

WARHOST 2018

Lists and Lore

Malign Portents

All roads lead to Shyish, whether in life to eke out a meagre existence within Hinterland Marches, or to eternally drift within the Haunted Vaults in death - it matters not. The Time of Tribulations has seen entire warhosts come, from across the Mortal Realms, following portents malign and dire, to this land that is Terminus of all things. The hosts of the Storm God and his allies seek to protect the future of the Mortal Realms from the realm-shaking ritual nearing its completion, somewhere in the deep underworlds. The Ruinous Powers gather their forces, driving without rest deep into Shyish, each faction vying to amass such power as they can before the terrible storm finally breaks. The destructive forces of the realms overcome the terrors of the Time of Tribulations with bellowing, battle-hungry violence. They descend on Shyish, sensing the scale of the growing war, ever-seeking the Waaagh! at the end of days. The forces of the Great Necromancer, instigator of the current troubles, have heralded the coming darkness throughout the realms. Now, they return. As the forces of Order, Destruction and Chaos attempt to raze Shyish, and the works of its Master, the undying hosts are thrown against them without mercy. Their reasons are many besides, but the result is the same. The warhosts march, and all roads lead to Shyish. But, the sands of the hourglass continue to fall.

Dread Solstice

As a plague of evil omens spread across the Mortal Realms, the rulers of the lands destroyed their naysayers and slew those who spoke of dooms to come. The unquiet shades loosed by these fell acts took their secrets to the great beyond by the thousand - and so summoned Lunaghast, Moon of Dark Secrets, from its erratic orbit through Shyish. Some whispered Lunaghast was the ghost of an ancient warpstone planetoid come to feast upon mortal sins, others that it was the fabled Bad Moon of the Greenskins, whilst still more shouted their secrets to the skies in the hope of learning hidden knowledge in return. Nagash was pleased to see so many prophets slain, and his Great Work continued apace, but still, he needed more time. He awoke the Red Mist - a spiritual curse distilled from his most violent underworlds - and sent it through the Abyssal Fires to wreak havoc in Aqshy. This, in turn, brought the mighty lord Korghos Khul to war; his sphere-like fortress, the Orb Infernia, hovered low over the Great Parch. Only by working together did the races of that land construct a superweapon to turn upon the orb - a chronomantic cannon that blasted the Orb Infernia back to a previous state of its existence, when it was still riven by war.

That grand act of chronomancy sent ripples through time that Nagash was swift to harness. Shyish is the End of All Things, including time itself, and by using a portion of the realmstone he had painstakingly amassed, Nagash coalesced that truth into a vast time-eating sphere known as the Black Void. Those armies that had counter-attacked Shyish in the hope of sacking Nagashizzar found themselves literally losing time as seconds, then minutes, then hours were stolen from them to further the building of the Great Black Pyramid. When Nagash sprung his trap - and a significant part of their hosts was pitched into the underworld known as the Great Oubliette - all seemed lost. But the Great Necromancer had underestimated the resolve of the mortal races. They fought so hard within that endless jail that they not only escaped that nightmarish underworld, but freed the souls of many incarcerated heroes in the process, from the Age of Chaos, the Age of Myth, and even the times before that. Against the backdrop of this great victory, Nagash's grand cosmological ritual nears completion - perhaps all he needed to complete it was a little more time...

The Wars of Desperation

The Warhosts within Shyish each face many choices: Do they pillage the land and underworlds for artefacts, or to free the souls of long-dead allies and ancestors, to aid them in the coming conflict? Do they rush headlong towards the Black Pyramid, throwing caution to the wind and knowing the great trap that awaits them? Do they harry their rivals, taking advantage of the desperate times in order to increase their power and prestige within their own factions? Or are there other, clandestine purposes afoot?

AFTERMATH



The shield of bones fractured and crumbled around him, as Arkhan the Black surveyed the aftermath.

The gates of Nagashizzar lay in ruin, and huge sections of the city yawned into black void, descending into the Prime underworld of Nekroheim. The ancient liche felt a shift; a subtle polarity tilt somewhere in the foundations of Shyish. As if to confirm, his Dread Abyssal Razarak intoned cautiously, while the tortured souls encased in the beast's innards suddenly became still.

With a gesture, the Morghast bodyguards flanking the Mortarch began to heave away the piles of shattered basalt, splintered Shadeglass, and desiccated orruk corpses. Much of his force had been subsumed into the sea of bones around him, but a hardy few of the Nagashizzar Guard had started to gather amongst the wreckage, their battered armour anachronistic in this time and place.

What had gone wrong?

In the apocalyptic moments before the Necroquake, Arkhan had heard his master laughing - a sound not heard in millennia, and certainly no less disturbing because of it. Now, he heard different laughter, drifting up from the colossal sinkholes through which the Great Pyramid had descended during the final ritual. These voices, too, he knew. Old voices. Old Horrors. The petrified wood of his staff creaked as his talons tightened.

Pushing his way through the debris, he stepped to the brink of the nearest chasm, and looked across. The vista was difficult to comprehend. The black void seemed to devour light, sound, and time. A new event horizon twisted in the depths, where the dead sun once pulsed, and for the first time in millennia, Arkhan knew fear. Not as mortals would know it, but as a cold mix of certainty and confusion to one whose existence had been, until now, eternal.

He swept his arm to his face. The force from inside the void was growing. Arkhan fought the urge to let himself be pulled from his saddle follow the siren song of oblivion.

But he held - more through the habit of a long existence than from some desperate sense of preservation.

Just as his grasp began to slip from Razarak's reigns, a thunderclap of crackling amethystine fulmination burst from the depths, and *Death* emerged.

Reality seemed to bend around Him, as hosts of the wailing damned spilled forth into the ruined city to the sound of a thousand, thousand black crows screaming, as though from a great distance. Half-ruined buildings toppled outwards as he passed, drifting overhead within a pulsing orb of power.

The God's voice pounded in his head, amplified somehow by the nimbus that crackled through the great form.

“BRING THE RELIQUARY, SERVANT. WE DESCEND.”

Arkhan straightened, resuming his former composure. “As you command, my lord. To where do we descend?”

Arkhan cursed silently It would not do to question his Master at a time like this. He braced himself, as the pause stretched on.

“THE GREAT OUBLIETTE”.

One of the deepest Underworlds, the Oubliette was a jail realm in which had held some very old souls indeed. During the assaults leading up to the desperate measures in the Black Pyramid, the forces assailing Nagashizzar had been cast into this darkened realm, but had managed to free a portion of those forgotten essences held captive there from a world long lost.

Knowing better than to speak up again, Arkhan merely followed in the wake of the Great Necromancer, as one pulled along in an irresistible tow. The remains of the Nagashizzar Guard formed up behind him. Eventually the silence was broken, as Nagash seemed to muse to himself:

“TO SEEK AN OLD RIVAL”.



THE SEARCH



PLACES OF ARCANE POWER

Nagash and his servant are drained of power following the apocalyptic ritual. They seek places of arcane power to replenish themselves for the war ahead.

Outcome: _____

FOCAL POINT

Restoring the geomantic properties of the Great Oubliette is no easy matter. At the threshold of that dread place, a complicated ritual must be enacted before the search can continue.

Outcome: _____

SHIFTING OBJECTIVES

To search thier quarry, the Deathlords need to interrogate souls within the Oubliette. However, the Necroquake has made the area unstable, and the tortured souls shift and stutter.

Outcome: _____

TOTAL COMMITMENT

As they approach their final goal, the reserves of long-buried minions grows thin. For now, they rely on the remains of the Nagashizzar Guard to fight through to the final Underworld.

Outcome: _____

THE RELOCATION ORB

The soul of a long lost rival has been discovered. However, taming it for the war against the Mad Gods is no easy matter. As he refused to submit in life, so does he refuse in death.

Outcome: _____

LEADERS

Nagash, Supreme Lord of the Undead	800 pts
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>General</i> • <i>Amethystine Pinions (Spell)</i> • <i>Vile Transference (Spell)</i> • <i>Amaranthine Orb (Spell)</i> 	

Arkhan the Black, Mortarch of Sacrament	320 pts
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>Overwhelming Dread (Spell)</i> 	

BATTLELINE

The Eternal Guard	220 pts
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>Morghast Archai x 2</i> • <i>Spirit Halberds</i> 	

The Nagashizzar Guard	160 pts
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>Grave Guard x 10</i> • <i>Great Wight Blades</i> 	

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UNITS

The Reliquary of Sacrament	180 pts
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>Mortis Engine</i> 	

ENDLESS SPELLS

The Purple Sun of Shyish	100 pts
Umbral Spellportals	60 pts

<i>TOTAL</i>	<i>2000 pts</i>
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Lee Wilmot

Warhost of Hysh: Sylvaneth Allegiance

Heroes of the Wargrove

Archmage 100pts
Steed

Treelord Ancient 300pts
General
Trait: Gnarled Warrior
Moonstone of the Hidden Ways
Spell: Regrowth

Drycha Hamadreth 280pts
Spell: The Dwellers Below

Branchwraith 80pts
Ranu's Lamentiri
Spell: Verdant Blessing

Branchwych 80pts
Spell: Regrowth
Lens of Refraction

Defenders of the Wargrove 10 100pts

Dryads 80pts

5 Tree-Revenants 80pts

5 Tree-Revenants 400pts

6 Kurnoth Hunters

3 Kurnoth Hunters 200pts

Greatswords

Battalions of the Wargrove

Gnarlroot Wargrove 130pts

Household 100pts

Endless Spells of the Wargrove

Prismatic Palisade 30pts

Quicksilver Swords 20pts

Soulsnare Shackles 20pts

The wargrove of hysh

Time means nothing to those who grow but still they knew it had been to long since they had seen kin.

The grove had been sent out by the queen to find allies and magic to help in the fight. They had travelled far across realms. To rid Ghyran of chaos was all that mattered and all groves had heard the call to start the journey back.

The grove was bigger when they had started, many had been lost. Kin had fallen alongside allies but now they were close, all could feel it. Soon they would fight by the side of the queen with the gifts of new magic and a powerful friend who brought life and hope.

As for Drycha she didn't care, the fight was all that mattered and there was always death in the wake of the wargrove of Hysh.

Finn Decker

Warhost of Shyish: Legion of Sacrament

Heroes of the Legion

Arkhan the Black 320pts

General

Spell: Amaranthine Orb

Vampire Lord on Zombie Dragon 440pts

Spell: Amethystine Pinions

Ethereal Amulet

Necromancer 110pts

Spell: Fading Vigour

Black gem

Necromancer 110pts

Spell: Overwhelming Dread

Defenders of the Legion

5 Dire Wolves 60pts

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40 Skeleton Warriors 280pts

Spears

Mortis Engine 180pts

10 Grave Guard 160pts

Battalions of the Legion

Lords of Sacrament 130pts

Endless Spells of the Legion

Chronomatic Cogs 60pts

Geminids of Uhl-Gysh 40pts

Aethervoid Pendulum 40pts

ANDY LONG'S HOST OF SLAANESH

ARMY SUMMARY

POINTS

880

LEADERS/ BEHEMOTHS

UNIT

AURORON, THANE OF SOULS (440)

EXALTED KEEPER OF SECRETS

- General (*Invader*)
- Command Trait : Devotee of Torment (*Invader*)
- Artefact : Breathtaker

INGENA, THANE OF SOULS (440)

EXALTED KEEPER OF SECRETS

- General (*Invader*)
- Command Trait : Devotee of Torment (*Invader*)

480

LEADERS

THE CRONE (160)

HERALD OF SLAANESH ON EXALTED SEEKER CHARIOT

THE MOTHER (160)

HERALD OF SLAANESH ON EXALTED SEEKER CHARIOT

THE MAIDEN (160)

HERALD OF SLAANESH ON EXALTED SEEKER CHARIOT

570

BATTLELINE

DAEMONETTES OF SLAANESH x 30 (270)

DAEMONETTES OF SLAANESH x 20 (200)

DAEMONETTES OF SLAANESH x 10 (100)

1930

TOTAL (+1 Extra Command Point)



THE WYRD SISTERS AND THE THANES OF SLAANESH

THE THREE BECOME ONE

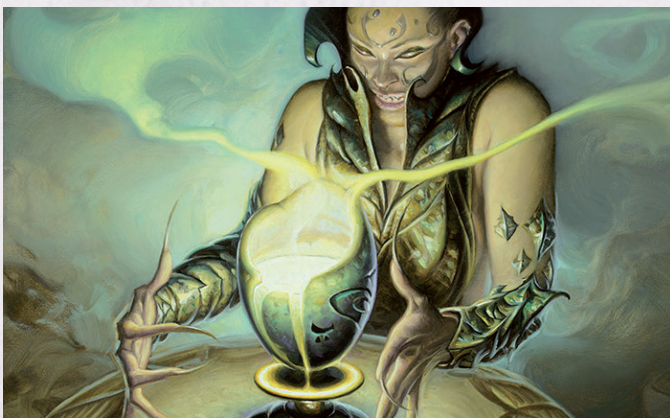
It is said that from the time that the Lord of Pleasure breathed his first, so then did the Wyrd Sisters. Each a deadly courtesan of Slaanesh. Each a handmaiden of vicious ability. Their deeds were numerous – why else would The Dark God favour them so? Yet as time has marched on, their actions as individuals have vanished like water on desert sands – save for one glorious moment that has echoed in the tales of mortal man ever since.

The Dark Prince in a mood only he could fathom – as we are not privy to the machinations of the gods – declared a challenge to his harem. Obtain for him an artefact of such unparalleled beauty and age from The Changer of Ways' Silver Tower and they will become much cherished in the eyes of their Lord – for the favour of Slaanesh was such that any of his servants would lay down their eternal lives for but a fleeting moment of his love.



The handmaidens raced to their goal, though it became clear that only three were truly up to the task. There was one who danced through the void opening gates from one place to another with grace and ease – it's beauty unparalleled. Another who raged as other handmaidens were struck down, her anger for the loss of her kin, her family, pushed her ever forward. The third, wise and experienced beyond all of the others and who moved beyond time, belying her frail complexion.

The three had arrived simultaneously as if destined to be there; they in their haste thought nothing of this unlikely occurrence. The chalice seemed to shimmer as they approached. The faces of three ancient beings relief carved into the sides, an ancient triple goddess. The vessel emitted a palpable aura; it spoke deep into the recesses of the minds of its beholders, whispering *'take me, love me, cherish me'*. This was surely the item that The Dark Lord desired most. The three rushed at it, each eager for his praise. They touched the vessel together and they were changed, their fates intertwined forever.



Since that fated moment in the Labyrinth, they have merged as one. Speaking in one voice, at once ancient, loving and seductive. It is as if they share the same wicked mind. Three souls bound as a harmonic choir. Where apart they were great, together they are as a facet of the Dark Lord himself. Their singular vision has led the cohorts of Slaanesh to many delectable victories, countless souls laid at the feet of The Prince of Excess.

SLAANESH LOST

It was barely noticeable at first. A feeling that could not quite be formed, something was wrong. The whispers and rumours confirmed the impossible, the Dark Prince is lost to trickery. The great hosts of the Prince of Pleasure lashed out first at the Changer of Ways, for who else could usurp a god? They warred with the false King Sigmar. They wrestled with the beasts. They battled with the Deathlord. Nothing.

Distraught, the Wyrd Sisters were forced to accept the unconscionable. They no longer feel his warm embrace. Abandoned, lonely – a feeling the three had never experienced before – the sisters exiled themselves. Hiding in the chasms of their home, they waited, scrying for a sign. Years passed and it seemed no thread of the tapestry of fate pointed to their lost god. Where could he be?



THE PROPHECY OF THE THANE

They despaired with the loss of the warm embrace of their God, eternity without the pleasure of life itself awaited them. A fate worse than death. Yet when all seemed lost, a vision of glorious shadow appeared and within the void, beings stood before them, shining with pure darkness, an aura of beauty. Gods reborn! As suddenly as they appeared, they changed – now a crying babe in a manger lay before them. The Sisters shared the vision: a prophecy. He would become a warrior, a king amongst his people, and a god!

Was it a hunger, a scent, a portent that drew the sisters to ulgu – the realm of shadows? It was here a mighty Thane of Chaos, a devotee of Slaanesh who had invaded this land with his son in tow. The Wyrd Sisters approached him in his dreams of their shared vision of greatness for his son – for the babe was impossible to deny – all who saw this child marked by Slaanesh belonged to him – would become a fearsome tyrant of the Lord of Pleasure, a god amongst men. The chieftain named the babe Auroron for his father and his father's father before him.

Auroron would grow fearsome and strong. In time he in turn became Thane of his tribe, anointed by the mark of his god. Now a king he was advised by three mysterious women who spoke as one – some called them witches, but never to their face.

Like all Kings, he desired a queen who would bear him a mighty son. Power and legacy secured. Many kings and chiefs from afar offered their daughters as a partner to ride with Auroron; but his choice of bride surprised many, a captured and somewhat plain slave; Ingena. It was whispered in the harem court the Ingena was a thrall of the witches, instructed in powers and seductions that are not for mortals to know. She quickly became Auroron's first, his mate and lover, his confidante.

THE PROFANE UNION

Even a vast warhost of Slaanesh will put aside the search for their god when a king is to marry, for the decadent orgy is far too tempting and desirous. The bacchanalian ceremony began with hundreds of sacrifices. An ostentatious and gluttonous banquet of food and drink was laid out before them. Dancers and entertainers from the far corners of the realms performed for those in attendance. Guests were dressed in their most striking and pompous attire – many of whom were masked or disguised to keep their true allegiance to the dark lord hidden.



The High Pontifex held out his hands and the raucous din died down near instantly. The ceremony began. Auroron and Ingena stood before one another naked in front of their subjects and guests. They spoke the words of binding. The Wyrd Sisters watched on with great pride knowing their prophecy would at last be fulfilled.

The binding finished, the ritual of the dance followed and then the kiss. Finally the chalice of union was presented filled to the brim with the blood of the sacrificed. The chalice was something to behold, a cup so silvered, so polished that looking upon it was as if looking into a new world. As the ritual ordained they drank from the chalice as one.

Upon the liquid touching the couple's lips; a great darkness formed around them. The lovers screamed as they seemed to warp and change. The two beings evolved and towered above the startled crowd, glorious in the might of Slaanesh and where once they had stood, now two divine exalted Keepers of Secrets stood – mirror images of one another, impossible to discern one from the other.

At last the sisters could reveal their true forms, and the ceremony began in earnest. Daemonettes flowed forth from rifts that had suddenly formed and only those blessed by Slaanesh survived. The violence was beautiful and lasted through the evening. Aurora Ingena was realised and behind them, a vast host of Slaanesh Daemons. The Wyrd Sisters were seeking their god.

PLACES OF ARCANE POWER

Years of near constant warfare have taken their toll on this land. Following a massive and seemingly unnatural eruption, three strange and ancient places were revealed. Only the truly devout of Slaanesh could see what stood before them. Which were lies and which was true. Among these three is it said that the the lost chalice of the union resides.

FOCAL POINTS

It is said of this land that at the moment of the eclipse on the rare Domeshrout night, five babes were born. As they grew into cherubic girls, and later beautiful women, the people thought them blessed and lusted after them. However, as the years passed their beauty remained unblemished, time showed no flaw on the five. A trial was commenced. Sentence was passed. The five were burned at five stakes. In their dying throes, mystical power crackled between the stakes, surely dark forces are at work here? Eons on, the land is still cursed. We must harvest this place of chaos.

SHIFTING OBJECTIVES

It was the eve of the Festival of the Sowing when the Host sought out the three Magi who if rumour was to be believed knew of a path to find the Prince of Pleasure. They spoke of glory to the Dark Prince, of a place that when found would lavish the victor in spoils. They spoke in unison, as if all three spoke with one voice – or at least they did excepting on one significant point. When the three spoke the precise location of this great boon, two spoke as one, but the third spoke of another place. It is surely a test of our resolve.

TOTAL COMMITMENT

By passing their mantles on from father to son, the triumvirate of ancients have ruled in unbroken peace for centuries. Until that is an envious consortium began plotting their takeover. One humid evening, the triumvirate and their families were dragged from their homes and murdered. It is said the moment the blood was spilled from the third son of the third father, this land belonged to Slaanesh!



THE RELOCATION ORB

Our search brought us to the fabled three wandering hermits, three beings driven to madness. Considered an amusement, they are said to speak divine truths if you knew when to listen. The first we rightly sacrificed to our dark lord. The second we had dance until death, a fine folly indeed. The third though, we allowed to speak. Contained within his gibberish and rants he seemed to regain some sense of sanity and spoke of a relocation orb, a key to our goal to find our lord. We *must* gain this powerful trinket!

James McGregor

Warhost of Chamon: Order Draconis

Aquilan's Heroes

Aquilan (Dragonlord) 340pts
riding Zienuth, Winters Tooth
General
Trait: Legendary Fighter
War Horn & Dragon Lance
Rune Blade

Ganamede the Glade lord 340pts
riding Tildir, the Eternal (Dragonlord)
War Horn & Dragon Lance
Gildenbane

Danrauth (Dragon Noble) 100pts
Phoenix Banner
Alchemical Chain

Alisma (Spellweaver) 100pts
Heartwood Staff

Aquilan's Forces

5 Dragon Blades 140pts
5 Dragon Blades 140pts
5 Dragon Blades 140pts
5 Dragon Blades 140pts
20 Glade Guard 240pts

Aquilan's Battalions

Dragonlord Host 130pts
Dragonlord Host 130pts

Aquilan shuddered against the cold and gripped his lance tightly in an already numbing hand, his intricately embossed plate and mail could turn aside tooth, club, and sword but nothing seemed to dull the bite of Ghur's northern winds especially once Zienuth was in full flight.

This would be the 4th long winter since the "Frostgate" Realm gate had suddenly buckled and collapsed trapping Aquilan and his company of knights in this frigid hellscape. Originally they had been dispatched on a 3 moon deployment, a diplomatic mission to ensure the trade of the mystical spirit oil, harvested from the great sea beasts the barbarians of Ghur hunted with spear and harpoon continued in return for fine aelven steel smithed in the citadel's back in Chamon.

Danrauth the host's banner bearer's Alchemical chain glowed brighter as he rode hard towards the origin of the sorcery. The aelves hunted in this fashion regularly. The chain, one of many relics smithed and infused with the mystical oils of Ghur back in Chamon pulled magic from the very air around it heating and glowing brighter and hotter the stronger the magical presence. The great beasts roaming the ice sheets emitted more magic the older and larger they became and from the luminance of Danrauth's chain this time they were in for a serious fight.

Aquilan almost fell from his mount when he saw another dragon rise from a barren thicket and it was a long tense moment before through the blizzard he made out an elven hero atop the forest dragons back, he let out a blast from his warhorn stopping the charge of his knights and received a high shrill in return from within the thicket. He brought Zienuth down onto the ice sheet and moved in to talk to the first aelf outside of his own detachment he had seen in three years.

Now Aquilan and Ganamede, the glade lord, hunted together. Using the same method, they tracked the great beasts and magical artefacts of Ghur now however it was for more than meat, furs, and a chance to escape the barbarians in the whaling port, they were amassing magic soaked ivory and oils from beasts and trinkets and sacred weapons from the mountain tribes. Alisma, Ganamede's spell weaver believed she could restart the realm gate and Aquilan and his great host might finally return home.

FAAAAAARRRRRRKKK

Written By An Angry Mofa.

This shit fucking sucks. I've been around a while now. A millennia, perhaps longer. I done much killing. Reckon I'd earned my slumber. But a bullshit 'crack' between realms has aroused me from my only happy place.

I don't want to be here. You don't want me to be here.

I want to go home, but some dick cut up my wings, so now I can't fucking fly.

Worst part is, my band of merry followers (candy ass dick suckers), have managed to follow me – at least if I was stuck in the realm without them I'd have some piece of quiet. But nooo, that pompous ass with his waving flag came along for the ride. Dick.

At least James Page keeps the "minions in order", otherwise I hate him too. I'd say he can suck my dick – but he might hear me, and I think he likes that stuff...

My name is Skarbrand and I'm fucking pissed off.

Don't get in my way, I'm going back home - to the lands of fires.

Fuck you all.
Skary

Byron Arnold- Angry Mofa's wanting to go home - Warhost 2018

<u>Leader</u>	<u>Unit</u>	<u>Qty</u>	<u>Points</u>	<u>Notes</u>	<u>Command trait</u>	<u>Artefact</u>
1	Skarbrand	1	400			
2	Bloodthirster of unfettered fury (aka James Page)	1	260	GENERAL	Immense Power	Harvester of Skulls
3	Bloodsecrator	1	140			Brazen Rune
4	Slaughterpriest	1	100	Bronzed flesh		
5	Slaughterpriest w/wrath & ham	1	100	Bronzed flesh		
6	Bloodstoker	1	80			
Core						
1	Blood Warriors	5	100			
3	Bloodreavers	20	140			
	Bloodreavers	10	70			
	Khorgorath	2	180			
	Wrathmongers	5	180			
Battalions						
1	Gore Pilgrims		200			

1,950



Michael Currie

Warhost of Chamon: Tzeentch

- Yg'Rixirak**
- Lord of Change** 380pts
Trait: Magical Supremacy
Wellspring of arcane might
Spell: Tzeentchs Firestorm
- Gaunt Summoner** 180pts
Chaos Familiars
Spell: Glimpse the Future
- Gaunt Summoner** 180pts
Chaos Familiars
Spell: Glimpse the Future
- Herald of Tzeentch** 140pts
Spell: Unchecked Mutation



- 10 Pink Horrors 200pts
Spell: Bolt of Tzeentch
- 10 Pink Horrors 200pts
Spell: Bolt of Tzeentch
- 10 Pink Horrors 200pts
Spell: Fold Reality
- 6 Enlightened 320pts
Discs
- Umbral Spellportal 60pts
- Ravenak's Gnashing 40pts
- Quicksilver Swords 20pts
- Geminids of uhl-Gysh 40pts
- Aethervoid Pendulum 40pts

With the lethal effects of the Necroquake washing across the realms, many factions have been drawn to Shyish, the lifeless realm of endings. While the Necroquake was merely an effect caused by Nagash's Black Pyramid and his schemes at Nagashizzar, few are aware that the Necroquake was not the intended culmination of his scheme, but an unexpected backlash caused by the failing of the Pyramid at it's most crucial time. Brought about by skaven of the Clans Eshin interfering with the Great Necromancer's plan, these skaven were merely chess pieces being moved across a great table by none other than Tzeentch, the Chaos God of Schemes, who's every move is callous misdirection. With Nagash's great work squandered and magic running wild across the realms, the insidious Changer of Ways is ready to begin the next phase in his ever-shifting plot.

The mighty Lord of Change known as Yg'Rixirak, known as the Eater of Ironies has descended on kaleidoscopic wings to the Realm of Death, accompanied by no less than two of the legendary Gaunt Summoners. These shadowy beings number 9 in total and are unparalleled masters of the scintillating change-magic their master has bestowed upon them. These beings are forcibly enthralled by Archaon, the mighty Everchosen of Chaos and constantly seek a way to slip the chains he pulled tight around their being. Following these lethal masters of the magic arts in their schemes are the daemons of pure change known appropriately as Horrors, and an elite coven of beast-warrior Enlightened, reshaped to better mirror the deadly power of their master Yg'Rixirak.

Tzeentch never dispatches a force without motive, as all that live are pawns to him in an endless game with stakes known only to him. The Gaunt Summoners are masters of duplicity, one alone is capable of shrouding it's form and mannerisms to become any shape it desires. Two together are capable of feats nigh unheard of, and through their powers they have been capable of disguising the powerful Yg'Rixirak as none other than Arkhan the Black, the ancient lieutenant of Nagash himself. With their forms concealed this force has been able to descend deep into Shyish, binding many strange ephemeral magics to their will, and once they reach the centre of the realm Yg'Rixirak will be able to bind the ghost of Morr'sible, the Chaos Moon of the Old World to Tzeentch's will. Tilting the scales in the God of Fate's favour will see the Great Game of Chaos lean towards Tzeentch and perhaps even the upstart Everchosen forced at last to bend his knee to a greater power, or so the Gaunt Summoners dare to believe.

Ron Golds

Warhost of Shyish: Seraphon

Mighty Heroes

Slaan 260pts

General

Ethereal Amulet

Trait:Great Rememberer

Slaan 260pts

Old Blood on Carnasaur 260pts

Lifebane

Sunblood 120pts

Blade of Endings

Astrolith Banner 160pts

Skink Starpriest 80pts

Endless Spells

Geminids of Uhl-Gysh 40pts

Emerald Lifeswarm 60pts

Suffocating Gravetide 30pts

Mighty Units

20 Saurus 200pts

Spears

10 Saurus 100pts

10 Saurus 100pts

10 Skinks 60pts

10 Skinks 60pts

Mighty Battalions

Fangs of Sotek 70pts

Sun Claw Starhost 130pts

Ben Clarke

Warhost of Shyish: Destruction

Devastating Heroes

Frostlord on Stonehorn 420pts

General Ethereal

Amulet

Trait: Wild Fury

Huskguard on Stonehorn 340pts

Huskguard on thundertusk 360pts

Huskguard on thundertusk 360pts

Moon Clan Shaman 80pts

Endless Spells

Chronomatic Cogs 60pts

Prismatic Pallisade 30pts

Devastating Units

20 Grots 100pts

20 Grots 100pts

20 Grots 100pts