. Each hero can also gain renown in a unique way, as described at the bottom of their hero card, as a result of taking part in certain activities in Cinderfall (pg 50), or as a result of a special rule.

Whenever a hero gains any renown, move their renown marker one space around the renown track on the fate board. If their renown marker reaches the starting space (marked with a circle), the hero is gifted with the knowledge of a new skill, as described on page 50.

## SEARCHING

A hero can use a search action to investigate a chamber and check to see if it has any hidden secrets. This action can only be chosen if there are no adversaries on the board. In addition, the hero must be in a chamber that is still marked with a piece of gold to show that it has not yet been successfully searched.

Roll a dice for the hero to see if the search is successful. The search is successful on a roll of 6 or more the first time a hero searches a chamber during their turn, on a 5 or more the second time they search the *same* chamber in the *same* turn, and on a 4 or more the third or subsequent time they search the same chamber during the same turn.

Note that the increased rolls only apply if all of the searches are made in the same chamber, with the same

hero, during the same turn. The roll reverts back to being a 6 or more if a hero searches a chamber in one turn and then tries to search it again in a subsequent turn, or when a new hero searches a chamber, or if a hero tries to search a different chamber.

A hero who successfully searches a chamber receives the piece of gold beside it – this serves both as a reward and a way of showing the chamber has now been successfully searched and so cannot be searched again. In addition, the gamemaster must check the instructions for the chamber the searching hero is in and reveal its secret, if it has one.

### FINISHING THE HERO PHASE

Once the torchbearer has completed their turn, the adventurer to their left has a turn. Once all of the adventurers have had a turn, the gamemaster has a chance to act, as described next.

## ADVERSARY PHASE

Once all of the heroes have taken their turn, it is the gamemaster's opportunity to act.

If there are any adversaries on the board, the gamemaster should now go to their page in the adventure book and look through their rules so that they are prepared to use them in the coming combat.

If there are no adversaries on the board, the gamemaster instead makes a roll to see if the heroes are ambushed (see Ambushes on the next page).

### Adversary Groups

Adversaries of the same type that are on the board are referred to collectively as an adversary group. For example, all of the Bloodreavers on the board are a single group. The gamemaster activates these groups one at a time, in an order of their choosing.

### Adversary Behaviour

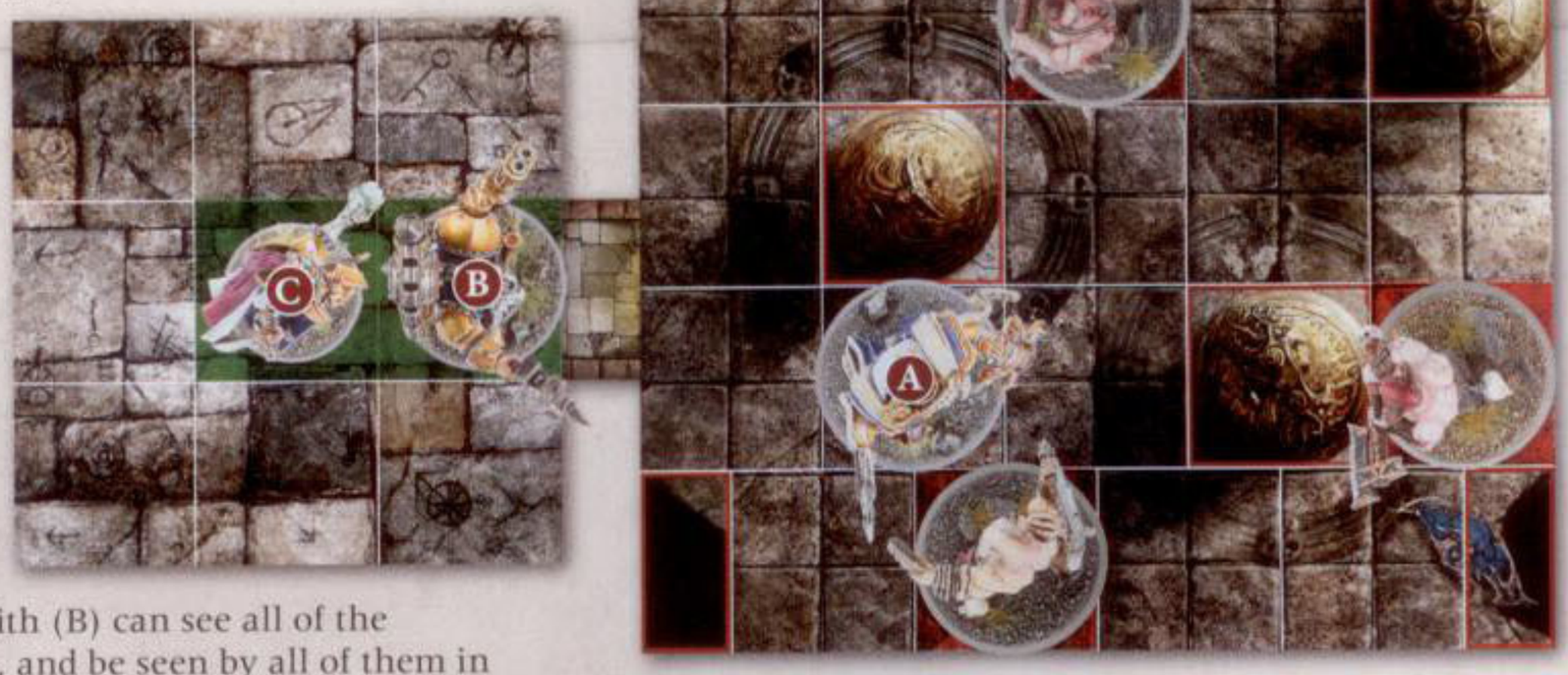
At the bottom of each adversary page is a behaviour table. After activating a group, the gamemaster rolls a dice and looks up the result on their chosen group's behaviour table. They then take a turn with each adversary in the activated group, in an order of their choice, following the instructions on the behaviour table.

The gamemaster can always choose to ignore the result on the behaviour table if they wish, and instead have the adversaries move in any direction, and then attack the hero that is nearest after the move has been completed. Note that the gamemaster can either move and then attack with a group, or use the behaviour roll result for a group, but may not use a combination of both!

### ADVERSARY TURNS

Each adversary in an activated group can take a turn, in the order of the gamemaster's choosing. Complete each adversary's turn before taking a turn with the next one.

**5** The Loremaster (C) cannot see or be seen by any of the adversaries, as he is not in the same chamber or adjacent to a portal connected to the chamber.




The Cogsmith (B) can see all of the adversaries, and be seen by all of them in return, as he is adjacent to a portal that connects his chamber to the chamber that has adversaries in it.

The Lord-Castellant (A) can see all of the adversaries in the chamber he is in, and be seen by all of them in return. Note that the obstructions in the chamber do not block sight, only movement.

## Moving Adversaries

Adversaries can move as many spaces as the Move value shown on their page. All of the rules that apply to moving a hero also apply to moving adversaries (see page 42).

Sometimes a behaviour roll will dictate in which direction an adversary must move. If there are no such limitations, then the gamemaster can move the adversary as they see fit.

## Attacking with Adversaries

The gamemaster picks a weapon and a target for the adversary. All of the rules that apply to choosing a target for a hero also apply to choosing a target for an adversary (see page 44), except that the adversary can target hero miniatures. Sometimes a behaviour roll will dictate which targets an adversary can attack. If there is more than one possible target, or no limitations are given, then the gamemaster can choose the target for the adversary as they see fit.

Having chosen a target, the gamemaster then rolls the number of dice shown by the chosen weapon's Dice value. If the Dice value is listed as being a type of dice roll (D3, for example, or D6), make the appropriate roll to find out how many dice to use for the attack roll.

Each dice that scores equal to or greater than the weapon's Hit value scores a hit on the target; any others are discarded.

Unlike adversaries, heroes have a chance to deflect hits inflicted by weapon actions before they cause wounds. Roll a dice each time your hero is hit. If the score is less than the Save value shown on your hero card, you suffer as many wounds as the weapon's Damage value, as described below. Otherwise, the hit is ignored. Saves can only be taken against wounds inflicted in other ways (by a trap, for example) if it is specifically noted that they can be taken.

## Wounding Heroes

Each time a hero suffers a wound, place a wound marker so that it covers one of the spaces on their hero dice track. The markers are always placed in the first space that does not already have a marker, going from left to right on the track. If the space where the marker is to be placed holds a hero dice, then the dice is discarded unused.

When an action roll is made for a hero, one dice is rolled for each empty space on their hero dice track. If all four spaces are covered, the hero will need to rely on destiny dice!

If a hero heals a wound, remove the wound marker furthest to the right on the track.

## Grievously Wounded

If a hero suffers a wound but all of their spaces are already covered, they are grievously wounded. Remove them from the board. If their player is the torchbearer, they must hand the torch card to the next adventurer on their left who has a hero on the board. Players without a hero on the board cannot be the torchbearer.

Grievously wounded heroes are returned to the board when there are no adversaries on the board at the end of a hero phase. Set them up in an empty space in the same chamber as the torchbearer. If all of the heroes are grievously wounded at the same time, their quest has failed and the gamemaster wins!

After replacing the hero on the board, remove any wound markers from the hero's card, and then place a grievous injury marker in an empty space on their hero dice track. Grievous injury markers are placed and treated in exactly the same manner as a wound marker, except that they can only be removed if the adventurers end the expedition and leave the dungeon (pg 50).

If a hero suffers a grievous injury and already has three grievous injury markers on their hero dice track, do not place a new grievous injury marker; through sheer grit and determination the hero keeps on going! However, with only a single space left on their hero dice track, they are not likely to be able to achieve much each turn or last long in a fight!

## Calling for Reinforcements

This is a powerful tactic that allows the gamemaster to bring in reinforcements from chambers that are near to a fight, and can also be used to allow adversaries to move around the heroes and attack them from behind.

At the end of the adversary phase, one (and only one!) adversary that is adjacent to an unopened portal can call for reinforcements. If they do so, the chamber on the other side of the portal is set up, just as if the heroes had opened it in their hero phase. If there are any adversaries in the chamber, they are set up normally, but are not allowed to take a turn in the adversary phase in which they are set up.

## AMBUSHES

The gamemaster is allowed to make an ambush roll if there are no adversaries on the board at the start of the adversary phase. The gamemaster rolls a dice, and if the roll is 6 or more, then an ambush takes place as described on the next page. An ambush can also occur as a result of an unexpected event, in which case no ambush roll is required.

### Setting Up An Ambush

When an ambush takes place, the gamemaster picks an empty chamber (or empty stairwell) that is adjacent to a chamber occupied by one or more heroes. The ambushers are set up in this chamber, as described next. If no empty chambers are available, then no ambush takes place.

The gamemaster rolls a dice, and looks up the result on the ambush table for the dungeon level that the heroes are currently exploring. The table will list what adversaries have ambushed the adventurers. The gamemaster can choose to use the result for a lower roll on the ambush table if they prefer it to the result that they actually rolled.

The gamemaster takes the models for the adversaries and sets them up in the chamber chosen earlier. The adversaries can be placed in any space in the chamber, as long as the space is not adjacent to a hero through a portal (see the example below). Any adversaries that cannot be set up in the chamber are lost.

### Surprise

After any ambushers are set up, the gamemaster rolls a dice to see if the ambushers have surprised the heroes. On a roll of 1-3 the heroes are not surprised; proceed to the next phase in the sequence of play. On a roll of 4-6 the heroes are surprised and the gamemaster can immediately take a turn with the ambushers as described on the previous page (adversaries that were not part of the ambush are not allowed to do anything).

If the ambushers surprise the heroes and take a turn, they cannot take another turn in the same round – the surprise turn is their turn for that round.

## END PHASE

After all the adversaries have taken a turn, the torchbearer passes the torch card to the adventurer on their left, who becomes the torchbearer for the next round. In addition, heroes can pass gold and treasure to each other in the end phase, and ascend or descend if they are on a stairwell (see below).

When the end phase is over, the round is complete! A new round then begins.

### Stairwells

If all of the heroes are on the same stairwell in the end phase, then they can choose to use it to either *ascend* or *descend*. The gamemaster will let the adventurers know which of these options are available, as some stairwells only go up, while others only go down.

If the adventurers choose to ascend or descend, then the gamemaster must look up the instructions for the stairwell, which will say what happens if the adventurers choose to ascend or descend. The end phase finishes after the gamemaster has carried out the instructions.

**6**

The heroes are ambushed by 6 Bloodreavers. The ambushers can be set up in an empty chamber or stairwell that is adjacent to a chamber with a hero – either the stairwell (X) or the chamber (Y) in this example. Only 4 of the Bloodreavers would fit in the stairwell, so the gamemaster picks the chamber. The Bloodreavers are set up as shown, being careful not to place any next to the portal that is adjacent to a hero (the shaded space in the example).



# FURTHER RULES

**The following pages detail some additional rules that only come up occasionally. You can either read them in full now, or just read the headers so that you know where to turn if one of these situations should arise.**

## Modifiers

Special rules, skills and treasure may sometimes modify values. For example, a skill might add 1 to an attack roll or double the damage of an attack. If multiple modifiers apply, use all of them, first applying any multipliers and then any additions or subtractions.

## Companions

If there are fewer than four adventurers, then any heroes that have not been chosen by an adventurer will instead join the party as one or more companions. Place the hero cards for any companions where they can be easily reached by the adventurers.

The torchbearer decides what any companions will do in each round, and rolls any dice for them. Companions can use destiny dice, and in all other ways are treated as if they were heroes.

In the hero phase, companions take their turn after each of the other heroes has taken a turn. If there is more than one companion, the torchbearer can choose which order to use them in. If any heroes or companions choose to wait, the sequence goes: heroes who did not wait – companions who did not wait – heroes who waited – companions who waited.

Companions take part in activities in Cinderfall along with the rest of the party. The torchbearer decides what they do, after any heroes have made their choices.

## Archimaine

Archimaine is a companion (see above) that uses the Gryph-hound hero card. If one of the heroes in the party is the Lord-Castellant, then they always control Archimaine, rather than the torchbearer doing so. Archimaine can never gain renown or be given skill cards, treasure cards, or gold. If he searches, the hero controlling him receives any gold or the benefits of any secrets he discovers. Archimaine cannot take part in any activities in Cinderfall. In all other respects, Archimaine is treated in the same manner as any other companion.



## Using Different Heroes

There are rules and miniatures available for a wide range of heroes in addition to the four included with *Shadows Over Hammerhal*. For example, *Warhammer Quest Silver Tower* includes six different heroes that can also be used in *Shadows Over Hammerhal*.

If you have any of these additional rules and miniatures, you can substitute them for any of the heroes included in the game, as long as the party includes a total of four heroes (plus Archimaine, if he has been found).





## Gold

Whenever a hero receives a piece of gold, a gold marker is placed on their hero card. There are gold markers for one, two, three and five pieces of gold; adventurers can place them on their hero card to show how many pieces of gold their hero has in their possession.

Heroes can only carry five pieces of gold. If they have more than five gold, they must either discard any excess or give it to another hero who can carry it. The adventurers can also give gold to each other in the end phase, or at any time when visiting Cinderfall.




## Treasure & Artefact Cards

When a hero gains one or more treasure cards, their adventurer usually just takes the appropriate number of cards from the deck and places them beside their hero card. Sometimes an entry in the adventure book will tell the gamemaster to use a different method to give out treasure cards, in which case the instructions for the entry are used instead.




**Treasure cards**




**Artefact cards**

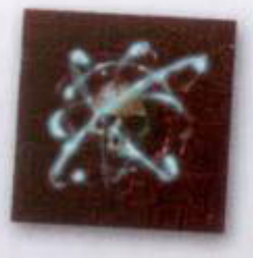
Heroes can only carry four treasure cards, and up to one artefact card. If they have more than four treasures or more than one artefact, they must either discard any excess or give the cards to another hero who can carry them. The adventurers can also give treasure or artefact cards to each other in the end phase, or at any time when visiting Cinderfall.

## Stunned

Some attacks have a Damage value of 'Stun'. These stun the target instead of wounding them.

When an adversary is stunned, place a stun marker next to it. Adversaries with stun markers do not act in the adversary phase. Remove any stun markers at the end of the adversary phase.

When a hero is stunned, place a stun marker on their hero card instead of a wound marker. If there is no space for one, the marker is discarded with no effect – stun attacks cannot grievously wound heroes. Stun markers affect your action roll like wound markers, but you remove them all from your hero card at the end of your turn. Each time a stunned miniature suffers a wound, flip one of their stun markers to its wound marker side instead of placing a new wound marker on the track.



**Stun marker**

## Failed Quests

If all of the heroes are grievously wounded at the same time (i.e. there are no heroes left on the board), then their quest has failed. The gamemaster is allowed to gloat and read the 'failed quest' text from the adventure book for the dungeon, and then the heroes must restart the quest.

To restart, first remove all of the chambers apart from the stairwell that the heroes used to enter the dungeon they are currently exploring. The heroes restart on the stairwell, with all wounds and grievous injuries healed. Any achievement cards, skill cards and artefact cards are kept, but any treasure cards and pieces of gold that the heroes have are lost, and their renown is reset to the starting space on the renown track.

Their quest then continues as before from this new starting point. Note that any dungeons that they had explored before reaching the current dungeon will remain explored.

# CAMPAIGN RULES

**The quest the adventurers have undertaken will rarely be completed in a single expedition. Rather, the adventurers will have to delve into the labyrinth several times, retreating sometimes in order to rest and recover. However, as they persevere with the task, they will learn new skills and abilities, making them increasingly dangerous opponents for the adversaries they meet.**

## Gaining Skills

Skills give your hero additional actions or abilities. Some of them have extra rules which come into play if your hero has a certain trait listed at the bottom of their hero card.

When an adventurer's hero gains a skill (pg 44), the adventurer draws the top two cards from the skill deck and puts one next to their hero card; the other card is returned to the bottom of the skill deck.

The maximum number of skills a hero can have is equal to their level. All the heroes start off at level 1. As they continue their quest, they will achieve things that will allow them to advance in level. If an adventurer's hero has more skills than their level, the adventurer must discard skill cards until the number of skills equals their hero's level.

For example, a level 1 hero who already has a skill card gains a new skill card; they take two cards and discard one, but a level 1 hero cannot have more than one skill, so the adventurer must decide if they wish to replace the hero's current skill card with the new one, or discard the new skill card and retain the old one.

## Achievement Cards & Levelling Up

As noted above, at certain times the heroes will achieve things that allow them to increase in level. Whenever the heroes do something that allows them to go up a level, the gamemaster gives the adventurers an achievement card. The level of all of the heroes in the party is equal to the number of achievement cards the party has earned plus 1.

For example, a party of heroes has managed to earn two achievement cards; all of the heroes in the party have therefore reached level 3.

## Ending an Expedition

The adventurers can choose to end an expedition if all of the heroes are on a space in a stairwell chamber that leads to Cinderfall in the end phase of a round, and they choose to leave the dungeon.

When they do so, remove all wound and grievous injury markers from their hero card (this is the only time grievous injury markers can be removed). Any skills, treasures and achievement cards that the adventurers keep will be with them when they undertake their next expedition, and the heroes' renown markers stay in their spaces on the fate board. The player who was torchbearer in the last round remains so until the start of the next expedition – do not hand the torch on until the new expedition begins.

The heroes then visit Cinderfall, as described next.

## Visiting Cinderfall

After battling the deadly horrors that can be found in the depths below Hammerhal, the adventurers take a well-earned rest and can choose to undertake activities in the Cinderfall district that may help them in their next expedition to the dungeon.

Details of what they can do in Cinderfall can be found on pages 21 to 24 of the adventure book. The gamemaster should read the relevant sections carefully, and then let the adventurers know what activities their heroes can undertake. After they have completed any activities they can begin a new expedition.

## Starting a New Expedition

The players can choose to start a new expedition immediately after they have finished their activities in Cinderfall, or arrange a time and date to meet up again to continue their game. A roster sheet is provided on the back of the guidebook to record information about the heroes should you decide to take a break. Whatever their decision, the same player must be the gamemaster for every expedition.

Before the party returns to the dungeon, the heroes can spend any pieces of gold they may have remaining to try and gain renown. A dice is rolled for each piece of gold that the hero discards; on a roll of 1-3 they gain nothing, but on a roll of 4-6 they gain 1 renown.

The heroes can then re-enter the dungeon. They can start on any of the stairwells that they have discovered which connect directly to Cinderfall. All the adventurers need to do is tell the gamemaster which stairwell they wish to use. All of the heroes must start in the same stairwell.

The new expedition is then carried out in exactly the same manner as the first one, with the exception that the heroes will probably start with some skills and treasure cards. In addition, they may decide to return to dungeons that they have already explored, in which case the following rules for previously explored chambers apply.

## Previously Explored Chambers

The gamemaster and the adventurers must keep track of which chambers have been explored and which have been searched during their expeditions into the dungeons underneath Hammerhal. To help with this we have included a checklist at the back of the adventure book on which the gamemaster can tick off the chambers that have been explored and the chambers that have been searched.

Should the heroes leave a dungeon and then return, they will begin in the stairwell and must explore the dungeon by opening portals as they would do for an unexplored dungeon, even though they will know what lies behind the portal. Do not place a gold marker beside a previously explored chamber that has already been searched. If the chamber has not been searched, place the gold marker beside it to show this is the case; the chamber may be searched normally by the returning heroes.

Adversaries in a previously explored chamber are not set up, it being assumed that they were either slain when the chamber was first discovered, or have moved on. Instead, the gamemaster makes an ambush roll for the chamber, and if the roll results in an ambush, the adversaries that are generated are set up in the explored chamber. Make a surprise roll for ambushers as you would do if they were set up normally.

Unless specifically noted otherwise, the special rules for a previously explored chamber are not used – they are treated as being 'None' instead of what is written in the adventure book. In some cases a special rule will still apply even if the chamber has been explored, but when this is the case it will be clearly noted in the adventure book.

## Changing Adventurers or Heroes

Adventurers can change during the course of a quest and the heroes being used may change from expedition to expedition as heroes join forces or part ways. An adventurer does not need to use the same hero throughout your quest – but it is important to keep track of which skills and treasures each of the heroes has picked up, as even if another player controls them in the next trial they still start with those cards.

## Completing the Quest

The gamemaster will let the adventurers know if they foiled the evil plan of the Ruinous Powers and completed their quest – until then, the adventurers will need to keep mounting expeditions into the dungeon, until they either thwart the dark plot or perish in the attempt!

## Increasing the Difficulty Level

Adventurers looking for a greater challenge can increase the difficulty level of the game by playing it at the heroic, legendary or hardcore difficulty level. If they do so, the following modifications to the standard game rules apply:

**Heroic Difficulty:** 1 is added to the Vigour of all adversaries. In addition, 1 is added to rolls that the gamemaster makes on the ambush table to determine the number and type of adversaries that make up an ambush. If the modified roll is 7 or more, then the gamemaster can pick which result to use on the ambush table.

**Legendary Difficulty:** 2 is added to the Vigour of all adversaries. In addition, 2 is added to rolls that the gamemaster makes on the ambush table to determine the number and type of adversaries that make up an ambush. If the modified roll is 7 or more, then the gamemaster can pick which result to use on the ambush table.

**Hardcore Difficulty:** Use the rules for legendary difficulty as described above. In addition, should the heroes fail in their quest, instead of restarting in the stairwell of the dungeon they were exploring when they met their demise, they must restart the whole game. This means that they will begin in the very first stairwell of the dungeon, and must return any skill cards, treasure cards, pieces of gold and achievement cards to their respective decks. To win at hardcore difficulty the heroes will therefore need to complete the quest without ever having all of the heroes grievously wounded at the same time.





Chaos Sorcerer Lord



Lord-Castellant



Gryph-hound



Kairic Acolytes



Bloodreavers



Loremaster



Cogsmith



Black Ark Fleetmaster







Putrid Blightkings



Plaguebearers



Tzaangors

# PAINTING GUIDE

**Painting the Citadel Miniatures that come with *Shadows Over Hammerhal* is not only an enjoyable activity in its own right, it will also make your quest infinitely more immersive. This section will take you through the colours and techniques used to paint the heroes and adversaries in the box.**

Whether you're a *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* veteran, or *Shadows Over Hammerhal* is your first venture into the Mortal Realms, the steps in this guide will enable you to get your miniatures looking great in no time. You may wish to paint all of the models before starting your first quest, bringing your gaming experience to life from the get-go. On the other hand, there's nothing stopping you from leaping straight into the action and painting your models as your quest progresses, adding more detail whenever you get the opportunity.

There's real satisfaction to be had in making your miniatures your own, bringing them to life with a paintbrush and teasing out all the finely sculpted detail. Some people revel in treating each miniature as a work of art, lavishing attention on every inch and painstakingly crafting scenic bases, while others prefer to take a wider approach, focussing on how the miniatures look when arrayed together rather than concentrating on single models.

There's no right or wrong way to go about this – you should do whatever you feel makes your miniatures look amazing. Take your time to think about your chosen paint schemes – those you decide on will give your models their character and define who they are. For instance, the blue and gold of the Hammers of Sigmar, the founders of Hammerhal, appears on buildings, banners and icons throughout the Twin-tailed City. By featuring these colours on characters who fight for the city, their allegiance is made clear.

Painting Citadel Miniatures is endlessly rewarding, and you'll find the more you put in, the more you get out. Painting allows you to explore your miniatures,



unlocking their potential and bringing their detail into focus. Best of all, by painting each miniature, you'll be creating something truly unique.

Before painting your models you'll first need to assemble them. To begin with, you'll want to follow the advice given in the construction booklet, but as your confidence grows you may find yourself customising your miniatures by combining different weapons and modifying their poses, leading to an even more individual collection.

Taking the guesswork out of great painting, the Citadel Paint System consists of several different formulations of paint, each of which is applied with its own specially designed brush. The paints are used in a set sequence, and each is designed to enhance the underlying colour to produce an intricate final scheme that belies the straightforward techniques.

The first paint you'll apply to your miniature is called the undercoat. Supplied in spray cans, it's formulated to cling to the model and provide an even surface for the colours that follow. A choice of colours is available, and the decision as to the most suitable will depend on the final scheme. Often an undercoat will be available in the model's predominant colour – if not, the general rule is that bright schemes look their best over white undercoat, while darker ones work best over black. Once the undercoat has dried, you can break out your brushes and start bringing your paint scheme to life. Normally, you'll apply the paints in this order:

**Base paints:** These contain a high percentage of pigment and deliver bold, intense colour that provides the foundation for the finished paint scheme. Neat basecoats are key to a great-looking miniature, so take your time and paint as neatly as you can.

**Shade paints:** Much thinner, almost the consistency of ink, Citadel Shade paints run into the model's recessed details, giving these areas a look of depth and contrast. Again, this paint has a range of brushes, the bristles of which are formulated to help the paint flow.

**Layer paints:** These add impact and realism by emphasising raised detail and mimicking reflections. Although applying Layer paints takes a little more time than drybrushing, they can deliver a really precise and impressive appearance.

**Dry Compounds:** Extremely effective and straightforward, these are applied using drybrushing. This involves passing a very lightly loaded brush rapidly across the model to apply a light dusting of colour to any elevated features.

There are a few pointers that can make the painting process even more rewarding. For example, try basecoating all of your models at the same time to ensure consistency. Some hobbyists are happy to let this first coat of paint dry and get straight to the game. You can then revisit your models whenever inspiration strikes, refining their look with Shade and Layer colours with each painting session. You don't have to do all the stages at one time; you can always come back to it, or play a few games between each session. Consider leaving the most complex models in the game until last. That way, you'll have a real treat waiting for you once the majority are finished, and you'll have honed your painting skills so that the most impressive models in your collection have the best paint jobs.

Once you've painted the miniatures in this set you'll have the makings of an impressive collection. What's more, by adding some extra warriors from one or more of the factions represented in *Shadows Over Hammerhal*, you'll be well on your way to mustering a mighty army of your own, ready for use in full *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* tabletop battles. Most hobbyists find that once they're bitten by the painting bug, it's hard to stop.

The following stage-by-stage guides will give you a solid grounding in the basic techniques as you paint the miniatures in this set. In fact, one of the best things about the hobby is that you'll find your skills improving with each fresh project. Just remember, there are no real 'rules' as to colours or designs – the Mortal Realms are a limitless canvas; it's up to you how you fill them.

## WARHAMMER TV

Essential viewing, Warhammer TV's painting tutorials have insights for everyone. Ace painter Duncan shares his expertise as he shows you how to paint Citadel Miniatures from start to finish. The guides are available for free on games-workshop.com and can also be watched via the Warhammer TV YouTube channel. All kinds of models are covered, from individual warriors and squads to mighty war machines, monsters and even battlefields. And while the videos are a boon for newcomers, they come packed with a host of tips, inspiring ideas and handy techniques that make them equally popular amongst even the most expert miniature painters.

Games Workshop offers an amazing range of hobby publications, including How to Paint Citadel Miniatures books. With stage-by-stage guides, advice on tools and techniques, and top tips from our in-house professional miniature painters, they've got all the know-how you need to create a stunning collection you'll feel rightly proud of.

# LORD-CASTELLANT

Arvios Sunhelm is the Lord-Castellant of the Exemplar Chamber known as the Engloriams, who are renowned as fierce, indomitable warriors even amongst the hallowed ranks of the Hammers of Sigmar.

Sunhelm is a veteran of battles beyond count, having fought alongside such heroes as Vandus Hammerhand, Thostos Bladestorm and his own Lord-Celestant Octus Engloriam in some of the fiercest engagements of the bloody Realmgate Wars. He fought the skaven hordes at the Argent Falls, above a roiling torrent of liquid metal. He battled the gathered dead amongst the Bonespires of the Cryptfield, and personally slew the Archfiend of Ghulhamesk in single combat.

Then came a new challenge. The great Cities of Sigmar were founded, shining beacons of hope and civilisation among the Chaos-ridden wilds of the Mortal Realms. Having forged its legacy in a series of bloody wars against the orruks, the Hammers of Sigmar, alongside several other Stormhosts, were tasked with safeguarding the twin metropolis of Hammerhal, the jewel in the crown of a new empire.

Unlike many Stormhosts, the Hammers of Sigmar are fairly well integrated within the communities they protect. The populace of Hammerhal venerates the 'Golden Angels', celebrating them as noble warriors and protectors. Though the Great War rages on, and the Warrior Chambers of the Hammers of Sigmar are to be found on its most vicious and perilous fronts, the Stormhost maintains a constant garrison in the Twin-tailed City.

Sunhelm is one of several Lord-Castellants responsible for overseeing Hammerhal's defences. As such, he maintains strong ties with the Ironweld and duardin engineers who are responsible for maintaining the city's infrastructure. He also occasionally plays the role of mediator between the city's mortal government and its more secretive and unknowable Stormhosts, such as the grim and brooding Anvils of the Heldenhammer.

Sunhelm is a redoubtable warrior of cheerful disposition, but his open and friendly demeanour masks an iron will and peerless martial skill – those that threaten the stability of Sigmar's wondrous city will find no mercy at his hand. He is accompanied at all times by Archimaine, a noble Gryph-hound who has fought at the Lord-Castellant's side since the outbreak of the Realmgate Wars. Each has risked his life to save the other's on countless occasions.



Assemble the Gryph-hound, attach the model to the base and apply Zandri Dust Spray.



For the base, use Jokaero Orange, Rhinox Hide, Retributor Armour, Abaddon Black and Kantor Blue.



The Layer paints are Tau Light Ochre, Skrag Brown, Ushabti Bone, Dawnstone and Teclis Blue.



Next, apply Reikland Fleshshade to the pelt and gold areas, and Agrax Earthshade to the beak.



Apply Screaming Skull to the beak, head and claws, and Pallid Wych Flesh to the underbelly.



Carefully add the markings on the Gryph-hound's back using Rhinox Hide.



Clip your miniature from the frame, trim away any seams using a Citadel Mouldline Remover and assemble it with Citadel Plastic Glue. When it's dry, apply a coat of Retributor Armour Spray.



Apply Leadbelcher to silver metals, Kantor Blue to blue details and Zandri Dust to the parchment and tabard. Use Celestra Grey for the cape lining and letters, Screamer Pink for the halberd, Abaddon Black for the belt and Balthasar Gold for the lantern.



Paint Nuln Oil over the silver, cloth and blue areas, then apply Reikland Fleshshade over gold and Seraphim Sepia over the parchment. Apply Druchii Violet to the haft, Agrax Earthshade to the lantern body, and Guilliman Blue to its jewels.



Apply Auric Armour Gold and Teclis Blue to the armour and the outside of the cape, Ulthuan Grey to the cape lining and letters, Ushabti Bone to the parchment, Cadian Fleshtone to the halberd and Genestealer Purple to the hourglass.



Add Fenrisian Grey to the blue areas, Stormhost Silver to the armour and other metallic areas, White Scar to the cape and lantern jewels, Pallid Wych Flesh to parchment and Administratum Grey to the belt.



Attach Citadel Sand to the base using PVA and paint with Mechanicus Standard Grey. Apply Nuln Oil Shade, then drybrush it with Karak Stone and Screaming Skull. Paint the rim with Steel Legion Drab.

# BLACK ARK FLEETMASTER

There are a thousand tales told of the adventures of Fleetmaster Vizrin Kyre, captain of the sleek black sky-ship known as the *Hel's Claw* and one of the most powerful figures in Hammerhal Aqsha's criminal underworld.

For centuries Kyre and his reaver fleet travelled across the Mortal Realms, raiding and killing where they pleased, capturing countless deadly monsters to be tamed and placed within the ranks of Azyr's armies. The deeds of Kyre's fleet have passed into legend. The tales say that they tamed the ice-hydras of the Everfloe and slew the cetacean sky-behemoth known as the Tamahantra, that they melted the Bronze Keep of the Chaos Lord Arvash Silverscream to the ground for profit and hurled its dread master into the molten ruins for sport.

Come Sigmar's resurgence and the founding of the great cities of Order, Kyre seemingly retired from this life of adventure. He and his fleet settled in Hammerhal Aqsha, where they had fought bravely and fiercely in the Wars of Founding against the gathered orruk tribes of the Morkmaw. In the decades since the first consecration, Kyre and his crews have increased their notable fortune by accepting contracts on the innumerable monsters that plague the Ashwastes and Glassplains surrounding Hammerhal Aqsha and the teeming jungles and canopies of Hammerhal Ghyra.

In person, Fleetmaster Kyre is an imposing figure. Tall and lithe, he moves with a grace that belies the loss of his left leg, which was long ago replaced with a silversteel blade. Around his shoulders he drapes a cloak of sea dragon scales, and beneath his angular skull with its shock of white-streaked hair sits a gorget crafted from the jaws of some aquatic terror.

Despite his fearsome reputation in the drinking pits, back-alley gambling halls, and other dark corners of the city, Kyre can be disarmingly cheerful and even charming. When his anger is stoked, however, his eyes become as dark and pitiless as a wyr-shark's, and that cruel smile never leaves his lips as his cutlass and barbed fighting hook appear as if by magic in his hands.

Those who cross the Fleetmaster are lucky indeed if they fall to his consummate swordsmanship – any traitors unfortunate enough to be taken alive end their days flayed and screaming, lashed to the prow of the *Hel's Claw*.



Many years ago, Vizrin Kyre lost his left leg to Axyamateth, the dreaded charcharid of the Eastern Swell, known by sailors of those haunted waters as the Queen of Sharks. The Fleetmaster had the missing limb replaced with a mastercrafted silversteel blade, and has learned to incorporate this bizarre weapon into his unique fighting style.



Carefully cut the miniature away from its sprue, assemble the model using Citadel Plastic Glue and apply an undercoat of Chaos Black Spray.



For the Base paints, use Retributor Armour for gold, Leadbelcher for other metals, Dark Reaper for the scales, boots and gloves, Screamer Pink for the cloak, Rakarth Flesh for the skin, Ushabti Bone for the bone and Celestra Grey for the white hair.



Shade paints enhance the model's details. Use Reikland Fleshshade for gold areas and the skin, Seraphim Sepia for the bone, and Nuln Oil for blue areas, scales, the cloak, hair, handle, boots, gloves and metals.



Apply Liberator Gold to gold, Teclis Blue to trousers, Russ Grey to scales, boots and gloves, Ironbreaker to metals, Pink Horror to the cloak, Flayed One Flesh to skin, Screaming Skull to bone, and Ulthuan Grey and Dawnstone to light and dark hair respectively.



Add Stormhost Silver to all metallic areas, Pallid Wych Flesh to the flesh and bone, Emperor's Children to the cloak, Fenrisian Grey to the trousers, scales, boots and gloves, White Scar to light hair and Administratum Grey to dark hair.



Use PVA to glue Citadel Sand to the base and paint with Mechanicus Standard Grey. Apply Nuln Oil, then drybrush with Karak Stone and Screaming Skull. Paint the rim with Steel Legion Drab.

# LOREMASTER

When the aelves of Hammerhal Ghyra's Eldritch Council locate a potentially troubling magical anomaly – an unstable artefact, perhaps, or the faintest hint of Chaotic corruption – it is to Loremaster Alnaryn that they turn. Countless looming threats against the city and its people have been eliminated with surgical precision by the enigmatic mage, though he asks for and accepts no glory in return for his long years of service to Hammerhal.

In fact, few people, even amongst the highest echelons of Hammerhal's government and military leadership are even aware of the Loremaster's work. This is preferable to Alnaryn. Let the warriors of the Stormcast Eternals and the regiments of the Freeguild earn the honour and the adulation of the cityfolk. He works where they cannot, in the dark corners of the Twin-tailed City, and in the ancient places of the wilds, where primordial magic stirs and hungers.

To deal with the myriad threats to Hammerhal, Alnaryn calls upon a seemingly bottomless reserve of arcane knowledge gleaned from centuries of study and adventure. He has walked the endless paths of the White Library of Gelnasis, studied at the feet of the Riftlords of Khys and mastered their rough magics. In shadowy Shyish he learned bladework from the long-dead Knights of the Thorn, who could slice a raindrop in six before it ever touched the ground. The Loremaster's mind overflows with esoteric knowledge, ready to be applied at a moment's notice.

Alnaryn can be a difficult aelf to deal with. His utter confidence in his own abilities and the breadth of his knowledge is often perceived by humans and duardin as rank arrogance. He has spent so many years alone in his chambers, poring through ancient tomes in a trance-like state of magical reverie, that he finds the frivolous chatter and seemingly wilful ignorance of most mortals exhausting.

Nevertheless, when there is no option but to work alongside the lesser races in pursuit of a common cause, the Loremaster can be relied upon as a staunch and honourable companion. He is not too proud to understand that a thousand years of adventure within the Mortal Realms cannot prepare one for even a fraction of their dangers. Some evils simply cannot be fought alone.



Like many warriors and wizards who dedicate their lives to the protection of the Twin-tailed City, Loremaster Alnaryn proudly wears the colours of Hammerhal – royal blue and burnished gold, the very same hues that the mighty Hammers of Sigmar, Hammerhal's founding Stormhost, wear upon their sigmarite armour.



Snip the miniature's components from the frame with Citadel Fine Detail Cutters and assemble the figure using Citadel Plastic Glue. Apply an undercoat of Chaos Black Spray, making sure of an even coat by tilting and turning the miniature as paint is applied.



The Base paints are Mephiston Red for gems, Retributor Armour and Leadbelcher for armour, Kantor Blue for trim, Rhinox Hide for leather, Screamer Pink for the plume and sword handle, Celestra Grey for the helmet crest and cape, and Rakarth Flesh for skin.



Apply Reikland Fleshshade to gold sections and the face, Nuln Oil to blue and silver areas, leather and gems, and Druchii Violet to pink areas. A 50/50 mix of Drakenhof Nightshade and Lahmian Medium is then applied to the grey areas, focussing on the recesses.



Apply Liberator Gold to gold and Ironbreaker to other metals, Teclis Blue to blue details, Pink Horror to pink, Skrag Brown to leather, Evil Sunz Scarlet to gems, Ulthuan Grey to grey areas and Flayed One Flesh to the skin.



Apply lines of Stormhost Silver to the gold and other metals, Fenrisian Grey to blue areas, Balor Brown to leather, Fire Dragon Bright to gems and White Scar to grey details. Finally, the skin is highlighted using fine lines of Pallid Wych Flesh.



Use PVA to glue Citadel Sand to the base and paint with Mechanicus Standard Grey. Apply Nuln Oil, then drybrush with Karak Stone and Screaming Skull. Paint the rim with Steel Legion Drab.

# COGSMITH

A venerable and irascible old Cogsmith, Golnir Coalbeard was a part of the founding of Hammerhal many years ago. He feels a fierce craftsman's pride in the city, and is quick to anger when he witnesses the selfish greed of those who endanger its future through corruption or negligence.

Despite his technical expertise and many years, Coalbeard is not a popular figure within the political hierarchy of the city – he is blunt and surly, and not one for soft words. This has not helped him when airing his concerns about the recent tectonic disruption in the district of Cinderfall. Fortunately the Lord-Castellant Arvios Sunhelm is a close friend of the duardin, having fought alongside the Cogsmith in numerous battles during the wars of foundation.

As a Cogsmith, Coalbeard has an almost preternatural understanding of machinery and construction. In his youth he was one of the pre-eminent siege experts of the Ironweld battalion known as the Shell Crackers, whose demolition expertise changed the flow of countless battles during the Realmgate Wars, including the breaching of the Hellfire Bastion beneath the dead suns of Varnfen, and the scouring of the Quicksilver Mines of Tarhold, where a single well-placed cask of duardin dragonbreath oil drowned the greenskin tribes in molten metal.

Though his skills remain in high demand on the battlefields of the Great War, Coalbeard spends most of his time these days ensuring that the fortifications of the Twin-tailed City are in perfect working order. Along with several other notable Cogsmiths, he tours the perimeter of the city, from the lava-moats of Hammerhal Ghyra to the great cogforts of Hammerhal Aqsha, planning and developing new and increasingly devious additions to the city's defences, and despairing at the bureaucracy that renders his work so much more time-consuming and difficult than it should be.

Above all, Coalbeard is a practical soul. He sees the twin cities of Hammerhal as a machine, no different from the colossal mine-drills of the Ironweld or the great duardin bellows-towers; each institution, each individual person within the city is a part of that mechanism, and all must work together so that the great engine can forge onwards. He simply cannot abide nor understand how a mortal could undermine this great endeavour through incompetence, or worse, corruption.



Golnir Coalbeard carries a steam cog-forge of his own design upon his back. As well as housing his tools, the ingenious device also heats and powers the duardin's armour and gauntlets, allowing him to operate self-sufficiently on the front line of a battlefield for days on end.



Begin painting the miniature by applying an undercoat of Chaos Black Spray. Tilt the miniature as you spray in short bursts to ensure even, all-over coverage.



Use Retributor Armour for gold details, Leadbelcher for silver, Warplock Bronze for brass, Kantor Blue for the cloth, Screamer Pink for the axe handle, Celestra Grey for the beard and trim, Rakarth Flesh for the skin and Rhinox Hide for the leather and rifle stock.



Apply Reikland Fleshshade over gold and skin, Nuln Oil on silver, cloth and in the beard's recesses, Brass Scorpion on brass, Druchii Violet on the axe handle, and a 50/50 mix of Drakenhof Nightshade and Lahmian Medium on the trim.



Use Liberator Gold on gold details, Ironbreaker on silver, Agrax Earthshade on brass, Teclis Blue on cloth, Pink Horror on the axe handle, Ulthuan Grey on grey areas including the beard, Kislev Flesh on the skin and Skrag Brown on leather and the rifle stock.



Apply Stormhost Silver to gold, silver and brass areas, Fenrisian Grey to the cloth, Emperor's Children to the axe handle, Flayed One Flesh to the skin, White Scar to the grey areas and Balor Brown to leather.



Glue Citadel Sand to the base and paint with Mechanicus Standard Grey. Coat with Nuln Oil before drybrushing with Karak Stone and then Screaming Skull. The rim is Steel Legion Drab.

# CHAOS SORCERER LORD

Lord Redomir is a powerful Chaos Sorcerer and a devout servant of the missing god Slaanesh, the vile patron of debauchery and excess. Redomir himself believes that the Dark Prince lies dormant in some hidden corner of the Mortal Realms, bloated and vulnerable after gluttonously devouring too many souls during an ancient cataclysm of mind-shattering proportions.

Redomir and his ilk believe that the Lord of Pleasure can be tempted forth with a ritual of sufficient debauchery and artful sadism, and have committed countless outrages across the breadth of the realms.

Thus far, none have caught the eye of blessed Slaanesh. Frustrated by these failures, Redomir travelled to countless repositories of forbidden knowledge, researching foul rites and blood magic, determined that he would see his master awaken and the gaudy arrogance of Sigmar's cities torn down.

It was amongst the spires of the Cursed City of Carpontia, where the accumulated knowledge of a thousand captive wizards was drained from their skulls and pooled in the Font of Eternity, that the sorcerer found his answer, seared into his mind by a choir of agonised screams. It was in the Twin-tailed City of Hammerhal that Redomir would finally fulfil his destiny.

Arriving in the greatest of the Cities of Sigmar, Lord Redomir quickly began to turn subjects to his cause. Unable to call upon the scattered followers of the Dark Prince, the sorcerer instead swayed the servants of the rival Chaos Gods to his cause. To the cunning servants of Tzeentch he promised widespread confusion and mayhem, the perfect backdrop against which to enact their devious plans. To Nurgle's merry sons he promised the fall of Hammerhal Ghyra, and the chance to drown that verdant city in putrescent wonders. To the blood-sworn warriors of Khorne he promised slaughter and bloodshed the likes of which they had never known – a promise as old as the gods themselves, but one with eternal allure to those who follow the Blood God.

Such was the passion in his words, he swayed all to his cause, and not only those long sworn to the Ruinous Powers. In the rundown, crime-ridden district of Cinderfall, Redomir found unexpected allies, who were only too happy to betray their city in exchange for the sorcerer's offered boons...



After several lifetimes spent in service to his sadistic god, Lord Redomir can barely be described as human any longer. Thin, curved horns stretch from his skull, and his eyes smoulder with eldritch flames. The only remnant of his former life is the sword he carries at his hip, though none have ever seen him draw the blade.



After assembling the miniature, trim away any seams using a Citadel Mouldline Remover. Undercoat the model with an even coat of Chaos Black Spray.



Apply Naggaroth Night to the robe, Daemonette Hide to the flesh, Retributor Armour to gold areas, Jokaero Orange to the glowing symbols and Rhinox Hide to the belt.



Next, apply Xereus Purple to the robes, Liberator Gold to the gold areas, Druchii Violet to the flesh, and Dark Reaper to the belt. Pick out the eyes and glowing symbols with Troll Slayer Orange.



When dry, apply Genestealer Purple to the robes, Reikland Fleshshade to gold areas, Slaanesh Grey to the skin, Russ Grey to the belt and Fuegan Orange to the glowing symbols.



Paint fine lines of Russ Grey to highlight the robes, then repeat the technique on the black areas with Fenrisian Grey. Apply Pallid Wych Flesh to the skin, Stormhost Silver to the gold, Fire Dragon Bright to the glowing symbols, and Balor Brown to the belt.



Use PVA to glue Citadel Sand to the base and paint with Mechanicus Standard Grey. Apply Nuln Oil, then drybrush with Karak Stone and Screaming Skull. Paint the rim with Steel Legion Drab.

# KAIRIC ACOLYTES

Of all the Chaos Gods, none profit from the clutter and commotion of civilisation as sweetly as Tzeentch. The Great Manipulator thrives on the webs of intrigue and secrecy that develop in the great cities of the realms, relishing the opportunity to sow the seeds of corruption and heresy into the very foundations of Sigmar's new world.

Unlike the aggressive warbands of Khornate worshippers and the gleefully repugnant chosen of Nurgle, Hammerhal's Tzeentchian cults choose to embrace anonymity and secrecy. Yet their devious and convoluted plotting leads to just as much death and destruction as the brute-force tactics of any blood-crazed slaughterband.

The Order of the Silver Blood is the most numerous and powerful of these hidden cults. Since the founding of Hammerhal, the Order has gradually inveigled itself into every stratum of the city, from the regiments that protect its borders to the highest offices of government. From these positions of authority, the Order enacts plans of mind-searing complexity, many of which will not pay dividends for many years, perhaps even centuries.

No agent of the Silver Blood can ever truly rest at ease. Sigmar's watchdogs are ever observant for signs of corruption. The Lord-Veritants of the Hammers of Sigmar and the Anvils of the Heldenhammer have rooted out and destroyed numerous conspiracies in the years since the city's founding, and it will only take one small mistake for the entire Order to be brought to its knees.

Thus, it was no easy thing for Lord Redomir to tempt the servants of Tzeentch into joining his grand endeavour. The sorcerer tried and failed to negotiate the terms of an alliance for many months before he was finally granted an audience with the Silversmith, the mysterious leader of the Order. This meeting went on for many days. None besides the two participants know what was discussed and what was promised, yet Redomir left with the full support of the Order.

The Sorcerer Lord and his allies within Cinderfall provided the Tzeentchian cultists with the perfect cover for operating openly on the streets of the district. Now they are his eyes and ears, able to operate where his more brutal agents would draw unwanted attention.



It is a great honour for an Acolyte to carry a Vulcharc into battle. These multicoloured avian creatures were once simple carrion birds, corrupted by Chaos magic in order to better serve their cultist masters. They have an insatiable hunger for raw arcane energy, which makes them excellent scouts for the Tzeentchian cults.



Undercoat with Corax White Spray. Make sure the model is completely covered, but keep the application light to avoid obscuring fine detail once the ensuing paints are added.



Apply Retributor Armour for gold areas, Abaddon Black for black details, Sotek Green for the shield and armour, Naggaroth Night for the tabard, Caliban Green for the gem, Ironbreaker for the sword and Ushabti Bone for the belt details.



The following Shade paints are then applied: Reikland Fleshshade over gold areas and skin, Drakenhof Nightshade over the armour and cloth, Nuln Oil over the tabard and Druchii Violet over the sword's blade.



Paint Liberator Gold onto the gold trim, use Flayed One Flesh for the skin, and Mechanicus Standard Grey for the black cords. White Scar is applied to the belt details and robe, Xereus Purple to the tabard and Warpstone Glow to the green gems.



Paint fine lines of Stormhost Silver onto all metallic areas, apply Pallid Wych Flesh to the skin, Administratum Grey to black areas, Slaanesh Grey to purple areas, and Moot Green to the gem.



Attach Citadel Sand to the base using PVA and paint with Mechanicus Standard Grey. Apply Nuln Oil Shade, then drybrush it with Karak Stone and Screaming Skull. Paint the rim with Steel Legion Drab.

# PUTRID BLIGHTKINGS

The verdant, bountiful jungles of Hammerhal Ghyra have long been coveted by Grandfather Nurgle. How delightful the soaring canopies would look, draped in curtains of glistening putrescence. How his beloved would delight to gambol and dance through the undergrowth, seeding the very earth with their putrid fecundity.

It is no surprise then that several warlords have launched crusades of despoilment in the name of the Lord of Disease, falling upon the Verdant City with a jovial fervour, spreading rot and putrefaction in their wake. None have succeeded in breaching the city's mighty fortifications. When Magrik Morbus and his Blighted March assaulted the city in the third decade of its founding, so many servants of Nurgle were driven into the lava moats and flame cannons that the skies above Hammerhal Ghyra were choked with noxious smoke for an entire season.

Their grand plans of conquest denied, Nurgle's loyal sons retreated into the wilds around the city, fracturing into smaller warbands and picking away at the edges of the Fellbriar forest like an infection slowly eating away at an open wound. The aelves of the city's White Tower and the Greenpriests who maintain its sprawling gardens fight a vicious running war against these corrupting intruders. So far, neither side has emerged triumphant, though the earth has been drenched in blood.

When the Sorcerer Lord Redomir arrived in Hammerhal, he quickly moved to ally with the mortal servants of Nurgle, recognising that their unholy constitution and martial skill would make them the ideal guardians for his underground lair. In return, Redomir promised that he would aid them in the corruption of the aelven gardens. When Hammerhal Ghyra inevitably falls to their combined efforts, Nurgle's blessed warriors will inherit the ruins of the Verdant City, and finally the Lord of Disease will claim his vaunted prize.

The Putrid Blightkings established a shrine to their foul master beneath the streets of Cinderfall, corrupting the ancient temple of a forgotten forest spirit. While they waited for Redomir to make good on his word, they amused themselves by brewing new and terrible poxes to unleash on the citizens above.



Putrid Blightkings are ridden with buboes and festering pustules, and harbour all manner of foul diseases within their corpulent forms. During the Viridium War, shortly after Hammerhal's founding, a Nurgle warband managed to infect several districts' worth of clean water by spilling a few droplets of their foul blood in the upland waterways.



Clip your model carefully from its sprue and assemble it with Citadel Plastic Glue, then apply Zandri Dust Spray, which will function as both an undercoat and the base colour for the skin.



Apply Seraphim Sepia to the flesh, Castellan Green to the armour, Balthasar Gold to brass, Screamer Pink to the tabard, Rakarth Flesh to the head, Leadbelcher to silver metals, Mechanicus Standard Grey to the weapon and Rhinox Hide to the straps.



Next, apply Reikland Fleshshade to the skin and brass, then apply Agrax Earthshade to the armour and weapon.



Apply Waywatcher Green to some of the lesions and folds in the skin, Brass Scorpion to the brass areas, Skavenblight Dinge to the weapon haft and Gorthor Brown to the leather straps.



Highlight the model's details with an S Artificer Layer brush. Use Screaming Skull on the flesh, Straken Green on the armour, Runefang Steel on metallic areas, Stormvermin Fur on the weapon haft and Gorthor Brown on straps.



Glue sand and stones to the base, then paint them Mechanicus Standard Grey. Apply Nuln Oil Shade, then drybrush it with Karak Stone and Screaming Skull. Paint the rim with Steel Legion Drab.

# BLOODREAVERS

The Khornate warband known as the Flayhounds has long been a thorn in the side of Hammerhal's military commanders. This roaming horde of cannibalistic savages, utterly devoted to the worship of the Lord of Skulls, called the ash wastes surrounding Hammerhal Aqsha their home for centuries before the Twin-tailed City's founding, feeding off the scattered remnants of nomadic human tribes and fighting a brutal guerilla war against the orruk tribes that dominated the region.

Then the full might of Sigmar's armies fell from the heavens. They slaughtered the orruks and erected their shining city on the ashes of the greenskins' Realmgate. The Flayhounds fell upon these golden warriors, recognising a worthy foe whose skulls would earn high favour with the Blood God. Yet against the full might of the Hammers of Sigmar and their mortal allies, the Khornate horde was hopelessly outmatched. The Flayhounds were torn asunder.

The survivors slunk back into the wastes to lick their wounds. Their numbers shattered, the horde was forced to turn to banditry, raiding caravans and isolated scouting detachments. All honour was lost, and the Lord of Skulls turned his gaze to worthier servants.

As the city of Hammerhal has grown, so has the power of the Flayhounds waned. The surviving warriors are bitter and rage-filled, and well aware that the longer they go without a great victory and a bounty of worthy skulls, the greater the ire of unforgiving Khorne.

Thus, despite the Flayhounds' inherent mistrust of any that do not worship the Blood God, it was not difficult for the Slaaneshi sorcerer Lord Redomir to sway these brutal killers to his cause. Deep beneath the streets of Hammerhal, in the labyrinthine catacombs and dungeons, there was an ancient chamber touched by the hand of Khorne himself. Redomir would show the Flayhounds this profane shrine, a holy place where they could hear the voice of their dark lord once more.

And as if that were not enough, he offered them a tithe of skulls beyond count if they fought at his side. Hammerhal would burn, Redomir promised, and the Flayhounds would pour into the streets of the city, falling upon its helpless civilians and disorganised militias in an orgy of gore-splattered violence.

The blood would flow in gushing torrents, and the Flayhounds would once again find great Khorne's favour.



To signify their undying devotion to mighty Khorne, Bloodreavers of the Flayhounds carve ritual symbols of ruin into their living flesh. Before each battle, the Slaughterpriest of the tribe reopens these wounds, creating foul war banners and leathery hide-totems out of the strips of torn skin.



After clipping the model from its sprue and assembling it with Citadel Plastic Glue, undercoat it with Chaos Black Spray – several light coats work better than one thick coat.



Paint the skin with Flayed One Flesh, the helmet Khorne Red, the trim Gehenna's Gold, the metal Leadbelcher, the trousers and horns Rhinox Hide, the straps Mournfang Brown, the tabard Skavenblight Dinge and the skulls Ushabti Bone.



Apply Reikland Fleshshade to the skulls, than give the rest of the model a generous coat of Agrax Earthshade. Allow the paint to dry thoroughly, and then carefully apply Druchii Violet to the recesses on the chest.



Paint the skin with Flayed One Flesh, avoiding recesses. Paint fine lines of Evil Sunz Scarlet on the helmet, then apply Runefang Steel to metallic areas, Mechanicus Standard Grey to the boots, Skrag Brown to the straps and Gorthor Brown to the trousers and horns.

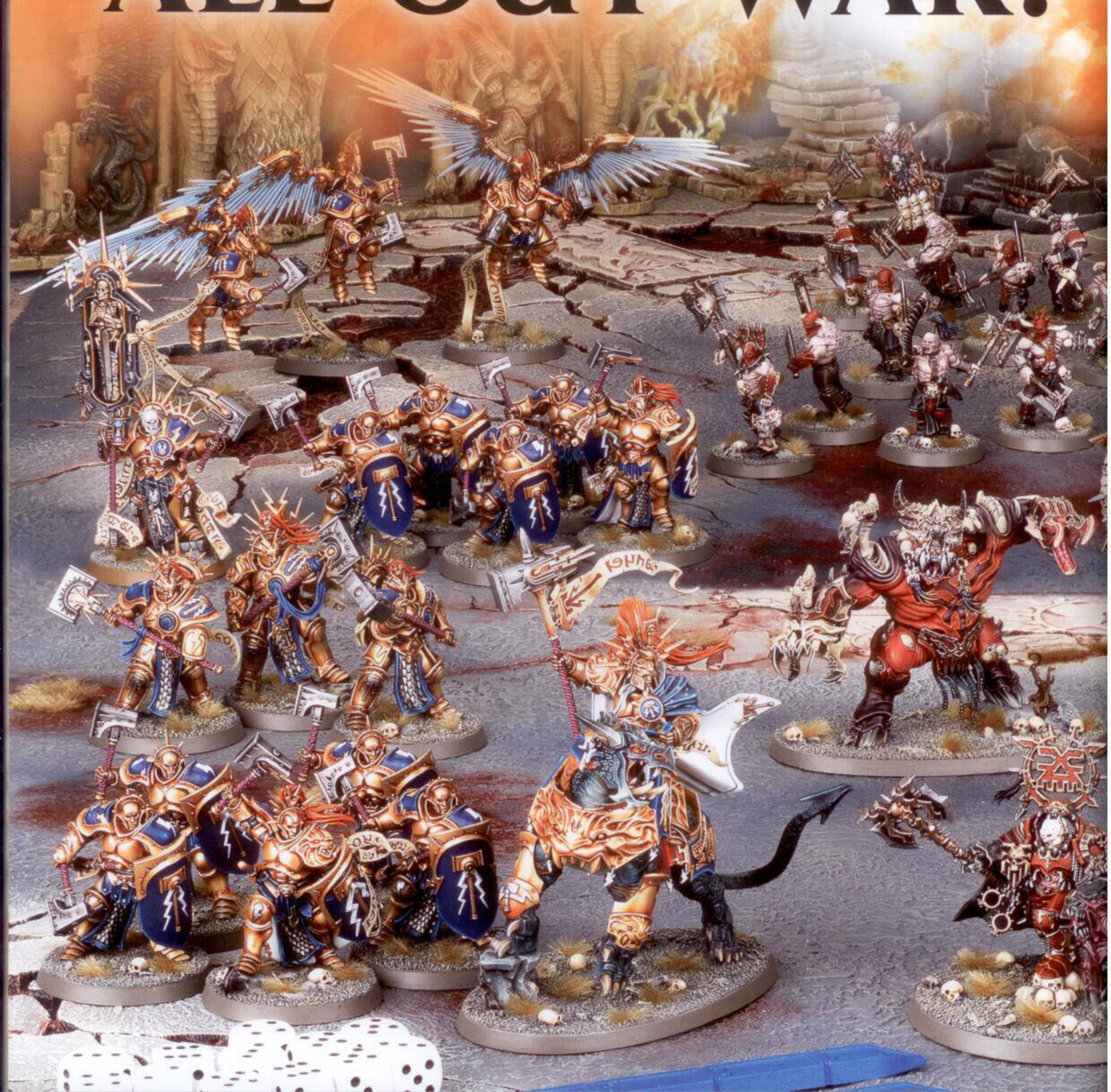


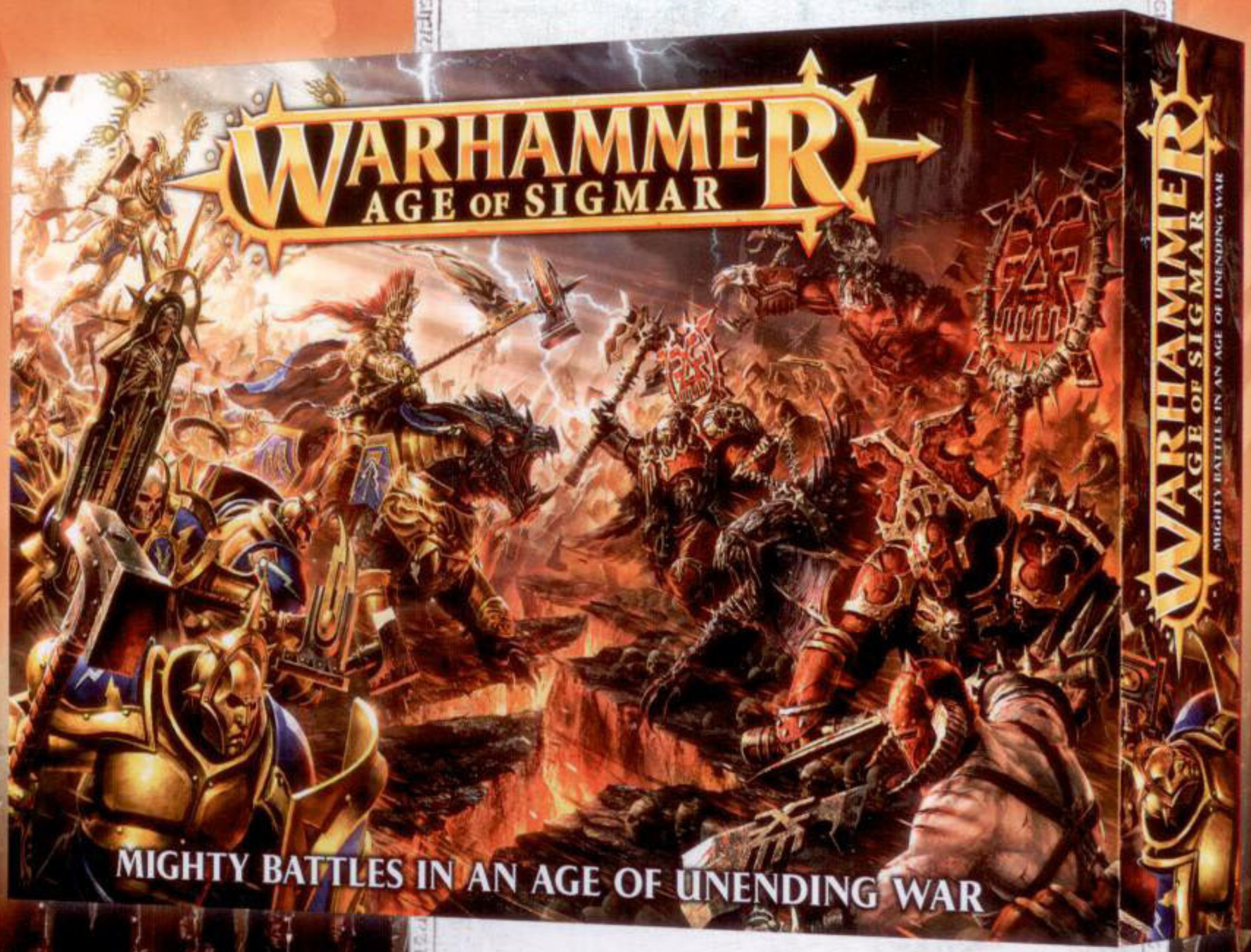
Next, use Fire Dragon Bright on the extreme edges of the helmet, Pallid Wych Flesh on the skin and White Scar on the bone. Use Karak Stone for the horns, tabard and trousers, and Balor Brown for the straps. Give the boots a final highlight of Fenrisian Grey.



Use PVA to glue a layer of sand to the base. When dry, paint this with Balor Brown. Drybrush with Screaming Skull and add tufts of Mordheim Turf. Lastly, neaten up the base by painting the rim with Steel Legion Drab.

# READY FOR ALL-OUT WAR?








- *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* starter set, including two armies – Stormcast Eternals and Khorne Bloodbound
- Mighty heroes add special abilities and powers to your games, and hulking monsters bring new levels of carnage to the battlefield
- An in-depth sourcebook packed with compelling narrative and extra rules

# ALSO AVAILABLE:

- Fine detail cutters, paint brush, plastic glue and paints – everything you need to get started with your miniatures



# HERO ROSTER

**Completing a full game of *Warhammer Quest Shadows Over Hammerhal* usually takes more than one gaming session. Use this roster to record information about each hero at the end of a session, so that you don't forget what skills, treasure, artefacts and gold they had acquired when you next play. Renown is measured on a scale of 1 to 10, with 1 meaning that the renown marker is on the starting space of the renown track.**

| Name: | |
|---|---|
| Renown: | Gold: |
| Wounds: | Grievous Injuries: |
| Skills: | |
| Treasure: | |
| Artefacts: | |
| Notes: | |

| Name: | |
|---|---|
| Renown: | Gold: |
| Wounds: | Grievous Injuries: |
| Skills: | |
| Treasure: | |
| Artefacts: | |
| Notes: | |

| Name: | |
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| Renown: | Gold: |
| Wounds: | Grievous Injuries: |
| Skills: | |
| Treasure: | |
| Artefacts: | |
| Notes: | |

| Name: | |
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| Renown: | Gold: |
| Wounds: | Grievous Injuries: |
| Skills: | |
| Treasure: | |
| Artefacts: | |
| Notes: | |

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