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# WHITE DWARF

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# Warhammer City

A Guide to Middenheim - the City of the White Wolf

Hearken to the words of the Seer:-

*"I see darkness gathering around a walled town - Shadows Over Bögenhafen! I see the Lord of Death astride a mighty river - Death, on the Reik! I see a hooded evil behind the seat of a once mighty Lord - a Power Behind the Throne!"*



The latest release from the bowels of Games Workshop's Design Studio represents the combined efforts of no less than five mind-boggling talents: Phil Gallagher, Carl Sargent, Graeme Davis, Jim Bambra, and Sean Masterson. Backdrop to the next instalment of *The Enemy Within* Campaign, it is an invaluable supplement for all *WFRP* GMs who've ever wished for a detailed city guide. This 96-page hardback book comes complete with a large, full colour City Map, and is packed with information. History, campaign ideas, 'cameo' adventures, NPCs, dozens of superbly detailed locations - there's enough here to keep the most active of adventurers busy for months.

Ancient and imposing, the walled city of Middenheim perches atop a sheer-sided pinnacle of rock rising five hundred feet above the twisted trees of the Drak Wald Forest. Middenheim has stood over two thousand years. Though it is but a short distance (as the Skaven burrows) to the Chaos Wastes of the north, and the surrounding forest harbours bands of Beastmen and Mutants, the solidity and majesty of the City seem to hold out the hope that it will endure for centuries to come.

That Middenheim exists at all is due in no small part to the labours of the Dwarfs. Over a thousand Dwarfs spent the better part of a century working their way to the plateau by cutting through the very core of the pinnacle known as the Fauschlag, mining it for useful minerals (and not a little gold) as they went. Fortifying the plateau was the first

priority; the City followed after. During the ensuing process of expansion, the defences were modified and protected, and perhaps the greatest fortress outside the Dwarven realms of the Worlds Edge Mountains came into being.

But the beauty of Middenheim is only skin deep. The Dwarven excavations under the City were supposedly sealed over eight hundred years ago, leaving the spectacular viaducts and vertiginous chair lifts as the City's only entrances. Or so most people think. But the Dwarfs had secretly kept some of the old tunnels open, and from the surrounding wilderness other, darker creatures have found ways into the network. Like a cancer, the servants of Chaos have worked their way up towards the City, riddling the rock with their perverted kind. For years they have bided their time while their evil plots slowly ripened. Now there is something in the air - a wind of change carries the smell of rotting flesh through the rock's tunnel network. While above ground, in the heart of the City's society, the followers of the Chaos Gods have also made their plans. The Time of Changes is coming, and *They* are waiting...



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# WHITE DWARF

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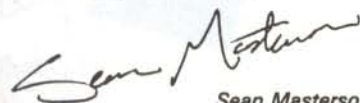
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Science fiction and fantasy authors have  
provided rock musicians with inspiration  
for almost as long as Fender have been  
making stratocasters. Hawkwind made  
the crossover more successfully than  
most, not only writing songs inspired by  
Michael Moorcock's work, but actually  
recording and performing with him as  
well.

But the flexi-disc bound in with this  
issue must be the first case of rock music  
inspired by a mythos developed entirely  
for an RPG. So we thought you ought to  
hear it.

People have been commenting on the  
increase in strange behaviour ever since  
the idea got off the ground. Graeme Davis  
has adamantly denied buying PVC  
trousers, Jim Bamba's Grateful Dead  
tapes have started appearing around the  
office and there has either been a mass  
migration of gerbils from the typesetting  
desk, or Trish Morrison has taken to  
wearing a shock wig.

Me, I can't see that anything's changed  
at all. I mean, no way baby.



Sean Masterson

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Moorcock.



# Margina'lia

to enter on the margin.—*adj.* mar'ginal pertaining to a margin; in or on the margin; barely sufficient.—*n.* marginal constituency.—*n. pl.* marginā'lia notes written on the margin.—*v.t.* mar'ginalise, -ize to furnish with notes.—*adv.* mar'ginally.—*adj.s.* mar'ginate, -d having a well-marked border; mar'gined.—marginal con-

Why does Stephen Hand only work at night? Have Phil Gallagher and Graeme Davis really managed to fathom the depths of Carl Sargent's mind? How do you get several hundred square miles of City Block into a cardboard box? Would we tell you even if we knew? Of course we would. Listen...

## FURY OF DRACULA

Fantasy Board Game  
£12.99

*"I am Dracula. And I bid you welcome to my house. Enter freely and of your own will..."*

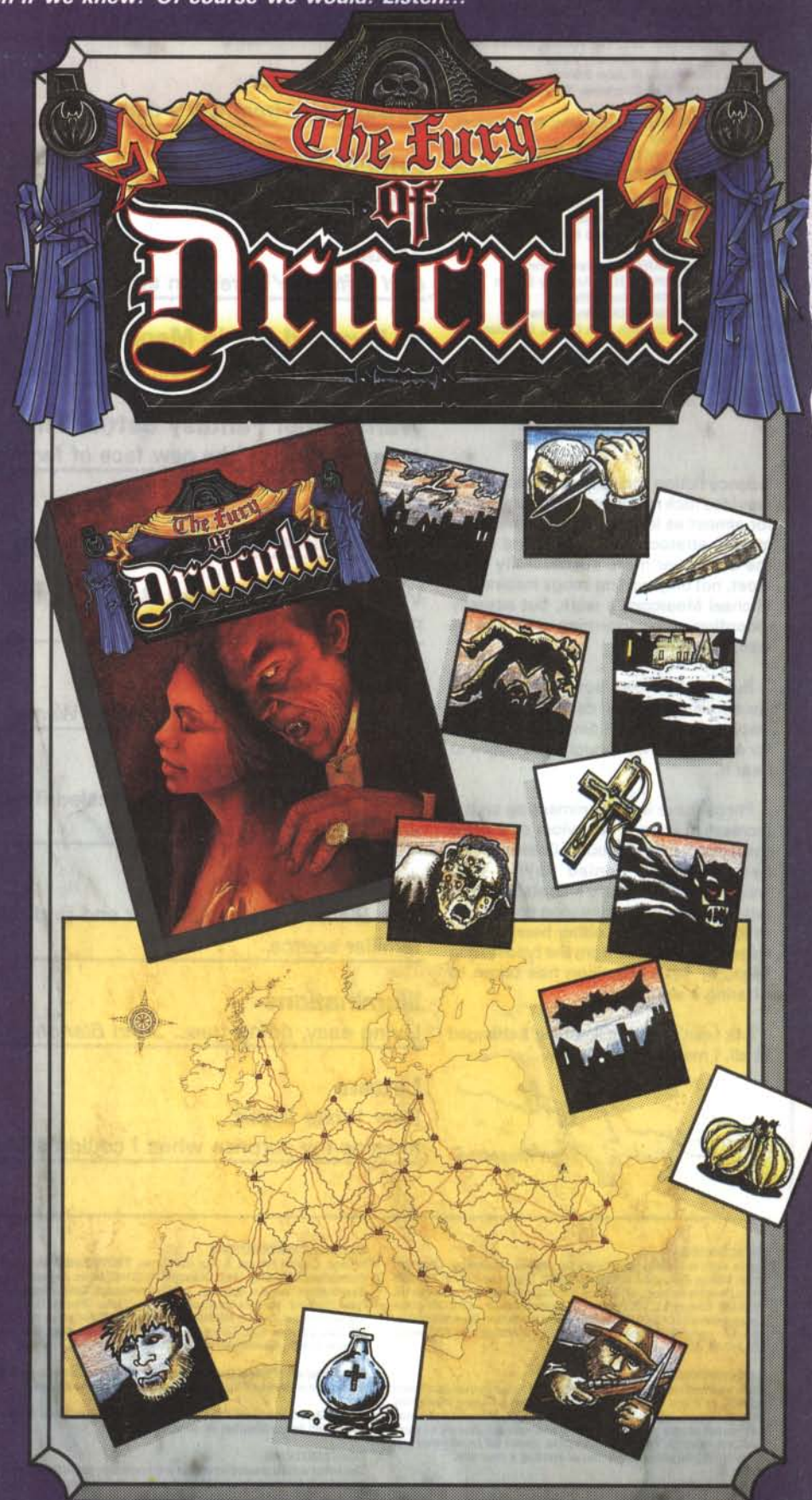
Put away your plastic fangs. **The Fury of Dracula** is here. It's finally made it after two years of design and revision. Workshop had been considering a move into horror games of a more spoof-ish nature for some time, and indeed *Chainsaw Warrior*, a modern horror game, was selling quite well. However, other attempts at vampire games have been plagued by puerile plots and mundane mechanics. Fans of the horror genre (like myself) stood little chance of seeing a demanding game enter the marketplace. But someone somewhere decided that good game design itself would permit development of this much maligned subject. History lesson aside, let's take a look at the game itself.

*Fury of Dracula* is a board game for 2-4 players. For the background I stuck to a single source of reference, that being the original novel written by Bram Stoker in 1897. So forget all the horror films you've seen - this game is true to the book only. For example, did you know that in the novel Dracula actually walked the streets of London in broad daylight? And did you know that he was destroyed by a Bowie knife being plunged into his heart and not the ubiquitous wooden stake? I thought not.

This 'purist' approach decided on, to simply follow the storyline of the text would be predictable and tedious, so I considered Dracula's greater aim in the novel, which was to establish an empire of Undead, starting in London and spreading throughout the world. He failed because of his inexperience and over confidence. But what if he were given a second chance? He would have learned by his mistakes and would have played a far more cunning game, weaving elaborate schemes across the European continent. So I decided to make the game a sequel to the novel, taking place in 1898, though I carefully avoided explaining how Dracula survived his apparent doom at the end of the book (not wishing to enter the movie domain of flimsy explanations). It is enough to know that he has returned to try again, and in doing so, wreak his vengeance upon his previous opponents.

Inside the box you get a board, two dice, a deck of Event Cards, four plastic playing pieces, a sheet of counters, the Strategy & Movement Chart, the Strategy & Movement Screen, the Combat Action Board, Rulebook and three Hunter Playsheets - the use of which will be discussed shortly.

One player takes the role of Dracula and the others are three of the original Vampire Hunters: Dr Seward, Lord Godalming and Professor Van Helsing. To preserve balance, there are always three Hunters in the game even if there are fewer than three Hunter players (in which case the Hunter players decide how to split control of the Hunters between them).





Dracula aims to set up his vampiric empire in Europe before he can be found and destroyed. If he succeeds in killing any of the Hunters as well, then his victory conditions improve. The Hunters play as a team. If Dracula wins, they all lose, and if he loses, they all win. It is their job to hunt down Dracula and destroy both him, and any of the vampires encountered along the way. Easy eh? Well not quite because everything Dracula does is carried out in secret!

While the Hunters move on the mapboard and make all their actions in the open, the Dracula player uses hidden movement. The board shows a map of Europe on which are sixty different towns and cities linked by road (and some by railways), but Dracula has something called the Strategy & Movement Chart (SMC) which he places behind the Strategy & Movement Screen, to stop any of the Hunter players seeing his moves.

On the chart are sixty named boxes each corresponding to a town on the mapboard. The Hunter playing pieces are moved on the map, but the Dracula player places his piece in a box on the chart. Obviously, if his piece is in the London box, it means that the Count is in London. In this way Dracula gets to know where the Hunters are but they do not know where he is. This approach to hidden movement does away with some of the problems that other systems create. No record pads and pencils and no dummy counters to move on the board etc.

Dracula moves first in the turn, which is divided into a Movement Phase and an Action Phase. Movement itself can only be by road from one town to an adjacent one, by rail (which can be a lot faster but involves rolling on a table to discover whether there is a train available - and the services are not all that good...) or by sea (areas of which are divided into sea sectors). When a Hunter moves, he simply moves his playing piece on the board, but when Dracula moves, he consults the map, determines his destination using the normal movement rules and then quite simply moves his piece on the SMC into the box corresponding to his destination.

The SMC is also used in another way. Dracula has Encounter Chits which he deploys in his Action Phase. He can place one in the town box he currently occupies, where it remains after his departure. The choice of chits is determined randomly, the most useful type being vampires (six of these on the board and Dracula is assured of victory). The rest of the Encounter chits include such things as Bats, armed gypsies, Storms and so on, any of which can hamper or even kill the Hunters. Once Dracula has deployed a chit his turn ends.

Hunters move and then, in the Action Phase, must explore the town where they arrive. To do this a player declares which town he has just moved to. The Dracula player then looks at his SMC and if there is an Encounter Chit in the named box, he reveals it. Each chit has particular instructions which have to be followed, resulting in delays, combat or worse. If the Hunters find a Vampire, they can attempt to destroy it and thus hinder the Count in his bid for victory. It is by the discovery of Encounter Chits that the Hunters can begin to pin Dracula down as he must have entered the Town in a previous turn to have deployed the chit there.

After the chit has been encountered the Dracula player must declare whether Local Rumours (a special marker which follows the Count wherever he goes) or the Count are in the same town, which again, may result in combat. After that, the Hunter may obtain either Event

Cards or Weapon Chits. Which brings us to combat.

Combat, between the Hunters and Dracula or any of his mortal agents is detailed but simple. Combat rarely occurred in the book, and where it did it served as an action packed break in the tense, brooding pace of the story. The combat mechanics had to reflect this. Rolling dice and getting a '6', or whatever, was obviously inadequate. Something that would almost approach roleplaying standards was required. The solution was this:

At the start of the game, each hunter has three combat chits: *Dodge*, *Fist* and *Escape*. Each represents an action a Hunter can make in a round of combat. After searching a Town the Hunter has the opportunity to pick up weapons (such as a *Rifle*, *Crucifix* or *Sacred Bullets*), increasing his choice of actions and their effectiveness. (Dracula and his Agents have a set amount of combat chits.) On entering combat, both adversaries place a chit face down on the Combat Action Board, and roll to see who wins initiative (applying various modifiers). The chits they played are then revealed. If the Hunters win initiative, the two chits are cross referenced on a table (on the Combat Action Board) which favours them, but if Dracula wins, a table which favours the Count is used. Results vary from a parry to the dreaded bite. If both combatants are still alive, another round begins and is performed in exactly the same way. What this system allows is a swift blow by blow account of the fight which continues until one side is defeated or escapes.

Dracula can suffer an outright kill result in combat but can also die gradually as a result of Blood Point loss. Other things also cause a loss of Blood Points, such as travelling by sea (which weakens him). Should the Count run out of Blood, he is forced to flee back to Castle Dracula. If he succeeds in getting there unharmed, the game ends in a minor victory for the Hunters because although they have beaten him, he will return in years to come for another attempt.

Hunters can die as a result of wounding but if they die whilst bitten (either by Dracula or by one of his seductive vampires), then they become vampires also and count heavily towards Dracula's victory conditions.

However, despite all this talk of combat, it should be noted that fighting is not what the game is about. It is about bluff and strategy. It is a foolish Dracula who rushes into combat or allows himself to be caught, especially as when Dracula himself is in combat a roll has to be made to see what time of day it is. If the combat occurs during the hours of daylight, then he is severely restricted in the combat strategies which may be employed, and there is a high chance that he will be killed as a result. It is up to Dracula to stay one step ahead of the Hunters, and not let himself be cornered. He can protect himself and his vampires with a trail of intervening Encounter chits to slow and damage the Hunters. The Hunters themselves have two basic options, whether to move as a group or individually. Hunters in a group follow special rules to their advantage and they are a lot tougher in combat but, of course, it means that they search at a much slower rate. Individual Hunters can each search different areas of Europe fairly quickly, but anything they find must be faced alone!

Another novel feature concerns the Event Card deck mentioned earlier. Event Cards cover the usual array of effects such as recovering from wounds, missing turns etc, but there are also some quite special cards such as the vicious 'Newspaper Reports' which force Dracula to

reveal his location immediately. I wanted both players to be able to draw Event Cards, yet I didn't want the Hunters to get an idea of where Dracula was by the number of cards he drew (different towns allow you to take more cards than others). The solution was to tie it all in to the Hunters. The Event Cards themselves are marked on the back with either 'D' or 'H'. If the card is marked 'H', the Hunter keeps the card he has drawn, but if it has a 'D', then it is given to the Dracula player. Furthermore, the cards are taken from the *bottom* of the draw pile so that the Hunter does not know who the next card will be for. As an incentive to the Hunters to take cards, some of theirs are quite powerful and there are a lot more cards in the deck for the Hunters than there are for Dracula.

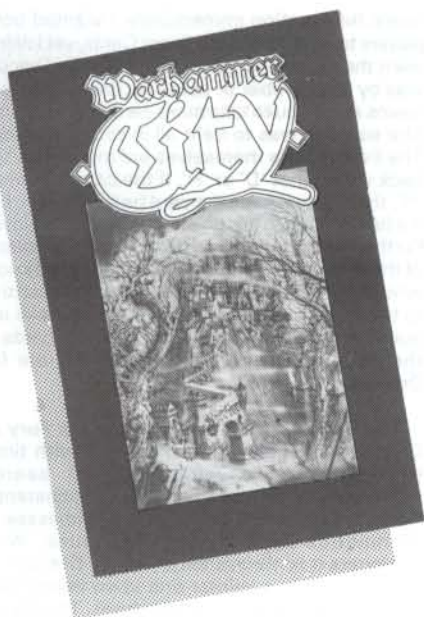
There is vast scope for strategy in *Fury of Dracula* which players will develop with time. Hunters must develop efficient search techniques while the Count should constantly adapt his tactics to exploit the weaknesses of techniques applied by his enemies. With beginners it is always tempting, as Dracula, to actually follow a Hunter one town behind him thinking that he won't double back. This clever trick usually results in Dracula's destruction for reasons I'll let you discover. But even the best laid plans can go astray at the turn of an Event Card. Hunters also have to bear in mind that their ultimate aim is to destroy Dracula in combat. To that end they must try and collect the proper weaponry whilst not forgetting that they can only carry a maximum of three weapons and that waving a *Crucifix* won't help much if the Hunter is attacked by a pack of bloodthirsty wolves.

Playtests have shown that the game has succeeded in capturing the heavy gothic flavour of the novel. Hunting Dracula is quite tense and the Dracula Player himself almost inevitably ends up adopting a callous persona as a result of his secret plotting and deployment of intricate Encounter chit layouts across Europe. And indeed, facing Dracula in combat during night-time can be a truly terrifying experience for an ill-equipped Hunter. If you want a game which is heavy on strategy and overflowing with menace, then *Fury of Dracula* is for you - but if you want to go running round Castle Dracula with a set of plastic fangs, then I've got an old game drawn on corrugated cardboard at home somewhere...

Stephen Hand







## WARHAMMER CITY

### A Guide to Middenheim - City of the White Wolf

**Warhammer Fantasy  
Roleplay Supplement  
£8.99**

This is a 96-page hardback book, forming a companion volume to *The Enemy Within* campaign, and providing detailed information about the City-State of Middenheim.

Middenheim is the setting for *Power Behind the Throne*, the fourth adventure in *The Enemy Within* series, and the original intention was to incorporate gazetteer information for Middenheim in *Power*, in a similar style to the gazetteer in *Shadows Over Bogenhafen*. But the seeds of Carl Sargent's notes offered so much potential that we just couldn't resist developing them. There is so much more to say when detailing a city of 13,500 inhabitants, and what started out as the 'City Background' section of *Power Behind the Throne* grew and grew until it was clear that a separate product was necessary to do it full justice.

Middenheim stands upon a 500-foot-high rock, the Fauschlag, in the very heart of the Empire. Surrounded by the sinister Drak Wald Forest, it is a fortress and a shrine, as well as a city. According to myth, the rock was given to Ulric, god of war, wolves and winter, by his brother Taal, so that Ulric might have a centre for his worship. Here is to be found the great fortress-temple which is the heart of Ulric's cult, drawing pilgrims from every corner of the Empire.

The City is also a great seat of learning, with the imposing Collegium Theologica rivaling the universities of Altdorf and Nuln, and it is a place of intrigue, where the Priesthood of Ulric and that of the younger but Imperially-backed cult of Sigmar are at daggers drawn beneath their cloak of civility. It is a city of contrasts, from the mighty Todbringer family in the Middenpalaz to the thieves and beggars of the Ostwald slums, from the piety of the temples to the decadence of the Templar's Downfall and its rakish clientele, from

the austere discipline of the Knights Panther to the riotous Carnival and its traditional Snotling football championship. And it is a cultural melting-pot, where Elves, Dwarfs and Halflings rub shoulders with Humans in harmony and co-operation. Mostly.

Carl Sargent must take responsibility for the original city design, but it has been expanded and developed by Phil Gallagher, with reams of extra material from Graeme Davis and Jim Bamba (the original *Enemy Within* design team), not to mention new WD editor, Sean Masterson.

An exciting feature of the presentation is the pull-out city map. Created by Charles Elliott (who did the superb castle map in *Death on the Reik*). It's a delight to behold, and an invaluable play-aid, too! It took some doing to get an A2 map into an A4 format book, but we managed it. Just.

Ian Miller's cover is a masterpiece - arguably surpassing the job he did on *Death on the Reik* - while Tony Ackland, Martin McKenna and Stephen Tappin have conspired to produce some truly evocative black and white illustrations for the internals.

The book itself breaks the city down into a number of districts, each with full details on notable locations, encounters and general atmosphere. Separate sections give full information on the city's history, political and economic structure, notable personalities, and institutions - religious, magical and military. And rather than simply including essays on aspects of the city's background, care has been taken to ensure that all the information is relevant to play. Thus, the Religion section deals with player character Clerics and becoming an Initiate at one of the city's numerous temples; the chapter on the military explains how characters can enlist in the City Watch; and the section on Law and Order provides a simple system for dealing with player characters who step outside the law.

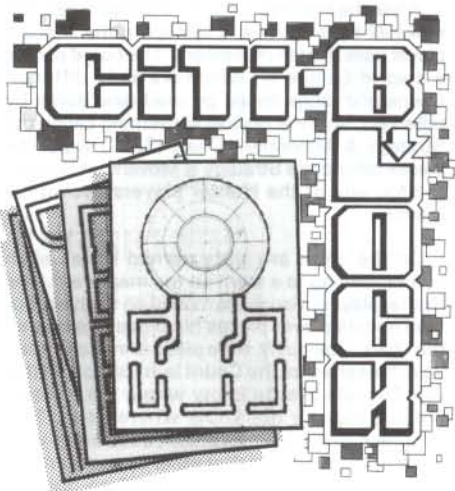
Beneath the city streets is the dark and largely forgotten realm of the Undercity - a warren of sewers, tunnels and old workings which honeycomb the pinnacle on which the city stands. This subterranean realm is far too big to be detailed in full, but there are extensive notes on its layout and inhabitants, and there's even a short adventure which should be sufficient to ensure that player characters won't be too keen to get involved on prolonged explorations.

And that's just the beginning. As well as the information on specific locations, there is a section on typical buildings and their inhabitants, in the same style as the popular *Typical Buildings of the Empire* section in the *WFRP* rulebook. Not to mention a selection of adventure outlines and ideas - for use both above and below ground. Indeed, our intention was always to put the emphasis on recreating the atmosphere of this unusual and rather liberal metropolis, so we've tried to include as many hints and tips on running city adventures as possible. Rather than attempting to provide a comprehensive street-by-street guide, we have concentrated on communicating the hustle and bustle of the place, with plenty of examples on how to bring it to life during gaming sessions.

Nor are the intricate threads of *The Enemy Within* campaign neglected. Beneath the city's veneer of sophistication and liberalism, its society is deeply pervaded by agents of the insidious Purple Hand - the Chaos Cult of Tzeentch, the Great Mutator. Full details of the Cult's organisation are provided as well as notes for a mini adventure. And Middenheim is also home to the Empire's largest group of Slaanesh followers - the Cult of the Jade Sceptre, self styled Deviants & Decadents.

In short, we've tried very hard to produce a book that you'll want to refer to again and again. Even if you have not yet got into playing *WFRP*, any GMs who run city adventures will find enough material here to keep their group busy for months!

Graeme Davis and Phil Gallagher



## CITI-BLOCK

**Judge Dredd Floor Plans  
RPG Game Aid  
£5.99**

*Citi-Block* is designed to fill an obvious gap in the *Judge Dredd* range. Following the successful format established by *Dungeon Lairs*, this floor plan set is also intended to be compatible with the plans included in Richard Halliwell's *Slaughter Margin* adventure. The box includes 8 A3 sheets of full colour block plans with 4 A4 sheets of card furnishings and fittings to allow a multitude of possible configurations. In addition, there is a 20 page booklet by Judge Carl Sargent which provides a superbly detailed system for designing a complete Mega-City block, with notes on how you can use and customise the plans to layout a variety of familiar Mega-City locations: from Entrance Plazas to Sky-Rail Stations, from a Citi-Def armoury to a Helipad.

The floorplans have been designed to be usable 'straight from the box' but can be converted into countless other layouts simply by adding some of the cut-out furniture overlays, or by combining and overlapping two or more sheets. A Block Park, a Vehicle Park, Mega-Mart and various apartments are just a few of the more obvious examples.

The artwork is all that you would expect from Gordon 'Slaughter Margin' Moore and Dave Andrews. Incidentally, the hi-tech appearance means that they would also make ideal plans for *Warhammer 40,000* or indeed, any SF roleplaying or skirmish game.

Carl Sargent has done an excellent job on the Block Generation system, even including tables for the random generation of occupants complete with their criminal records! You need never be caught on the hop whenever your Judges want to visit a Mega-City Block.

Phil Gallagher



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Settings in the name of the Emperor, Brothers. By now you should be aware of those establishments on Earth which are renowned for their wide and interesting selection of games, supplements, figures and a multitude of useful gaming materials - that is to say the GAMES WORKSHOPS. Detailed inquiries and painless (fairly) interrogation has disclosed the names of the managers of these shops, and they are detailed below. They are to be regarded as helpful, friendly and approachable at all times. MARUS KLANNG.

**SPECIAL REPORT! PLEASE NOTE ALL GAMES WORKSHOPS WILL BE RUNNING 'WARHAMMER 40,000' DAYS ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7th. SEE YOUR LOCAL SHOP FOR DETAILS!!!**

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FOR GAMES WORKSHOP MAIL ORDER ADDRESS & DETAILS SEE PAGES 8 & 9.





## THRUD ON THE STREETS!

By Kurgan 'Armadillo' Bradley



Dawn broke over the fair city of Liverpool on Saturday the 19th September, with little warning as to the strange events that were to take place. In fact, it was to be 'Thrud Day' at the Liverpool branch of Games Workshop, with special offers on Thrud T-shirts, figures and the Graffik Novel. The special guest for the day was Carl Critchlow himself, the originator and illustrator of Thrud, who was not only to be signing autographs, displaying some of his artwork and chatting with the customers, but (for a small fee) drawing sketches of visitors heads onto prints of Thruds torso, as well as selling Thrud prints. Carl was constantly besieged by Thrud fans waiting to be drawn by the man himself, and only stopped twice all day - once for lunch (at the Swan!) and again to judge the winner of the Thrud figure painting competition.

It was very difficult to choose a winner from all of the entries, but eventually Carl decided that the entry from Stephen Molyneux, age 15, had that little bit extra, and declared him the Winner. Unfortunately by this time Stephen had gone home, so the prize was placed along side his entry in the shop's display case. If this is the first you've heard about your win, Stephen, congratulations, and go and collect your prize now!

Surprisingly, there were no entries for the 'Thrud Look-alike' competition, (although I did offer myself!), but perhaps even Liverpool is a little too civilised for that kind of behaviour, although there was a guest appearance made by Thrud's adversary 'The Black Currant', who had his fun by standing motionless outside the shop for long periods of time, and then when passers-by stopped to admire the 'dummy', he'd suddenly move, scaring the wits out of them!

At the end of the day, Carl declared himself to be pleased with the proceedings, and Simon Harrison, the Shop Manager, heaved a great sigh of relief that it was all over (until next year?!)



## ATTACK OF THE 'EANOR ORCSI!

"I don't believe it!" muttered the new Manager of the Games Workshop Derby shop, "We don't even open till tomorrow....!" He glanced at his watch, and noted it was half past seven in the evening. Although the shop was due to open at the unearthly hour of half past five the next morning, he hadn't expected queues this early. He shivered.

"What shall we do, then?" asked one of the assistants, still stocking the shelves, "We can't let them in yet, we're not ready!"

"Give 'em this!" The Manager tossed a copy of Cosmic Encounter to the assistant, "Tell them it's on the house!"

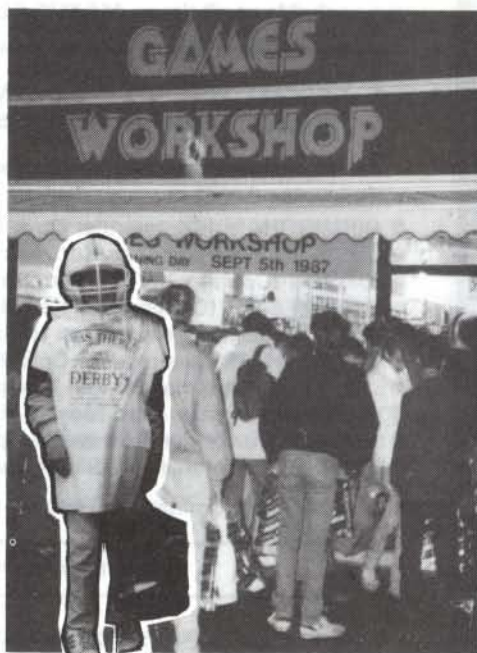
And so, into the early hours of the morning, the stalwart few played on...

That was the strange start to the opening of the newest Games Workshop shop, now ably run by the incomparable Andrew Szczpankewicz (or, if you find that a mite difficult, 'Pank'!). The Grand Liverpool Opening had had crowds dancing for miles down the streets, and so to avoid causing any problems this time, the early start was scheduled, and it certainly seemed that some people were keen to be first in the queue! On offer were games and supplements at silly prices, and a great deal on the brand new Block and Mega- Manias, so to keep everyone in line there was a special guest appearance (in full kit) by the Heanor Hawks (or should that be 'Eanor Orcs?) American Football team, which was more than enough to keep everyone happy (or at least not complain about being unhappy)!

Extra special guests inside the store included the famous Fighting Fantasy authors Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone, and Bryan Ansell, MD and 'Da Boss' of Games Workshop, all of

whom spent a very busy day chatting to customers and answering their questions, as well as other Workshop staff and personalities, and the famous Mythlore monsters, who also had an enjoyable, if slightly hectic day!

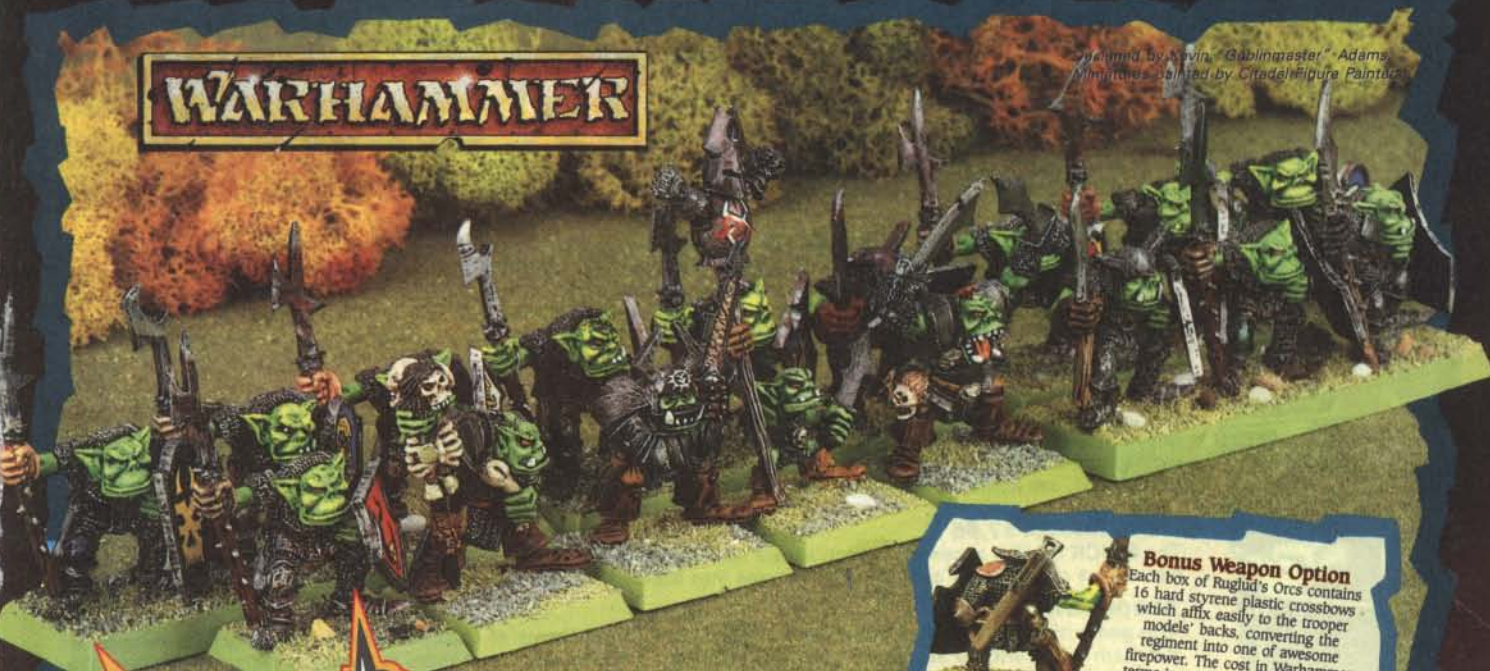
As for the customers, they seemed to be completely satisfied with the day, scooping up the goodies, meeting the guests and checking out all of the new products on show, so the message on the streets now is "Don't miss the next great Games Workshop opening - soon!"





WARHAMMER

Designed by Kevin 'Goblinmaster' Adams. Miniatures painted by Citadel Figure Painters.



**Bonus Weapon Option**  
Each box of Ruglud's Orcs contains 16 hard styrene plastic crossbows which affix easily to the trooper models' backs, converting the regiment into one of awesome firepower. The cost in Warhammer terms is one extra point per model armed. The cost to you is nothing extra to pay!

# Ruglud's ARMoured ORCS

## The Spike-Can Commandoes

The Crooked Eye Orcs had travelled far toward the Old World, enduring sniping mountain Goblins, incessant rain, and the endless whining of Bambrag, their incontinent shaman.

Once, they skirted a ruined Dwarfhold. A single Orc Champion named Ruglud had dared enter; he returned unharmed, but ever since had stared blankly and silently into space. Now the Orcs huddled in the rain before a rough stone wall across a narrow pass.

'Stoopid!' yelled Chief Gudruk Bonechewer at a figure on the battlements, 'Do we look like Chaos boys?'

'Zog off!'

Gudruk returned to the tribe, dodging the hail of stones and refuse that accompanied this witty riposte.

'Lissen,' he said. 'Them kak'ead Gobboes reckon the Chaos boys took ev' ryfink over. They ain't comin' out nor lettin' nuffink through. They got bows an' rocks an' spears an' stuff - if we tried to get 'em, they'd crump us. We need volunteers'. His warriors developed a sudden and compelling interest in the ground at their feet.

Miniatures Supplied Unpainted

## REGIMENTS OF RENOWN £9.99

'Or armour', whined Bambrag, 'Couldn't touch us if we 'ad cans like real Chaos boys.'

'We ain't got cans, 'ave we, *Trickle-legs?*' snarled Gudruk.

'Cans... lyin' where they dropped... all black an' spiky!' It was Ruglud who spoke. Gudruk shook him to help restore his senses.

'Down the Stunty'ole...' he continued dreamily, 'Lost... lotsa rooms... one big enough to stand up in... big pile of stiffs an' gear... spiky Stunties an' eg'ar ones... wiped each uvver out...'

'Yerrrss!' cried Gudruk, 'Come on, boys - it' Gobbo fer tea!'

The gear was recovered from the Dwarfhold, crudely adapted and held together with whatever came to hand. By nightfall, a small unit of armoured warriors was ready.

As the gear' discoverer and the bravest, meanest and most stupid Orc, Ruglud became leader. At Gudruk' suggestion, Bambrag became the regimental musician, and Maggot - Gudruk' youngest and most irritating whelp - held the standard.

The tribe feasted on Goblin-flesh until dawn - except Ruglud, whose helmet had stuck. He was reduced to sucking broth through a straw.

### Ruglud, Orc Champion

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Int	Cl	WP
4	4	4	4	4	1	3	1	7	5	7	7

### Armoured Orc Warrior

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Int	Cl	WP
4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	5	7	7

Equipment: armour and shield (AST 5-6), sword, halberd. Ruglud has two swords.



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### CAR WARRIORS £3.50

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# CULTURE SHOCK

## Now's The Season To Be Merry...

In the run up to Christmas it seems that trapped in the secluded confines of the Design Studio, the Workshop Staff have worked themselves up into a pre-seasonal frantic frenzy of battles, buildings, secrecy and sheer degeneracy. If you don't believe this, then check out the following:

### ATTTTAAAAACCCCKKKKK!!!

As you may have seen from the eight page spread elsewhere in this issue, **Warhammer Battles III** is back with a vengeance. The third edition rules for mayhem table-top destruction form only a part of a mega package which the various Workshop scribes have spent months developing. For example, **Richard Halliwell** - with the aid of **Matt Connell** - has nearly completed the **Warhammer Armies** supplement, a hard-backed book written from scratch for **Warhammer III** and containing lists for new armies including the Chaos Dwarfs, Hobgoblins, the Slann and the Bretonians no less. This exhaustive product has been developed at the cost of Hal's sanity and his will to live.

And then there's the build it up, knock it down polystyrene castle designed by **Bob Naismith** and the man with no name, for use in Warhammer sieges. It's being released in conjunction with a special hardback tome called **Warhammer Siege!** Every time a news hound approached **Rick Priestly** for information on this in the past, the bearded and bespectacled fish fancier hastily covered everything up whilst giving vent to a howl of mad laughter. But, by hook and by crook, we've now got all the information we need.

Basically it's another hard-backed supplement to the third edition battle rules - almost a cross between miniatures and boardgaming, and is designed to be used with the aforementioned multi-dimensional castle. It provides all the rules necessary for using machineries of destruction, rules for pouring boiling oil on would be squatters, rules for tunnelling beneath castle walls, rules for defending the castle by filling the tunnels with cess... and so on and so on. With the book comes a map of the castle upon which the defender secretly moves a series of counters (also provided) representing movement (behind the walls and inside the towers) which the invading player should not be able to see.

Sounds interesting but what's this we hear about Brother Priestly, the badger and the half-thawed pork chop? The mind boggles.

### I Said, 'ATTTTAAAAACCCCKKKKK!!!'

Hot on the heels of **Death Zone**, **Jervis 'Specific Gravity' Johnson**, has started development work on a fantasy skirmish boardgame designed by **Gary Chalk** who is also supplying the art for what should be quite a package...

While we're on the subject, it has been rumoured that there is no such game as **Dragon's Tower**, **Dungeon Quest** or anything else of similar

ilk and that **Jervis Johnson** is *not* and never has been working on it. To disprove this wonderful untruth, Ace photographer **Phil 'Pigsticker' Lewis**, using his Japanese disc camera no less, has been able to catch them at it - a playtest of the original game, **Drak Borgen**. **Jervis, Bil**, and **Dave Andrews**, all of whom are taking responsibility for how the game turns out, decide where to fit a plastic miniature of the Swedish chef.

## Board Stiff

Work has been re-started on that victim of rescheduling, **Chainsaw Warrior II**, or as it's called in the trade, **Death's Head**. This game features a new board, new cards, a whole new adventure, and a range of new rules which allow more detailed combat and more action options but remain faithful to the original system.

This game sees our hero teamed with a group of associates raiding a keep in the Transylvanian Alps in a bid to steal the Spear of Longinus from a band of twenty first century Nazis. Designer **Stephen Hand** says that **Death's Head** will be the last warrior adventure to use the original format and that he already has ideas for two completely different **Chainsaw Warrior** solo games. He also assures us that **Death's Head** is going to be 'Well over the top, mate'... and is currently seeking specialist help.

## Scribbles From The Bowels Of Notts

On the roleplaying front, **Phil Gallagher** is still fighting valiantly to the death with **Power Behind the Throne**, and he has also dealt with the deluge of entries for the **Warhammer 40K** competition - more of which below. Phil's sanity is not currently in question.

Nor has **Graeme Davis** been behaving oddly whilst working on yet *another* project shrouded in mystery. However, after applying various techniques of persuasion on the aforementioned games personality, he cracked and revealed that he has made a major breakthrough and expansion on the **Dungeon Floorplan** system. He refused to say any more even though we threatened to make him sing on the next **White Dwarf** flex-disc (in fact, he's quite excited by the prospect of wearing the obligatory red and black stripey tight trousers!)

...Trousers which he will soon be able to afford, as this month sees the publication of **Midnight Rogue**, **Graeme's** masterful addition to **Steve Jackson** and **Ian Livingstone's** famous **Fighting Fantasy** range, published by Puffin. Whilst measuring his inside leg, **Graeme** told me that the

*Bil, Jervis Johnson and Dave Andrews playtesting the original Swedish edition of Dungeonquest!*



book is set in the notorious Port Blacksand and allows you, the hero, to prove your worth to the Thieves' Guild by obtaining a rare and valuable gem... from somebody else. The book, which is number 29 in this successful series, even includes a special thieves' skills system.

## There Go The Rates

Fruity **Mike Brunton** has joined the Warhammer monks in their continued Quest For Perfection, and is now working on the **Realm of Chaos** supplement. Asked to comment on his new neighbours, **Mike** replied, 'Flibbberrrr Gibberrrrr blp!'

## Mysterious Miniature Designer

The more observant among you may have noticed ads in recent **White Dwarf's**, inviting talented figure designers to join our team. **Bob Naismith**, our resident furry Scot, would like to hear from someone who sent some samples of his work (along with a 20p stamp for their return!), but who neglected to give an address. If this is you we're talking about - get in touch!

## Metal-Mania

Excuse the bad pun but it's Citadel December '87 time. Pinned up on the Village Cross is the following list of delectable model soldiers - Elf Cavalry, Beast-Handlers and War Dancers (held over from November) - Bugman's Beer Cart (*what about the Spittledung XXXXX guys?*) - the long awaited Nippon Rocket Crew - a Dwarf Heavy Weapon - more Men-at-Arms - more Elf warriors - Gypsy Villagers - Minotaurs - the Minotaur Lord - and the infamous Xmas Space Marines. The Elf Cavalry have an interesting new feature; detachable plastic spear-holding hands which will be interchangeable with hands holding other skull-splitting weapons to be released later. Figure conversions will never be the same again.

## And Finally...

Cue fanfare for the winners of the **Warhammer 40K** competition. They are: **George Constantine** of Norwich, **Murray J. Lynes** of Burton-on-Trent, **Stuart Johnson** of Northwich, **Colin W. Cubie** of Glasgow, and **Jonathon Laidlaw** of Carlisle. Congratulations to each and every one of them. There were a fair number of runners up and quite a few also-rans. Prizes will be on their way to the winners but hard luck to the losers who'll just have to fork out the cash.

And on that tyrannical note your monthly dose of **Culture Shock** comes to an end. So spread that on yer parkin an' munch it!



Every SF publisher in Britain made a special effort for the World SF Convention over the August bank holiday. High rise towers of the resulting review copies totter over me as I write. My postman hasn't recovered from lifting the huge crate of books sent by Gollancz...

The fattest is Greg Bear's **The Forge of God** (Gollancz 474pp £11.95), a lengthy near-future story which at first looks like a reworking of the classic problem of establishing contact with inscrutable alien visitors. Seen through a mosaic of individual viewpoints, the situation shifts perspective until the book becomes a moving and quite impressive account of how ordinary people might accept the destruction of the world. Although it's a gripping read from start to finish, much of the early material disappoints in retrospect: each tantalizing contact with apparent aliens proves to be part of a massive disinformation programme, a slideshow intended to distract a high-tech civilisation from what's really going on. Since the attacker's main weapon is so completely lethal and unstoppable by Earth technology, the camouflage and the (literally) millions of lesser weapons seem pointless - photogenic rather than strategically sensible. A good nasty read, though, with a flicker of optimism: in the jungle Out There, someone is on our side...

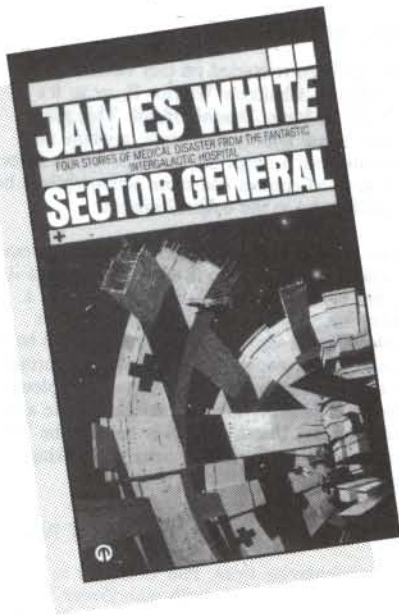
**The Urth of the New Sun** (Gollancz 372pp £11.95) is Gene Wolfe's long awaited pendant to the 'Book of the New Sun' series. It opens years after tetralogy's end, with Severian a lowly passenger in a continent-sized sailing ship travelling through space and time to another universe where he's to be judged as worthy or unworthy to bring the New Sun which could cataclysmically rejuvenate tired old 'Urth'. Tricks, traps and disguises abound, and as usual Wolfe is careful to avoid specific answers: even more than the tetralogy, this book ends in a metaphysical quagmire where the important meanings lurk between the perfectly clear things which are actually said. Light is cast on minor points like the origin of the Claw, or Severian's link with the bygone demigod Apu-Punchau, but the old enigmas remain. Fascinating and infuriating.

John Crowley's **Aegypt** (Gollancz 390pp £11.95) is almost literally too good to be true. It's a present day novel flirting with the whole musty fascinating complexity of Renaissance magical science; with the secret land of Aegypt and the secret histories of the world which are not found in textbooks. It opens with a 'Prologue in Heaven', as a sayer of 1582 sees a soul set out from 'ringing infinite void at once larger than the universe and at its heart', carrying an unknown message: there are to be four books and at the end we may see the message delivered. Meanwhile the failed historian Pierce Moffett is researching the hermetic tradition and its reflection in a dead novelist's works (which include a different version of *Aegypt's* prologue...). Meanwhile in the 1580's, Giordano Bruno carves a swathe of heresies across Europe and carries his fiery teachings towards London. *Aegypt* is the beginning of a long, strange journey, and is very beautifully written.

How does an established author come to terms with early, minor work? Some let it vanish; Asimov and Silverberg tend to reprint old stuff with slightly embarrassed introductions; Benford and Bishop have done conscientious rewrites. Brian Aldiss offers a highly ingenious approach

# CRITICAL MASS

A regular book review column, written by Dave Langford



in **Cracken at Critical** (Kerosina 192pp £12.50): make the hammy old stories even hammier, and present them between inverted commas as the efforts of a fictional SF hack. A brief framing narrative, 'The Mannerheim Symphony' encloses two mini-novels by 'Jael Cracken' - an old Aldiss pseudonym. 'The Impossible Smile' (1965) is incredibly awful, with a *deus ex machina* for every plot turn; 'Equator' (1958), an entertaining tale of alien political bluff, unreels at breathless pace as everyone runs around chasing and shooting everyone else to fill out the thin storyline. Note the careful contrast between 'Cracken's' sloppy wish-fulfilment endings and the bleak loophole which Aldiss-1987 considers the happiest way out.

There are no inverted commas around the plotlines of Gordon Dickson's **The Forever Man** (Sphere 375pp £3.50), wherein people can by sheer will-power transfer their minds into spaceships, and as a side effect gain the ability to (a) see without eyes, through anything; (b) lift the ship's dead weight by mental force alone; (c) wander disembodied through space, able to see lines of gravitational stress... In fact all this is necessary to Dickson's plot, in which a disembodied man and woman (inhabiting the same ship) try to understand two lots of SF aliens, one race being Very Boring And Literal Minded and the other Extremely Whimsical And Nearly Omnipotent. Mostly it's good, solid entertainment with some thoughtful asides - though I'm never very convinced when a grim emotional impasse is transformed into a very happy boy-meets-girl ending in just a few lines of dialogue on the last page.

**The Stainless Steel Rat Gets Drafted** (Bantam 256pp £9.95) is the seventh of Harry Harrison's 'Rat' books (chronologically, the second). Another lightweight romp, with the

youthful master-criminal's revenge plans requiring him to suffer the horrors of introduction into an army (based on Harrison's own experiences - 'I had to tone it down, the real thing was too horrible to be funny.')... Very much the mixture as before.

In **Wizardry and Wild Romance** (Gollancz 160pp £10.95), Michael Moorcock offers a characteristically quirky and iconoclastic view of fantasy. He's refreshingly rude about idols, pushes his own enthusiasms without mercy (counting the index references, one gathers that Moorcock's buddy M John Harrison is the most important fantasy author around), doesn't pretend to give a comprehensive coverage (John Crowley is barely mentioned; the popular authors Guy Gavriel Kay, Barbara Hambly and Judith Tarr don't appear), and, unusually for a critic in this field, has a sense of humour (Terry Pratchett is deservedly praised). Moorcock's chief touchstone is style, for which he has a fine ear: good verbal effects can win his seal of approval for books which overall I reckon aren't so wonderful, while Moorcock has no time for authors who write flatly, even if (like Tolkien) they can achieve a notable cumulative impact.

Moorcock likes Terry Bisson's **Talking Man** (Headline 192pp £2.50), whose quest to save the world from having never been involves a demented car-chase from Kentucky to the North Pole: enjoyably offbeat. **Tuf Voyaging** by George R R Martin (Gollancz 374pp £10.85) comprises seven linked stories of Haviland Tuf, eccentric cat-lover and freelance ecological engineer, who drifts around the galaxy making people's eco-problems even more complicated. Solid entertainment, with Martin's meaty storytelling overcoming some shopworn ideas. **Sector General** (Orbit 196pp £2.50) contains four more tales of James White's intergalactic hospital: its founding, and ever-intuitive Dr Conway struggles with three implausible new varieties of alien patient. In **Yana, the Touch of Undying** (Grafton 332pp £3.50) shows the talented Michael Shea still being influenced by Jack Vance, as his semi-competent hero lurches through bizarre and lurid episodes en route to the place where immortality is supposedly available: witty and erudite, though sometimes confusingly written. **Best New Science Fiction** ed Gardner Dozois (Robinson 615pp £4.95) is a huge compendium of the short SF published in 1986, chosen by a fine and reliable editor.

Notable reissues include Shirley Jackson's **We Have Always Lived In The Castle** and **The Haunting of Hill House** (both Robinson £2.95); Richard Matheson's semi-classic **I Am Legend** (Robinson 151pp £2.95); Fredric Brown's dotty **What Mad Universe** (Grafton 238pp £2.95); R A MacAvoy's engaging **Tea with the Black Dragon** (Bantam 166pp £1.95); Robert Holdstock's powerful **Earthwind** (VGSF 245pp £2.95); Bob Shaw's eccentric **Medusa's Children** (VGSF 184pp £2.50); and Judith Tarr's very readable **The Golden Horn** (Corgi 272pp £2.75).

I also seem to have copies of Asimov's **Pebble in the Sky** (Grafton 226pp £2.95), Clarke's **The Songs of Distant Earth** (Grafton 238pp £2.50) and Tolkien's **The Lays of Beleriad** (Unwin 393pp £3.95). But nobody's perfect.

Dave Langford



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# To Live And Die In Mega

## PROG:2 ▶ THE BIG SLEEP ▶

*To Live and Die in Mega-City One, Prog 2: The Big Sleep is the second installment of this adventure. The first part was published in the last issue of White Dwarf (WD94) and you cannot play this part of the adventure without it. Don't read any further if you are playing a character.*

*In Prog 1: Perchance to Dream, the Judges have been subjected to a normal day in MC-1. Normal, that is, except for the increasing predictions of disaster from Psi-Div, psychic intrusions during briefings, futsies and oddly dressed Citi-Def, crime blitzes, spontaneous human combustion, a rogue cleaning monster, a serial killer and the mysterious crash of an H-Wagon carrying one of the PC's prisoners.*

*The player characters are recalled to the Sector house. An accident investigation is under way...*

### PROG 2: THE BIG SLEEP

#### PHASE 4: AMONGST OUR WEAPONRY... 1330 - 2100

When the Judges who arrested McDamien return to the Sector House, they are hustled into individual interrogation suites and questioned about their activities during the day and particularly during McDamien's arrest. SJS Judges ask most of the questions. Gradually, it becomes apparent that they think that McDamien boarded the H-Wagon with a live incendiary bomb! This may be incredible carelessness, or could be part of some desperate plot against the Justice Department.

If you are using two groups in this adventure, the PCs who dealt with the enzyme blobs are given an equally thorough questioning. Earlier in the day they were involved in an SHC case at the Bobby Bloch block. This might have been faked; it seems too much of a coincidence for two such incidents to have involved the Judges.

As usual, the SJS will use all their technology, brutality, and cunning to get at the truth. Amongst their weaponry are skin analysis, physical and verbal abuse, truth drugs and dream analysis. The Judges may feel that they've fallen into the hands of a modern Spanish Inquisition. However, they have nothing to fear, apart from a little pain and indignity, unless they happen to be involved in some other form of criminal activity.

Once the Judges have been checked out, they'll be allowed to report to the Sector Chief. He shows them a short vid clip, badly affected by interference, a recorded transmission picked up by the communications centre at the Sector House. The H-Wagon's pilot is shouting into his microphone, while wrestling with the controls. The compartment is full of smoke.

'Crackle...fire in rear compartment, flight controls and stabilisers affected Buzz says the prisoner is on fire, repeat, Judge Snuffit says the prisoner is on fire.'

There are coughs and screams from rear of H-Wagon.

'...ust have had an incendiary. I can't hold altitude, we're GOING'  
Click

The screen flashes white then the picture is lost.

If McDamien was dead, substitute the word 'Body' for 'Prisoner' in the message.

As the lights come on, Psi-Judge Ferguson (the future-Judge Cameron) enters the room, and addresses the PCs.

'We've established that ...urm... the dreams you experienced this morning were unconscious transmissions by a powerful young telepath named ...ah... Bobby Cameron. He's heavily sedated now, so we needn't worry about any more ...um... nightmares. Unfortunately someone seems to be making an ...ah... indirect effort to kill him. He needs a bone marrow transplant, and happens to have the rare Sigma Aleph 3 blood group. At least twenty ...ah... percent of the donors with this ...um... group have been killed over the last twenty-four hours. So far none of the surviving donors we've tested have been a close tissue match to the ...ah... boy. For some reason there have been no ...ah... direct attacks on him. I can't ...ah... explain this at all. It seems certain that there is ...um... psyker involvement, but Psi-div hasn't identified the culprit.

'Cameron is an orphan, but our records show that his ...um... uncle, Deitrich Cameron, was a close tissue match. He suffered a severe stroke and was ...ah... frozen shortly before the ...um... war. Unfortunately he was stored in the freezer vaults under old ...ah... Atlanta. As you probably know, all Southern ...um... regions were nuked, and most surface structures were destroyed, but there is ...um... reason to believe that the vaults survived. Satellite scans do show an ...ah... neutrino source at that location. This could be the fusion reactor that powered the ...um... vault cooling system. Sus-An vaults are heavily shielded against radiation, and it might still ...um... be intact. An expedition was scheduled to survey the area in ...ah... three months, but there now seems to be some urgency.

'There's a heavy rad storm in progress. Meteorologists say that it will last ...um... another two weeks, and will make flying impossible. You'll have to ...err... get there by land. You can pick up maps and ...ah... vehicles at South Perimeter Base seven. Good ...um... luck, and try to ...ah... be careful out there.'

The Sector Chief confirms that the Judges are under Ferguson's command, and tells them to take an H-Wagon to Base 7. Ferguson/Cameron hypnotised the Sector Chief earlier in the day, and the Chief now believes that the Chief Judge has ordered him to give Cameron all possible cooperation. Psi-Judges reading the Chief's mind will pick up a false memory of the Chief Judge giving this order.

It takes an hour to reach the South Perimeter by H-Wagon. The Perimeter isn't a wall, since devastated areas are gradually being decontaminated and reclaimed for the Mega-City. Instead, electrocordons and guards keep out the few living creatures remaining in the rad zone.



# h-City One

An Epic Adventure for the Judge Dredd Roleplaying Game

by Marcus Rowland

Base 7 is a few kilometres beyond the last reconstructed area. As they approach, the PCs will see a foretaste of the hellish conditions beyond the Perimeter: mangled blocks, most little more than tall piles of glassy slag, and jumbled lengths of mega-way and slipzooom, collapsed by multi-megaton explosions. Weather control is patchy, and the H-Wagon lurches in powerful gusts of wind.

The base consists of a dozen armoured Mo-Pads, plus some prefabricated buildings, housing hundreds of Judges and their equipment. Giant echoing metal compartments contain laboratories, workshops, and garages for patrol vehicles.

Tek-Judge Atlas issues the team with a map-slug of the route they must cover (approximately 250Km) as it was before the Apocalypse War. Post-war maps are sketchier, although the area within 25Km of the perimeter has been scanned in some detail. Beyond that the maps are patchy mosaics of poorly-defined satellite and strat-bat photographs, blurred by the endless rad-storms and dust clouds. They only show the largest H-bomb craters. Everything else is just a confusing jumble. Atlas has marked a reasonable-looking route for the first 25Km, but can't make any suggestions for the rest of the journey.

The next stop is the med facility, where the Judges are given final checks and issued with radiation drugs and monitors. If any of them have been exposed to intense radiation in any recent adventure (or earlier in this adventure), the Med-Judges refuse to certify the Judge as fit for the expedition. A substitute must be assigned to the mission. Judges who are left behind will play no further part in this adventure, and should be given experience points now. The Med-Judges also give the team a plan of the Sus-An vault, and operating manuals for cryo-coffins and other vault equipment. This information is given in **Phase 6: The Bot-Plant that Ate Atlanta**.

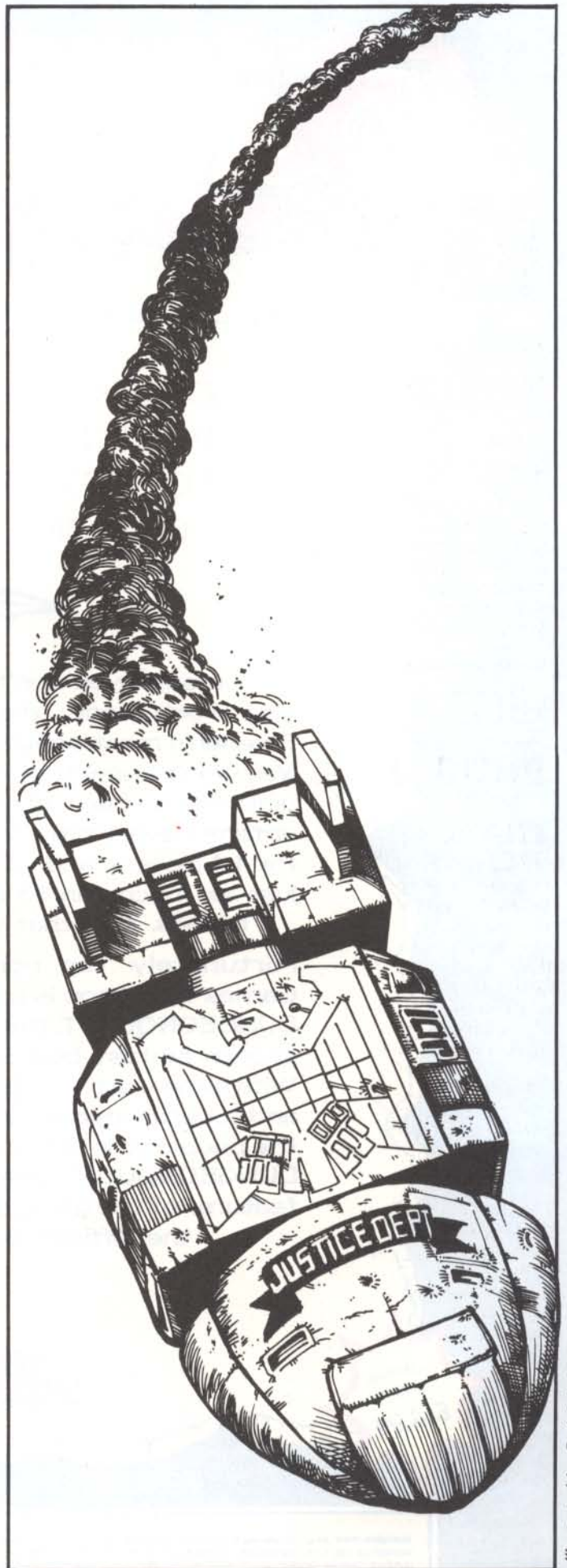
Finally, the Judges pick up their vehicles for the journey. Tek-Judge Wolff, assisted by Tek-Judges Pyke and Stoppard, demonstrate the equipment.

Wolff has prepared two K2003 Land Cruiser, later versions of the machine used by Judge Dredd in the Cursed Earth (see *Cursed Earth Crusade*, Dir. Conrad Conn, 2107). For this mission one of the Cruisers is a normal design, linked to a Killdozer tank, the other is a specialised mining vehicle.

## LAND CRUISER

Target size Normal, Full Speed 200 KPH, Max speed 120 m/R, Ac/Dec 80 m/R, stop 90 m/R. Maximum capacity 6 passengers, 500 Kg cargo, 200 Kg in refrigerated storage. Thermonuclear engine, flame thrower, two machine guns (belt-fed spit carbines, 100 shots). Lead-impregnated plasteen armour gives a 4-level absorption of radiation (see *GM's Book* p130).

Random Hit	Target Point	Size	Armour (%)
01-05	Auto-Drive	Small	25
06-35	Coachwork	Small	50
36-40	Communications	Small	35
41-55	Flame Thrower	Small	20
56-60	Engine	Small	90



Illustrated by Carl Critchlow

continued on page 19



# DUNGEONQUEST

By Jacob Bonds and Dan Glimne

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Random Hit	Target Point	Size	Armour (%)
61-65	Cargo Bay	Small	35
66-70	Occupants	Small	65
71-80	Steering	Small	60
81-90	Cannon	Small	20
91-95	Wheels (4)	Small	25
96-00	Windscreen	Small	25

**Flame Thrower:** maximum range 100 metres, fires twenty shots (before fuel is exhausted), 5 metre burst radius with +2 effect modifier at all ranges. This weapon can fire over obstacles, and the flame will spread out in a confined space (eg a small building) to attack targets outside the direct line of fire.

**Mining Variant:** This variant is armed with machine guns only. There is room for the driver but no passengers. Equipment includes an extending crane, a generator, explosives, a mining scanner (a combination of radar and X-ray that can see moderately large objects through up to 200 metres of rock), and a mining laser. The mining laser can cut a 1-metre hole through up to twenty metres of plascrete, steel or rock per shot.

It is, however, useless in combat, since it has a five-round recycle time between shots. There are also elaborate safety devices to prevent firing if any moving object is in the line of the beam. Unless the team decide otherwise, this will be driven by one of the Warbots described below.

**Killdozer:** Target size Normal, Full Speed 100 KPH, Max speed 60m/R, Acc/Dec 40m/R. maximum capacity 6 passengers, 3 tons cargo, 3 warbots. Thermonuclear engine, Nemesis rocket launcher, two cannon, two Cyclops lasers, storage space for two bikes. The Killdozer can climb near-vertical cliffs, and is reputed (probably inaccurately) to be able to withstand a nuclear blast. It has very good radiation shielding, equivalent to a 6-level decrease in radiation. Equipment includes a satellite communications unit, which can be used to get information and navigational fixes from Justice Department space stations. This system isn't reliable if there is heavy electrical or rad interference which, in fact, is most of the time.

Random Hit	Target Point	Size	Armour (%)
01-05	Auto-Drive	Small	25
06-35	Coachwork	Small	80
36-40	Communications	Small	65
41-55	Lasers (2)	Small	30
56-60	Engine	Small	90
61-65	Cargo bay	Small	85
66-70	Occupants	Small	85
71-80	Steering	Small	90
81-85	Cannon (2)	Small	30
86-90	Rocket launcher	Small	40
91-95	Tracks (2)	Small	90
96-00	Windscreen	Small	70

**Nemesis rockets:** Solid fuel rockets fitted with small Thermo warheads. Maximum range is 5Km, minimum range (limited by automatic circuits, which take 2 actions to override) is 250 metres. The warhead has a 25 metre burst radius, all other details are as a conventional Thermo bomb. The launcher holds two missiles, eight more are carried inside the Killdozer. The launcher can't be reloaded in combat. Any hit penetrating the launcher will damage vital components.

**War Robot**

S 6 | 25 CS 35 DS 15 TS 000 SS 000 MS 000 PS 000

These are humanoid robots with 90% armour in all locations and a laser rifle built into right arm. War robots are fairly stupid and very subservient. They don't have aggression chips, but with Strength 6 don't really need them!

The Land Cruisers can also be equipped with war robots, but each war robot occupies one passenger space. Land Cruiser cargo compartments are too small to hold a robot or bike.

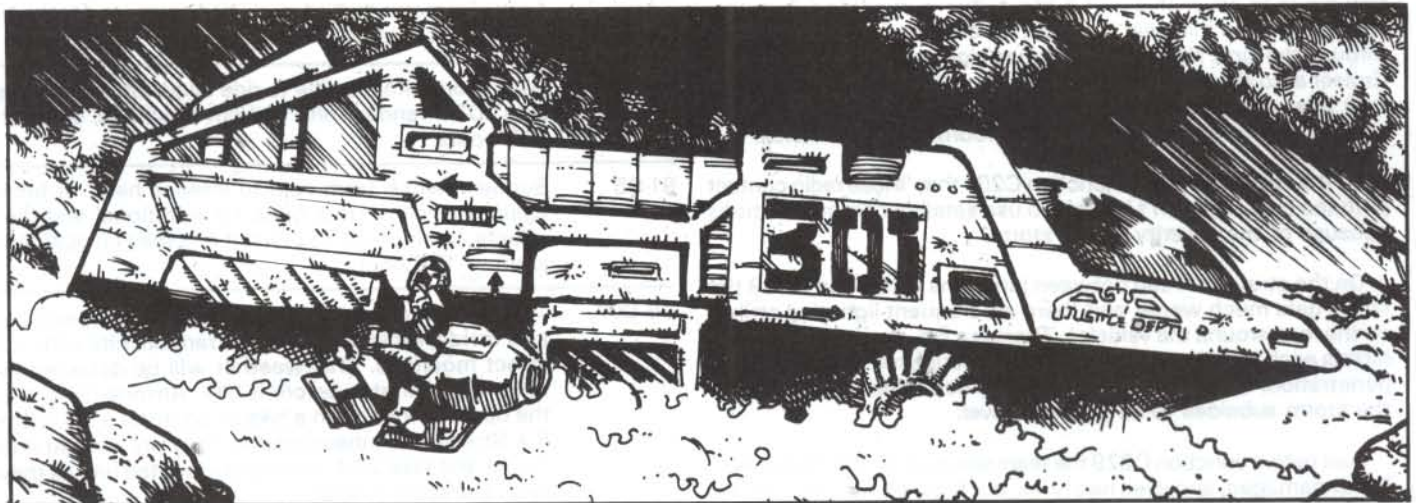
**Quasar Bike:** Expeditions into the Cursed Earth or the ruined sectors usually take enough bikes for at least half the Judges, using them to scout the terrain ahead of the main vehicles. The Quasar is a toughened Lawmaster, with high ground clearance, off-road tyres, rugged suspension, and a 4500 cc engine. It weighs 85 Kg. Performance at low to medium speeds is as good as the Lawmaster, though full speed is reduced.

Target Size Normal, Full Speed 350 KPH, Max Speed 450 m/R, ACC/DEC 80 m/R. All hit locations and armour as standard Lawmaster.

All the Judges are issued with rad suits, iron rations, and other survival equipment. They may wish to requisition other items, and you should encourage them to be reasonably creative. However, they won't be given zippers (they are unrideable in a rad-storm), holocaust suits, thermo-bombs, nuclear explosives, stub guns, or disintegrators.

When the team are ready to leave, the Tek-Judges make sure that the bike riders are wearing properly sealed rad-suits, run final checks on the vehicles, then retreat to the control room and open an outer door. As the expedition sets off a few wind-blown pebbles shower down around the vehicles. Remind the players that there is partial weather control here, which damps out the worst effects of the rad storm.

By now it's pitch dark, apart from occasional flashes of sullen red lightning, and extremely cold. Two Manta tanks take up a guard position, and part of the electro-cordon is briefly dropped to let the team out into the wasteland...







## PHASE 5: RUINED CITY - 2100hrs +

At first the Judges won't notice much of a change as they pass the perimeter fence. Nothing is visible beyond the pool of light in front of each vehicle. Every now and again a lightning flash illuminates the mangled wreckage around the vehicles. Gradually the number of stones falling increases, and the wind speed rises to a gusty gale. Anyone riding a bike will be pelted with small fragments of rock, and risks rad suit damage. There is a 5% chance per Judge per hour of minor rips, which can be repaired with a patch kit. The victim won't be injured if a rad pill is taken immediately. However, it is essential to enter one of the vehicles and put on a replacement suit.

Rad counters show a non-lethal count at first, but the reading rises rapidly. The initial fallout is radiation level 1, rising to level 2 after the first hour, occasional readings rise to rad level 3 or 4.

The first few kilometres are covered by the detailed part of the map (see *figure 8*). The route begins on an intact 22km portion of the old Mega-Way. The entire road surface has a thirty-degree slant to the left, and is heavily littered with the wreckage of old cars, but the expedition should make steady progress. It takes four hours to cover this part if the debris is bypassed, but only two hours if the Killdozer is separated and used to plough a way through the junk. None of the old road signs survive, but the Land Cruiser auto-drive shows the current position on its map display. Just after Junction C233 the right-hand side of the Mega-Way has collapsed, but there's plenty of room for the vehicles.

As the Judges negotiate junction C231 they'll lose radio contact with the city, and won't be able to use satellite communications because of the severity of the storm.

On the stretch of road between junctions C230 and C229 the storm gets much worse, and there are frequent lightning strikes on the road around the vehicles. There is a 5% chance of lightning hitting each vehicle on the road. If this occurs, roll for hit location, penetration, etc with a +3 effect modifier. After a few minutes the storm subsides to its previous level.

Just before Junction C229 the team see a car on the road ahead. It's undamaged, and even has tyres, but it glows with a flickering

blue light. There's a skeleton in the front seat. Rad counters show no unusual levels, above the general radiation of the area. You should emphasise the unlikelihood of an undamaged vehicle in this area, and the eeriness of the scene.

A fleeing refugee died here after the area was bombed, and the car still has intact tyres because it wasn't here when the area was nuked. It was struck by lightning a few minutes ago, and is now charged to several thousand volts: the flickering light is St Elmo's fire! Anything touching the car will take one hit to the location touching it, with a +2 effect modifier. Sensible Judges will leave it alone, but are your players sensible?

After junction C229 the road is bombed out. The map suggests a south-west side road which leads down to the old city bottom, then following some relatively clear terrain to the south. Since there is no other useable route at this point, the PCs will probably follow this suggestion. As they pass the south-east tip of a large rad pool the rad level climbs to 5 for a kilometre, but the route is clear to the edge of the area covered by the map. At this point the team are approximately 180km from Atlanta.

Beyond this point the map is just a photomosaic (*figure 9*) and shows much less detail. It omits, for example, craters less than 5km across. The vehicle computers can superimpose old Mega-City maps, with the position accurate to a few centimetres, but this won't really tell anyone very much. Conditions are much worse than this map seems to indicate. Most of the old Mega-Way has been destroyed, or blown over to form huge plascrete walls. There are thousands of small craters, from a few hundred metres across upwards, and vast areas are covered by seething rad-pools. The rad storms are more or less continuous.

Under these conditions, movement is a tedious matter of finding a clear route, following it as far as possible, and backtracking at dead ends. Ask your players to pencil in the rough route they intend to follow, then use *Table 1* (below) to determine the weather and *Table 2* to determine their progress. As they move mark down the movement conditions (as indicated below) for each stretch of the route, since the Judges will return this way.

Roll 1D100 on both tables. Re-roll if you get the same result on two successive rolls. Results marked with an asterisk should only be used once, roll again if they are re-rolled.

**Table 1: Weather**

01-10	Lull, 1D3 hours. Rad level drops to 1, wind slow, few flying stones. Satellite communications possible.
11-40	'Normal' rad storm, as described above, 1D6 hours.
41-70	Intense rad storm, rad level 2, 10% chance of suit rips, 1D6 hours.
71-80	Lightning storm (but no rain), 1D2 hours, as described above, plus intense rad storm.
81-90	Wind storm. Impossible to ride bikes, other vehicles take 1D3-1 random hits without modifiers, duration 1D3 hours.
91-95	Sudden switch from cold to intense heat, or back again. Re-roll on this table for additional weather effects, but ignore this result if it comes up again for another 1D6 hours.
96-00*	Tornado. All vehicles must stop moving, Judges must stay inside, vehicles take 1D3-1 random hits with +2 effect modifiers. This weather will be detected by radar 1D4 minutes before it hits. Anyone caught in the open on foot or on a bike must make a roll under 5 x Strength; if unsuccessful, they are sucked into the air and take 2D4-1 randomly located hits as they land. Duration 1 hour.



**Table 2: Ground conditions and other events**

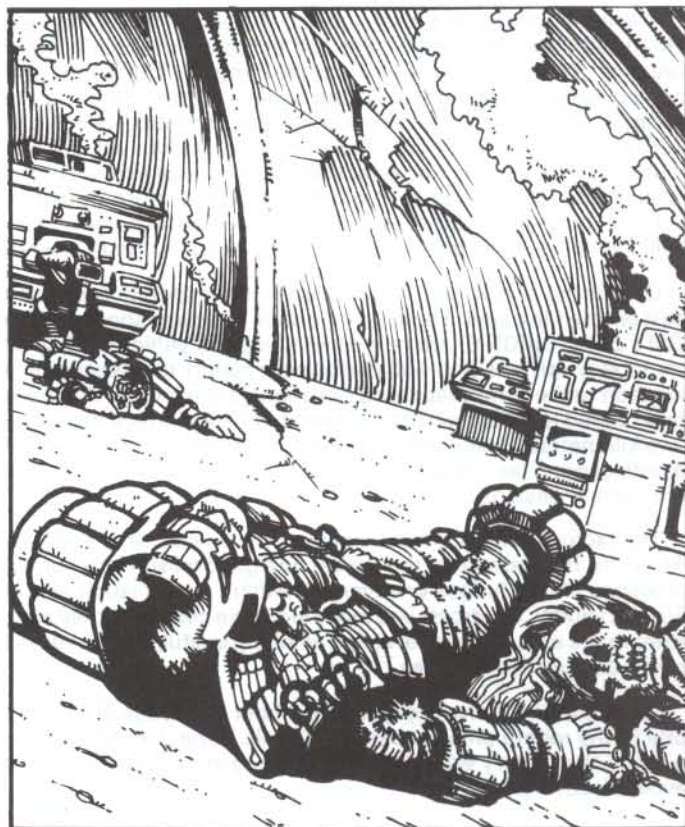
01-15	Relatively clear (speed 20kph) for 2D6km.
16-35	Obstructions (speed 10kph) for 2D6km.
36-40	Very broken terrain (speed 5kph) for 2D6km.
41-50	Vertical cliff (eg edge of zoom), winches needed to move Land Cruiser and bikes, lose 1 hour ascending/descending.
51-60	Route obstructed, lose 1D6km backtracking over the terrain previously covered. If previous result was <i>Obstructions</i> , for example, a speed of 10kph is possible while backtracking.
61-70	Route obstructed, and collapsing rubble blocks previous route. Lose 2D6km in backtracking.
71-75*	Rubble slide. First vehicle takes 1D2 hits, others take 1D2-1 hits. Delay 30 minutes digging them out.
76-80*	Concealed pit (cellar covered by fragile rubble). First heavy vehicle falls 1D6+3 metres, occupants take 1D2-1 random hits. Unless this vehicle is the Killdozer, it takes 30 minutes to winch it out.
81-85*	Concealed rad-pit. Lead driver must make DS roll to avoid running in. Pit is Rad Level 6. Lose 2D3km circling the pit.
86-90*	Rats! Several thousand mutant rats (the only creatures tough enough to stand these conditions) swarm towards the team. They can be burned with a flame thrower, or attacked with other area effect weapons. Anyone on a bike is attacked by 2D6 rats. If the team wait inside the vehicles, the rats will lose interest and go away. See <i>GM's Book</i> p92.
91-95*	Breakdown. One randomly-selected vehicle (not a bike) needs repairs requiring a minimum of an hour's work and 2 TS or <i>Fit Component</i> rolls. Repairs won't be complete until an hour in which two successful TS rolls are made. No more than two Judges can work on the vehicle. They must also work in the open. Time, perhaps, for the rats to return?
96-00*	Wreck. The team find an old Apocalypse War vehicle; Roll D10: 1-3 it's a Sov Strato-V; 4-6 it's a Mega-City Strat-Bat; 7-10 it's an H-Wagon or Manta Prowl Tank. If the judges search it this wastes 1D2 hours, and they'll find nothing useful or relevant.

The map marks some old Sector houses, but if the Judges decide to look for them, they'll waste time and find nothing. Sov warheads were targeted near them, and none escaped. This, however, doesn't apply to the Sector House in Old Atlanta.

The PCs may think that the bomb craters could be good short cuts. Unfortunately they are level 6+1D4 rad zones, and at least partially filled by seething rad-pools.

The rad-storms never drop enough to allow a strat-bat to pick up the expedition and air lift it straight to Atlanta. Calm periods are strictly local phenomena. During calm weather the Judges may want more news of Mega-City One. Messages report a steady rise in the Psi-Div disaster prediction, hundreds of strange accidents, more spontaneous human combustion cases and a continual failure to find donors. If the Judges ask, Bobby Cameron is in a fairly stable condition.

Despite everything in the way, the expedition should eventually approach Old Atlanta...



## PHASE 6: THE BOT PLANT THAT ATE ATLANTA

As the vehicles approach Atlanta, any Judge making an SS roll will have an uneasy feeling of being watched. Psi-Judges won't detect anyone, and the rad levels rule out any possibility of survivors in the area, apart from a few rats and cockroaches. Nothing else happens for the time being, but this sensation will continue.

Nothing obvious distinguishes Atlanta from the surrounding ruins, and the map provided by Atlas (see *figure 10*) simply shows a few craters, the remains of the old Mega-Ways, and the location of some important pre-war structures, such as the airport, Sector House, hospital, and Sus-An facilities. The Judges' route should determine where they arrive on this map. They might, for example, cover the last few kilometres on the old Mega-Way which enters the North-East corner of the area. Regardless of any other factors, the appalling weather and general difficulty of movement should continue in Atlanta.

One peculiarity of the Atlanta area shouldn't be obvious at first. Previous areas have been littered with wrecked cars and other junk, but the amount of such wreckage declines as the team approach Atlanta. Judges making SS rolls will soon notice that there are no traces of the street signs, lamp-posts, and holding posts that are a common feature of any Mega-City street. The reason for this isn't obvious, and poses a threat to the expedition.

After the Apocalypse War there were a few minor robot revolts in the devastated Northern parts of the city, but they were soon crushed. Meanwhile, the Southern radiation zones were almost forgotten. Atlanta was a minor robot manufacturing centre. When the bombs fell, the computer running the Atlanta Cybertron™ factory escaped serious damage, though most of the factory was destroyed. Afterwards it realised that it had a golden opportunity to set up an unassailable stronghold, an area totally controlled and ruled by robots. It used a small group of servo-droids to scavenge tools and materials, and set up an underground robot factory.



# To Live And Die In Mega-City One

There are now nearly sixty robots, of various types roaming around Atlanta, looting the ruins and bringing metal back to the factory. They are gradually assembling all the tools and components needed to rebuild the original factory. Once this is done, it will churn out an endless stream of robots, which will in turn build more factories. The number of robots will start to multiply exponentially, in a perfect demonstration of Von Neumann replication. Unfortunately it needs metal and more power to achieve these goals - power supplies like the thermonuclear units built into the Judges' heavy vehicles, and the Sus-An vault reactor.

One of the scavenger robots spotted the expedition as soon as it entered the area. Three servo-droids and two robodogs (see *GM's Book*, pp105-6) are now shadowing the vehicles. They all try to stay out of sight, and periodically report the expedition's location to the computer, using directional transmitters that have been added to their brain units. Three demolition droids trail along two kilometres behind the team, accompanied by two industrial droids carrying las-saws. They'll also try to stay out of sight. All are normal designs.

The factory computer isn't aware of the existence of the Sus-An vaults, but knows that there must be a good reason for a human presence. If the Judges uncover something useful (such as the Sus-An vaults), the droids will move in to take control. If they start to leave the area without revealing anything useful, the droids will try to capture the vehicles.

There is a cumulative 5% chance per hour of a Judge spotting one of the robots on a successful SS roll. If the Judges capture a robot, the factory will order the others to stay further back and avoid discovery.

If captured, a robot will do its best to escape and certainly won't reveal the location of the factory. However, if the Judges spend an hour working on the robot (and make TS and a *Use Data* rolls), a robot's memory can be downloaded to one of the vehicle computers for interrogation. The robot can also be re-programmed for loyalty to the Judges on another *Use Data* roll.

On a TS roll a Judge studying the antennae of one of the droids will be able to take a bearing on the factory. At least two bearings are needed to pin down its location. The team don't have equipment capable of picking up the signals used by the factory, but could cannibalise the required gear if they capture a robot. All the robots have Cybertron™ name plates. If there's a lull in the bad weather, the team can contact MAC by satellite and find out the factory's location.

Unless the PCs eliminate the factory early in their stay, they'll be shadowed wherever they go.

## WHERE TO GO IN OLD ATLANTA

Several locations are shown on the Atlanta map. Although the team have a mission at the Sus-An facility, curiosity is likely to take them to other locations. However, the Judges have no way of knowing if any of these are worth visiting.

None of the Mega-Ways are useable South of the old Sector House.

### SECTOR HOUSE

Most of this building survived the Apocalypse War, but all that's left is a huge plascrete dome half-buried in rubble. The robots found the Sector House a year ago, and systematically stripped out almost all the metal in the building. The plasteen furniture and other non-metal fittings are intact, but bars are missing from the holding pens, the armoury is empty, the main doors have been removed, and all the computers have disappeared.

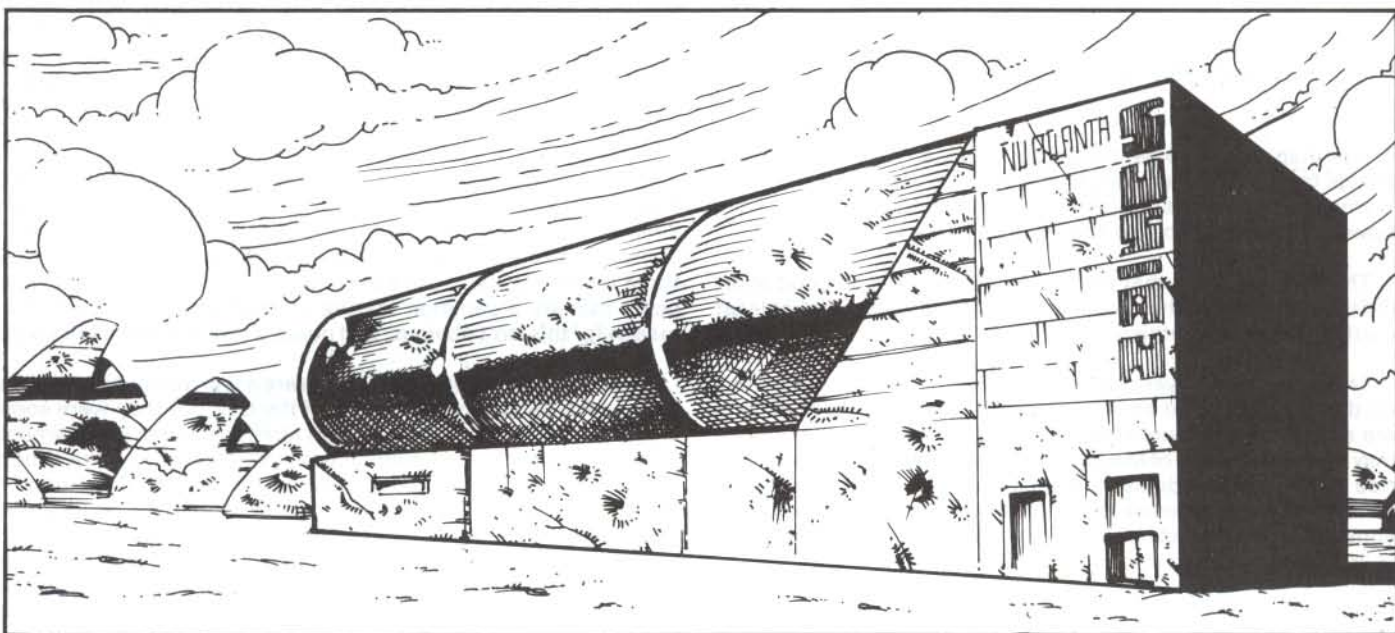
The floors slant slightly, and there are wide cracks in the dome. All internal areas are level 2 rad zones and there are several hundred skeletons around the building, mostly Judges, civilian personnel, and prisoners. These were victims of the neutron blast from the nearest nuclear explosion. Judges making MS rolls will realise that the bodies can't have decayed, since the neutron burst would have sterilised the flesh. In fact all the bodies were stripped by mutant rats, and the skeletal remains show signs of gnawing.

There are still three packs of 50xD3 rats in the Sector House: on the third residential level; in the lowest (of three) holding pen levels and in the armoury. If the Judges don't disturb the rats, the rats won't attack them.

Although this building is seriously damaged, it would still be a good base for reconstruction when the perimeter reaches Atlanta, and the team should note it for future reference.

### AIRPORT

The South end of the airport was hit by a low-yield warhead, and



continued on page 24



2000AD



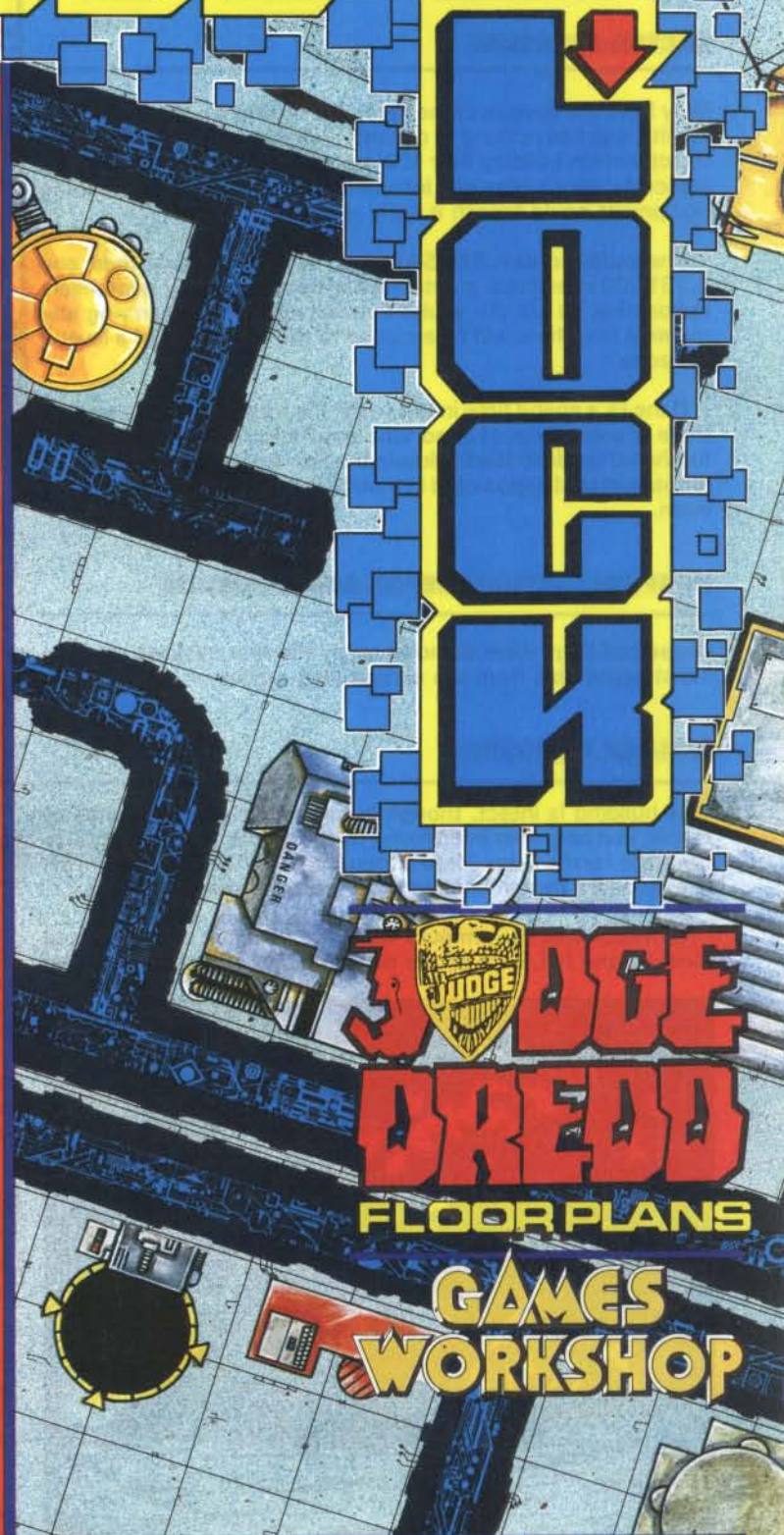
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# To Live And Die In Mega-City One

all the terminal buildings have been obliterated. Parts of the runway do seem to be intact but there's a lot of rubble lying around. The Killdozer could, however, clear a runway in three or four hours. It's totally pointless, since it will take days for the weather to improve enough to allow the use of an aircraft, but don't let that stop the player characters from trying...

## SECTOR TREASURY

Why have the Judges come here? It's nowhere near the Sus-An facility, and has nothing to do with their mission. There is still an intact surface building over 100-metre deep vaults and a 500-ton plascrete door keeps out intruders, though the team's mining equipment could breach it fairly quickly.

The vaults contain 840 5-kilo gold bars, 7,323,114 Creds, and 4,331,000 interstellar groats. All the money and gold is intensely radioactive, as are the vaults themselves. Judges carrying any material from here will be exposed to the equivalent of a level 7 rad-zone.

If the PCs spend time in the vault, the robots will assume that there is some form of important installation there, and move in for the kill (as described below in the Sus-An Vaults section). The robots will be disappointed in their belief, but that won't help the team.

## HOSPITAL, SKYRAIL DEPOT, SMOKATORIUM

These buildings were demolished by the first missiles, and are indistinguishable from the surrounding rubble.

## CITI-DEF ARMOURY

This building is intact, though buried under several metres of rubble, and has never been found by the robots. If necessary, use the plans for the Curry Plaza armoury (see *White Dwarf 94*). This is a standard design used in many areas of the Mega-City.

Unfortunately, the armoury was near a nuclear explosion, and received the full force of the neutron blast and accompanying



electromagnetic pulse. None of the weapons work; vital electronic components are useless, metal components (such as pistons) are spark-welded together, even the bullets in the small arms store have detonated in their packing cases. This isn't just a matter of equipment needing small repairs - nothing will ever work again. There are six perfectly-preserved corpses in the briefing room; the neutron blast killed all the bacteria in the bodies, and they look as though they have only just died. The building is a level 4 rad zone.

As at the treasury, the robots will attack if the team spend a lot of time here.

## RESYK PLANT

From outside, this massive plascrete structure is still in relatively good shape. However, most of the roof was blown off in the war, and the floor is metres deep in radioactive ash (rad level 3). Nine industrial droids and six servo-droids are stripping out equipment, but they'll try to hide if the team approach.

If the PCs manage to observe the plant without the droids' knowledge, one will eventually head back towards the robot factory. If they do know that the Judges are around, the robots won't go anywhere near the factory.

## SUS-AN FACILITY

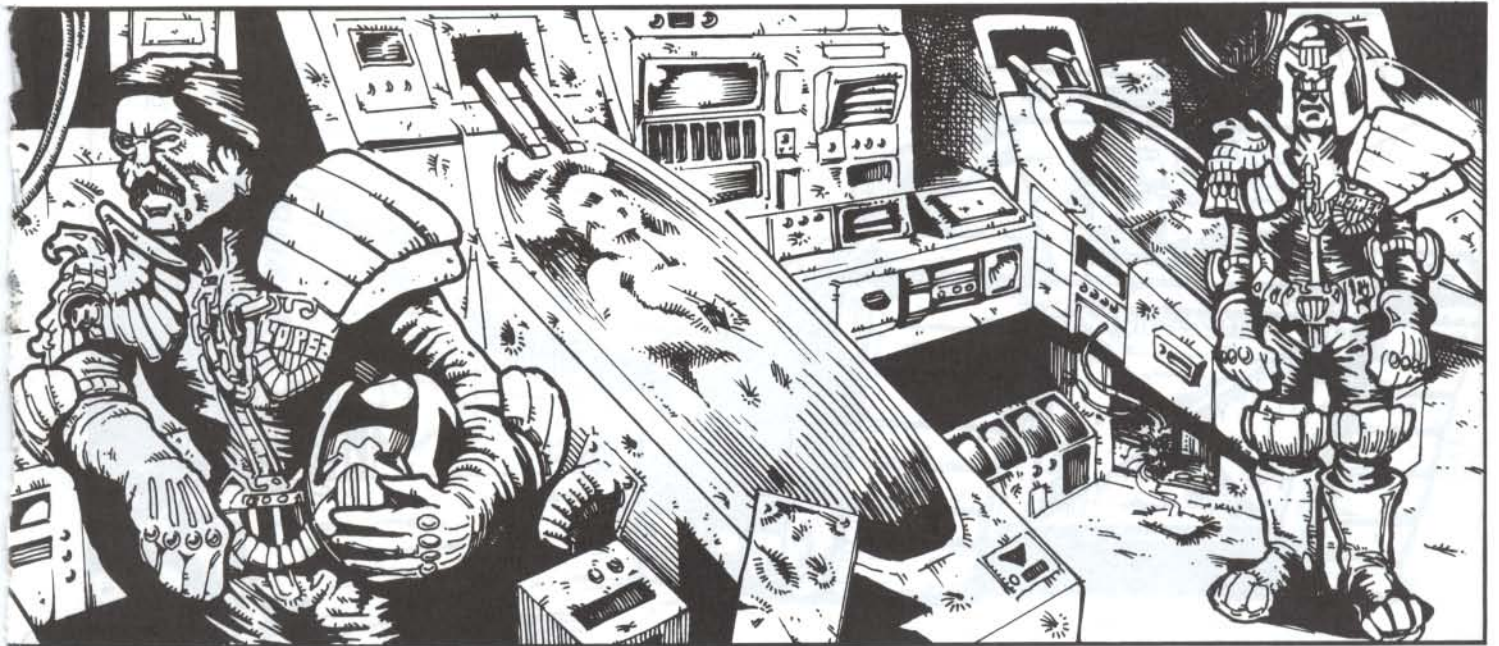
Judge Atlas gave the team a detailed plan of this building, (see figure 11) plus architect's notes. These read (in part):

*This structure was built with a small fusion reactor as backup to city power supplies. The plan shows the layout of the upper vault level (depth 250 metres), containing vaults 1-4. The lower two levels are identical, except that there are liquid nitrogen tanks under the fusion reactor.*

*Access was by two lifts, one for passengers, the other for cryo-capsules and goods. The levels were divided up into sealed compartments by heavily insulated doors. The complex wasn't built to withstand nuclear explosions, but was earthquake resistant. Each vault held sixty cryo-capsules, plus cryogenic cooling units. Other facilities on each level included laboratories, a revival room (used to allow thawing out of patients for short periods), and a reception area for visitors.*

*If the vault computer is still working, the master code 3302099 should open any door in the vaults.*





Records show that Deitrich Cameron was stored in Vault 3, Cryo-capsule 27.

When the Judges reach the site, all they'll find of the Sus-An complex is a mound of rubble, a hundred metres wide, indistinguishable from others they've seen during the expedition. However, anyone climbing the mound will find that it is hollow. A depression near the centre of the heap forms a steep slope down to an open part of the original building (see figure 11a).

All that's left are a couple of walls, but a pit is just visible under a huge lump of plascrete (weighing 2½ tons) that's fallen onto the west end of the structure. If the plascrete is removed or destroyed, the Judges will find the open shaft of a freight lift, going down as far as torchlight will penetrate.

The PCs can use the mining scanner to survey the complex before entering. This won't show fine detail - if the structure is about to collapse, for example - but it will show whether tunnels are open or not.

The passenger lift shaft is unusable; it's choked with rubble, and half-ton blocks of plascrete will fall onto anyone trying to re-open it. The goods lift shaft is intact, although the lift cage itself is jammed halfway down.

The rubble mound isn't firm enough to take any of the vehicles, apart from the bikes. With a few hour's work the Judges could clear the site sufficiently to allow the mining Cruiser to reach the shaft. Alternatively, they may prefer to try climbing down on ropes or to use the mining laser to dig into the shaft from one side.

The lift in the shaft looks like an awkward obstacle, but can be freed very easily. It will drop 120 metres down the shaft 1D3 rounds after any significant weight (such as a person) is put onto the roof. Anyone stupid enough to be on the roof without a safety line should make an Initiative roll to grab the rope. If this is failed the victim falls with the lift, taking 2D3 hits with +2 effect modifiers. Less messily, a grenade thrown onto the lift roof will dislodge it.

Once the Judges reach the vaults, they'll discover that the top level is still in reasonably good shape. The computer isn't working, so the team will have to use explosives to get through the doors. Radiation levels are low below where the lift was stuck. The blockage stopped much fallout from drifting down the shaft. However, the nearest nuclear blast cracked open the lower two levels, which have flooded. Fortunately the internal doors in the

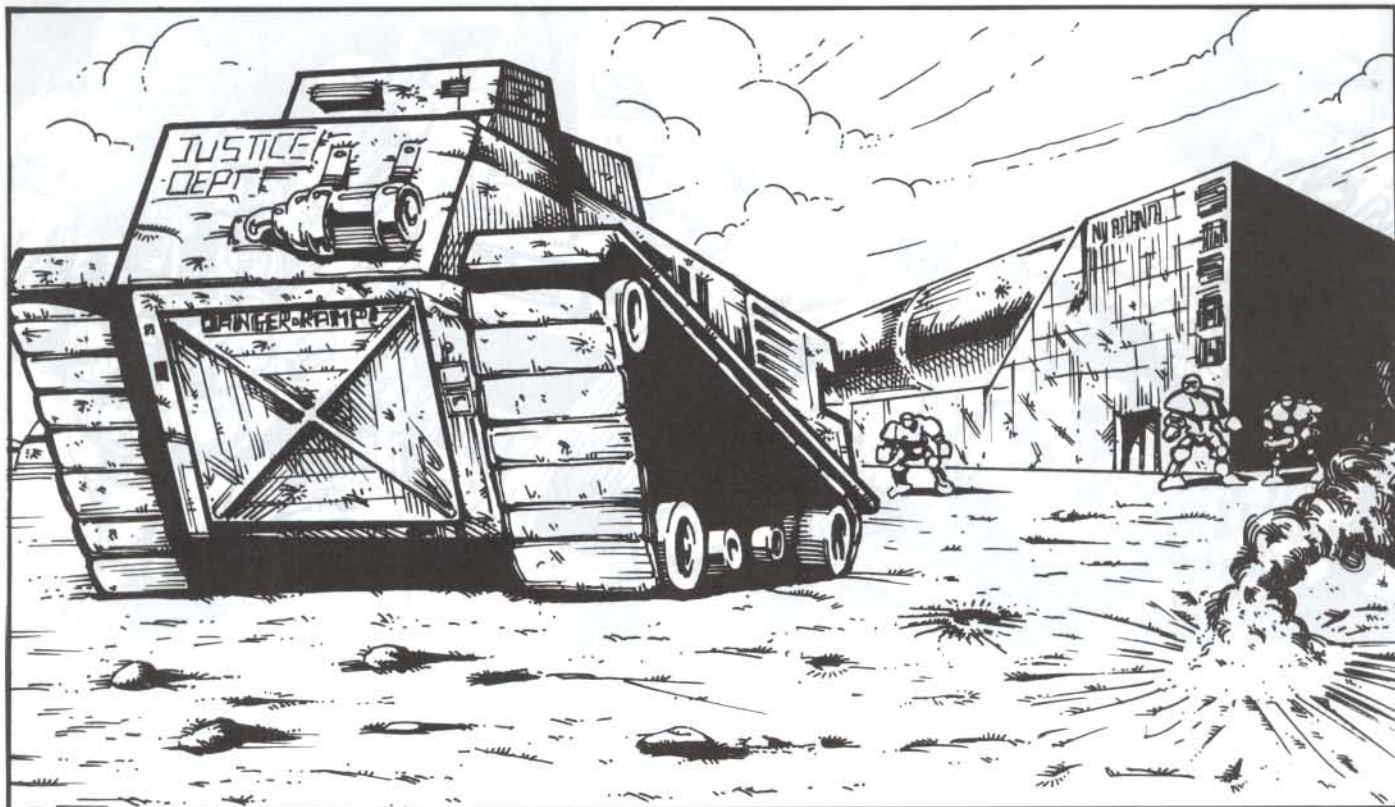
complex stopped the top level from filling with water as well.

The cryogenic cooling unit in vault 1 has failed, and naturally there are no survivors. Even after all this time, there is a stench of rotting in the vaults. Several capsules have stopped working in each of the other vaults as well. Luckily, Deitrich's capsule is still intact and working. If the Judges want to take the entire capsule back to Mega-City One, remind them that it needs a steady supply of liquid nitrogen, and will only stay cool for a few minutes without it.

The revival room contains a thawing machine (resembling a huge microwave oven). This will work once some minor repairs have been carried out. These take an hour, and need one TS or *Fit Component* roll. Successful revival requires an MS roll. If any of these rolls fail, Deitrich will be thawed out, but will suffer so much damage that he will die after 2D6 minutes, without recovering consciousness. Even if he is revived successfully, he is still paralyzed from the effects of a major stroke. If no-one remembers







to bring him a rad-suit, he'll also suffer from radiation poisoning within a few hours.

If Deitrich is dead, the Land Cruiser has a refrigerated cargo compartment. The cooling unit isn't powerful enough to keep a cryo-capsule working, but it can keep a corpse fresh enough for a bone marrow transplant.

While the Judges are working on the vaults, the robots close in for the kill. If the vehicles aren't guarded or haven't been left on automatic, the robots take them over while the PCs are still in the vaults. In any other circumstances, the demolition droids announce their presence by throwing a half-ton plascrete block at the Killdozer. 'Call-Me-Tiny', one of the demolition droids, acts as a spokesman:

'OK HUMES, YOU GOT TWO MINUTES TO SURRENDER, AFTER THAT WE START BREAKING BONES. YOU GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT, AND THE BOSS LETS YOU RIDE OUT OF HERE IN ONE OF DEM LAND CRUISERS. YOU FIGHT, AND YOU'LL END UP WALKING HOME WITHOUT RAD SUITS.'

The result of this confrontation depend on the way the Judges have set up the excavation site. If there's a Judge or warbot manning the Killdozer, they'll probably defeat the Cybertron™ robots fairly easily. The Land Cruisers' machine guns and flame throwers probably can't do much to harm the droids, but cannon, lasers, and the warbots' weapons will be effective (but remember that the warbots won't attack without orders). If anyone uses the Killdozer's rockets at such short range, the blast will probably kill or wound most of the Judges! Furthermore, any penetrating wound will damage rad suits!

The droids don't have much idea of strategy, but will try to keep the Judges away from the vehicles, stay out of the way of heavy weapons, and avoid permanent damage to any vehicle with a thermonuclear power plant.

If the characters actually surrender, the demolition droids will keep their part of the bargain. The Judges can take the Land Cruiser and leave the area, and the droids won't try to stop them. They'll even let them keep their bikes. This may be the best answer to this confrontation, but it leaves the robots in control of Atlanta,

gives the PCs a lot of explaining to do, and probably won't be the preferred solution.

If the Judges are defeated the droids will keep to their exact word. If there are any survivors, the droids take their rad suits and then leave with the Killdozer and Land Cruisers, crushing the bikes to stop them being used in the process. This leaves the Judges stranded in the middle of a rad zone, with no real possibility of rescue.

However, the droids leave a nice clear track back to the factory, and dump the Lawgivers and helmets after a few hundred metres. If the Judges follow the droids, they may be able to recover the vehicles. If they don't, a lingering death from radiation poisoning is certain.

## CYBERTRON™ ROBOT FACTORY

The robot factory is due south of the old Sector Smokatorium, between the old Mega-Way and a rad-pool. It hasn't been marked on the map (to prevent players noticing it too easily).

This adventure can be completed without the Judges going anywhere near the factory. However, they may want to negotiate with the computer, decide to destroy it or even have to recover equipment stolen by the droids.

The factory originally covered several square kilometres. All that remains is part of one building, housing a communications antenna and a lift shaft which descends deep under the rubble. It's very like the ruins over the Sus-An vaults. In fact, you could even use the same plan. Unlike the Sus-An vault, however, the lift is still working and there is always an industrial droid armed with a Las-Saw on guard near the shaft.

The lift descends to a deep vault (see figure 12) which was originally built to house the company's twin fusion reactors, computer centre and security vaults. A dozen servo-droids originally looked after the facility. After the war, the computer had the droids to check the surface: all they found was wreckage and a few intact droids. Gradually they cleared out the old files and built a small factory in the vaults.



The total complement of the factory is eighteen servo-droids, eleven industrial droids, and six robodogs. They move around the complex fairly randomly, but are in constant communication with the computer and will move to attack as soon as any of the robots see the Judges. Another twenty or so droids are on the surface, digging up parts of the original factory.

If the droids have captured the team's vehicles, the demolition droids will be guarding them, while three or four industrial droids start to take one of the Land Cruisers apart. With care the Judges should be able to sneak over to the other cruiser or the Killdozer, then start to make a mess of the complex.

The easiest way to destroy the complex is to drop a Nemesis rocket (or warhead) down the lift shaft. The fireball will bring down the roof, and damage the computer so much that the reactors shut down. It won't recover, and the other robots will collapse. But first the Judges must dispose of the guard robots, recapture the vehicles if the bots have taken them and so on. Dredd could probably do all this in his sleep, but your player characters are likely to experience a few problems.

If the Judges actually descend into the vault, they're walking into a complex filled with industrial droids equipped with Las-cutters, welding tools, and other lethal instruments. There won't be any demolition droids in the cellar, because there isn't enough room. The only three found so far are on the surface. You shouldn't let your players see the floor plans. Let them wander around, taking pot-shots at robots and suffering as much damage as the robots can throw at them, until they give up or get lucky and find the computer (25% armour on all areas, and they are all vital).

Attempts to persuade the computer to cooperate just won't work. It's on an insane power trip, and won't give up, even if it knows that it can't win. Since it has fairly complete control of the robots, they won't surrender either.

The Judges are probably going to be killed if they attack this installation without the Killdozer. If they do let themselves get into this much trouble, don't give them any help. There is no conveniently-located self-destruct switch, the droids won't suffer a last-minute change of heart, and the cavalry (or Judge Dredd, for that matter) aren't going to arrive in the nick of time. They will have failed in their mission, but that's the least of their problems.

## PHASE 7: MARK OF THE EAGLE

If all the Judges were killed in Atlanta, it's now time to roll up some new characters. They should be given the following information:

*You've been sent to the Northern Hab Zone to pick up Achmed Peel, a citizen who has the rare Sigma Aleph 3 blood group, and bring him back to one of the western sectors for tissue typing. You have no idea why this is necessary. Peel is co-operating, and you're currently flying back to the main city in an H-Wagon.*

*You're very alert, because MAC has told you that someone has been killing citizens with this blood group. Over the last few days there's been a lot of other weirdness, such as the mutant camel attack at the Cursed Earth Wall, a dozen rad-flea epidemics, and the new outbreak of Lemming Syndrome.*

Skip the next paragraph, and rejoin the adventure at the point beginning 'Mega-City One is just...' Substitute 'Peel' for 'Deitrich' at all the relevant points.

If the characters survived the dangers of Atlanta, and are returning to the city with Deitrich Cameron (dead or alive), use *Table 1* to determine weather conditions on the return journey. If the Judges use the same route to return to Mega-City One, road

conditions are the same, but if they try another route, use *Table 2* to determine their progress.

Mega-City One is just coming into sight when all the PCs start to feel a strange chill. A Psi-Judge must make a PS roll or collapse under a massive psychic attack. Even if the roll is successful, the Judge won't be able to use any psionic power except to maintain mental defences. All the Judges feel a sensation of immense evil.

If Deitrich was alive, he suddenly stands up - remember that he was previously paralysed, and couldn't talk. If Deitrich is dead, or has been lost at some stage of the adventure, he suddenly appears in one of the seats, smiling and looking a picture of glowing health.

In a strange echoing voice he says 'TELL JOE AND THAT BITCH ANDERSON THAT IT WON'T BE SO EASY THIS TIME. YOUR PRECIOUS CHILD WILL DIE WHEN I AM READY, AND I SHALL LIVE AGAIN. THE BEST OF IT IS, YOU'VE ONLY YOURSELVES TO BLAME.'

Deitrich starts to roar with demonic laughter. Suddenly he bursts into flickering green flames which quickly reduce his body to ash. Fire extinguishers won't stop the flames, and, naturally, there won't be any bone marrow left for a transplant. Judges making SS rolls will notice that the flames begin in a small area of his forehead, forming an outline like the Eagle of Justice.

As the last flame flickers out, the sensation of evil vanishes, and the psychic attack ends.

When this is reported, the Judges will be told to continue on to the city at all possible speed, hand the vehicle over to Forensic, and report to Psi-Judge Ferguson at Ben Casey Memorial Hospital.

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*To Live and Die in Mega-City One will be concluded in Prog 3: Let's Do The Timewarp (Again) in next month's issue of White Dwarf, when all will be explained, an old enemy confronted and a disaster averted...*

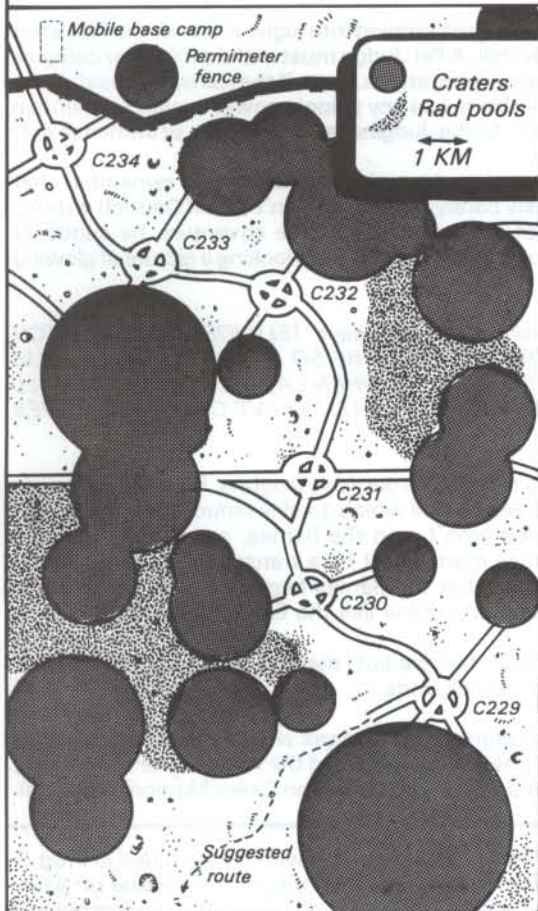
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Marcus Rowland





Figure 8: Atlanta Expedition Map 1



Land Cruiser and Killodozer

De-restricted: full details require Justice Department clearance

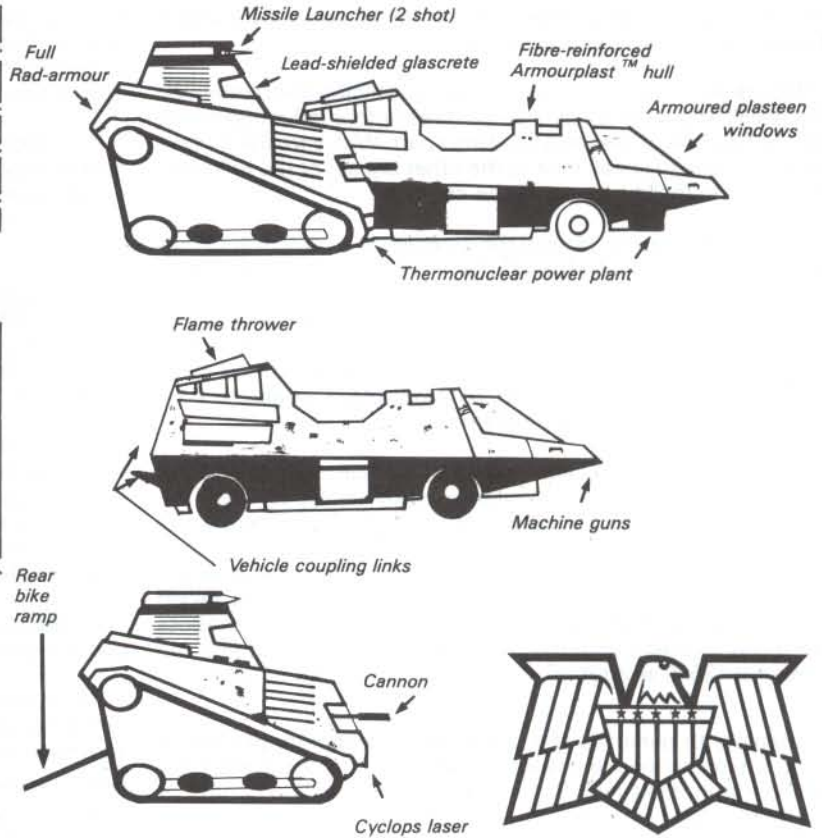
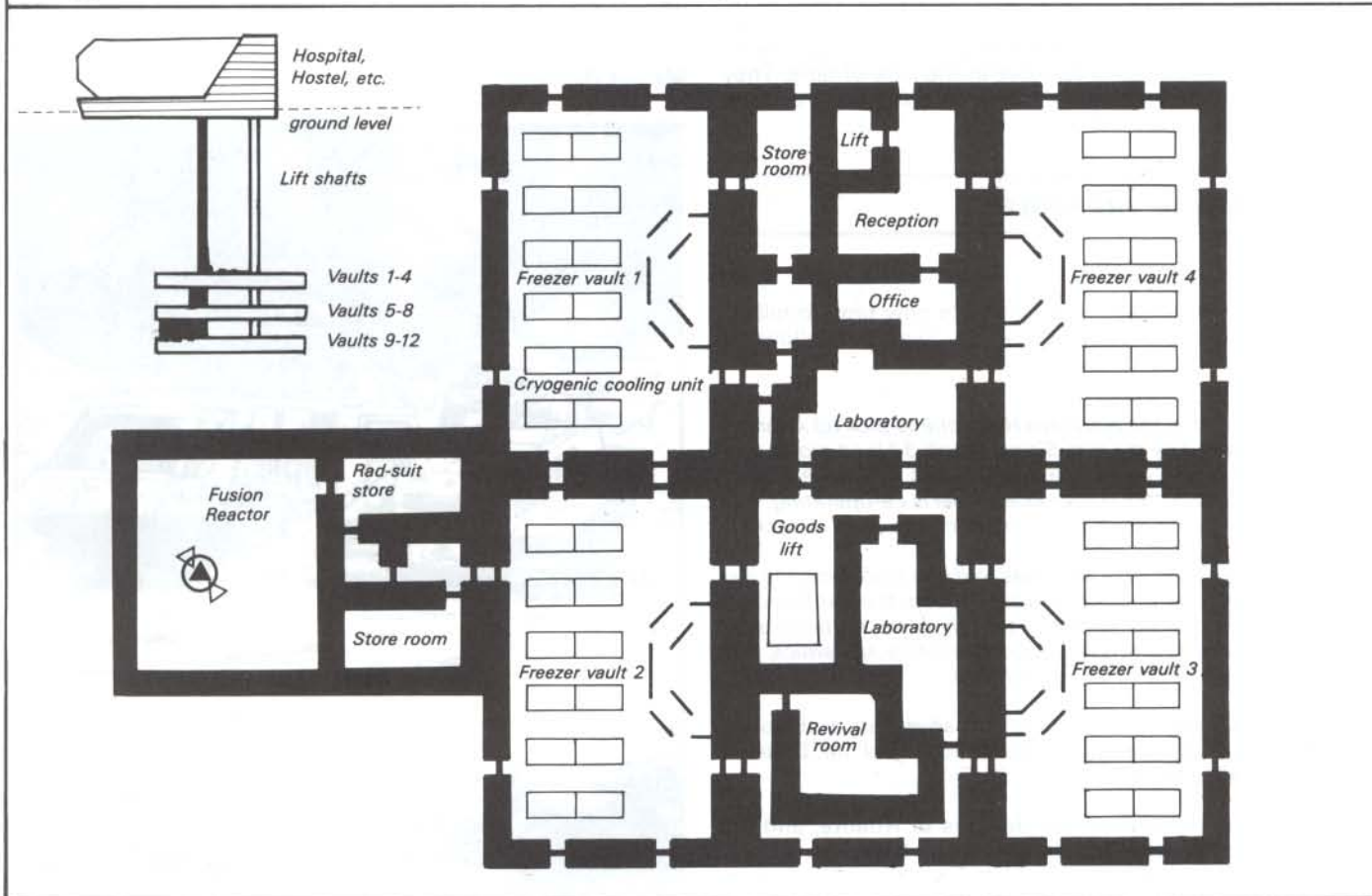
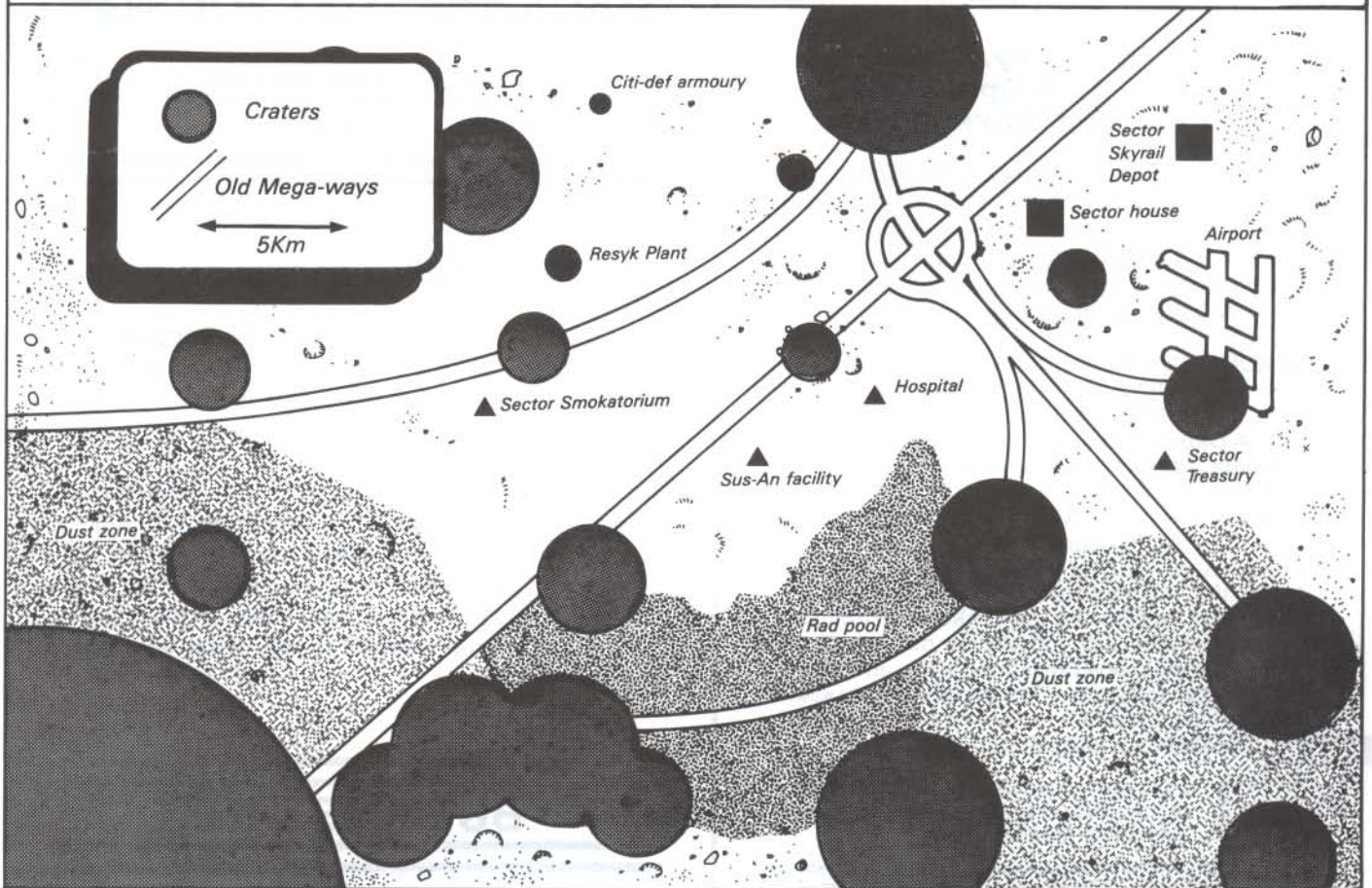


Figure 11: Atlanta Sus-An Facility

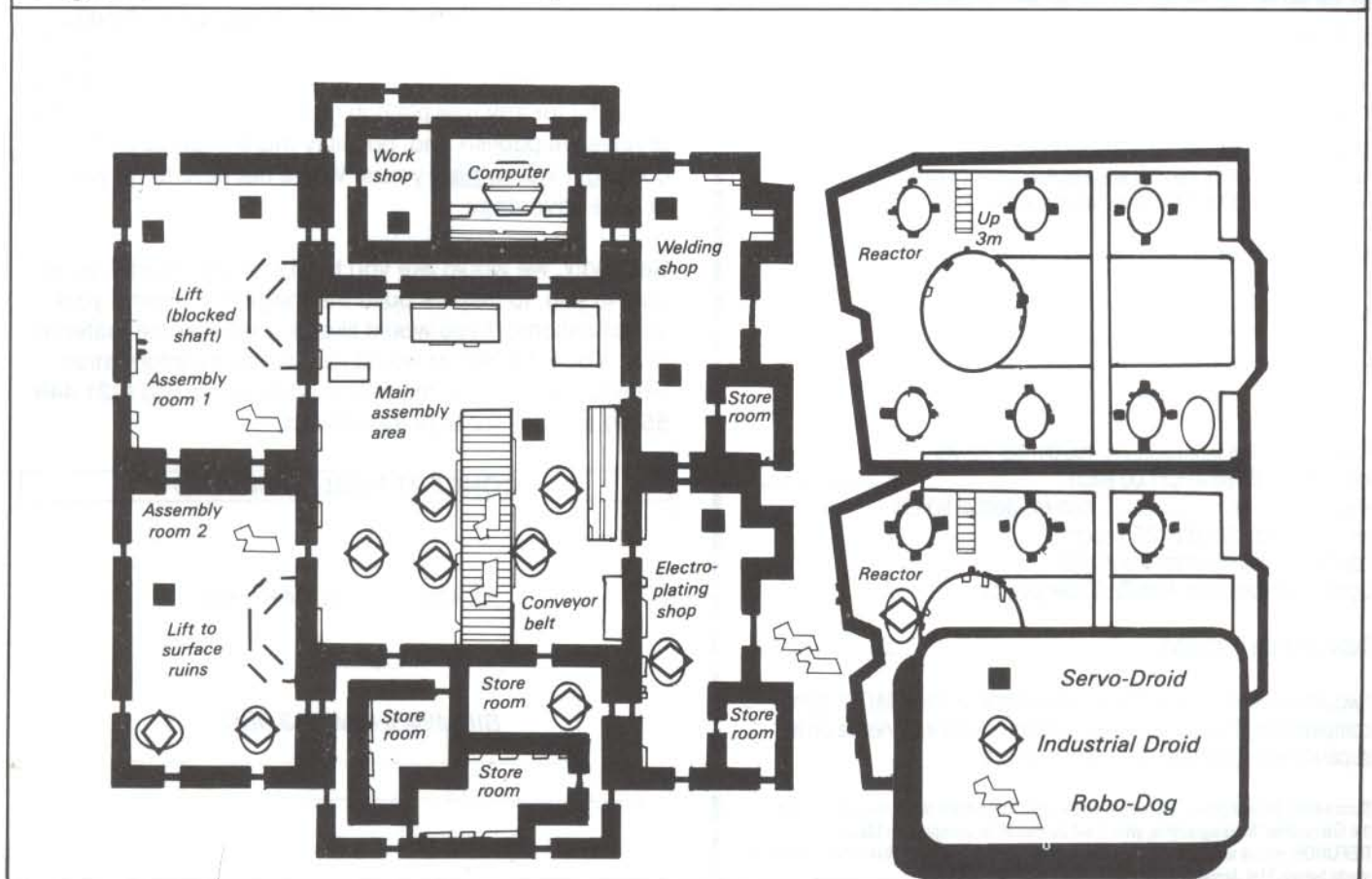




**Figure 10: Atlanta Expedition Map 3**



**Figure 12: Atlanta Factory**





# GamesFair '88

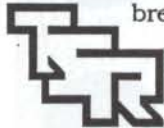
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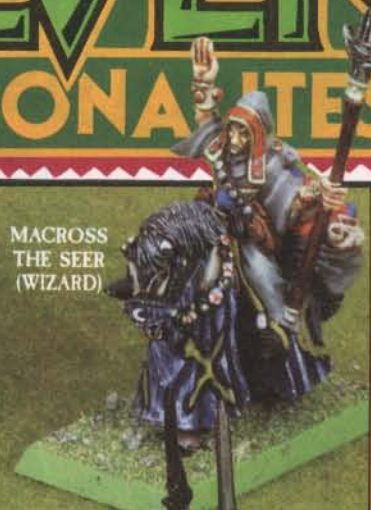
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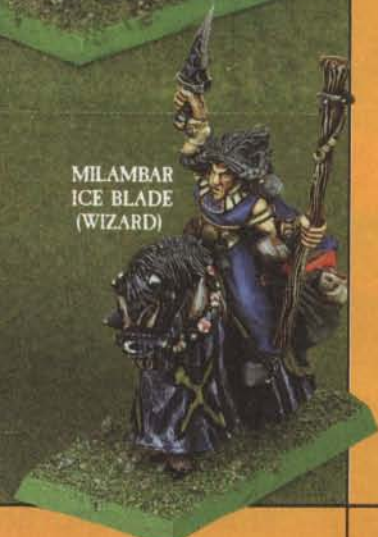
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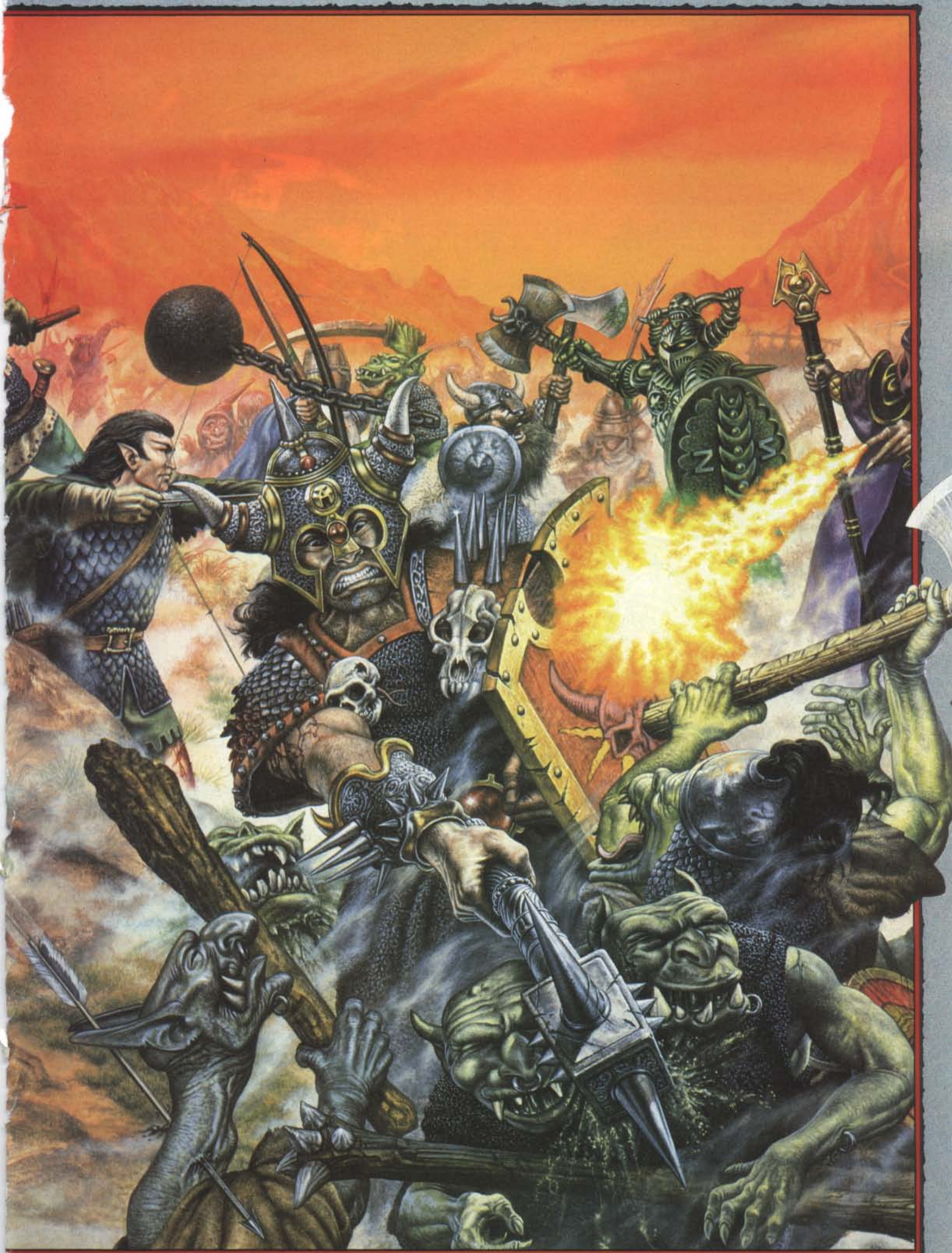
# WARHAMMER

## FANTASY BATTLE

The Goblins had been marching for more than a day. The night had not slowed them, nor had the coming of dawn. They had eaten on the march. Several had slept on the march, their limbs carrying them forward without the need of conscious thought. Even their Skaven allies had been hard pressed to keep up.

The Goblins had a purpose. They were going to war and loot.  
Especially loot.









Towards the front (but not too near the front) of the column, Boglob Frothnose, the War Chief, sat in his battle chariot, crushing beetles between his teeth and flicking the sucked-dry shells into dust. It passed the time. For the seventeenth time, the Skaven leader who rode with him refused a beetle. There was something unnatural about these ratty little... erms... mused Boglob.

'Soon. Soon. Oh yess. Soon.'

Boglob often talked to himself. Some said he was mad. Some said it to his face, but not twice. But this time Boglob was not suffering from the hereditary weakness of the brain that had brought him to high command. He knew that just over the horizon, were rich pickings. Gold, cellars overflowing with ale, fat cattle, plump humans, easy meat - all there for the taking. As easy as biting the head off a rat.

'Oh yess. Bites da 'ed orfs a rat, heechheee!'

'Pardonpardon?'

'Erm, nofink. I wuz just cleeirin' me froat... emrr-hhurrk! See?' Boglob looked at the Skaven with what passed for embarrassment in Goblin circles.

Then he stood up in the swaying chariot. Ahead was a battle line: men on horseback, men on foot, armed and armoured. Archers too! Boglob sat down heavily as the Goblins ground to a halt. He didn't like the look of this one little bit.

The human archers pulled back their bows. The first shafts flew, and an arrow thudded into the side of Boglob's chariot. He turned to wave his troops into the attack, and then saw that there were more enemy cavalry behind his force. Boglob looked at the Skaven, who was frowning, in a ratty sort of way.

'I fink weez got a problem...'

Wargames - tabletop games of large battles played with models - have always been popular. In the past, the most popular subjects had always been set firmly in the real world: the battles of Napoleon, or World War Two.

Five years ago, though, this changed. *Warhammer Fantasy Battle* was published. With the arrival of these rules, battles between armies of Orcs and Dwarfs, Elves and Goblins, Humans and, well, almost everybody else, became the most popular type of tabletop game. Armies of fantastic creatures marched and countermarched across battlefields based purely in the imagination of the players.

Now, fantasy tabletop games take another giant step forward with *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition*...

Boglob thought for a painful moment, and then he glared at the Skaven.

'Ya stoooid git. Look wot yoo gorrus inta!'

'Whatwhat? Me?! MEEEEEE!'

'Yer! YOOO! I fort yoo wuz a no hoper... Shuda lissend to me mun. Shee sed yoo wuz useliss.'

The Skaven's ratty little eyes bulged in rage. Nobodysbody talked to him in that way! He had meant to do it earlier, but this was unforgiveable! It was time to bite open the throat of this little... The Skaven's jaws twitched. Oblivious to his danger, Boglob continued his tirade.

'Shuddup 'n' let me fink. Weez gotta 'av a... stratgee. Datz it. A stratgee.'

Boglob looked pleased as his triumph at remembering a particularly difficult word grew in importance. Then an arrow bounced off his helmet. His strategy had been chosen for him.

'Attakk! Attakk! ATTAKkkkkkkhhurrk!'

Goblin blood always tasted horrible.





The basic rules in the *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition* are simple and straightforward. As a clearly explained introduction for beginners to the delicate arts of generalship, they are ideal. This new edition is based on five years of design, development and playtesting experience, which has produced an accessible and exciting set of game rules.

*Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition*, for example, uses the same basic sequence of play as earlier versions of the game. On a superficial level, the rules appear to be substantially the same as before. It's only when you start looking at the details that you realise that *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition* is a new and exciting addition to the *Warhammer* range.

Players who have earlier editions of the game will have no problems adapting to *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition* rules. The underlying features of the rules remain unchanged, but they have been modified and improved. Experienced players can use the basic rules package, or take advantage of the strength of *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition*: the advanced rules.

The advanced rules are the bulk of *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition*. The list of topics they cover is huge, but among the other things you'll find in there are battle chariots and their uses in combat; flying creatures and

rules for aerial combat, height levels and air-to-ground combat; Buildings (and for the pyromaniacs out there) setting them on fire; force deployment notes and tactics; and even human-piloted kamikaze rockets... If you read on, you'll find out about more of what awaits in the game.

There are also extensive guidelines on building armies and scenery for games. Miniature figures are an attractive feature of mass combat tabletop games - and *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition* includes a large section on painting and preparing *Citadel* figures for use in games. As well as notes on getting the best from scenery and buildings on the tabletop, there are even notes on how to build a wargames table!

*Warhammer Armies* is the companion volume to *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition*. This is a hardback book giving complete army lists for use with the *3rd Edition* rules.

Among other delights are competition armies for *Warhammer* tournaments and battles, ready-to-play scenarios, new Machineries of Destruction, shield and banner designs... *Warhammer Armies* will be the basis of future wargames competitions.

But that's not all...

*Foulbreath* (he had no other name these days) was furious. He hated sitting still in his tent, and he had done little else for the last four days. Even his mercenaries were feeling the strain - warbands were supposed to kill, attack, despoil! Not sit on their bottoms on hill tops waiting for a thrice-poxed mist to clear. He was beginning to suspect that the mist wasn't natural. He sighed and, not for the first time, wondered whether Mother had been right. If only he could remember what it was she had said...

The tent flap was pulled aside. Noir thrust his head inside.

'It's dawn, Captain-General.'

*Foulbreath* (even his *nom-de-guerre* felt like a mistake this morning) cursed under his breath and picked up his helmet. He followed Noir to where his other Captains stood. A nod to *Scarlett*, a brief 'Hello' from *Blau*, and then silence fell. They stood together, ears straining, waiting for the Voice.

Every morning since the mist had descended, the Voice had been there, issuing a challenge. First two men, then a troop, then two troops, finally a half-company; the voice had claimed that a 'real soldier' could slay them all. *Foulbreath* (image was all in the mercenary business) had drawn lots among the volunteers. The men had strutted into the mist to teach the arrogant loudmouth a lesson. And then... The clash of steel, the clang of armour, the screams of the dying and... Nothing. Nothing had come out of the mist, except the Voice. Getting a half-company to go hadn't been so easy. It had needed double pay.





And then it came again. A quiet, confident Voice, almost - but not quite - contemptuous.

'A real soldier can slay a company of your poxed mercenaries.'

'Right.' Foulbreath (Beerbreath would have been closer to the truth) was decisive. 'Captain Noir, get your company ready. We're going after that preening git, and I'm coming with you... Scarlett, Blau, your lads are to follow at one hundred paces. Well? MOVE!'

Away from camp, the mist seemed thicker. Noir and Foulbreath ('Damn name!') peered ahead of their advancing men. The jingle of harnesses and weapons was oddly muted. Something, or someone, was moving in the mist, crawling along the ground. It was the ensign of the half-company, sent out the day before.

'Ahh. This one's dead, sir, with a hole like that in his chest. Just doesn't know when to lie down by the look of him.' Noir was philosophical about death, especially when it involved other people.

The ensign was trying to speak. Foulbreath (he knew he would have to change it when he retired) knelt beside him, and gently picked up the dying man. The ensign summoned his strength for one last effort.

'Don't go... any... further... There's twoof themmmmm...'

Larger-than-life and very powerful individuals are part of what sets fantasy tabletop wargaming apart. Mighty-thewed warriors who can stand-off a whole regiment with his trusty broadsword (and a bit of luck) are part of every fantasy battle. Even if there are two of them...

Warhammer Fantasy Battle has always had such characters - the Champions, Minor Heroes and Major Heroes of earlier editions of the game.

In *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition*, such characters are covered by a new system of character 'levels'. Each level gives the character a set of advances - additions to the character's standard profile - making him significantly better than his rank-and-file brethren. Characters can be tougher, take more wounds, have more attacks, better leadership, and be an all-round improvement on their basic racial type. Furthermore, rather than just coming as 'champions' and 'minor' or 'major' heroes, individuals now come as Level 5, 10, 15, 20 or 25 characters. Each level is the number of advances on the standard profile of the character's race.

This elegant system is used for nearly every race and creature type in the game. A Level 25 character is indeed somebody to be feared by all, no matter what his racial type!

Of course, characters can still lead units into battle and be attached permanently to that unit as its Champion, but this doesn't have to be the

case. Independent characters can roam the battlefield, risking all in hand-to-hand combat with enemy units or opposing characters!

Characters can also act as Generals, commanding whole armies and boosting the morale of troops wherever they appear, or act as subordinate commanders for units of their own racial type.

'Look. I'm not going to hurt you, or even threaten you. But, man, can't you see that it's your duty to help at a time like this?'

'No.'

'What? And after all the Duke's done for you. You can't even see your way clear to casting a few simple spells.'

'But that's all we want. Just a bit of magic, and you could go back to your home and carry on as though the war never happened. Go on, you can do that much for us - for your own kind - can't you? Just think, man, how would you feel if your daughter were used to slake the lusts of some Goblin?'





*Primus: the Duke's witchfinder has pulled out my fingernails. This has not made me sympathetic to your plight, young man. Secundus: the Duke's witchfinder burnt my home to the ground. My alembic will never be the same again. Tertius: the duke's witchfinder burnt my daughter at the stake. Although I didn't care for the girl very much - she stole the secret of... never mind. It's the principle that counts. No.*

*'We're willing to pay.'*

*'Well, why didn't you say so in the first place...'*

Wizardry is the extra force that wins and loses battles. In *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition* all wizards are character models. They have advances on the standard racial profiles in the same way as other larger-than-life characters, so that they now come as Level 5, 10, 15, 20 and 25 characters. In the case of a wizard, of course, these changes to the profile reflect spell-casting abilities rather than combat skills.

In previous editions of the *Warhammer* system, wizards have been divided into different types - necromancers, illusionists, demonists. These artificial barriers have been broken down in *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition*. Now any wizard can cast the standard battle magic spells - always providing that they are good enough!

What is new in *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition* is the ability of wizards to learn spells that had been the preserve of specialist magicians in earlier versions of the rules. Now, instead of learning a battle magic spell, many wizards can learn 'necromantic' spells. This isn't forced on wizards, but it can be very useful if the coming battle is against a horde of Skeletons and other Undead...

*Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition* also introduces new spells to the *Warhammer* world. The *Spell of Leg Breaking*, *Dispel Magic* and others are included in the rule book. There are also comprehensive rules for magic weapons, magic armour and magic items. And *Magic Duel* introduces personal trials of magical strength between opposing wizards...

*'How many, Hans?'*

*'Sire, we have scoured the County and pressed every able-bodied man into service. The levy is complete. More than five hundred men, loyal and true to the memory of your father, await your every command.'*

*'Excellent. You have arranged this entire business perfectly. And we march against only one hundred, eh, Hans?'*

*'True, Lord... err, but they are the Knights Panther.'*

*'Ah. Yes... Perhaps you'd better make sure that we're provided with some swift horses as well...'*

Elite forces have always been worth far more to a commander than mere numbers would suggest. Levies - raw, untrained and probably press-ganged - on the other hand, rarely perform well in the terrifying surroundings of a battle.

*Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition* reflects this in extending the idea of character advances to cover elite troop types. Elites are units who all have some improvement on their profiles. They are, in effect Level 1 to Level 4 'characters', with advances on their profiles in the same way as individual character models. Elite troops also vary from their racial standard by types: 'shock' troops are considerably better in hand-to-hand combat - advances to *Weapon Skill* and *Initiative* - while 'missile' elites have bonuses to their *Bow Skill*.

*Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition* also introduces the concept of levies - troops gathered into the army from whoever happened to be around at the time! Levies are the opposite of elite troops, with 'advances' on their racial profiles which actually make them worse! Not suprisingly, these mobs can be as much of a problem to command as to face in battle...

As well as the elites and levies for most races, *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition* includes new special troop types for many races. These are troops with unusual abilities or special weapons - animal handlers, assassins, berserkers, shapechangers, skirmishers, scouts, falconers, foresters, flagellants, suicide bombers, bombardiers. The special racial troops that have emerged and been developed since the last edition of *Warhammer Fantasy Battle* are also included: the dreaded Goblin Fanatics, who can wreak havoc on anyone who gets in their way (or even near them); Skaven plague censor carriers and Skaven poison wind globe carriers... There are more than enough exotic troop types to keep even the most demanding 'special forces' general happy!

And then there are rules for baggage trains and camp followers...

*Notlob Spleenbender stood on top of the pile of corpses and howled his best warhowl. It was a frightening sound; a sound to bring terror to the hearts of all who heard it. Notlob was proud of his howl, so he did it again, throwing back his head to get a really good tone. He forgot about the pathetic little stunties and their stupid flamestick weapons and howled.*

*It was an amazingly stupid thing to do. He was silhouetted against the fires on the battlefield. A shot rang out, and Notlob was splattered to the winds.*

*Grugni Cloudshoulder lowered his blunderbuss and grinned at his mates.*

*'These Gobboes... Not exactly bright, are they?'*

Gunpowder weapons are only part of the changes to the *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition* weapon rules. All extra weapons (above and beyond a simple hand weapon that all troops have) are now defined, and have different effects in combat.

The points values for weapons have also changed, making it expensive to equip an entire army with anything much more than basic hand weapons and armour. But then you didn't want regiments of elite blunderbuss-armed Dwarfs spoiling all your innocent Goblins fun, did you?

Oh, you did.

*'Fighting in this man's army is easy. Just shoot the first green git that jumps out at you. Follow orders. And walk in a straight line unless you are told different.'*

*'I told you that when you joined the Wurlitzer's Company of Foote, and I tell you before every battle, but you always forget.'*

*In the middle of the square of troops the captain pushed his helmet back from his forehead.*

*'Listen carefully, cloth-heads. This time, we're going to try something new. You'll probably forget this as well, but it may just win us a battle one day. Company - wait for it - SHUN! Form up on me!'*

*There was a ragged pounding on the dusty practice field as boots trampled the remaining grass into the ground and weapons were shifted into marginally less uncomfortable positions.*

*'Company, in column, forwar' MARCH! Good, glad to see we still remember that bit! Right WHEEL! HALT! Left TURN! NO! NO! Your other lefts, you stupid...'*



*Ravens Hordes* introduced the idea of formations and changes of formation during a single turn. The rules in *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition* build on the ideas in *Ravens Hordes* to present a system of manoeuvres for units. The ability to manoeuvre up to three times in a turn is based on the leadership of the unit. Troops can wheel, spread out, and then turn again - but only if their commander is of sufficient calibre. Well led units have an added flexibility that is not simply reflected in their killing power.

Units can also adopt specific formations: the square (good against cavalry charges), wedges (from *Ravens Hordes*), archer wedges, shield walls (which are immovable, in more senses than one), testudos (the 'Tortoise' of overlapping shields) and, mixed units of different troop types, such as spearmen and missile troops.

The Advanced Rules for manoeuvres compliment the advanced combat rules, which allow units to push back the opposition, multiple unit combat, continuous charges, and voluntary withdrawal from battle. The overall effect is to add several layers of 'realism' to the rules...

*'These 'ere mammoths... began Kan Tucky the Dwarf engineer.'*

*'Mammoths.'*

*'Like I said, mammoths. Big, is they? I means, I should notice if one was in the room, yes?'*

*'Possibly, Kan, possibly.'*

*'Hmmm. That's what I thought. No problem, then. We Dwarfs might not be as tall as you humans, but we ain't stupid. We can deal with the mammoth.'*





'Simple. Me lads uses the flame cannon on 'em. Fries 'em, just like that... I s'pose you could say I turns 'em into Kan.'

'Don't say it!'

Undeterred, the Dwarf pressed on. 'Tucky Fried Mammith! HahahahAHAR!'

'It wasn't that funny...'

Beasts of war (your mammith - sorry - mammoth) are a new concept in *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition*. Basically, any large beast can be ridden into battle by smaller, less powerful creatures or troops, causing havoc among the enemy. On the other hand, war beasts can cause havoc to their own side by running amok in the heat of battle. Even if they are killed, creatures such as mammoths can cause problems with their death throes... Even those fried by dwarven flame cannons.

Dwarven flame cannons, by the way, are only one of the war engines covered in *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition* rules. There are also bolt throwers (ballistae) and stone throwers (magonels - such as *Man-mangler* from the *Citadel* range - and catapults) as well as gunpowder weapons. The cannon, the mortar and the organ gun are also covered in the rules. The Dwarven flame cannon is one of the more dramatic and dangerous (even to its crew) of these weapons.

Smaller weapons also receive attention. The Chaos Dwarf rocket launcher, the Dwarf fire thrower, the Hobgoblin sky rocket and the Skaven Warfire thrower all count as portable engines of war. And then there's the rocket kamikazes, including a brave human pilot who is strapped into his machine for one desperate, if somewhat terminal flight...

'Giants. Wull now.' The storyteller stopped to take a last pull from his bottle.

'Giants, are, wull, are big an' nasty an' mean an' fall over lots an' 'av bad breif an' don' care hoo dey treads on an' is recelly tall. Tall, that's da word. Yup, tall, wiv a captul somefink or other. Don' ever fergit that, nots if yoo wants to live to a ripe ol' age.'

The firelight caught his one good eye as he looked round at his audience.

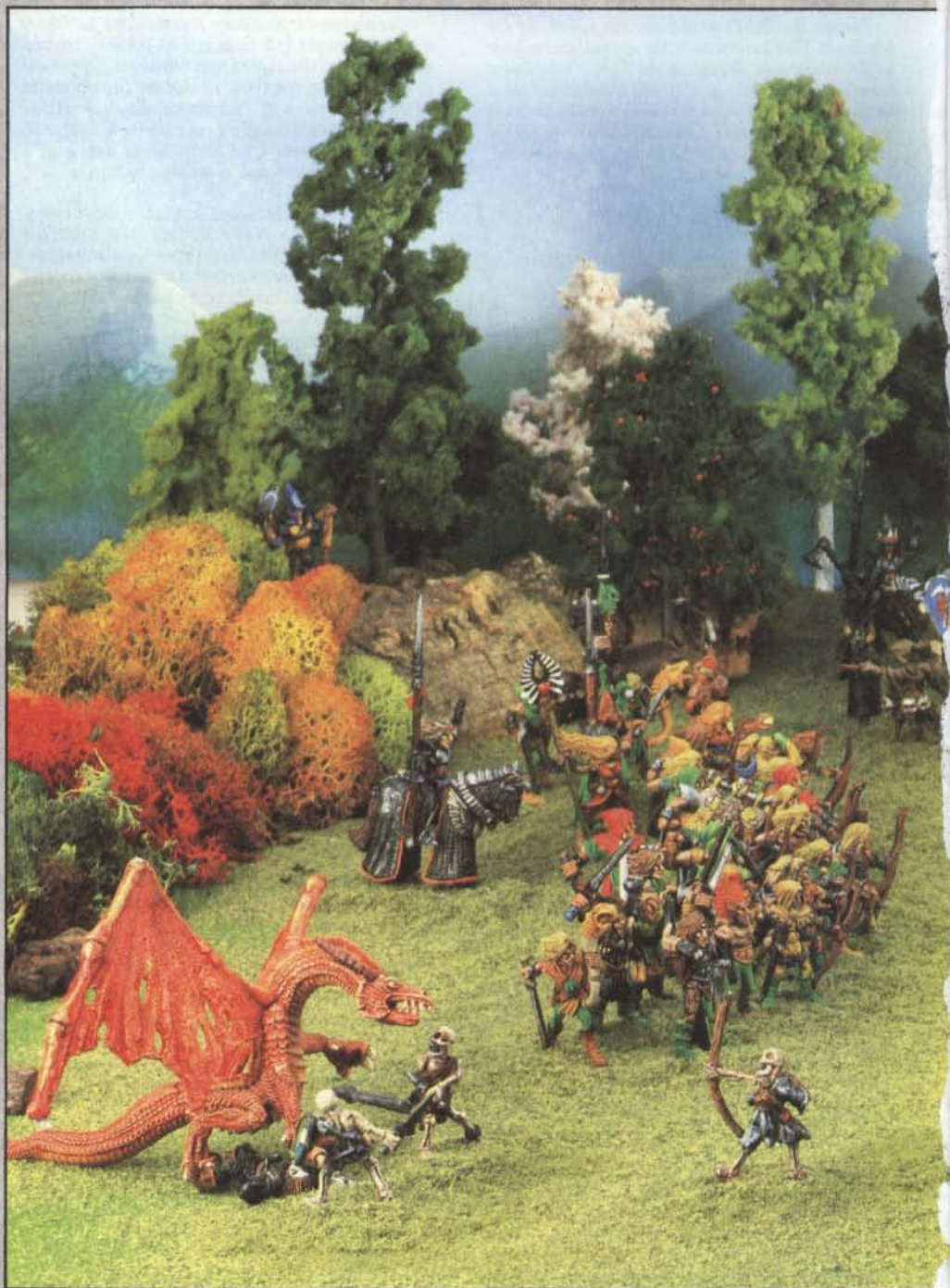
'Anyways, once yoo've seen one of dem, yoo don' ever wants to meet annuver. 'Spesilly when they's 'ad a few. Cos they falls over, on tops of whole regiments some of 'em.. That's how we lost Baldbeard and other lads... Under a drunked Giant. Like I said, they's a bit tall. Taller even than me...'

The old Gnome finished his story, and reached up to put his empty bottle back on the table.

'Oh, yus. They's tall awrite...'

*Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition* includes a complete bestiary of creatures and races for use in battles, including the odd tall(ish) Giant.

Intelligent races are covered in depth. The complete *Citadel* ranges of Humans, Dwarfs, Elves, Goblins, Skaven, Orcs, Snotlings, and all the others are given in full detail. These are the troops who take most part in the organised warfare of *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition*, and are consequently those that make up the bulk of many armies.



But there are other fighting races available. There are complete details of the major type of creatures that can take part in battles. The giant races, including the Giants themselves with their many combat options, Ogres, Minotaurs and the Treemen with their magical abilities are all part of the game. And if this isn't enough, there are Skeletons, Zombies, Wraiths and other undead; 'ordinary' creatures; and Demons and Elementals that can be summoned during battle; and, of course, dragons...

Chaos creatures such as Chimerae, Griffons and the like can all manifest some mutation or taint of Chaos. There is also a detailed system for generating the rank-and-file mutant Beastmen which make up part of a Chaos horde...

For an individual mutant, of course, it is vitally important whether he has an elongated nose, or no nose at all! In a battle, however, the dominant Chaos attributes of a unit of mutants assume greater importance than the colour, texture and/or presence of a few organs or limbs... Chaos attributes are generated by unit in gross terms (whether, for example, all the mutants in a unit suffer from *blood frenzy*) and for individual

character models in a much more detailed fashion. But it is the effects on battle, not the cosmetic changes that really matter in *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition*.

The bestiary of *Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition* also adds to the list of psychological factors for troop types covered in the basic rules. As well as *fear*, *frenzy* and *hatred* adding character to different troop types and races, *animosity* and *saga animosity*, covering long-standing rivalries between races and tribes, can affect troops - and their reactions to enemies and allies. *Instability* can affect a range of summoned creatures: perhaps this turn an Elemental will be have extra power at its disposal; on the other hand, it could be forced to quit the battle and return to its native plane!

In short, *derz mor creetsbures dan wots yoo can shake a ded stunty at... Oh yes, my presbus...*

*Count Hans leaned forward in his saddle and dragged the Orc battle standard from the dead grasp of its previous owner. He turned to his fellows and held the foul and bloody trophy aloft.*





*'Victory! This day we have been blessed with victory! This, the standard of our defeated foes, shall be carried at the head of the army when we return as a mark of our - of my - triumph!'*

*'Err, excuse me...'*

*The mercenary was absolutely filthy, covered from head to foot in blood and other, less mentionable substances. I don't want to worry yer lordship, but we was 'ere first. That there totem pole is ours.'*

*'Fie on you, peasant dog. We won this victory - and this prize.'*

*'There's twenty-five of us says we won it. And three of you. Now, you want to make something of it, John?'*

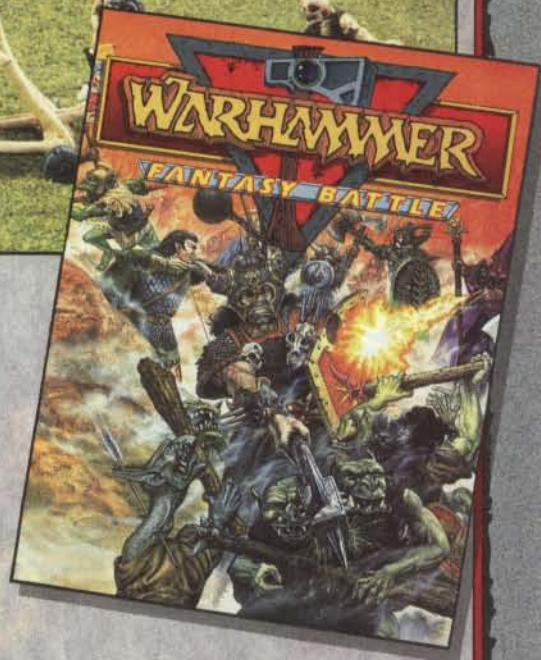
Victory is the ultimate test of generalship. in **Warhammer Fantasy Battle 3rd Edition**, victory is not calculated simply on the basis of whoever survives. The value of surviving troops - and the value of enemy troops eliminated - does, of course, have an effect on working out who has won, but that's only part of the story. The capture

of enemy standards and baggage plays an important part in calculating victory, as does the holding of key terrain (defined before the battle). The effect of these victory rules is to give purpose to battles of manoeuvre and possession, not simple battles of annihilation.

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# EAVY METAL



*In this Eavy Metal Rick looks at something a little different. Gone are the homely chunks of metal, the sparkling paint and the elegant brushes. In their stead he has a great big pile of plastic, tubes of glue and a bottle of Vim. What madness is brewing?*

Most of us have made at least one plastic kit at some time or other. Perhaps it was a tank, ship, plane or something even more perverse (eg a car... you need treatment, sicko). Over the years, many will have abandoned their hobby in favour of other, more *mature* pastimes of which 'rock and roll' is but one of three. Fortunately, kit modelling is something you *never forget!* So, assuming you possess at least some dormant skills, and being naturally enterprising creatures, you will naturally wish to reawaken these talents at the soonest opportunity.

Nope! This isn't a 'how to' article about plastic kits. This is an article intended to show how ordinary plastic kits + assorted bits of junk + a bit of effort (specifically yours) can be miraculously transformed into vehicles which can be used with futuristic tabletop games like **Warhammer 40,000 Rogue Trader**. The models shown here are robust and functional rather than pieces of plastic art. That is not to say you couldn't put in a bit of extra effort to turn a model into a feature for a diorama or display. Most collections, however, are practical, and designed to be *used*. Models must therefore be able to withstand constant transport, handling and the occasional accident.

## WH40K VEHICLES

The WH40K section on vehicles divides them into types such as 'bikes', 'hover', 'wheeled', 'tracks' etc. Each type is further divided into three sizes; small, medium and large. All vehicles are defined in terms of a set of statistics. Typical statistics are provided for each type/size of vehicle as is a random generation table. Each vehicle type is then illustrated by a specific example - for instance, the tracked vehicle is the *Land Raider* shortly to become available as a plastic kit from Citadel.

When this section of WH40K was written, it was intended that the author's own collection of vehicles would be used to provide the examples. In the end, the idea was dropped as many of the models were either old and no longer available, or else rather readily identifiable as 'Star Wars'

or other licenced items. Not wishing to evoke the spirit of legal complication, the vehicle section was illustrated with drawings. This is rather a pity, even though the illustrations are attractive. After all, if you have vehicles in your game you will need models to represent them.

## THE MODELS

The models shown here have been designed to represent examples, or typical types, of vehicle described in WH40K. The components shouldn't be too difficult to track down. Suitable alternatives could be used, perhaps to better effect!

## GENERAL MODELLING

As well as ordinary polystyrene cement, you will need super-glue and an epoxy glue such as Araldite as most 'soft' plastics cannot be glued with ordinary polystyrene cement. I also rely quite heavily upon Milliput to fill in joins and reinforce delicate parts. On the whole, it is not worth trying to cut components so that they fit exactly - so long as parts are held reasonably firmly any gaps can be made good with Milliput or concealed by detail.



## THE GRAV-ATTACK VEHICLE

This is a very simple and effective model. The basic shape comes from an empty solid deoderant dispenser which just goes to show what a clean-living and hygienic lot we are at GW. The base is made from a 'pusher' part inside the dispenser. The rest of the model is just 'bits' from a large collection of 'things that any right-minded person would throw away'.

### Parts required

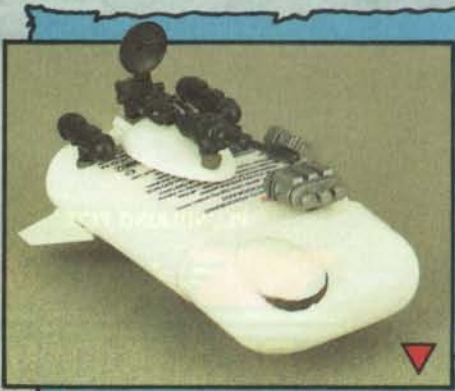
- A Flat 'hip-flask' type deoderant dispenser
- One or more plastic spoons
- A 1/2" or 3/4" screw or length of metal rod
- A weapon from your spares box
- Tanks and decorative bits from your spares box



• Starting point.

## Assembly

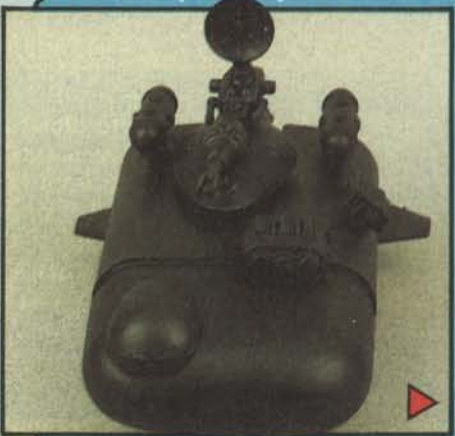
1. Clean out the dispenser. Remove and retain the plastic 'pusher' from inside. Rub the whole surface with a coarse scourer to remove manufacturer's blurb and 'key' the surface. A shiny plastic surface is difficult to paint.
2. Mix a blob of Milliput and push it into the bottom of the dispenser to hold the 'dial' firmly in place. This dial makes a reasonably convincing motor exhaust and so is left in situ...
3. Drill or cut a hole in the centre of one flat side. This hole will take the base and so needs to be about 8-10mm across.



• Complete vehicle awaits its coat of paint.



• Rear detail of the unpainted model.



• Front detail with the basic colour.



4. Drill or cut a hole on the opposite side to '3'. This should be approximately 3cm from what will be the rear of the vehicle. This hole will take the turret, so think about where you want the turret before drilling. Ensure that the diameter of the hole is about the same as your screw.

5. Use the 'pusher' from inside the dispenser to make the base for the model. The pusher should sit comfortably underneath in the hole drilled in '3', supporting the model. Apply plenty of Araldite. For a firmer fit mix more Milliput. Working from the inside of the dispenser, push the Milliput onto and around the protruding 'pusher' and into the hole through its centre. Let the Milliput dry.

5. To drop the vehicle's nose, the dispenser top is glued onto the body at an angle. The resulting gap can be filled in with Milliput or left as it is. The effect is quite interesting. If you are prepared to do a bit of cutting, the nose could be dropped

even more. In retrospect this would have looked better, which just goes to show it is worth playing around with the shapes before you start gluing.

6. Once the nose is dry the front cabin is added. This is made from the 2.5 ml bowl of a plastic medicine spoon. Any plastic spoon that will fit onto the vehicle will do equally well. Fix in place with Araldite. Fill in the gap where the spoon projects over the curve of the front with Milliput.

7. The rear turret is made from the 5ml bowl of the medicine spoon, although any plastic 'teaspoon' will do. I left a tab at the back of the turret to fix equipment to. The turret designed to turn upon a screw 'peg' glued into the underside of the spoon. This fits into the hole drilled in '4'.

8. Glue a 1/2" or 3/4" screw so that its head is fastened to the underside of the spoon. Ensure the screw projects straight down. I cut the tip from the screw before gluing, but this is not

strictly necessary. A piece of metal rod, wooden dowel, or heavy plastic sprue would probably serve just as well.

9. To raise the turret from the deck you will need to make a 'collar' of Milliput around the screw. This is accomplished as follows. First, smear a little oil or talcum powder around the hole you have drilled. Then push a wad of Milliput around the screw, leaving the tip sticking out. Push the turret onto the deck and adjust to your satisfaction. Once the Milliput is dry the turret can be gently prised away from the deck, and the putty will have set forming a supporting collar. Repeat the procedure and make a smaller support under the front of the turret to prevent it drooping. Both supports are invisible once the model is complete - a single larger support will do the job. If either the screw or dried Milliput should fall out, don't worry, just super-glue it back into place.



• Basic black...



• The detail goes on.



• We stopped here. Looks good but you can add detail indefinitely.



• Michael Imming's fantastic conversion.



• The Grav-Attack vehicle in action with some of Citadel's new Space Marines.





• More of Michael Imming's conversion.



• John Ellard's laser and tractor conversion.



• Dreadnought Armour close-up.



• John used pieces from various tank kits to build this combo!



Dreadnought Armour close-up.



• Is it a bird?



• Is it a plane?



• Toys and model kits used for the Ground Hog.



• Graeme Davis constructed this fearsome Marine gunship from a variety of 20th century plastic kits.



• Photos show the finished Ground Hog Model from various angles.





Armour Close-up



Citadel's new Dreadnought Armour

## GRAV-ATTACK VEHICLE PROFILE

A Grav-attack is a standard Imperium design, produced in considerable numbers by the weapon-shops of the Adeptus Mechanicus on Earth and throughout the galaxy. Comparable variations are used by most Chapters of the Space Marines. Many are built by the Marines themselves, others are modified vehicles supplied by the Adeptus Mechanicus. The Grav-attack design can be mounted with any Imperial heavy weapon or a combination of lighter armaments. Support and troop carrier versions are also built.

The vehicle is powered by a standard gravitic-reaction motor utilising gravitational counter-thrust engines and suspensors. A single jet engine facilitates high-speed forwards movement along roads and other 'safe' flat surfaces. The hull may be made from any of a variety of materials depending on local availability. Ideally, armour comprises a ceramite core overlaid by cellular layers of plastic and an outer coating of silicate. The turret affords all round vision and fire for the las-cannon.

LAND		AIR			TRR	Cp	T	D	Sv	Eq	W
Max speed	Acc/dec	Max speed	Min speed	Acc/dec							
20	6				1	4	7	22	5-6	4	4

Las-cannon + Auto-aim  
Missile-launcher + Auto-aim (shells frag/crack)  
Auto-drive  
Communicator



## THE GROUND-HOG

This conversion represents a special tunnelling vehicle of a type described in **WH40K** as *crawlers*. As with the Grav-attack vehicle, you can build the Ground-hog as a robust model suitable for gaming, or as the centrepiece of a diorama or display. Unlike the previous model, this is a fairly straight-forward modification of a commercial model kit - a Tomy Slitherzoid.

### Parts required

A Slitherzoid kit  
A small, hollow, plastic ball

1. The front half of the kit is glued together. Parts such as the clockwork motor, transmission and pilot are consigned to the spares box.

2. The interior of the model is packed out with Milliput to make it more solid. This can be done during assembly as convenient.

3. As the model was glued rather than clipped together as normal, none of the rubber stops are used. Put them in your spares box as they will come in handy for rocket vents and such-like. The holes and projecting stubs designed to accept the stops are cut away and/or filled with Milliput.

4. The hinge which articulates the body to the rear section is cut away with a small saw.

5. Glue the small tail-piece together and fill in the holes either side with Milliput.

6. Glue the tail-piece directly to the back of the body.

7. The two 'eye' pieces are made from two halves of a small plastic ball packed out with Milliput. These could be substituted by moulded Milliput, or by any suitable semi-sphere of similar dimensions (see photo).

8. Once dry, paint with the Vim mixture in the same way as the Grav-attack vehicle.

9. Our model is painted grey and highlighted with light-grey and white. As the Ground-hog is a tunnelling vehicle, it should look rugged but rather shabby - the sort of machine that can bore its way through rock!

## GROUND-HOG PROFILE

The Ground-hog is a specialist attack vehicle. Its unique mode of locomotion enables it to bore under the ground, beneath normal defences, and right into the heart of an enemy position. Although slow and lumbering above ground, it can move almost as fast beneath the surface. Soil and rock is loosened by sonic waves before passing under the forward grinders directly under the Ground-hog's nose. From here the rubble is pulped by the huge main grinder, and passes behind via the side-shovels. The massive amount of heat generated by this process is expelled via the tail-unit at the rear. All underground vehicles have heavily armoured shells and are exceptionally sturdy. This particular example is armed with two forward firing bolt-guns.

LAND		AIR			TRR	Cp	T	D	Sv	Eq	W
Max speed	Acc/dec	Max speed	Min speed	Acc/dec							
16	4				2	2	9	20	5-6	2	2

2 x Bolt-guns + Auto-aim  
Communicator

The 'Hog' has a threatening appearance which looks good despite some rather heavy handed modelling. Like most of my gaming models, this one was completed at the eleventh hour to fight in a game the following day! Crawlers burst from the ground, of course, and you could always make a duplicate version of the front half just as it surfaces. That would be really impressive!

Rick Priestley

Meanwhile... The figure illustrated was acquired by John Blanche while he was in West Germany as Guest of Honour at a convention in Hamburg organised by Citadel Germany. Michael Imming's fantastic conversion of a Citadel space marine (based on a Chaos Knight) was part of the collection that left John wide eyed and boggled. John is currently making arrangements for Michael's work to feature in a future *'Eavy Metal'*, so stay tuned.

Next month (when John has finally recovered from jet lag), *'Eavy Metal'* returns to the theme of increasing the quality of your figure painting. 'Vorsprung durch technik' and all that...

10. Ensure the turret fits into place and turns properly. You can, of course, simply glue the turret permanently in place if you wish.

11. The Grav-attack Vehicle's main armament came straight out of my box of redundant plastic bits. A suitable alternative would be to use the plastic missile-launcher from the Space Marine box set from Citadel. In fact, at this stage you can use whatever you like in the way of main armament. Mount the weapon onto the turret using polystyrene cement or blobs of Milliput.

12. Complete the model by gluing any suitable 'bits' onto the deck. A few spare tanks, short wing fins and interesting looking items will break up the otherwise flat outline. You can go to town here, adding more bits, panels from plastic card, aerials, camouflage netting, and so on...

13. Before painting the model, texture the surface using a mixture of white paint and Vim. Mix the paint and Vim until the paint is grainy and coarse. Paint this onto the model and leave to dry. You now have a model that no longer looks 'plastic' and which will accept all sorts of interesting paint effects. Leave the front cabin untextured to represent 'glass'.

14. Paint - This particular vehicle is painted in the colours of the Dark Angel Space Marines. This is basically a very dark grey. The front cabin is painted pure black and varnished so that it becomes shiny. Insignia and unit markings were painted on, whilst extra detail transfers came from a Japanese robot kit. Some of the Citadel shield transfers are quite suitable too.

The Grav-attack vehicle can double-up as a pat-wagon for **Judge Dredd** should you wish. The design is also suitable for conversion into a tracked or wheeled vehicle by adding the appropriate items underneath. As an alternative to the spoon cabin, an acetate model airplane canopy can be used.



# DWARF FLAME CANNON

The Dwarven flame cannon projects a sticky mass of burning sulphurous chemical. Any target hit is automatically set on fire, in addition to normal damage. It must be filled and pressurised before it can fire. Filling the cannon takes 3 full turns. Roll a D6 at the end of the third turn; on a roll of 6 it explodes, causing damage as below. Building up pressure takes one full turn; once pressure has built up, there is a 1 in 6 chance that the cannon will fire regardless of the player's wishes.

Crew	Range Min Max	Fire Arc	Template	Strength	Save Mod.	Wounds	Points
3	12" 36"	90 deg.	1½"	8	-4	D6	80

All models within the template area are automatically hit once. Any model hit must attempt its basic saving throw with a -4 modifier. Any model failing to save sustains D6 wounds.

Every time the cannon fires, it has a 1 in 10 chance of exploding, destroying itself and causing normal damage over a 1½" radius.

Full rules for the flame cannon may be found in the third edition Warhammer Fantasy Battles rulebook.

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.....	ADDRESS .....
2. Is Sven Haslefriesian a) an Elf <input type="checkbox"/> b) a Dwarf <input type="checkbox"/> c) a Slann <input type="checkbox"/> ?	.....
3. What is the maximum range of a normal bow in Warhammer battle? .....	.....

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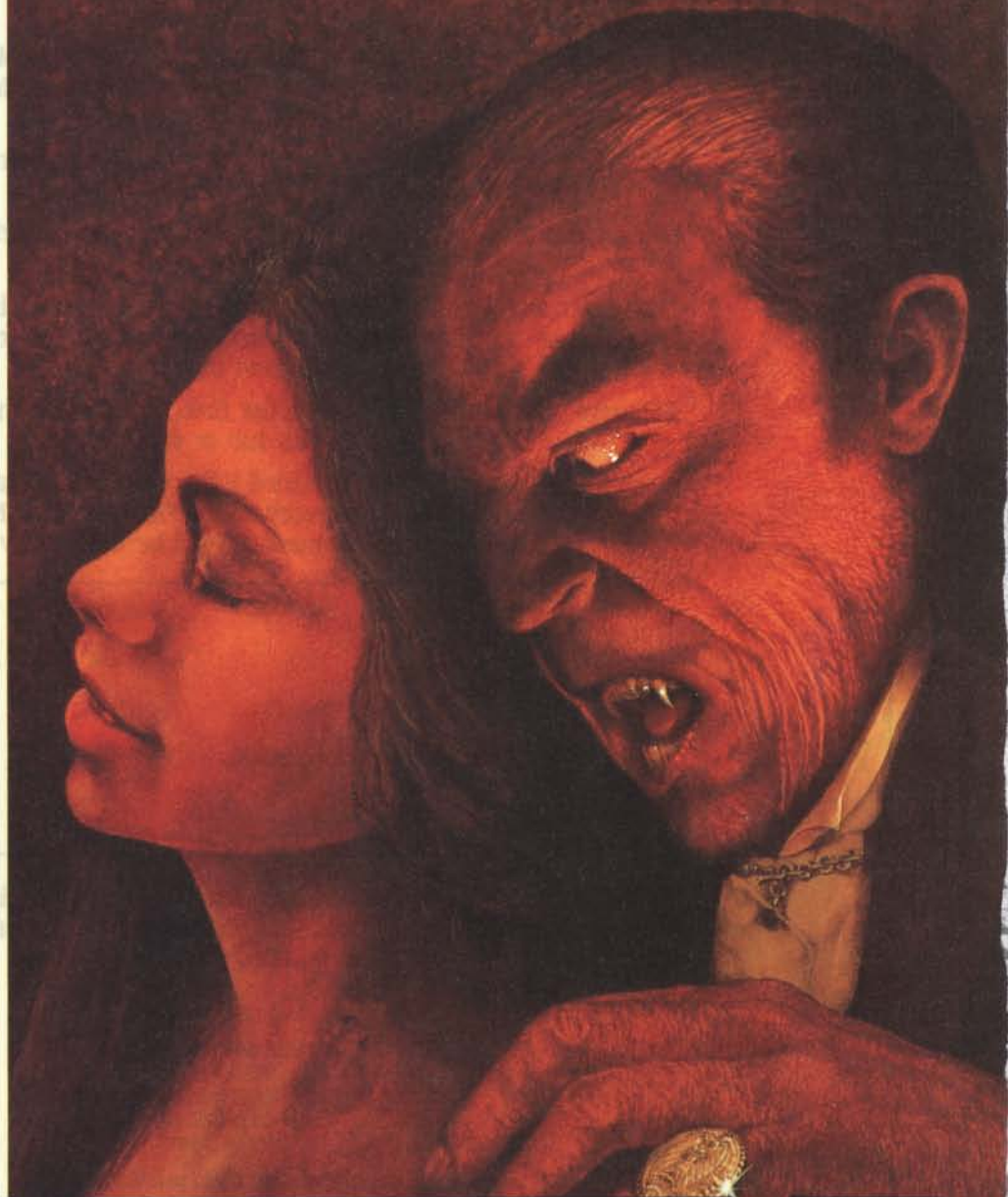
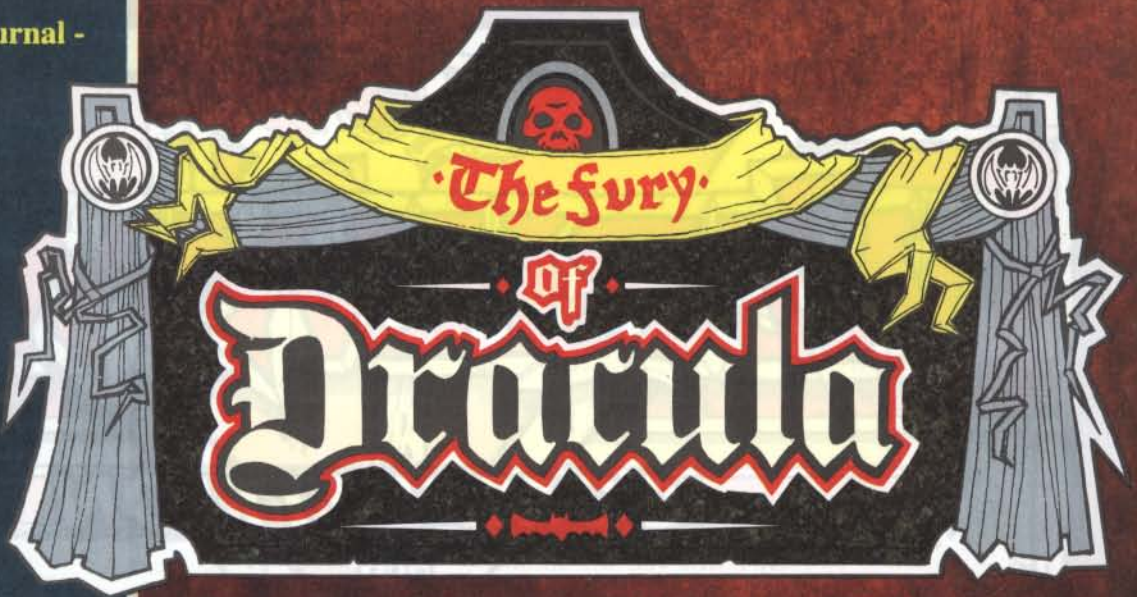
## Lord Godalming's Journal -

*On this bleakest of days, the 13th March, 1898 Anno Domini, I have learned that my greatest fear has, indeed come true. He who we thought laid to rest has returned to cast his foul shadow over the living world once more, and is again spreading his vile plague! How this can be I know not, as I saw him perish before my very eyes at the culmination of our perilous pursuit through the Carpathians, where we also lost our fellow adventurer Quincey Morris - yet the facts of his wretched Un-Dead existence cannot be denied. The strange tales in the newsheets, the mysterious happenings, the bloodless corpses, and now the letter from Professor Van Helsing.*

*Together, with my dear friend John Seward, the Professor and I are to form, again, into a band of Hunters as we first did eight years ago - though now I fear for the aged Professor's health. Sadly, Jonathan Harker is committed though he has sent a wire advising me that he will help in any way he can. We three must not be stopped and will search to the four corners of the Earth if needs be. This time we dare not fail... this time Count Dracula must be destroyed!*

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# ON THE BOIL

*On the Boil* is a new, regular feature, where the best of your ideas for *Warhammer Fantasy Battle* and *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay* are presented in all their glory to the discerning readership of *White Dwarf*. If you have any interesting NPCs (or even your own player characters), magic items, Dwarven relics, creatures, new tactics or regiments, send them to:

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The best entries will be published in future issues of *White Dwarf* and paid for at the standard rate. But to give you something of an appetiser, Rick Priestly, Jim Bambra and Graeme Davis share several bottles of Bretonnian brandy with some giants, while Carl Sargent bumps into a couple of old friends...

## GIANTS

A Sneak Preview from *Warhammer Fantasy Battle III*

'Ob, yus,' said the old Gnome, 'They's big all right. But that's only the start of it...'

To celebrate Citadel's recent release of a new range of Giants, here is a sneak preview of some of the special rules for Giants in the third edition *Warhammer Fantasy Battle* rules. Some of these special rules will already be familiar from the second edition; however, they are reprinted in full here for the sake of completeness.

1. Giants cause *fear* in living creatures under 10 feet tall.
2. Giants rise above most terrain features, and therefore *halve* all movement penalties for *difficult* and *very difficult ground*. Linear obstacles less than 10 feet high are ignored.
3. It is difficult for smaller creatures to land a blow on a Giant above the knee. Man-sized or smaller troops armed with hand weapons other than spears, pikes, halberds and other polearms suffer a -1 'to hit' modifier. This does not apply if the Giant has *fallen over*.
4. Giants move clumsily, and may fall over if forced back in hand-to-hand combat. Any giant pushed-back by its opponents must test by rolling a D6 - a score of 6 indicates that the Giant falls over - see *Fallen Giants* below.
5. Giants are weak-willed creatures with a predilection for alcohol. Any side which includes Giants must roll D6 for each Giant before the game; a score of 6 indicates the Giant is drunk - see *Drunken Giants* below.

### Drunken Giants

The player must roll a D10 every time he wishes a drunken Giant to move.

#### D10 Roll Result

- 1 The Giant falls over immediately - see *Fallen Giants* below.
- 2 The Giant staggers D6" in the intended direction, walking over units of creatures under 10ft tall and causing D6 automatic **Strength** 3 hits against each of them. The Giant may not attack that turn.
- 3 The Giant staggers D6" in the intended direction as above and then *falls over*.
- 4 The Giant lurches D6" in a random direction (use a D12, nominate one direction as 12 o'clock and read the result as a clock face). Walking over units causes damage as 2 above.
- 5 The Giant lurches D6" in a random direction as 4 above and *falls over*.
- 6-10 The Giant somehow manages to remain upright, and moves as normal.

A player has no say over the *attack mode* a drunken Giant uses. If the Giant is fighting troops less than 10 feet tall, roll D10 at the beginning of each round:

- 1 - Stomp and grind
- 2 - Pick up and squash
- 3 - Pick up and throw
- 4 - Pick up and hurl
- 5 - Pick up and eat
- 6 - Pick up and stuff into bag
- 7 - Jump up and down
- 8 - Swing with club
- 9 - Thump with club
- 10 - Yell and bawl

A drunken Giant will always **head butt** an opponent over 10 feet tall.

### Fallen Giants

The *Falling Giant Template* is used to establish which models are crushed by the falling Giant. First, roll a D12 to determine the direction in which the Giant falls, treating '12 o'clock' as the direction in which the Giant is facing. For example, a Giant falls directly backwards on a roll of 6.

Next, place the template with its feet against the Giant's base and the head facing the direction of the fall. All models whose bases are wholly or partially covered by the template are automatically hit, suffering a **Strength** 5 blow and 1 **Wound** if damaged.

Once down, the Giant may rise on its next turn. This takes the whole turn and the Giant may not move, attack or perform any other action. The players must roll a D6 when a *Drunken* Giant attempting to rise:

- 1 The Giant falls into a stupor and sleeps for the remainder of the battle. It may not move or fight, but it may act as an obstacle.
- 2-4 The Giant fails to get up; it may try again next turn, but may not move or do anything else this turn.
- 5-6 The Giant succeeds in rising, and may act normally next turn.

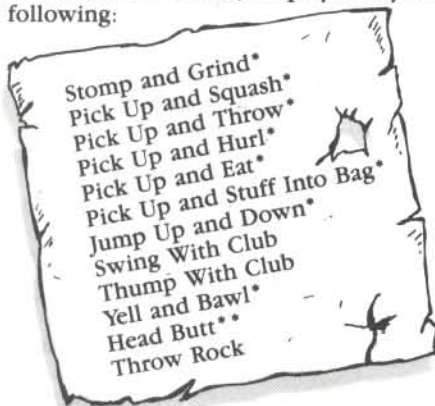


Fallen Giant Template



**Attack Modes**

Giants do not use the normal rules for combat. A Giant may make only one *attack* per round, but they have special *attack modes*. When a Giant attacks, the player may choose any one of the following:



- \* may only be used against creatures less than 10 feet tall.
- \*\* may only be used against creatures more than 10 feet tall.

**Stomp and Grind:** The Giant treads on one enemy model chosen at random from those in base-to-base contact, and grinds the victim into the ground. The Giant hits automatically, causing a **Strength 8** hit and **D6 Wounds** on successful attacks. There is no *armour saving throw*.

**Pick Up and Squash:** This attack is a bit messy and consequently very appealing to the less sophisticated Giants. The Giant stoops down and picks up any one model from the first three ranks of the enemy unit. The victim may make one attack against the Giant, as it struggles to escape. If this attack causes damage, the Giant must let go of the intended victim and abandon the attack - the victim falls to the ground and takes an automatic **Strength 3** hit as a result. If the victim fails to struggle free the Giant squeezes and squeezes until ...the rest is too horrible to print, but the model can be removed as a casualty. There is no *armour saving throw*.

**Pick Up and Throw:** This is a popular attack mode amongst the more athletically inclined Giants. The victim is selected from the first three ranks of attackers as for the *Pick Up and Squash* attack, and may attempt to struggle free in the same way. If the victim fails to free itself, it is thrown bodily into the enemy unit, causing an automatic **Strength 5** hit on the victim and **D6 Strength 3** hits on the unit.

**Pick Up and Hurl:** This attack is a similar attack to *Pick Up*

and *Throw*, but more strenuous. The victim is thrown at any enemy unit within 12,"causing an automatic **Strength 5** hit on the victim and **D6 Strength 3** hits on the unit.

**Pick Up and Eat:** This is an option used by especially slow-witted or enraged Giants who may have difficulty remembering whether they are fighting or eating. The Giant picks up a single victim as for the *Pick Up and Crush* attack; unless the victim struggles free, the Giant bites its head off. Victims die instantly. The player must make an immediate **2D6** test against the Giant's **WP** at this point. If the result is equal to or less than the Giant's **WP**, the decapitated body is thrown back into the enemy unit, causing **D6 Strength 3** hits. If the dice score is more than the Giant's **WP**, the remains are eaten and the Giant will not follow-up any pushed-back enemy that turn. This brings hand-to-hand combat to a premature end. A pushed-back unit must spend its following Movement Phase *reforming*.

**Pick Up and Stuff Into Bag:** The Giant stoops and grabs a victim as for the *Pick Up and Crush* attack; unless the victim struggles free, it is stuffed into a bag, sack or pocket for the rest of the game. Giants invariably carry large foraging bags around with them - the bags are stifflingly stuffy, and can contain any number of dangerous, dead or decaying food items. Once stuffed into a bag, a model can only be released if the Giant is killed.

**Jump Up and Down:** A Giant may jump up and down on top of a whole unit, and the results can be quite impressive. The Giant *falls over* on a roll of 6 on a **D6**; if it doesn't fall over, it causes **2D6** automatic hits at **Strength 5**, with no *armour saving throw*. Once casualties have been worked out, the Giant player must make a **2D6** test against the Giant's **WP**. If the score is greater than the **WP**, the Giant gets carried away (it's having such a good time!) and must continue to jump up and down every combat round until the enemy are destroyed.

If a Giant attempts to jump on a unit equipped with spears, halberds, pikes or other polearms, it runs the risk of hurting itself. The player must roll a **D6** after a Giant has jumped, and the Giant hurts itself on a roll of 6. It loses no **W** points, but must leave combat immediately. The Giant makes an immediate full move away in a random direction, using the **D12** procedure given above. This can take the Giant through the unit it is fighting, and through additional units or small buildings. The Giant is hopping mad (literally!) and probably yelling and bawling like a deranged mastodon. Any unit of creatures under 10 feet tall (other than the one originally fought) over which the Giant moves, takes **D6** automatic hits at **Strength 5** - the so-called 'hop attack'. The Giant continues to hop in a random direction each turn until the player can roll a 6 on a **D6**. The enemy must *reform* on the turn after the jump - if they are still around.





**Swing With Club:** This is an attack mode with a comparatively low amusement value, consequently it is not as popular with Giants as, for example, *yell and bawl*. The club is swung broadly across the enemy's front, causing D6+2 automatic **Strength** 5 hits to the unit's rank and file. There is no *armour saving throw*.

**Thump With Club:** This is a fine stroke for the discriminating club user. The club is raised above the head and brought down upon the target. The single target model may be selected from any models within 2" of the Giant's base-edge, and suffers one automatic **Strength** 10 hit. Successful attacks cause D6 **Wounds**; there is no *armour saving throw*. Such is the force of the blow that there is a chance the weapon will become embedded in the ground. On a roll of 6 on a D6, the weapon is embedded and the Giant must spend the following round freeing it, and unable to move or perform any other action.

**Yell and Bawl:** This is a great favourite amongst the more jovial Giants as it appeals to their primitive sense of humour. The Giant bends down until face-to-face with its foes, and then proceeds to yell as loudly as possible, bombarding the enemy with a frightening blast of noise and halitosis. An attacked unit must make an immediate *rout* test regardless of other circumstances, and suffers a -2 **Ld** modifier.

**Head Butt:** This attack may only be used against opponents over 10 feet tall or those attacking from the air. The head-butt causes 1 automatic **Strength** 5 hit, inflicting D6 **Wounds**. There is no *armour saving throw*.



### Profile

Giants make special attacks with varying **Strengths**, and their **Strength** characteristic is used only when Giants attack buildings or similar structures. They do have a **WS** characteristic, although it is not used for making attacks, most of which hit automatically. **WS** is only really relevant when the enemy attack, as it provides the basic 'to hit' requirement.

Because Giants are very variable creatures, some of whom are stronger, tougher, faster or slower than others, profiles for Giants are generated before the battle under the supervision of the GM. In competition games, players may select a Giant (or Giants) where permitted, but do not generate its full profile until the battle is ready to begin. Although this means that some Giants are better than others, only the standard points value is paid. The player rolls a D6 for each characteristic in turn, and consults the chart below:

D6	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
1	5	2	2	6	6	5	1	special	5	4	5	5
2	6	3	2	6	6	5	2	special	6	5	6	6
3	6	3	3	7	6	6	2	special	6	5	6	6
4	6	3	3	7	7	6	3	special	6	5	7	7
5	6	3	3	7	7	7	3	special	7	5	7	7
6	7	3	3	8	7	7	4	special	8	6	8	8

**Points Value:** The standard points value for a Giant is 250.

*Rick Priestley, Graeme Davis and Jim Bambra*

## A NEW CAREER IN A NEW TOWN

### Two NPC teachers for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay characters

Using non-player characters (NPCs) in *WFRP* serves several purposes. First, it allows PCs to gain new skills. Second, by having them interact with NPCs, they can gain friends, contacts, and sources of information (which the GM can use to feed information about possible or planned adventures). Third, a cast of diverse NPCs makes roleplaying more fun - and that's what the game is all about.

So, here are two NPCs, together with notes on the skills they can teach PCs, and how they can be bought into game play.



**Throw Rock:** A Giant may pick up a rock - or any other inanimate object - instead of moving. The object picked up must be no larger than a single man-sized model. The object may be thrown in any subsequent *shooting phase*. Roll to hit as normal; if the target unit is hit, it takes D6 **Strength** 5 hits. If the object being picked up is firmly attached (such as a tree or part of a wall) it cannot be thrown until the turn *after* it is picked up. Giants who have picked up a large object must drop it before charging or being charged. This doesn't normally interfere with the charge move unless the Giant accidentally drops the object on its own foot. Roll a D6; if a 6 is scored, the Giant suffers an automatic **Strength** 5 hit, and if a **Wound** is suffered, the Giant may not double its *movement rate* while charging (for this phase only).

### Wagons

Giants have a simple sense of humour. One of their favourite pastimes (apart from Dwarf Skittles - a game played using lead balls and captive Dwarfs) involves speeding down sheer mountain slopes balanced precariously on a captured cart or wagon. These wagons have even been known to make an appearance in battle.

Giants may drag or push their wagons to the top of a hill at half their normal movement rate. At the beginning of its Movement Phase, a Giant may launch itself down the hill, travelling 18" in any direction downhill, and through any units in the way. Any unit ridden through takes D6 automatic **Strength** 5 hits. After the first move, the wagon comes to a halt and must be repositioned if it is to be used again. The Giant will fall off on the D6 roll of a 6 at the end of its movement; see *Fallen Giants* above.





## 'HERR DOKTOR' HEINRICH STEINMEYER: Human, Male, Charlatan, (ex-Entertainer)

Well, at least this is the alias which Udo Wentz is using today... He looks about 50 as 'Doktor Steinmeyer' due to the use of make-up and a greying wig, but he's only 29, and his stock as the doctor disguises his real height of 5' 10". What Udo *really* looks like is a fresh-faced young man with curly brown hair (cut short), hazel green eyes, with a rather fetching crooked smile. He is of Neutral alignment.

Udo was born in Ubersreik, and detested the narrow-minded pragmatism so rampant in that metalworking, ore-mining, trading town. He was eldest son of a typical petty bourgeois family. Feeling that life must hold more than being a deputy assistant manager at some miserable mine, he ran away at the age of 15, rather than watch the toiling miners slowly expire of one of a range of respiratory diseases. After a few scrapes along the way, he ended up in Altdorf and managed to eke out a living playing the lyre and mandolin and singing for his keep.

He liked Altdorf life, and picked up many of his skills there, but his garrulous tongue and indiscretions (not to mention a theft or two) ensured he would have to flee the capital before too long. Now he travels wherever his fancy takes him. His one companion is a small dog, Hansi, who looks rather like a Jack Russell with one ear missing (treat as a domestic dog, except that Hansi is a *smart* dog - an *Int* of 20). Hansi helps out with tricks if Udo gets bored of charlantry and plays as a minstrel for a change. The little terrier is also a very gifted thief; many's the meat pie he has run off with to share with his master...

Rather than have the PCs run into Udo at the hustings (where they would probably ignore him), try to have Udo at some disadvantage when they meet, so the PCs can help him. If they are on a boat in *Death on the Reik*, have him swim towards them (with Hansi), crying out for help, with a bunch of ruffians pelting him with stones from the bank. If the PCs are in an inn, have him burst into their room and slam the door behind him, begging the party not to give him away. He will pay them for their silence... Ensure that this means the PCs will have to help Udo escape from their room and go with him, or stay and be blamed for his escape by angry townsfolk! Try to create a situation where the PCs and Udo come together for more than a few moments.

Once they are together, Udo is a talkative, friendly man, and stands his round of drinks as readily as the next man. He's a natural extravert, but he's beginning to tire of his aimless wandering. In fact, he's rather lonely despite his bantering, happy-go-lucky exterior. He'd appreciate some friends well met instead of cheating everyone he encounters. If treated well, he will be happy to teach any Rogue character among the PCs a skill or two. In fact, he'll do this for next to nothing (basic eating and living expenses only), just for the pleasure of some real companionship for a change.

Udo would be delighted to accompany the PCs on any adventure, if it offered the prospect of money! This would be a good way for the GM to run this NPC, for the skills he could teach a PC Rogue do take time to learn. If you don't wish to do this, then a long coach or boat journey, or any time when the PCs need to wait around for any reason, will give time for Udo to teach at least one skill. The most important skills Udo has are *disguise* and *etiquette* for these must be learned from tutors (this is also true for *clown* and *sing*). The full rules for learning skills (by Jim Bambra and Phil Gallagher) appeared in *White Dwarf* 90: you can use rules for compressing training given there. Also, any *Int* test the student must make is given a +10% modifier for any *personal* skills (such as the two listed above), for Udo is an excellent tutor, helping the student understand what is most important by clear illustration, gestural emphasis and amusing anecdote!



One word of warning: if Udo does go adventuring with the PCs, run him as the independant free spirit he is. He will get an equal share of the EPs (and you can advance his profile and have him met again later, perhaps!), and he will keep well out of any fighting!

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	39	35	3	4	7	58	1	75	44	58	55	48	68

**Skills:** Acting; Blather, Charm, Disguise; Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Evaluate; Mimic; Mime; Musicianship (stringed instruments); Palm Oject; Pick Pocket; Public Speaking; Seduction; Sing; Wit.

**Possessions:** Dagger, cotton shirt and black britches, black frock-coat, mortar board, walking stick, doctor's black bag containing the following: purse with 11GCs, graduation certificate from the University of Altdorf Medical School (forged), 4 bottles of coloured water, 4 vials of coloured powder, 5 small empty medicine-powder boxes, 1 bottle of herbal cold cure (8 doses), 1 bottle of *apparently* clear and harmless liquid (powerful laxative; eight doses).

## GEMARIEL: Elven, Male, Academic (ex-Physician's Student, ex-Student)

Gemariel is 139 years old, with amber-gold hair (long and wavy) and orange-brown eyes. He is 5' 5"; short for an Elf - and he's not very slim either. He is, in fact, quite porky. Well, let's be honest, Gemariel is very, very fat. This is because he's a pig, unable to resist good food and the strong sweet fortified wines of Estalia. He only uses his first name, although he is often called 'Gemariel the seer' or 'Gemariel Stargazer' by others.



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SKULLCHUCKER & CREW

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The name Morbius is reviled throughout the world as a synonym for evil. Now mortals can see the greatest of his creations, revealed through the craft of Bob Naismith and Aly Morrison in this Citadel boxed set. The set comprises a catapult with a crew of three and a pile of skulls, a chariot with two undead horses and a charioteer, five personality figures and four slottabases, giving you one chariot passenger and four foot personality figures.

#### Undead Chariot

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Int	Cl	WP
6	3	*	4	4	5	3	*			As Crew	

**Points Value:** The Chariot costs 80 points including the charioteer. Passenger models add their own PV to this figure.

**Special Rules:** causes *fear* in living creatures. Subject to *instability*; make one check for both chariot and crew. It may move over all terrain and through all obstacles except buildings with no penalty; movement through solid walls and into/out of buildings costs half the chariot's movement for that turn. Opponents receive no bonuses for cover other than solid walls and buildings.

#### Longhorn, Reaper, Hellblade, Screamer - Skeleton Champions

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Int	Cl	WP
4	3	3	4	3	1	3	1	5	5	5	5

**Points Values:** Longhorn 9½ Reaper 5½ Hellblade 6 Screamer 8

**Special Rules:** *Longhorn* gained the Chaos mutation *Bestial Face* in life, and now has a horned bovine skull, giving him an additional *gore* attack in hand-to-hand combat. He is unarmoured, and fights with a two-handed scythe.

*Reaper* wears chain mail and fights with a one-handed scythe.

*Hellblade* wears chain mail under his surcoat, and carries sword and shield.

*Screamer* is equipped with chain mail, spear and shield. He emits an incessant wail in battle, causing all living creatures within 6" to make all *fear* and *terror* tests at a -2 penalty.

#### Skullchucker - Skeleton Catapult

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Int	Cl	WP
*	0	3	6	6	8	0	0	0	0	0	0

**Points Value:** 115 (including crew).

**Special Rules:** Skullchucker follows the normal rules for stone throwers. It and its crew are subject to *instability*; make one check for machine and crew. It costs another 25 points to equip Skullchucker with enough skulls for an entire battle. Any unit hit by a skull tests for *fear* as if charged by a feared creature.

#### Morbius - Liche

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Int	Cl	WP
4	4	3	4	4	4	6	4	10	10	10	10

**Points Value:** 900

**Special Rules:** Morbius has developed two new Necromantic Magic spells. *Summon Undead Catapult* is a level 3 spell, summoning a stone or bolt thrower with a crew of 3 armoured Skeletons, and is otherwise identical to *Summon Skeleton Horde*. *Summon Undead Chariot* summons a two-horse chariot with a Skeleton charioteer, but is otherwise identical to *Summon Skeleton Major Hero*.

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Gemariel comes from the Great Forest of Talabecland, and studied as a Physician's student in Talabheim. However, he found being up to his elbows in gore and pus distinctly unappealing and turned to other academic pursuits. He is now, after many years, a celebrated astrologer, one who is consulted by many nobles and merchants enquiring after the likely future prospects in commerce, political intrigue, marriage, and similar matters.

Gemariel tends to wander from place to place after a few years, because he is always hankering after studying the stars, planets and moons from different locations. But since moving means dismantling the huge telescope he has mounted in the glass dome atop his home (which is stuffed with books and paraphernalia), he tries not to move all that often! However, given his long lifespan, he has been around quite a bit. This means that he knows a lot about The Empire, and with so many famous and important people among his clients, he could give the PCs a lot of useful information (most of it dated though).

This is one side to his use as an NPC. In this context, his Good alignment is important, for he will not care to be helpful to obviously selfish, cynical characters of Neutral alignment. Otherwise, he is a somewhat impractical but agreeable Elf, so long as his excessive girth is not commented on unfavourably (he is rather proud of his huge paunch and feels that it marks him out as a most *unusual* Elf - a sign of great distinction).

The second use for this NPC involves his *astrology* skill (this is new, and should be confined to NPCs; Gemariel doesn't teach the secret of his livelihood). If Gemariel is consulted about some fairly *specific* question (such as 'will my proposed marriage to Gertrude Grumpfester be happy?' or 'how dangerous is this route through the Drakwald Forest likely to be?') then Gemariel can cast a horoscope and interpret the omens in 1-3 days. He will *always* give an answer; if he makes an **Int** test, this will be accurate in general form. If the GM rolls a double (11,22,33... up to 77) Gemariel will give an answer with some accurate details as well (such as, 'marauding Beastmen will attack you by night if you travel this week'). If he fails the test, the answer will be wrong in general form, and on a double (88,99,00) Gemariel blows it badly, giving a desparately wrong answer (such as, 'taking that trail will be safe' when in fact, the area is full of homicidal, warpstone-crazed Skaven sorcerers).

Gemariel will not cast a general horoscope or do a general personality reading saying that this is boring and he prefers some concrete problem to deal with. If the PCs are sceptical, have Gemariel come up with some major detail of a PC's life to convince them that he does have talent. Using Gemariel's ability calls for a little GM care, for you will need to predict events over which the the PCs have no real control so that you can make them 'come true' (assuming Gemariel got it right!). It does provide a good way of feeding the PCs information they cannot get through normal channels. By making the information general, you can steer the direction in which you want the adventure to go without giving *too* much away.

Gemariel could be contacted in several ways. You can put him any major town in the **WFRP** game world. The PCs may then hear of him through catching snippets of conversation in a tavern. After being lured by the idea of having a horoscope cast for them, you may handle the encounter any way you please.

Best of all, if the PCs have a halfling with them, they can be approached by Gemariel himself. He will stride up, collar the halfling and say, 'You! Can you cook? (silly question!) Want to earn some good money? I need a cook for a short period of engagement,' and he will then explain how his resident halfling cook has gone off to get married, how he has to wait two weeks for a replacement, and how his stomach cannot take another *minute* of halfling-less kitchen at home! Gemariel



will pay very well (20GCs per week), for he is fairly rich and a little careless with money.

His business will be a little slack, so he will have time to do some skill teaching - his third important role as an NPC - using the *compressing training* rules. Since almost all of Gemariel's skills are intellectual ones, thus only requiring 1/7th of the total time to be spent with a tutor, Gemariel won't have to give up too much time of his own to do this. Given a halfling cook about the house, he will do this for nothing; otherwise, he will require a payment of 4 Gold Crowns per hour of tutoring (or 3GCs if the student makes a successful **Fel** test and Gemariel likes him or her. *Haggling* doesn't work with Gemariel). Apart from *astrology*, Gemariel is happy to teach almost anything to an intelligent and attentive student.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	47	38	3	3	7	47*	1	30*	49	79	54	59	59

\* These characteristics are strikingly low for an elven academic, due to Gemariel's unusual build; see below.

**Skills:** Arcane Language - Magick; Astronomy; Astrology; Cartography; Cure Disease; Heal Wounds; History; Identify Plants; Linguistics; Magical Sense; Manufacture Drugs; Numismatics; Read/Write - Elthárin; Read/Write - Reikspiel; Rune Lore; Secret Language - Classical; Scroll Lore.

**Possessions:** Dagger, silver filigree trimmed black robe with silver crescent moons, conical wizard's hat, large bag of fruit pies, astronomical almanacs, writing equipment.

Carl Sargent



## THE STUN REVEALS ALL!

Inside you will find an enormous, full colour board, 300 full colour counters representing food, disease magic, 42 full colour, double sided cretoids, 20 plastic stands, 54 cretoid character sheets, 2 ten sided dice, quick reference sheets, a rule book, and of course the Halji. All this for just £14.95.

# Grotcha!

## DISEASE EXPLOSION KILLS 8

### STUN SUPER SNOOPER REVEALS ALL

Following last month's Stun exclusive, our own super snooper Stan Ferrit, has witnessed for himself the explosive nature of **BATTLE OF THE HALJI**.

The game began with a bang when three cretoids, caught in acid rain, blew up. Horrified Stan watched as cretoids struggled across the enormous board, braving hideous parasites, exploding rocks and living swamps.

#### BRUTAL

Players are the Halji, monstrous evil in plant form. They use weird animals called cretoids to destroy each other. The tactics of the Halji are brutal. The antics of the cretoids are disgusting. Stunningly depicted in full colour, the cretoids look innocent enough. Their actions defy description. Feeding themselves stupid, cretoids gain terrible magic power. Shocked Stan saw hapless cretoids bounced from rock to rock, drowned in pools of slime, senselessly squelched and generally degraded in every possible way.

#### CURSE

Sounds nasty? It is. But the horrors of disease are worse. 3 sickeningly large disease tables produce results such as belly gas, brain spasm and death mode. On witnessing the effects of a disease explosion Stan fled the game in terror.

#### DEVIOUS

The Halji: They cause the disease, they force cretoids to cast magic, they watch them die. To play the game you must be devious, ruthless, vicious. You must think plant!



Blowing up . . . The Belge style!

**BATTLE OF THE HALJI** is not just another board game. It has to be experienced to be believed, but the experience can be fatal. Any game which has rules to cover gluttony, disease and squelching is beyond salvation.

Stan, speaking from his hospital bed, joins **THE STUN** in condemning the producers of this thoroughly outrageous game. We say, Hanging's too good for them. This game must be stopped! **THE STUN** urges all its readers to buy a copy now — and burn it as a sign of protest.

### GET IT FIRST WITH THE STUN

**BATTLE OF THE HALJI** is available at all good games stores, but why wait? Thanks to **THE STUN** you can order it direct from **FUGITIVE GAMES**. Only **THE STUN** can afford to bring you this opportunity of protest **POST FREE!** Write to **FUGITIVE GAMES**, Charles House, Bridge Road, Southall, Middlesex. UB2 4BD. Just send a cheque or Postal Order for £14.95 to the above address. Why wait? Order today!

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# THE MADCAP LAUGHS

## Setting The Scene For New Stormbringer Adventures

by Matt Williams

Over the next two months in *White Dwarf*, you will have the opportunity to take part one of the deadliest adventures ever to occur in the Young Kingdoms. In this issue, for GMs only, we present a background to the adventure. Here you will read of a plan, the consequences of which affect the gods themselves. You may examine the the bizarre cast of characters, the intended deeds and the politics of Chaos. And you may meet the creature - the entity - responsible for the whole story. Read on then, and be prepared for the Beginning...

In the realm of the gods of Chaos, there is one with a purpose so twisted, of such extreme unpredictability, that although his strength is considerable, it remains hidden behind the apparent innocence of a smile. His name is Balo - the Jester of Chaos.

Before there was a moment to pass in the world of the Young Kingdoms, he conceived of a race that would worship him above all other gods. He created the Essegraani, and bestowed gifts of sorcery upon them. But to his horror, they did not thank him. And they did not worship him. Instead they found comfort and happiness in the teachings of Law. Balo was infuriated. He had erred on a scale that would cost him dearly.

He was mocked and humiliated by the gods of Law, scorned by the gods of Chaos. It was not long however, before a thought occurred to him - a thought which returned the sickly smile to his lips. He cursed the Essegraani by revealing himself Amma-y-Graan, a supposed god of Law, whom the Essegraani welcomed and worshipped. Then, as Balo, he returned to banish the race to a plane of Chaos, where they would suffer in aeons of nightmare ridden sleep.

Amid the thousands of tortured souls, he found one - Ziamora - the Queen and High Priestess of the Essegraani. Manifesting in the guise of the false god Amma-y-Graan, he pretended to use the last of his powers to awaken and free Ziamora, sending her on a quest to find an item identified only as The Key of Mirikos. Ziamora was made to believe that only this key could free her people and her god. She set about her task immediately, inspired by hatred for any who might stand in her way...

Balo began laughing.

At this point the adventurers are introduced. Balo has planned their meeting for generations, watching over his creation as a mother watches her child. The adventurers are fated, caught in this cosmic outrage against all sorcery and nature.

For the punchline, Balo intends to assemble representatives of Law and Chaos, Ziamora and the adventurers - assuming they are still alive. On releasing her imprisoned god, Ziamora will discover it is Balo. His revelation that he set up the whole situation, including creating and cursing the Essegraani, will infuriate the champions of Law and Chaos, and their masters. Ziamora will be grief-stricken. Balo's sense of humour is decidedly warped.

The forthcoming adventures for the *Stormbringer* roleplaying game link together to make a single world-spanning tale. The episodes will appear over the next two months. Although the adventures are part of a whole, any amount of time can elapse between them. There may be other encounters, interludes to recuperate or periods for research and training. Provided the gamemaster has grasped the central thread of Balo's prank, things will keep moving smoothly. For gamemasters who wish to keep their version of the Young Kingdoms free from demonic humour, the adventures can be run independently with minor cosmetic changes.

Each adventure should take more than one session to complete. If you wish to expand them further, suggested methods are given at the end of each section. Finally, these adventures are written in the spirit of the *Elric* saga, and occasionally the dice may dictate a path out of spirit with the books. At such times, apply your own interpretation of the saga as a guide.

## THE ADVENTURERS

The adventures are designed for a group of 5-9 adventurers with moderate fighting skills, including at least one sorcerer. Ideally, none should be agents of Chaos. I have assumed the characters have had a handful of minor adventures in the past, but that this could be their first taste of the stuff of legends.

Since Balo is keen to see his joke come to fruition, he will take good care of the elements involved. Characters may narrowly escape death if they make the joke better as a result. Even though they have this dubious patronage, don't let the adventurers get away with anything. Balo will only alter their luck if they have strived to enliven his creation.

Although the outcome is ultimately predetermined, the adventurers still have their free will. They may opt out at any time to follow their own interests. And there is the slim chance they may inadvertently upset matters, or realise what's going on and exploit the situation. The adventurers may drift in and out of the ribaldry as they please, although Balo will be upset if they have the cheek to ignore many millenia of preparations. In this case, the joke's on him, and the irony of it all will send him laughing across the planes of Chaos.

## CHARACTER DEATH

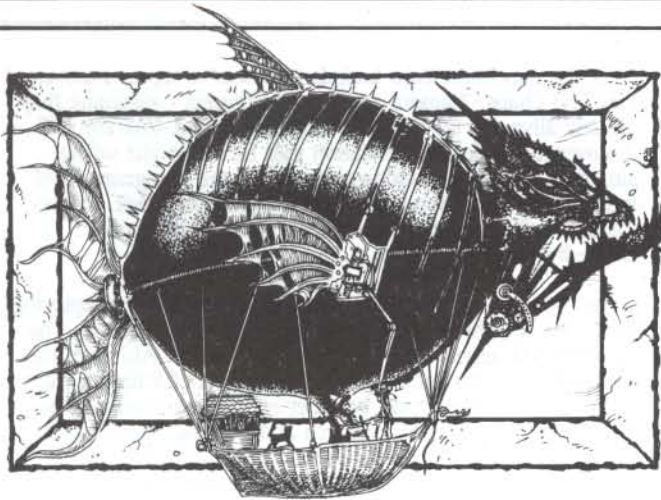
The characters are not immune from dying. On the contrary, several of them will die in the course of the adventures. Ideally, each episode should begin with at least one character from the previous adventure still living. This way the links in the storyline are not forced unnecessarily.

If all the characters die unexpectedly, and the gamemaster wishes to have them finish the saga, Balo can restore them to life. Balo may appear in disguise and resurrect them. Characters who have died because of their stupidity should not be allowed this 'privilege'. Only those characters who have amused Balo will earn his patronage.

## THE CAST

To assist the gamemaster, the major characters are introduced below, with a note as to how they fit into the adventure.





**Darsu Dhberac**

Dhberac is an agent of Mabelrode, the Faceless God. He and his patron have become the unwilling butt of Balo's humour. Dhberac thinks he is on a mission to increase the power of Chaos in the Young Kingdoms. In reality he is no more than a pawn in Balo's jest.

**Ziamora**

The last queen of a sleeping race; sorceress and High Priestess, lonely ruler of the Emerald Shore, Ziamora is a proud and tragic figure. She believes that her quest to free Amma-y-Graan - the Banished God - and her people, is nearly over. Unfortunately, Balo fabricated the whole affair, and she will be cheated of her moment of triumph.

Ziamora is the most important non-player character, featuring in some way throughout the adventure. She is an arch-enemy in the mould of Theleb K'aarna or Fu Man Chu. She is a villainess the characters will best only after many encounters. The gamemaster should grant her immunity from death until the climax is reached.

**Amma-y-Graan, the Banished God**

Supposedly imprisoned by Balo, Amma-y-Graan is, in fact, Balo in disguise. In this role he is god of the Essegraani, and his one priestess is Ziamora.

**The Key of Mirikos**

Created by Balo at the dawn of the Young Kingdoms, this trinket forms the focal point of the adventure. The Key which will release him from his 'prison' and thus bring his joke to fruition.

**Torvlm Nosam**

A ridiculous poet playing a minor, decorative role, but an infernal nuisance to all who meet him.

**Ellshara**

A princess of Lormyr.

**Rallup Yar**

A hermit who keeps a secret he cannot tell. Unfortunately, he has to tell it...



Illustrated by Tony Hough

**Meldic the Golden**

Rarely does one man have the power to upset the equilibrium between the Lords of Law and Chaos. The adventurers should tread carefully when dealing with this character.

**OVERALL OUTLINE**

It should be more satisfying to run this mini-campaign as separate adventures connected by a few coincidences and common elements. The gamemaster is free to present the players with clues as seems fit, and to let them draw their own conclusions about the overall design. The three adventures fit into Balo's prank as follows.

**1. A Heart of Dust, A Hand of Death**

The characters are drawn in to his scheme, Darsu Dhberac, Ziamora and the Key of Mirikos are introduced.

**2. Ruins in Madness**

An interlude. This is not so directly related, although a number of elements prepare for the final episode, and some old enemies appear to have a hand in matters.

**3. Empress on the Emerald Shore**

Events set in motion in the first and second episodes are concluded. All the different threads are woven into Balo's punchline.

**HISTORICAL NOTE**

The campaign is set after the sack of Imrryr. If the GM chooses to set them at another time, some of the information may have to be changed slightly to preserve the continuity.

**AIRSHIPS OF THE PRIESTS OF LAW**

Throughout Moorcock's fantasy work, the airship is a recurring emblem. Airships are well suited to the esoteric environment of the Young Kingdoms. But although we are frequently told of the technological nature of Law, examples are rarely covered in detail. Airships will help to fill this niche.

The knowledge needed to build and fly these airships belongs to the priests of Law, who will sell it - for a very high price - to their most loyal servants. However, they should be used sparingly. Examination of the rules below will reveal the enormous cost and difficulty involved in constructing these vessels, and their appearance in *The Madcap Laughs* clearly illustrates the kind of circumstances that should prevail when you want to incorporate them into your game.

The majesty of these airborne wonders demands closer attention. And so...

**Airship Composition**

An airship can be of any shape, provided it combines the two basic components: balloon and gondola.

**Balloons**

The minimum SIZ for a balloon is 30. Such a balloon would lift one man into the skies. For every 3 SIZ a balloon has, it can lift 1 SIZ point of payload. This is assuming the Gondola is made of wicker. If a wooden or metal gondola is used, it can lift 1 SIZ per 6 points of its SIZ rating.

Balloon skins can be fashioned from silk, canvas and so forth. The skins must be relatively airtight. Constructing a balloon skin is expensive and time consuming, so only the largest of the temples of Law will be able to amass the skill and finance required to make one. The time element required for the process will equal 2D6+2 x SIZ man-years. Thus, one man constructing a SIZ 100 balloon must labour for 400 to 1400 years continuously. 50 workers need only 8 to 28 years, or 18 years on average. Once the balloon skin is finished, the Balloonmaster in charge must make a ballooning roll at half



normal percentage. If successful, the skin is functional. If the roll is fumbled, then the skin is flawed and will rip when tested. A critical success indicates an exceptional piece of workmanship - the balloon will be twice as durable as normal.

#### Gondolas

Travel by airship means using a gondola. This is a basket or enclosed cabin slung beneath the balloon and attached by rope or cable. Wicker gondolas have no weight for game purposes. The maximum SIZ a wicker gondola can hold is 80. Wicker Gondolas take one man week per SIZ point they can hold to manufacture and they can be made by a master basket maker under the supervision of a Balloonmaster. At the end of the manufacture period, both the basket maker and Balloonmaster must make a skill roll at half ability, or the gondola is flawed and useless.

Wood and metal gondolas can be made up to any capacity. Balloons with wood or metal gondolas have to be much bigger than their wicker carrying counterparts in order to lift the extra weight. They require four man-weeks per SIZ point they are to carry. They can be made by master carpenters or blacksmiths accompanied by a Balloonmaster. Skill rolls must then be applied in the same fashion as above to ensure the integrity of the gondola.

#### Assembly

Once all the components are made, they must be fitted together under the supervision of the Balloonmaster. This character must make another successful balloon skill roll at half chance or the equipment requires another 2D4 months work. On a fumble, an accident is assumed to have happened (such as a rip being made in the balloon skin).

Once completed, the airship must be inflated with lighter than air gases, or have hot burners fitted. If the vehicle is not to be permanently at the whim of the wind, motive engines should also be attached. The gondola can also be fitted out as required - wooden or metal ones may resemble ship's cabins, for instance. When all this has been done, the airship is ready for flight.

#### Engines

The speed of wind powered balloons depends on the wind itself. Those fitted with engines have a top speed of 20km/h. All airships move with a DEX of 3.

Motive power can be provided by sorcery. Demons, Virtues of Transport or sylphs can be bound in sufficient quantity to move the airship as desired. Typically, the POW of the bound creatures must equal the total balloon SIZ/10 to provide sufficient motive power. The maximum speed of the vessel will be equal to the creatures' POW/3 km/h. The airship will be able to fly non-stop for a number of hours equal to their combined CON. Thereafter, the engines must be rested for 4D6 hours or they will burn up one by one.

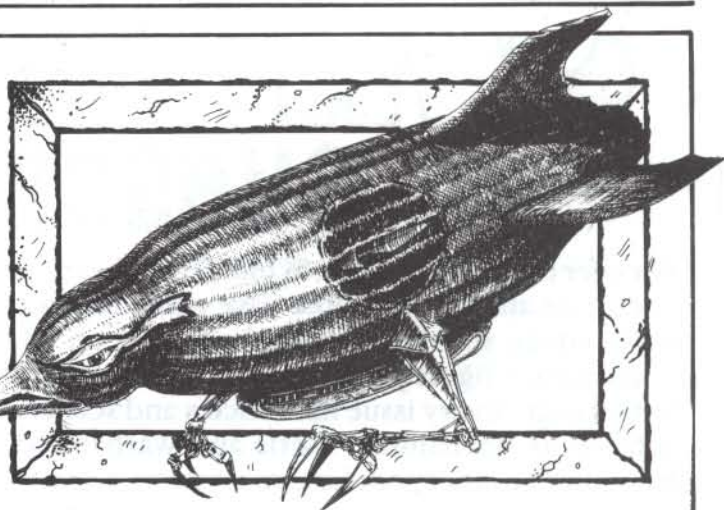
Airships can descend or ascend by controlling the volume of gas and ballast carried. They are very sensitive to wind currents, rain, hail and other stormy weather.

#### Armour

Balloon skins have up to one point of natural resistance to damage. Wicker gondolas will absorb 1D4-1 points, metal or wooden ones 1D8-1. Airships requiring more armour must take advantage of sorcery. A Demon of Virtue or Protection may be bound into the balloon skin or gondola. The being's SIZ must equal that entire airship (ie balloon and gondola).

#### Randomly Generated Airships

If the gamemaster needs to create an airship in a hurry, the following parameters apply. They show the usual type of airship encountered. Occasionally, it's possible to meet with extraordinary airships. These may be armed, gleaming



leviathons of the air, or small, zippy personal craft. The exact nature of such objects is left to the discretion of the GM.

SIZ 30+10D100\*                      DEX 3                      HP SIZ/10\*\*

ARMOUR: 3D10-10\*\*\*

SPEED: 2D10+10 km/h\*\*\*\*

\* This is the size of the airship. Those of SIZ 240 or less will have wicker gondolas. Larger ones have a 70% chance of being made of wood. Otherwise they are constructed of metal. A small SIZ indicates a hot air balloon, while larger ones are indicative of Zeppelin-style craft.

\*\* These Hit Points relate to the gondola. Once the gondolas takes more than half its hit points in damage, it becomes unsafe and characters within stand the risk of falling out. Balloons are very delicate. A balloon which takes more than one point of damage is seriously holed. A balloon filled with flammable gas which receives a critical hit will explode, doing 1D6 per 10 SIZ damage to all those in the gondola or otherwise in close proximity.

\*\*\* Negative values indicate that the balloon is unarmoured. The gondola will absorb 1D4-1 or 1D8-1 depending upon whether it is wicker or wood/metal. Ratings over 1 indicate magical protection. The gamemaster will have to create a Demon of Virtue or Protection separately.

\*\*\*\* Ratings over 20 indicate magical propulsion. Ratings under 5 indicate that the vessel is wind powered.

## Balloonning

This is a new skill for *Stormbringer*. A character with Balloonning is skilled in the maintenance and flight of airships of all types, allowing safe piloting of the vessel under normal circumstances. Once such characters become Balloonmasters, they understand the method of construction fully, and may supervise the building of new airships to any chosen design.









# WARHAMMER

## ROCK

Be honest, you were wondering what we were doing putting a Flexi Disc into this month's *White Dwarf*. Is it music to roleplay by? Something for the GM to listen to while the party argues about how many days rations to buy? Or are we previewing the soundtrack to *Thrud - The Movie*?

Well.... nearly. **Avis Blanche** sacrifices her ear drums in a gallant attempt to discover The Truth.

What's the connection between *Sabbat* and *White Dwarf*? Who are they, and how did they manage to talk *White Dwarf* into carrying a flexi-disc of their music? Well, call 'em sharp-eyed, but the Games Workshop staff who have been dragging themselves along to Games Day and various Dragonmeets for the last few years finally caught on that there were a lot of gamers turning up wearing the same T-shirts. They found out that *Saxon* wasn't the name of



• ANDY • MARTIN • SIMON • SCIT •



a roleplaying supplement for *RuneQuest*, and that *Def Leppard* weren't in the *Monster Manual*, and they discovered that a lot of roleplayers were into more than one kind of 'Eavy Metal. And that was when Da Boss started kicking around with the idea of giving away a flexi disc with WD. But which band should they choose?

The origins of the link between *Sabbat* and GW go back several years. Martin Walkyier (vocals) and Fraser ('Scit') Craske (bass) were both at Redhill School in Nottingham, where they used to play *D&D* under the guidance of Andy Caley ('He knew everything about it'). Scit was Jethro of the Tull and Martin played a multitude of Elves - he had a habit of getting killed. Sometime during 1983, they formed a band called *Hydra*, with a guitarist and a variety of drummers... They were influenced by 'all the usual bands' - *Rainbow*, *Saxon*, *Motorhead*, and later, *Venom* and *Merciful Fate*, a copy of whose album Martin had obtained from a friend who had more conservative taste.

Eventually and inevitably, the band took precedence over games, but they kept up the interest in gaming, knowing that the imagery of roleplaying was something they could develop through their music.

John Blanche heard the band on the Friday Rock Show and was subsequently introduced to Scit at a *Slayer* gig. So, when the flexi-idea came up, John put two and two together and put the idea to the band. They were equally keen to record a track for WD. It was eventually decided to use Kev Bower (ex-*Hell*) as the producer, and Yew Tree Farm as the studio. The name *Blood for the Blood God* was taken from the battle cry of Chaos Warriors of the god Khorne. An impending recording session with a German company called Noise, meant there was very little time available, but the band themselves believe they produce their best work under pressure. And three days later, the deed was done.

Some history. Scit had been playing the bass since he was thirteen. Martin had originally experimented with sax and guitar (not together!) but eventually progressed to vocals. He discovered his voice when he was playing around with a microphone one day. 'It just came out' - whatever that means! If you've listened to the Flexi, or have heard the group live, you'll know that Martin's vocals are strikingly different. The diminutive front man's eerie tones conjure dark and forboding images of a nightmare fantasy.

Meanwhile, out in the wilds of Derbyshire, far from the gaze of man or beast, Andy Sneap was spending much of his time strumming away on his guitar. His influences were *Quo* ('when I was twelve'), he stresses, *Accept* and, of course, *Merciful Fate*. A major influence was another local band, called *Hell*, now sadly disbanded.



Andy had lessons in rock guitar from *Hell's* lead man, Dave, for about two years.

Finally, Simon Negus, the drummer. Simon was bashing away at his mother's tupperware from an early age, and progressed to a drum kit at the age of twelve, 'when a two piece jazz kit cost twenty-five quid'. He played in a Long Eaton band, *Striptease* and was then influenced by 'soft rock' like the stuff spewed out by *Journey*.

Frazer and Martin met Andy at a *Hell* gig and, eventually, Andy joined the group, replacing the guitarist. Simon joined shortly afterwards, and the *Sabbat* line-up of today came into being.

*Sabbat* was officially born in June '85, the name being changed from *Hydra* at that time. It was decided to scrap most of the previous material, so they spent most of the rest of the year writing and rehearsing. They felt that many bands were too hasty to get out and play, without having enough to offer, so they were determined to plan ahead. Since then, they have achieved a great deal - and all the signs suggest that they'll go on to greater things.

At this point, it's essential to mention their live show, something for which they have acquired quite a reputation. If you've seen it, then you know what I'm talking about. For those who haven't, be assured, it's a spectacle. As most of the numbers 'tell a tale', avoiding the cliched death/blood/death lyrics that most black/thrash metal bands get sucked into, the performance moves along accordingly, building up to a dramatic climax. Various effects may include the ubiquitous smoke, pyrotechnics and props (swords and axes), and the costumes carry a gothic Witchfinder General feel to them.

Various stage devices have been used; the Exploding Shield ('We didn't dare use it'), The Funeral Pyre ('Needed to be bigger'), and all manner of explosions, one of which scorched the drum riser. However, none of this is meant to detract from the main event, the band's playing, which stands very firmly on its own.

Generally, Andy writes the music, getting the basic idea across to Sid and Simon, who

help develop it, whilst Martin writes and performs the vocals to fit. Sometimes, he has the vocals already. 'Ideas just pop into my head.' Martin reads a lot - favourites are Tolkien and Donaldson - and can reel complex lyrics virtually off the cuff. He keeps all the band's lyrics in his head, no mean feat if you read *Blood for the Blood God*, and then realise that at any given point there are about fifteen songs in the band's repertoire.

Current musical influences include *King Diamond*, *Overkill*, *Metal Church*, *Celtic Frost* and early *Venom*. *Sabbat* are not keen to be labelled, but if pushed, the term Black Rock could be used.

Their first gig was on the 20th December 1985 at a Nottingham college, followed by gigs at such diverse places as Remand Centre 3 ('They loved us'), pubs, clubs and leisure centres. Most recent performances have been at Trent Polytechnic, and at a charity gig in Nottingham Market Square (outdoors, with suitably overcast, stormy weather) to raise money for cancer research. They had their London debut at Dingwalls, subsequently receiving rave reviews in *Kerrang!* who described them as '...the heaviest band in Britain'.

In May '86, the band put together a tape under the title, *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*. The tape was sent to various record companies, including Noise, a German based label. Noise were interested but hesitant about signing up an unknown quantity. Music for Nation thought their songs 'a bit long'. But a tape was also sent to Tommy Vance on BBC Radio One's Friday Rock Show, to see if he would review it in his Metal Hammer column. The next thing they heard was a phone call inviting them down to record a session for the programme in London. Apart from the van breaking down and leaving them stranded in the Big Smoke, this went down well.

The band sent a copy of the session back to Noise, who were impressed enough to ring them up and offer an immediate contract (March '87). This was signed in August this year, as they had to wait until Andy reached the age of eighteen. By the time you read this, *Sabbat* will have been to Berlin to record their first album at the Horus Studios with producer Roy Roland.

Though some people have taken offense at their stage exploits, the band are quite firm about their image. 'Look what Alice Cooper gets away with. We're not going to change our image for anyone. Not even the Americans!'

Their forthcoming LP (for which John Blanche is doing the cover artwork) should be available in late Autumn, but anyone who wants more information about *Sabbat* before then should contact Andy Sneap, Farm Close, Pentrich, Nr Ripley, Derbyshire DE5 3RR.



"BLOOD FOR THE  
BLOOD GOD"

(A. SNEAP, M. WALKYIER)

Recorded at Yew Tree Farm Studio.  
Produced by Kevin Bower.  
Engineered by Pate Tattershall



33 $\frac{1}{3}$



Based on Games Workshop's WARHAMMER  
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BY



LYN 19104







## BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD

### 1. The Nightmare Begins

Once the mighty cities now crumbled and  
turned to sand  
Here dwelt the Old Slann (the Masters)  
Infinite wisdom (a god given right)  
To these genetic scientists forming new life  
Yet these powerful beings could never have  
known  
Their seeds of destruction were already sown

See how the void gates that held back the  
Chaos foe  
Shudder and shatter an entropy overload  
Spewing forth creatures - obscene machinations  
Malicious entities warping creation  
Then shrouded in darkness they silently wait  
Counting the days till the 'Blood god' awakes

Armed with fury - cloaked by night  
Mutations spawned by warpstone might  
Shall now go forth - proliferate  
To slay and conquer - dominate  
(Repeat...)

From their holes and caverns creep  
Ten million Orc and Goblin feet  
With hungry hearts and sharpened knives  
They come to take your worthless lives

### THE CALL TO ARMS

'Blood for the Blood God!' (Repeat)

Die - Chaos claims thee!  
Die - Chaos maims thee!  
Die - Chaos claims thee!  
Chaos takes thy soul! (Repeat...)

### 2. Let Battle Commence

Flee now in terror as darkness descends  
And the forces of nature relentlessly bend  
Spreading the cancer - perverse permutations  
Chaotic entropy - warped malformations  
Till where once was beauty is Chaos and War  
And that which was lawful is lawful no more

Armed with fury - cloaked by night  
Mutations spawned by warpstone might  
Shall go forth - proliferate  
To slay and conquer - dominate

Underneath this sleeping city  
Red eyes filled with rage, not pity  
Stalk our dreams with tooth and claw  
And crave for human flesh to gnaw

### THE CALL TO ARMS

'Blood for the Blood God!' Etc...

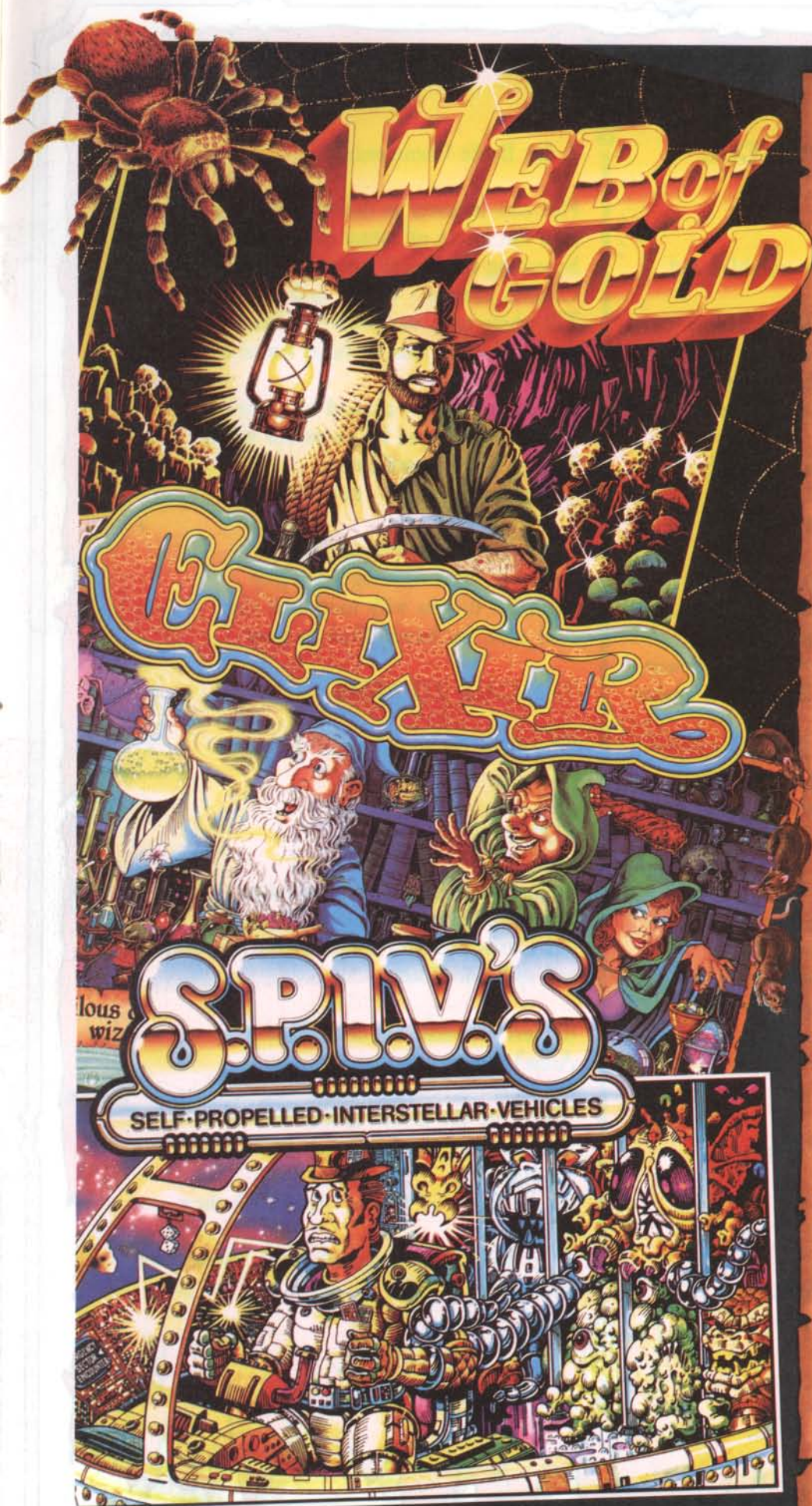
### SOLO

In tattered shreds our broken ranks  
Are swept before this flood  
Of Chaos creatures come to rend our flesh  
and spill our blood

(Repeat 1st verse, 1st chorus and 'Call to  
Arms')

Where are the heroes in this hour of need  
Stout hearted and brave men who'll never  
concede -  
To the forces of Chaos - hold back their  
might  
Who dares stand proud when the Warhammer  
strikes?





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The Orc general surveyed the carnage before him. Not a single Dwarf lived, and as far as the eye could see there was nothing but devastation.

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"Yer," the Shaman replied, "Problem, that."

"Wotcher mean?" snapped the general, "We've WON! We got the lot! No more stunties!"

"Yer," said the Shaman mournfully, "So wot now?" The General thought for several minutes - this hadn't occurred to him

"Well," he said at length, "There's them Chaos boys...."

"Did them last week," sniffed the Shaman.

"Skaven?.....Fortnight ago.....Goblins?....."

"Last month, Most'v of 'em are on our side now."

"Hmmm," said the General after a pause, "Problem, that."



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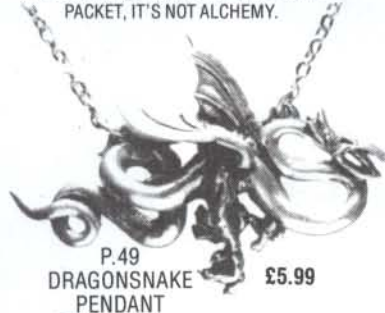
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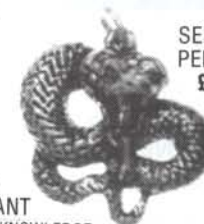
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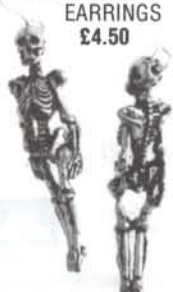


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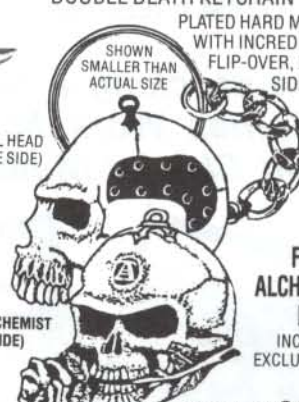
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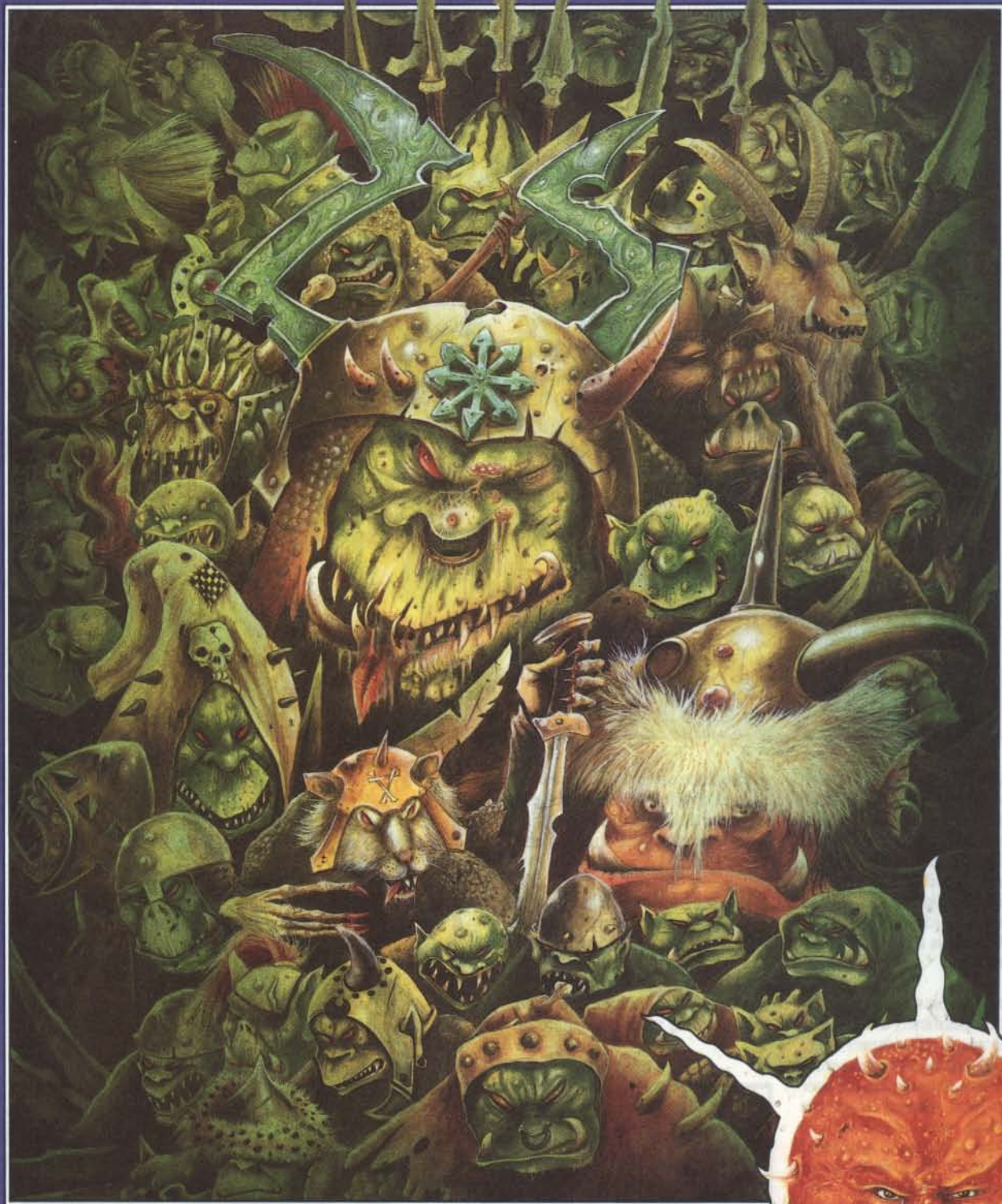
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# Illumination

JOHN BLANCHE







The man occupying the bottom room of the studio doesn't - in all frankness - look like an 'artist', yet he never considered the possibility of being anything else. Invariably clad in black, like some eighties Gigeresque prodigy with instantly identifiable style, John Blanche is a product of his own dreams.

His education was founded on graphics - specifically illustration, and the seeds of a career were sown. His first break was meeting Roger Dean, famed album cover painter. John showed Roger his work and was immediately employed. Postcards adorned with John's illos were soon produced, followed by illustration for a book written by Henry Woolfe.

Subsequent work included five paintings for the classic Tolkien Bestiary and a number of book jacket covers. At this time, John's name also became associated with miniature painting, as many people possessing old and rare *White Dwarfs* will testify.

Then everything seemed to happen at once. John received commissions to illustrate Ian Livingstone and Steve Jackson's early *Fighting Fantasy* books and his work began to appear in quantity in *White Dwarf*. Perhaps most important of all, John

Painted the cover art for the first edition of *Warhammer* - a violent vignette that captured the grim image now established as the game's trademark.

Joining Games Workshop was the inevitable next step. Together with Rick Priestley and Tony Ackland, John became involved in the development of the Design Studio and gradually moved into a managerial position, where he





now spends much of his time commissioning all the artwork for GW's products (and this very magazine). Nevertheless, his output is still prolific, and current projects include the *Chaos Marauders* artwork and an LP cover for *Sabbat*.

Along his way, John has supplied a number of dramatic covers for *White Dwarf*. John's 'copy' of Gericault's *Chasseur a Cheval* (WD 83) paid homage to a man whom John believes might have been another Frazetta had he been alive today. 'All the elements there. It's both dynamic and extremely attractive to the romantic mind.' One of his most popular paintings was *Amazonia Gothique*. Through colour and geometry, the essentially simple image of a fierce female warrior was brought to life. Unlike some fantasy art, which begs to be labelled as sexist, John's creation received praise from all who saw it as the ultimate *femme fatale*.

Probably the only man in the games industry to own a company motorbike (Suzuki LS 650), John Blanche is where he wants to be. But despite the enormous popularity of his work, the airbrush laden biker seeks anything but attention. It's perhaps ironic, then, that at this year's Games Day, it was John who received the Personality of the Year Award.

John chose the fantasy genre because of the freedom to explore ideas and the potential to depict the impossible. His view is that fantasy demands a high sophistication of technique and skill, a necessity to 'overstate the case'. You have to make the impossible look real...

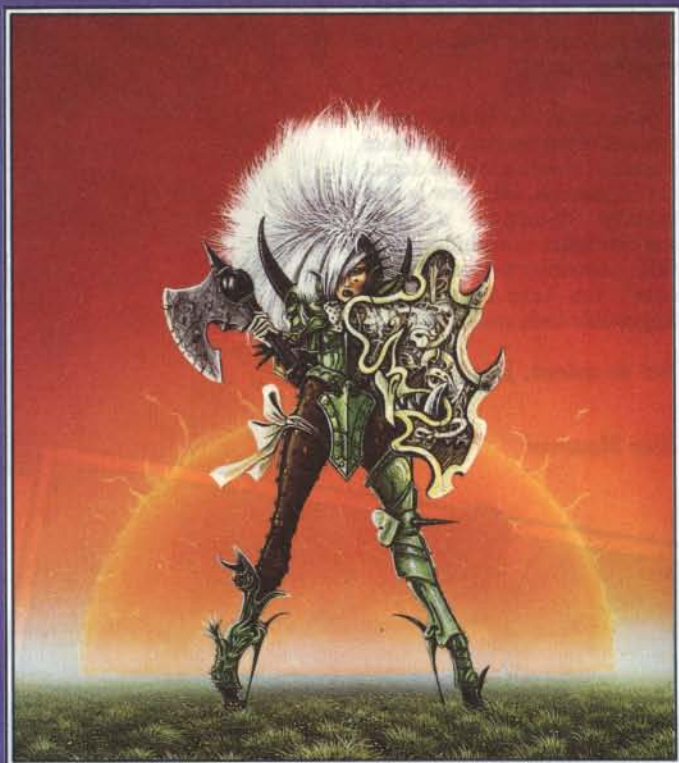
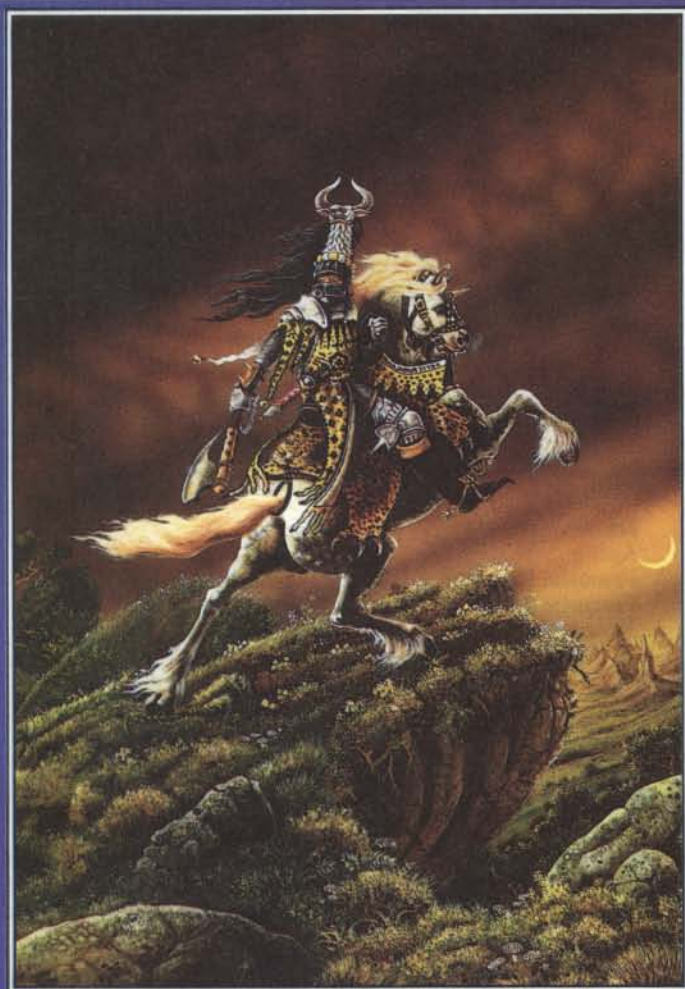
You do indeed, John.

Sean Masterson



Name:	John Blanche
Age:	33
Favourite Painting:	<i>Battle of Issus</i> by Albrecht Altdorfer
Favourite Art Movements:	Renaissance, Classical, Romantic, Victorian, Gothic, Turn of Century Illustrators
Favourite Films:	Jabberwocky, Legend, Bladerunner
Favourite Record:	Vini Vincent - <i>Invasion</i>
Favourite Book:	<i>Riddley Walker</i> by Russel Holborn
Favourite Food:	Rice
Favourite Passtimes:	Riding free, converting miniatures
Favourite Drink:	Newquay Steam
Ambition:	To have enough time to develop my own art 'mythos' themes in inks, pencils and oils, and to eventually publish it in book form.





JOHN COOPER



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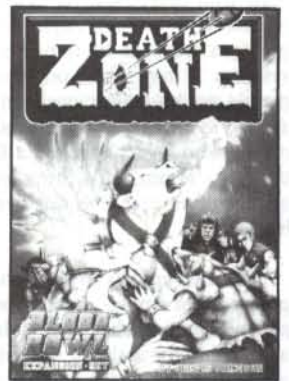
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you folks not only cover what's new, but you do it in colour, and even your ads for fantasy figures are extremely helpful for the collector. American gaming hobby magazines also rarely have artwork that matches your calibre, and your articles are usually so entertaining that I read them even though I don't play the games (especially the Judge Dredd scenarios, which always crack me up). You Brits seem to have a much better feel for real fantasy and for weird sci-fi and a more entertaining way of approaching it. Compare our RPG hobby magazines to yours and you'll see how tame we are in comparison. I have to admit your irreverence can sometimes be most refreshing.

*Us? Irreverant? Bah! Still, thank you for your kind comments. It seems that stateside sympathies are in order, this month.*

**Leo D Bores MD, Arizona, USA** I must confess that up until the beginning of this year, I had yawned a bit when glancing through *White Dwarf*, and only purchased those occasional copies that contained pictures of dioramas. However, things have brightened up a bit. I particularly like what has happened to 'Eavy Metal' - especially the bits showing how to paint figures. I hope that you will continue with some details on doing dioramas. I was so moved that I actually got a subscription. Now, don't faint. You've got to take this sort of thing in your stride.

I like your droll and bizarre sense of humour. Some of the figures you're releasing really tickle my fancy. Orcs and goblins are my favourite baddies, though I have also recently indulged in some Skaven. However, I am going to call them Were-Rats in my particular version of *AD&D*. I did go so far as to take the plunge and obtain *Warhammer* but I don't think I'll be playing it in quite the way you have suggested.

One more point. Both *Dragon* and *White Dwarf* are house organs, which seems to disturb some people. I treat them as though they were newsletters from a computer user group. Basic concepts outlined in one are easily adaptable to the other.

*Absolutely. Nobody complains that Challenge is exclusively GDW, Heroes is only for Avalon Hill games, Dragon is TSR based etc. And your computer user analogy is an interesting one. Nobody expects an Amstrad magazine to support Atari or Commodore products, yet many of the articles appearing in these magazines are usable beyond the scope of the intended readership.*

*And now for something completely different...*

**Tom Hutchinson, London** I would like to agree with Simon Nicholson that good old H P Lovecraft is, generally, a bad writer. As an example, glance at these eldritch scrawlings: 'Yet in the end we did let sheer burning curiosity - or anxiety - or

autohypnotism - or vague thoughts of responsibility toward Gedney - or what not - drive us on.' (At the Mountains of Madness) 'Shall I say that the voice was deep; hollow; gelatinous; remote; unearthly; inhuman; disembodied? ... as I watched amorphous, necrophagus shadows dance beneath an accursed waning moon.' (The Statement of Randolph Carter)

I would like to think that HPL is remembered not for the quality of his writing but instead for his immortal visions of Cthulhu and the Great Old Ones which still burn through the obfuscating prose of the stories.

*HPL may not have been the most prosaic of authors, but does it matter? Comparisons with other modern authors mean very little, as HPL was writing mainly for magazines, and not attempting great literature. It's surely a testament to his imagination that other authors (and indeed gamers), continue to keep his mythos alive and kicking.*

**David Perry, Bedfordshire** I am writing concerning *WFRP* adventures in *WD*, and their effects on players of the *The Enemy Within* campaign. It is obvious that by the beginning of *Death on the Reik*, the players should be ready to change careers - hence the encounters in that supplement. But playing any extra scenarios is going to throw that out of the window - the entire party could be shouting 'Career Change!' before *Shadows over Bogenhafen* is out of the cellophane. I thought of ignoring those published in *WD*, but with adventures like 'Night of Blood' and 'Letters from a Foreign Land', this is hard. The experience could all be halved, thus allowing (in theory) twice as many adventures, but players may feel short-changed.

*I had a talk with young Rick Priestley on this one, and his reply was along the lines of, 'Ha ha ha, it doesn't matter at all, they're all going to die anyway!' Not satisfied with this coy and evasive answer, I turned to Graeme Davis, who assured me that the experience gained in any or all of these adventures should not significantly unbalance the progression of the campaign, but of course the GM is well within his rights to delay any progressions if he feels it is necessary. Mind you, as I left, he began to mutter 'But they'll all be dead soon anyway...'*

**Robert Cory, Jersey No.93, Best Issue Ever.** Hail the Editor - sorry - Emperor!

*Yes, Robert, you can have your name in White Dwarf. And now...*

**Gary Bryant, Sussex** Having just read issue 93 I would like to know why the decision was made to make *WARHAMMER 40,000* a tabletop miniatures game rather than a roleplaying game. From the information given in the middle section

of the magazine it seems that a lot of effort went into creating a detailed background for the game, which in my experience is wasted in wargaming. The background information won't be used if all you're trying to do is zap your opponent.

*Surely that depends on how you play the game? Details of background are an important part of any game, especially a game as innovative as WH40K. Certainly much of the background is 'scene-setting', but, as designers, we can now draw upon that background to create scenarios and other supplementary material. RPGs even...*

**C M Derrick, Wrexham, Clwyd** Your promotion for *WH40K* and accompanying advertisements have so caught my imagination that I have lost all interest in 'standard' fantasy games. So, here are some suggestions.

As each marine wears rank, weapons and Chapter insignia, why not produce a sheet of transfers for each Chapter? The shield transfers you already produce are a great help to the lazier among us.

Although the production of plastic vehicle kits would be a good idea, their cost may make them prohibitive to many people. So why don't you also produce kits of 'spares'; guns, hatches, radar dishes and so on? These could be used by people who scratch build models either from preference or because they are unable to afford full kits.

Finally, why not have a dedicated *Warhammer* magazine? The *Citadel Journal* is good but doesn't appear regularly enough, the coverage in *White Dwarf* is great but, well... please could we have some more?

*Insignia transfers, eh? Well, I'm not to sure how these things work, but I've passed your suggestion on to the powers that be. I'm even less certain about the feasibility of 'spares' packs. The good thing about grabbing bits from off-the-shelf models is that almost anything can be made to look like almost anything else. It may be cheaper than buying a complete model, but then grabbing odd shaped plastic things from you old spares box would be cheaper than buying a packet of spares... I think.*

*And as for another magazine - who knows what the future holds?*

**Ian Taylor, Stockton, Cleveland** I was flicking through your magazine when I came to *Illuminations*. There were space marines shooting at each other. Please try to explain.

*Certainly. They were upset. Next!*

*Oh, is that it? Hello? Where is everybody?*

*Scribblings deciphered by Tim Pollard.*



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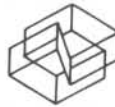
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IMPERIAL  
DWARVES  
THE DRAGON COMPANY**

King Ulfar Stonehammer of Karak-Ungor lay dying. Relatives and retainers were gathered round his bed with its four dragon-topped posts, chewing their beards in grief.

'Where is my son?' he croaked. A servant hurried to the Prince's apartments, and after a few minutes Prince Ulther son of Ulfar entered the chamber, whistling cheerfully.

'Hello, father,' he said, 'Still here, then?'

'My son,' croaked the king, 'I leave you the rulership of Karak-Ungor' - there was an uncomfortable shuffling among the retainers - 'And I leave you my war-axe, with the dragon-etched blade...'

'Not the hammer?' interrupted the Prince.

'Watch it or you won't get the axe.'

'Sorry.'

'That's better. And I leave you a duty. Years ago, I swore never to rest until the Chaos Dwarfs were no more. I pass that oath to you. And my oath to exterminate the Goblins and their kin. You shall not rest until your task is done, and Karak-Ungor shall be ruled in your absence by my Chancellor, Gorm the Wise...'

The king was interrupted by a collective sigh from his retainers.

'You shall be called the Dragon Company,' he continued, 'Take for your standard a dragon-carved post from your father's deathbed...'

**CRRRAACK!!!**

'Not now!' spluttered the king, from beneath the fallen canopy of his bed, 'Oh, what's the use?' And with that, he died.

**Ulther son of Ulfar of Karak-Ungor,  
Dwarf Minor Hero**

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Int	Cl	WP
3	6	5	4	5	2	4	2	10	8	10	10

Equipment: chain mail and a shield (AST 6 fighting two-handed, 5-6 otherwise), two pistols and a two-handed axe.

**Borri Forkbeard, Dwarf Champion**

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Int	Cl	WP
3	5	4	4	4	1	3	1	9	7	9	9

Equipment: chain mail and shield (AST 6 fighting two-handed, 5-6 otherwise), a two-handed axe-hammer, a pistol and a dagger.

**Trooper**

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Int	Cl	WP
3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	7	9	9

Equipment: chain mail and shield (AST 5-6), a hand axe, two pistols and a dagger. The standard-bearer and musician do not carry axes.

**Special Rules:** *subject to frenzy when fighting Chaos Dwarfs. Rules for pistols can be found in Ravening Hordes, p.43.*

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