

WARHAMMER

AGE OF SIGMAR



CHAOS BATTLETOME

BEASTS OF CHAOS



Fear the endless wilds of the Mortal Realms, for therein lurk monstrous things – twisted amalgamations of man and beast filled with a burning desire to see the wonders of civilisation torn down and despoiled. Born from the primordial power of Chaos and imbued with bestial strength, these Beasts of Chaos can survive in the most inhospitable places imaginable. There, they gather in immense herds, stirring themselves to a frothing rage beneath looming totems before loping forth in search of prey.

Once, the Beasts of Chaos ruled over vast and teeming territories. The kingdoms of aelf, man and duardin alike cowered before their terrifying might. The blasting of brayhorns seemed certain to herald the death throes of enlightenment and the devolution of everything to a primitive state of barbarism.

That was before the gates of the heavens were hurled open and the armies of the God-King Sigmar returned to seize control of the realms in the name of order and justice. For the first time in centuries, the beastherds were sorely bloodied in battle, forced to retreat back into the darkest corners of the wilds – those warped, festering places where the corruption of Chaos has soaked deep into the lands.

Yet there are few things more deadly than a wounded predator. Those who believe the power of the greatfrays broken need only stray into the untamed wastes to find evidence of their delusion. These hinterlands echo to the thundering hoofbeats of charging beastmen and the maddening cries of mutant abominations. With axe and bloodied horn, the Beasts of Chaos wage a guerrilla war against the nations of the so-called 'cultured' races, taking bitter satisfaction from each city or fortress they reduce to a corpse-strewn ruin.

When the brayhorns blare and the sound of stampeding hooves rumbles like approaching thunder, the wise throw down their weapons and flee. The rest will burn upon the altar of primal fury.



A SAVAGE HOWL

Ever since the realms' formation, the Beasts of Chaos have prowled their darkest corners, a menace to every living creature crossing their path. Sworn enemies of civilisation, they revel in the basest savagery, hoping to drag the realms down into the blood and filth in which they revel.

For the cloven-hoofed killers of the deep wilds, the Era of the Beast had been one of plenty, an age of joyous carnage that rivalled the old times before the coming of the hated God-King. Far and wide, the greatfrays roamed, woe befalling all in their path. Blood saturated the lands, and everywhere rose the blunt and ugly shapes of herdstones, corpses piled before them by the score. It seemed the hunt would never end. Yet the history of the beastmen has ever been defined by the cycle of triumph and calamity. With the disappearance of the Earthquake God Kragnos, the momentum that had defined the Era of the Beast sputtered to a halt. Without that primal aura of rage around them, the greatfrays began to splinter. Old tensions resurfaced. Rival Beastlords sought to settle scores or prove themselves the mightier in tooth and claw, while packs of Gors and Ungors split away from the larger hosts to indulge in raiding of their own. The malformed predators that accompanied the gor-kin ranged ever farther in search of fresh meat. All the while, the enemies of the greatfrays regathered their strength.

Soon, the armies of Sigmar and his allies struck out to avenge the horrors so recently visited upon them, even as the primal cohesion of the beastherds was further weakened from within. The Dark Gods sought more chattel for their wars of annihilation, and in the teeming beastmen, they saw grist for their mill. Warbands of each great power travelled across the ravaged territories newly claimed by the Beastlords, converting gor-kin to their cause through torture, temptation or indoctrination. More and more beastmen scorned the path of true anarchy and chose the way of the Slaangors, Pestigors or Tzaangors – newly devoted servants of a single patron god, twisted and moulded entirely in that entity's vile image.

For those beastmen who saw their kind as a pure incarnation of Chaos, unalloyed and untainted by subservience, this was a threat that could only be met with savagery. Infighting rocked the greatfrays as god-worshipping gor-kin were hunted down, butchered and skinned. In return, the Dark Gods sent in more of their own warriors to widen the rift, escalating the violence to horrifying new levels that drew more recruits to their cause. It soon became clear why the Ruinous Powers had been so dead-set upon making pawns of the beastmen,

as the Skaven unleashed the Vermindoom upon the eastern fringe of Aqshy's Great Parch with meteoric force, precipitating the realms-wide cataclysm known as the Hour of Ruin. The Dark Gods had played their own role in bringing about this nightmare, the brainchild of their newest member, the Great Horned Rat. Now came a chance to expand their already vast hosts and ensure the subjugation of the weakened powers of Order.

So did the greatfrays find themselves under attack from within and without as the realms around them were split asunder. Yet such was their power and the sheer weight of their numbers that, even then, the Beasts of Chaos fought back viciously, with all the fury of an apex predator protecting its kill. Powerful Beastlords and Bray-Shamans swore that if they were to fall, they would perish with their teeth buried in the throat of their oppressor. These alphabeasts slew their foes by the hundreds, turning the lands blood-red as they defied the armies now arrayed against them. But they were not invincible. One by one, they perished, leaving their greatfrays to fight on alone.

Leaderless herds now manifested the same survival instincts that had governed the Beasts of Chaos since time immemorial. As if they were one single organism, they began to bleed away into the forests, deserts and other inhospitable corners of the Mortal Realms. In the moment, the enemies of the greatfrays claimed a glorious victory. The truth behind that claim soon came into question. Crusading armies that pursued these retreating packs of gor-kin paid for their foolishness when they were encircled, ambushed and torn apart piecemeal. It is too easy, then, to claim definitively that the Beasts of Chaos are defeated. It is true that many of the most ferocious warlords of the bestial hordes were slain, and the cloven-hoofed ones were driven from those territories they had occupied. Yet trying to eliminate them all was to prove as impossible a task as counting every speck of sand in the realms.

Wherever the land is soured by corruption, there the Beasts of Chaos still lurk, licking their wounds and waiting for their prey to expose its throat.

'We should not fool ourselves that these beasts of the wild are extinct. They are out there in the forests, the caverns, the endless dunes of the desert. And their hate for us is everlasting.'

– Marshal Karlock of Hammerhal Aqsha



BEASTLORD

The largest and cruellest of their kind, Beastlords rule over their herds with an iron hoof. They lead their vast throngs in an endless war against civilisation, stamping out the light of progress and reason wherever they can.

Forged by a culture that prizes savagery above all else, the Beastlords are the alphas of their beastherd, blessed with a predatory cunning that belies their musclebound form. Having risen from the mobs of the gor-kin to the very height of power, they now rule through the simple expedience of violence and fear. Those deemed a challenge to their bestial authority are gored and ripped apart, their torn-out innards held up high as a triumphant trophy and a warning to others.

Yet though they treat their own kind brutally, Beastlords save their true wrath for soft-skins – or any other beings foolish enough to stray too close to their hunting grounds. These alphabeasts possess an uncanny knack for sensing an enemy's weakness. Their keen knowledge of the wilderness allows them to swiftly encircle an enemy host, cutting off any hope of escape. When the

foe stumbles guilelessly into their killing ground, the Beastlord gives voice to a full-throated bellow. Then do the beastmen sweep down on all sides, and the butchery begins.

Beastlords are often the first to spill gore when battle is joined, for their lust for bloodshed is impossible to contain. With butting horns, they slam their way into the fray, hacking and swiping with twin axes that suit their headlong and ferocious way of war. Enemy champions are a favoured target, for a Beastlord must constantly prove their dominance, lest potential challengers sense weakness. They take delight in holding aloft the severed heads of those they slay, knowing that few things shatter a so-called civilised army's morale more effectively than witnessing the dismemberment of their most powerful warriors.

GREAT BRAY-SHAMAN

The Dark Tongue is the language of Chaos, and among the gor-kin, none are as fluent in its harsh syllables as the Bray-Shamans. They are the preachers and mystics of the Brayherds, prophets of desecration capable of wielding chaotic energy to obliterate their foes and grant their own kind unnatural strength.

If a Beastlord is the iron fist of a beastherd, then a Bray-Shaman is its black heart. These strange, twisted creatures channel the primordial energies of Chaos energy that permeate the Mortal Realms. In doing so, they bless their own kind with manifold hideous 'gifts' whilst wreaking terrible ruin upon their enemies. They are seers, soothsayers and crazed demagogues, guiding the cloven-hoofed ones on their destiny to eradicate the stain of civilisation.

Most Bray-Shamans are marked from birth, bearing mutations or pelt markings that are known to be a sign of the Chaos Gods' favour. Others come into their powers after exposure – often intentional – to unnatural and malign energies. However they come to possess their power, Bray-Shamans naturally rise to positions of prominence in their tribe, typically serving as a Beastlord's advisor and seer. Less commonly, a Bray-Shaman will seize total control of their greatfray and lead alone, listening only to the voices that whisper at the back of their mind.

Though lacking in physical prowess when compared to their thuggish kin, Bray-Shamans need not rely upon raw strength to spill the blood of their enemies. The flesh-spoiling magic of Chaos is theirs to command, and with a gesture, they can tear the skin from their foes or send a bolt of mutative energy coursing through their enemy's body, giving rise to bubbling mutations

that consume them from within. Perhaps their greatest power, however, is the influence they wield over their own kind. A Bray-Shaman's ululating cries can inspire a frenzied killing madness in nearby gor-kin, causing them to hurl themselves upon their foes without fear of bullet, blade or spell.



'These lands ours! Let the soft-skins come. We will kill them. We will burn them. We will eat their flesh and offer up their bones to the Great Devolver.'

– Bray-Shaman Gomgrak Ironhoof





BEASTMEN

Twisted amalgamations of humans and animals make up the snarling mass of a Beasts of Chaos herd. Fleet of hoof and possessed of near-endless stamina, these ambushers run their prey to ground and tear them apart in a frenzy of bloodletting.

UNGORS

The lowest of all gor-kin are the Ungors, who subsist on the outskirts of beastman society. These small, weak creatures could almost pass for humans, save for their goatlike lower limbs and the stumpy horns that sprout from their skulls. This causes them to be despised and bullied by more powerful gor-kin, but it is not without its uses. Disguised Ungors scout out crusading columns, observing their movements and reporting their findings back to their Beastlord, in the hope that they might be rewarded with a few scraps of meat.

Though scarcely stronger than a human, Ungors are driven by a malicious cruelty that makes them very effective in battle. They typically wield short skinning blades and crude axes, striking at the vulnerable flanks of the enemy and fading away whenever they discover stern resistance. Their actions serve to distract and divert the foe, who often make the mistake of pursuing the fleeing Ungors and thereby exposing themselves to a sudden counter-surge.

Occupying the lowest stratum of beastman society, these beasts are filled with a bitter rage at the injustices levelled upon them, and they yearn to take out those frustrations on something weaker than themselves. Those unlucky enough to fall into the hands of the Ungors are doomed to suffer an ugly fate, for these maltreated gor-kin take malicious delight in tormenting helpless beings.

UNGOR RAIDERS

Unsurprisingly, given their scrawny bodies and relative lack of strength, Ungors prefer to kill from a safe distance. Many favour a compact weapon known as a raider bow, with a string fashioned from cured human-gut that allows for swift, mostly accurate shots. It is designed to loose arrows on the move, for Ungors are not natural sharpshooters. Instead, they prefer to rain arrows down upon their foes in such large quantities – and from such cunning angles – that at least some will find their mark.

Ungor Raiders operate on the fringes of battle, rushing in to unleash vicious volleys before retreating into the trees or whatever other cover is available when the foe attempts to strike back. These constant skirmish assaults harry the enemy, withering their numbers and pulling their formations apart to allow more heavily armoured gor-kin to exploit the gaps.

FATE OF THE SHADOWGAVE

In the depths of the cursed glade known as Witherdwell, there was once a bubbling mire of rank flesh and protean matter, a cesspit of corruption that the beastmen believed to be the essence of Morghur, the Great Devolver. This entity was as a god to them, a being from another time so redolent with unnatural magic that it could never truly be slain. One day, the Bray-Shamans of Morghur preached, their grotesque master would return and reduce the realms and everything in them into a single pit of primordial ooze.

Sensing the malignant power stirring in Witherdwell, a combined force of Sylvaneth and Lumineth Realm-lords sought to wipe it from the map. While the greatfrays were scattered, indulging their basest instincts in the Hour of Ruin, the aelf-kin and their allies struck. The Battle of Witherdwell was a horrific one, and no aelven warrior or forest spirit that experienced the horror of battling across the mutating mires of that cursed place will ever heal the damage wrought upon their bodies and minds. Yet through Lumineth magic and the cleansing spells of Alarielle's chosen Branchwraiths, the Morghur-pool was scoured from existence and its Bray-Shaman wardens slain. Only one escaped – the infamous and cruelly cunning greypelt known as Ghorraghan Khai. Limping away into the depths of the deep forest, Khai clutched a fistful of gelid matter that hissed and bubbled between his claws: a last scraping from the Great Devolver's putrid mass, still throbbing with untold power. The realms had not yet glimpsed the last of Morghur – or his worshippers.

GORS

Gors are the most numerous of a beastherd's warriors, larger and stronger than the average human and with thick, matted fur that covers their flanks. These creatures have been honed and toughened by their brutal existence, their seniority exemplified by the curling horns that sprout from their brows. They make up for their lack of weapons training with an instinctive sense of when to strike for their prey's jugular.

Yet it is when they move in packs that Gors become a true menace. A feral pack mentality drives them on as they race into battle, becoming drunk on the heady thrill of bloodletting and forgetting their innate survival instincts as they hurl themselves at the enemy. In the thick of the melee, they seek to outdo one another with gruesome acts of violence, ripping, gouging and tearing at their prey with claws, horns and crude but deadly weapons.

BESTIGORS

For the Beasts of Chaos, might makes right. To the strongest go the spoils of war, and thus it is the swaggering Bestigors that have the pick of the loot in the wake of a beastman raid. Though ill-maintained by civilised standards, the weapons and armour that these veteran killers clad themselves in are fearsomely effective. This allows Bestigors to survive battle after battle while their lesser gor-kin are torn to pieces. These warriors grow older, greyer and more ferocious until they begin to consider seizing control of their own greatfray.

It is deeply ironic that the Bestigors often accompany their Beastlord or Bray-Shaman into battle as an elite bodyguard, for it is from their own ranks that the alphabeast's eventual usurper will emerge. Still, while they can be intimidated into serving, they are a fearsome asset. A mass of fighting Bestigors is a terrifying vision of primal might, their armour drenched in blood and littered with scalps, ears and other torn flesh – trophies ripped from the corpses of their victims. They hack at foes with their favoured two-handed weapons and strike out with their rock-hard horns. A headbutt from a Bestigor is powerful enough to shatter the ribs of a human or to render them either unconscious or dead.



MONSTERS AND WAR MACHINES

The greatfrays of the Beasts of Chaos can call upon all manner of grotesque abominations to shatter the battlelines of their enemy, from thundering hogs with iron-tough hides to drunken, half-equine cavalry and foul-tempered, lumbering behemoths.

TUSKGOR CHARIOTS

Beastmen are not known for their engineering skills, and thus they rarely utilise war machines in battle. The sole exception to this is the Tuskgor Chariot – an apparently ramshackle but deadly construction that is sent hurtling into the ranks of the foe, crushing helpless victims beneath its grinding wheels while its two-Gor crew adds to the carnage with axe and spear. This rampage clears the way for an advancing mass of beastmen, who take advantage of the disarray to butcher helpless foes.

These chariots are pulled by Tuskhors, hulking creatures of the Chaos wilds with a taste for corpse-meat. Though not exactly swift, they are capable of building up a fearsome momentum on the charge. They rely upon their array of horns and tusks to impale anything in their path, while a gor-kin driver strikes out with the lash in an attempt to keep them moving in roughly the right direction. With luck, they smash straight into a packed enemy formation, where the sheer heft of the contraption causes bloody mayhem.

Tuskhors are notoriously aggressive and almost as dangerous to their own warriors as they are to the enemy. Attempts to leash them to a war engine regularly result in disembowelment and shattered spines amongst unfortunate gor-kin handlers. Yet such is the unique role they perform for the Beastlords that they are always in high demand. When fielded en masse, they can sweep entire formations before them with a single, clattering charge.

CENTIGORS

Centigors are brawny carousers who crave violence and love nothing more than to drink copious amounts of alcohol before crashing into the foe in a reckless rage. Strange offshoots of beastmen, they have the upper body of a powerful Gor with the lower half of an equine beast. This grants them the ability to cover ground with thundering speed whilst leaving their hands free to impale foes with a rude spear or glaive.

In essence, Centigors function as cavalry for the beastherds, albeit of a wild and unruly sort. They gallop across the battlefield in search of a weak point that they can overwhelm. Drunkenness does not seem to impede their performance in battle, and it certainly dulls their sense of pain; often they do not realise that their flesh is riddled with arrows until the morning after.

The tippie of choice amongst Centigors is a horrific concoction brewed from fermented blood, sulphurous fistfuls of Chaos-corrupted vegetation and all manner of region-specific ingredients. It is an unholy mixture, so inherently toxic that if a human were to drink even a mouthful their belly would likely dissolve into pink sludge.

Centigors, however, are made of sterner stuff, gulping down gutfuls of this infernal elixir before each fight. This fills them not only with drunken strength but also with a reckless and idiotic bravery, which sees them hurtle into a wall of lethal spears without a hint of fear, roaring with inebriated laughter all the while.



RAZORGOR

At first glance, a Razorgor appears to resemble a monstrously oversized boar with a smattering of coarse fur and jutting tusks. Yet their flesh is so warped by the emanations of Chaos that clusters of muscle poke through their tough hide and bony spurs jut from their flanks and spine. Indeed, there have been sightings of even more hideously mutated Razorgors, ones with writhing tentacles and fanged mouths erupting from their bodies.

These growths only make the Razorgor a more dangerous beast to face on the battlefield. The monster charges headlong into the fray, sweeping its great head back and forth to skewer prey as its frenzied eyes bulge almost out of their sockets.

The gor-kin have learnt to exploit the Razorgor's famously foul temper, riling the creatures up with taunts and jabbing spears before battle. They are then loosed into the heart of the enemy's ranks, where their natural weapons and insatiable hunger cause utter carnage. A Razorgor can devour an armoured knight in but a few crunching gulps, and it will often seize a new meal in its jaws even as the previous one is still sliding down its throat.

'I have oft heard it said that the beast-kin are easily defeated in the field, for they lack heavy cavalry. I can only assume that those who claim this have never faced down a Centigor charge.'

– Liberator-Prime Osha



CHAOS GARGANT

It is not uncommon for gargants to lumber into areas saturated with Chaos magic and end up gripped by corruption, the formidable strength and resilience of these titans combining with all manner of gruesome mutations. Their feet split painfully apart, cloven hooves sprouting from the ruptured flesh. Horns grow from their oversized skulls, and their simple-minded lust for violence devolves into a ferocity akin to the self-destructive rage of a rabid dog.

Grabbing whatever crude implements of destruction they can from their environment – gnarled tree trunks, boulders and the wreckage of shattered war machines are particular favourites – Chaos Gargants seek out carnage. This quest often sees them join with beastherds on the hunt, who are swift to employ the titans as living battering rams. Their strength is particularly useful when the herds find themselves facing the sturdy walls of a Sigmarite settlement or other well-defended bastion.

In battle, these Chaos Gargants wade in without hesitation, lashing out with their makeshift clubs to pulverise rows of soldiers or using their hooves to punt mounted rider and steed high into the air. Those who attempt to engage the gargant in melee are squashed flat by its ungainly rampage or stuffed into its maw and chewed to death. On occasion, a Chaos Gargant might even grab a few luckless victims and cram them into its stinking breeches to be consumed at a later date.

‘Think I ate something funny, ’cos when I woke up, I got this horn sproutin’ from me skull and a belly all scaled like a fish. Been hearin’ some damn odd things in me ’ead, as well.’

– Glabbor, Chaos Gargant

BLOODGREED BRUTES

Living wrecking balls of corded muscle, the behemoths of the Beasts of Chaos smash their way into the thick of an enemy host, indulging their battle-lust to horrifying extremes as their cursed blood thrums with primal power.

BULLGORS

The most savage of a greatfray's warrior-beasts are those afflicted by the bloodgreed curse, a legacy of cannibalism and depravity that causes them to crave fresh meat with a single-minded intensity that is terrible to behold. Bullgors are recklessly aggressive even by the standards of their own kind, smashing their way through the ranks of their enemies without care for the spears and bullets aimed in their direction. Once in amongst the melee, they snatch up screaming foes and rip great chunks out of their flesh in a feeding frenzy.

Bullgors are so large and terrifying that few foes are able to stand in their path and not flee in terror. Though it is a by-product of their primal might rather than a tactical choice, these brutes soak up a great portion of the enemy's attacks, shrugging off almost everything hurled in their direction in the throes of the bloodgreed. Missiles deflect off their iron-tough hides as they swing their axes in mighty arcs, sending limbs and severed torsos spinning through the air.

For all their ferocity, Bullgors are surprisingly superstitious creatures and look upon their herd's Great Bray-Shaman with awed respect. This may be because the soothsayer invariably leads them to the most bounteous flesh-feasts. Often, one or more Bullgors will follow a Bray-Shaman in battle, acting as a crude honour guard and dismembering any creature that dares approach their ward.

DOOMBULL

Doombulls are the alphabeasts of the Bullgor herds, apex killers even more ferocious than the rest of their flesh-craving kind. As broad as a cogfort gate and strong enough to rip a Stormcast warrior in two with their bare hands, they dominate the battlefield, bisecting multiple warriors with each swing of their oversized axes. The sight of one of these enormous creatures pulverising all in its path and unleashing ear-splitting, spittle-flecked roars is enough to steal the valour from the most battle-hardened knight.

The bloodgreed curse boils more violently in the veins of a Doombull than in any of its kin, and the appetite of these beasts is legendarily vast. They particularly favour the gore of champions and monstrous beasts, believing that by ingesting other creatures' power, they can grow ever mightier themselves. As anyone who has faced down one of these hulking behemoths can attest, there might be an element of truth to that belief.

As with every aspect of beastman society, the alpha status of a Doombull is a precarious thing; it must be regularly maintained by spilling the blood of would-be usurpers. Doombulls are ranting, snorting tyrants that constantly challenge those they view as potential rivals to single combat. Wise Bullgors bow their heads in the face of such aggression, for those who accept the bait are usually ripped open and devoured in short order. The horns of particularly worthy challengers are wrenched out of their skulls and attached to the Doombull's armour.

GHORGON

Ghorgons are four-armed monstrosities of enormous size, driven to a frenzy by their never-ending hunger. It is believed by the gor-kin that these titans were once Bullgors, now malformed and insane after centuries spent feeding the bloodgreed curse. Some shamans insist that all Ghorgons ultimately hail from a single progenitor tribe whose members were so consumed by their malediction that they indulged in cannibalism, feasting on other herds. This filled their bellies with so much Chaos-tainted meat that they began to mutate horribly, sprouting extra limbs and growing to the size of gargants.

Whatever legacy gave rise to the Ghorgons, they are too feral to recall it. Reeking of spoiled sweat and rotting flesh, they thunder into battle wherever they find it, falling upon the thickest concentration of prey in a slaving rush. Razor-hooked upper limbs lash back and forth in a wild but effective flurry. Enemies are gored, stamped on and torn limb from limb, their ruptured bodies stuffed in the Ghorgon's black-toothed maw by the beast's lower arms even as it continues its rampage.

Witnessing their comrades being devoured alive is horror enough, but soldiers facing a raging Ghorgon truly know fear when they realise that even a point-blank cannonade can struggle to pierce the dread



'Never seen anything so awful in my life. That thing was grabbin' our lads one by one and stuffin' 'em into its mouth whole. Still hear the crunch of broken bones in my nightmares.'

– Sergeant Balkstaff

creature's iron-tough hide. Best is to run – and hope that the Ghorgon is too busy glutting itself on the corpses of the slain to give chase.

CYGOR

A particularly strange and little understood offshoot of the Bullgor species are the Cygors, one-eyed giants whose cursed blood sees them crave a rather different source of sustenance. It is not fresh gore and meat that empower these beasts but raw magic. With their single eye, which is blind to the physical world but highly attuned to the magical, they can sense the arcane with the precision of a shark scenting blood. Cygors will follow wispy traces of the stuff back to the source, sometimes traversing hundreds of leagues in search of a potent feast. They particularly favour devouring sorcerers and wizards, who radiate such energies in

great volume. They cram these spellcasters into their mouths, grinding up their flesh and savouring the eldritch energy that seeps out.

Beastmen preserve none of their history beyond the occasional legend or folk tale, but human records from the Age of Myth indicate that, at that time, there existed a number of rampaging Bullgor tribes that had a predilection for the flesh of magic-users. These creatures ventured to the very edge of the realms in their quest for arcane nourishment, and it is possible that the Cygors descend from them; gorging on the untapped power found there, they developed their cyclopean eyes and ability to sense magic. Indeed, the stones that Cygors carry into battle and hurl at their foes are imbued with mystical force, having been ripped from particularly potent ley line monuments. When they strike home, they leave enemies smeared across the ground.





FURY OF THE THUNDERSCORN

Mythic creatures imbued with the fury of the primordial storm, the Dragon Ogors rule the highest mountain peaks. They descend only to wreak death and devastation upon the civilised races, revelling in the cities they shatter and the foes they crush beneath their mighty bulk.

DRAGON OGORS

Those who dwell under the shadow of the realms' greatest mountains know to dread it when the storm winds howl and the sky is riven by spears of blinding lightning. Such cataclysmic sounds herald the coming of the Dragon Ogors of the Thundercorn beasterds, ancient monsters that descend from the highest peaks to vent their fury upon lesser beings.

Dragon Ogors are hulking quadrupeds with the lower bodies of draconic beasts and the torsos of musclebound humanoids. Each is the size of several mortal men, and they possess the strength to split stone using nothing more than their fists. Relishing bloodshed, they delight in proving their might over the puny races of the lowlands. They ride right over their enemies, crushing them beneath their scaly mass as their storm-wreathed weapons carve scorching arcs through the air.

Though they are often seen in the company of gor-kin – who are awed by their size and ferocity – Dragon Ogors occupy a strange position in beastman society. They were formerly creatures of Azyr, imbued with the raging fire of the heavens. Never a widespread species, they once stood upon the precipice of extinction and turned to Chaos in their desperation to endure. In doing so, they embraced eternal damnation. In exchange for the gift of immortality, the Dragon Ogors were forced to massacre thousands of mortals every season in the Dark Gods' name. This they did without hesitation, for mercy had never been in their nature. They plunged into the depths of barbarism, condemning their souls with each kill.

Such aggression soon brought the Thundercorn into conflict with the God-King, and in a shattering war, they were defeated and banished from the heavens. Though no longer vulnerable to ageing or disease, they could still perish in battle. Entire tribes of Dragon Ogors were put to the sword – a disaster that, to this day, the Thundercorn yearn to avenge. They still wield many artefact weapons salvaged from the fall of their civilisation, crafted from Azyrite metals and redolent with storm-power that explodes upon contact with an enemy warrior, incinerating flesh and metal in a surge of lightning.

So too do the Dragon Ogors retain the gifts bestowed upon them by the Dark Gods and by the environment in which their species was forged. The scales that cover their lower halves are as hard as diamond, and even their more vulnerable torsos are still far from defenceless. When lightning crashes down and strikes a Dragon Ogor's flesh, their wounds reknit, fused together by the power of the tempest.

DRAGON OGOR SHAGGOTH

The most ancient Dragon Ogors become one with the peaks upon which they dwell. Standing atop their towering thrones, they survey the lands below, searching for the merest hint of civilisation threatening to enter their lands. Should they sight such a thing, their wrathful bellows will shake the very foundations of the mountain, causing rockfalls and landslides and filling every living creature within earshot with a bone-deep terror. As the skies above them darken, the Dragon Ogor Shaggoth will descend from its lofty domain, thundering down the mountainside and making straight for its quarry.

The wise flee in the face of the terrible catastrophe hurtling towards them, but few can hope to outrun its fury. Castle walls and ranks of gleaming pikes are nothing but minor impediments to a Shaggoth, and entire cities have fallen to the wrath of these merciless storm-tyrants. Such rampages are seen as omens of great promise by the beasterds, many of which pledge allegiance to a Shaggoth and join its onslaught.

It takes many, many centuries for a Dragon Ogor to become a Shaggoth, and once it has reached this venerable status, it is almost impervious to the weapons of mortal foes. Its scales repel not only missiles and blades but also blasts of eldritch magic. Its claws lengthen until they are the size of broadswords, and its half-draconic mass grows and grows until it dwarfs others of its kind. Younger Dragon Ogors rally around such figures, seeking to one day achieve such primal dominance themselves.

Its nigh-impenetrable scales also serve another purpose. Shaggoths – or, more often, their lessers – collect the scales that they periodically shed, each of which is infused with storm-magic and as sharp as a Carnosaur's fang. These scales are then fused in the heart of a lightning storm and attached to a sturdy beam of wood, creating a titanic weapon that befits the Shaggoth's size. Such a weapon can cleave deep into any foe, no matter how heavily armoured. It can also channel a Shaggoth's innate power, allowing the creature to summon deadly bolts of energy to slam into its foes or cloak its allies in a protective shield.

'You dare to trespass in the mountains of the Thunder King? Cower, weakling worms. Cower and pray to your pathetic gods, for doom is upon you!'

– The Thunder King, Dragon Ogor Shaggoth



CREATURES OF CHAOS

The insidious energies that permeate the realms give rise to many hideous abominations, from mutant behemoths to slaving packs of flesh-eating horrors. Many of these find their way into the hosts of the Beasts of Chaos.

CHAOS SPAWN

Chaos is a fickle master. For those who possess the willpower to control its entropic energies, it can grant all manner of incredible boons. Yet if one of less ironclad spirit is exposed to its mutating aura, the results can be horrific. Indeed, any living beast that immerses itself in Chaos energies runs the risk of transforming into a Chaos Spawn. These jabbering, shapeless abominations are anarchy made flesh, their bizarre anatomy as lethal as it is mind-rending to look upon. Once, they were reasoning beings, but now they are barely sentient. Rubbery lash-limbs emerge from their waxy bodies along with clusters of insane, bloodshot eyes and jabbering mouths. They lurch into battle madly, wailing and howling as they set upon their prey and rend them into chunks of meat.

No two Chaos Spawn are ever alike, for the Dark Gods abhor uniformity. Some are covered in thousands of wiry hairs like giant flies, others are little more than spheres of rancid flesh or slab-like torsos dotted with wriggling pseudopods. Almost all of them sprout some kind of weapon, whether this be a jutting spear of bone or an acid-spitting maw. If these wretched creatures sense a living thing in their path that is uncorrupted by Chaos, they will hurl themselves upon it in a rage, as if purity itself offends them. Though they will attack gor-kin almost as readily, Chaos Spawn can be controlled by a powerful Bray-Shaman or a particularly wilful Beastlord, who can then turn it upon the greatfray's enemies.

CHIMERA

There is no greater testament to the warping effects of Chaos upon the natural world than the Chimera. This three-headed monster is a terrifying amalgamation of monstrous features, melded together by profane magic and filled with a rage beyond that of even the most ferocious animals. It soars through the skies, two immensely powerful wings holding aloft its hulking mass while six eyes scan for potential meals on the ground below. Once its prey is in its sights, the Chimera descends in a flashing blur, teeth bared and claws gleaming as its heads bellow and screech in a demented chorus.

The Chimera's strength and raking talons are enough to tear most foes to shreds, but its three heads – each acting independently – can reduce entire formations to smoking piles of carrion. The draconic head spews jets of liquid flame to turn its prey into living torches, while the leonine head rips apart those who evade the deadly heat. The avian head attacks with more precision, each jabbing strike opening a throat or punching through metal armour to shatter the bones beneath.

Alphabeasts have always seen Chimeras as symbols of power and status, for these creatures will only emerge from their warped lairs to join raids that produce enough corpses to sate their appetites. A Beastlord or Bray-Shaman who can lure a Chimera into their herd has gained a truly devastating weapon.



CHAOS WARHOUNDS

When the beasterds hunt, they often follow the keen scent of Chaos Warhounds – malformed beasts descended from the many canine species that scavenge for meat across the Chaos-tainted wildernesses of the Mortal Realms. As they feasted upon the corpses of heretic warriors and warped creatures, they themselves developed strange and horrifying mutations. Tentacles sprout from their flesh and horns from their brows and jaws. An unnatural hunger drives them, visible in the Warhounds' malevolent gaze. They hunt not merely to feed but also to savour the terror of those who flee before them and to relish the sensation of their fangs sinking into yielding flesh.

Chaos Warhounds typically gather around a greatfray on the march, drawn to them by the possibility of carrion left behind by the herd – or the hope of snatching away a lone beastman to devour at their leisure. Despite their vicious nature, Warhounds are often brought to heel by gor-kin via lash and brand. They are then sent running out ahead of the tribe's advance, chasing down the enemy's skirmish troops and ripping them to pieces or leaping on their front ranks and bearing their prey to the ground with a bite to the throat.

JABBERSLYTHE

Few entities in existence are as repulsive as the Jabberslythe, that grotesque and wretched monstrosity of gruesome folk tales. This creature is insanity defined, a lolloping mass of slimy, blubbery flesh and grasping limbs that leaves a trail of acidic slime in its wake as it charges towards its prey. The luckless beings who find themselves facing this monster are stricken by such maddening nausea that they can barely raise a hand to defend themselves. Often, madness claims them, and they are reduced to gibbering half-remembered nursery rhymes as the beast's slobbery tongue darts out to ensnare them and drag them into its rank-smelling maw.

Jabberslythes are typically solitary creatures, preferring to lurk in their dank and swampy lairs. Yet sometimes they will be drawn by the primal power emanating from a herdstone and will accompany a beastherd as it smashes into the domain of the civilised races. Gor-kin watch with horrified awe as the abomination's malformed wings somehow carry it awkwardly into battle, where its spiked club-tail swings out to cave in chests and its filth-smearing vorpal claws tear out chunks of flesh. Even should some brave warrior manage to pierce the beast's hide, they are merely signing their death warrant, as a spume of boiling, black acid will spurt forth to dissolve them into a puddle of bubbling ooze in moments.

COCKATRICE

There are regions of the realms where the land is dotted with strange statues depicting mortals locked in their final moments, many of them missing limbs or even entire sections of their torsos and all with expressions of the utmost horror frozen on their faces. These are not the carvings of some deranged sculptor but evidence of the presence of a Cockatrice – an avian monster whose warping gaze can turn living beings to stone.

Cockatrices are strange creatures indeed, with ragged wings and a serpentine lower half that tapers into a single pincer-claw. Although they are large enough to easily overwhelm half a dozen humans, and their beak is powerful enough to crush a skull with one crunching bite, they prefer to call upon their cursed power to petrify their prey, for they relish the taste of calcified flesh.

“There are more horrors in existence than the mortal mind is capable of knowing. If you had seen what I have seen, you would go mad.”

– Lord-Aquilor Garjann of the Astral Templars



BATTLETOME

BEASTS OF CHAOS

Every Citadel Miniature is a unique piece of the ever-evolving narrative of Warhammer. It is, then, an unfortunate truth that we can't continue to sell and support every model we've ever made indefinitely. As we make new models, and new books to explore their background and rules, we have to stop producing and featuring some older models. But just like many of you, we still treasure our collections of older Citadel Miniatures, and we still want to be able to use them in games and forge glorious narratives on the tabletop!

Currently, the rules in this battletome are still legal for use in competitive play. However, on 1st June 2025, these rules will move over to Warhammer Legends. This means that they will no longer be legal for competitive play. When that time comes, we encourage you to continue to use your collection for casual play, and we will continue to support this battletome with rules updates as needed throughout the current edition of Warhammer Age of Sigmar. The faction rules and warscrolls in this battletome are part of the Beasts of Chaos faction.

Rules updated as of August 2024.

FACTION RULES

BATTLE TRAITS

Beasts of Chaos armies can use the following abilities:

Deployment Phase

MASTERS OF THE WILDERNESS: *The wild lands of the Mortal Realms are the territory of the Beasts of Chaos, and they have dwelt in these places for longer than can be remembered.*

Declare: Pick a friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS** unit that has not been deployed.

Effect: Set up that unit in reserve **in ambush**. It has now been deployed.

Designer's Note: *Any number of friendly BEASTS OF CHAOS units can start the battle in reserve – even your entire Beasts of Chaos army!*

KEYWORDS **DEPLOY**

Your Movement Phase

BEASTHERD AMBUSH: *As the beasts close upon their foes, horn-blasts sound in every direction, signalling the launch of a deadly ambush.*

Declare: Pick a friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS** unit that is **in ambush**.

Effect: Set up that unit on the battlefield wholly within 9" of a battlefield edge and more than 9" from all enemy units.

For the rest of the turn, add 1 to charge rolls for that unit.

Once Per Turn (Army), Your Hero Phase

RITUALS OF RUIN: *The mightiest of the beastmen worship the power of primeval Chaos, slaughtering and devouring in order to be blessed with strength or to force their opponents into throes of primal savagery.*

Effect: Pick 1 of the following effects:

Warping Curse: Pick an enemy unit within 12" of a friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS HERO** or, if there is a friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS HERO** in reserve, within 12" of a battlefield edge to be the target. Then, roll a D3. On a 2+, inflict an amount of mortal damage on the target equal to the roll.

Brand of Wild Fury: Pick a friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS** unit wholly within 12" of a friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS HERO** or, if there is a friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS HERO** in reserve, wholly within 12" of a battlefield edge to be the target. Then, roll a dice. On a 2+, the target has **WARD (6+)** for the rest of the turn.

Bestial Instinct: Pick a friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS** unit wholly within 12" of a friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS HERO** or, if there is a friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS HERO** in reserve, wholly within 12" of a battlefield edge to be the target. Then, roll a dice. On a 2+, add 1 to wound rolls for the target's combat attacks for the rest of the turn.

BATTLE FORMATIONS

You can pick 1 of the following battle formations for a Beasts of Chaos army. Each battle formation grants a different ability you can use in the battle.

MARAUDING BRAYHERD

➤ **Once Per Turn (Army), Reaction:** You declared a **CHARGE** ability for a friendly **BRAYHERD** unit

FIENDS OF THE WILDS: *To the blasting of brayhorns come the roaming brayherds, stampeding from all directions to tear the enemy asunder.*

Effect: Change one of the dice in the charge roll to a 4.

ALMIGHTY BEASTHERD

✂ **Passive**

ARCH-DESPOILERS: *The rampaging creatures of the beasterds despise all aspects of civilisation, and they will tear down monuments with their bare hands if necessary.*

Effect: Add 1 to hit rolls for combat attacks made by friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS** units that target an enemy unit that is contesting an objective you do not control.

HUNGERING WARHERD

🛡 **End of Any Turn**

BLOODGREED: *Those beastmen in the throes of the bloodgreed who sate their cursed hunger for flesh are all but impossible to put down.*

Declare: Pick each friendly **WARHERD** unit that used a **FIGHT** ability this turn to be the targets.

Effect: **Heal (3)** each target.

THUNDERSCORN STORMHERD

⚡ **Your Hero Phase**

RAGING STORM: *Lightning arcs down to the battlefield, imbuing the Thunderscorn with renewed vigour and smiting their enemies with lethal crackling energy.*

Declare: Pick each friendly **THUNDERSCORN** unit on the battlefield to be the friendly targets, then pick each enemy unit in combat with any friendly **THUNDERSCORN** units to be the enemy targets.

Effect: **Heal (1)** each friendly target. Then, roll a D3 for each enemy target, if any. On a 2+, inflict an amount of mortal damage on the enemy target equal to the roll.

HEROIC TRAITS

ALPHABEAST INSTINCTS (HERO only)

➤ **Once Per Turn, Reaction:** Opponent declared a **SHOOT** ability that targeted a friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS** unit

DEATH-GRIP: *As the enemy brings their firepower to bear, this general urges their kin to stay within claw's grasp of their assailants.*

Effect: If that friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS** unit is not in combat and is wholly within 18" of this unit, after the **SHOOT** ability has been resolved, that friendly unit can move 2D6". It can move into combat.

➤ **Your Movement Phase**

BESTIAL CUNNING: *Bestial warlords might lack the tactical nous of trained soldiers, but there are few creatures more adept at sniffing out an enemy's weakness and violently exploiting it.*

Declare: Pick up to 3 friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS** units wholly within 12" of this unit that were set up this turn using the 'Beastherd Ambush' ability to be the targets.

Effect: Each target can immediately move D3". The targets cannot move into combat during any part of that move.

⊙ **Passive**

PROPAGATOR OF RUIN: *This general seethes with anarchic power and with their every action seeks to promulgate the majesty of Chaos.*

Effect: While this unit is on the battlefield, you can use the 'Rituals of Ruin' ability twice per turn in your hero phase instead of once per turn. You cannot pick the same effect more than once per turn.



ARTEFACTS OF POWER

ANARCHIC RELICS (HERO only)

⊙ **Passive**

SLITHERWRACK HELM: *This war-helm was fashioned from the skull of an infamous toad dragon; its pure repulsiveness causes enemies to retch and reel, rendering them helpless in their disgust.*

Effect: Subtract 1 from charge rolls for enemy units while they are within 12" of this unit.

✂ **Your Hero Phase**

GNARLSTAFF OF MORGHUR: *Infused with the corrupting taint of the Shadowgave, the hideous mewling sounds emitted by this staff unmake the arcane wards of the enemy.*

Declare: Pick a visible enemy unit within 12" of this unit to be the target.

Effect: Roll a dice. On a 2+, ward rolls cannot be made for the target for the rest of the turn.

➤ **Your Movement Phase**

BRAYBLAST TRUMPET: *Carved from the bone of a Shaggoth, the thunderous blasts of this horn draw the true children of Chaos towards it.*

Declare: Pick a friendly non-**UNIQUE BEASTS OF CHAOS INFANTRY** or **CAVALRY** unit that started the battle with 2 or more models and that has been destroyed to be the target.

Effect: Roll a dice. On a 4+, set up a replacement unit with half the number of models from the target unit (rounding up) wholly within 12" of a battlefield edge and more than 9" from all enemy units.



SPELL LORE

LORE OF THE TWISTED WILDS

⚙ Your Hero Phase

7

VILETIDE: *A seemingly ceaseless wave of bile, gore and writhing insects crashes into the enemy.*

Declare: Pick a friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS WIZARD** to cast this spell, pick a visible enemy unit within 12" of them to be the target, then make a casting roll of 2D6.

Effect: Inflict D3 mortal damage on the target. In addition, until the start of your next turn, the target cannot use commands.

KEYWORDS SPELL, UNLIMITED

⚙ Your Hero Phase

8

VICIOUS STRANGLETHORNS: *Twisting, thorn-covered vines erupt from the undergrowth to ensnare the foe.*

Declare: Pick a friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS WIZARD** to cast this spell, pick a visible enemy unit within 12" of them to be the target, then make a casting roll of 2D6.

Effect: Until the start of your next turn:

- Halve the target's Move characteristic.
- Subtract 1 from the number of dice rolled when making charge rolls for the target, to a minimum of 1.

KEYWORDS SPELL

⚙ Your Hero Phase

7

DEVOLVE: *Delving into the minds of their enemies, the shaman magnifies the savage and animalistic parts of their foes' psyches until they are little more than growling beasts.*

Declare: Pick a friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS WIZARD** to cast this spell, pick a visible enemy non-HERO unit within 12" of them to be the target, then make a casting roll of 2D6.

Effect: Until the start of your next turn:

- The target unit has a maximum control score of 1.
- The target cannot use commands.
- Each time the target moves, it must end that move closer to the caster.

KEYWORDS SPELL



MANIFESTATION LORE

BESTIAL MANIFESTATIONS

⚙ Your Hero Phase

7

SUMMON WILDFIRE TAURUS: *Wisps of flame develop into a roaring, charging beast of black smoke and wildfire.*

Declare: If there is not a friendly **Wildfire Taurus** on the battlefield, pick a friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS WIZARD** to cast this spell, then make a casting roll of 2D6.

Effect: Set up a **Wildfire Taurus** wholly within 18" of the caster and more than 9" from all enemy units.

KEYWORDS SPELL, SUMMON



⚙ Your Hero Phase

7

SUMMON RAVENING DIREFLOCK: *Dark feathers borne on the wind coalesce to form the terrible shapes of the Ravening Direflock.*

Declare: If there is not a friendly **Ravening Direflock** on the battlefield, pick a friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS WIZARD** to cast this spell, then make a casting roll of 2D6.

Effect: Set up a **Ravening Direflock** wholly within 18" of the caster and more than 9" from all enemy units. A **Ravening Direflock** has 3 parts that must each be set up within 1" of at least 1 other part.

KEYWORDS SPELL, SUMMON

⚙ Your Hero Phase

6

SUMMON DOOMBLAST DIRGEHORN: *Drawn from beneath the earth, animal bones are fused into the shape of a giant horn.*

Declare: If there is not a friendly **Doomblast Dirgehorn** on the battlefield, pick a friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS WIZARD** to cast this spell, then make a casting roll of 2D6.

Effect: Set up a **Doomblast Dirgehorn** wholly within 18" of the caster.

KEYWORDS SPELL, SUMMON

“These hornless weaklings will be ground beneath our hooves. Their cities will be burned, their shining towers trampled into dust. Kill! Gore! Stamp and crush!”

– Lankorr Split-eye,
Beastlord of the Allherd



GREAT BRAY-SHAMAN



The Great Bray-Shamans are the soothsayers and mystics of the beasterds. What they lack in raw strength, they make up for with a mastery of Chaos magic that can reduce a foe to a writhing mass of corrupted flesh.

⚔ MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Fetish Staff	3	4+	3+	-	D3

➤ **Once Per Turn (Army), Your Movement Phase**

INFUSE WITH BESTIAL VIGOUR: Raw chaotic energy emanates from the Bray-Shaman, imbuing surrounding beastmen with unnatural speed.

Declare: Pick a friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS** unit wholly within 12" of this unit to be the target.

Effect: For the rest of the turn, the target can use a **RUN** ability and still use **CHARGE** abilities later in the turn.



KEYWORDS

HERO, WIZARD (1), INFANTRY
CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS, BRAYHERD

BEASTLORD



In the merciless society of the Beasts of Chaos, only the mightiest rise to power. These are the Beastlords, hulking killers who command through intimidation and brutality and delight in sinking their man-ripper axes into the skulls of their foes.

⚔ MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Paired Man-ripper Axes Anti-HERO (+1 Rend), Crit (2 Hits)	5	3+	3+	1	2

⚔ **Passive**

HATRED OF HEROES: A Beastlord reserves their prodigious strength and fury for the greatest of the enemy's champions, calling upon their followers to witness and join the butchery.

Effect: While this unit is in combat with any enemy **HEROES**, add 1 to hit rolls and wound rolls for combat attacks made by friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS** units wholly within 12" of this unit.

⚔ **Reaction: You declared a FIGHT ability for this unit**

CALL OF BATTLE: Beastlords swiftly lead their underlings towards the foe, desperate to get to grips with the enemy so that the bloodletting can begin.

Effect: Pick a friendly non-HERO **BRAYHERD INFANTRY** unit that has not used a **FIGHT** ability this turn and is within this unit's combat range to be the target. The target can be picked to use a **FIGHT** ability immediately after the **FIGHT** ability used by this unit has been resolved.



KEYWORDS

HERO, INFANTRY
CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS, BRAYHERD

BESTIGORS



Bestigors are the strongest and fiercest of the gorkin. Clad in stolen armour and wielding two-handed axes, they charge into the thick of the fighting, ramming enemies to the ground with their horns before delivering a brutal killing blow.

⚔ MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Despoiler Axe Crit (2 Hits)	3	4+	3+	1	1

🛡 Passive

FEROCIOUS ADVANCE: *Volleys of enemy fire do nothing to dissuade these bestial warriors from running down the enemy.*

Effect: Subtract 1 from wound rolls for shooting attacks that target this unit.

⚔ Reaction: Opponent declared the 'All-out Defence' command for a unit within 6" of this unit

DESPOILERS: *Bestigors reserve the greatest part of their hatred for those who rally under the banners of civilisation.*

Effect: Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this unit's Despoiler Axes for the rest of the turn.



KEYWORDS

INFANTRY, CHAMPION, MUSICIAN (1/10),
STANDARD BEARER (1/10)
CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS, BRAYHERD

GORS



Gors form the greater mass of a beastherd's fighting force. Taller and more robust than humans, these vicious warriors wield axes and pitted swords. They rely upon superior numbers and the element of surprise to overcome their foes, crushing their will to fight with sudden, devastating stampedes.

⚔ MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Hacking Blades Crit (2 Hits)	2	4+	3+	-	1

🛡 Your Charge Phase

GOR STAMPEDE: *Gors gather in massive droves before charging their enemies, seeking to overwhelm them with superior numbers and brutish aggression.*

Declare: If this unit charged this phase, pick an enemy non-HERO INFANTRY unit that has fewer models than this unit and is within 1" of it to be the target.

Effect: Roll a dice. On a 3+, the target has STRIKE-LAST for the rest of the turn.



KEYWORDS

INFANTRY, CHAMPION, MUSICIAN (1/10),
STANDARD BEARER (1/10)
CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS, BRAYHERD

UNGOR RAIDERS



Many Ungors prefer to fight with shortbows, for this allows them to keep their foes at a safe distance. Skulking about on the edges of the battlefield, they riddle their quarry with hails of arrows before fading away into the wilds in search of new victims.

RANGED WEAPONS	Rng	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Raider Bow	18"	2	4+	5+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg	
Jagged Shank Crit (2 Hits)	1	4+	5+	-	1	

Once Per Turn (Army), Your Hero Phase

HIDDEN VOLLEY: *Ungor Raiders are capable of unleashing devastating volleys of arrows from the safety of canopies and vantage points. By the time the foe knows where the attacks are coming from, the Raiders have already moved on.*

Declare: If this unit is in reserve in **ambush**, pick a non-HERO enemy unit within 12" of a battlefield edge to be the target.

Effect: Roll a number of dice equal to the number of models in this unit. For each 6, inflict 1 mortal damage on the target. Then, in your next movement phase, set up this unit on the battlefield using the 'Beastherd Ambush' ability. If it is not possible to do so, it is destroyed.



KEYWORDS

INFANTRY, CHAMPION, MUSICIAN (1/10),
STANDARD BEARER (1/10)
CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS, BRAYHERD

UNGORS



The most man-like of the gor-kin, Ungors are tormented and despised by their stronger cousins. They take out their bitterness on their enemies, spitefully thrusting their shortspears into throats and bellies and darting away before the foe can retaliate.

MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Gnarled Weapon Crit (2 Hits)	2	4+	5+	-	1

Once Per Turn (Army), Any Combat Phase

FLEET OF HOOF: *The wiry agility of the Ungors allows them to move with great speed while evading enemy attacks, making them difficult to pin down.*

Effect: If this unit is in combat, roll a dice. On a 3+, this unit can immediately use the 'Retreat' ability as if it were your movement phase without any mortal damage being inflicted on it.



KEYWORDS

INFANTRY, CHAMPION, MUSICIAN (1/10),
STANDARD BEARER (1/10)
CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS, BRAYHERD

CENTIGORS



Drunken barbarians who love nothing more than a bloody brawl, the half-equine warriors known as Centigors charge across the battlefield in search of enemies to stomp, smash and brutalise.

RANGED WEAPONS	Rng	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Gutpiercer Spear	8"	1	4+	3+	1	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg	
Gutpiercer Spear Anti-CAVALRY (+1 Rend), Charge (+1 Damage)	3	4+	3+	1	1	
Clawed Forelimbs	2	5+	3+	-	1	

Once Per Turn (Army), Your Movement Phase

DRUNKEN REVELRY: Centigors glut themselves on potent brews made of fermented blood and Chaos-infused oozes that they bring from their territories, sending them into a state of drunken bravado in which they are blind to fear and pain.

Effect: This unit can use this ability if it is not in combat. It has **WARD (4+)** for the rest of the turn.



KEYWORDS

CAVALRY, CHAMPION, MUSICIAN (1/5),
STANDARD BEARER (1/5)
CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS, BRAYHERD

TUSKGOR CHARIOTS



Tuskgor Chariots are crude but fearsomely powerful war machines. Though they appear ramshackle in construction, the snorting, porcine brutes that haul them into battle are capable of wreaking terrible damage as they smash into the foe.

MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Despoiler Weapons Crit (2 Hits)	4	4+	3+	1	1
Tuskgor's Iron-hard Tusks Companion	4	5+	3+	1	1

Any Charge Phase

TUSKGOR CHARGE: Spurred on by merciless whipping, Tuskgor Chariots barrel headlong into their foes.

Declare: If this unit charged this phase, pick an enemy unit within 1" of it to be the target.

Effect: Roll a D3. On a 2+, inflict an amount of mortal damage on the target equal to the roll.

KEYWORDS

WAR MACHINE
CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS, BRAYHERD

CHAOS GARGANT



Lumbering, living totems of corruption, Chaos Gargants combine the formidable strength of their kind with all manner of gruesome mutations. Swinging crude weapons and hollering at the top of their lungs, they throw themselves into the thick of battle, stomping and crushing their foes beneath their cloven hooves.

RANGED WEAPONS	Rng	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Throwin' Rocks	12"	1	5+	2+	2	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg	
Massive Club	4	4+	2+	1	2	
'Eadbutt	1	4+	2+	2	4	
Mighty Kick	1	4+	2+	2	D3	

Once Per Turn (Army), Any Combat Phase

WHIPPED INTO A FRENZY: *The leaders of a beastring often goad gargants so as to send them into a berserk rage.*

Effect: If this unit is within 6" of any friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS HEROES**, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this unit's melee weapons for the rest of the turn.

KEYWORDS RAMPAGE

Passive

TIMBERRRRR!: *A dying gargant is a weapon of ruin in its own right, though it is anyone's guess where their body will fall.*

Effect: When this unit is destroyed, before removing it from play, the players must roll off. The winner picks a point on the battlefield within 3" of this unit. Inflict D3 mortal damage on each unit (friendly and enemy) within 3" of that point that has a lower Health characteristic than this unit.



KEYWORDS

MONSTER

CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS

RAZORGOR



Razorgors are mountains of twisted flesh and wiry hair possessed of a vicious fury and a bottomless appetite. They gobble their prey down in a few gulping bites, consuming flesh, metal, wood and stone alike.

MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Large Tusks and Hooves Charge (+1 Damage)	5	4+	2+	-	2

Passive

BEAST

Effect: This unit has a maximum control score of 1.

Passive

FEED ON MANGLED REMAINS: *Such is the appetite and metabolism of a Razorgor that it can consume a slain warrior, armour and all, in a matter of seconds and still remain unsatisfied.*

Effect: Each time this unit uses a **FIGHT** ability, after that **FIGHT** ability has been resolved, **Heal** (D3) this unit.



KEYWORDS

BEAST

CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS

BULLGORS



Bullgors are hulking, taurine monstrosities consumed by the need to stuff their mouths with raw flesh and blood. They are the shock troops of the greatfrays, capable of smashing their way through almost any shieldwall or line of pikes.

✂ MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Man-splitter Axes	4	4+	2+	1	2
Iron-capped Horns Charge (+1 Damage)	2	5+	3+	-	2

✂ Any Charge Phase

WARHERD CHARGE: When a warherd charges, the enemy is sent flying through the air by the force of the impact.

Declare: If this unit charged this phase, pick an enemy unit within 1" of it to be the target.

Effect: Roll a dice for each model in this unit. For each 2+, inflict 1 mortal damage on the target.



KEYWORDS

INFANTRY, CHAMPION, MUSICIAN (1/3),
STANDARD BEARER (1/3)
CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS, WARHERD

DOOMBULL



Doombulls are the strongest and most ferocious of their kind, swollen with muscle and as broad as they are tall. They feast upon only the worthiest foes, sating their bloodgreed with the gore of champions and heroes.

✂ MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Slaughterer's Axe	4	4+	2+	1	3
Alphabeast Horns Charge (+1 Damage)	2	4+	2+	-	2

✂ Any Charge Phase

ALPHA CHARGE: A Doombull is a living, snorting siege engine, and their headlong charge can shatter entire enemy formations.

Declare: If this unit charged this phase, pick an enemy unit within 1" of it to be the target.

Effect: Roll a D3. On a 2+, inflict an amount of mortal damage on the target equal to the roll.

➤ Once Per Turn (Army), Any Charge Phase

SLAUGHTERER'S CALL: A feral roar by the Doombull alerts the warherd to the scent of flesh on the wind, sending them into an attacking frenzy.

Declare: Pick a friendly WARHERD unit that is not in combat and is wholly within 12" of this unit to be the target.

Effect: For the rest of the turn, add 1 to the number of dice rolled when making charge rolls for the target, to a maximum of 3.



KEYWORDS

HERO, INFANTRY
CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS, WARHERD

CYGOR



Cygor are blind to the physical world but can sense and follow the trails of magic that permeate reality. They seek out sorcerers, wizards and other beings rich in eldritch power, cramming these spellcasters into their slaving maws and feasting upon the raw magic that spills from their broken bodies.

RANGED WEAPONS	Rng	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Desecrated Boulder Shoot in Combat	15"	1	4+	2+	2	D3+3
MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg	
Massive Horns Anti-MANIFESTATION (+1 Rend)	6	4+	2+	1	2	

Passive

BATTLE DAMAGED

Effect: While this unit has 10 or more damage points, the Attacks characteristic of its **Massive Horns** is 4.

Once Per Turn (Army), Any Combat Phase

CONSUME ENDLESS SPELL: A Cygor perceives mystic evocations as they are being formed, swallowing manifested spells as easily as the wizards that summoned them.

Declare: Pick an **ENDLESS SPELL** within 9" of this unit to be the target.

Effect: Roll 2D6. If the roll exceeds the target's Banishment characteristic:

- The target is banished.
- Heal (X) this unit, where X is an amount equal to the roll.

KEYWORDS RAMPAGE

Passive

SOUL-EATER: Feeding off the swirling winds of magic, Cygors pose an incredible threat to spellcasters.

Effect: This unit can use **UNBIND** abilities as if it had **WIZARD (1)**. Each time this unit unbinds a spell, inflict D3 mortal damage on the caster.

KEYWORDS

MONSTER

CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS, WARHERD

GHORGON



The terrifying, four-armed colossi known as Ghorgons are cursed with an unquenchable desire for raw meat. Even as they hack and kill with bladed forelimbs, a second pair of arms stuffs ruptured corpses and strips of flesh into the Ghorgon's drooling maw.

MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Butchering Blades Anti-INFANTRY (+1 Rend)	7	4+	2+	1	3
Huge Slaving Maw	2	4+	2+	1	D6

Passive

BATTLE DAMAGED

Effect: While this unit has 10 or more damage points, the Attacks characteristic of its **Butchering Blades** is 4.

Once Per Turn (Army), Any Combat Phase

SWALLOW WHOLE: The huge, cavernous maw of a Ghorgon can swallow a man whole – a grisly fate for any warrior.

Declare: Pick an enemy unit in combat with this unit to be the target.

Effect: Roll a dice. If the roll exceeds the target's Health characteristic:

- 1 model in the target unit is slain.
- Heal (X) this unit, where X is an amount equal to the roll.

KEYWORDS RAMPAGE

KEYWORDS

MONSTER

CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS, WARHERD

DRAGON OGORS



Imposing creatures with muscular, humanoid torsos and the lower bodies of draconids, Dragon Ogors are formidable warriors. They overrun their foes with a headlong charge, lashing out with crackling storm-weapons and obliterating their enemies in a tempestuous rage.

⚔ MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Storm-forged Weapons Crit (Mortal)	4	4+	2+	1	2
Raking Foreclaws	2	5+	3+	-	1

⚔ Any Combat Phase

SPEED OF AN AVALANCHE: *Despite their formidable size, Dragon Ogors can move as swift as an avalanche, often surprising enemies who foolishly charge them.*

Effect: If this unit did not charge this turn and is in combat with an enemy unit that charged this turn, roll a dice. On a 4+, this unit has **STRIKE-FIRST** for the rest of the turn.



KEYWORDS

CAVALRY
CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS, THUNDERSORN

DRAGON OGOR SHAGGOTH



Dragon Ogor Shaggoths are ancient and powerful beings imbued with the coruscating power of the storm. When they go to war, the mountains themselves tremble and foes are hewn apart by the score.

⚔ RANGED WEAPONS	Rng	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Crackling Bolts Crit (2 Hits), Shoot in Combat	12"	2D6	4+	3+	1	1
⚔ MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg	
Storm-forged Axe Crit (Mortal)	6	3+	2+	1	3	

⚙ Reaction: Opponent declared a SPELL ability

SCION OF THE PRIMORDIAL STORM: *The untrammelled fury of the primordial storm flows through this creature, a fulminating power so intense that it can render malevolent sorceries harmless.*

Effect: If this unit or a friendly Dragon Ogors unit wholly within 12" of this unit was picked to be the target of that spell, roll a dice. On a 4+, ignore the effect of that spell on this unit or that friendly unit. This unit can use this ability more than once per phase but only once per SPELL ability.

⚙ Once Per Turn (Army), End of Any Turn

BENEATH THE TEMPEST: *Dark clouds gather above the battlefield, threatening to unleash the fury of the tempest.*

Declare: Pick each enemy unit in combat with this unit to be the targets.

Effect: Roll a dice. On a 2+, **Heal (X)** this unit, where X is an amount equal to the roll. Then, roll a D3 for each target. On a 2+, inflict an amount of mortal damage on the target equal to the roll.

KEYWORDS RAMPAGE



KEYWORDS

HERO, MONSTER, WIZARD (1)
CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS, THUNDERSORN

• BEASTS OF CHAOS WARSCROLL •

BEASTS OF CHAOS
CHAOS SPAWN



Utterly devolved in both body and mind by the corrupting power of pure anarchy, the hideous creatures known as Chaos Spawn lurch into battle, lashing out with whip-like tendrils and scything talons in a maddened frenzy.

⚔ MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Freakish Mutations Crit (2 Hits), Companion	2D6	5+	4+	-	1

● Passive

BEAST

Effect: This unit has a maximum control score of 1.



KEYWORDS

BEAST

CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS

• BEASTS OF CHAOS WARSCROLL •

CHAOS WARHOUNDS



Lean, vicious and hideously mutated, Chaos Warhounds are products of the hellish environments in which they dwell. They are tireless pursuers that will chase their prey for hours before ripping them to bloody shreds.

⚔ MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Canine Jaws Companion	2	4+	3+	-	1

● Passive

BEAST

Effect: This unit has a maximum control score of 1.

➤ Reaction: You declared a CHARGE ability for this unit

OUTRUNNERS OF CHAOS: Packs of Chaos Warhounds close upon their prey with unnatural quickness.

Effect: Change one of the dice in the charge roll to a 4.



KEYWORDS

BEAST

CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS

COCKATRICE



A Cockatrice is a fell creature that dwells in the harshest wastelands of the Mortal Realms. Its cursed gaze can transform a foe into a screaming statue, while its raking talons and cruel beak shred flesh and muscle effortlessly.

⚔ MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Stabbing Beak and Talons Companion	5	4+	2+	1	2

● Passive

BEAST

Effect: This unit has a maximum control score of 1.

⚡ Once Per Turn (Army) Your Shooting Phase

PETRIFYING GAZE: As a Cockatrice surges forwards, its eyes begin to glow with warping energy, transfixing foes where they stand.

Declare: Pick a visible enemy unit within 12" of this unit to be the target.

Effect: Roll a dice for each model in the target unit. For each 6, inflict 1 mortal damage on the target. If any damage points are allocated to the target by this ability, the target has **STRIKE-LAST** for the rest of the turn.



KEYWORDS

BEAST, FLY

CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS

JABBERSLYTHE



Jabberslythes are nightmarish fusions of reptile, amphibian and insect, with sharp claws and a spiked tail that can punch through solid steel. They are so unearthly in their hideousness that to merely look upon one is to risk insanity.

⚡ RANGED WEAPONS	Rng	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Slythey Tongue Shoot in Combat, Companion	8"	3	4+	2+	1	D3

⚔ MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Vorpal Claws and Tail Companion	6	4+	2+	1	2

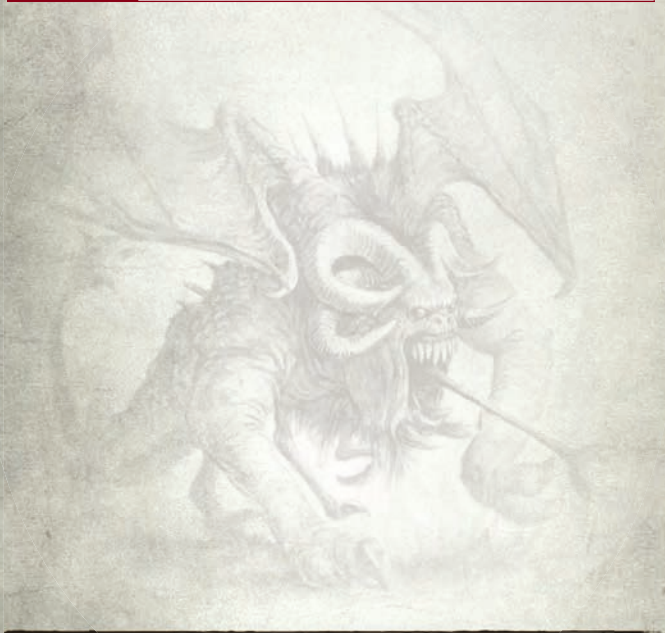
⚡ Once Per Turn (Army) Any Combat Phase

AURA OF MADNESS: Those who gaze upon a Jabberslythe are soon overcome by a babbling madness, rendering them easy prey for the creature.

Declare: Roll a D3. On a 2+, pick up to a number of enemy units equal to the roll that are within 9" of this unit to be the targets.

Effect: For the rest of the turn, each time the unmodified hit roll for a combat attack made by the target is 1, inflict 1 mortal damage on the target after the **FIGHT** ability has been resolved.

KEYWORDS RAMPAGE



KEYWORDS

MONSTER, FLY

CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS

• BEASTS OF CHAOS WARSCROLL •

CHIMERA

MOVE 10"
 HEALTH 12
 SAVE 5+
 CONTROL 5

Warped and ravenous alpha-predators of the Chaos wilds, Chimeras are tri-headed abominations that descend from the skies to overwhelm their prey. Three monstrous heads rip, tear and spit streams of fire even as the beast's vicious claws maul and mutilate.

RANGED WEAPONS		Rng	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Brimstone Breath Shoot in Combat, Companion		12"	6	2+	4+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS			Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Chimeric Heads Companion			6	4+	2+	1	D3
Mauling Claws Crit (2 Hits), Companion			6	4+	2+	-	2

✂ Once Per Turn (Army), Any Combat Phase

THRICEFOLD SAVAGERY: Each head of a Chimera operates independently of the others, and though they are prone to violent disagreement as to which prey they should hunt, they are capable of working in terrifying concert.

Effect: Roll 3 dice. For each 4+, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this unit's Chimeric Heads for the rest of the turn.

KEYWORDS RAMPAGE



KEYWORDS

MONSTER, FLY

CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS

• BEASTS OF CHAOS WARSCROLL •

DOOMBLAST DIRGEHORN



Wrought from coalesced Chaos energies, the Doomblast Dirgehorn emits an unending, dolorous blast that drowns out all thought. The howling cacophony strips those in earshot of their sanity and reduces skilled warriors to fumbling fools.

Passive

BOOMING CACOPHONY: *In the terrible blasting of the Dirgehorn can be heard the bestial growls of a thousand beastherds.*

Effect: When this MANIFESTATION is set up, the range of this ability is 6". Subtract 1 from wound rolls for attacks made by enemy units while they are within range of this MANIFESTATION's ability.

Start of Battle Round

LOUDER AND LOUDER: *The maddening blast of this foul magic grows ever more deafening until all within a dozen leagues can hear it.*

Effect: Increase the range of this MANIFESTATION's 'Booming Cacophony' ability by 6". This effect can be applied multiple times to this MANIFESTATION and is cumulative. If this MANIFESTATION is removed from play, this effect no longer applies.



KEYWORDS

MANIFESTATION, ENDLESS SPELL, WARD (6+)

CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS

• BEASTS OF CHAOS WARSCROLL •

WILDFIRE TAURUS



Wildfire Tauruses are summoned from the fires of the largest herdstones. They take the shape of gargantuan flaming bulls, stampeding through massed ranks of armoured warriors, setting flesh ablaze and flattening those not consumed in the conflagration.

MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Taurine Horns Charge (+1 Damage)	6	4+	2+	2	D3

Any Charge Phase

TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION: *Warriors are sent sprawling, set aflame and trampled underhoof as the Wildfire Taurus charges headlong through their ranks.*

Declare: If this unit charged this phase, pick an enemy unit within 1" of it to be the target.

Effect: Roll a number of dice equal to the unmodified charge roll. For each 4+, inflict 1 mortal damage on the target. If any damage points are allocated to the target by this ability, the target has **STRIKE-LAST** for the rest of the turn.



KEYWORDS

MANIFESTATION, ENDLESS SPELL, FLY, WARD (6+)

CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS

RAVENING DIREFLOCK



The spectral crows of a Ravening Direflock are harbingers of doom, filling the minds of those who hear their piercing caws with an inescapable sense of dread. They circle over the battlefield, harrying those who try to flee the carnage.

⚔ MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Murderous Beaks	6	4+	5+	1	1

⚙ Passive

MULTIPLE PARTS

Effect: When a number of damage points equal to this **MANIFESTATION**'s Health characteristic are allocated to it, this **MANIFESTATION** is destroyed and all of its parts are removed from play.

Each time this **MANIFESTATION** moves, each of its parts must end within 1" of at least 1 other part.

Each part of this **MANIFESTATION** is armed with **Murderous Beaks**.

● Passive

HARBINGERS OF DARK OMENS: *Those who hear the cawing of these fell creatures experience terrifying visions of their own impending doom.*

Effect: Subtract 5 from the control scores of enemy units while they are within 12" of this unit.



KEYWORDS

MANIFESTATION, ENDLESS SPELL, FLY, WARD (6+)
CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS

HERDSTONE



Herdstones are the sites at which the Beasts of Chaos carry out their savage rituals. Wrought from the Chaos-infused substance of the realms, from the spills the corruptive taint of the anarchic wilds to bleed freely into the land.

The following universal terrain abilities apply to this terrain feature (Terrain, 1.2):

Cover, Unstable

⚔ Passive

ENTROPIC LODESTONE: *As the corrupting influence of the herdstone spreads, buildings, armour and other trappings of civilisation begin to crumble to dust, allowing even the crude weapons of the Beasts of Chaos to cut through their defences with ease.*

Effect: From the second battle round onwards, add 1 to the Rend characteristic of melee weapons used by friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS** units while they are wholly within 24" of this terrain feature.

If this terrain feature is wholly within 18" of the centre of the battlefield, this ability affects all friendly **BEASTS OF CHAOS** units on the battlefield instead of those wholly within 24" of it.



KEYWORDS

FACTION TERRAIN
CHAOS, BEASTS OF CHAOS



PRODUCED BY THE WARHAMMER DESIGN STUDIO
With thanks to The Faithful and The Loretesters for their invaluable services.

Chaos Battletome: Beasts of Chaos © Copyright Games Workshop Limited 2024. Chaos Battletome: Beasts of Chaos, GW, Games Workshop, Warhammer, Warhammer Age of Sigmar, Battletome, Stormcast Eternals, the 'winged-hammer' Warhammer logo, and all associated logos, illustrations, images, names, creatures, races, vehicles, locations, weapons, characters, and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are either ® or TM, and/or © Games Workshop Limited, variably registered around the world. All Rights Reserved.

Permission to download/print for personal use only.

This is a work of fiction. All the characters and events portrayed in this book are fictional, and any resemblance to real people or incidents is purely coincidental. Pictures used for illustrative purposes only.

Certain Citadel products may be dangerous if used incorrectly and Games Workshop does not recommend them for use by children under the age of 16 without adult supervision. Whatever your age, be careful when using glues, bladed equipment and sprays and make sure that you read and follow the instructions on the packaging.

Games Workshop Ltd., Willow Road, Lenton,
Nottingham, NG7 2WS, United Kingdom

Games Workshop Limited – Irish branch
Unit 3, Lower Liffey Street, Dublin 1, D01 K199, Ireland

WARHAMMER.COM