

# A LEGEND REVEALED

## THE LABYRINTH OF ETERNITY

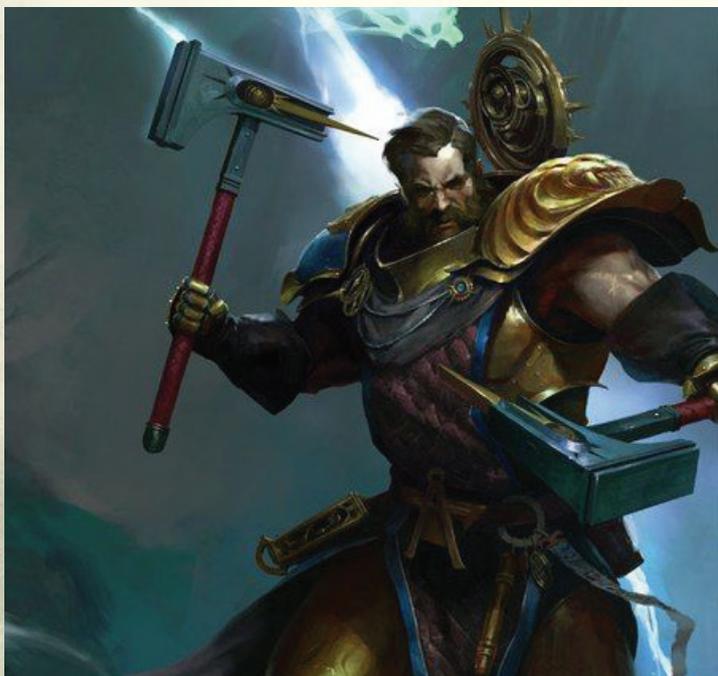
*In the depths of Shyish, an ancient empire long since thought extinct and forgotten, housed their greatest treasures and their very bodies in a place they considered so secure they assumed none would ever be able to defile it's sanctity. A mighty necropolis so vast that it took generations and millennia to construct. They called their mighty construct The Labyrinth of Eternity.*

*In the millennia that followed, many a tale was told of the pyramids at the centre of the labyrinth and the powerful relics they housed. Treasure hunters and scholars alike speculated on the details, but all agreed on one thing - the relics, while powerful beyond measure, were all but unobtainable.*

*The said no sorcery could break its many layered charms and curses. No map could chart the wicked traps and convoluted mind bending architecture. The stories all agreed, it was impenetrable.*

*That was until the great Necromancer unleashed the necroquake.*

*The protections undone, a once great myth was revealed as truth and the illusionary spell that kept the Labyrinth hidden fell. Within the endless deserts of the Voidscape on the wild borders of eastern edge of the realm of Shyish lay prizes and treasures too powerful to be allowed into the hands of our dreaded enemies.*



### BEL'HARN'S STORMHOST

*As the Lord Ordinator Bel'harn orders his last units to rain lightning down on the chaos heretics running up the hill towards them he sees the ballista shooting volley after volley down at them but the judicators now out of arrows lower their bows and draw their swords for the last stand. Bel'harn turns at the sound of cavalry running up behind him, a unit of fulminators run past him screaming "Only the faithful" and run down the hill right into the chaos heretics, shortly after a unit of judicators and a knight heraldor run up to Bel'harn and fill in the ranks then begin to shot the remaining chaos that the fulminators left for them.*

*After the heat of battle Bel'harn turns to the heraldor and thanks them for saving them, they had begin to run out of arrows and he was certain the heretics were going to over run them.*

*We have been sent to look for the labyrinth of eternity, now my infantry has been slain even if we do find it any force will overrun us again. The knight heraldor grind at the Lord, as my Lord has fallen we are more than happy to follow you, after if we can we got sent to locate a family to the east in the hills. After we find this labyrinth we will look for this family you seek nods Bel'harn.*

*So they go to the next town and locate a dwarf blacksmith to resupply then they make there way to the edge of the desert of voidscape to find the Labyrinth of Eternity.*

# THE REACHES

## THE LABYRINTH OF ETERNITY

*'That old man better not have been lying...' you think. Your army slowly rounds the pass, your soldiers' hunched weariness suddenly becomes more alert, lively. As you see it your own fatigue falls away too.*

*After many leagues of searching your arrive at one of the gates to the labyrinth. Mighty chains hang from the huge doors. You order your strongest to pull them open. A seal that is mounted over the door cracks in half; a wave of air is sucked in akin to the door taking a dying breath.*

*The arch now clear, you stare down the corridor with some trepidation. Part of you knows this is to be your destiny, the signs that brought you here told you as much.*

*The old man steps from the gate. 'good, you made it' he croaks. Alert, you draw your weapon.*

*'how are you here, sorcerer?, what is this? A trick?' The old decrepid man makes a heaving guttural noise before he speaks.*

*'Tricks? This is unimportant... you are here. That is what matters.' He clears his throat again.*

*'Before you lies the burial tomb of The Great Pharon. A place you know as The Labyrinth of Eternity...'*

*A titter of disquiet pulses through your army, you shoot your head around, and they fall silent, fearing your wrath more than some legend.*

*'Enter here and find your reward' He smiles at this. You greatly distrust this man as your army begins the march into the gate.*



### THE FATEWEAVER'S DISCIPLES

*Sayl the Faithless stood at the entrance to the Labyrinth of Eternity, his spawn Nightmaw ever by his side, staring into the labyrinthine structure he couldn't help but reminisce on why he was here. The structure kept changing, fluctuating, like a kaleidoscope. Any sane man staring at the object would be instantly driven insane, however Sayl was no mortal man, he was chosen by Tzeentch, hence the nearby Pink Horrors, their leader, none other than Kairos Fateweaver himself stood by, both heads muttering incoherently to themselves about past and future events, about worlds yet to appear and ones that were.*

*Sayl normally wouldn't ally exclusively with daemons, but he had something at stake, or maybe nothing at stake.*

*Days before Sayl was summoned by Fateweaver, true to his nature he gave two prophecies; an object of great power lay within the Labyrinth, said one head, an object of terrible power, said the other. Both said whosoever found this object would gain Tzeentch's favor. There never was any telling with Fateweaver which head was telling the truth and which was the lie, weaker men would go insane trying to decipher the meaning, Sayl was not weak. No matter whether the object was incredibly powerful or horribly cursed he would get to the centre of the labyrinth and find it. Fateweaver's last message was a surprise, he would lead the incursion, Sayl would find the object on his own.*

*Sayl snapped out of his musings to the sound of the daemonic instruments blowing and the Pink Horrors getting excited, he turned to Nightmaw, ever by his side. "Time to move."*



## MISSION I: RAIDING THE LOST ARKS

The ancient texts speak of Arks containing tablets inscribed with strange hieroglyphics. The only way the worthy can enter the gates to the inner maze is by opening the ark at the rise of the Blood Moon on the threshold of the Gates of the Great Pharon. The ark rests within the Eternal Crypts housed in the Outer Realm Chambers. Only those worthy of the Great Pharon shall receive an Ark and for those deemed unworthy all you shall receive is damnation!

### PITCHED BATTLE

Use the Pitched Battle rules from pages 48-49 of the General's Handbook.

### SET-UP

Player 1 as dictated by the Realm Chamber decides which territory each side will use. The territories are shown on the map below.

The players then alternate setting up units one at a time, starting with Player 1. Units must be set up wholly within their own territory, more than 9" from enemy territory.

Continue to set up units until both players have set up their armies. If one player finishes first, the opposing player sets up the rest of the units in their army.

### OBJECTIVES

This battle is fought to be the first open the Eternal Crypts, find the Ark and prevent it from falling into enemy hands.

### OPENING THE CRYPTS

Once per hero phase, a friendly unit within 3" of a Crypt can declare to open it. Once opened, lift the lid off the Crypt and reveal either an Ark, or the Curse. If you reveal the Curse approach the TO. If you reveal the Ark, consult the Burden of the Ark rules below.

### THE BURDEN OF THE ARK

The Ark is magically protected to ensure only lesser beings can carry it – *the Pharons do not share their power*. To pick up the Ark during your Hero Phase declare a friendly non Hero unit within 3" of the Ark to pick it up.

While this unit bears the Ark, it cannot run or charge, use any form of teleportation, nor or assisted movement of any sort as the magic of the Ark prevents its theft. Units bearing the Ark lose the ability to fly, ignore terrain (for eg, nighthaunt units) nor can they use assisted Hero Phase movements such as *Rampaging Destroyers* or teleportation types of movement such as *Navigate Realmroots*. In short, all it can do regarding movement is move the amount shown on it's movement stat.

Units bearing the Ark are trying

to escape and must end their turn closer to their own short board edge if possible.

The unit bearing the Ark gains magical protection. Any damage inflicted by missile wounds or mortal wounds is ignored on an unmodified 6+ roll.

### DROPPING THE ARK

A unit bearing the Ark drops it when they are slain. Place the Ark within 3" of the slain unit.

### GLORIOUS VICTORY

The battle is to find the Ark and prevent your opponent getting it. The game lasts until the end of battle round 5 or until the time limit expires.

You gain a major victory if one of your units is carrying the Ark at the end of the game, or a unit bearing the ark escapes off their short board edge, or your opponent has no forces left on the board. Your opponent scores a major loss in any of these cases.

You gain a minor victory if you were the last player to carry the Ark at the end of the game. Your opponent scores a minor loss in this case.



## THE WOLVES OF SPITESHADE

The forest sped past, spites grinning and leering at her from the foliage as she urged her steed onwards. Her vision had been clear, the Labyrinth was open and its vaults ready for the picking. Mandia had rushed to Arthyr and informed him of her vision, where Arthyr told her to seek out his brothers Aias and Braern.

Mandia knew they were out on the fringes of their domain hunting down scattered bands of Nurgle, and this is where she would head. Ahead the forest started to get darker, the spites and other creatures of the forest were more withdrawn. She could feel the taint of Nurgle as it gently infiltrated and infected the weak and broken. Deeper and deeper into this part of this forest she cautiously went, she could now sense the two Stornos brothers and their warband. Here and there she could see a fallen Chaos warrior, pierced with green fletched arrows of Spiteshade Vale. Ahead she heard the distinct sounds of battle, she dismounted swiftly from her steed and silently crept towards the sounds of battle. There, amongst some ancient Waystones she made out the swift shadows of Wildwood Rangers and Wardancers slicing and dancing around a group of beleaguered Nurgle daemons. She leant down and slid her fingers into the soil at her feet, feeling the energy and power within Ghyran. She focussed and let her song echo out across the grove, the Wanderers attack doubled in pace while the daemons struggled and tried to locate the source of the song. Too late though, as her song increased, vines and roots burst from the ground beneath the Nurgle daemons, surrounding them in a wall of greenery before being crushed and torn apart.

Aias stepped over the corpse of the Nurgle champion who had led this band, pulling his spear from its head and looking across the grove to where Mandia still crouched as she finished her song. He stalked forwards towards her, wary of any foes that might still draw breath. As Aias reached her, he bowed his head slightly. "What brings you all the way out here my friend?" He asked.

"I have seen the Labyrinth opened, and foul forces opening its secrets. Arthyr has requested we leave at once to hunt down as many foes as possible and halt the enemies of Life." Mandia replied quietly.

Aias nodded, understanding the gravity of the situation. He pulled his whistle from its pouch and let go a crisp note. Within moments his warband gathered behind him, the youngest of the Stornos brothers Braern stalking quietly around the edges of the group.

"My brothers and sisters, we are set to a new hunt in lands outside our realm. The Labyrinth of Eternity has opened and Prince Arthyr has requested we, the Wolves of

Spiteshade, hunt down and slay the enemies of Ghyran. Check your bows, sharpen your blades and make your offerings to Kurnous." Aias announced to his warriors.

That evening they slipped through the secret paths and into the realm of Shyish. The hunt and the tale of Aias and Braern Stornos begins...



## THE SHACKLES OF OLYNDER

A flicker of soulfire ignited within the hollow gaze of the was dormant husk sat upon a throne within the centre of a great ziggurat, bringing the dead dark room ablaze with an all mighty amethyst blaze. The room now droned with the semiconscious pleas of barely decipherable ancient spirits, but one clearly stood out from within the millions that swirled around the gargantuan on the throne. "Master. You summon me". It was not a statement, nor a question. The spirit knew he was present and knew what had to be done.

"Queen of shackles and forsaken".

There was an unrealmly pause, to mortals it could have been years, vampires have awoke and lay to rest yet to ethereal forms it meant little.

"They seek to hide what is mine, I see them".

The gigantic skull turned to the side as if watching something in the far distance.

"I see them now, racing like rats in a maze".

Olydina tightens the chains silencing the desperate cries of those who tried deny a god in life.

"Go, awaken the souls of these dead fools, learn of the secrets".

The soulfire fades in the sockets of the great necromancer, but his leer fixed in the direction of the labyrinth. With the sudden distancing presence of the lord of death Olynder, Queen of the damned, shrieks as her very soul and all those bent to her will are ripped from realm only to appear within the dusty corridors of the once great labyrinth vaults.

# THE OUTER ANNULET

## THE LABYRINTH OF ETERNITY

*You had dared to allow yourself the thought, even for a second that this was too easy. The realm antechamber had changed all that. You lead your forces forward, leaving the horror of the Antechamber behind you.*

*Casualties have been high, how much more of this infernal maze is left? You feel you know the answer to this question before you had even finished thinking it.*

*'You've only just begun' rasps the old man. Again you draw your weapon, but you know in your heart this show of instinctual force would be useless against this stranger.*

*'Speak your piece and be done with it, sorcerer!' Your rage fuelled response surprises even you, you know by showing emotion you're losing the battle of wits with this strange decrepid foe.*

*'Take the Ark to the ritual, deep within the outer annulet, the true labyrinth. Remember, the Ark is but a test, the first of many. Only they who are truly worthy shall receive the prize.*

*The man's laugh echoes long after he has vanished. You silently vow you'll kill this man.*



## THE VINES OF ALLARIELLE

*She was running out of time.*

*Alarielle grimaced over her councils bickering. Both arguments were valid. Yet only one resulted in a possible cure. The Everqueen knew since the end of the war of life that something was still wrong. Her amphorae was strong in number, but after regrowing her wounds after the final pox-ridden clash with the Great Unclean One, the clutch of his rot knew no bounds and she could sense something was amiss. Her kingdom within Ghyran was now little but ash and ember - a war torn crust with only the taint remaining. Including that one spirit jar.*

*'My queen' Durthu had interrupted Alarielle's train of thought. 'This taint is a curse on this land. We can not allow this to rest. We should destroy it before it blemishes Ghyran with any further infection.' The Everqueens Branchwych interrupted. 'As your blood and life, grown from your severed right hand, I live to serve. I was there with you my queen. I carried you in that very jar. If we were to face a similar foe again, I fear your remaining amphorae would be insufficient in restoring you again.'*

*The council fell silent.*

*'I would not beg to imagine Ghyran without you present. For the safety of this land - and its*

*people, we must revitalise and cleanse this container. Whilst you were contained, I spoke with Lord-Castellant Grymn, he spoke of an ancient labyrinth, one of eternity. That would potentially serve as a backup should I have failed to restore you in the lands of Ghyran ~'*

*'Those lands are cursed', Durthu interrupting this time. His eyes narrowed on the Branchwych. You would doom this kingdom of its Queen when we've only just got her*

*back?! I have heard whispers within the everglades of this "labyrinth" you speak of. The charms and traps. It's ever turning architecture moving quicker than the vines of which we grow. We would risk everything on a chance that these relics are what some foolish sigmarine believes them to be?'*

*'And should we not, what then Durthu?'*

*Durthu's narrowed gaze on the wych widened to his queen of whom spoke the words. In disbelief and shock his words stuttered.*

*'There must be another way my queen. There mus~, 'Enough Durthu.'*

*'We will seek out these ruins. The renewed strength of our grove has pushed the forces of rot and chaos. If death seeks us also - so be it.'*

*Her eyes now met Durthu. Focussed.*

*'I am running out of time.'*



## MISSION II: THE RITUAL OF DOOM

Strange hieroglyphs on the Ark points to a Sect of Priests wholly devoted to protecting the Pharon's Sanctum. In life they were the mystics, conjurors and magicians who pleased the Pharon's court. By uttering the ritual of dark necro-magic malediction, the chosen can break the barrier that ensures no being, living or dead can cross the threshold without the Pharon's permission.

### PITCHED BATTLE

Use the Pitched Battle rules from pages 48-49 of the General's Handbook.

### SET-UP

Player 1 won the previous mission. Player 2 lost the previous mission. In the centre of the board is the Ritual Location. Player 1's territory of deployment is anywhere within 15" of the Ritual Location. Player 2's territory is shown on the map below.

The players then alternate setting up units one at a time, starting with Player 1's selected Ark Master (see *Choosing the Ark Master*) who must be placed on the Ritual Location. All other units can then be placed normally wholly within their own territory.

Continue to set up units until both players have set up their armies. If one player finishes first, the opposing player sets up the rest of the units in their army, one after another.

### OBJECTIVES

This battle is fought over the completion of the Ritual of Doom.

### CHOOSING THE ARK MASTER

Player 1 must select a Wizard or Priest Hero from your army nominated as the Ark Master. If there are no Wizards or Priests in your army, choose any Hero. If there are no Heroes left, select any unit.

The Ark Master will cast the incantation that reveals the location of the Trials – see *The Ritual of Doom* below.

If the Ark Master is slain, you must replace them. Choosing a unit in the manner above to be the Ark Master, move said unit to the Ritual Location. In your Hero Phase, nominate this unit as the new Ark Master.

### THE RITE BREAKERS

Player 2's army are the Rite Breakers. Their task is simple, attack Player 1's army and prevent them from completing the Ritual.



### THE RITUAL OF DOOM

As long as the Ark Master is on the Ritual Location, they are casting the Ritual of Doom. The Ark Master can behave normally in all respects but must stay within the Ritual Location. While chanting the Ritual they are magically enhanced. Each Hero phase the Ark Master can recover D3 lost wounds. In addition any damage inflicted by missile wounds or mortal wounds is ignored on an unmodified roll of 6.

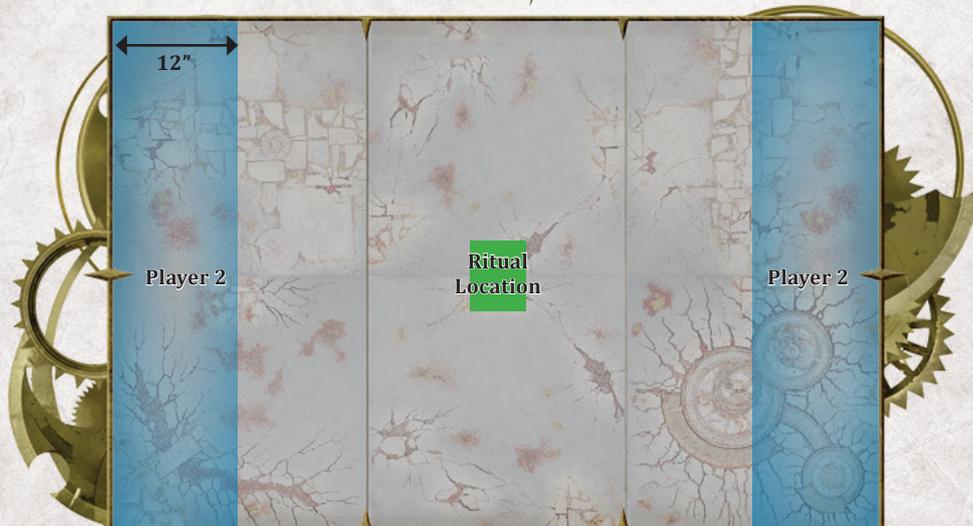
If there is no Ark Master on the Ritual Location, the ritual is broken.

### GLORIOUS VICTORY

**Player 1:** Your battle is to complete the Ritual of Doom, done by having an Ark Master on the Ritual Location at the end of battle round 5. If this is the case you score a Major Victory and your Opponent a Major Loss.

**Player 2:** Your battle is to break the Ritual by ensuring no Ark Master is present on the Ritual Location. If this is the case you score a Major Victory and your Opponent a Major Loss.

The game lasts until the end of battle round 5 or until the time limit expires.



# THE KNIGHTS OF THE BROKEN WORD

*Sheets of black Shadeglass rained from the collapsing wall. A silent figure stood near one of the breaches, as shrapnel exploded nearby shattering rock and corpse, leaving the figure unscathed. Nagashizzar was in ruins, its haunted city-scape swallowed by a black void, along with almost all its denizens. But the Castellan yet stood.*

*In the distance, a vast, primal Entity descended unto the void, a nimbus of amethystine power arcing into the ruins as it dropped out of view; Architect of both the great city and its destruction, Master of its denizens.*

*As the Realm-God sank into the darkness, a silence rose up from the depths, covering the dead city.*

*As if waking from a dream, the silent figure raised his head. After aeons of the Realm-God's imperatives booming through his psyche, it took several days for the figure to recognise his own, distant conscience, and several more to draw it into coherency, during which time the figure stood, motionless.*

*Slowly, he became aware of the ruins around him, the small flames that yet burned among the rubble and remains. He looked down at his hands, dust sloughing off, and ancient armour creaking as he raised his arms.*

*In one skeletal hand he clutched a gem, which shimmered with an otherworldly glow. With the sight of the gem, more awareness, and a name.*

*Vorn.*

*Lifting heavy sabatons, the wight turned, as if he had heard his name called to him, but there was nothing behind him but rubble and flame. Turning back, he surveyed the expanse of wasteland in the grand gulch that funnelled the winds of Shyish towards Nagashizzar. Nothing moved save the occasional billow of grave dust. That was, until something caught his eye. There, on the ridge, a line of mounted figures was silhouetted, black against the red sky, save for green balefires of staring eyes.*

*Vorn stared at the figures on the crest, suppressing the scratch that gnawed the back of his psyche, until at last he turned, disturbed, and began to shuffle through the rubble. He made it no more than ten paces before he sank to his knees, a draining weakness rippling out from the arm clutching the strange gem. It was then that Vorn remembered the oaths.*

*Far to the east, an ancient city lay decaying, and within it, a colossal necropolis so laced with protective enchantment that not even the Great necromancer could breach them. Frustrated, mighty Nagash had taken the guardians of that place. Not the original inhabitants, but remnants of successive generations of protectors who watched over the ruins, outbound never to leave the necropolis unguarded.*

*The oath that bound them was strong, but stronger was the Necromancer's will. It fell to Vorn, Castellan of the Black City itself, to bind these defenders. The gem was part of that bond.*

*But now Nagash had gone, and here they were - the Knights of the Broken Word. Back to claim their long-denied oath.*

*Vorn twisted as he rose to his feet, and met the gaze of the shadowy figures on the ridge. Those abyss-filled eyes stared back. Those eyes, calling him to recall the oath he took when he made them forsake their own in service of one greater.*

*Vorn could feel his body become more insubstantial as the moments dragged on.*

*Curse them.*

*As one, the mounted figures turn their vacuous gaze eastward, as they always had. Vorn gestured, and around him remnants of the Nagashizzar Guard began to rise from the rubble.*

*The Knights of the Broken Word finally turned, and rode out of sight, into the east.*

*And Vorn followed.*



## THE DRAKES OF FLANGETIN

*Five hundred years ago a great last stand took place between Sigmar and the villains of Chaos. Seeking to free the stolen souls from Slaanesh warriors of Sigmar turn to find their Aelven allies had abandoned them in their hour of need. The battle was lost and Chaos has ruled ever since.*

*After suffering an embarrassing defeat and centuries of hiding in shame this small, aelven, military contingent has reemerged.*

*Their eyes red with bloodlust and their psyche tempering on the narrow balance between chaos and order, they seek redemption. Led by Captain Winkle-Bopper Flangletin of the Northern settlements this band of highly skilled riders will aggress any and all who will impair or hinder them on their path while on patrol and it was on one of these patrols his host stumbled across the labyrinth.*

# THE INNER CIRCLE

## THE LABYRINTH OF ETERNITY

*The ritual completed, the great gates securing the inner section of the Labyrinth are annihilated by the destructive spell. Warily you lead your army onward. The trials that have beset them are draining, but with your sheer force of will you drive them onwards. Victory or death! There is no third option.*



*The maze of the inner sanctum has become tight. Its old, eons old. It's slow going now with rubble and debris strewn across the ground. Some chambers are full of sand, others flooded with stagnant water.*

*You enter a open room full of old statues, a relief from the cramped corridors. A throne resides in the centre, and upon it... 'You!'*

*The old man is now dressed in ornate gold finery. He looks at home within the throne room.*

*'You lead us to our deaths, demon!' you spit out.*

*'Maybe so'. He feigns innocence. 'Or maybe riches beyond reckoning. It's far too late to turn back.'*

*You slash your weapons at the man, he turns to a wisp. Then returns to solid form now smiling.*

*'Enough of this. Through those doors, right over there. You will face your final trial. It's nearly over for you.'*

### AESON'S PHOENIX TEMPLE

*Aeson's heart beat frantically as he leaped abroad his great phoenix's back, he had finally seen it!*

*He had read the great walls within the chamber of days, the living fire leaping to form words and stories of the past, present and future and he had seen the face of his peers harden as they were shown the exact moment of their death but for Aeson there had been no revelation.*

*He had observed the coming war with chaos, watched himself march away during the abandonment of Sigmar by the armies of aelves, felt the heat of rage atop a flaming phoenix in a war that wouldn't be fought for 500 years, and the long, cold, self-imposed exile as even his mighty companion began to cool and age but his death was hidden from him.*

*Even though he hadn't witnessed his own death as he had looked upon the great walls his vow of silence had been magically sealed as had his peers. He fought valiantly beside them, watching friends fearlessly march to battles that they knew would be their last and he swallowed his own fear at every turn, the fear of the unknown.*

*In youthful folly he had decided that the lack of destiny wasn't a curse but a blessing, surely the only reason he hadn't seen his death was that he would never die! He certainly had a knack for staying alive even amongst the phoenix guard, a regiment renown for its durability Aeson seemed to stay unscathed no matter how thick of a fight he waded into looking to prove his theory of invulnerability. It wasn't long before he was assigned the rank of Anointed and gifted the right of riding the mighty phoenixes of Asuryan to battle, a great honour at the young age of four hundred.*

*Aeson believed at that point in his life that he and Solaris, his faithful mount would fly and fight through the skies forever but fifteen-hundred years will age even a phoenix. Solaris' flames had turned to frost over a century ago now and it wouldn't be long until he joined his forbearers as a frozen statue forever guarding a shrine to Asuryan, Aeson decided that it would be a fitting time for him to leave this world when that time came also, they had left their kin in Aqshy when Solaris began to cool, the realm of fire was no place for a bird of ice and they had found a quiet temple dedicated to the old gods of the aelves in ghur which would make a fitting final resting place for the pair.*

*The mages and rangers that cohabited the temple were weary at first of the silent stranger more so than the giant phoenix, inhabiting the realm of beasts they were no strangers to monstrous and marvellous creatures and they even had a dragon rider amongst them but for an aelf to not talk a word for as long as he had been there was unsettling.*

*Aeson jolted awake as soon as he felt it, something had changed, magic was thick in the air and he couldn't pull his mind from the memories of the walls in the chamber of days. It was different this time, where before there was meaningless flames between the fires showing him new scenes of his future there was now clear as freshly written parchment new words and images, moving walls, twisting tunnels, traps, dead ends, monsters unseen yet in this world and in the back of his skull burning into his brain "Your destiny lies within the labyrinth"*

*Faelyn- The temples dragon riding archmage, jumped from his desk the night that Aeson marched directly towards him and rasped; "We need to go, now. You the battlemage and a score of our fastest rangers that's all I trust, it's dangerous I don't return I haven't seen whether you do but more is revealed to me every moment and whatever it is, it was powerful enough to stop me from seeing my destiny for almost two thousand years, you are going to want to see it."*



## MISSION III: THE TRIAL OF CHAMPIONS

The Ritual of Doom has pointed the explorers to the lost portals. It is said of the Portals that they and they alone are the gateway to the crypts of the Great Pharon at the centre of the Labyrinth. The end is near and victory is within your grasp. But beware, for your adversaries too have learned the secrets of the portal!

### PITCHED BATTLE

Use the Pitched Battle rules from pages 48-49 of the General's Handbook.

### SET-UP

Player 1 won the previous mission. Player 2 lost the previous mission. The deployment territories are shown on the map below.

Player 1 sets up The Portal 12" in from the middle of either short table edge to the centre of the Portal, and then choose their deployment territory.

The players then alternate setting up units one at a time, starting with Player 1. Units must be set up wholly within their own territory, more than 9" from enemy territory.

Continue to set up units until both players have set up their armies. If one player finishes first, the opposing player sets up the rest of the units in their army, one after another.

### OBJECTIVE

This battle is fought over dominance of the Portal

### THE PORTAL IS CLOSED

Protective magics prevent any transgressors from approaching the portal. Until the Portal is opened, NONE of your units can come within 12" of the portal.

*Note: Dwellers of the Labyrinth can never approach the portal.*

### THE PORTAL TALLY

The Portal leeches the souls of the slain, a test to determine who is truly worthy of the Pharon's reward. Before the game, count up how many units your opponent has on their army roster and divide this number in half (rounding up) – this is the Portal Tally. You must destroy as many units as the Portal Tally dictates to open the Portal. Summoned units or units added beyond the player's army roster do not count when determining the total of the Portal Tally, but their deaths do count towards opening the Portal.

### THE PORTAL IS OPEN

Once open, the Portal now constitutes an Objective for the purposes of controlling it, however the range is increased to 9" measured from the edge

of the terrain piece. ONLY when you have met your Portal Tally requirement and unlocked it, may you approach the Portal and seize it as an objective.

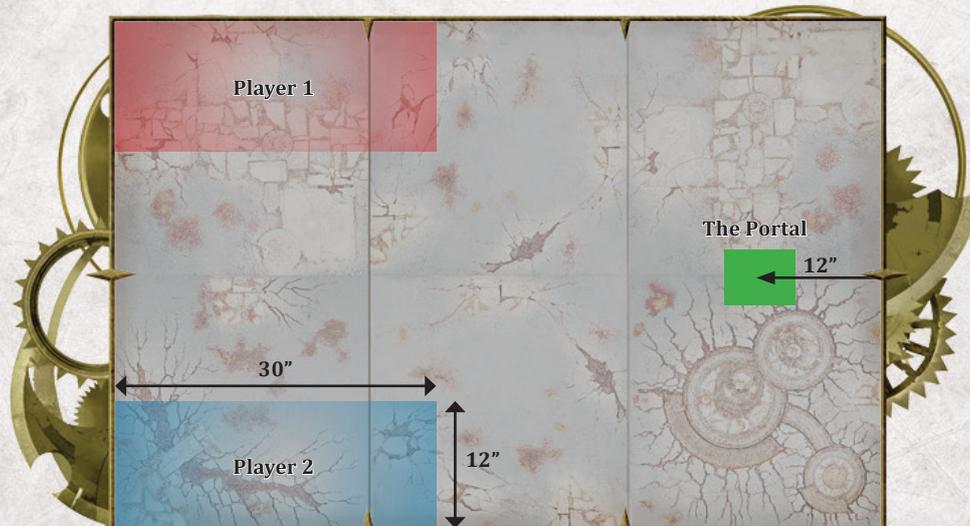
### GLORIOUS VICTORY

The game lasts until one of the players has controlled the Portal for an entire battleround, or is controlling the portal at the end of battle round 5, or until the time limit expires.

The player that controls the portal when the game ends is the victor and may select a Champion as described below. If neither player controls the portal at the end of the game, both players lose!

### SELECT YOUR CHAMPION

The player that has won must now select their chosen Champion to go through the portal. Only models within the Portal Area may be chosen. If a friendly Hero is present, you must select one of these as your Champion. If not, select any model in your army that does not have the Monster (Hero Monsters do not count towards this restriction) or War Machine keyword. Note down of how many wounds your Champion has endured: Choose Wisely!



# THE CHOOSING

## THE LABYRINTH OF ETERNITY

*Your armies decimated, victory has come at near supreme cost. So many dead, so much bloodshed. You alone approach the glowing portal.*

*Time itself melts away as you find yourself in a strange chamber, full of crowns. Crowns of all shapes and sizes.*

*What is this? Other beings seem to stand in your place, other champions from the maze? I thought I was the only one? Just when you think you can perceive them, they fade away, as if the name of an old acquaintance you can't quit put your finger on.*

*The old man beckons you forward. Of course he would be here. He seems changed, wait, is he an old man? He seems younger?*

*'Choose my Lord's crown but choose wisely, for glory awaits the wise, and only the pain of death awaits the foolish.' he says confidently, powerfully.*

*You look at the crowns, you've seen all of the clues, you know who this Phraon is surely? With no small trepidation think you know which one, you pick it up and place it upon your head...*



## YOU HAVE CHOSEN WISELY

### THE LABYRINTH OF ETERNITY: AFTERMATH

*You place the Crown atop your head. The Lich smirks, 'you have chosen wisely.'*

*Instantly your mind floods with the knowledge of the Great God Pharon Shapeshothep the IV; fourth of his name, that is anointed by Shapesh, also called the Magnificent, the Majestic, and the Eternal Tyrant. In your mind's eye, you can see mystic arts long lost, engineering knowledge beyond fathoming, wonders beyond reckoning—with these powers indeed you will be the most powerful ruler to ever live!*

*Wait... what is happening?*

*The Lich begins to laugh. You hear a voice, but can see no source. You try to take off the crown, but you can't move!*

*Your vision goes black. The voice in your mind speaks with your mouth,*

*'Free! After eons at last I am free! This pitiful being shall be my new body and I shall take my revenge on my enemies who imprisoned me in this infernal Labyrinth.' The Lich bows before you.*