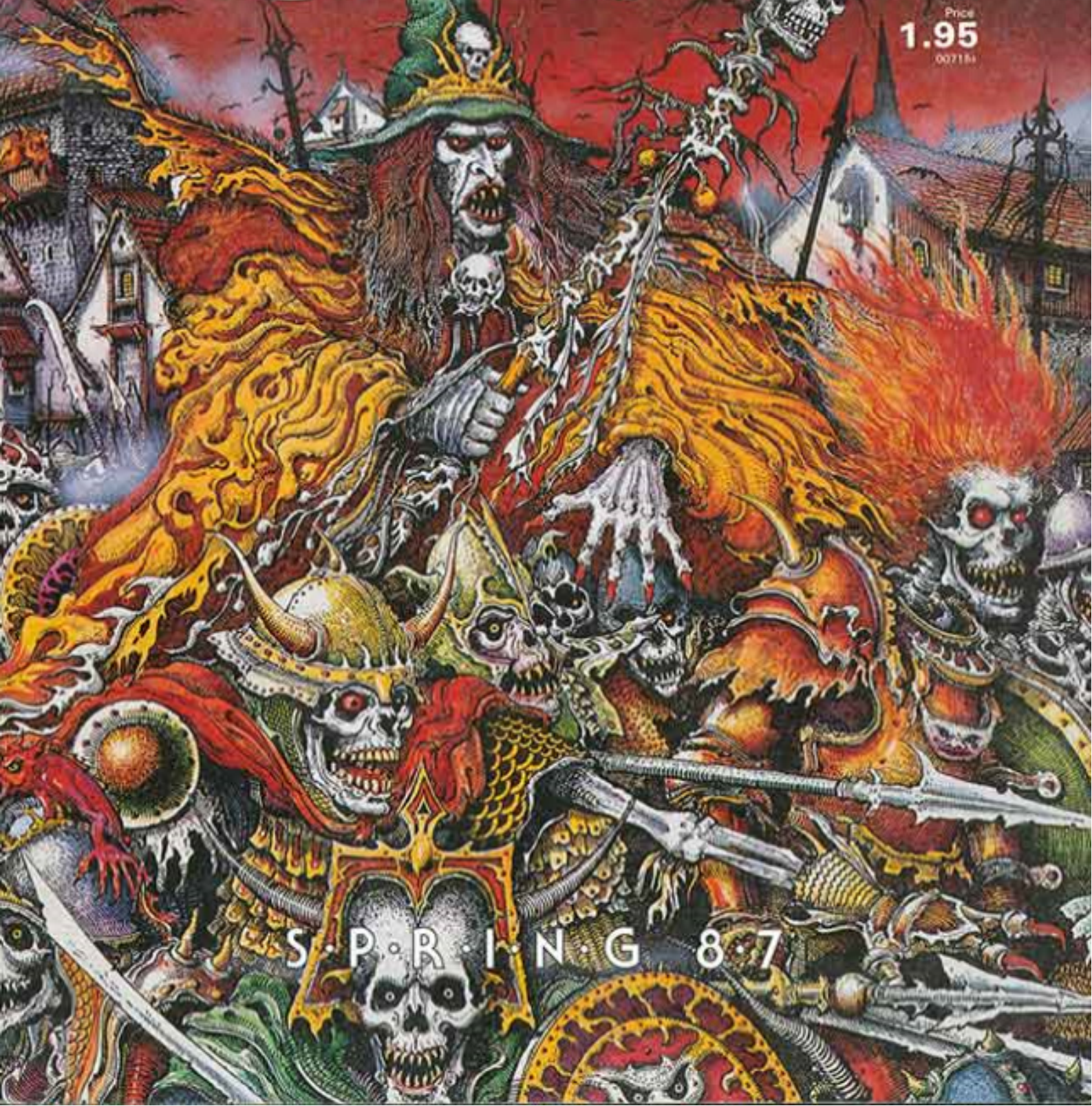


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It's been a long time since I last wrote a Citadel Journal editorial. So long, in fact, that you must be dying to find out what's been happening to Warhammer Battle and what plans are in store for the future. The first of a new style of Warhammer supplement is due very soon. *Ravens Hordes* contains not only a set of competition army lists, but also a complete rules update on the Warhammer system. We intend to make *Ravens Hordes* the basis for a nationally organised official Warhammer league or knock-out competition (wiv lotsa prizes.... salivate, gibber, dribble, drool, slobber). For those of you still waiting for Rogue Trader, the futuristic version of Warhammer, your years of waiting are coming to an end! Now retitled *Warhammer 40,000* to avoid confusion with our forthcoming *Rogue Trooper* board-game, this will be out towards the end of the year, in the same hardback format as WHFRP.

Those of you who have been clamouring for more photos and pictorial content to the Journal should be well pleased by this 'photo special' edition. Inside, you'll find some fine photos of our new models, Colin Dixon's latest dioramas and the extraordinary painting and modelling of Kevin Adams.

Rick Priestley
So-called Editor

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BALROG

ENCOUNTER AT KHAZAD-DUM

The Demon had slept long. Imprisoned within the darkest delvings of Darrowdelf, the foul servant of Morgoth bided its time for centuries. Until, in the year 1980 of the Third Age, the lust of Durin's folk for mithril led them to mine far beneath the mountain of Barazinbar, into caverns that were marked on no map of Moria. And the Demon was awakened.

Thus was the terror released. King Durin VI fell prey to the Fire of Udun, and his son likewise. Khazad Dum, greatest and most beautiful of all the Dwarven creations became a place of darkness and horror, the lair of orcs and trolls, and the Elves renamed it Moria, which means the Black Pit.

Nearly 1200 years later, a desperate company of Nine Walkers, being in need of great haste, dared enter the dread realm - for the blizzards of the mountain passes had closed those less perilous routes across the Misty mountains. In fear and trepidation, they followed the glowing staff of Gandalf the Grey through corridors and chambers which had been trod by none, save the servants of Sauron, for centuries. In awe and grief, they looked on the tomb of Balin - latest and last king of Moria - who fell with many of his kinsmen in a valiant but foolhardy attempt to retake the ancient citadel. And there, in the Chamber of Mazarbul, the company heard the sound that had presaged Balin's death. DOOM! DOOM! Drums in the deep! There was no way out. The sound of the orcs' iron-shod boots echoed down the stone corridors. Aragorn, leader of the Rangers of the North, and Boromir, son of the Steward of Minas Tirith, guarded the rear, while the company began their desperate flight.

Orcs and trolls were no match for the men in whom the blood of Westemnesse still ran true, but these foul spawn of Sauron were themselves driven on by fear - fear of the Balrog.

Gandalf the Grey, mightiest of the Istari - the five Wizards from over the sea - well knew the route through the mountain fastness, and it was he that led the company into the Second Hall in the First Deep, whence they might flee Moria and re-enter the sunlight in Dimrill Dale.

These magnificent figures recreate all the atmosphere of this deadly confrontation. The superb Balrog was sculpted by Nick Bibby, as was the figure of Gandalf, while Jes Goodwin made the figures of Aragorn and Boromir.

THE LATEST
ADDITION
TO THE
RANGE

J.R.R. Tolkien's
the Lord of the Rings
SCHEDULES

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BUGMAN'S DWARF RANGERS

It was a clear, crisp morning in early spring when a mule-cart creaked up to the entrance of Karak-Varn. Two guards looked suspiciously at the driver, a small hunched figure thickly wrapped in a variety of foul-smelling and flea-ridden blankets. It might be a Dwarf, but they couldn't be sure.

'Who are you, and what's your business?' challenged one of the guards. The driver of the cart cackled softly.

'Come to see your king. I have,' it said, gathering the blankets around it as it shuffled down from the driving seat. 'Brought something for him.' The guards looked at one another, a little nervously.

'What is it, then?' asked one. The other moved towards the back of the cart, and started to lift the tarpaulin that covered its cargo.

'DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH THAT!' Surprised by the sudden power in the driver's voice, the guard dropped the tarpaulin as if it had burnt him.

'It's had enough of a messing with, just getting here,' the driver grumbled. 'And if you go a-poking and a-prodding it about, it won't be fit for Goblins. And now, if you don't mind, I've had enough of the oily rags and I'll talk to the mechanic.'

Such a speech could only have come from the lips of a Dwarf, so the cart was admitted to the Dwarfhold. By the time the King arrived on the scene, a small crowd had gathered.

A hush fell over the crowd as the stranger deftly whipped the tarpaulin off the cart, revealing a large barrel.

'Now I'm not guaranteeing how well it's travelled,' he announced, to no-one in particular. He produced a grubby metal tankard from among his mass of blankets, drew off a little of the barrel's contents, and peered at it critically.

'Hmmm', he sniffed. 'Gone cloudy.' He swigged noisily, then screwed up his face and spat.

'Worse than I thought,' he continued. 'It could really do with settling for a month or two. Still, it should give you the general idea.' He held out the tankard to the King.

After a moment's hesitation, the King accepted the tankard, and, wiping the rim fastidiously with his cuff, took a swig. The effect was remarkable. His eyebrows shot up to the very rim of his crown, his eyes bulged and began to water as he was doubled over by a fit of coughing. After a few seconds the coughing subsided, and was followed by a deep, resonant belch. It was almost a minute before he was able to speak.

'I don't believe it!' he exclaimed. 'It can't be! It's.... Bugman's!'

There was uproar in the chamber. It was many years since the Battle of Bugman's Brewery. Joseph Bugman was just a memory, a name half forgotten and

wreathed in legend, like the name of Bugman's Best Bitter.

'That's right,' said the stranger. 'The Goblins left me for dead. It's taken me all these years to work my way here - but hush now, I'm forgetting my manners.' He threw off his wrapping of blankets, and stood revealed as an old, grizzled and heavily scarred Dwarf.

**Joseph Bugman, Master Brewer
and oetime Ranger Captain,
at your service.**

Joseph Bugman miraculously survived the Battle of Bugman's Brewery, and turned up years later at the Dwarfhold of Karak-Varn. He was not recognised at first, but when the King of the Dwarfhold tasted the beer that he brought with him, his identity was proved beyond doubt. Bugman's Dwarf Rangers were re-formed at Karak-Varn, as his reputation and his brewing skills brought Dwarves from miles around flocking to his banner. The expedition to reconquer and re-establish Bugman's Brewery assumed the proportions of a holy war.

Equipment Double-handed axe, hand axe, short sword and crossbow

Battlecry The old Ranger battlecry, 'Mhinz Abeir', with the response 'Zyor Rond' was maintained by the new Rangers, but a new battlecry was also used, consisting of the cry 'Ayt Peinz' and the response 'Khaari'. Both cries seem to be in an arcane Dwarfen tongue, and their meaning is unknown.

Deeds The story of Bugman's survival and his long journey to Karak-Varn is the subject of a number of epic poems and drinking songs. The development of Bugman's Castle



XXXXXXXX, a special brew to celebrate the re-forming of the Rangers, is considered a great achievement, ranking alongside the Battle of Hangover Hill, when the Rangers destroyed a large Goblin ambush force despite the fact that an impromptu drinking match had finished scant hours before the attack.

Points Values	Joseph Bugman Dwarf Major Hero: 167 'Owd' Tom Thyksson Dwarf Champion: 13 Trooper: 11 Extra for Standard: 55 Extra for Musician: 22
Shield Design	The shield design carries the Bugman family arms.
Uniforms	Heavy brewers' coats over chainmail, heavy cloaks, buckskin breeches and heavy boots. The uniform is in various shades of buff, brown and grey.

Joseph Bugman - Dwarf Major Hero

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
3	7	6	4	5	3

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
5	3	10	9	10	10

'Owd' Tom Thyksson - Dwarf Champion

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
4	5	4	4	4	1

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3	1	9	7	9	9

Trooper

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
3	4	3	3	4	1

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
2	1	9	7	9	9

MORDINI'S DOOMED LEGION

The autumn rain hammered down on the armoured column as it wound its way northwards through a narrow defile in the Apuccini Mountains. They were nearing their goal now, and the troops were fighting off the weariness of six days' forced march. At the head of the column, the unit's lieutenant pushed his helmet up and mopped the water from his face.

'I'll be glad when this job's over,' he commented.

'You're not alone there, Renzo,' replied his chief. 'Once we've finished here, I think we'll go to Araby. I've heard there's a new prophet sprung up there.' Renzo nodded.

'Just what we need,' he said, 'Lots of sunshine and a nice, simple little holy war. You know where you are with that sort of job - better than all this political messing

about. What a business, eh? All because of an apple, a piece of string and three initiate priestesses.'

'And the use to which the Duke of Organza's son and heir was putting said items,' his leader reminded him, 'And the fact that one of the initiate priestesses was none other than the youngest daughter of our noble patron. Anyway, it's all money.'

They turned a sharp bend in the gully to find their way blocked by a solid wall of pikemen. Suddenly, archers appeared on either side of the sheer gully sides, and a carefully-prepared landslide blocked the way behind them.

'Form up!' bellowed their leader, 'Hollow square - move!' It was obvious that they had walked into a trap, and one from which they had little chance of walking away. Professionals to the last, the mercenaries readied their weapons and prepared to sell their lives dearly.

'Mordini!' came a shout from the opposing ranks. The mercenary captain squinted through the rain.

'Sardo?' he shouted back, 'I thought we were on the same side! Have you sold Lambrusco out?'

'Not quite,' came the reply. 'Duke Fabriano sold you out. The whole war with Organza is a set-up - your death was one of the alliance conditions. You're too effective for your own good, Mordini - he began to worry about what would happen if you turned against him.' Renzo spat loudly.

'Politics!' he grunted. 'What did I tell you?'

'Mordini!' Sardo continued, 'I don't need to tell you that this is not of my choosing.'

'Understood!' Mordini answered, 'Just don't expect it to be easy. And if you do kill me, tell Duke Fabriano this - he hasn't heard the last of Mordini. Someday, somehow, accounts will be settled for this day!'

Ennio Mordini was one of the most powerful mercenary captains ever to serve among the Tilean City States. For most of his career, he and his men served Duke Fabriano of Lambrusco, expanding that state's fortunes considerably. Their success began to worry their patron, especially since it was not unknown for Tilean mercenary units to seize control of the states which they were supposed to be serving. When the neighbouring state of Organza offered a lucrative alliance on condition that Mordini's troops were disposed of, Fabriano seized the opportunity and sent them into an ambush which none survived. Mordini swore just before he died that he would be avenged on his treacherous employer.

Barely five years later, an army of undead skeletons poured out of the Apuccini Mountains, under the tattered banner of Mordini. Fuelled by their hatred, the dead soldiers cut the armies of Lambrusco to ribbons, and razed the city to the ground. It is said that Duke Fabriano spent seven days and seven nights dying. Now the Doomed Legion has turned against Organ-

za and the other City States, destroying everything in their path as they avenge themselves upon the double-dealing princes who connived at their murder.

Equipment Chain mail, bardiche-guisarme (two-handed weapon), sword.

Battlecry Lacking important things like lungs and vocal cords, the Legion has no battlecry.

Deeds While they were alive, Mordini's mercenaries won a number of great victories against the enemies of Duke Fabriano of Lambrusco. They are most remembered, however, for the assault and destruction of Lambrusco. It is rumoured that Mordini has now re-fortified the city, and established a dead court there. It appears, though, that no-one living has been close enough to find out.

Points Value Ennio Mordini - Skeleton Major Hero: 78
Renzo Avanti - Skeleton Champion: 6
Trooper: 4½
Extra for Standard: 55
Extra for Musician: 22

Uniforms The Legion's colours are green and gold. Although they no longer wear anything that could be recognised as a uniform, the colours are sometimes visible on the tattered rags of clothing that occasionally survive.

Shield Design A skull, set in a red surround, on a dark green field. Shield rims are gold.

Ennio Mordini - Skeleton Major Hero

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
4	5	5	4	4	3

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
5	3	7	7	7	7

Renzo Avanti - Skeleton Champion

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
4	3	3	4	3	1

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3	1	5	5	5	5

Trooper

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
4	2	2	3	3	1

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
2	1	5	5	5	5

Special Rules

Immune to all psychology tests. Cannot be routed. Cause fear in living creatures. Subject to instability. Subject to stupidity when not controlled by Mordini or Renzo.

Long, long ago, yours truly was the Head Keeper of the Citadel Mail Order Trolls. This was a demanding job, what with mucking out their cages and stopping the loathsome creatures eating each other. Still, I somehow managed to find time to read all the letters our customers sent to Mail Order. We used to receive quite a few letters asking why Citadel didn't make plastic models, the writer usually claiming that this would be far 'cheaper' than metal. Well, the matter interested us (I mean, I'd always wondered why Citadel didn't make plastic models!), so we asked a few questions, and got a few quotations and then... and then... we slumped to the ground and went 'Blubububububbl'.

You really can't imagine the true enormity of the expense involved in making plastic figures! Think of how much money you'd like to win on the premium bonds, double it, now multiply by your shoe size - by now you are only approaching the sum involved if you have very large feet. It's not the plastic, which certainly is far cheaper than metal - it's making the moulds that costs a fortune. Citadel might be the world's largest manufacturer of metal gaming figures, but that's still pretty small compared with the big model producers and toy companies.

The pages of the *Citadel Journal* are not the place to describe quite how we got the money - perhaps I'll write a book about it one day, when all the people involved have gone to prison or to live in South America. Anyway, we got the cash, though for a moment we thought the boss, Bryan Ansell, was going to sneak off and buy a Mediterranean island with it. So, then we hit the next problem - Manufacturing. Plastics people were more used to making Tuppaware and plastic freebies for breakfast cereals (detail? what's detail?). The first plastics to squeeze out of their moulds were good, but not as good as we wanted - certainly not as good as metal. But we managed to sell enough to try again, and again, and at last we had the bare bones of a plastic miniatures range. We had the new plastic skeletons!

The Skeleton Horde come in a box containing six individual sprues which make up into twenty-four skeletons. Best of all, the models are not only as good as metal, they're actually better! The limbs and spine are realistically thin, something you couldn't do in metal because they'd snap. Detail is better than any of Citadel's previous plastic offerings and easily as fine as metal. The kits have separate arms and heads, with optional weapons on the various arms and two different head designs. The shields supplied are the standard Citadel plastic shields and the bases are slottabases, so you can mix them into your metal armies and they won't look out of place!

Anyone familiar with plastic kits will find these skeletons simple to put together. The same techniques and adhesives used for aeroplane kits will give good results. The instructions on the box are skimpy, but basically all you'll need. I didn't bother washing the sprues before assembly, but it is definitely a good idea to quickly wash each sprue in warm water with a little washing-up liquid added. This will remove any lubricant left over from the moulding process which might otherwise resist the glue and paint (that's why paint never sticks to Airfix soldiers, incidentally!). The four different body sections can then be fixed directly onto the bases using polystyrene cement. The liquid stuff which comes in bottles is best for these small pieces, though the thicker glue in tubes will do.

Once this is dry fix the arms. There is a choice of arms with different weapons - a sword, axe, scimitar, spear or scythe. As there are four skeletons per sprue and five arms to choose from, you'll have a spare left over (it'll be useful for conversions). The left arm is positioned to hold a shield, but again this is optional. The arms fit into the body by a ball-and-socket joint, so just about any position is possible and there is no reason why you should have any two figures in the same pose; the box photo is a good guide here. When gluing, apply a tiny amount to the surfaces to be joined, wait a second or two, and press firmly into place. The glue will

take hold after a few seconds and should remain fast. Shields are glued directly to the arm as required - there is no peg, so be careful. Lastly choose your head and glue it on top of the spine, again in any angle you want.

Painting is no different from metal models. An undercoat of white paint is recommended on the box back, but this is not as important as with metal models. A good bone colour can be mixed from one part Citadel Colour Bronzed Flesh to one part yellow, adding white to lighten it if you wish. Remember: old bones aren't white but usually a pale yellowish brown. Once your background colour is dry, apply a wash to pick out all the detail. The models on the box back have been washed in a dark brown ink, but you can use thinned paint just as effectively. Prepare a wash by mixing brown and black paint and adding water - the consistency to aim for is that of dirty washing-up water. Paint the whole model in this mix and observe how the paint flows into the skeleton's eye-sockets, ribs, and other detail. Once dry, detail can be accentuated further using dark brown paint and a steady hand. Carefully paint in the recessed areas around the ribs, where the bones join, inside the mouth and in the eye-sockets. If you've a really steady hand you could even pick out the teeth with white paint!

Skeletons and other undead often look better with their eyes painted in a bright colour. Just put a tiny red, yellow or orange dot on the back of the eye-socket. Although skeletons look good in plain bone, you can give them more character by adding runes and mystic symbols in thin lines of red. Just find a flat area of bone such as the forehead, and carefully paint on a symbol. Alchemical symbols, crosses, runes and anything else you can think of will all make your models unique, a joy to look at and game with!

And once you have them painted, I'm sure you'll want to have them out there, at the forefront of a Necromancer's army, perhaps, one of the great things about plastic miniatures, is that you can build up a





large army without spending a lot of money. So, pretty soon you could be in a place where none can tell how they came to be, or in what foul tomb they were first created. Some claim that they were once a human army from a distant land, whose mission of slaughter and conquest continues beyond death. Others maintain that they were created by a powerful necromancer, but turned on him and are now their own masters. What is certain, however, is that nothing can stop them. The living can only flee before their advance - for how can an army be destroyed which is already dead?

So they march on, growing stronger with every mile. At every graveyard, every ancient battlefield, every roadside gibbet their numbers increase as the dead of ages passed answer this unnatural call to arms. And Death marches with them - no living thing survives their passage, and the country is black and blighted, lashed by dark, driving rain from a tomb-black sky.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
4	2	2	3	3	1

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
2	1	5	5	5	5

Special Rules Immune to all psychology tests. Cannot be routed. Cause fear in living creatures. Subject to instability. The

Skeleton Horde is composed mainly of normal skeletons with the profile and rules listed above, but includes a number of skeleton champions and heroes, who act as controllers. Their profiles can be found in the *Warhammer Battle Bestiary*.

The **Skeleton Horde** casts a permanent aura which is equivalent to the level 3 Necromantic spell *Raise Dead* (see *Warhammer Battle*, Vol 2), causing their numbers to increase according to the spell effect at every place of burial they pass.

The boxed set contains six sprues with enough body parts to make up 24 superbly detailed 25mm skeleton figures, complete with shields and bases. A range of body positions, heads, arms and shields allows almost endless variations.





MACHINERIES OF DESTRUCTION

Great engines of war, Citadel's *Machineries of Destruction* are superbly made, highly detailed multi-part boxed model kits, designed for use with the *Warhammer Fantasy Battle* rules but ideal for use with any fantasy wargame or for collectors. Each machine comes complete with a full crew, *Warhammer Fantasy Battle* statistics and special rules, and a specially written story fitting them into the *Warhammer* mythos.



MAN-MANGLER - ORC MANGONEL

Graglug, chief of the Skull Cleaver Orcs, looked down at the mass of timber, rope and metal before him, and shook his head sadly.

'Been worried about you, Bruglodd,' he said, 'you're goin' stunty.' The other looked up sharply.

'Wotcher mean?' he demanded, 'I'm as tall as you any day!'

'Nah,' persisted Graglug, 'Not stun-

ty, I mean *stunty*! All this makin' stuff. Ain't right. Not what Orcs do. Bet you don't even know where your sword is in all that junk.'

'I can find it quick enough if you want to make something of it,' retorted Bruglodd, 'Even if you are the chief.'

'But all this stuff,' said Graglug, 'I mean, what's it *for*?'

'It's a weapon,' said Bruglodd proudly.

'A weapon?' gasped Graglug incredulously. 'A weapon? Have you any idea how many clubs and cleavers and skull crumpers and bone snappers you could make with that lot? And you're going to make one weapon out of the whole lot? Daft, you are. You'll never be able to pick it up, let alone swing it.'

'Not that sort of weapon,' Bruglodd assured him, 'A special one. Give us a hand and I'll show you. 'Ere, grab this.' A heavy wooden beam was

thrust into Graglug's hands, and before he had a chance to protest that manual labour was beneath his dignity as a chief, he found himself lashing it to the framework that Bruglodd had built.

'That's the way,' Bruglodd encouraged him. 'Now we can put the wheels on.'

'Wheels?' echoed Graglug. 'You're not thinking, are you? I mean if you need to build a cart to move it about on, *how are you going to swing it?*'

'You'll see,' Bruglodd chuckled. 'Just wait.' By now a small crowd of Orcs had gathered round, watching the strange spectacle of their chief helping Bruglodd the Fruitcake build the strange construction. Next, Bruglodd bolted a huge and ugly carved face to the front of the structure.

'Looks just like you, chief,' he chuckled.

'Watch it.'

Graglug clapped his hand over his eyes as Bruglodd dragged from his cave a huge, twisted piece of thornwood, strung with a thick rope

'A bow,' he said, as much to himself as to the crowd. 'A bow! What the gutsucking good is a bow you need to carry around on a cart? We're Orcs, you know - Orcs - not pansy Elves forty foot tall! You'll never get arrows big enough, for a start.'

'Not using arrows,' Bruglodd explained, lashing the gigantic bow to the framework. 'Using rocks.'

'ROCKS?' Graglug almost screamed. 'Whoever heard of shooting rocks from a bow? Have you been drinking the lamp-oil again?'

'You'll see,' muttered Bruglodd, dragging out the final piece of the structure. It was a beam of wood, almost fifteen feet long, with a huge metal hand at one end. He fitted it to the structure, then tied the hand end to a winch at the other end of the frame.

'Give us a hand, chief,' he said, and the hand slowly descended as the two Orcs worked the winch against the pull of the bowstring. Next, Bruglodd staggered out of his cave with a large rock, which he put in the hand.

'Watch this,' he said, winking at Graglug. He cut the rope holding the arm to the winch, and the pull of the bowstring snapped the arm up. The rock flew through the air, landing some distance away with a crash.

The assembled Orcs murmured in awe. Graglug scratched his head, speechless.

'Saw some humans using one once. *Mangle-something-or-other*, they called it. *Wotcher reckon?*'

'Could be handy,' conceded Graglug. 'If you can get some boys to work it. Still reckon it's stunty stuff, though.'

'Look at Notlob,' argued Bruglodd, 'Having those spearchuckers didn't do 'im no harm.'

'Spose so,' agreed Graglug. 'So what's it called again? *Man-mangler?*'

'That's near enough,' said Bruglodd. 'That's what it'll do, anyway.'

'Yer,' said Graglug, slowly warming to the idea. 'Nice one. Got another job for you now, too.'

'What?' asked Bruglodd eagerly.

'You can get that rock out of my 'ut and rebuild it - **NOW!**'

MAN-MANGLER

The mangonel is a *stone thrower*, and follows all the normal rules (See *Warhammer, Book 1*).

Profile

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
•	0	3	6	6	8

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
0	0	0	0	0	0

Bruglodd is an Orc Minor Hero, with the following profile:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
4	5	5	4	5	2

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	2	8	6	8	8

The crew are normal Orcs, with the following profile:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
4	3	3	3	4	1

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
2	1	7	5	7	7

TELINDRION ELVEN ATTACK CHARIOT

Prince Iolair Gilandiril drove through the forest on a crisp winter's morning. The frost glistened jewel-like on the branches and on the leaves of the evergreens, and the pale sun filtered through the morning mist to wash the scene with delicate pastel shades.

This beauty was not lost on the Prince, but he did not pause to spend a couple of hours considering it as he might have done on other mornings.

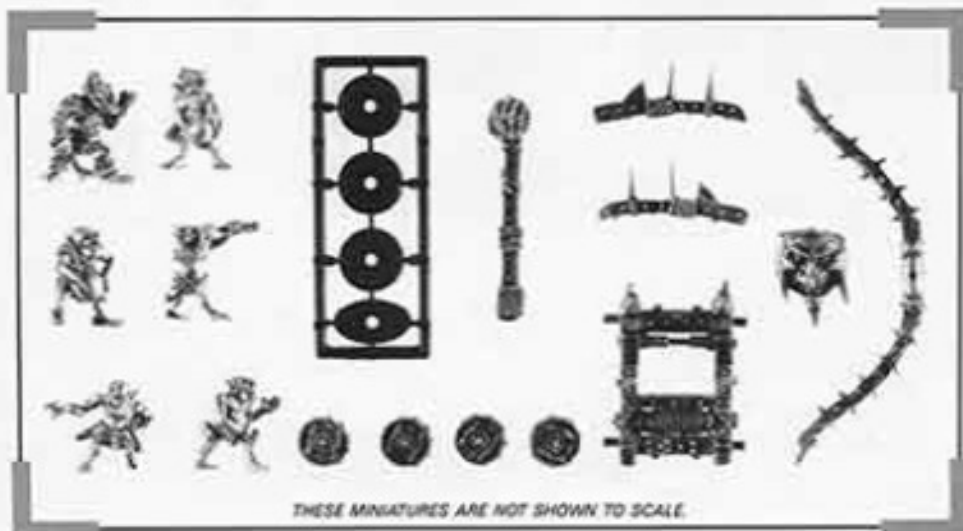
He watched the play of muscles create rippling patterns of surpassing beauty on the flanks of his four horses as Eponandilas the charioteer guided them between the trunks of the great trees, and heard as only an Elf can hear the complex cross-rhythms their hooves made with their panting breath and the sound of th wind in his hair. He looked up as he heard the distant beating of wings among the other sounds of the forest, and his eyes followed the tawny shape of a great hawk, circling above the trees.

'What news?' he said the Aesllanan, who stood on his right.

'The ford beyond this next hill,' replied the wizard. His eyes were distant, not seeing his surroundings as he saw through the bird's eyes. 'Two hands, perhaps three.' To the Prince's left, Fildigar the archer spanned and strung his great bow, and loosened his arrows in their quiver.

The chariot halted at the crest of the hill. At the ford below, a dozen ugly, green-skinned figures were preparing to eat. They stood in a loose circle, and in the middle was a young deer, with a wickedly-barbed spear jutting from its flank. It plunged this way and that, but each time its escape was blocked by a shouting, grinning Orc. They jeered and capered in horrible glee as one of their number gave the spear a sickening twist in the bleeding wound. The Prince's eyes grew hard.

'Enough of this,' he said softly. 'Let us give them their surprise.' The others chuckled in grim appreciation of the irony in his



words — he had used the Elven phrase which refers to a surprise gift or party. Eponandilas raised one hand. The charioteer was born with the gift of horse-friendship, and the chariot's *loralim* yoke-pole creaked softly as the team — born at a single foaling — moved forward in response to his unspoken command. He had no need of reins.

Aesllanan's hawk was now on his wrist, and his other hand spat fire as the great chariot thundered down towards the ford. Barely slower than the fire were the arrows which flew, seemingly of their own accord, from Fildrigar's bow. Three Orcs were down before the chariot was upon them, and Iolair reached down to pull the spear from the deer's flank as it plunged past them into the forest. He drew and hurled it in a single motion, and a fourth Orc fell twitching as the weapon sank shaft-deep into its throat.

Two more fell beneath the scything wheel-blades as the chariot passed, but one — showing more presence of mind than its fellows — had grasped the chariot's yoke, and held on with one sinewy arm as the jagged and filthy sword in the other lashed at the horses' hamstrings. Eponandilas was there in an instant, running along the yoke-pole like a cat. His knife flashed once, and the Orc seemed to hang in the air for an instant, howling at the bloody stump of its wrist before it vanished from sight beneath the thrashing hooves. The chariotter swung himself onto the back of the lead horse — Silverleaf, the oldest by an hour — as an Orc was carried backwards off its feet by the Prince's levelled fighting-spear.

The remaining Orcs had turned to flight, but two more fell to Fildrigar's arrows as the chariot spashed through the ford after them, and a third lost its footing and was trampled into the stream-bed. The Prince motioned Eponandilas to halt as the chariot overtook the last of the Orcs, and leaped over the rail with his great fighting-spear in both hands, felling the Orc with a mighty butt-stroke. It looked up from the cold, hard ground to find the four Elves surrounding it — The Prince with his great spear, the archer with his bow on his back and his short sword drawn, the charioteer with his small but deadly-swift knife, and the wizard with his hawk on his wrist and the other hand raised.

'Now,' spat Iolair, in the harsh and unlovely Orcish tongue, 'Let us try this game a different way...'

The chariot has the following profile:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
8	3	*	5	5	6

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3	*				As crew

Thanks to its elven construction and the

skill of the charioteer, the chariot suffers no penalties for *difficult ground* when crossing woods, steep slopes, fords or brush. When rolling for damage against the chariot, nothing happens on a 1-7; results 8-10 are unchanged. Otherwise, it follows the normal rules for chariots (Warhammer Book 1, p.53).

**Prince Iolair Gilandiril —
Elven Major Hero**

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
4	7	7	4	4	3

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
9	3	10	10	10	10

The Prince is armoured with chain mail and shield (Armour ST 5), and has a rack of three javelins in the chariot, as well as his great fighting-spear, which is enchanted with the *Mighty Strike* ability (Warhammer Book 2, p.28). His personal standard is kept in a rack on the chariot.

**Eponandilas Horse-Friend —
Elven Champion**

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
4	5	5	4	3	1

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
7	1	8	9	9	8

The charioteer is unarmoured, and armed only with a dagger. His gift of horse-friendship means that he is able to control the team without reins, by a mixture of thought and gesture.

**Fildrigar Trueflight —
Elven Minor Hero**

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
4	6	6	4	4	2

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
8	2	9	10	10	9

The archer is armoured in chain mail (Armour ST 6), and carries a sword and a dagger in addition to his elf-bow. A quiver of 40 arrows is attached to the chariot.

**Aesllanan Woodmage —
Elven Wizard, level 2**

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
4	4	4	4	4	2

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	CP
8	1	9	10	10	10	20

The wizard is unarmoured, and carries only a knife. In a rack attached to the chariot he keeps an *Amulet of Righteous Silver*, several scrolls, a small bag of spell ingredients, and a wand which can cast one *Fire Ball* spell per turn, as from a level 2 wizard. His spells may be chosen by the player.

**Horses — Silverleaf, Frostglint,
Mistweave and Greycloud**

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
10	3	0	5	3	1

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	0	2	2	2	2

Points Value: 1500.



THESE MINIATURES ARE NOT SHOWN TO SCALE.

GREATFIRE DRAGON



GREEN DRAGON



BLUE DRAGON



The infamous Citadel designers are quite good at churning out Dragons... as if you hadn't noticed... the latest additions being the blue, green and greatfire Dragons which should be in the shops now. Nice models these and well worth adding to your collection of scaly reptilian things. With so many Dragon models available I thought it'd be a good thing if I tried to rationalise them for the Warhammer game. A good thing but damn-near impossible. Despairing of ever getting the designers to stop making Dragons

short of nailing their hands to their benches, which would only slow them down for a little while in any case) the best approach seemed to be to work out some sort of generation system that would cover Dragons in general. I've never been to keen on this 'red dragons breathe fire', 'blue dragons breathe cold', nonsense that seems popular amongst certain circles. It gives the game away! Far better if a Dragon's powers remain a mystery until they are used. So, I ignored colour and concentrated on the interesting bits... hope you like 'em.

Sir Wilhelm Schlecht-Vambrace clambered up the mountainside reflecting bitterly on his luck.

'I don't know,' he muttered under his breath, 'You're not even allowed to make one little mistake. All right, so I *did* let myself go a little - but if you can't relax and have a good time after three solid months in the field, up to your armpits in arrows and Beastmen, then what's it all coming to? How was I supposed to know that she was the daughter of the head of the order?'

At last, the knight reached a ledge, and sat down to catch his breath. The cold of the mountain air had

penetrated his armour and taken a firm grip on his bones, and he longed for a fire and a jug of mulled wine. He closed his eyes and tried to imagine the smell of hot food and drink, of spiced ale, roast ox, hot fruit pie, scorching brimstone...

Brimstone? He sat up with a start.

'Oh, no,' he groaned softly, 'There really is one.' He had been hoping that the dragon he'd been sent to kill in penance for his misbehaviour was just a folk-tale.

'Maybe it's just a little one,' he murmured hopefully, 'They don't all have to be great big terrible things, after all... do they?'

At that moment, he came across a footprint in the snow - a three-toed, clawed footprint, fully three feet long. His heart sank.

'Still,' he thought, desperately clutching for a crumb of comfort, 'It might be out. Perhaps I can just sneak in, grab an armful of its treasure, and make myself scarce before it gets back.' He was still concentrating on this cheering thought when he came to the cave mouth. Even through his armour, he could feel the heat coming out of the cavern. It hit the cold air outside and turned into a thick white mist, so that he could barely see his way into the cave. The mist condensed onto his cold armour and ran in dripping torrents down his visor as he felt his way blindly along the rock wall.

Raising his visor, Schlecht-Vambrace found himself staring down onto the red-scaled head of a sleeping dragon. At least, it had been asleep; he had mistaken its neck for part of the cavern wall, and now his gauntleted fist was planted firmly in its left eye...

GREAT FIRE DRAGON

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
6	7	0	8	8	11

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3	6	9	7	9	9

Special Rules: Flies as *lander*. Cause *terror* in living creatures under 6 feet tall, and *fear* in other living creatures. 4 *stomps*, 1 *bite* and 1 *tail-lash*. Tough skin - armour ST 5. *Breathe fire* - range 12", 2D6 automatic hits at S 7. Cannot breathe fire in combat, cannot breathe fire and bite in the same turn.

Points Value: 910

SIR WILHELM SCHLECHT-VAMBRACE - HUMAN KNIGHT

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
4	4	3	3	3	1

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3	1	7	7	7	7

Special Rules: Full plate armour plus shield - armour ST 4 (he's going to need it...) Points Value: 7 1/2

'Are you sure this is going to work?' 'Oh, do shut up, Badrinas,' snapped Rhiannon Demonfriend. Only her testy manner betrayed her true age; she looked no older than thirty. 'We need to get into that tomb, right?' - her apprentice nodded - 'And that idiot court magician rumbled us, and the tomb is now surrounded by several hundred yokels from the local militia. So we need some way of dealing with them, right?'

'But why me? Couldn't you summon an army of skeletons or something?'

'Look,' said Rhiannon, with the air of someone explaining to a very small child, 'We're out in the wilds. There isn't a graveyard for miles and miles. Where are the skeletons going to come from?'

'Now don't get me wrong,' ventured Badrinas cautiously, 'But isn't that a tomb over there?'

'And how are we going to get at the bodies?'

'Ah.'

'Er, this spell...' said Badrinas after a pause, 'What does it do, exactly?'

'Oh, you wouldn't understand. It's far too advanced for an apprentice.'

'Well, couldn't you give me a general idea? After all, it's me you're going to cast it on.' Rhiannon looked up from her books and sighed.

'It will make you more powerful,' she explained, 'You'll be able to scatter those yokels, and then we can get what we want and go home. All right?' Badrinas looked considerably happier.

'Why didn't you say so?' he asked, 'What will I be able to...' Suddenly there was a bright blue flash.

'...do to them, then?' said a large blue dragon, in Badrinas' voice. It paused, and looked down at its scaly belly and feet. Badrinas' medallion and chain hung incongruously from its scales.

'Well, don't just sit there,' snapped Rhiannon, 'Go and get them!'

BLUE DRAGON

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
6	6	0	6	6	9

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3	6	10	7	10	10

Special Rules: Flies as *lander*. Cause *terror* in living creatures under 6 feet tall, and *fear* in other living creatures. 4 *stomps*, 1 *bite* and 1 *tail-lash*. Tough skin - armour ST5. *Breathe fire* - range 12", 2D6 automatic hits at S7. Cannot breathe fire in combat, cannot breathe fire and bit in the same turn.

Points Value: 436

RHIANNON DEMONFRIEND - LEVEL 3 WIZARD

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
4	3	3	4	4	3

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
6	1	9	9	10	30

Points Value: 360

'AAAARRRRGGGGHHH!!!'

Drumin Dragonhelm pulled off his helmet and wiped the sweat from his eyes. They had been in the swamp for three days now, and of the confident band that had set out, only three were left. Or perhaps two.

'It's no good, chief,' panted Grim Redbeard, wading towards the mudbank on which Dragonhelm had installed himself, 'I couldn't reach him in time.' He took off his gauntlets to pick the leeches out of his beard.

'Listen, chief,' he ventured, between mouthfuls, 'Now there's only the two of us left, what do you say if we just...'

'WHAT?!' roared Dragonhelm, 'I am the greatest slayer of dragons in the whole of Dwarfdom! I've been up mountains, across icy wastes, down tunnels, everywhere after dragons! And I'm not about to pack up and go home because this one's hiding in a piddling little swamp!'

'Er, yes, chief,' murmured Redbeard disconsolately. He had been with Dragonhelm for years now, and he had to admit that there was no Dwarf alive with his talent for finding aged, infirm or recently-dead dragons - but he had the feeling that Dragonhelm was beginning to believe his own sagas.

Some hours later, the two Dwarfs reached a small rocky outcrop. In the mud at the edge of the swamp were the unmistakable tracks of a dragon.

'Hal!' exulted Dragonhelm, 'What did I tell you? Soon they were standing before a cave-mouth.'

'In you go, lad,' said Dragonhelm, giving his lieutenant an encouraging slap on the back with the flat of his axe, 'Just spy out the land, and make sure this is the right place.' Redbeard went cautiously inside, and for a few moments, all was quiet.

'Found it, chief!' Redbeard's voice was getting closer by the second, 'It's big and green and - AAAARRRRGGGGHHH!!!'

'Well done, lad,' said Dragonhelm softly, as he slid behind a pile of rocks by the cave-mouth, 'Now you just lead it away while I get the treasure...'

GREEN DRAGON

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
6	6	0	7	7	10

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3	6	10	7	10	10

Special Rules: Flies as *lander*. Cause *terror* in living creatures under 6 feet tall, and *fear* in other living creatures. 4 *stomps*, 1 *bite* and 1 *tail-lash*. Tough skin - armour ST 5. *Breathe fire* - range 12", 2D6 automatic hits at S 7. Cannot breathe fire in combat, cannot breathe fire and bit in the same turn.

Points Value: 682

DRUMIN DRAGONHELM - DWARF MINOR HERO

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
3	6	5	4	5	2

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	2	10	8	10	10

Special Rules: *Hate* Goblins and dragons. Subject to *animosity* against elves. Chain mail - armour ST 6.

Points Value: 63

Dragons are ancient creatures, possibly related in some way to Cold Ones and other reptilian races. They are far more intelligent than other large reptiles and it is important not to misjudge one as 'just another monster'. Dragons antedate the rise of chaos, belonging to an older world order than warm blooded creatures. Today they are few in number, and those that remain are reclusive. Legends tell of Dragons that sleep beneath the earth guarding fabulous treasures acquired in past ages, popular stories recall times when Dragons could be seen high above the forests of The Empire, winging their way towards some unknown destination. If any remain within the Old World they are careful to avoid contact with humans, or else are truly sleeping, awaiting some final call to apocalyptic battle. Dragons are capable creatures and may have magic powers. They vary in their appearance and abilities to some degree, but the popular codification into varieties based on colour is a fallacy - a Dragon's colour has no strict relationship to its abilities or size. It is true that both colour and other traits are genetically linked, and that a specific family of Dragons may retain the same colour and abilities over many generations. *So, if you want to paint your fire-breathing Dragon red that's O.K. by me!*

Physique. Dragons are large quadrupedal reptiles whose forelimbs permit a degree of manipulation. They have sinuous bodies, long tails and tall, graceful necks. Many, although not all, are winged. Their skins are scaled and extremely tough, whilst their bony heads are equine and elegant. Colour is not only variable within dragonkind, but also within individuals, so that a Dragon may change colour as it gets older or during very cold or very hot weather...also if they become agitated in some way.

Special Rules

- 1 Dragons are large creatures the smallest of which are over 15 feet long. They count as a *large target* for missile fire (+1 to hit).
- 2 Dragons cause *fear* in all creatures over 10 feet tall and *terror* +2 in creatures under 10 feet tall.
- 3 A Dragon has variable characteristics as shown below. In any case they have 4 *stomp* attacks, an additional *bite* attack and a *tail lash*. Stomps and tail-lash cause 1 wound, the bite causes D3 wounds on any damaged target (take any saving throw first).

- 4 Dragons may have one of the following breath weapons which they employ as a shooting weapon. All breath attacks hit automatically, varying in the number of hits, the *strength* of the attack and the saving throw for the victims.

Fire. Fire is the most common of the Dragon's breath weapons and most folk associate these creatures with fire breathing. Fire breath has a range of 18" and causes 2D6 automatic hits at *strength* 4. Normal saving throws are allowed.

Smoke. Smoke attacks envelop the target in hot, sulphurous, choking fumes. The fumes are slightly poisonous and the associated heat alone can kill. Smoke has a range of 12" and causes 2D6 automatic hits at *strength* 3. Normal saving throws are not allowed.

Chill. This attack causes a chilling blast that saps the life-force from its target. It has a range of 12" and delivers 2D6 automatic hits. All hits cause 1 wound, no roll 'to wound' is made. A normal saving throw may be attempted.

Desiccation. The shrivelling desiccation attack withers all living flesh but has no effect upon undead, ethereal or demonic creatures. It has a range of 12" and delivers 2D6 automatic hits with a *strength* of 3. No saving throw is allowed.

Acid. Acid breath takes the form of a corrosive gaseous blast that corrodes metal and dissolves flesh. It is a particularly nasty breath weapon with a range of 12". It delivers 2D6 automatic hits with a *strength* of 3. No saving throw is allowed.

Dragon-bolt. The Dragon bolt attack allows the Dragon to spew a volatile ball of plasmic energy. This has a range of 18" and causes only 1 automatic hit at a *strength* of 10 and no saving throw is permitted. Any wounded target takes not 1 but D10 wounds. Normal targeting rules apply for using a dragon-bolt against an individual member of a unit.

- 5 For competition games a Dragon's breath weapon must be established immediately prior to the game and under the supervision of the GM. The following chart is used. Abilities vary according to whether the Dragon is male (a Drake) or female. A D6 roll of a 1-3 indicates a she-dragon, a D6 roll of a 4-6 indicates a Drake. Then roll a D10 for its breath weapon.

D10 Result	Drake	She-dragon
1	None	None
2	Fire	None

3	Fire	None
4	Fire	Fire
5	Fire	Fire
6	Smoke	Smoke
7	Chill	Chill
8	Desiccation	Desiccation
9	Acid	Acid
10	Dragon-bolt	Dragon-bolt

A Dragon may give up any other breath attack in order to gain the fire attack, but then foregoes the opportunity to have magic powers. A Dragon which has a naturally rolled fire breath attack may have magic powers as normal.

- 6 Some Dragons may have magic powers. This is established prior to the game under GM supervision.

D6 roll	Mastery	Constitution
1-2	No magic powers	
3	1	10
4	2	20
5	3	30
6	4	40

Dragons have the normal number of spells for their *mastery level*. A Dragon may substitute any or all battle magic spells for equivalent level illusionist, demonic, elemental or necromantic spells.

- 7 A Dragon may have wings at additional points cost of +50. Dragons fly as *landers*.

Profile

Dragons have a basically similar shape, but vary in size a great deal. Accordingly, they have been graded into six size categories equivalent to the normal creature profile plus five grades of 'hero'. Points values have been allocated by common sense rather than by the standard points system.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W
Dragon 1	6	4	0	5	5	7
Dragon 2	6	5	0	6	5	8
Dragon 3	6	6	0	6	6	8
Dragon 4	6	7	0	7	6	9
Dragon 5	6	8	0	7	7	9
Dragon 6	6	9	0	8	7	10

	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Pb
Dragon 1	2	6	7	6	7	7250	
Dragon 2	3	6	7	7	7	7350	
Dragon 3	4	6	8	7	8	8450	
Dragon 4	5	6	8	8	8	8550	
Dragon 5	6	6	9	8	9	9650	
Dragon 6	7	6	9	9	9	9750	

All Dragons with the power of flight cost an additional 50 points. No points are charged for magical powers.

CHAOS KNIGHT COMPETITION

No surprises for old hands... its another spiky chaos mega-death and doom competition thing. This time its a tricky one, so steel your nerves, sharpen your pencils and go to it... the 12 best designs will be turned into models by our skilled designers. Remember, it is not necessarily the most complex design which will win, but the one we think will make the best model.

Either pull-out the page, trace or photocopy the accompanying picture of the Chaos Knight. Then add your own armour, helmet and weapons to make your own fearsome Knight of Chaos. See the small sketches for an example.

Please send your entries to arrive by 1st June 1987. Send entries separately to any other correspondence, mail orders or queries, otherwise the chances are something will get lost, eaten or abused by one of our staff. Not a very nice thought is it?

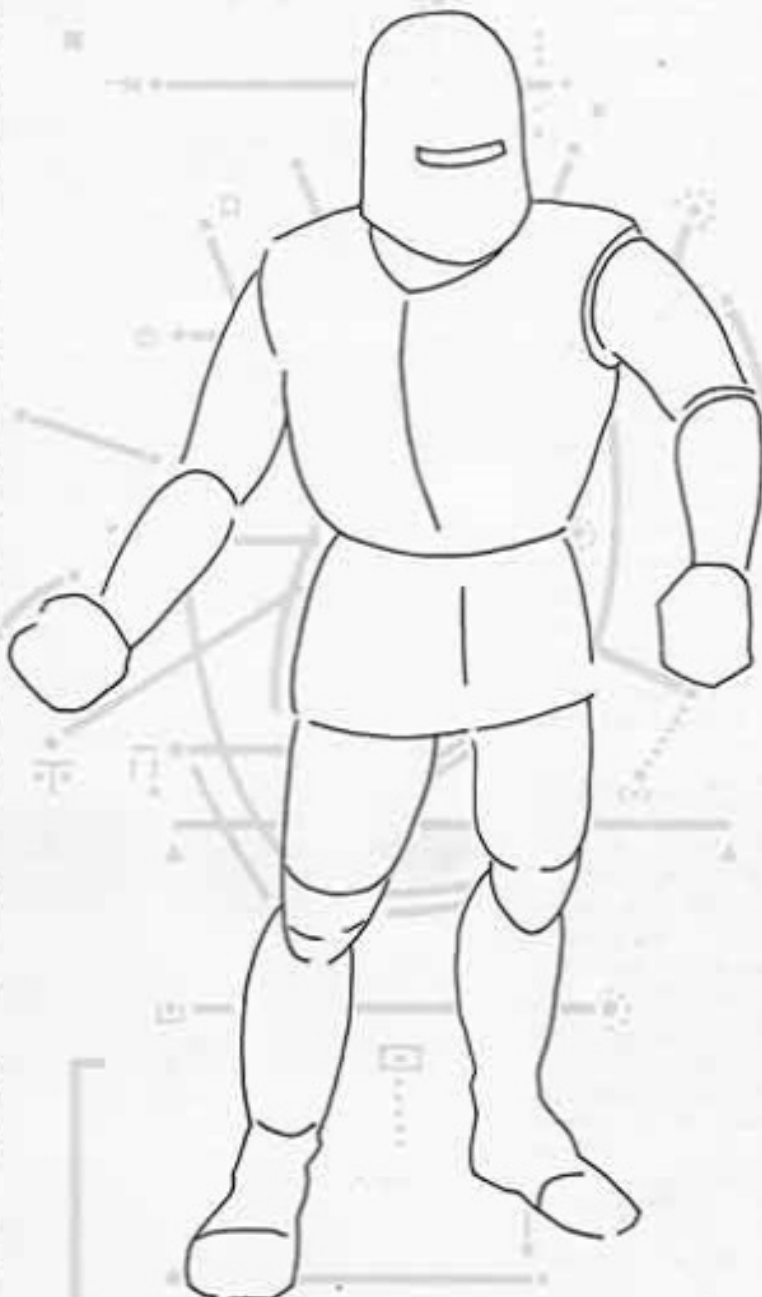
CHAOS HELMET COMPETITION RESULTS

In the last Citadel Journal we asked you to design your own helmet crest for a Warrior of Chaos. The winner was Meryn Thomas of Gwespyr Wales, who stuck to a simple but effective design, redrawn here by John Blanche. Look out for this design on a future Citadel Chaos Knight. Well done Meryn, who wins a helmet full of Citadel figures. Runners up for their designs and pure artistry were:

Glen Bedham, Devonry, John Badwin, Wakefield, J. Bindless, Colchester, David Buchanan, Hamilton, Barry Hale, St. Mary Australia, Stephen Hardy, Andover, Chris Harrison, Shrewsbury, Dominic Kulcear, Harrow, Kelly Robinson, Welwyn Garden City, Rachel Welstaka, Shaftesbury. Who will all receive a Citadel Miniature voucher.

A special mention for their individual entries:

C Banyon, Trickerham
The neatest entry!
J Collins, Stockport
For being so individual he drew a totally different helmet.
Justin Crompton, Buxton
Most bits of body prize.
Edward Jackson, Surbiton
For balancing 20 nudes on a helmet.
Michael Jones, Reigate
For having the brightest felt tips in the universe.
Chris Luizou, Monaco
Rubric armour with escape hatch award.



Chaos Knight Competition
Games Workshop Design Studio, Enfield Chambers,
14-16 Low Pavement, Nottingham

Name.....

Address.....

..... Age.....

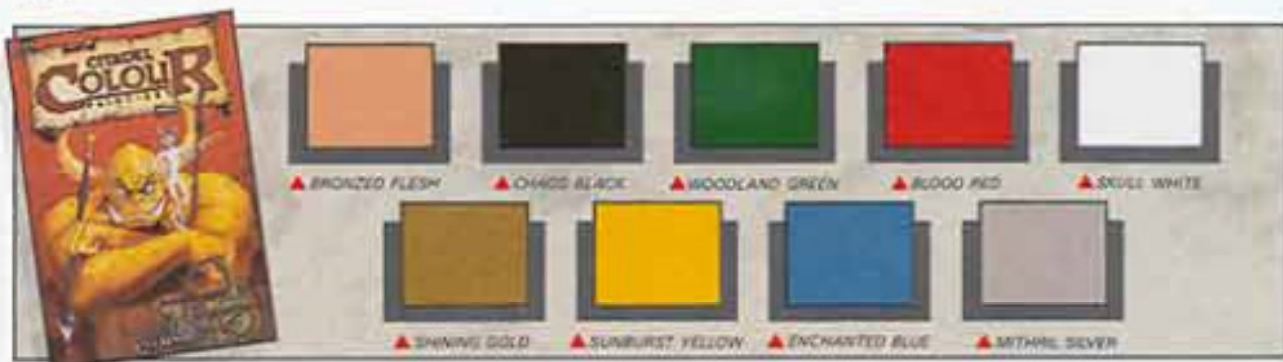
I think Dave Andrews' secret mutation is (not more than ten words).....

Citadel colour acrylic paints are specially designed for painting metal or plastic fantasy models. All colours are fully intermixable, enabling the discerning artist to render that *just right* shade of Goblin snot or Troll dribble. Our growing, glowing and constantly mutating range includes such exacting shades as *chaos black* (the only black that's blacker than black) and *bilious green* (the only thing greener than Tony Ackland after eight pints and a curry). How can this be I hear you cry! Does this man know what he's talking about! Who writes this rubbish! AHA! What you obviously don't know is that the Citadel Colour range of acrylic paints contains more pigment and less medium compared to inferior paints, giving denser coverage, better mixability and superb value for money. Not only that, but our paints are water-based and can be diluted with water to produce high-quality wash effects. Brushes and palettes are cleaned with water too. Most importantly...our paint don't smell like a Goblin's armpit...what a pity I can't say the same about our Mail Order Trolls.

A basic chart to show the use of Citadel Colour when shading and highlighting figures

CITADEL REQUIRED	BEST COLOUR	SERIES	HIGH LIGHTING*
BRIGHT RED	RED GORE	IMPERIAL PURPLE & BLOOD RED (MIX)	RED GORE & SKULL WHITE (MIX)
YELLOW	SUNBURST YELLOW	SUNBURST YELLOW & SWAMP BROWN (MIX)	SUNBURST YELLOW & SKULL WHITE (MIX)
GREEN	BILIOUS GREEN	WOODLAND GREEN	BILIOUS GREEN & SKULL WHITE (MIX)
BLUE	ELECTRIC BLUE	ENCHANTED BLUE	ELECTRIC BLUE & SKULL WHITE (MIX)
BROWN	SWAMP BROWN	SWAMP BROWN & CHAOS BLACK (MIX)	SWAMP BROWN & HOBGOBLIN ORANGE (MIX)
BLACK	CHAOS BLACK	—	CHAOS BLACK & WOODLAND GRN (MIX) & GHOLE GREY
WHITE	SKULL WHITE	ELF GREY OR BRONZED FLESH	SKULL WHITE
FLESH	BRONZED FLESH	BRONZED FLESH & SWAMP BROWN (MIX)	BRONZED FLESH & SKULL WHITE (MIX)
GOLD	SHINING GOLD	SHINING GOLD & SWAMP BROWN (MIX)	MITHRIL SILVER
IRON	CHAINMAIL	CHAINMAIL & CHAOS BLACK (MIX)	MITHRIL SILVER

* Use of shading is to emphasise deep folds, creases & edges while highlighting emphasises raised areas such as facial features, raised folds, fur etc.



Don't forget - all models benefit from a proper undercoat before painting. An undercoat should take the form of a light coat of matt white enamel

or cellulose paint of the type sold as car body paint. Many model shops sell spray cans of paint ideally suited for this purpose. Colours will only

show properly if you undercoat your models before painting. You have been warned!

CITADEL MINIATURES PRESENTS

GOLDEN DEMON AWARD

The First National Figure Painting Championships

IF YOU PAINT FIGURES, THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE THAT YOU'RE THE BEST!

You could win the country's most prestigious figure painting event, the Citadel Miniatures **GOLDEN DEMON AWARD**.

We won't pretend it's going to be easy to win. It's a national championship with heats all over the country and a Grand Final in Nottingham. But the winners are going to be the best ever fantasy figure painters.

And you could be one of them. You could be the winner of a **GOLDEN DEMON**.

So what are you waiting for? **GET PAINTING!**

THE HEATS

Enter one or all of the categories at one of the games and hobby shops listed in this announcement. The three winners from each heat will win a **MINIATURES VOUCHER** redeemable at the final, an exclusive **MASTER PAINTER T-Shirt** and an invitation to the Grand Championship in Nottingham!

THE CHAMPIONSHIP

The final competition to decide the National Champions in each category will be held in Nottingham on 27 June 1987.

The winners will be the National Figure Painting Champions. Each will get one of the prestigious **GOLDEN DEMON AWARD** and a cash prize.

THE CATEGORIES

There are eight categories for entries:

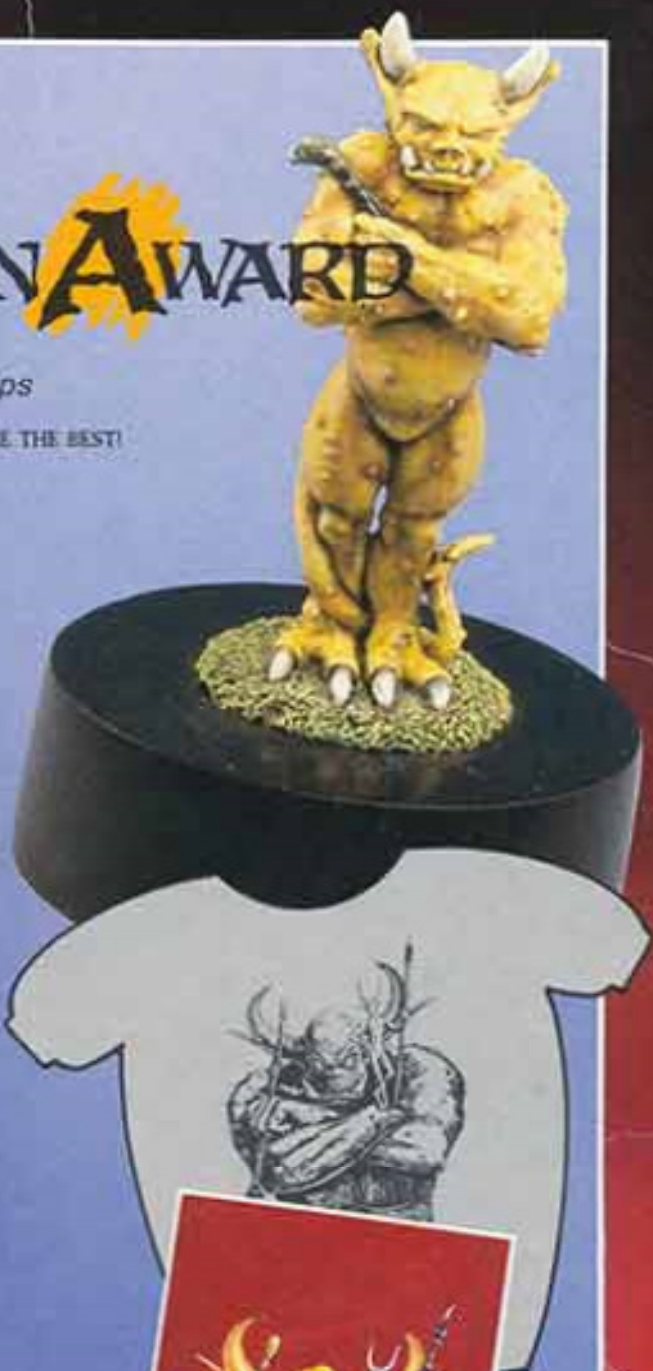
- Single Character Figure
- Single Construction
- Miniature
- Diorama
- Single Mounted Figure
- Diorama 15-25 models in a scenic setting - maximum base size 12" x 10"
- Vignette (up to 4 models on a scenic base - maximum base size 5" x 4")
- Miniature Battle Regiment (12-24 models of a single figure)

NO ENTRY FEE AT ALL HOBBY SHOPS.

THE SHOPS

You can find out about the rest of the rules and enter the first stage of the **GOLDEN DEMON** Competition at any one of the following shops:

Asheham Games, **ALDERMOT** - Gapple of Games, **BASILDON** - Cap'n Games, **BATH** - The Dungeon, **BELFAST** - Games Workshop
BIRMINGHAM - Leisure World Toys & Hobbies, **BELEST** - Wonderland
Games, **BURNMOUTH** - Fantasy Focus, **BRISTOL** - Games & Puzzles
CAMBRIDGE - FC Parker, **CAIDOT** - Marway Games Centre
CRUDDAM - Fun & Games Ltd, **CHESTER** - Games & Puzzles
COLCHESTER - Epic Games, **CROYDON** - Amazing, **DERBY** - Quatern
EUNSTABLE - Games Workshop, **EDINBURGH** - Leisure Games
FINCHLEY - Virgin Games Centre, **EDINBURGH** - Clubbait
GLASGOW - Games Workshop Ltd, **GLASGOW** - The Model Shop
GLOUCESTER - The Game Centre, **GRAVESEND** - The Model Shop
GUILDFORD - Games Workshop, **HAMMERSMITH** - Virginia Model Shop
HARROW - Not Just Games, **HIGH WYCOMBE** - Something Else Ltd
HELDERSFELD - Games Workshop, **HULL** - Her & Pencil, **IPSWICH** - Games Workshop, **MANCHESTER** - Games Workshop, **KINGSTON UPON THAMES** - Games Workshop, **LEEDS** - Aspin Design, **LEICESTER** - Games Workshop, **LONDON** - Games Workshop, **LONDON** - Virgin Games Centre, **LONDON** - Hobby Bookshop, **MAIDSTONE** - Games Store, **MIDDLESBOROUGH** - Games Workshop, **NEWCASTLE** - A Game & Gaze
NORTHAMPTON - Games House, **NORWICH** - Games Workshop, **NOTTINGHAM** - Games Workshop, **NOTTINGHILL GATE** - Games Workshop
OXFORD - Games Workshop, **PLYMOUTH** - The Model Shop, **PLYMOUTH** - ASD Newsagents Ltd, **READING** - Games Workshop, **SHEFFIELD** - Hot Line & Models, **SLOUGH** - Games Workshop, **SOUTHAMPTON** - Wizard Games Shop, **SOUTHEND** - Fantasy World, **STOKE-ON-TRENT** - The Model Shop
STROUD - Swallow Models & Hobbies, **SWANSEA** - Kwicko, **TUNTON** - The King Model World, **WELLING** - Games Workshop, **YORK**



Organised by John Blanche and Andy Jones

After painting up umpteen thousand figures for games, what next? There must be something else other than putting them on separate wargames bases. Well, yes, the 'something else' is a diorama — a dramatic incident created with figures and scenery. It's a lot easier than it looks too, because diorama building uses all the same tricks as figure painting. It's just a bit bigger.

It's a good idea to make a sketch plan of what you want the diorama to look like before you start work. Work out where you want all the figures to go and what scenery you think you might need. Planning ahead saves a lot of frustration.

The base or frame of the scene is usually wood, while landscapes are built from polystyrene foam, plaster and stiff card. Polystyrene needs a very sharp knife to cut it cleanly — so be careful unless you want an authentic tang of gore and finger-ends littering your work!

Polystyrene needs 'pinning' together with small pieces of wire as well as glueing. Don't use super glue, unless you want to see all your hard work melt; epoxy and PVA are the best. After the glue has dried, you can fill any gaps with a mixture of PVA and sand or plaster.

Pools, ponds, puddles and streams can be made by painting the 'wet' bits with gloss varnish, or pouring PVA glue into an appropriate depression. You can also use cold cure resin.

Building the extras is the next stage: towers, castle bridges and the like. Stiff card, thin ply or plastic card are all useful, and can be given a stone-like surface with a coat

of PVA glue and sand. The same useful mixture can be used for ground textures as well.

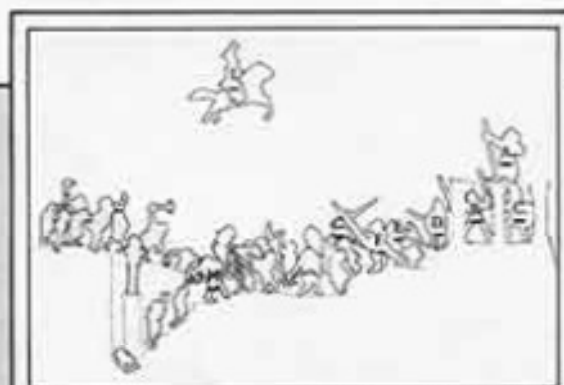
The final touches are adding the figures and any other tiny bits and pieces.

Easy, eh?'



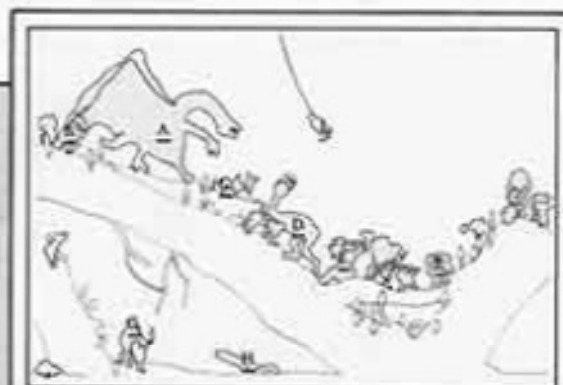
DIORAMA 1.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| A. <i>Botgrud II (C12) Goblin.</i> | E. <i>Grihrok (ORC1) Orc.</i> |
| B. <i>F4 Men at Arms.</i> | F. <i>Head Cracker (C12) Goblin.</i> |
| C. <i>Sergeant at Arms (F4).</i> | G. <i>Standard Bearer & Musician from Crom's Goblin Guard (RR3).</i> |
| D. <i>The Dead Orc (ORC1).</i> | H. <i>C03 Cleric...</i> |



DIORAMA 2.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| A. <i>Sir Monne de la Monte (F2)</i> | E. <i>Le Marquis de Sword (F2).</i> |
| B. <i>Sir Errol de Swash (F2).</i> | C. <i>Sir Pession de las Messe (F2).</i> |
| C. <i>Sir Kit Breaker (F2).</i> | H. <i>Skin Scraper & (C18) Zombies.</i> |
| D. <i>Lady Zonelleigh (F2).</i> | I. <i>(C21) Zombie Lord.</i> |
| E. <i>Lord Arum (F2).</i> | |



DIORAMA 3.

- | | |
|--|--|
| A. <i>The Great Fire Dragon.</i> | F. <i>Goblin crew from Skull Crusher (MD2).</i> |
| B. <i>Young Dragon (C29).</i> | G. <i>Lorien Swift (C06) Elf & Dery Podgebely (C11) Halfing.</i> |
| C. <i>Dragon Eggs (honest!).</i> | H. <i>Amphisbena.</i> |
| D. <i>Grog Stuntcrusher (C29) Troll.</i> | I. <i>(C14) Snotling (doing tarzan impression).</i> |
| E. <i>Kraglod Cleaver (ORC1) Orc.</i> | |



DIORAMA 4.

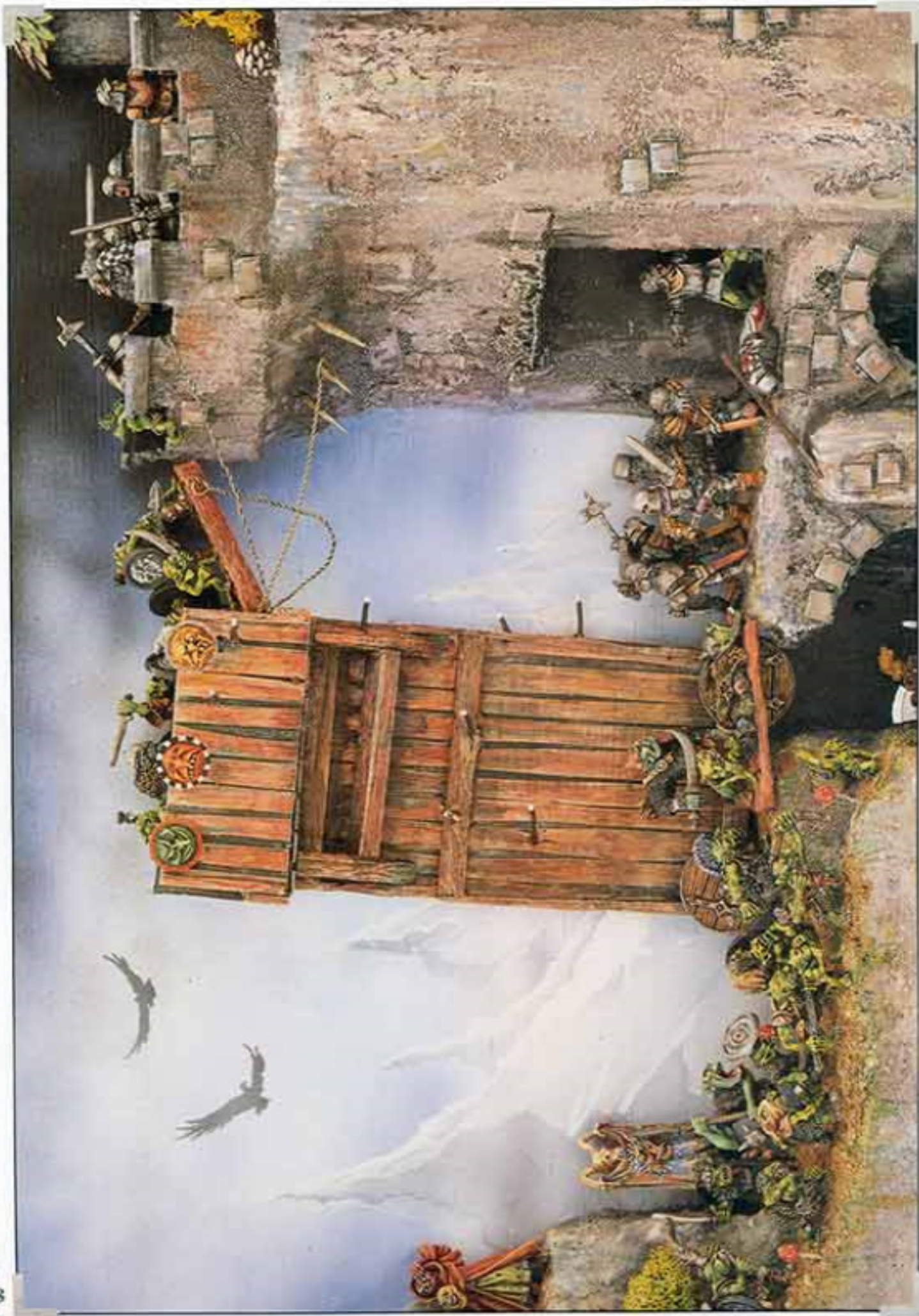
- | | |
|--|--|
| A. <i>Kryos Dheth (CH1).</i> | E. <i>Papworth Organgrinder (CH1) Chaos Warrior.</i> |
| B. <i>Lord Micheal (C06) Dwarf.</i> | F. <i>Wulfar Stonehammer of Karak-Ungor (D5) Feudal Dwarf.</i> |
| C. <i>Arch Demon (C29).</i> | |
| D. <i>Skragg the Slaughterer (C23) Ogre.</i> | |



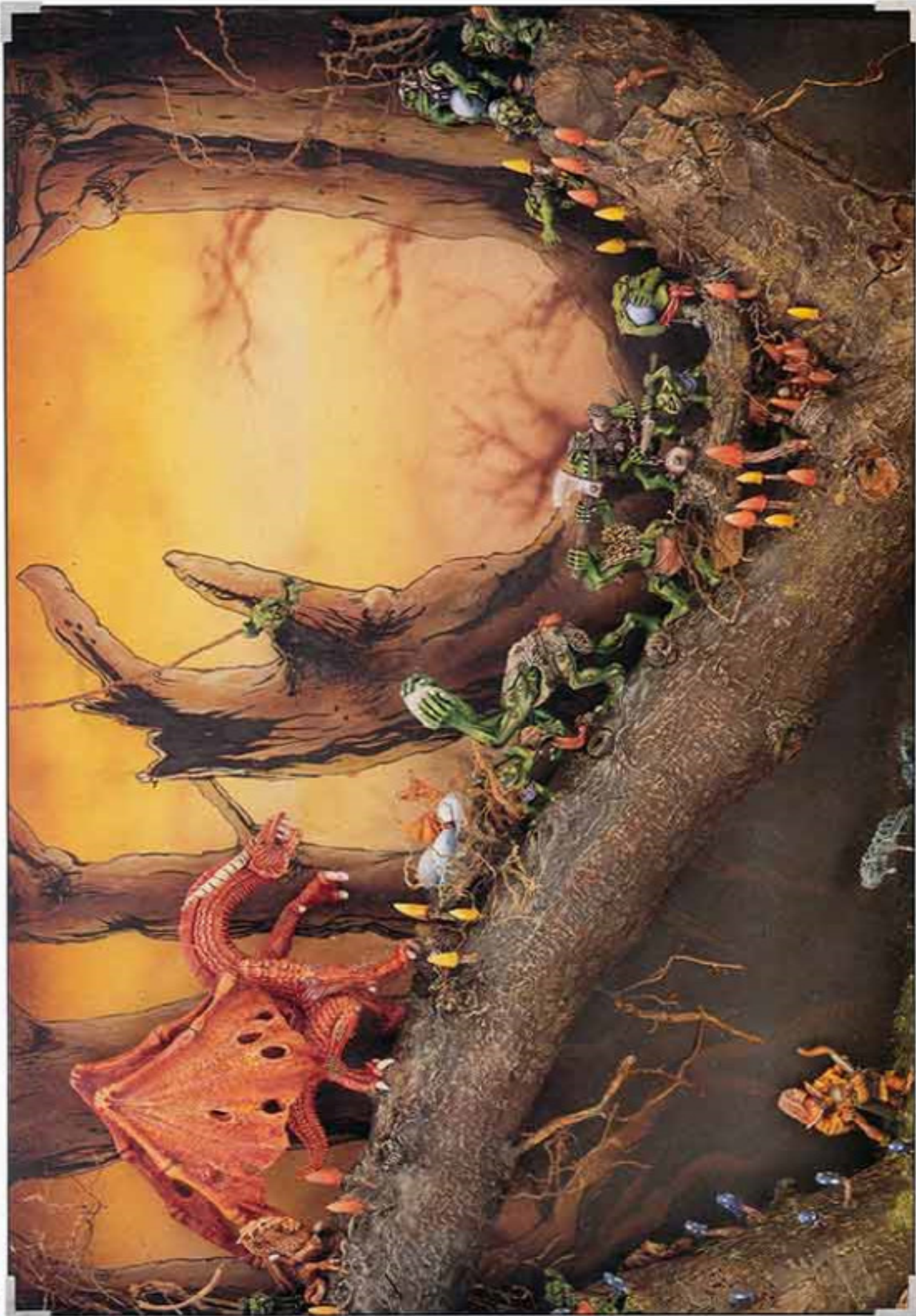
DIORAMA 5.

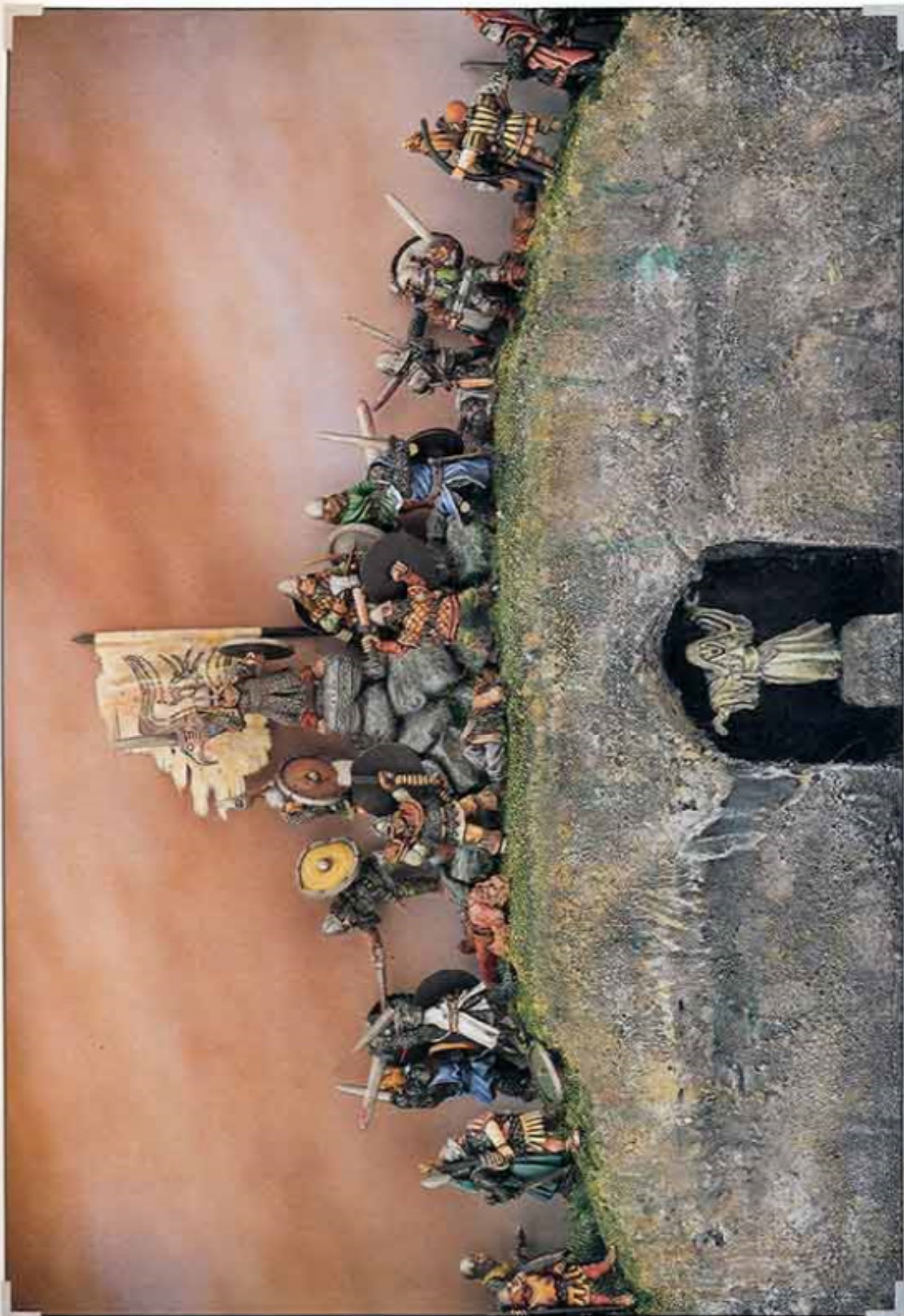
- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| A. <i>Asbjorn (F4).</i> | E. <i>BertholdT (F4).</i> |
| B. <i>Redwald (F4).</i> | F. <i>Ghost (C18).</i> |
| C. <i>Wolfgang (F4).</i> | G. <i>Frederik (F4).</i> |
| D. <i>Gunter (F4).</i> | H. <i>Reinhart (F4).</i> |
| | I. <i>Grim (F4).</i> |











WARHAMMER

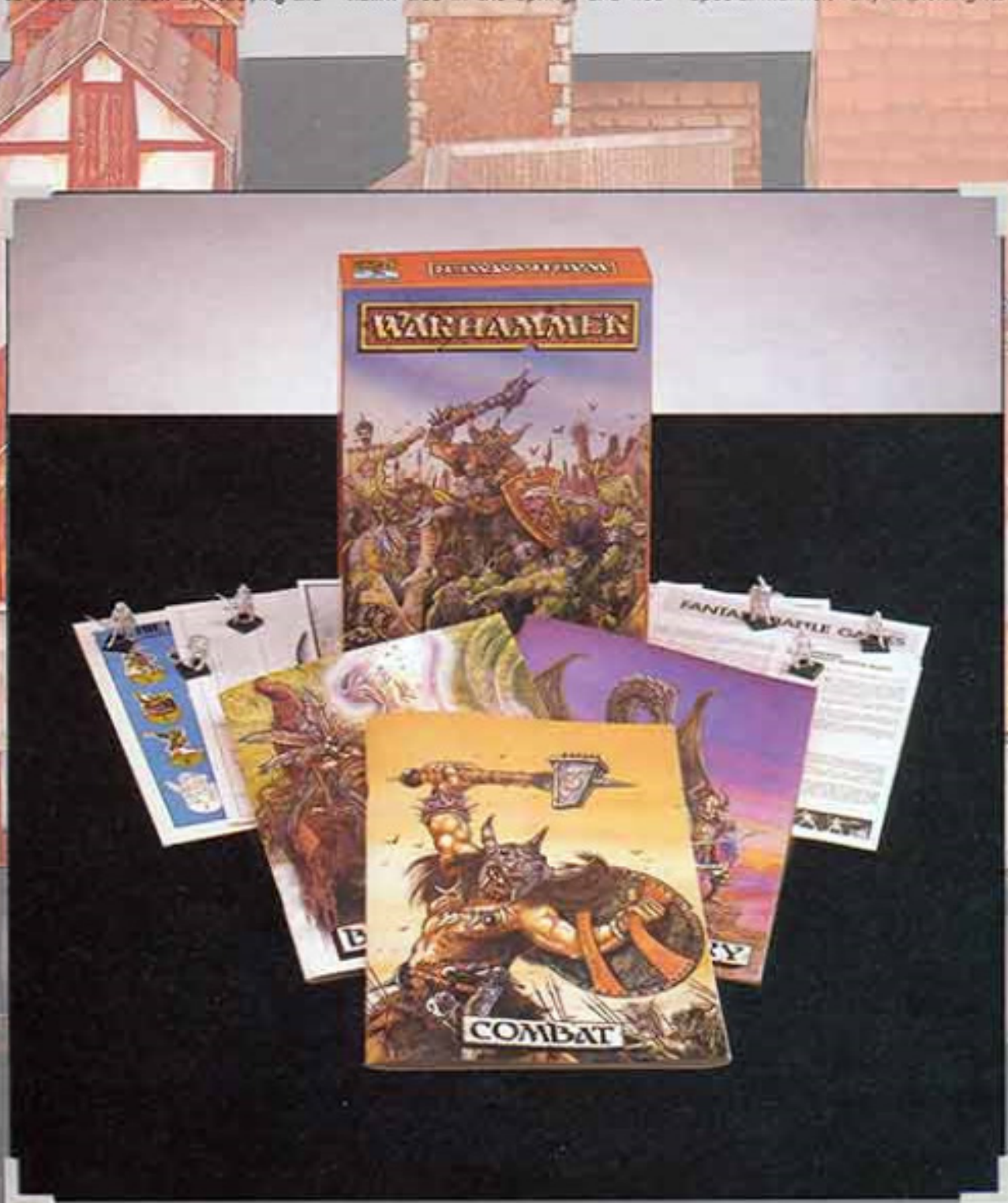
FANTASY BATTLE RULES

The Goblin Commander wiped his runny nose upon his snot-caked sleeve, spat loudly upon the floor and continued to leaf through the pages. He knew these three books contained the secrets his grubby little soul craved, that within their colour bindings lay the wisdom of battle-masters and strategicians of renown. Eagerly he thrust his clawed finger into a hirsute nostril and began to explore its cavernous interior. Across the tabletop his opponent looked on with barely concealed disgust. The Elven Lord tried to distract himself by studying the

tabletop battle. His forces had made considerable headway through the woods and were now poised to emerge upon the Goblin centre from both sides and rear. It had been easy to draw the Goblins forward, their commander had joyfully advanced his forces against the deliberately weakened Elvish centre. Now he was looking for some way out of an impossible situation. The Elf looked up to see the Goblin Commander examining a large bogey on the end of a filthy finger, he felt his sensitive Elven stomach heave with disgust. Without ceremony, the Goblin popped the morsel into its mouth and swallowed. This was too much for the Elf, who turned as green as a lornalim tree in the spring, and fled

from the room with a lacey handkerchief clasped to his mouth. The Goblin Commander listened to the sounds of distress emerging from the bathroom next door, excavated another large bogey, looked at it and smiled. 'Against Elves', he thought, 'it never fails'.

Warhammer Fantasy Battle provides a comprehensive set of tabletop gaming rules for use with your armies of Citadel miniatures. Whatever army you choose to collect, such as goblins, undead, men, dwarfs or elves, you can lead it to victory using the Warhammer rules. Each race has its unique abilities, its advantages and its disadvantages. Each race needs handling in its own special manner, fully exploiting its



strengths and concealing its weaknesses. This game has been developed over many years of tabletop wargaming by the authors, the commanders of a multitude of armies from goblins to chaos.

Warhammer Fantasy Battle comes in a three volume boxed set comprising Combat, Battle Magic and Battle Bestiary. The detailed rules cover all aspects of tabletop fantasy wargaming, from setting up the wargames table to fighting small scale campaigns. Over 120 spells are included, together with statistics for Citadel miniatures and a complete scenario entitled *The Magnificent Sven*. A separate easy-reference playsheet and countersheet for use with the scenario are provided.

Novice generals please note: Warhammer Fantasy Battles contains gaming rules only.

Other than the full-colour cardboard models provided for the scenario it does not contain the dice, models or scenery you will need.

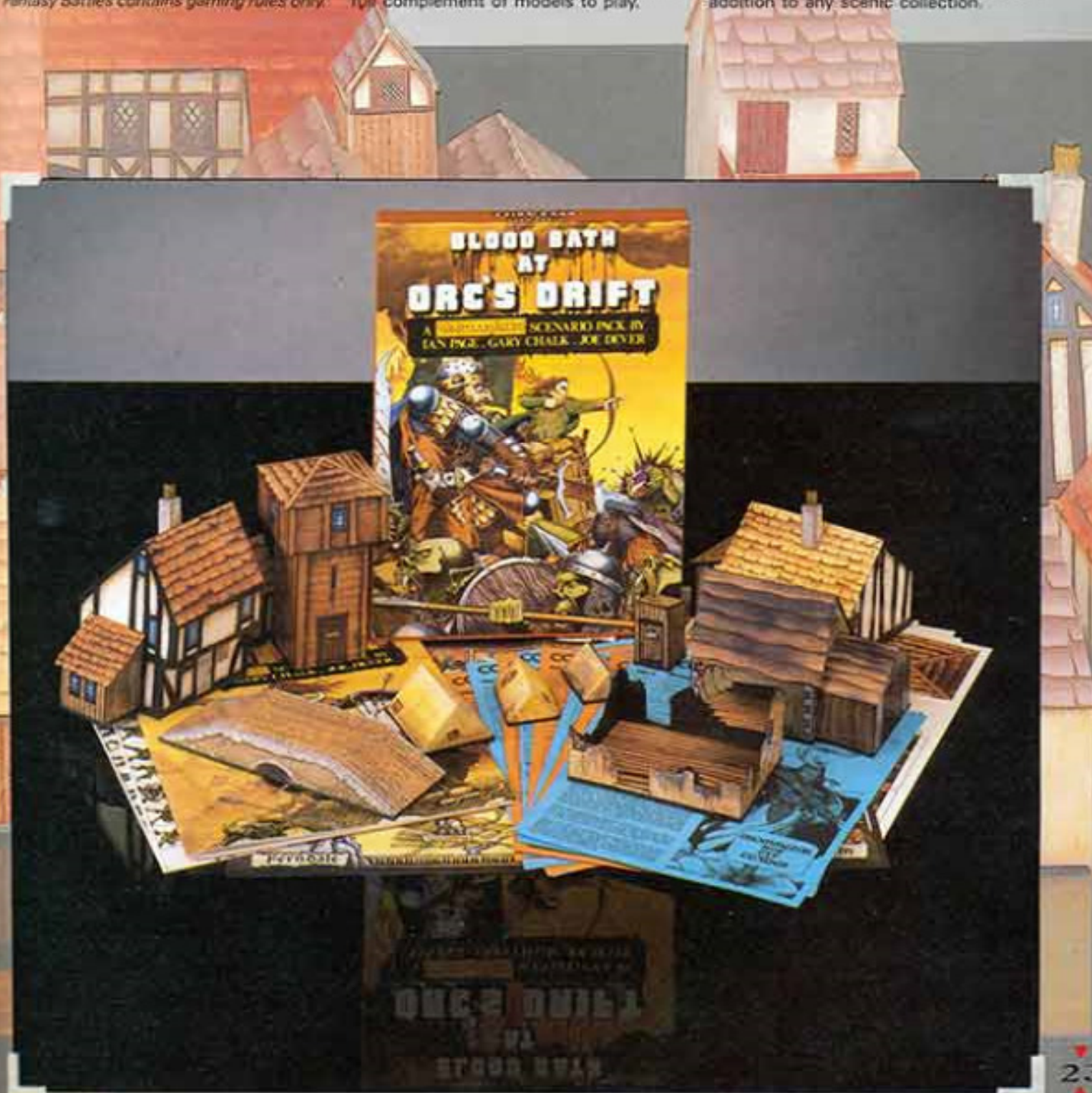
* Full-colour box * Combat book * Battle Magic book * Battle Bestiary Book * Playsheet * introductory scenario * card-character sheet *

SUPPLEMENTS FOR WARHAMMER BATTLE

Expand your gaming set-up with these specially designed Warhammer Battle supplements. These boxed sets each contain information and model buildings sufficient to fight out a complete campaign. We even provide card counters to represent the forces involved, so you don't even need a full complement of models to play.

BLOOD BATH AT ORCS DRIFT

By Ian Page, Gary Chalk and Joe Dever
Vaguely based around another battle with a remarkably similar name, this pack pits marauding orcs against a small colonial state of men, dwarfs and elves. The allies, represented by separate commanders, squabble amongst themselves whilst the orcs sweep all before them. Can they settle their differences in time to save the day, or will they fall beneath the iron-shod heel of the Orc King. This pack contains a complete campaign divided into four battles. Each battle presents the gamesmaster with a map, command sheets to distribute to the players and a selection of card buildings and counters. The card buildings are easily assembled and make a useful addition to any scenic collection.



THE TRAGEDY OF McDEATH

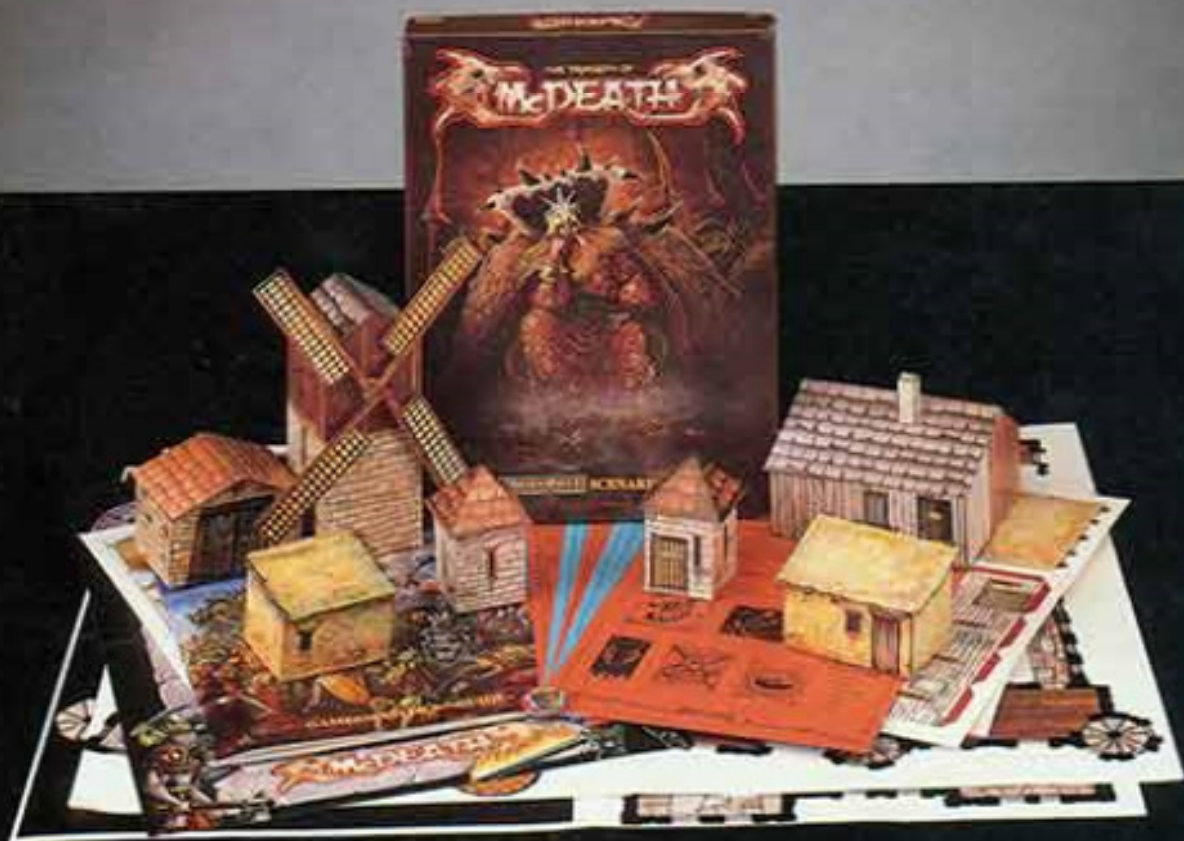
By Richard Halliwell

A complete Warhammer campaign in which the evil, sadistic and thoroughly unpleasant McDeath murders 'Good King Dunco' and usurps the throne. Orcs, men, dwarfs and treemen fight out a titanic struggle for power, money and alcohol. Players represent the forces of the evil McDeath and of the various factions that oppose him (and occasionally each other!). Each battle presents the gamesmaster with a map, command sheets to distribute to the players and a selection of card buildings and counters. There are four battles to be fought, a full-colour poster map of the battle-sites and surrounding area is included, illustrating the trail of the avenging armies. The final conflict centres around the castle in which the skulking monarch surrounds himself with orkish lackies. The castle is represented by a full-colour full plan ready for immediate use.

RAVENING HORDES

By Richard Halliwell

This is the official Warhammer competition handbook, featuring army lists for ten Warhammer forces, including men of The Empire, the norse, arabiens, skaven, dwarfs, elves, dark elves, undead, goblin/orcs and chaos. A substantial rules update is also included, providing special rules for the forces described, plus changes made to the main rules in the light of continued games testing and players' suggestions. The army lists are designed as the basis for official competition games, whether between competitively minded players at home, or between players taking part in any official championships or tournament games to be organised by Games Workshop. This long awaited supplement is an invaluable aid to all Warhammer players and an essential guide to competitive Warhammer play.



BLOOD ON THE STREETS

By Dave Andrews and Andrew Szczepankiewicz

Providing proper scenery for the tabletop wargame is the gamesmaster's responsibility, one made all the harder if buildings must be built from scratch in the traditional way. This boxed set not only saves the time and effort involved in making your own buildings, but also graces the tabletop with a selection of fine models by award-winning scenic designer Dave Andrews. The buildings are printed in full-colour on flat sheets for you to cut-out and assemble. Featured are a storehouse, manor, inn, barracks, mill and numerous houses. As an added bonus, the box also includes a 'campaign ideas and setting' book for use with the models, including statistics and details of inhabitants, events, etc.



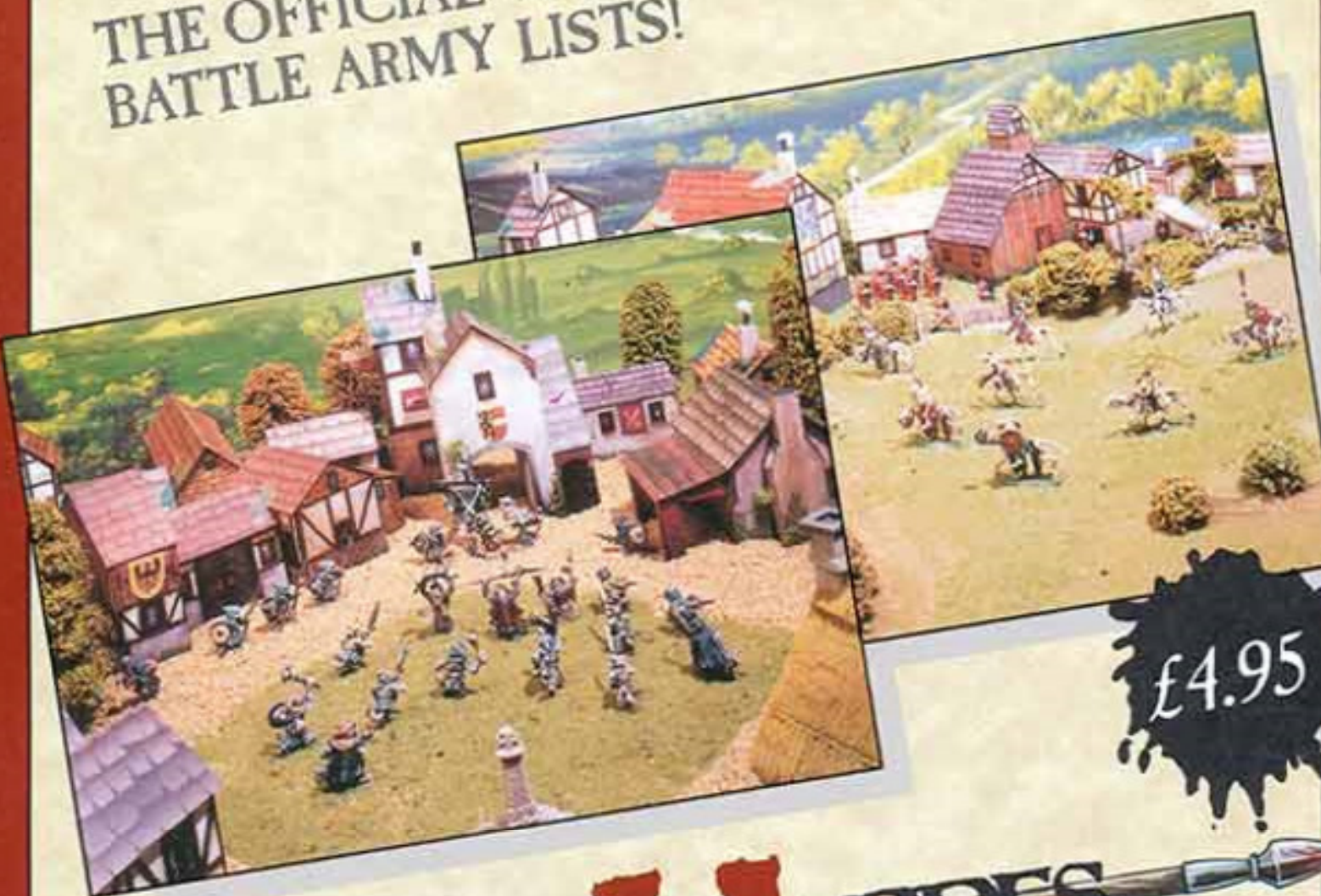
TERROR OF THE LICHMASTER

By Dave Andrews and Rick Priestley

The Terror of the Lichmaster provides a further selection of scenery for tabletop wargamers, including a mine, a homestead, barn, mill, inn and houses. These full-colour buildings can be assembled using contact adhesive, forming the core of a scenic collection that would do justice to anybody's wargames set-up. Of special interest is the mine with its attendant water-slucice, mine head and ore-trucks. A complete Warhammer campaign is included, utilising the buildings and selection of cut-out card models. The campaign pits the forces of necromancy against the human inhabitants of a valley in *The Princess*. Cut-off by the winter snows, the settlers must face the terror alone, scarce aware of the perils that have been awakened from the old barrow.



THE OFFICIAL WARHAMMER BATTLE ARMY LISTS!



£4.95

RAVENING HORDES



Ravenging Hordes is the latest rules supplement for the bestselling Warhammer Fantasy Battle game, and contains a set of competition army lists for Elves, Dwarfs, Goblins, Undead, Dark Elves, Chaos, Slaanesh and the human races of The Empire, Nippon and Northlands. For the first time, Warhammer players can fight no-holds-barred competition games, using the strict provisions and points values given. As well as providing players with competition lists from which to assemble their own battle-winning forces, Ravenging Hordes presents a complete up-date on the Warhammer Fantasy Battle Rules system, including new rules for assassination, leadership control, faithsworn, shapechangers, and many more.

Ravenging Hordes will form the basis for the proposed Warhammer League and National Championships, arrangements for which are already underway.

Ravenging Hordes, by Richard Halliwell, will be available in April, as a perfect-bound, 72 page book, containing a host of new ideas for the Warhammer Fantasy Battle Rules. It will be copiously illustrated - including colour - clearly laid out, essential for all Warhammer Battle Players and an absolute bargain at only £4.95.

**GAMES
WORKSHOP**

Available from all good games stores and hobby stockists.
In case of difficulty, please contact:
GAMES WORKSHOP MAIL ORDER, CHEVINGTON STREET, HILL TOP,
EASTWOOD, NOTTINGHAM NG16 3NY
USA Customers please contact:
GAMES WORKSHOP US, 8920 Route 708, Columbia, MO 65204, USA

GRIM'S REAPER

Snotling Pump Wagon War Machine

Tip, tip, tip, tip. Hammer, hammer, hammer, hammer. Hammer, hammer, thunk.

'AAAARRRRGH!!!'

Grim Waspspanner was having a very bad day. It would turn out to be a day which would change his whole life, but he didn't pause to reflect on this as he danced around his workshop clutching his flattened thumb. Even Boakface, his old and fould-mouthed parrot, winced as Grim swore steadily for three minutes without repeating himself.

'Wash your mouth out,' it squawked, as Grim paused for breath. 'Wash your mouth... FAWWK!!'

'And you can shut up, as well,' growled the Dwarf, as the parrot climbed unsteadily back onto its perch. It covered as he went to retrieve his hammer.

Grim's black mood was lifted slightly by the patter of small feet outside his workshop door.

'Exc, Grim,' called a high-pitched voice from outside. 'You in?' Grim opened the door, and was confronted by a small, green-skinned figure, clutching a sack that was almost as big as itself.

'Got stuff,' it squeaked. 'You got stuff?' Grim went back into his workshop and up-ended a small sack. A couple of pounds of nails fell out onto the floor - Grim had flattened them with a sledgehammer and ground them to a sharp edge, creating several dozen tiny knives. The Snotling picked one up, examined the blade, and stuck it in its loincloth with a toothy grin.

'Good stuff,' it said. 'Exc.' It tipped out its own sack, and a shower of small, brightly-coloured mushrooms cascaded onto the floor. Grim popped one in his mouth, and a smile slowly across his face.

'Exc, Grim,' the Snotling broke into his reverie. 'Wotzat?'

'My latest invention,' said Grim, walking over to the wooden, cartlike object he had been working on. 'A combination of a pump-operated horselless truck and a grain-cutting machine, adapted for use on the battlefield.' Seeing the look of blank incomprehension on the Snotling's face, he repeated his explanation, using a mixture of pantomime and very short words.

'This,' he said indicating the rocker-pump on top of the cart. 'Up, down.' He began to work the pump, and the machine moved forward a little way, the spiked roller on the front spinning rapidly.

'Kills lots,' he continued, miming being run down and swept under the roller. 'Aarg, splat.' The Snotling's eyes were wide with awe.

'Aargh, splat,' it said, in hushed tones. 'Cooren!'

Later that night, Grim was awoken from a peaceful sleep by a tremendous splintering crash from the direction of his workshop. He reached the window just in time to see the silhouette of his invention disappearing over the hill. Two Snotlings were working the pump mechanism furiously, and several more were hanging off the sides.

Grim's Reaper was stolen from its creator, the Dwarfen Engineer Grim Waspspanner, by a group of

Snotlings, who blazed a trail of destruction across a wide tract of forest before they encountered the Orcs of the Splintered Booe tribe. After some not entirely bloodless negotiations, the machine and its Snotling crew were pressed into service as allies, and the machine saw action in several battles, disrupting enemy lines as the Orcs closed for combat.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
*	0	0	6	6	6

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
0	1	As crew			

The machine requires a minimum crew of 2. Starting from rest, its M rises by 1 point per turn up to a maximum of 6, the machine always moves its full movement allowance. Deceleration causes M to drop by 1 point per turn, and turn it (which requires a total of 10 S). Any figure struck by the spiked roller as the machine ploughs across the battlefield takes 1 automatic S 6 hit as it runs them down.

Points Value: 150 (including crew)

Crew - 6 or 10 Snotlings

M	WS	BS	S	T	W
4	1	2	1	1	1

I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3	1	4	4	4	4

THE COMPLETE SNOTLING PUMP WAGON



BASIC WAGON PLUS
EXPANSION PLUS 2 CREW
PLUS 10 RANDOMLY
ASSORTED RIDERS



EXPANSION SET



BASIC WAGON



INCLUDES 4 RANDOMLY
ASSORTED SNOTLING RIDERS
AND 2 CREW



SNOTLING CREW SUPPLIED RANDOMLY ASSORTED

The 1986 Dragonmeets were quite an eye-opener for me - I really hadn't realised just how much the general standard of painting and modelling had improved over the last year or so. I'm looking forward to this year's Dragonmeets and this year's offerings with some trepidation. I mean... my stuff used to look good! If, like me, you could use some inspiration in these days of ever rising quality, you'll find this special selection of Citadel models very useful indeed. Those more astute amongst you will recognise some older models amongst the more recent additions, but please - don't write asking us where you can get these collector's items... 'cos you can't!



Fig. 1



Fig. 2



Fig. 3



Fig. 4



Fig. 5



Fig. 6



Fig. 7



Fig. 8



Fig. 9



Fig. 10



Fig. 11



Fig. 12



Fig. 13



Fig. 14



Fig. 15



Fig. 16



Fig. 17



Fig. 18



Fig. 19



Fig. 20



Fig. 21



Fig. 22



Fig. 23



Fig. 24





Fig. 47



Fig. 48



Fig. 51



Fig. 52



Fig. 53



Fig. 54



Fig. 55



Fig. 56



Fig. 57



Fig. 59



Fig. 58



Fig. 60

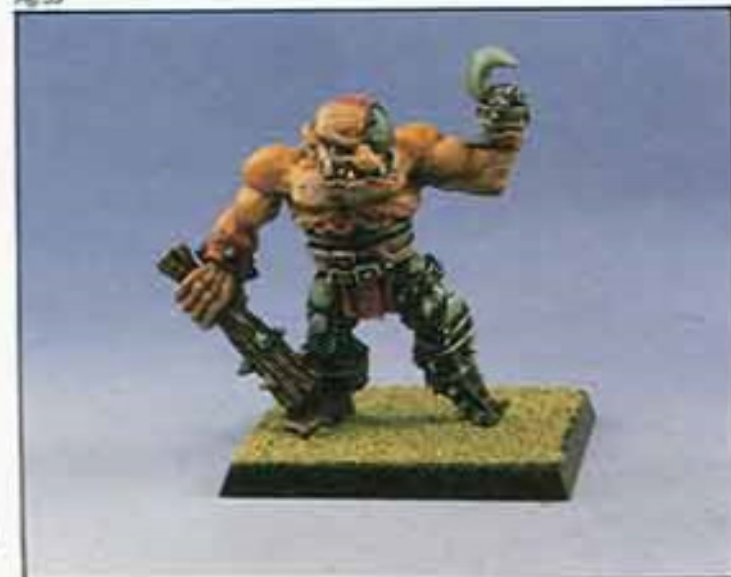


Fig. 61



Fig. 62



Fig. 63



Fig. 64



Fig. 65



Fig. 66



Fig. 67



Fig. 68



Fig. 70



Fig. 72



Fig. 74



Fig. 76



Fig. 78



Fig. 80



Fig. 81



Fig. 83



Fig. 85



Fig. 86



Fig. 87

- Fig. 1 Tunnel Fighter (D4) & Windal Wizard (D4)
- Fig. 2 McDour the Mowler (D4) & Dimezad Stoutheart (D4)
- Fig. 3 Ghalbur (D4) & Intrepid Erikal (D4)
- Fig. 4 Hero Hammergrim (D4) & Gargol Gunner (D4)
- Fig. 5 Fwiri (D4) & Dunbar Tunnelmage (D4)
- Fig. 6 Khalzad (D4) & Naultin (D4)
- Fig. 7 Tholgrim Thief (D4) & Karnak the Drunken (D4)
- Fig. 8 Zander (D4) & Soppri (D4)
- Fig. 9 Mercenary Aneman (F2) & Aldorf Sergeant (F2)
- Fig. 10 Ernst Stoutheart (F2) & Auld the Archer (F2)
- Fig. 11 Aldorf Aneman (F2) & Gung Lightfoot (F2)
- Fig. 12 Ertion Bulliance (F2) & Rombastus Sellward (F2)
- Fig. 13 Siegfried (F4) & Klenhart (F4)
- Fig. 14 Strever (F4) & Ludberg (F4)
- Fig. 15 Siegfried (F4) & Klenhart (F4)
- Fig. 16 Berthold (F4) & Frederik (F4)
- Fig. 17 Sigmond (F4) & Diner (F4)
- Fig. 18 Lady Zurelugh (F2) & Sir Orum (F2)
- Fig. 19 Sir Kil Breaker (F2) & Sir Minna de la Monte (F2)
- Fig. 20 Sir James de Lion (F2) & Lord Anon (F2)
- Fig. 21 Sir Errol de Savash (F2) & Lord Albert de Que (F2)
- Fig. 22 Sly Nick Hayskermans (C04) & Adolph Badingsfall (C07)
- Fig. 23 Alfred Follblade (F2) & Dieter Ekingsnag (C07)
- Fig. 24 Klaus Kantscher (C07) & Ernst Jagen (C07)
- Fig. 25 Albrecht Almann (C07) & Andrei Allome (C07)
- Fig. 26 Wolfgang (F4) Prudal & Karl (F4) Prudal
- Fig. 27 Johann (F4) Prudal & Gunter (F4) Prudal
- Fig. 28 Sir Preston de la Maza (F2) & Sir Geoffrey de Archer (F2)

- Fig. 29 Ingmar (F4) & Sitr (F4)
- Fig. 30 Redwald (F4) & Kuelbul (F4)
- Fig. 31 Hafjan (F4) & Gotr (F4)
- Fig. 32 Kefil (F4) & Grettir (F4)
- Fig. 33 Ragnar (F4) & Ransolf (F4)
- Fig. 34 Gotri (F4) & Egl (F4)
- Fig. 35 Chopper Kaghol (ORC2) & Kroglaf Cleaver (ORC2)
- Fig. 36 Ozod (ORC2) & Bruggod (ORC2)
- Fig. 37 Crazgig Smeyster (ORC2) & Mygod (ORC2)
- Fig. 38 Hungerbol (ORC2) & Gung Stantyspiker (ORC2)
- Fig. 39 Huglind Bone Breaker (ORC2) & Borg Braunshuber (ORC2)
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- Fig. 76 Mercenary Crossbowman (F2) & Titan Crossbowman (F2)
- Fig. 77 Guntery Captain (F2) & Gunter Spawner (F2)

NOTE: these models are but a small selection from our forges and do not represent our entire range by any means! Many of the miniatures presented in previous Journals and Compendiums are still available and we are constantly releasing new models. Please check prices and availability when ordering from any source more than 12 months old. Send a large stamped, self-addressed envelope to us to receive our latest release sheet.

WARNING: Please remember that Citadel models are intended for serious and responsible gamers and collectors - they are not toys! Models contain lead which may be harmful if chewed or swallowed. Citadel Miniatures are not recommended for children under 12 years of age.



Models annotated with this symbol are MULTI-PIECE castings which will require assembly. A degree of modelling competence is necessary to construct any multi-part kit and we do not, therefore, recommend them for inexperienced or very young modellers.



Models annotated with this symbol are supplied complete with a separate, moulded, hard-styrene shield, allowing realistic shield thicknesses and an enhanced three-dimensional effect. Models are cast with a small stud onto which any of our many shields will fit snugly. The stud represents the shield boss and can be painted as such. Alternatively the stud can be easily and simply trimmed or filed to give a flat surface, ideal for painting devices or symbols on the shield.

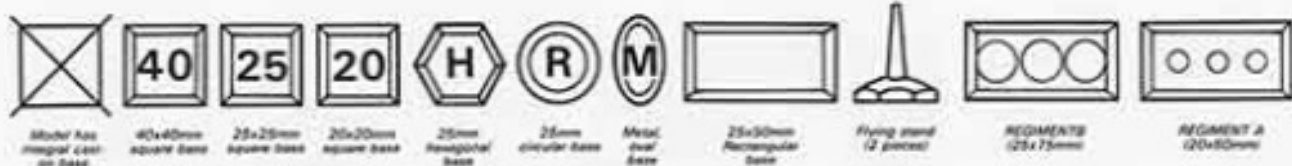


The vast majority of our models are now supplied with our renowned hard-styrene plastic slottabases for gaming and display. Each base has a pre-cut groove to accept the tab cast-on to each miniature. Some tabs may require a small amount of filing or trimming to fit the base. Do not force the model on as this may break the model or the base. Apply glue to the tab on the model and fix to the slottabase as shown.

We now produce a variety of different size and shape slottabases. The simple key below indicates which bases are suitable for use with each range.

Note that models cannot be adequately supported on bases for which they are not designed. Please indicate your choice of base when ordering.

Slottabases are included in the price of the model with the exception of the metal base (add 3p to the price) and the two sorts of Regimental base. Regimental bases can be supplied either instead of three regular bases or at an additional cost of 10p each. Regimental base A is suitable for use with all codes marked with the [20] symbol, base B is suitable for use with all codes marked with the [25] symbol.



F2 FIGHTERS

25
20
H
R
M

BOMBARDIER HELLWORD	ALDORF INFANTRY	GERMICUS HERO CAPTAIN	AETHIS THE ARCHER	MAXIMILIAN THE BRAVE	GUNNERS CAPTAIN
ALDORF SERGEANT	ENRICO BOLDBANCE	MERCENARY AEDON	ARCHERMER	ALDORF AXEMAN	TILAN CROSSBOWMAN
ERNST STOUTHEAD	BAIL THE GOOD	GUARD CAPTAIN	GEORG LIGHTFOOT	NUN SPEARMAN	IMPERIAL GUARD
MERCENARY CROSSBOWMAN	DARN SIGMARON	GARREY	BERTRAND THE RED	GASTON SPEARER	LEOPOLD ROGGE
LORD ROBERT	LACKLAND	BEWLOCKS	FLAGELLANT	AGNES	GEORG ENGERHELM
DIETER	SIR GEOFFREY	WOLRIK THE BLOT	FORESTER	WERNER	

DESIGNED BY ALY MORRISON, TRISH MORRISON, ALAN & MICHAEL PERRY

Models illustrated at 75% full size.

F2 LORDS OF BATTLE



DESIGNED BY JES GOODWIN, BOB NAISMITH & TRISH MORRISON

F2 PALADINS



DESIGNED BY JES GOODWIN, BOB NAISMITH, ALY & TRISH MORRISON

F3 BARBARIANS



DESIGNED BY ALAN & MICHAEL PERRY, BOB NAISMITH

F4 MEN-AT-ARMS. NORMANS

DESIGNED BY ALAN & MICHAEL PERRY

25 20 H R M



F4 MEN-AT-ARMS. VIKINGS

DESIGNED BY ALAN & MICHAEL PERRY

25 20 H R M



F4 MEN-AT-ARMS. FEUDALS

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25 20 H R M



F5 MARAUDERS

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25 H R M



F6 BARBARIAN RAIDERS

DESIGNED BY ALAN & MICHAEL PERRY

25 20 H R M



F7 FEUDAL KNIGHTS Horse & Rider

DESIGNED BY ALAN & MICHAEL PERRY



CH3 CHAMPIONS OF CHAOS

DESIGNED BY JES GOODWIN & BOB NAISMITH

25 H R M



CH2 CHAOS WARRIORS

DESIGNED BY JES GOODWIN, BOB NAISMITH & ALY MORRISON

25 H R M



CH6 CHAOS THUGS

DESIGNED BY ALAN & MICHAEL PERRY & ALY MORRISON



CH5 CHAOS SORCERERS & FAMILIARS

DESIGNED BY JES GOODWIN & BOB NAISMITH



OHI NINJA

DESIGNED BY ALAN & MICHAEL PERRY & ALY MORRISON

25 20 H R M



ORC 1 WARRIOR ORCS

DESIGNED BY KEVIN ADAMS



ORC 4 CHAMPIONS

DESIGNED BY KEVIN ADAMS



ORC 2 SAVAGE ORCS

DESIGNED BY ALAN & MICHAEL PERRY



25 H R M



ORC 5 ORC VILLAGERS

DESIGNED BY TRISH MORRISON



D3 CHAOS DWARFS

DESIGNED BY ALAN & MICHAEL PERRY



D5 IMPERIAL DWARFS

DESIGNED BY ALAN & MICHAEL PERRY



D4 DWARF ADVENTURERS

DESIGNED BY ALAN & MICHAEL PERRY



20 H R M



C17 SKELETONS



C20 TROLLS



C12 GOBLINS



C21 ORC BOAR RIDERS Rider & Boar



C21 GOBLINS WOLF RIDERS 2 Riders & 2 Wolves



C22 IMPERIAL DWARF BOLT-THROWER



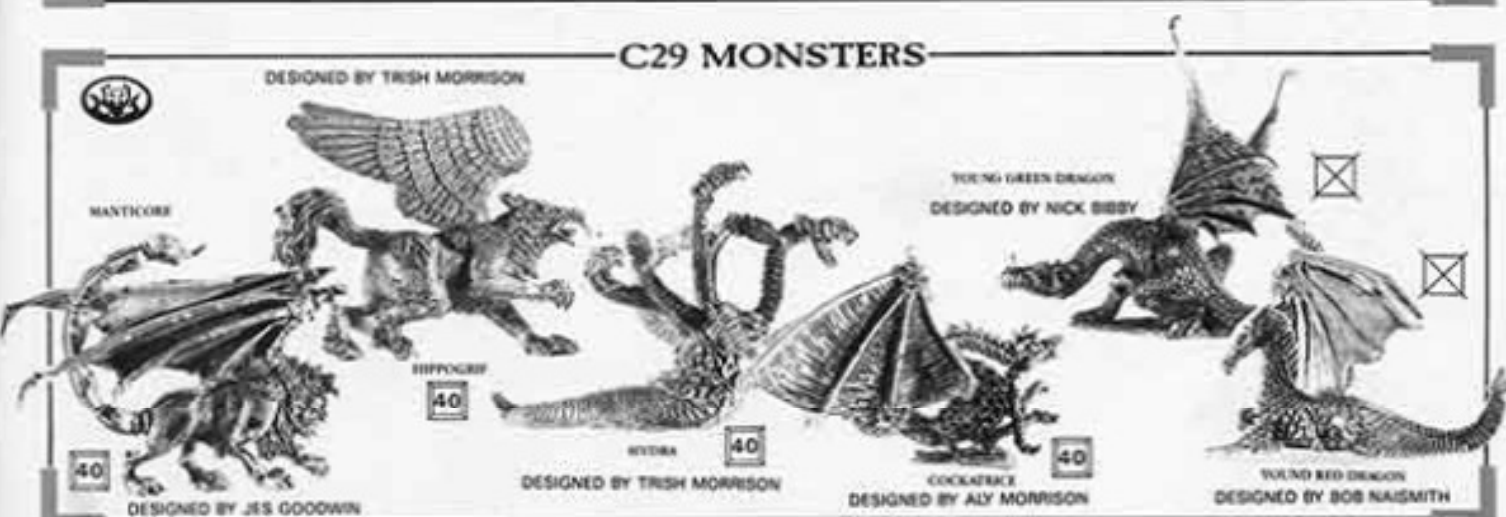
C22 CHAOS DWARF PETARD & BAZOOKA TEAMS



C23 GIANT OGRES



C29 MONSTERS



C46 VILLAGERS & TOWNSFOLK



C100 IMPERIAL SPACE MARINES



THE QUEST OF

KALEB DAARK

SCRIPT: WAGNER/GRANT

ART: EWINS/J. MCCARTHY

LETTERS: S. POTTER

WHEN KHORNE THE BLOOD GOD DID LEARN OF THE KILLING OF HIS CHAMPION SLEBAN FOULHEART AND THE RESCUE OF PRAAG, HIS RAGE-SCREAM ECHOED ACROSS THE COSMOS. AND HE VOWED AN OBSCENE VOW AGAINST THE OUTCAST MALAL - AND HIS VILE SERVANT KALEB DAARK...

FROM THE FAR REACHES OF NORSCHA KHORNE SUMMONED THEM—

SYTHE!

ZINBAR SICKLESWORD, SLAYER OF THE GOOD, DEFILER OF THE PURE...

AND WORSE—THOSE DEMON-BRED WARRIORS WHOSE VERY NAME WAS CHAOS—WHOSE PEEDS GAVE NEW MEANING TO THE WORD EVIL...

HOGAN HEADHACKER, BLOOD-DRINKER—HE WHOSE FESTERING TOTEM-STAVE BORE WITNESS TO HIS DEPRAVITY...

HELWUD AND JAEK... JAEK AND HELWUD... THE CHAOS BROTHERS!

CHOP!

RENT!

AND KHORNE MADE THEM RIDE—WITH BUT ONE COMMAND BURNING IN THEIR TWISTED MINDS—

SLAY KALEB DAARK!

IN THE DEPTHS OF PALACE PRAAS THE DOOMED ONE, KALEB DAARK, FACED SKAVEN FIRE THROWER — POWERED BY THE EVIL OF THE WARPSTONE ...

WARFFLAME!
EVEN I
CANNOT LONG
RESIST IT!

MALAL...!



AS THE BLACK FLAME
BEAT AGAINST HIM,
HIS SHIELD — THAT
ELDRITCH SHIELD
GIFTED HIM BY THE
RENEGADE GOD —
SEEMED TO DRAW IN
ITS DARK POWER ...



DEVIL
EYE!

RUNRUN!



THEN SPIT IT OUT!



UH-OH!



SHRAAK!



HE-
HE'S
KILLED
THEM
ALL!

SKAVEN
SOULS — POOR
FODDER FOR
THE LIKES OF
US, EH, MY
DREADAXES?

FEAR NOT—
THERE IS RICHER
FARE TO COME.
MALAL HAS
PROMISED!







IT IS WRITTEN: ... AND THE DOOMED ONE SHALL RIDE OUT FROM PRAAG, ACROSS THE GUSHING LYNSK AND THENCE INTO NORSKA. AND THERE, THE FORCES OF CHAOS WILL CLOSE AROUND HIM...



ON THE SECOND DAY HE CAME ACROSS A BAND OF GOBLIN BRIGANDS — A DOZEN ALL TOLD — AND SLAUGHTERED THEM...



WHILE BEAST, HIS MUTANT WARSTEED, FED ON THE CARRION, THE CHAOS WARRIOR PREPARED A POTION FROM THE GOBLIN BLOOD —

A POTION THAT WOULD GIVE HIM DOMINANCE OVER THE SPAWN OF CHAOS... EVEN WHILE IT ATE AWAY AT ALL THAT MADE HIM HUMAN!

AND HE KNEW THE DAY WOULD COME WHEN THE HUMAN WAS NO MORE, AND HE WOULD BECOME ONE OF MALAL'S UNDEAD...

BUT THAT WAS PART OF THE PACT HE HAD MADE LONG AGO — IN THAT SOUTHERN LAND, WHEN HE WAS BUT A BOY AND HIS SOUL WAS STILL HIS OWN...



A BOY STRONG OF LIMB AND PURE OF HEART, TO WHOM GODS AND CHAOS HAD BEEN THE STUFF OF FAIRYTALES...

UNTIL THAT FATEFUL DAY —

FATHER!
MOTHER!



CHAOS CLAIMS THEE!



THAT NIGHT, AS HE LAY WEeping AMONG THE BODIES OF THOSE HE HAD LOVED, MALAL CAME TO HIM...



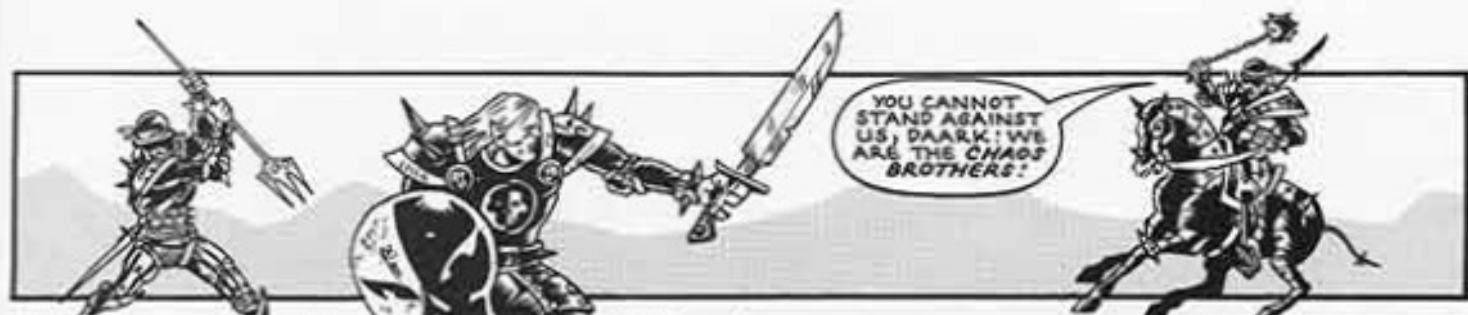
AND HE WHISPERED SWEET WORDS OF BLOOD AND VENGEANCE... FANNING THE RAW HATRED THAT KINDLED IN THE BOY'S HEART.





EDGE/MORRIS





YOU CANNOT STAND AGAINST US, DAARK! WE ARE THE CHAOS BROTHERS!



WE ARE ON A MISSION FROM GOD!

KLANG!

KRAANG!



I BOW TO NO GOD SAVE MALAL!

I'LL HAVE YOUR BLOOD, CHAOS DOGS!



THEN, ABOVE THE BATTLE, THE VERY MOUNTAINSIDE BEGAN TO QUAKE AND CRUMBLE—



AND THE TERRIBLE HAND OF MALAL WAS SEEN TO BE AT WORK!

Next:

GOD AMOK!

• HELWUD AND JAEK.....JAEK AND HELWUD....THE CHAOS BROTHERS •

When the servants of chaos gather amongst the smoke and fetor of their unholy halls, they raise their drinking-skulls to Khorne the Blood God. As one the gibbering crowd cries its deathly exhortation, gulps at its stinking brew of blood, swallows in honour of the thousand atrocities committed in Khorne's name. As the multitude grows drunk upon the fumes of that foul brew, warriors tell of their deeds and of the deeds of heroes past. But always the story returns to two of Khorne's servants, two heroes whose legendary exploits are steeped in the everliving gore of battle, Helwud and Jaek - Jaek and Helwud - The Chaos Brothers.

Their's is a tale of death, of violence, of blood, and of more death. It is a tale rendered all the more terrible because it begins in so innocent a setting as the 'Orphanage of Verena', a charitable institution for waifs and strays in the

little town of Wurtbad. There Helwud and Jaek grew to boyhood under the close supervision of a priestess of Verena. Alas that supervision was not closer! For at night the young orphans would forsake their comfortable beds and creep down to the cellars below the crumbling foundations. There they would listen to strange stories told by the mysterious stranger that lived amongst the garbage and filth of the under-crypt. Only the orphans knew of this dark figure that spoke in a rattling voice and who played soft music upon a piping reed. Little did they realise how much damage that oddly inhuman voice and that unearthly music was inflicting upon their virgin souls. For behind the sombre rags that clothed their nocturnal mentor was nothing less than one of the arch-servants of Chaos - a Skaven Lord of Decay bent upon moulding malleable young souls to the will of Khorne!

Of the deeds of heresy, infamy and murder committed at the 'Orphanage of Verena' on the night of *Hexensnacht* we shall say no more. From that bloody day the legend of two of the most feared of Chaos Warriors began. Who knows when it will end - pious men can but pray it will be soon.

WARHAMMER STATS

JAEK AND HELWUD

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
BATTLE	4	9	9	5	4	4	9
ROLEPLAY	4	85	85	5	4	25	90

	A	Dx	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fd
BATTLE	4	-	10	10	10	10	-
ROLEPLAY	4	85	90	90	90	90	90



Models illustrated at 75% full size.

METAL SHIELDS

In response to great public demand we have produced and maintain a range of metal shield designs. Designed for use in place of the plastic shields supplied with our models for those who prefer the heft of metal on the battlefield. Due to the less restrictive moulding techniques of manufacturing metal models we are able to offer an enormous variety of shapes, sizes and decoration as compared to the plastic shields. All the designs currently being manufactured are illustrated here and these will be periodically added to in the future as demand and fancy take us!

In order to keep the cost of the metal shields as low as possible we can only supply them as random assortments of 12 shields.

Shield designs are illustrated at full size. Look out for new designs in our monthly releases and in our *White Dwarf* adverts.



COMING SOON!

Well over the course of the next year anyway!

Probably the biggest single event in the history of the universe - bigger even than the Big Bang itself - will be occurring sometime later this year when **WARHAMMER 40,000 - ROGUE TRADER** is released by Games Workshop. The target date for release is September of '87 and so far things are looking good. Yes, we know we've said rash things before about it being available but this time we really, honestly and truly mean it. Honest!

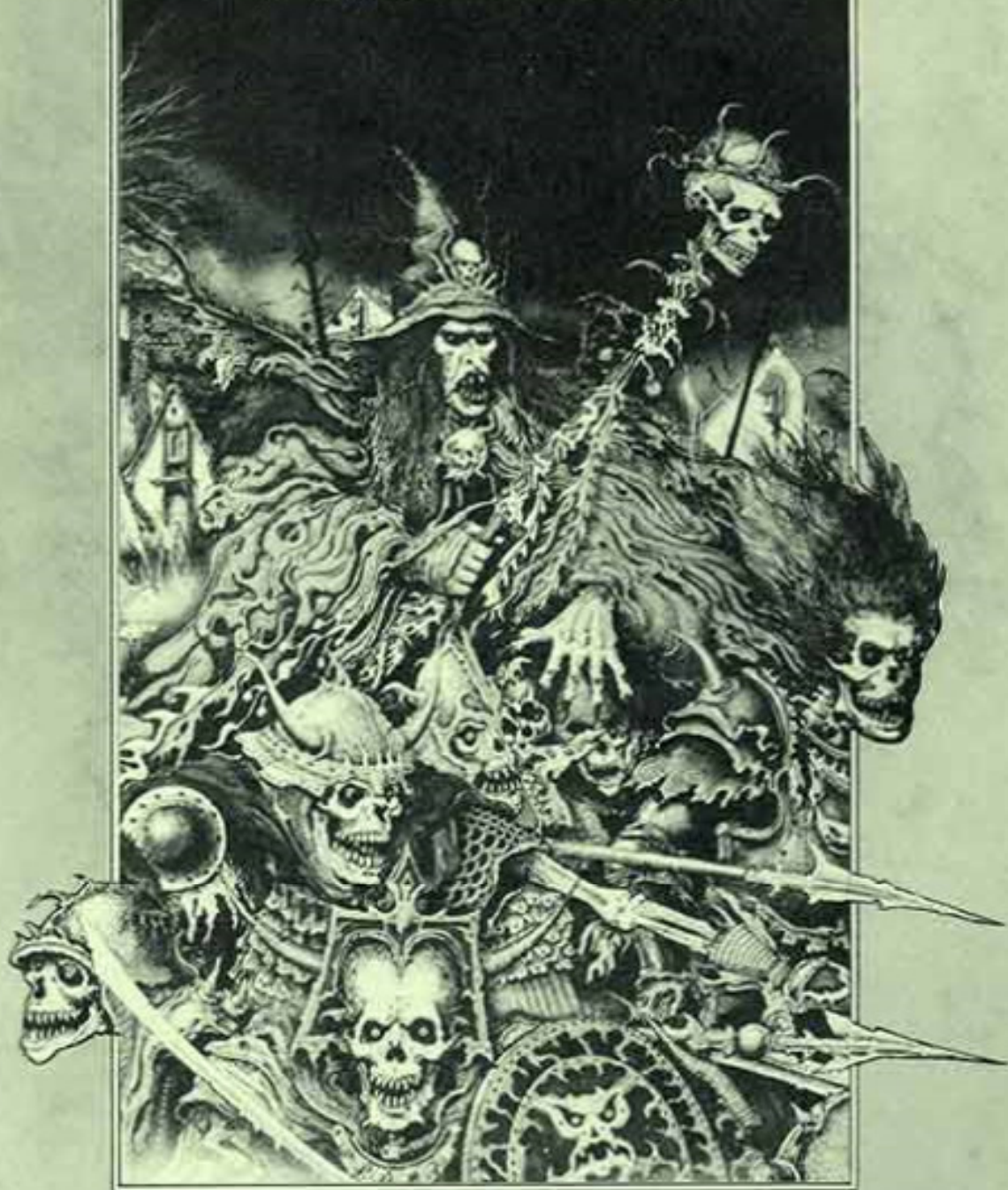
WH40K - ROGUE TRADER (or even WH40K as we are referring to it), for those of you who haven't read any of our previous pre-release news items, is of course the futuristic version of the **WARHAMMER BATTLE GAME**. We are planning some really attractive miniatures to back it up - along the lines of the **C100 SPACE MARINES** shown in the catalogue section. Watch this space!

Other things to look out for in the meantime include the usual and irrepressible cartloads of marvellous new miniatures from the workbenches of the world's greatest design team. New models spanning the breadth of the fantastic, the futuristic and the downright awesome! Of special note are the extensive additions to the boxed set lines planned. More **Regiments of Renown**, **Dragons**, **Machineries** and one or two less-classifiable sets are all scheduled for release over the next 6 months or so.

And, on top of all that lot, we are also busy working away on choice items like **SIERGE** rules for **Warhammer Battle** and a massive hard-back **Compendium** (Late Summer).

Amongst this vast cornucopia of new and exciting miniatures and games there are bound to be a few surprises and unexpected developments. We'll try and keep you posted via our monthly release sheets and *White Dwarf* magazine.

JOURNAL IV PRICE LIST



S·P·R·I·N·G 8·7

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KALEB DAARK MINIATURES

NOTE: These models require assembly.

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METAL SHIELDS

SH1 METAL SHIELDS

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C100 IMPERIAL SPACE MARINES.....	75p each

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The Citadel Journal is an occasional magazine published two or three times a year. The Journal features articles and other items of interest

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ground, painting tips, etc. The Journal is also published for you to make your comments, or to suggest new ideas via its letters pages and competitions. Although we don't have space for a letters pages this time, please keep your comments coming in for the next Journal.

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Add 85p for orders under £10.00

Orders over £10.00 are post free

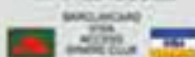
OVERSEAS

Add 50% for Carriage

OVERSEAS AIR MAIL

Add 50% for Carriage

HOW TO TELEPHONE ORDER



Orders & queries telephone free orders

01753 60000

01753 60000

01753 60000

Monday to Friday



**NEW MACHINERIES OF
DESTRUCTION** - stats,
background, photos!
DIXON'S DIORAMAS -
in full-colour
COMPENDIUM UPDATE -
miniatures a plenty!
KALEB DAARK -
the continuing saga!
CITADEL DRAGONS -
background and stats
for Warhammer!
**BUGMAN'S AND THE
NIGHTMARE LEGION** -
a closer look at these
Regiments of Renown!

