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FORCES OF

HORDES™

LEGION OF EVERBLIGHT

WHATEVER MY BLIGHT TOUCHES,

I CONTROL.

THERE ARE NO LIMITS TO WHAT I CAN DO

AND NO END TO THE GROWTH

OF MY LEGION'S POWER.

I HUNGER FIRST TO FEAST ON GOD FLESH,

ON THE ESSENCE OF MY FATHER,

AND THEN TO SWALLOW THE WORLD.

—EVERBLIGHT

™

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The Legion of Everblight has become a dire threat to all of western Immoren in just a handful of years. This lethal army is the ultimate weapon of the dragon Everblight, an ancient creature born from the heartstone of Lord Toruk, the Dragonfather. Everblight long remained apart from his siblings, plotting in secret and spurning their millennia-old alliance against Toruk.

Centuries ago Everblight's physical body was destroyed, but his indestructible heartstone, or athanc, survived. After luring the ogrun Thagrosh to free him from an icy tomb, Everblight turned his attention to the corruption and domination of the Nyss, the winter elves inhabiting the northern lands. These skilled bladesmen and hunters are ideal foot soldiers for Everblight's legion. Ogrun from the nearby mountains were DOVR KRUUHQGRXVO\ EOLJKWHG DQG DGGHG WR WKH AJKWLQJ IRUFH bringing their brawn and ferocity to Everblight's cause.

Everblight has implanted shards of his athanc into his chosen generals, creating warlocks who lead the Legion in the dragon's name. Their army includes an ever-growing assortment of warbeasts spawned from the blighted blood of Everblight's warlocks. Each warlock shares thoughts directly with Everblight, giving the army a terrifying singularity of purpose.

The primary strength of the Legion of Everblight can be summarized in one word: dragonspawn. The terrifying warbeasts that writhe into being from the dragon's blood are some of the most feared warbeasts in HORDES for good reason. They are exceptionally agile, brutal in combat, gifted with unique senses to hunt their prey, capable RI WUDYHUVLQJ WKH PRVW GLIÀFXOW WH survivable. Dragonspawn range from swarms of Shredders and Stingers to implacable Carniveans and Scytheans.

If the spawn are not enough to put the fear of Everblight into an opponent, the Legion's warbeast support tips the scale. Shepherds and Forsaken grant the faction plentiful fury management tools, allowing players to run far more beasts than other armies. Nyss Sorceresses guide the charge RI WKH ZLQJHG GUDJRQVSDZQ WR LQFUHDV further, and Spawning Vessels can create new dragonspawn to meet the needs of the battle at hand. Alongside the sleek Blighted Nyss and hulking Blighted Ogrun, Everblight's hungry children will . . .

Consume the Iron Kingdoms for the Glory of Everblight!

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Submerging her consciousness deep into her connection with Belphagor had become second nature to Bethayne, Voice of Everblight. It was not necessary to surrender her mind when they joined, but there was always the WHPSWDWLRQ WR ÁRZ HQWLUHO\ LQWR WKH EHDVW·V VLPSOHU PLQG and become a creature of pure instinct. In this animalistic VWDWH DOO VHQVDWLRQV EHFDPH SXUH GLYRUFHG IURP UHAHFWLRQ It was an empowering bliss.

She preferred to indulge in this addictive freedom from WKRXJKW RQO\ EULHÁ\ DV WKHUH ZHUH GDQJHUV LQ DEDQGRQLQJ control. On every previous occasion, it had been easy for her to gather her scattered thoughts, but at this moment she felt intense resistance. Memories were fragmented, PDNLQJ LW GLIÀFXOW WR UHFDOO ZKHQ VKH KDG VXUUHQGHUHG KHU consciousness. It had clearly been too long. At her mental urging Belphagor immediately pulled back the umbilical cords connecting its organs to hers. Its muscular tail came GRZQ WR VXSSRUW LWV ZHLJKW DV RW KLV PSRQÀHG GHWDLOLQJ, KLV ÀQHG VHYHUD her legs faded, and the interlocking appendages along its central torso opened to let her pull free. Disengaging in the middle of battle was dangerous, but it was necessary to clear her mind. She crouched for a moment as Belphagor towered protectively over her, ready to lash out at any enemy that came too near.

Around her the whirlwind of battle created a familiar FRPPRWLRQ WKH UXPEOLQJ RI SRZHUIXO HQJLQHV, WKH GUDZQ shriek of a nephilim followed by the clash of metal biting metal, the heavy footfalls of charging soldiers. Her warbeasts fought around her, extensions of herself, all engaged in a struggle for survival. Several were injured to various degrees, although their draconic state allowed them to ignore discomfort; to dragonspawn, pain existed only to provide awareness of injury.

7KH HQHP\ ZDV FORVH DURXQG KHU center on the Cryxian, whose lifeless upper torso resembled a prioritize targets, but Bethayne sent Belphagor to add its strength to the battle. Her mind raced with the thrill of the lethal fray. Some part of her exulted in the tumult and the way the chaos stripped away the complexity of decisions. She sent her will into Belphagor and urged it to scythe through two of the smaller creatures rushing toward her, which she recognized as mechanithralls from their oversized, steam-powered gauntlets. Belphagor cut through their masses RI SLSLQJ DQG GHDG ÁHVK WKHQ FORDZHG WKURXJK while Bethayne summoned blighted power from her arcane reserves. Even as Belphagor completed its attacks she hurled a sphere of violently transformative energies to explode into another mechanithrall in the midst of several others. Razor-sharp spines of bone shot forth to impale all those nearby. The effort of invoking this magic helped clear the lingering fog from her mind, and she began to apprehend just how numerous the enemies were. She knew she faced the army of the Dragonfather, Everblight's most dangerous adversary.

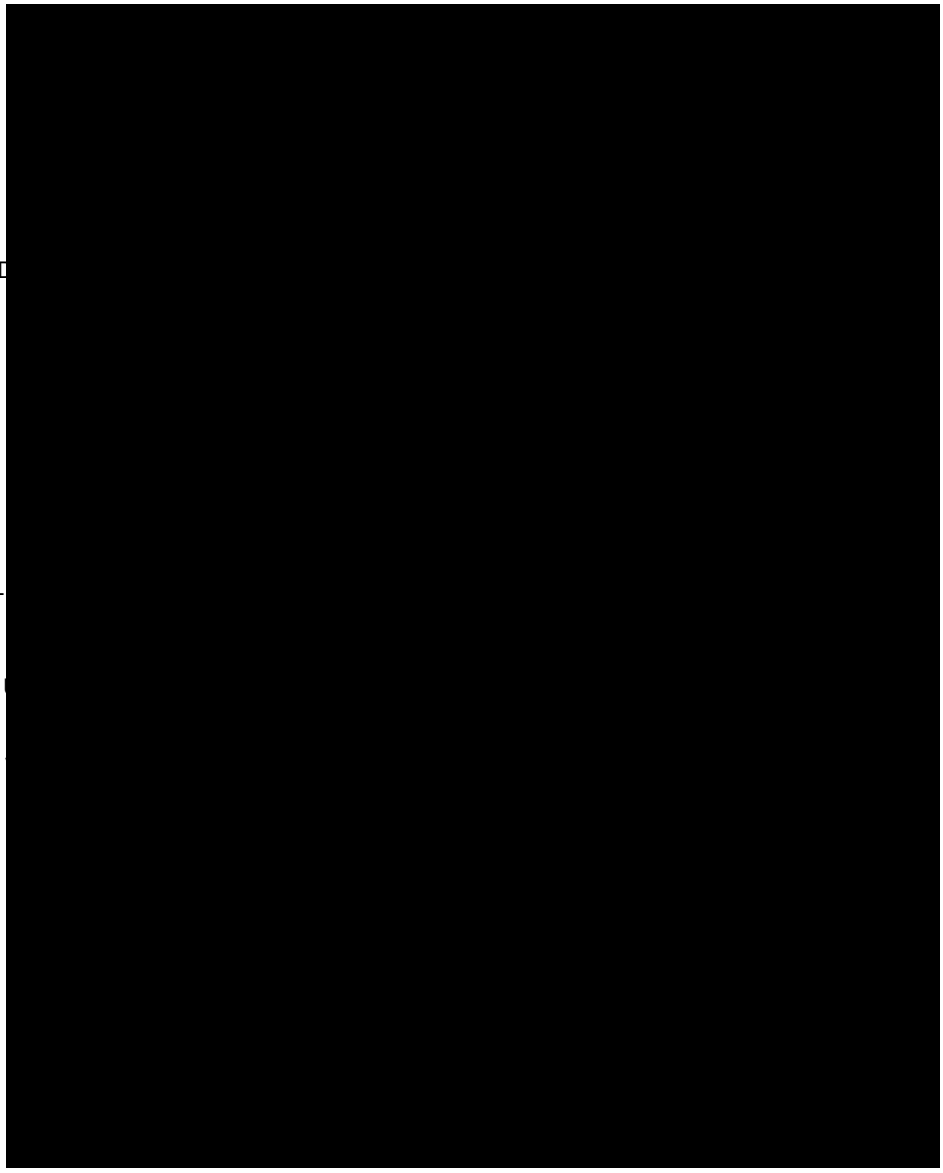
Near Belphagor, a hulking nephilim protector wrenched the heavy blade of its halberd free from the chassis of a compact blackened metal construct on insect-like legs that was covered in plates of curved black steel. The nephilim bled from a serious gash from the machine's initial strike, which had delivered one of its tusks deep up under the dragonspawn's sternum.

Additional mechanithralls poured through the gaps between the trees. At her mental urging, her carnivean opened its fanged jaws to unleash a sizzling spray of ash, annihilating half a dozen. There were many more, and they closed on the draconic beast to hammer at its scaled hide.

Dark green-black helljacks came into view behind them, one resembling an enormous crustacean with a cannon in place Bethayne's dragonspawn before advancing to crush the life from one of her hex hunters with its left pincer. Leviathan. The knowledge bubbled up from deep within her mind with the familiar sensation of lore reaching her through her athanc shard from Everblight or one of her warlock peers.

The dragonspawn she had with her were fearless, strong, and eager to spill blood. Her hex hunters entered the fray alternating with invoked sorcerous magic in streaks of blighted lightning delivered through the blades. Still, they were badly outnumbered. Helljacks and bonejacks surged forward with a hungry swiftness that made them seem alive. The enemy spread out in a widening circle, clearly seeking to surround Bethayne and those with her.

A more delicate but stately arachnid creature stood at the PDQ\ FODZV ÀOHG RXW WR female human's, with a strange, green glow oozing through her ribcage and an iron mask covering her upper face. Soul cages hung from her waist, and she was clearly directing the machines with her will. Iron lich, among the ruling tier of the Cryxian hierarchy. Bethayne needed no further information to understand the threat posed by such a being. She was preoccupied directing her forces, shouting orders to the hex blades and maneuvering all her dragonspawn to intercept DeDthripper latched onto the carnivean's forward supporting leg and chewed through with razor-sharp teeth. Before the dragonspawn could deal with this, a Slayer leapt against it, slashing tremendous metal claws.



Despite nimble attempts to evade, her shredders quickly fell under an onslaught of heavy mechanithrall ÀVWV $ KHOOMDFN called a Corruptor latched another pincer-like appendage onto one of her raeks, and she saw greenish ÁXLG IURP JODVV YLD ÁHVK WR PHOW LW IU raek lashed back with its razored tail, slicing through connecting tubing but doing too little damage to prevent its expiration.

Belphagor served again as a channel for the blighted power of one of her explosive spells before slithering IRUZDUG RQ LWV WDL Corruptor with its claws. No longer blocked by her beast, the Leviathan WXUQHG WRZDUG KH cannon. She used the last shredder's WHQDFLW\ WR VWUHQ leapt to the side, but the Leviathan tracked her movement with uncanny precision.

She felt the tremendous impact as its metal projectiles pierced clear through her shoulder and left a gaping, bleeding hole. She instantly drew upon her blood connection to the nephilim protector and sent WKH ZRXQG WR WHDU instead. Engineered to accept the injuries of the warlock who spawned it, the beast took the transference with an eager hiss. Even as her wound vanished, the nephilim was crippled as the same gory hole opened in its chest.

The pain of this was fresh on her mind as Bethayne recalled Belphagor to her side. She was too vulnerable and knew she had to return to its protective embrace. They moved with perfect coordination as Belphagor swept in behind her on its tail and its lower appendages clicked open to reveal the awaiting cavity in the center of its torso.

It enfolded her so swiftly and completely that an onlooker might believe she had been swallowed whole. She felt comforted and protected while surrounded by the thick armor and draconic bones of its body. She welcomed the brief pain as bone-like needles extending from a variety of umbilical cords pierced her neck and abdomen and integrated their circulatory systems. Her head rested within the beast's sternum, surrounded by a webbing of nerve tissue, through which she saw the world using Belphagor's superior senses.

She perceived even the slightest motion effortlessly with blighted sight able to pierce through smoke, fog, and underbrush. A surge of powerful energies swept through her as her strength and stamina were tremendously augmented. She felt invincible but held strong within the heady rush, knowing her situation remained precarious.

Just as she completed the melding, she heard a deep thump and something large arced toward her and exploded, VSODVKLQJ YLOH DFLGLF ÁXLGV DFURVV hunters, and another nephilim. Belphagor's scaled hide ZDV LPSHUYLRXV WR WKH FDXVWLF ÁXLG a hiss into the undergrowth below. The nephilim's thick skin partially protected it from the blast as well, but the hex KXQWHUV VFUHDPHG DV WKHLU ÁHVK PHO chunks to reveal quickly unraveling organs beneath.

Bethayne gritted her teeth against this grim toll but had no time to absorb the weight of the casualties.

She looked for the source and saw an enormously fat undead creature, its skin stretched and stitched together, beyond the helljacks. It carried a wide-mouthed, underslung cannon WKDW GULSSHG JUHHQLVK BOXH UDLQ IURP WKH EDUUHO With a surge of retaliatory anger she sent one of her raeks to destroy it, and the sleek leonine dragonspawn blended with the shadows to slip directly past two of the intervening helljacks. It pounced on the bloat thrall, tearing it apart with a toothy maw and lashing it with its tail. The creature UXSWXUHG LQ D EODVW RI WRUQ RUJDQV DQG GLVJXVWLQJ PHOWHG WKH UDHN·V VFDOHG ÁHVK helljacks closed upon it.

They could not sustain the rate her beasts were suffering crippling injuries. Realizing this, she hesitated only a moment. She could stand and destroy a good many Cryxians, but it would avail Everblight nothing. She knew her role and the place of those who fought with her. She was a chosen of the dragon, keeper of a sliver of his immortal essence. Ultimately no one else mattered, whatever her own feelings.

She turned the leader of her hex hunters, a skilled and devoted sorcerer named Aervass. Her voice rasped through Belphagor's throat as a harsh growl. "Delay them as long as possible."

He whistled to the others without hesitation and directed their efforts with a few sharp gestures. Bethayne guided her warbeasts to where they could best intercept and delay the foe.

7KLV DFFRPSOLVKHG VKH ÁHG LQWR WKH WKRUQ\ XQGHUEUXVK DQG through slender, twisted trees. She leapt and ran swiftly down a narrow ravine toward a stream, moving their melded body with tireless swiftness on her own legs. Conjoined, she and Belphagor became an entirely different entity. Their internal organs shared function, giving her not only the armored protection within its scaled torso but also augmented physical abilities. Their blending was so complete that her OLIH ZDV OLQNHG WR WKH EHDVW·V EROVWHU KHU VWUHQJWK DQG VWDPLQD UHTXLUHG KLV RUJDQV WR ÀQWHU her blood or she would quickly succumb to the poisons.

After she splashed through the deep and wide river and continued up the opposite bank, Bethayne realized she had only a vague notion of her general location. Filtered information through her athanc that must originate from the warlock Lylyth suggested the waterway was one of the Black River's eastern tributaries. She guessed she was immediately adjacent to the sprawling desolation of the Bloodstone Marches. It was far south of her last remembered location among Rhul's southern mountains.

It had been in Rhul, some indeterminate number of days ago, that Thagrosh had looked up to the clear skies above the southern mountains to see two dragons passing high overhead. Immediately a command blazed across all their DWKDQFV OLNH OLTXLG ÀUH 7KHLU PDVWHU Thagrosh gave various directions, according to his own OHDGHUVKLS VW\OH DQG SHUVRQDOLW\ Á\LQJ DZD\ Absylonia stayed behind with Thagrosh as the army braced for possible attack, but the others left to ensure the survival of as many of his athanc shards as possible.

Those touched by the mental inferno of Everblight's will had never felt him make such a powerful and immediate command. Bethayne had instinctively retreated into Belphagor and entered an almost mindless trance as her limbs obeyed Everblight. Her beasts and her most loyal hex blades had unhesitatingly followed her through the wilderness, accepting her silence. She had traveled in a haze until set upon by Cryx.

%HWKD\QH IRXQG LW GLIÀFXOW WR FRPPX while merged with Belphagor. She struggled to reach Thagrosh, hoping to learn what had transpired. She felt him there, but his mind was closed to her, and she sensed he was in deep communion with Everblight. She next directed her will toward Vayl, who often served as intermediary for the dragon; reaching her, she shared images of the ambush.

6KH UHFHLYHG LQ UHWXUQ D ZHOFRPH FI dragons had not attacked Thagrosh as Everblight had GUHDGHG 7KRVH IRUPLGDEOH HQWLWLHV showing any sign of having witnessed the gathered Legion below them. Despite this apparent false alarm, Everblight would not yet give his leave for his warlocks to return. As a chosen of Everblight, Bethayne would have to cope as best she could.

An instinct from Belphagor prompted her to halt momentarily within a sparse cluster of trees. She felt eyes upon her. At the splashing of large creatures or machines crossing the river, she listened closer and heard grunted breaths and bestial snorts rather than the rumble of Cryxian machines.

She kept still, hoping the creature or creatures would have no interest in her. Shortly she heard a human voice speaking the Cygnaran tongue in a low but commanding

tone. Through Everblight she had perfect apprehension of the otherwise unfamiliar language. “Move to the left and VSUHDG RXW)OXVK WKH TXDUU\ LQWR WKH RSHQ ZKHUH WKH sound of more movement to her right, immediately eclipsed E\ WKH GHHSHU ERRP RI D FDQQRQ ÀUHG QHDU

She leapt backward even as a shell whistled down and exploded not far from her, detonating one of the nearest trees. Through the cloud of debris she saw a dozen or PRUH DUPHG IDUURZ DSSURDFKLQJ in hand. She had seen such creatures before, employed as fodder in other battles. Several larger, unfamiliar pig-like beasts stood closer to the river in front of a bald, slender human wearing goggles and equipped with an unfamiliar weapon. Upon his back and at his side were several peculiar FRQWUDSWLRQV ÀOOHG ZLWK JORZLQJ JUHHQ ÀXLG

Her eyes were drawn to the beasts in front of him. These bipedal boars carried odd, boxy cannons strapped to their backs by heavy harnesses. A thin line of smoke streamed from the mouth of the nearest one. Even as she watched, another adjusted its stance, snorted, and braced itself before yanking on a heavy lanyard attached to the weapon. It EXFNHG DV LW ÀUHG

She turned and leapt away, her reaction time and movements augmented by Belphagor. The blast exploded just behind her. Her beast’s armored torso protected her, but the farrow KDG VHHQ KHU DQG ÀUHG LQ D FUDFN metal projectiles whizzing past. One hit the back of her left leg and another grazed Belphagor’s back, but they were only glancing wounds. Gritting her teeth in frustration, Bethayne surrounded herself with a cloud of ash as she UDQ PDNLQJ LW GLIÀFXOW IRU KHU She had, she presumed, blundered into the territory of the farrow and their human master, and she was keenly aware of her peril without warbeasts at her side to feed her power or accept her injuries.

7KH\ FDPH XS EHKLQG KHU TXLFNO\ shots exploded nearby to rain rocks and debris down upon her, but the third hit her squarely in the upper back. The shell pierced Belphagor’s armor to rip through its muscles. She had endured worse, but it did not bode well. She ran forward down a narrow trail and between several large URFNV $GGLWLRQDO ULÁH ZLHOGLQJ IDUURZ FDPH DW KHU IURP WKH opposite direction; they had driven her this way deliberately.

Her growl of frustration became an enraged roar through Belphagor’s fanged mouth. She drew upon additional energies from her athanc to empower her claws with a potent blighted enchantment that heightened her predatory instincts and empowered her claws to siphon living energies. She charged forward to the nearest farrow, and as her swipes opened gashes across the creature’s chest she IHOW LWV YLWDOLW\ ÁRZ WR KHU DQG SDUWLDOO\ FORVH WKH ZRXQG on her back. When she tore the head off the next farrow, the injury closed completely, and she saw fear in the eyes of the remaining creatures. Several others pulled out clubs and attempted to batter at her, but she ignored their feeble blows and retaliated with killing swipes before rushing past, leaving a sea of farrow blood behind her.

7KH FDQQRQ WRWLQJ SLJ EHDVWV FORVH yet again, their blasts striking with increasing accuracy despite the ash swirling around them. She sensed their efforts being guided by a will and realized the human advancing with them must be a warlock; these creatures were somehow tied to him.

Two more shells struck, tearing out additional hunks of her ÁHVK 6OLFLQJ WKURXJK DQRWKHU SDLU RI augmented claws let her partially mend these injuries, but DGGLWLRQDO IDUURZ DSSURDFKHG ZLWK O FORVH ZLWK WKH FDQQRQ GHFNHG EHDVWV FRXOG NLOO WKHP TXLFNO\ HQRXJK³RU À She looked down the sloping path to her left, a steep descent along a brush-covered hillside. It was too steep for the pig creatures to negotiate easily.

The choice was made for her. She felt a slight itch at her back warning her of approach even as heavy footsteps thudded across the ground. She turned in time to see an HQRUPRXV RYHUVL]HG DERPLQDWLRQ RI Neolithic smasher unlike what she had seen before. %HOSKDJRU·V PDVV ÁLQJ 6KH VRDUHG incline to crash into the stout and wide trunk of a massive tree. The wood cracked and groaned but remained intact, bringing her to an abrupt, bone-shattering halt. SXUVXHUV WR VHH KHU SUHFLVHQ\ She fell heavily to the ground with spots before her eyes. She IHOW GD]HG GHVSLWH WKH DXJPHQWHG DG through her body from Belphagor. She staggered back to her feet in time to see the enormous pig-beast rushing headlong down the slope, wielding a tremendous axe in each of its metal hands. Smoke poured from stacks in its back, and she could hear the sound of a steam engine. She managed to duck XQGHU WKH ÀUVW ZLOG VZLQJ EXW WKH VH penetrating armored scales and almost reaching her own ÁHVK ,W ORZHUHG LWV KHDG DQG IROORZH jerk of its chin that drove its tusks into Belphagor’s chest.

Her dual hearts were pounding, her own twice as rapidly as Belphagor’s, and both sets of lungs labored to draw breath. Though her link to her dragonspawn numbed her to physical agony, she could tell she was near death. The attacker pulled back its left arm to deliver what would surely be a lethal blow. She heard the voice of the human VKRXWLQJ DQJULO\ ´6WRS , QHHG LW DOL

The human stepped into view. In his hand was a strange pistol-like weapon with a long, sharp needle in place of

a barrel. He plunged the needle deep into Belphagor's FKHVW DQG LQMHFWHG D WKLFN ÁXLG QWR EDFN WKURXJK WKH VSLQH Gendency to bewilder unless provoked. He addressed them a hissing sound. It took effect with remarkable rapidity, numbing her to all sensation.

Doctor Arkadius called ahead to the hunchbacked farrow who assisted him in the laboratory. "We have quite the ÀQG KHUH <RX ZRQ·W ZDQW WR PLVV WKLV 2SHQ WKH GRRUV +XUU\ µ +H SRLQWHG HPSKDWLFDOO\ DW WKH ZLGH GRRUV LQWR the main chamber. It was not clear how much the crippled farrow comprehended of his words, but he responded to the gesture and did as bid, pushing the heavy doors open on creaking hinges. The enormous war hog with Arkadius passed through carrying the specimen.

Arkadius followed, keeping a tight mental leash on the steam-powered half-pig, half-machine beast to be sure it did not wreck the fragile apparatus scattered around the perimeter of the laboratory. He cleared several beakers from the large dissection table at the center of the chamber and GLUHFWHG WKH ZDU KRJ ´7KHUH 3XW LW GRZQ µ

The war hog dropped the limp body heavily onto the metal surface, and Arkadius winced. Inspecting his prize showed it had suffered no additional harm from this rough treatment. He directed the steam-powered hog to move to a wall alcove deliberately built large enough to contain it.

Arkadius could barely repress his excitement over the prospect of discovering the internal mechanisms of the captured beast. Even as he began to prepare for the procedure he cautioned himself not to be too exuberant. The creature was clearly close to death, and given it was an entirely unfamiliar and exotic species, he should not have high expectations regarding its physical condition.

"Look here, Targ," he said to his assistant as if addressing a student. "You can see this creature is massively blighted. Note the pattern of the scales, the general unnatural skin tone. Still, it has very few blemishes or irregularities and remarkable symmetry. Note the armor adorning the upper torso. Expertly crafted, very beautiful patterns in the metal, graceful curves. This creature was valued."

Targ eyed him dubiously and blinked but showed no other reaction. Arkadius considered his assistant an excellent listener as well as an additional pair of hands in the laboratory. The farrow was trained in the use of the various surgical tools and sutures. The offsetting malformation of the creature's leg and twisted spine limited mobility, but those disabilities were trivial weighed against his unusual manual dexterity.

Looking outside the room, he saw several farrow brigands lounging at the bottom of the wide staircase that led from above into the bowels of the facility. The farrow had a GLVSRVLWLRQ WR EH WDNHQ XQSURYRNHG +H DGGUHVVHG WKHP sharply, "You lads here to attend the dissection?" The brigands were awed and fearful of Arkadius and did not seek out his company as a general rule. As expected, this group offered the equivalent of a polite negation and huffed something about Lord Carver, then began to climb the stairs. He shouted after, "Find something useful to do, like SDWURROLQJ WKH SHULPHWHU µ

He shook his head sadly. Farrow lacked initiative and curiosity. Attempting to lift them from their primitive state was a constant ordeal. His tests had revealed their intelligence to be not at all dissimilar to humanity's. Despite their potential, though, he had found they were usually best HPSOR\HG IRU ÀJKWLQJ RU OLIWLQJ KHDY\

Doctor Arkadius turned back to his specimen, and he took a few deep breaths to center himself. Dealing with an unfamiliar organism was inherently dangerous; his various drugs might not have the expected effects, and he could not NQRZ ZKDW KH PLJKW ÀQG ZLWKLQ WKH FU to perish before he could pluck its marvelous secrets was XQDFFHSWDEOH +H SLHUFHG WKH WKLFN several key areas with long, hollow needles, each attached WR D OHQJWK RI ÁH[LEOH SLSLQJ H[WHQGL RI JOHDPLQJ JUHHQLVK ÁXLGV 6RPH KXQJ ZHUH VHW RYHU ORZ ÁDPHV +H DGMXVWHG watched the creature with a brooding frown.

It remained unconscious, which was good, and it did not enter into immediate seizures, which was also good. Biting his lip, he placed a listening cone on its chest and listened for its heart. He was surprised to discover an erratic sound. It was almost like two hearts rather than one, with one set RI EHDWV VORZ DQG ORXG WKH RWKHU PR

+H KDG DOUHDG\ PDVWHUHG KXPDQ DQG SI the farrow anatomy had kept few mysteries from his piercing PLQG³EXW WKLV FUHDWXUH ZDV VRPHWKLQ a singular stroke of luck that events had transpired as they had. The matter had entirely derailed his other plans, but a man of science had to seize opportunities for discovery.

He had been journeying north for a clandestine meeting with an unreliable colleague from Corvis, accompanied by an armed escort in case of trouble. The sounds of battle near WKH ULYHU KDG FRQÀUPHG WKH ZLVGRP RI apprehension had grown on discovering Cryxians, who rarely came into this region. The sight of dragonspawn DORQJVLGH OHDQ VROGLHUV DUPHG ZLWK against them had piqued his interest. He had heard the rumors of a blighted army that had struck the Castle of the Keys some months earlier, as had everyone who dwelled QHDU WKH %ORRGVWRQH 0DUFKHV EXW WK KDG ZLWQHVVHG GUDJRQVSDZQ ÀUVWKDQG